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Charles G. Ochse.

Stellenbosch.

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THE

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

Literary Gazette.

FOR 1832.

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Vol. II.

These are not the times in which it is safe for a country to repose on the lap of ignorance. If there ever were a season when public tranquillity was ensured by the absence of Knowledge, that season is past. Every thing in the condition of mankind announces the approach of some great crisis, for which nothing can prepare us but the diffusion of Knowledge, probity and the "fear of the Lord."

(Robert Hall.)

Men have done a great deal *here*, in preparing the means to sustain a populous community, round the stone which used to receive the name of a passing ship, and was left in solitude; but this community has not otherwise done much to develope the condition and resources of the strange territory it is placed in; and of those who have been investigating the teeming portions of nature's domain around us, all have been foreign to the land they illustrated.

(South African Quarterly Journal, 1830.)

CAPE TOWN:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. BRIDEKIRK, HEEREGRACHT.

1832.

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DEDICATORY.

AS A SMALL TOKEN OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM

FOR UNINTERRUPTED ACTS OF DISINTERESTED KINDNESS AND URBANITY,

AND IN DEFERENCE TO THE

GENERAL SENSE ENTERTAINED OF HIS LIBERAL SPIRIT,

PUBLIC SERVICES, AND EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTER,

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE LITERARY GAZETTE FOR 1832,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE BIRD, Esq.,

COMPTROLLER OF HIS MAJESTY's CUSTOMS,

BY THE EDITOR.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Vol I

No. 3. CAPE TOWN: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1830. PRICE, { *Five Shillings per Quarter.*

SATIRE AND ITS LEGITIMATE USES.

"As from a diamond globe, with rays condense,
'Tis SATIRE gives the strongest light to sense,
To THOUGHT compression, vigour to the soul,
To LANGUAGE bounds, to FANCY due control,
To TRUTH the splendour of her awful face,
To LEARNING dignity, to VIRTUE grace,
To CONSCIENCE stings, beneath the cup or crown,
To VICE that terror she will feel, and own."

THE sword, the voice, and the pen, have their uses—for defence, for counsel, for admonition, and for censure. Our business is with the latter. Satirical writings must submit to the imputation of ill-nature, though we discover no connection between them. Satire has nothing to do with good-nature or ill-nature. Its office respects the public good alone, and the interests of the community. It is frequently designed to supply the law in those cases which are beyond its jurisdiction. From such courts it appeals to, perhaps, a still higher tribunal—that of public opinion, character, and reputation. In defending satirical writings, let it be distinctly understood, that we confine ourselves solely to such writings as uphold the common cause of wisdom, of truth, and of virtue: without which criticism is malignity, and satire is scandal.

Boileau, as a satirist, is considered the most perfect of all modern writers in true taste and judgment: his sagacity is unerring; he combines every ancient excellence, and appears original even in the adoption of acknowledged thoughts and allusions. He is the just and adequate representative of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius united, without one indecent blemish. Horace Walpole, a stranger, by the-bye, to all serious impressions, and generally bent upon being unsparingly witty upon all solemn things, has made the following just observation on the writings of Boileau:—"He is like an upright magistrate, whom you may respect, but whose public justice and severity, leave an awe that discourages familiarity."* To point out the opposite to such encomium, we need only advert to Voltaire. In spite of the statue of himself, sent to him by the king of Prussia, with the word IMMORTAL engraven on its base, and the diamond box made for him by the empress of Russia, and the homage paid to him by men in power who dreaded his pen, the misery he so largely contributed to bring on his country can never be forgotten. He will be remembered, chiefly, as a terrifying example of the prostitution of the finest talents to the worst of purposes. A spiritless draught of his character, by his own pencil, records him an infidel, and a disclaimer of that common sympathy which brings the whole species under a reciprocal kindness,—a man, by his own confession, looking on the mischief of civil disturbances as a lively amusement.

Perhaps, of all compositions, those of the graphic satirist are the most amusing and imperishable. Hogarth created his art, and used colours instead of language. Amidst all his pleasantry, he observes, the true end of comedy is—reformation: there is always a moral in his pictures. Sometimes he rose to tragedy, not in the catastrophe of kings and heroes, but in marking how vice conducts, insensibly and incidentally, to misery and shame. He warns against encouraging cruelty and idleness in young minds, and discerns how the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead, by various paths, to the same unhappiness. How delicate and superior, in his satire, when he intimates in the *College of Physicians and Surgeons* that preside at a dissection, how the legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind, and renders it unfeeling! In the print of the *Sleeping Judges*, this habitual indifference only excites our laughter. It is to Hogarth's honour that, in so many scenes of satire or ridicule, it is obvious that ill-nature did not guide his pencil.* His end is the public good, and his reproofs general. Sometimes he touches upon national follies—lotteries, free-masonry, and joint-stock-company bubbles. The spider's web extended over the poor's-box in the parish church; the blunders in architecture in the nobleman's seat, seen through the window, in the first print of Marriage A-la-mode; and a thousand in the Strollers dressing in a Barn, the scenes of Bedlam and the Gaming House,—all—all are inimitable representations. And so are the depictions in the Rakes' Progress,—Bartholomew Fair,—March to Finchley,—The Sleeping Congregation, &c.

But we come to the *broad grins*, as George Coleman has it, and notice the *Caricature* inventors of the day. Most men are familiar with the name of Gilray and his melancholy fate, which had well nigh left his peculiar department of art nearly void. Happily, Cruikshanks *is abroad.* His happy fancy, constant vigour, powerful application, and the not unfrequently elegant, and intellectual subtlety of his design, constitute him the highest of his peculiar order.

It is only in a *free*, but yet aristocratical country, that the art of caricaturing can flourish. In despotisms it is too hazardous to jest at the expense of those who have it in their power to criticise the picture by the sharp physic of the jail; and in democracies, the remedy of tarring and feathering, or lamp-post or guillotine, is too ready in the hands of the omnipotent rabble, for the mulct of the daring artist, who ventures his humour on that most testy of all sovereigns, the sovereign of the people. In Britain, and among her scattered people in the colonies, the art under review, is not only tolerated, but it is welcomed. Party is a sad and gloomy thing in itself, and a laugh at its expense is always so much gained. No harm can result to any side of the question from this light and jocular species of satire, and if it has been abused, as in doubt it has been, the evil has soon corrected itself. It is an impartial agent, equally dividing the modern political terms—Whig and Tory, Ultra or Radical, and it would be more than childish to complain of it, and more than tyrannical to suppress it.

In glancing at the political extravaganzas of former days, it is impossible not to admire and laugh over Gilray's happy delineations of Fox and Sheridan. Both are capital likenesses in face and figure, and yet, by the peculiar genius of successful caricature, they are so managed that an irresistibly comic and laughter-moving appearance is given to two of the most brilliant men of our own times. The inimitable picture of George the III. with Buonaparte in his hand is, perhaps, the most successful caricature ever engraved; and that of Bonaparte making ginger-bread kings, with Talleyrand by his side kneading dough for his master, are beyond all praise in their peculiar department. The sly sarcasm conveyed in the latter, in which, on the shelf, where the little yet unbaked kinglings stand, awaiting the final process of the imperial oven, is capital and Hogarthian. By the way, we learn from an admirable work noticed in one of our succeeding columns—*Bourrienne's private Memoirs of Bonaparte*—the following views which the late ruler of France entertained as to the press: "The free expression of opinion through the press has been always regarded, by those who are not led away by interest or power,

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as useful to society. But Bonaparte held the liberty of the press in the greatest horror; and so violent was his passion, when any thing was urged in its favour, that he seemed to labour under a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he was sorely afraid of little paragraphs."

Lastly, the political *squibs* of the day, are frequently the *life and spirit of the public Journals*. During the last thirty years, a rich mine has been opened on such subjects. Without taking either side of the questions severally advocated by the party writers, we submit a modern specimen, for the amusement of our readers, from an Edinburgh paper. It is perhaps not the best of its kind, but it happens to present itself to our notice.

LILLIPUTIAN LEDGER.

Lilliput, January 31, 1830.

His Majesty of Lilliput has been heard to sneeze three times during the past week; and his First Lord of the Bedchamber, the Marquis Dew Drop assures us, that no less than three dozen of gossamer *mouchoirs* have been in requisition.

His most transparent Highness the Count De Moon Behm, from Lunaria, had the honour of an interview on *Sun*-day last, when he presented his credentials emblazoned on the wing of dragon-flies, and was most graciously received.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Ministry without method, opposition without argument—people without constancy—constitution without stamina—and a King without any thing particular.

SPAIN.

Rather Peninsular, which is all we choose to say of it at present.

PORTUGAL.

As bad as can be expected.

AMERICA.

Perfectly self-satisfied that she is, and always was, and ever will be, the very first continent on the face of the earth for virtue, valour, refinement, arts, arms, elegance, and liberty. A few of the Niggers, who have dared to set up a march of Intellect of their own, have entered a *caveat* against the universal existence of freedom in the United States, which the independents of said states, consider as a pretty considerable degree of impudence in said Niggers, and say none but the Mother Country poor Old England, would tolerate such march of intellectual genovine nonsense.

HOME NEWS.

Wind—variable.

High Water at a very low spirit shop in town, where adulteration has raised the price of pure element to 2½d. a glass.

Dreadful Fire.—The conflagration at Fairy Town, consumed nineteen houses, extending over the surface of eight square inches.

PROMOTED

A City Nob to the usual annual honour of ephemeral nobility.—Two others to be head gaolers, and first executioners of London and Middlesex; and a score or two of innocent, well-meaning costermongers, have stooped to the dignity of being called common councilmen.

Rather less than 3000 lawyers' clerks and copyists, with full powers of fleecing his Majesty's lieges without let or molestation.

Marriage in High Life.—His Grace the Duke of Glow Worm, will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar, the exquisite and accomplished Lady Serena Sylph.

PRICE OF STOCKS.

Not so cheap as neckloths, particularly hempen ones, as too many Liberals have lately found upon trial.

MARKETS.

Meat has reached the unexampled price of three *millimes* the drachm.

THEATRICALS.

Footes and *Legs* have rendered the public appetites less *Kean* to what was once. *Young Juliets* and *Belvideras* are looking up—Pantomimes looking down—and Elephants, in spite of their teeth, looking out for country engagements.

NATIONAL THEATRES.

Every Evening,
ABOVE PRICE,
And
BELOW PAR!
With the very serious Piece of
CHANCERY.
The latter has much room for curtailment.

MINOR THEATRES.

Every Evening,
RIVAL QUADS,
Or the
ELEPHANTIASIS,
With the Larmoyante Everlasting of
BLACK EYED SUE,
Or,
Any thing but CAY.

SHIP NEWS.

Sailed, for nobody knows where, the Old English Free and Loyal Constitution.

The Wellington, Peel, &c. &c. in trying to get through the straits, spoke with, or were run foul of, by the Grumbler, Warspite, Egalite, Spitfire, Confessor, Maw-worm, and Patriot, marauders, bound on a voyage of speculation.

LATEST NEWS.

The Premier, Marquess of Mignonette, we regret to say, met with a serious accident last night, at Lady Blue Belle's ball, from a fall over a barley corn, by which he broke his left leg.

The Hazel Nut Fleet, commanded by Commodore Chrysalis, were seen all well on the 20th instant, cruizing off the Mole Hill Bay.

That great projector, General Grub, has taken out a patent for enabling three grainers to throw their shot the prodigious distance of *fifteen inches* and three quarters.

BANKRUPTS.

In point of honour and principle, every Seducer of ignorant and unsuspecting Countrymen, to the misrepresented regions of Sierra Leone, Swan River, and other Poyais samples of El-Dorado establishments,

BIRTH.—On the 1st inst. the Lady of Old Time, of the Year 1830—its infancy promises less than that of its immediate predecessors; but if it does not accomplish more, it will naturally be deemed a fausse accouchement.

MARRIED.—The Lawful Religion of the State, for which thousands boiled and bled under the benign administration of Bonner the Bigot and Mary the Mild, to the Dogmas of Roman Dictatorship, the Indulgencies of Inquisitorial Rule, and Jesuitical State Maxims.

DIED.—Many Ill Reports with the late Queen of Portugal.—Much Talent and Eccentricity with the late Sir T. Lawrence—and much Inconsistent Political Consistency with the late George Tierney.

POETS CORNER.

I cannot soil my snowy page
By praising a declining age;
I cannot any good expect
From modern march of intellect;
Nor can I make degen'rate Times
A pleasant subject for my rhymes.
Nor toady fools, nor Fashion's pets,
Dukes, Duchesses, nor dandizettes;
Nor join when critic cant refuses,
Her praise to all but foreign muses;
Nor Thespian Temples in decay
Abuse—one spoiled by Federal sway;
The other doom'd past hope to be,
The endless slave of Chan-ce-ree;
Nor can I smile upon our Church,
Left by her children in the lurch;
As for the State, what can I sing,
Why "God preserve and bless our King,"
And did not Such a subject call
For praise, I would not sing at all.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST—Much time at the Thames Tunnel. More Money by Patriotic Subscriptions to Queen's Plates, &c. and still more Patience in trying to discover the Good Intentions of O'Connell's Harangues, the Disinterestedness of Cobbett's Lectures, or the Worth of Hunt's Puffery.

STOLEN, or STRAYED—The Brains of Irish Conciliators, and the Memory of English Protestants.

WANTED—A few Dozen of really Independent Senators, too honourable to desert the Throne, and too proud to temporise with its secret Undermines.

FOUND—A Thousand and One Stale Jokes in each of the daily Journals, New Mags, and Old Monthlys.

WANT PLACES.

ALL the OPPOSITION—ALL the CATHOLICS—ALL the RATS—and all others equally unfit.

REWARD, not exceeding L. 1,000,000, will be given to know what has become of all the Joint Stock Companies of the 25 years.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Pigmy *is no poet.*—Elfin *may be a fairy, but her copy is not fair.*—Pluck *is a good fellow, but the publication of his poem would place us in a "pucker."—To* Queen Mab *we shall ever pay court.*—Titania's *Tragedy is terrifically tremendous.*—Sprite's *verses are sprightly.*

Edited by Minikin Minion, Esq.; Printed by Typo Nonpariel; and published by Petit Pearl, at the Liliputian Press, No. 1, Catherine-street, Strand.

A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

" 'Tis like—'tis like—
——— Whom?——"

It is one of the privileges of impudent persons, who impose upon society by their readiness of speech, and their barrenness of intellect, to annoy with impunity the good natured and the noble minded. They shoot their weak and malignant shafts at the feelings of those, whose opinions they cannot influence, and whose judgment they cannot suborn. This class of beings may be divided into a variety of species, amongst whom may be reckoned—the scandal-monger, the news retailer, the small politician, and "though last not least," the small, or modern wit. All these are backbiters, whose expressions of praise or censure are formed, like the sand hills of the desert, by whatever wind is strongest. You might as well rely upon the argument of a phrenologist, as upon their "word of *onour*,"— which is entirely

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dependent upon the circumstances with which they are surrounded. This is their moral character in general; but each species has its peculiar motives and ends, which differ from one another as much as the spheres in which they are found to move. But, leaving the others for future speculation, we shall single out the modern wit, and attempt to give a slight outline of his character and pursuits. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to offer any reasonable conjecture as to the exact mode in which he manages to kill time when business hours are over. He is to be found at breakfast in one place, at dinner in another, and at supper in a third. His meals, therefore, are made up of "shreds and patches," which are obtained by halfcringing and by halfblustering. He is never to be seen in the company of persons who aspire to be considered in the light of *thinking* beings. Those who *read* he mortally hates. He generally contrives to get himself snugly placed in the centre of a circle of downright blabbers—and he is ever the first to laugh at a bad joke, or to fill up a gap in the conversation by an obscene allusion, or a scandalous story—

"At every word a reputation dies!"

There he sits! Note him well. Is he not a very impersonation of conceit, and appetite, struggling with natural stolidity and a lurking sense of his insignificance? His eye is dull and *glassy*—his lips quiver—he would utter a stale pun;—but, alas! another of the same calibre has anticipated him, and gained the applause which he had expected was awaiting himself. How the poor fellow writhes! How he longs to expose his antagonist! But, though revenge to him is sweet, *character* is dearer. He dreads the strength of his memory, and is content to "nurse his wrath to keep it warm." The round of existence, which our modern wit, having once assumed a decided character, is compelled to follow, seems to be one of the most anomalous things in nature. He is never at rest, yet he seems to accomplish nothing. He is one of those, who, being entirely taken up with trifles,—which, in the eyes of the modern wit, are always of more importance than matters involving the welfare of himself or of others, allow themselves no quiet either by night or day, while, to the rest of mankind, they seem to enjoy the most perfect ease and contentment, these being the natural concomitants of a careless and callous disposition. No body is more open to the slur of contempt—the sneer of malice—the smile of scorn, or the pity of wisdom. As to the peculiar properties of his wit, they may be summed up in a few words. Utterly destitute of originality, his great ambition is to murder, without mercy, the jokes or the nonsense that have been handed down as the legitimate offspring of the wits of other times. He is a poacher upon the property of others; and is sure to destroy whatever game he acquires, by attempting to *bag* it. His talk is like a fool's jacket, which offends the eye by reason of its many colours, and the unnatural manner in which they are patched together. And he himself is like a grain of chaff on the surface of a troubled sea, too powerless to control his motions, and too insignificant to incur destruction, amidst the lofty breakers of existence.

A. O.

STANZAS.

When Love had left her magic bower,
When Fame's delusive dreams were fled,
When Passion had resign'd her power,
And Hope's bright flame had vanished,—
In other climes I sought to roam
And chase away the fiend Ennui:
The stars my guide—the world my home,
My resting place the dark blue sea!

Of Pleasure's fane, I left the hall,
Nor cast behind one wistful gaze:
Could revelry or festival
Dispel the thoughts of happier days?
Days when my heart was young,—and Love
And Hope, which none e'er wish to sever,
To weave their wreath together strove,—
Oh, halcyon days! gone by for ever!

But Hope once o'er, Love spreads his sails,
And swiftly steers his bark away:
His sister fled—then what avails
The little god, alone to stay?
Together nursed—together born,
They only prosper when united,—
If of fond Hope, young Love be shorn,
His spell is broke—his blossom blighted!

When both are crush'd, then what is left
To man, but dark despair, beside
Of mind—of life perchance bereft,
The maniac, or the suicide?
When love and hope, best boons of heav'n,
From man on earth are torn away—
The welcome grave in lieu is giv'n,
And dust to dust—'there let him lay.'

W.

VAGARIES OF THOUGHT.

So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if you can,
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!

Cowper.

I was lately amusing myself with a treatise on the Steam Engine, and the wonderful effects produced by a few gallons of water when converted into steam. I was directed to the subject by some steam apparatus being exhibited on our jetty, and which, it appears, was intended for the Mauritius. This, by a natural progression of thought, led me to reflect on the indestructibility of matter, and the various processes by which it may acquire a new and very different organization. The subject is inexhaustable, affording a pleasing source of speculation to a contemplative mind; and mine was quite absorbed in the train of thought which it had produced.

The book I had been reading was still in my hand; and I begun to reflect on the various metamorphoses it had undergone, before it became a volume of science; turning its progress, *a posteriori*, from paper to linen, and from that to a vegetable; I then reflected, that the plants from which it had been produced were nourished and fed by disorganized animal life, probably by that of my own species, and that all which I beheld around me might have lived and acted, its present state being only a different modification of matter, according to the couplet,

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
May stop a hole, to keep the wind away."

From this, it was an easy transition to suppose that the dust of the illustrious, as well as that of the ignoble dead, might have contributed to the production of the paper in my hand. But I carried my reverie much farther, and supposed various kinds of paper, made from the decomposed mass of the different characters mingling with the soil that fed the vegetables from which they were produced. Fancy had an almost boundless range in this romantic reverie; and it would exceed the limits of this paper, were I to enumerate the many varieties conjured up by my playful imagination. Take the following as specimens:

From those in the middle and lower ranks of life, might be formed the papers most useful and in general demand; such as pot, foolscap, and post; these would be produced from the dust of merchants, and industrious, respectable tradesmen. Ingenious mechanics are well adapted for Bristol-board, and the varieties of drawing paper. Sturdy-labourers would form strong brown wrapping paper; and the more feeble might be turned into common grey. There is a close resemblance between soldiers and cartridge paper; while bullies and braggarts seem naturally made for wrapping squibs and crackers, to sputter and fume for a moment, and expire in effluvia. Testy, quarrelsome fellows, and duelists, who seem to breakfast on brandy and gun-powder, are evidently formed for match-paper, ignited by a spark. Fops are gilt, and exquisites embossed paper, for billets-doux. Drunkards and gourmands are blotting-paper, absorbing all which they come in contact, till they become a foul and polluted mass. Misers are paper of tough and tenacious texture, for wrapping up securities, bonds, and dirty old *rix*. Bankers become paper for ledgers and bills of exchange. Ignorance and stupid imbecility, in whatever station, may be turned into coarse pasteboard, for protecting that

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which is of no more value. Sycophants and flatterers, of every description, are admirably adapted for that soft and spungy paper, which, although in general demand, and daily employed, is always degraded to the most ignoble and vilest purposes, such as those for which the indelicate Rabelais proposed various substitutes.

With respect to the ladies, the greater part of them are well adapted for all papers in general use, and most highly esteemed; although there may be some occasional exceptions. Giddy girls, of whatever age, who devote several hours daily to their toilette, and consulting their mirror, may be turned into hair papers; thereby rescuing some respectable volume from the degradation of ornamenting a head which it failed to inform. Light-headed coquettes may become fancy, coloured, and marble papers, in all their countless varieties. Antiquated spinsters, delighting in lapdogs, monkeys, parroquets, and old china, may be transformed into paper for fans and fire screens, inscribed with rebuses, charades, and other puzzles, and adorned with figures of fanciful absurdities. Other characters may perhaps be mentioned in the list of printing papers. I shall only observe here, that the amiable and modest virgin beauty becomes paper of the first texture, and of such unsullied and delicate whiteness, that none but a sheer fool, or a consummate villain, would attempt to stain its purity, by ought unworthy of being impressed on such precious materiel.

Among printing papers we may find an almost infinite variety. Legislators and "enlightened and independent" judges should be transformed into royal medium, the pages of which should contain Magna Charta, and the British Constitution of 1688, with the subsequent statutes and acts of parliament. The great Chatham, Burke, Fox, and Pitt, with a few others, would constitute an excellent paper for translations of the orations of Demosthenes and Longinus, on the sublime. Preachers would naturally become paper for published sermons and theological subjects; some of a coarse texture, and printed with a small and worn-out type; others a clean but not costly paper, that may be more generally useful; and those for their maginative and higher classes, may be wire-woven, creamed-coloured, and hot pressed. Alexander, late autocrat of Russia, and certain old colonial secretaries, would suit excellently for an edition of Machiavael, while many other odd personages would form paper for bulls and fulminations against the rights of mankind. The dust of John Knox, and those who fell at Pentland-hills and Bothwell-bridge, including the martyrs, who sealed their testimony with their blood, would produce a paper exceedingly well suited for Protestant petitions to the King and Parliament. The ashes of James Watt would form the constituent part of paper for a treatise on pneumatics. Surgeons, physicians, and their high mightinesses of the medical boards, would become bills of mortality. The most eloquent and honourable of our advocates and pleaders at the bar, might mingle with the senators formerly mentioned; while others with the same title, including some attorneys, quibbling and pettifogging lawyers in their various gradations, would afford the basis of paper for tricks of hocus-pocus and the art of legerdemain. Political economists, ultra liberals, metaphysicians, and phrenologists, would constitute excellent stuff for disquisitions on the incomprehensible, effusions of fanciful bombast, treatises on disordered imaginations, and incurable lunacy. Voyagers and travellers might be transformed into periodicals and respectable newspapers. It appears difficult, perhaps impossible, to employ the dust of critics, reviewers, and newspaper managers, with strict propriety;—at one period it would be fit for nothing superior to puffing hand bills for Warren's blacking, at another for the biography of assassins, who stab and murder in the dark; and in some instances it might answer for an excellent work on anatomical dissection. Idle, loquacious tattlers, and tale-bearers, of either sex, would, with great propriety, become scandalous chronicles, and calendars. Professed and inveterate retailers of dull jokes, writings, and punsters, would form papers for jest books, and new editions of Joe Miller. Boasters, braggarts, and dealers in gasconade, famous for shooting with a "long bow," would be equally well adapted for new impressions of Sir John Mandeville's Travels, or the Adventures of Baron Munchausen.

Gallantry, and the innate respect we entertain for the fair sex, compels us to speak delicately concerning them; we may, however, observe, that the virtuous thrifty matron, affectionate wife and tender mother, would form a staple article for editions of the Proverbs of Solomon, Dodsley's Economy of Human Life, and Tansillo's Nurse; while those wives who are for ever miserable if their husbands are absent, whether from excessive fondness, or groundless jealousy, and also those whose tongues, like the pendulum of a clock, are in perpetual motion, would furnish a paper for that witty volume, "The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting." Card-playing ladies might with propriety be metamorphosed into the tools of their favourite occupation. Love-sick maidens, of all ages, including wanton widows, might appear in namby-pamby sonnets, whining elegies, or amorous ballads, according to the prevailing disposition.

From the above specimens, the reader of a lively fancy and fertile imagination may extend the list much farther, almost *ad infinitum*. It might also be applied to living characters, and recent events; but the former might be deemed invidious; and with respect to the latter, some of them are of too serious, and others of too sorrowful a nature, to be touched with playful, although good-humoured levity: therefore the application "will be more honoured in the breach than the observance." V.V.

THE MARINER'S FATE.

KNOWEST thou that spirits at the midnight hour,
Flit o'er the bosom of the troubled deep,
Scaring with hurried dreams
The Mariner asleep.

That where the tempest, with impetuous roar,
Howling off L'Agullus, rends the mast,
He dreams of wife, and home,
And pleasures that are past.

Her voice is in his ear—before his sight
Rises his long-left home—his children play
Beneath the ivy bower,
Fair, innocent, and gay.

The busy hum of bees—the breath of flowers—
Nature in all its purity is there;
They glad his sleep-sealed eyes,
That open to despair.

The vessel gives a sudden reel—he wakes—
And all is dark around him, save the flash
Of heaven which illumes
The waves that o'er him dash.

He rushes on the deck,—the helpless crew,
Lashed to the gaping timbers, fearful stand;
Vain ev'ry frequent pray'r,
They ne'er shall see the land!

A sudden shriek arises—all is o'er!
The Mariner hath found a wat'ry grave,
And sleeps in death,
Lulled by the moaning wave. Z.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

ART. I.—*Private Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, during the periods of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire.* By M. DE BOURRIENNE, Private Secretary to the Emperor. 1830.

OWING to the snail-paced reading-methods of certain of the public, we have scarcely been able to do more than glance over a few of the pages of the first of these highly interesting volumes, and secure two or three *random-records*. By the way, it would be well if the readers of such volumes as these, and Moore's Byron, and all works equally popular, would contrive to remember the interests of their neighbours in connection with their own; nor unnecessarily detain a book through idleness, or carelessness, or forgetfulness, or wantonness.

As far as we can judge, M. de Bourrienne has presented to the world a most impartial history of Bonaparte. In fact, his long connection with him as a school-boy and when General, Consul, and Emperor, have enabled him to appreciate the true character of this remarkable man, better than any other writer extant. There appears to be no studied deception in his pages; his remarks are often lively and epigramatic; his sketches generally natural, animated, and striking; and many of the anecdotes exceedingly characteristic of his hero. The Introduction is a well written apology for the work. "I enter the lists," says Bourrienne, "one of the last. I have read all that my predecessors have published. I am confident that all I state is true. I have no interest in deceiving, no disgrace to fear, no reward to expect. I neither wish to obscure nor embellish his glory. However great Napoleon may have been, was he not also liable to pay his tribute to the weakness of human nature? I speak of Napoleon such as I have seen him—known him; frequently admired, and sometimes blamed him." But we proceed to give a few extracts from the work.

Bonaparte's love of Fame.—All his deeds, be they, according to the opinion of mankind, good or bad, mean or great, were performed by him with a view to posterity: that was his favourite idol. His irresistible passion for transmitting his name to future ages powerfully animated him, and gave energy to his physical faculties. That transmission was with him the immortality of his soul.

His favorite phrase, which was every moment on his lips, must not be forgotten.—'What will history say—what will posterity think?'

Madame Bonaparte possessed personal graces and many good qualities. Benevolence was natural to her, but she was not always prudent in its exercise. Hence her protection was often extended to persons who did not deserve it. Her taste for splendour and expense was excessive. This proneness to luxury became a habit which seemed constantly indulged without any motive. What scenes have I not witnessed when the moment for paying the tradesmen's bills arrived! She always kept back one half of their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches. How many tears did she shed which might have been easily spared! When fortune had placed a crown on

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her head, she told me that the event had been predicted. It is certain that she put faith in fortune-tellers. [The prophetess in this case was an old negress.]

Fall of Venice. — When surrounded with homage and glory, I no longer addressed Bonaparte as I had been accustomed to do. I appreciated too well his personal importance. I made with pleasure, and without regret, the easy sacrifice of the style of familiar companionship, and other little privileges. He said when I entered the saloon, where he was surrounded by the officers who formed his brilliant staff,—'I am glad to see you at last;' but as soon as we were alone, he made me understand that he was pleased with my reserve, and thanked me for it. I was immediately placed at the head of his cabinet: I spoke to him the same evening respecting the insurrection of the Venetian territories, of the dangers which menaced France, &c. 'Care thou nothing about it,' said he, 'those rascals shall pay for it. Their republic has had *its day*, and is done.'

Dandolo and Melzi.—He visited the Borromea islands in succession, and occupied himself on his return with the organization of the towns of Venice, Genoa, and Milan. He sought *men*, and found none. 'Good God,' said he, 'how rare men are! There are 18 millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two—Dandolo and Melzi.' In those who have seen the world, the truth of Napoleon's reproach excites little astonishment. 'What has most surprised me since the elevation of my husband,' says Madame Roland, 'which afforded me the opportunity of knowing many persons, and particularly those employed in important affairs, is the universal mediocrity which exists. It surpasses all that the imagination can conceive, and it is observable in all ranks, from the clerk to the minister.' Who does not remember Oxenstiern's remark to his son, who trembled at going so young to the Congress of Munster? 'Go, my son, you will see by what sort of men the world is governed.'

Letters. — During the time when the preliminaries of Leoben suspended military operations, Napoleon was not so anxious to reply immediately to all letters. To satisfy himself that people wrote too much, and lost, in trifling and useless answers, valuable time, he told me to open only the letters which came by extraordinary couriers, and to leave all the rest for three weeks in the basket. I declare that at the end of that time, it was unnecessary to reply to four-fifths of these communications.

Berthier's talent was very limited, and of a peculiar nature; his character was one of extreme weakness. Bonaparte's friendship for him, and the frequency of his name in the official despatches, have unduly elevated his reputation. Bonaparte, giving his opinion to the Directory respecting the generals employed in his army, said, Berthier has talents, activity, courage, character—all in his favour. This was in 1796. He then made an eagle for him; at St. Helena he called him a goose. He should neither have raised him so high, nor sunk him so low. He neither merited the one nor the other.

Bonaparte's Economy.—'No one will accuse him of squandering. He was a rigid economist. He was always irritated at the discovery of a fraud, and pursued those guilty of it with all the vigour of his character. He wished to be independent, and he well knew that no one could be so without fortune. He has often said to me—'I am no Capuchin, not I.'

Invasion of England.—Where did the Scottish historian learn that active preparations were made for the invasion? The business never went beyond official correspondence, inquiries, and conversations. There never were, although the contrary has been often stated, any serious arrangements made, either by Bonaparte or the Directory, for the invasion of England. Sir Walter Scott has, perhaps, exaggerated the danger, to justify the alarm which at that time really prevailed in England.

The East.— Seeing the approaching termination of his labours in Europe, he began to turn his serious attention to the East. He delighted to converse about the celebrated events of that part of the world, and the many famous empires it once possessed. He used to say 'Europe is a mole-hill. There have never been great empires and great revolutions, except in the East.'

Expedition to Egypt. — Shortly after our departure, I asked Bonaparte how long he intended to remain in Egypt? He replied, 'a few months or 6 six years; all depends on circumstances. I will colonize the country; I will bring them artists and artisans of every description; women, actors, &c. We are but 29 now, and we shall then be 35. That is not an old age. Those six years will enable me, if all goes well, to get to India.'

Advice to Youth. — Bonaparte having one day visited a school (at Alexandria), said, on departing, to the scholars, some of whom he had been putting questions to,—'MY LADS, EVERY HOUR OF LOST TIME IS A CHANCE OF FUTURE MISFORTUNE.' In these remarkable words he gave expression to the maxim which formed in a great measure the rule of his conduct; for, perhaps, no man ever understood better the value of time.

Bonaparte at Sea.—One of Bonaparte's greatest pleasures during the voyage was, after dinner, to fix upon three or four persons to support a proposition, and as many to oppose it. He had an object in view in this. These discussions afforded him an opportunity of studying the minds of those whom he had an interest in knowing well, in order that he might afterwards confide to each the functions for which he possessed the greatest aptitude. He always gave out the subjects which were to be discussed; and they most frequently turned upon religion, the different kinds of government, and the art of war. One day he asked whether the planets were inhabited; on another, what was the age of the world; then he proposed to consider the probability of the destruction of our globe, either by water or fire.

ART. II.— *Travels in various parts of Peru; including a Year's Residence at Potosi.* By EDMUND TEMPLE, Knight of the Royal Order of Charles II. 2 vols. 8vo. 1830.

FOR upwards of fifty centuries was this vast continent locked up in mysterious secresy from civilized man. All the operations of nature were carried on, during that long period, beneath the sun and stars of tropical skies,—vast rivers were forming for themselves new channels, and conquering new land from the ocean,—bays were changed to lakes, and lakes to plains,—forests were springing up and crumbling to decay, or falling a prey to the lightning, their ashes supporting the soil of future forests,—and countless generations of the free tenants of these magnificent wilds were coming into existence, and passing away; and of all these transactions, one half of the globe was as unconscious as if they had taken place in a remote planet! And in that hemisphere there was no *poet* to sing of them, no *historian* to record them, no *philosopher* to interpret them.

A little more than three centuries ago, the existence of the American continent was unknown, unless to the amphibious savages of the north-eastern extremity of Asia. The first settlement on its shores was made in 1503. But to our immediate subject.

After the researches of Rocha, and Pitta, and Koster, and Cazal, and Von Spix, and Lindley, and Humboldt, and De Uloa, and Southey, and Maw, and Bonnycastle, and Andrews, and Proctor, and Lyons, and Graham, and Matthison, and Cochrane, and Hall, and Miller, and Caldcleugh, and Brand, and Haigh, and Stephenson, and Luccock, and Head, and Waterton, and Prince Maxamilian, and Miers, and Mollien, and Stephenson, and Hamilton, and Hardy, and Thompson, and Ward,—we had considered all attempts at any very new or additional information on the subject of South America, to be next to impossible, or at least to be a work of supererogation. We had supposed the country so ransacked, through the unwearied zeal and spirit of British enterprise, that nothing had remained undescribed to exercise the *scribendal* industry of any candidate for literary honours. But we have been completely mistaken, and this volume, for we have not read the second, is delightfully pleasant, and well written, and may be fairly estimated as the production of a good and cheerful mind, and an amiable heart. We must banish for ever all thoughts of any excess of description as it regards the New World. Such fears are groundless; for, says our author, quoting the language of Madame de Staël, "I fancied that this country was the image of infinite space, and that it would require eternity to travel through it."

For pretty nearly the same reasons as mentioned in the article Bourrienne's Memoirs, we can only supply our readers with a few extracts from the present publication, and recommend them to a perusal of the book itself.

The author bespeaks the reader's good will in the followng introductory passage:

"Whoever writes, be it much or little, be it well or ill, is sure of incurring the censure of *some one*, and therefore I cannot expect to escape; but on the other hand, like every author, I hope to meet with the approbation of *some one*: for whoever gave his productions to the world without believing that they possessed at least a

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little trifling something or other to recommend them? For my own part I am *determined* to please, and that ought to go a great way to insure indulgence, since it succeeds through life, nine times out of ten, with those who practise the determination."

The departure of the first division of the Potosi Mining Association, for Buenos Ayres, to which Mr. Templer was attached, is pleasantly described. He finds many amusing incidents to break the monotony of a sea voyage. *Exempli gratia.*

Sharks.—A fox hunter when he first discovers the wily object of his sport, cannot express his feelings with greater glee than that which is manifested fore and aft a ship on discovering a shark. 'A shark, a shark!' What bustling upon deck! it seems as though all hands had gone crazy! 'See, see! don't you see him?'—'What?' 'Why look!'—'Where?' 'Why there!'—'Where?' 'There! here! there he goes! look! look!—My eyes, what a size!'

After observing that there is not a creature of which more extraordinary things are told than that of the shark, the following tale is told:

"Some years ago, in the W. Indies, a British ship of war fell in with an American vessel, which, from circumstances, was supposed to be a lawful prize: but no papers being found on board to condemn the vessel, and her captain *swearing* that all was correct, the British captain, after the detention of a day or two, was induced to relinquish his capture. Shortly after this, a shark was caught by another British ship of war on the same station, and on cutting it up, a tin case containing sundry papers was found in its stomach. They proved to have belonged to the merchant vessel before-mentioned, and had been thrown overboard by the captain when about to be examined by the British cruiser. The fact was soon discovered; the papers were taken to Port-Royal, where the American captain had actually commenced an action for damages against the British captain for unlawful detention. The tables were instantly turned on the astonished Jonathan, whose ship was condemned as a good and lawful prize. The shark was one of the largest size, and the jaws are preserved to this day in the Justice Hall at Spanish Town, to the annoyance of many a *Yankee* captain; who, when *swearing*, &c. is reminded of this extraordinary detection, by some one in court pointing to the jaws of the shark and saying, 'Take care! the truth will out, though from the bottom of the sea.'"

Caution to Servants.—"I gave my servant by agreement 30 guineas a-year, but in Buenos Ayres he learned that he could earn double that sum, and he therefore left my service. He was not aware, however, that in consequence of similar tricks played by many of his profession on their arrival from Europe, the government of the country had very considerately passed a law, making all contracts executed in Europe binding in South America. By virtue of this law, I obtained a degree against him for the £36 which I had paid for his passage."

Ecclesiastical Affairs, &c.—"Christmas Day, certainly the very hottest I ever passed; the Thermometer in the shade stood for some hours at 90. I observed no religious processions, nor any of those ceremonies usually performed at this festive season. Religion here, is no longer what it was a few years ago. With respect to the Pope, the Americans literally care nothing about his holiness. America is as independent of Rome, as Rome is of America: the great body of the people think that they may redress their ecclesiastical grievances, and regulate the forms and duties of their religion, without the necessity of traversing the atlantic ocean to consult the holy see."

Herds of Cattle.—After describing the particulars of a journey across the Pampas, exposed to the frequent and formidable attacks from the "wing'd squadrons of beleag'ring flies," against the stings of which, stockings and trowsers were no protection; the vast herds of cattle are noticed—"I have been credibly informed," says our author, "that their numbers at the present day, bear no proportion to what they were before the devastating havoc of the late civil war; still they appear, to a European eye, in countless multitudes, and leave the traveller no longer cause to wonder that such fine cattle were slaughtered in *thousands* merely for their hides!"

Religious Houses.—"I am inclined to think that the religious houses are fast approaching general dissolution; for although the priesthood have still a strong party here, and to use a significant term of Lady Morgan's, many young 'priestlings' are training up, and may be seen in the streets, and at the doors of convents; yet, when the present inhabitants of these castles of indolence and ease have gone to give an account of all the good they have done on earth, there will be, in all probability, an end of the monkish tribe in Cordova, where, for hundreds of leagues round, they once ruled with uncontrolled sway."

The Press.—"It is worthy of remark, that, at the breaking out of the revolution in this country, for an extent of more than 3,000 square miles, including the cities, towns, and villages of Peru, Chili, and Rio de la Plata, there was but one old printing press, and this formerly belonged to the Jesuits of Cordova. The Spanish government rigidly prohibited that inestimable invention being made available, lest it should, as in other parts of the world, promote the progress of civilization, science, and liberty."

Crossing Rivers.—"I could not consider how our heavy baggage and ourselves were to be conveyed safe and dry across a broad, deep, and very rapid river, in the single hide of a bullock! The boats were constructed in a much shorter time than I require to describe them, although their description may be given in a few words, thus:—Take a dried bullock's hide, pinch up each side of the four corners, put a stitch with a thorn to keep those corners together, and your boat is made. For use, place it upon the water bottom downwards; then to prevent its natural tendency to turn bottom upwards, put one foot immediately in the centre, and let the other follow with the most delicate caution; thus standing breathless in the middle, you are now to shrink downwards, contracting your body precisely in the same manner in which, probably in your childhood, you have *pressed a friar into a snuff box.* This position, however inconvenient, serves to conceal a considerable share of timidity from your companions, though not from the spectators, who line the banks of the river, indulging in loud wild laughter. When crouched down in the bottom, sundry articles are handed in, and ingeniously deposited around you, until the *balsa* (boat) sinks to about an inch, or perhaps an inch and a half from the water's edge. A *peone* (coolie), now plunges into the stream, and taking hold of one of the corners of the *balsa* (which projects like that of a cocked hat), swims away with you to the opposite bank."

Locusts.—In various parts of this work the locusts are noticed as exceedingly destructive. "It is impossible," says the writer, "to convey by description, a true notion of the multitude of these creatures. I have heard it said, that when every vegetable has been destroyed, they will prey upon each other."

Water.—"In Buenos Ayres, rain-water is considered a great luxury, and in some houses tanks are formed for preserving it in the underground stories. A gentleman of my acquaintance informed me that the tank under his house held upwards of 600 pipes of water."

Books — Education.—"Books were rigidly prohibited by the Holy Inquisition; reading, therefore, was out of the question; nor have I yet met with a single book in the house of any private person since I left Buenos Ayres; even in that city, where education has made such rapid strides of later years, and where there is much literary talent, books are not yet generally considered as forming a necessary and agreeable part of the furniture of every house. The rising generation, however, throughout South America, have advantages which their parents had not. A liberal education is now not merely permitted, but imparted to all classes where there are the means of doing good. Books are sought after, and collections will no doubt take place, where, hitherto, even a Guthrie's Geography has been prohibited."

The Cactus.—"We drove for several miles through a forest of the *cactus*, which afforded us a proof of the manner in which trees or plants degenerate when out of their native soil. Humboldt says, 'near Maniquarez (in the Carracas), we measured a cactus four feet nine inches in circumference.'"

A Horse Dealer.—"We have been purchasing some horses for our private use, from the Rev. Doctor ——, head clergyman of Tucuman, who is also, and has been for upwards of forty years, the principal horse-racer, horse-jockey, cock-fighter, general gamester, and *roué determiné* of the province. General P. paid the enormous sum of 5 ounces of gold (£17:10) for his horse, a handsome dark bay; Baron C. paid 12 dollars (£2:8) for his, a haughty, long-backed, long-legged, long-tailed grey; I paid 15 dollars (£3) for mine, *a spiry*, spirited little bay nag; which was, in fact, the property of his Reverences' *niece.*"

An Infant Friar.—About 10 leagues from Francas, where we stopped to change horses, we found the few houses that lately composed the hamlet, in ruins from the effect of the earthquake. A woman of the place was busily employed in making a Franciscan friar's dress for her son, two years old. He had been unwell, and during his illness, the mother vowed to Saint Francis, that if he would have the goodness to restore her son to health, she would make him a friar in his order. St. Francis obligingly interfered, and the child of course recovered. He has now his head shaved in the shape of a tonsure, and is only waiting for his frock, cowl, and sandals, to fulfil his mother's vow."

Compliments.—In South America, as in Spain, ceremonius compliments are too frequently indulged in; offers and promises of *every thing*, without meaning or intending *anything*, are of daily occurrence."

Effects of War.—"Don José Torres at one period possessed upwards of 3,000 head of horned cattle, out of which *only* 8 cows now remain; of all the rest he was despoiled during the course of the late revolutionary wars. Those who grumble to pay war-taxes, and consider them a hardship, would do well to reflect upon the greater hardship that are averted by paying to keep the field of battle out of one's own country; wherever the seat of war is, the armies of friend and foe occasion nearly equal desolation."

Armadillos.—"These are found in plenty; when roasted in their coats of mail, they are considered a delicacy; two which we took were thus served up under a fig-tree, where we stopped for an hour to breakfast."

Potosi.—"The road, as I advanced, indicated the approach of consideration. It was no longer an unfrequented solitude, as I had been accustomed to find it. Peasantry with droves of asses, and flocks of beautiful illamas."

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ART. III.—*Diary of* THOMAS BURTON, Esquire, *Member in the Parliaments of* OLIVER *and* RICHARD CROMWELL. 4 vols. 8vo.

BURTON'S DIARY, which has been published in four volumes, by Mr. J. T. Rutt, from the original autograph MS. abounds with subjects of curious interest. Mr. Burton was Member in the Parliaments of Oliver and Richard Cromwell—from 1626 to 1659. We have selected a few of the particulars which took place during the debates on the question of James Nayler, the fanatic Quaker. James had been a private soldier in the Parliament in 1641, in which he was afterwards made a Quarter-Master, under Major-Genl. Lambert. Naylor was a man of natural talents, but never had followers, except amongst a small portion of the lowest and most illiterate of the people. Naylor did not believe himself to be Christ, but imagined that Christ moved him to what he said or did. It has been remarked, that had Mr. Hume seen some of the accounts of this singular being, he might have enriched his ludicrous description. In some respects, however, he is mistaken on this subject, as well as in numerous other cases of deeper interest. The cruel sentence of the Parliament, contained in the extract subjoined to this article, was carried into effect. He bore his sufferings with great fortitude, and in subsequent years was restored to humility of mind, and soundness of judgment. He died in peace; and about two hours before his close, he spoke these words:—"There is a spirit which I feel, that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring are the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life—everlasting love; and takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention; and keeps it by lowliness of mind. It doth not murmur at grief and oppression. It never rejoiceth but through sufferings; for with the world's joy it is murdered." Nayler's writings were collected in an octovo volume, and printed in 1716. It is impossible to read his history without execrating that fire-and-faggot system of former days, which refused to leave men to the freedom of their consciences. "The religious opinions of sectaries," observes Sir Walter Scott, "have a tendency, like the water in some springs, to become soft and mild, when freely exposed to the open day. Who can recognize in the decent and industrious Quakers and Baptists, the wild and ferocious tenets which distinguished their sects, while they were honoured with the distinction of the scourge and the pillory."

HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1656.

The case of James Nayler, "charged with divers strange, absurd, and blasphemous pranks."

Major-Gen. Skippon.—This offence is so high a blasphemy, that it ought not to be passed.

Major-Gen. Botelar.—Though my indisposition might plead for my silence, yet I should go out with troubled conscience, if I should not have borne witness against it. The punishment ought to be adequate to the offence. By the Mosaic law, blasphemers were to be stoned to death. The morality of this remains, and for my part, if this sentence should pass upon him, I would freely consent to it. If we punish murder and witchcraft, and let greater offences go, as heresies and blasphemy, for my part, I should never reconcile myself to leave out the latter, and punish the former offences.

Col. White.—If you make the sentence death, I think James Nayler well deserves it. I shall give my Yea.

Sir Thos. Wroth—Seeing Nayler must die, I desire to know what manner of death it must be.

The Master of the Rolls.—The matter-of-fact should be first stated, whether blasphemy or no.

Major-Gen. Whalley.—I am of opinion that this person is guilty of horrid blasphemy.

Major Oudley.—I think there is no man so possessed of the devil as this person is. I am of the same opinion as that noble gentleman who spoke last.

Mr. Drake.—My motion is to vote this offence horrid blasphemy. Did he not suffer himself to be honoured as our Saviour, in his riding through all the towns? I think him worse than all the papists in the world—worse than possessed with the devil.

Lord Strickland.—In all respects I look upon Nayler as a man exceedingly scandalous, proud, and sinful; but to say he is a blasphemer I cannot agree. If you have any rule, I would have you proceed against him as a seducer, and to let none be allowed to come to him: to shut him up as one that has the plague upon him. But for us to judge of blasphemy, unless we were so learned in the original as to define what it really means, lest we be judged abroad whether we be adequate judges in this case.

Lord Whitlock.—I dissent from the last speaker: I think it is an offence of a high nature. It is more than blasphemy.

Capt. Baynes.—If you have laws in being, send him to some of your Courts of Justice.

Lord President.—This business is heavy upon my heart. Many gentlemen have spoken zealously; they were honest men who once called for fire from heaven—but they were reproved. If you hang every man that says Christ is in you the hope of glory (Colos. i. v. 27), you will hang a great many.

Mr. Bacon.—This fellow is not the fairest among ten thousand, as his disciples would have him. It is much controverted here whether a law might be made for a matter, *ex post facto*. Nothing more ordinary in a Parliament. Was it not the case of the Bishop of Rochester's cook? He made broth which poisoned all the family, and the beggars at the gates. Here was a law made, both for the offence and for the punishment. The like in Hacket's case. The like in the Holy Maid of Kent's case, Hen. VIII., who said she had immediate intercourse and letters from the Virgin Mary. Her offence was judged High Treason. ——Resolved that candles be called for. (Two Noes.)

Col. Sydenham.—This offence is not homogenial. It differs from that of the Holy Maid of Kent.

Sir R. Onslow.—My opinion is, as it was, that the offence is blasphemy. There is *officium altior officio*. It is our duty to do something in this business, and that with all possible zeal. My motion is that it be voted horrid blasphemy. Why should you boggle at this?

Mr. Briscoe.—We have no law against blasphemy under the Gospel; yet the *jus naturale* is of force. It is an offence against the moral law. By the light of nature, as divines say, we may know the Deity. If against the judicial law, the equity remains. It is a sin against a greater light, a more transcendent light. If ignorance doth extenuate, so doth knowledge aggravate; and the greater his knowledge, the greater his offence. He owns it knowingly. I vote the matter horrid blasphemy.

Judge Smith—(The House having voted Nayler guilty of horrid blasphemy) said, I have as tender conscience as any man to tender consciences, but what will people say, having come to this vote, if we are at a stand what to do with him. Are we afraid of a precedent? Was not the King justly condemned for tyranny, treason, and oppression? It was a just sentence. The like for the Earl of Stafford, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Rochester's cook, and Hackett. Six or seven were condemned and hung at Tyburn, for speaking against the Book of Common Prayer,* a slenderer offence than this. I vote that he be stoned to death.

Major-Gen. Disbrowe.—Nayler prophesied his own death, let us make him a liar, by saving his life.

Sir C. Wolsely.—I am for pillory, imprisonment, whipping, or the like.

Major Beake.—I conceive it to be a fit punishment to cut out his tongue, and to cut off his right hand, and then turn him beyond seas.

Lord President made a long speech to extenuate the offence.

Sir R. Piggot proposed that his tongue might be bored through.

Col. Chadwick.—First whip him for the lesser crime, as for being an impostor, and happily that may work him into a sense of sorrow.

Col. White proposed that his hair might be cut off.

Major-Gen. Haines.—That his tongue might be slit or bored through, and that he might be stigmatized by the letter B.

Major Whalley.—Do not cut off his hair, that will make the people believe that the Parliament of England are of opinion that our Saviour wore his hair so.

Mr. Downing.—You ought to do something with his tongue.

Col. Matthews.—Send him three months to Bridewell.

Major-Gen. Goffe.—He is a madman; it is good to physic him. "A rod for the fool's back."

Alderman Foot.—If you send him to Bridewell or Newgate, you will make him worse.

Col. Fitz-James.—The man is distracted already, and if you whip him you make him worse. Let him only do hard labour.

Sir G. Pickering, Lord Whitlock, Sir J. Reynolds, and *Col. Hewitson.*—He has been *a soldier, and it is not proper to whip him;* the word NOBLE speaks his privilege. He is a *Roman.*

Major Andley.—It is an ordinary punishment for swearing. I have known twenty bored through the tongue.

Resolved,—That his tongue be bored through.

Resolved,—That he be marked with the letter B in the forehead.

Major Whalley proposed that his lips might be slitted.

Alderman Foot.—That his head may be in the pillory, and that he be whipped from Westminster to the Old Exchange.

Col. Cromwell.—That he may be whipped through the whole city from Westminster to Aldgate.

Col. Matthews.—That he be branded and bored at the Royal Exchange.

Dr. Clarges.—That he may stand in the pillory in Glassenburg and Wells.

Col. Shapcot.—That his Bridewell may be at York, whence he came.

Mr. Speaker.—He came not from thence. I shall put it upon Bristol.

Mr. Pedley.—That his prison may be the isle of *Scilly.*

Col. Clarke.—If you put him to hard labour, London is the fittest place.

Mr. Bond.—Send him rather into the Orcades, or Scotland.

Sir G. Pickering.—Either be strict in this, or you do nothing; for certainly *Quakerism* is as infectious as the Plague.

Mr. Fuller proposed that he might be sent to Jamaica.

Sir T. Wroth.—To the Isle of *Dogs.*

Sir J. Reynolds.—Send him to *Coventry.*

Sir W. Strickland.—Send him to Bristol.

Mr. Highland.—Those that come out of the *North,* are the greatest pests of the nation.

Mr. Robinson.—I hope that gentleman does not mean by his pests, that all come thence. He does not mean *us,* I hope.

Mr. Bamfield.—I am glad every body apprehends this man to be such an one as that all are

* "Put to death by Elizabeth."

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weary of him. He came from the North. It verifies the proverb—*ab aquilone nil boni.* I hope it will be a warning to them never to send such cattle amongst us.

RESOLVED,—That James Naylor be set on the pillory, with his head in the pillory, in the New Palace, Westminster, during the space of two hours, on Thursday next, and be whipped by the hangman through the streets of Westminster, to the Old Exchange, London; and there, likewise, to be set upon the pillory, with his head in the pillory, for the space of two hours, between the hours of eleven and one, on Saturday next; in each of the said places wearing a paper, containing an inscription of his crimes; and that at the Old Exchange, his tongue shall be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there, also, stigmatized in the forehead with the letter B; and that he be afterwards sent to Bristol, and conveyed into and through the said city, on a horse bare ridged, with his face back, and there also publicly whipped the next market day after he comes thither; and that from thence he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and kept to hard labour till he be released by the Parliament; and during that time be debarred of the use of pen, ink, and paper, and have no relief but what he earns by his daily labour.

[A Correspondent, whose labours in the field of this Colony's literature for a series of years past, are well known, has been pleased to supply the following contribution towards our Review department. We hope to be favored with the continuation of his remarks in time to present them to our readers in the next number.]

ART. IV.—*Researches in South Africa, illustrating the Civil, Moral, and Religious Condition of the Native Tribes, &c.* By the Rev. JOHN PHILIP, D.D.

IN his Preface to the second edition of Travels in South Africa, Mr. Barrow introduces a maxim, current through Greece and Rome, two thousand years ago, that, "*Africa semper aliquid novi offert.*"

Twenty-six years have glided away, since the date of Mr. Barrow's work, and, during that period, sixteen additional publications, descriptive of the Cape of Good Hope, from the gaudy quarto to the paper-covered pamphlet, have made their appearance. Of these, the greater part possess a considerable degree of merit, and all offer to the reader something, either of new interest "aliquid novi," or of additional amusement. A seventeenth, in 2 vols. octavo, has been lately added to the number, under the title of *Researches in South Africa*, and to this book, thus announced, much of the public attention has been directed.

The character and the political treatment of the Hottentots, a subject of so much late discussion at religious meetings, and in the House of Commons; the important character of the Author, as Superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society at the Cape of Good Hope; his former struggles on behalf of a tribe, which he declared to be degraded below that scale, to which every one bearing the human figure might pretend; his acknowledged talents; his perseverance in the cause; all these circumstances separate and combined, gave birth to an unusual interest on the appearance of the "Researches."—Every man, who prefers his opinions in print, becomes subject by the so doing, to the critical remarks of the public. In availing ourselves of this privilege, we shall avoid all questionable or personal grounds, confining our observations to the book, as a literary production, and in its literary character only. In this spirit, we shall now adventure a few cursory remarks, requesting the continued indulgence of the courteous reader. The Preface, though probably written after the text, as is the case with the Preamble of an Act of Parliament, claims by its position, the first attention, and in the outset we feel pleasure in giving an opinion, that much praise is due to the author, for the manly and unsophisticated English style, which pervades the entire composition. The tale is told throughout without resort to the shewy embellishment of classical quotation, in the plainest and best idiom of our native tongue.

Let the author now speak for himself, and, as a fair specimen of his style, we present the following extract from the preface, (page 7):

"Man, in his individual and collective capacity, is so constituted, that no improvement can take place in any part of the one or the other, without diffusing its influence over the whole man, and over the whole frame of society. The thorough knowledge of one science, requires a general acquaintance with many others. With the improvements of science, the arts and manufactures of a country may be expected to keep pace; the late discoveries in chemistry, for instance, have diffused their influence, and their energies, over every department of science, from its general principles to its most minute details, —from the lofty speculations of the philosopher to the humble operations of the mechanic.

"It is the same, as it respects the progress of genuine religion. With the Reformation arose a thirst for knowledge in general; and to the strength of that desire may be traced the extension of printing, the resurrection of genius, the establishment of schools, the multiplication of books, and the brightest period in the annals of Europe. Without a motive, a thirst for knowledge could not have existed; without printing, that desire could not have been gratified; without schools, education could have never become common; and without a capacity to read, printing would have been a useless discovery, and genius would have languished for want of encouragement, or perished for want of bread. Thus the extension of printing, the establishment of schools, the general diffusion of knowledge, the revival of literature and the late discoveries in science, may all be viewed as springing from the Reformation."

And again, page 23:—

"After having established, before two of His Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry, my allegations respecting the oppressed state of the natives, and the hostility manifested against the missionary institutions, I was willing to have given up all my proofs and documents to the Colonial Government, had pledges been granted me that the natives should have their freedom secured to them. Since my return to this country (England) I would, at any time before these volumes went to press, have committed the papers they contain to the flames, had His Majesty's Ministers met me with the assurance that they would do justice to the oppressed and deeply injured native inhabitants of South Africa. But the reserve which Government has so long maintained on this point; the official coldness of Earl Bathurst's reply to the memorial of the Directors of the London Missionary Society, and to my report;—the meagre and extraordinary character of the return to Mr. Buxton's motion,—the unsatisfactory nature of what has been published in the Reports of the Commissioners on the Government and Finances of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, in relation to the natives;—the manner in which their special reports on this subject have been withheld from Parliament,—and the simple fact that the system laid open in the following pages was still carried on in the colony so late as the date of the last letter I received from it:—have left me no alternative but to lay this subject before the public in all its length, and breadth, or to run the risk of losing the fruit of all my exertions for the natives, and the advantage of all the documents I have collected in their favour; and thus of leaving them where I found them,—in the most oppressed condition of any people under any civilized government known to us upon earth."

Had the author, then in England, availed himself of his accustomed penetration, as to what was doing in the Colonial Office, with reference to the Hottentots, (and there could have been no inducement in the Home Government to have withheld the nature of the proposed relief) he might have learned it, previous to his publication. By his own avowal the discovery of it would have induced him to have committed his manuscript to the flames "in all its length and breadth." The Preface is dated 5th April, 1828, and on the following 17th July, being the lapse of a little more than three months, the Ordinance No. 50, suddenly, like the soldiers of Cadmus, started into life and action at the Cape. Of this Ordinance we quote the second clause:

"And whereas by usage and custom of this colony, Hottentots and other free persons of colour, have been subjected to certain restraints as to their residence, mode of life and employment, and to certain compulsory services to which others of His Majesty's subjects are not liable: Be it therefore enacted, that from and after the passing of this Ordinance, no Hottentot or other free person of colour, lawfully residing in this colony, shall be subject to any compulsory service to which others of His Majesty's subjects therein are not liable, nor to any hindrance, molestation, fine, imprisonment, or punishment of any kind whatsoever, under the pretence that such person has been guilty of vagrancy or any other offence, unless after trial in due course of law;—any custom or usage to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

This complete overthrow of a system, with which our author waged an interminable war, could not, in the existing

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situation of things, have been hazarded by the Lieut.-Governor, without the previous approval of the Home Government, at least of the principle.—It must have been in train and progress, for otherwise it could not have been conceived and brought to the birth, at the Cape, between the 8th of April and the 17th of July, except by magic, and was probably completed the very 5th of April, when our author dipped his pen in ink, and asserted his readiness to burn his books, were he assured that was to be done, which was probably then perfected, and which he might have known on inquiry.—Be this as it may, the Ordinance No. 50 has done tardy justice to the inhabitants of colour; and the Hottentot stands, upon South African land, free as the air he breathes.

The important benefits consequent on the freedom of the "Aborigines," so emphatically and eloquently predicted in the "Researches," are now to follow, (preface, page 29):

"Let the advocates of religion and humanity, use their efforts to put a period to the slavery of the Aborigines within the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and they will, by that single act, do more for the promulgation of the gospel in South Africa, than all the funds of the London Missionary Society could effect, while things continue in that colony as they now are. Under the present system, the labours of the missionaries must be limited to the missionary institutions; and their efforts, even at them, are like the attempts which may be made to rescue from the ocean a small portion of the beach, which is liable to be swallowed up by the next spring tide. But if we can procure for the people their civil rights, we may gradually withdraw the funds now employed in supporting our missionary institutions, and employ them in diffusing the gospel on a more extensive scale. Excepting a few missionaries at the drostdys or towns, who may be employed among the coloured population of every class on the sabbath, and preaching at farm-houses in the neighbourhood on week evenings, the natives may then be left to the provision made for the religious instruction of the colonists."

The first chapter explains the condition of the native tribes in 1652, when the Dutch took possession of the Cape, and presents a curious account of the primitive manners of the Hottentot natives. Their moral conduct is described to be such, as to have gained for them the appellation of "the good men." Whilst their ignorance of a Supreme Being, and of every religious ceremony, has placed them in a lower class than the savage natives of the South Seas, as described by Captain Cook, (page 7):

"I never have been able to discover from my intercourse with the natives, or from any other source, that this nation had ever attained any distinct notion of a Supreme Being, or that an idea of a future state of existence had at any period prevailed among them. Africaner, the most intelligent savage I have ever met with, declared that, previous to his acquaintance with the missionaries, he had no idea of a Spirit, Creator, or Supreme Ruler. In his intercourse with the colonists, he had heard, as he observed to me, 'that they had a God; but he never saw him in the winds, in the thunder, in the lightning, in the heavens, nor in any of his works; and so contracted were his views on this subject, that, by the God of the white people, he only understood something under that name which they might carry about with them in their pockets.'

"Being asked if it never occurred to him to inquire how the world was made, or who formed the sun, and the stars, and clouds? his reply was, 'I was always so engaged with my cattle and my wars, that I never lifted my thoughts so high; or if, at any time, a question arose in my mind on these subjects, the difficulty of solving it was so great, that it no sooner presented itself than it was dismissed.'"

The journal of the Landdrost Joh. Sterreberg Kupt, in the second chapter, offers a faithful picture of the country at that period. He left the Cape in October, 1703, to barter for cattle for the Dutch Honorable Company, and gives an interesting account of the manner of bartering, and of the barterers. The chapter concludes with the slaughter of a lion near Elephant's River, after an interesting nocturnal campaign between that valiant animal and his foes, so well narrated, that it cannot be here omitted:

"Our waggons, which were obliged to take a circuitous route, arrived at last, and we pitched our tent within musket-shot from the Kraal; and after having arranged every thing, went to rest, but were soon disturbed; for about midnight the cattle and horses which were standing between the waggons, began to start and run; and one of the drivers to shout, on which every one ran out of the tent with his gun. About thirty paces from the tent stood a lion, which on seeing us walked very deliberately about thirty paces further, behind a small thorn-bush, carrying something with him which I took be a young ox. We fired more than sixty shots at that bush, and pierced it stoutly, without perceiving any movement. The south-east wind blew strong, the sky was clear, and the moon shone very bright, so that we could perceive every thing at that distance. After the cattle had been quieted again, and I had looked over every thing, I missed the sentry from before the tent, Jan Smith, from Antwerp, belonging to the Groenekloof. We called as loudly as possible, but in vain,—nobody answered; from which I concluded that the lion had carried him off. Three or four men then advanced very cautiously to the bush, which stood right opposite the door of the tent, to see if they could discover any thing of the man, but returned, helter skelter, for the lion, who was there still, rose up and began to roar. They found there the musket of the sentry, which was cocked, and also his cap and shoes.

"We fired again about an hundred shots at the bush, which was sixty paces from the tent, and only thirty paces from the waggons, and at which we were able to point as at a target, without perceiving any thing of the lion, from which we concluded that he was killed, or had run away. This induced the marksman, Jan Stamansz, to go and see if he was there still, or not, taking with him a fire-brand. But as soon as he approached the bush, the lion roared terribly, and leapt at him; on which he threw the fire-brand at him, and the other people having fired about ten shots, he retired directly to his former place behind that bush.

"The fire-brand which he had thrown at the lion had fallen in the midst of the bush, and favoured by the strong south-east wind, it began to burn with a great flame, so that we could see very clearly into and through it. We continued our firing into it; the night passed away, and the day began to break, which animated every one to aim at the lion, because he could not go from thence without exposing himself entirely, as the bush stood directly against a steep kloof. Seven men, posted on the farthest waggons, watched him, to take aim at him if he should come out.

"At last, before it became quite light, he walked up the hill with the man in his mouth, when about forty shots were fired at him without hitting him, although some were very near. Every time this happened, he turned round towards the tent, and came roaring towards us; and I am of opinion, that if he had been hit, he would have rushed on the people, and the tent.

"When it became broad daylight, we perceived, by the blood and a piece of the clothes of the man, that the lion had taken him away, and carried him with him. We also found, behind the bush, the place where the lion had been keeping the man, and it appeared impossible that no ball should have hit him, as we found in that place several balls beaten flat. We concluded that he was wounded, and not far from this. The people, therefore, requested permission to go in search of the man's corpse, in order to bury it, supposing that, by our continual firing, the lion would not have had time to devour it. I gave permission to some, on condition that they should take a good party of armed Hottentots with them, and made them promise that they would not run into danger, but keep a good look out, and be circumspect. On this seven of them, assisted by three armed Hottentots, followed the track, and found the lion about half a league farther on, lying behind a little bush. On the shout of the Hottentots, he sprang up and ran away, on which they all pursued him. At last, the beast turned round, and rushed, roaring terribly, amongst the crowd. The people, fatigued and out of breath with their running, fired and missed him, on which he made directly towards them. The captain, or chief head of the kraal, here did a brave act in aid of two of the people whom the lion attacked. The gun of one of them missed fire, and the other missed his aim, on which the captain threw himself between the lion and the people so close, that the lion struck his claws into the caross (mantle) of the Hottentot. But he was too agile for him, doffed his caross, and stabbed with an assagai. Instantly the other Hottentots hastened on, and adorned him with their assagais, so that he looked like a porcupine. Notwithstanding this, he did not leave off roaring and leaping, and bit off some of the assagais, till the marksman, Jan Stamansz, fired a ball into his eye, which made him turn over, and he was then shot dead by the other people. He was a tremendously large beast, and had but a short time before carried off a Hottentot from the kraal, and devoured him.

"I have been thus tedious, because I do not remember to have heard of such audacity in a beast; and the bravery of the Hottentot is also remarkable.

"The corpse of the man, as we found, had been griped by the lion with his left paw on the left side of the head; and being taken by the shoulder in the lion's mouth, was thus carried away. Both the thighs and the left shoulder were devoured. We brought both the corpses to the tent, and buried the man in the place from which he had been carried off. The lion was also put under ground, to prevent the cattle being frightened by the scent of him."

The surprise of a sentry with a cocked musket at the door of a tent of travellers by a lion, who marched him, unnoticed, to a neighbouring

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bush; his quiet removal just at break of day in the jaws of the captor, a method of travelling so new, and so unusual, that no passenger can enjoy it a second time, is not an every day occurrence; but may be thought to place the name of J. Sterreberg Kupt, nearly in a rank with that of Baron Munchausen.

The third chapter contains the system of the Dutch government for the extermination of the Hottentots and Bushmen, and an extended description of the barterers. These latter, on an expedition, advanced to the kraal of Captain Snell, who became their leader and guide, and then proceeded to the attack of various kraals. After fourteen days journey, they came to those of the Gonaquas, which at break of day they surrounded, firing at the inhabitants, who fled; leaving 2,200 head of cattle, and 2,500 sheep, a prize to the so called barterers. Such is the posthumous fame of Capt. Snell, that he remains to this day a standing toast with the boors at their convivial meetings. To these inflictions on the persecuted natives, were added the ferocious attacks of the Commandos, sanctioned by the Dutch government, in order to effectuate the general destruction of the Bushmen. The first Commando, in 1774, in 8 days shot 96 Bushmen, and the women and children were divided amongst the captors;—second Commando took 118 prisoners; third Commando killed 142 Bushmen in the Bokkeveld; but Van der Merwe, who commanded, more humane than the government, made peace with the Chiefs, which the Dutch government resented, and cashiered the Veldcornets who concurred in the measure. The journal of Van Jaarsfeld, the leader of a Commando in 1775, after various adventures and petty murders, too trifling to be mentioned, recites that near (page 46,)

"About midnight the spies returned, saying they had seen a great number of Bushmen there, when I immediately repaired thither with the Commando, waiting till day-break, which soon appeared; and having divided the Commando into parties, we slew *the thieves*, and, on searching, found one hundred and twenty-two dead; five escaped by swimming across the river.

"After counting the slain, we examined their goods, to see whether anything could be found whereby it might be ascertained that they were plunderers; when ox-hides and horns were found, which they were carrying with them for daily use."

"The ideas entertained by this Commandant of the nature of his expedition, are sufficiently illustrated by the tone of his journal. It was to extirpate the *thieves;* but he has failed to record a single fact to shew how they merited this title. The ox-hides and horns found among them after the massacre afford no proof of their guilt, as these might have been the produce of their own flocks before they were plundered by the colonists, or they might have been honestly obtained from the frontier boors or Hottentots."

Thus it is, that, by a perversion or reversal of terms, it appears in the vocabulary of a Dutch Commando, that the Bushmen and the Hottentots, the original proprietors of the soil and of the cattle, were accounted the "*thieves*," and the Commando, who stole both the soil and the cattle "the honest men;" and in order satisfactorily to prove, beyond contradiction, that a party of Bushmen were plunderers, it was determined by the same law *first to put them to death, and then to inquire whether they were thieves or not!* Does not this remind the reader of the fusillade at Lyons during the French Revolution? This system was carried on with spirit in 1779; and, as late as 1792, an expedition was undertaken between Tulbagh and Salt River, and the following report was made to government, (page 51):

"In 1792, an expedition was undertaken against the Bushmen, occupying that district of the country which lies between the Tulbagh district and the Zak River, under the command of Van der Walt. The following is a copy of the report to government of his success:

"27th September.—Attacked the first kraal; killed seventy-five Bushmen, took twenty-one prisoners. Found one hundred and fifty wethers, thirteen head of cattle, and one musket.

"15th October.—Discovered another kraal; killed eighty-five Bushmen, took twenty-three prisoners; one hundred and twenty-four wethers.

"20th.—Discovered a third kraal; killed eleven; three prisoners.

"24th.—Discovered a fourth kraal; killed seven; four prisoners."

It is in the genuine and conscientious feeling between right and wrong, that the author brands with deserving infamy the ferocious and disgusting barbarities of the Boers towards the Bushmen; the more atrocious and cowardly, because practised by those in the use and possession of discipline and fire-arms, against almost naked savages, able to make little or no effectual defence, (page 58):

"Yet this oppressed and persecuted people were daily rendering the most essential services to the colonists. The protection of their numerous herds and flocks was entirely committed to their care. In deserts infested by wild beasts, and on plains where not a tree or shrub could be found to protect him from the vertical rays of the sun, or to shield him against the frosts and snows of winter, the faithful Hottentot wandered with his charge in search of food or water, a task which, but for him, must have devolved on his ungrateful master, and his slothful children. But the Cape farmer had already got a taste for slaves, which, once being excited, speedily stifles every idea of natural justice.

"No attempts had been made to improve their moral condition, to restrain their passions, or to refine their appetites. In this respect they have evidently degenerated since their intercourse with Europeans. But they still retained their characteristic and apparently unconscious adherence to truth, which is generally the first of the virtues that disappears before the frown of an absolute master; and that generosity, which is never satisfied so long as a morsel of food remains undivided among his companions, still distinguished the simple and improvident Hottentot. As for religion, it was considered a serious crime to mention the subject to a native. They were not admitted within the walls of the churches. By a notice stuck above the doors of one of the churches, '*Hottentots* and *Dogs* were forbidden to enter.'"

To the greater part of the above we can subscribe, and that it might be considered as a serious crime to mention the subject of religion to a native; but we cannot put such a strain upon our credence, as to admit the belief that notice was affixed to the doors of a church, "Hottentots and Dogs were forbidden to enter." Such a placard attached to any place, presupposes the power of reading in the parties forbidden; and we would ask, which was the language readable by a Hottentot at that period, or understood by a dog since the days of Æsop?

Arrived at this stage of our remarks, we must acknowledge, that up to this point, we partake in the disgust our author manifests at the continued outrages authorised by the colonial authorities. No shade can cover, no excuse can palliate the systematic enormities, practised against the Hottentots and Bushmen, during the occupation of the Dutch government. Happy is it, that their descendants have adopted that mild and just line of conduct which is now so evident, both in their private affairs and their public duty, and so completely at variance with the actions of many of their progenitors.

In the year 1795, the Cape of Good Hope fell into the power of the English.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH IN THE COLONIES.

Extracted from the speech of Mr. Frankland, at the formation of the Van Diemen's Land Society.

MANY persons there are who consider scientific research merely as the appropriate occupation of a particular class of men who are supposed to devote their time and minds solely to theoretical speculations, unconnected with practical advantages; but upon better consideration they would perceive that not only the principal changes in the relations of the world, but also most of our ordinary pursuits, and most of our comforts are the result of scientific discoveries, and *that* reflection should induce every resident in a new country, where the field for discovery is of course great, to turn his attention to such subjects as he may have the opportunity of investigating.

Our very residence in this island may be termed the offspring of science, for it was the progress of astronomy and navigation which led to its occupation. Without that progress, the navigators of Europe would still be creeping timourously along the western shores of Africa, dreading every gust of wind that might drive them out of sight of the known land marks.

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That ideal barrier, the torrid zone, would still be deemed an insurmountable obstacle, and the fables of ignorance would still paralyze every effort towards geographical discovery. But the progress of science induced far more glorious results; it rendered the most ungovernable elements the very will of man. Bold spirits, armed with those powers with which science supplied them, launched forth, and discovered New Worlds! The great promontory Southern Africa, was passed, and the vast regions of the east were at once opened to the flow of European adventure and European industry.

The amelioration in the state of those nations of India, which have become subject to England, is perhaps the most beautiful illustration of the practical effects of science that can be cited. Those great countries which from time immemorial had been a prey to every species of intestine rapine and confusion, are now, by the introduction of our institutions, resting in peace and security under the magic shield of their influence, and may, I think, be considered as gradually though slowly approaching the great era when they will embrace Christianity.

These, among others, may be classed with the advantages which, as regards India, have sprung from the culture of science. Would that it were possible to trace her steps with equal satisfaction to this naturally favoured little island!

Science led to its discovery, but its discoverers instead of bringing blessings in their train, have heaped ruin and destruction upon those children of misfortune, the Aboriginal owners of the soil—a people naturally amiable and intelligent, who with better treatment on the part of those who have come in contact with them, might have been rendered valuable friends, and have continued a happy nation! However, I should hope that there is yet time to restore that harmony which, but for the brutal inhumanity of white men, have never been broken; and surely no more glorious object could this Society propose to itself than that of acquiring a more intimate acquaintance with this much wronged people, with a view of ameliorating their condition, and of saving them from being extirpated from the face of that earth on which the Almighty had placed them!

THE DUTCH AND FRENCH LANGUAGES.

THERE are few feelings stronger in Holland, than that of contempt for the language of France. Its prevalence in Belgium is likely to be an insuperable bar,—if others were wanting, which assuredly they are not,—to any thing like a cordial co-operation between the northern and the southern states. Of the abhorrence with which the Dutch regard the French tongue, the following lines of Bilderdyke [the illustrious poet of the Netherlands, and possessing a mastery over his language,] are an amusing example:

Maar weg met u, ô spraak van basterd klanken
Waarin Hijeen en valsche Schakals janken;
Verloochnares van afkomst en geslacht,
Gevormd voor spot die met de vaarheid lacht:
Wier staamlarrij bij eeuwig voordverbreken,
In't neusgehuil zich zelf niet uit durft spreeken:
Verfoeilkij Fransch! alleen den duivel waard,
Die met uw aapgegrijns zich meester maakt van de aard.

TRANSLATION.

Begone, thou bastard tongue!—so base—so broken—
By human jackals and hyenas spoken;
Form'd for a race of infidels, and fit
To laugh at truth—and scepticize in wit;
What stammering, snivelling sounds, which scarcely dare,
Bravely through nasal channels meet the ear,—
Yet helped by apes' grimaces—and the devil,
Have ruled the world, and ruled the world for evil!

(The Foreign Quarterly Review.)

CHIEF CITIES OF THE WORLD.

A VERY ingenious calculation is given in a late German publication, of the hundred most populous cities in the world. These are—Jeddo, in Japan, 1,680,000 inhabitants; Pekin, 1,500,000; London, 1,300,000; Hans Ischen, 1,100,000; Calcutta, 900,000; Madras, 817,000; Nankin, 800,000; Congo Ischen, 800,000; Paris, 717,000; Werst Chana, 600,000; Constantinople, 597,000: Benares, 530,000; Kio, 520,000; Su Ischen, 500,000; Houng Ischen, 500,000; &c. The fortieth in the list is Berlin; containing 193,000; and the last, Bristol, 87,000.—Among the hundred cities, two contain 1,500,000; two upwards of 1,000,000; nine from 500,000 to 1,000,000; twenty-three from 200,000 to 500,000; fifty-six from 100,000 to 200,000; and six from 87,000 to 100,000. Of these one hundred cities, fifty-eight are in Asia, and thirty-two in Europe, of which four are in Germany, four in France, five in Italy, eight in England, and three in Spain; the remaining ten are divided between Africa and America.

SIGNIFICATION OF COLOURS.

1. *Yellow.*—Honor, height of spirit, which, being never separated from virtue, of all things is most jealous of disgrace, and may not endure the least shadow of reputation. 2. *White.*—Signifieth innocence or purity of conscience, truth and upright integrity without blemish. 3. *Black.*—Wisdom and sobriety, together with severe correction, of too much ambition, being mixed with yellow; or with too much belief or lenity, mixed with white. 4. *Blue.*—Faith, constancy of truth in affection. 5. *Red.*—Justice, or noble worthy anger, in defence of religion, or the oppressed. 6. *Green.*—Good hope, or the accomplishment of holy and honorable actions. 7. *Purple.*—Fortitude with the discretion, or a most true discharge of any trust reposed. 8. *Tunnis* or *Tawny.*—Merit or desert, and a foe to ingratitude. 9. Ermine (a rich fur, with curious spots.)—Signifieth religion or holiness, and that all aims are not divine objects. Now, from these colours and their mixtures are derived many dishonorable colours, as carnation, orange, popengie, &c. which signify craft, pride, and wantonness. *(Werner.)*

GLEANINGS.

THE late Doctor Parr once asked a friend, who had been hearing him preach for *an hour*, how he liked his discourse. "Why, to speak the truth," frankly said the other, "there were four things in it I did not like to hear." "State them," replied Parr, eagerly, "Why then," replied his friend, "they were the four quarters of the church clock which struck four times before you had finished it."—The Hulsean prize (Cambridge) is adjudged to T. Myers of Trinity College; subject, "The extent of the knowledge which the Jews had of a future state, at the time of our Saviour's appearance. The subject of the present year is, "The futility of attempts to represent the Miracles recorded in Scripture, as Effects produced in the ordinary course of Nature."——M. St. Hilaire has been employed in investigating the litigated fact whether the mole sees.——The temperance societies of Glasgow and other cities have prospered beyond the most sanguine hopes of their founders.——It appears from a calculation in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, that the people of England, though only half as numerous as the people of France, consume at an average about five times as much sugar as a Frenchman.——There are now one hundred and one establishments in France for the preparation of sugar from beet-root, and another hundred in preparation.——The silk manufacture of England is stated to be at this moment, twice as extensive as in 1821, 1822, and 1823.——The importation of gloves from France into England, has decreased during the last six months to the amount of 22,328 dozen. ——*Chemistry.* The simple substances at present known (exclusive of light, heat, electricity, and magnetism,) constitute fifty. By the union of these fifty bodies with each other, all the compounds of which the globe consists are formed.—*Bleaching.* Before the middle of the last century, the business of bleaching was in the hands of the Dutch. About the year 1760, Dr. Hume of Edinburgh, proposed to substitute sulphuric acid for the sour milk which had been hitherto used by the Dutch bleachers. The suggestion was acted upon, and the consequences was, the immediate reduction of the time of bleaching from nine months to three. About the end of the last century, chlorine began to be substituted for exposure to the sun on grass; and this substitution, after immense investigation, has been brought to complete perfection. The most extensive bleaching houses in Glasgow, are now situated in narrow lanes, where neither sun nor grass is to be met with; and it is no uncommon thing to receive unbleached goods on the morning of one day, and to return them bleached and ready for the market on the evening of the next! —— *Craner.*—This distinguished prelate, who, though admirable in his religious feelings, was almost always wrong in his political conduct: so dangerous is it to mingle politics with piety,—the great and busy world of man with all the nobler objects of his higher destiny.—The Cherokee Indians are able to read their own and the English language. A newspaper, partly in English and partly in their own language, has been published, which is characterized by decency and good sense.—By means of the intended Bath and Bristol Rail-road, it is estimated that the distance between the two cities will be performed in twenty-two minutes.——*Dear Dinner.*—When the Allied Sovereigns and their satellites honored the British Metropolis with their august presence in 1814, they were entertained, as some of us recollect, by the Corporation of London, with a truly regal feast, the precise cost of which has only now transpired, £20,347. 5s. 2d.——When the celebrated and laborious missionary Dr. Van der Kemp first introduced a printing press into the interior of this colony, a farmer was anxious to know its uses. On being explained to him, he seemed much pleased, and by way of encouraging the newly-introduced art, immediately gave an order for a folio bible with plates, to be ready the next morning.——One subject of congratulation is afforded in the last news from Lisbon: Miguel, unable to obtain money from other quarters, has ordered a levy to be made on the monastic orders, amounting to £150,000.——The North American Medical Journal says, that not only burns but blisters are best healed by the application of finely carded cotton; half an inch or more in thickness This dressing, it is added, gives no pain, and will generally ensure a new cuticle in two days.—The same journal states, that apples may be preserved

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fresh and plump till the next summer, by placing them in dry sand as soon as gathered.——A good fire, on a winter's day, at a mere trifling expense, is of importance to a poor man. One penny-worth of tar, or rosin water, will saturate a tub of coals with triple its original quantity of bitumen, (the principle of heat and light.) and, of course, render one such tub of three times more value than it was unsaturated.——The number of the trading vessels of Great Britain, exclusive of the Royal Navy, is upwards of 24,280. The capacity of these vessels is two million five hundred and fifty-three thousand and six hundred and eight-five tons; and they give employment to upwards of one hundred and sixty-six thousand men and boys. —— *The mole.* — M. Flourens, a French Naturalist, has late made some interesting inquiries into the organization of the mole, and has found that it is not exclusively, if it is essentially carnivorous. It dies very soon if it be kept only upon vegetables; and though it is known to destroy roots of all sorts, it is not for the purpose of eating them, but to seek for worms and insects, and particularly for the eggs of insects. If kept upon any animal substance, it will live a long while. Ten or 12 hours is the maximum of the time which it can live without nourishment; and, like all animals which exist upon blood and flesh, it always drinks with great avidity.——The first book printed in the English language was in 1471.—— *False Economy.*—Many fathers there are, that so love their money and hate their children, that lest it should cost them more than they are willing to spare to hire a good school-master for them, rather than choose such persons to instruct their children as are of no worth—thereby beating down the market that they may purchase a cheap ignorance. It was therefore a witty jeer which Aristippus bestowed on a sotish father, by whom being asked what he would take to teach his child, he answered a thousand drachms. Whereupon the other crying out, "O Hercules! how much out of the way you ask, for I can buy a slave at that rate." "Do then," said the philosopher, "and thou shalt instead of one, purchase two slaves for thy money—him that thou buyest for one, and thy son for another."—— *Well-educated Princes.* The Sons of the Emperor of Austria have all been taught some trade; the hereditary Prince being an excellent weaver, and his brothers good carpenters and *cabinet*-makers.

MISCELLANEA.

The South African Institution.—At the Monthly Meeting of the South African Institution (28th ultimo), Messrs. Nisbet and Borcherds, and Dr. Bailey, of Cape Town, were elected ordinary Members, and Lieut. Biddulph, R.N., Bathurst, was elected a Corresponding Member of the Institution.

There were read—I. A continuation of "Remarks on the Geology of South Africa," by the Rev. Dr. Thom, of Tulbagh,—pointing out the localities of a particular class of fossils found in the older rocks, and giving their characters.

II. A continuation of the "History of the Cape Colony," by the Rev. M. Borcherds, of Stellenbosch, describing the second year of Van Riebeck's government.

There were laid on the table—A Register of the Weather at Algoa Bay, during the year 1826, and six months of 1823, transmitted by Capt. Evatt, Commandant of Algoa Bay; and also a Chart of the Harbour at Port Natal, forwarded by Mr. Frances, Port Captain, Algoa Bay.

Port Beaufort.—A Reading Society is commencing at this place, under the superintendance of Mr. Dunn, the Government Resident. The books, from the list which we have seen, appear to be judiciously selected. A *Correspondent* from Port Beaufort, writes—"We are desirous of erecting a small Windmill, but in the absence of many of those advantages which are possessed by the residents of Cape Town, we require some instruction. *Mr. Marsh*, of Saldanha Bay, is said to have built one which combines utility with strict economy. Could we be favoured with the plan, it would be a public good to these parts."

Mr. Dunn also writes—"I have found water where I now reside, but it is about 11 feet under-ground. Port Beaufort having been destitute of that necessary article, this discovery is of great public advantage; but I wish to be informed by any of your readers, or others, of the best and *cheapest* method of applying it to the purposes of irrigation, &c. &c. A rope Suspension Bridge would, it appears to me, be applicable to the Breede River. What say your Correspondents on this subject?"

Graaff-Reinet.—Extract of a letter. "The receipt of the first number of the *Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette*, was hailed here with the most ardent good wishes for its success. It has given a stimulus to our exertions in endeavouring to promote the best interests of the Colony. Within the last three weeks our Library has been renovated, and its scale much enlarged. More than *forty persons* have been enrolled as subscribers, and a large Reading Room is now being fitted up in the most convenient style."

Robben Island.—A very interesting survey of this island, with its buildings, pier, &c. has been taken by the Commandant, Lieut. Pedder, and is now in Cape Town. The marine view attached to it, and the distant mountain scenery, coloured from nature, constitute it an agreeable picture.

Cape Almanack.—Mr. Stapleton proposes to publish a neat *Pocket Almanack*, for 1831, which is to embrace every topic of colonial interest. The price not to exceed Half-a-crown. Mr. S. intends to continue at the same time, his *Sheet Almanack*. The price not to exceed one shilling and six-pence.

The Yam.—A traveller of respectability assures us that this vegetable, which was introduced by Capt. Johnstone, of the *Thorne*, with a view to its naturalisation in the Colony, is now flourishing in the garden of Capt. Harker, of Plettenberg's Bay.

Literary and Scientific Institutions.—In a discourse pronounced at the extraordinary sitting of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburgh, held last November, by Baron Humboldt, which comprehends a general view of the Scientific researches in the Russian Empire, we find the following passage:

"It is to *Scientific bodies* which are renewed without interruption; it is to *Academies*,—to *Universities*,—to different learned societies in Europe, in the two Americas,—at the Southern extremity of Africa,—in India, and in that Australasia lately so uncivilized, and where there has already risen a temple of Urania, that we must look for regular observations; to measure and to watch, as it were, whatever is variable in the economy of nature."

In reference to the Temple of Urania in Australasia, Dr. Brewster, from whose Journal we have taken the above extract, appends the following notice.

"This Observatory was the work of our eminent countryman, Sir Thos. Brisbane, whose fate it seems to be to have his labours every where praised, and even the observations which he established, published without the mention of his name."

Literary Notice.—Dr. Howison, the talented author of Sketches of Canada, &c. announces for immediate publication, a work entitled *Tales of the Colonies*. It consists of four stories; the scene of the first is laid in the Brazils; the second, entitled the Island, opens in Ireland, and is transferred to Vera Cruz, and the adjacent islands; the third, Sable Grove, is placed in the island of St. Thomas; and the fourth, which is understood to be of very commanding interest, continues throughout the Colony of New Holland.——The volumes which are to follow this publication, *may* probably refer to the Cape of Good Hope.

Mr. Burchell, the Traveller.—Mr. Burchell has at length returned to England, after an absence of nearly six years. In this period he has explored those vast inland provinces of Brazil, into which no European traveller, at least of modern times, has ventured to penetrate. Provided with the finest set of mathematical instruments that could be made, his observations in South America, may be supposed even more accurate than those made by him in Southern Africa; while his zoological and botanical collections are immense.—(*Spectator, May* 22.)

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

The following works of interest are announced in the London Journals of the 30th of May, to be nearly ready for publication:

I. The Doom of Devorgoil; a Melo-Drama.

II. Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy; by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

III. Literary Recollections; by the Rev. C. Warner, 2 vols. (26*s.*)

IV. A Practical Treatise on the Cultivation, Medical Properties, and History of Tobacco; by Jas. Jenkins, Esq. (5*s.* 6*d.*)

V. The second volume of the Life of Lord Byron; by Thomas Moore, Esq.—To be ready in May.

VI. The Present Condition and Prospects of the Greek or Oriental Church; by the Rev. G. Waddington, Author of a Visit to Greece. (6*s.*)

VII. A Letter on the present Neglect of the Lord's Day, addressed to the Inhabitants of London and Westminster; by the Rev. C. J. Blomfield, D. D. Bishop of London.

N.B. Bishop Blomfield's zeal on this all-important subject, appears to be in no degree less than that of his illustrious predecessor, the late Dr. Porteous. In the course of the last year, the Bishop of London gave an audience to a deputation from the Dissenting Ministers of the Three Denominations of London, who waited on his Lordship to confer with him on the growing neglect of the Sacred Day—hitherto the bulwark of our common christianity, and deservedly hallowed by our pious ancestors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Friend will not be forgotten.

However felicitous many of the expressions in the verses of *Mary*, they are, nevertheless, not quite the thing.

The "Elegy on a Cow which died a board the ———, Indiaman, on a voyage to the Cape," is too sportive for a *grave subject*. That part of it, however, which is the *cream* of the argument, we record for the benefit of the public. The poet (the reader must premise), having promised to see the Cow decently interred, receives the following grateful acknowledgment:

"Great thanks, great thanks!" the Cow replied,
Before she fell down *dead*—and *died*.
"And for this I shall impart,
A secret that will cheer your heart;
I leave it you——as Codicil
To this my last and only Will.
First take of almonds half-a-pound,
Their jackets off—let 'em be ground
With white sugar a double weight;
These with water care*ful* treat,
Adding by degrees ——— until
The vessel to the top you fill;
This do:—and I'll maintain
You will not want for milk or cream."

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DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

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AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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PARAMOUNT CLAIMS.

We are indebted to a correspondent *(Ludim)*, for reminding us of the existence of "*The Ladies' Benevolent Society*, for the relief of the destitute, and instruction of the children of the poor" in Cape Town. Such a hint is well timed. The poor are frequently overlooked in the midst of that bustle and rage for *new things*, which are so characteristic of modern times. Almost every day, bears witness to some new scheme for raising money in Cape Town. Pleasure and Vanity are always on the alert, and even Folly assuming Religion's garb, has been lately on a begging tour, with *sounding* pretensions.

In the ancient world, there were many poor, but no *paupers*,—taking that term in the signification of it adopted in our economical and law language, as meaning those indigent persons whose relief is the object of certain political regulations and enactments. In the free cities of Greece, a large share of the inhabitants existed in the servile state; and this was the case also in Rome, though she too boasted of her liberty. There, a great part of the lower orders was actually the property of the rich, who, it may be presumed, generally took the necessary care of them; and thus would of course supply the place of legislative arrangements. During the existence of ancient slavery, therefore, both the laws of the nations and the works of their historians, are silent on the subject of such provisions; and we have no recollection of more than one instance to the contrary. We allude to its having been customary at Rome to send such slaves as were sick, into an island in the Tiber, without medical aid, merely because *Esculapius* had a temple there; and Dio Cassius tells us, it was enacted by the Emperor Claudius, that all who thus recovered their health, was set at liberty.

The provisions that were made for the poor under the Jewish dispensation, are too well known to require comment; and in the same spirit, Christianity, softening the rugged nature of man, enjoined him to feel and care for his fellow-creatures. Thus we learn, that among its early disciples, weekly contributions were "laid down at the Apostle's feet, and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." The wealth of the Catholic Church, in latter ages arose from the grants of the pious, and the dying. Accordingly the gates of monasteries were daily frequented by numerous poor, who were supplied with a liberal hand. Turner, in the account of his embassy to Thibet, tells us, that the Lama feeds daily several hundreds of the poor of his own religion; and that he maintains also many Mussulman supplicants, though these are heretics as to him, thus setting no bad example to many who draw their morals from a purer source. The consideration of a provision for the poor leads to two questions of not a little importance on this subject. First, To what extent ought the poor to be relieved, or in what degree of *comfort* ought they to be kept? And, secondly,—Ought assessments to be at all resorted to, or should the poor be left entirely to the operation of voluntary benevolence?

Montesquieu has remarked, that, "the state owes to every citizen a certain subsistence, a proper nourishment, convenient clothing, and a kind of life not incompatible with health." It is difficult to hit the just medium in doing this; but the safe side to err on, even for the ultimate advantage of the general body of the poorer people themselves, is, we apprehend, rather to keep under than to be above the mark. A premium will be otherwise afforded to pauperism, which will naturally attract adventurers; and this will happen to the great annoyance of those on whom they are a burthen, while they themselves will be far less happy than they would have been, had regulations of a different kind forced them to depend more on their *own exertions*. For the writer already quoted justly says, that "a man is not poor because he has nothing, but because he does not work." Whatever contributes both to the habits and opportunities of industry, must enlarge the sphere of individual comfort and happiness. All means ought therefore to be adopted to enable men, not only in the mean time to maintain themselves and their families, but to lay up somewhat against *bad times, the day of trouble, sickness,* and *old age;* and as the aid which *charitable societies* and *savings banks* give towards that object, are of the greatest importance, every *assistance*, every *publicity*, and every fostering *encouragement* is due to them.

Again, that the poor have a RIGHT to relief, is founded in the nature of things. To prove this would, an age ago, have been deemed quite superfluous; the new school has, however, ventured to contradict this Right, and in no very hesitating terms. Mr. Malthus, for instance, has asserted, that such have "no claim of right to the smallest portion of food." The subject is too extensive for our limits—it should supply *materiel* for the columns of a *daily* paper, or become an ample theme for discussion, should any of our young collegians be inclined to establish a *forum*, in imitation of the distinguished public characters of ancient and modern times. In such a case we recommend the following authorities, in contradistinction to the reveries of Malthus:—*Moses, Grotius, Puffendorf, Locke, Paley, Burn, Johnson*, and *Dwight*,—to which might be added many more of deserved reputation.

We now return to the question with which we commenced this paper—*The Ladies' Benevolent Society*, at the Cape. Here we have no poor-laws, and there is no specific for the evils attendant on human life but through the exertions of those who come forward with their voluntary contributions. The

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poor, who are *members* of the Reformed Colonial Church, appear to be well taken care of,—the collections on Sundays and holidays providing the means. This is according to the method adopted in Scotland, and which, in the midst of much public calamity, has generally proved efficient for all the exigencies of the times. But, in a colony like our own, where the population is daily increasing, and where there are thousands who are *not* members of the church in question, it must of necessity occur that there are very many who look up to the hand of disinterested charity for relief, and who have no legal means of obtaining assistance but through the casual benevolence of the public, and the praiseworthy exertions of "The Ladies' Benevolent Society." Without such aid, we would ask—What are to become of the infant poor, the sick poor, and the aged poor? We leave such as are rich in this world's goods, and those who are blessed with a competency, to answer the question. In the mean time, we wish every success to the quiet labours of the society which we have been endeavouring to recommend. To be a conspicuous member of some popular institution, the splendid successes of which are among the memorable events of the age, is oftentimes in itself a powerful stimulus to our weakness and our vanity. But to labour steadily in a contracted sphere; to make a few obscure individuals the objects of our solicitude; to toil in the humble details of unostentatious duty, doing a little good in a little way, though not perhaps without as much anxiety and exertion as are usually called forth by the most enlarged operations of public benevolence, present a trial of christian patience, from which many an individual has shrunk who would perhaps have figured with great applause in a more bustling and stimulating scene. Those who would try their own spirits, let them engage actively in the unambitious details of some minute local charity, (similar to that of *The Ladies' Benevolent Society*) the success of which, when it most succeeds, is not on a scale sufficient to gratify personal vanity by calling forth the notice of the busy world; and if they can endure the discouragements incident to such a sphere of benevolent operation, they may conclude that they have in their hearts that true spring of charity which never faileth.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

AFRICA has always been considered the least hopeful division of the world; but it has been said, and WE BELIEVE, that the moral wilderness shall yet *rejoice and blossom as the rose.* As far as it regards the Southern portion of it, we think we can discover in the signs of the present times, some proof that the colony is making very rapid strides in *Knowledge and Wisdom.* We have a host of correspondence on this subject, and we only wish the Right Honourable Secretary of State for the Colonies, could just cast his eye over our round table, and examine the communications of correspondents from the interior of the country, and beyond the frontier, during the last month. Human improvement, it must be acknowledged, however, is only commencing in the colony: that we live in times well calculated to carry it on, to an indefinite extent, cannot be doubted. Whatever hindrances to the advancement of knowledge still exist among us, they are not of the number of those great obstacles which, in former times, limited or interrupted the progress of improvement. And such hindrances are all in the way of being overcome by the natural course of events, and the exertions of voluntary associations. Indeed, nothing short of the power of such, can carry into anything like successful operation, all the means which are necessary for civilization,—means which lie far beyond the reach of any individual. With the improvement of public opinion, governments must also improve. The more free the government, the greater is its influence. We must all readily enough admit, that our own colonial government is endeavouring to accommodate itself to the views of the colonists, at the present moment, to an extent altogether novel in the history of the settlement. We mean no reference to *politics*, but as simply connected with the advancement of knowledge. Much of the literature of the present age, appears in reviews, magazines, and even newspapers, and our government is most liberal in the transmission of such to all parts of the colony. At the same time, we could point out a few improvements of beneficial tendency. We could wish all restrictions on the press removed. As we have no barbarism now existing in our councils or our courts,—at least, in this angle of the colony,—and no conscious feebleness in either, that is afraid of the light of day, why should a single shackle remain to remind us of times that should be forgotten, or lost in the "oblivious pool?" Again, a stamp duty on newspapers might be dispensed with. Its existence militates against the wider extension of our language, and acts as a preventive to the enactions of the home government, that there shall be *one community of language* in the colony. The same may be said of almanacks for the people,—the duty on which might be repealed, or considerably diminished. But we leave these things to the conductors of the newspaper press, and throw out a hint by the way, that in their department we could wish a *change for the better.* The improvement of many thousands of our population is a sacred deposit, and should be duly estimated by every man of influence. There is a germinant feeling abroad,—and it is the duty of the press, and rulers, and judges, and magistrates, and ministers, and missionaries, and school-masters and others, by a kindly breath, to awaken, unfold, and nourish it. We have been induced to throw out these hasty hints, because we have observed a greater degree of respect manifested towards the colony in the public journals of Europe, than formerly. There is an importance ascribed to it, which formerly did not exist. The bare mention of the Cape a few years since, provoked a sneer, or an ebullition of that home-bred arrogance, which is so peculiar to some of our countrymen. In forming an estimate of the colonists, they should have considered, that, in a great many instances, their views were naturally limited by the lowness of their position. The moral horizon gradually widened, as the *means* of instruction were provided. It should be the anxious study of the people of the colony, that they continue to merit the new character which they have happily attained.

But without multiplying reflections, we hasten to present our readers with a few gleanings, which more or less bear on South Africa.

PICTURE OF AFRICA.

The name of Africa is fraught with many topics of powerful interest. Its rivers have their birth in impenetrable solitudes; the principal part of its inhabited regions lies beyond deserts which daunt the spirit of adventure or enterprise; and its forests, that are populous with the wildest creations of nature; its mountains, that are clothed with the gloom and mystery of ancient fable; and the whole mighty

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extent of the continent, embracing the remains of empires glorious in the history of the earth,—rendering the name of Africa a sort of spell-word for conjuring up strange images, and those grand, but obscure shadows, which hang about the objects or countries that repel us by their magnitude or distance. Africa is neither so ancient as Asia, nor so venerable for its history, but it is wrapped far closer in obscurity: there are darker spots in its vast surface for the imagination to dwell on, and the legends and traditions, accordingly, which belong to this quarter of the world, are of a wider and gloomier character than those of Asia, or either of the modern continents.

Southern Africa has many claims to our regard; it has been pointed out to us as an advantageous situations for large colonies of our countrymen; several missionary stations have been established there; and an intercourse has been thus commenced systematically with the natives, which may be expected to produce important consequences.—*Monthly Review.*

AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

We do not know of any enterprize, connected with Africa, of which we should hear with greater pleasure, than the appointment of a mission, whose object would be to traverse and describe that continent, from the boundary of our settlements in the north, to the sources of the Nile in the east, and the banks of the Niger in the opposite direction. For this purpose, persons should be chosen, if possible, from the Cape of Good Hope, who are accustomed to some, at least, of the African climates. It is quite unnecessary to select these pioneers of discovery from the ranks of professional learning or bravery. Men of plain sense, who can note down whatever they may observe that is worthy of being recorded; who can endure privation, and accommodate their tempers to the strangers whom they mingle with, would sufficiently answer every useful end which a *preliminary mission* could be required to attain. If they play on musical instruments, and do not despise now and then a little buffoonery, they may go where they like without danger of molestation. Lander tells us that that a fiddler, provided he was not blind, might travel, not only with safety, but with universal applause from Badagry to Bornou.—*Ib.*

THE HORTICULTURE, &c. OF THE CAPE.

Extract of a letter to the Conductor of the Gardener's Magazine, dated Cape Town, Nov. 2, 1829.

An interesting society, by the name of the "South African Institution," has been established here. I sent you two of our newspapers, which will give you a brief account of their proceedings: we are, however, too poor to carry into effect every object of the Institution; but it is highly necessary to the improvement of the colony, of whose resources and value Europe is as yet partially ignorant. A spirit of improvement is prevailing among us, but the mass of the population from their confined education do not permit of much domestic change as yet. That you may judge of the deplorable state of husbandry which is practised here, I sent you the copy of the *Calendar*, originally written 130 years ago, and the proof sheets of a revision for the year 1830, which I have given, but I do not permit my name to be attached to such an imperfect production. I am in hopes that a botanic and experimental garden will be established in a short time. I shall give you early notice the moment the thing is formed. The wilful and scandalous neglect of this colony by the British government has been continued in a most unparalleled degree, and that against its own interests. The present governor, Sir Lowry Cole, gives general satisfaction; but his hands are tied in many respects, which may be ascribed to the reports of the commissioners, who were misled by false evidence, and worse conclusions while here; it would lead me too far into political discussions to point out those mis-statements, but I could do it, and completely and effectually confound those persons, whose interested evidence was given in expectation of individual reward or special favour from the late governor.

I am happy to inform you that your various publications have a place in THE PUBLIC LIBRARY here, but as yet little attention has been paid to them; they would, however, claim attention, were you to give us some broad hints respecting the Cape, and indeed it is for this reason I send you the *Calendar*, and shall be glad to answer any queries you may be pleased to send.

A *Quarterly Journal* of the Institution will be printed, of which I shall send you a copy; there may be some food in it for your *Magazine of Natural History*. Whether my papers will be printed I do not know; but they are of a local nature, and consequently uninteresting to Europe.

I have refrained from sending you any communications on the Cape botany as yet, as I hardly know where to fix my attention to what might be generally useful. But my unwelcome detention so long in Cape Town has allowed me to observe the habits of various plants deserving attention, and which I shall put into form at some favourable opportunity.

In your *Encyclopædia of Plants*, which I have seen in the public library, I perceive some errors which I did not expect; but a singular one is, the placing of Crássula quadrangulàris of Burrmann among the *Euphorbiáceæ*. I am the only person at the Cape who knows the plant, and I believe the European botanists are unacquainted with it. It is not at present within my reach.

It is not only with surprise, but also with regret, that I find a plant of mine has been called Clívia nóbilis, while the name published by Dr. Hooker is the only authorised one. It was only a few days before I left England that I refused to name the plant to any person but Dr. Hooker. I must say that I am much displeased at the whole transaction.

This colony is slowly improving. The settlement at Swan River has already been of benefit here to the farmers. Persons emigrating to the new settlement would do well to purchase their stock of cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry, &c., at the Cape; which they can do at one fifth of the cost in England, independently of the expense of transport, the voyage from the Cape to Swan River is about one month, perhaps less. We have not yet heard thence, but expect to hear every hour, and are anxious to learn how they get on. Mr. Drummond and family resided in the same house with me, and left this in excellent health; the short stay he made here enabled him to take with him some of our fruit trees, and at a season for having every chance of success.

We have had a cold winter, and abundance of rain; much more corn has been sown than at any former period, and we anticipate an abundant harvest.

I wish you could persuade one of the English nurserymen of your acquaintance to send on trial a few one-year headed-down or maiden fruit trees, placed in a tin case and closely soldered down. I would thankfully return, to the value of £10, South African seeds and bulbs. An experiment made here of confining fruit trees, soldered down for four months, has succeeded.

We want the Orleans Plum, Green Gage Plum, Moor Park Apricot, Swan's Egg and good Keeping Pears, good Keeping Apples, Morello and other good Cherries.

I shall write to you again as soon as possible, but I hope you will favour me with a few lines as soon as you receive this; and, if you can persuade any person to send plants on trial as above, I will send to the value as mentioned, whatever state the trees may arrive in, whether good or bad. I wish the experiment to be made, and will publish the result. They should be marked "Fruit Trees," and sent by one of the Cape traders.

I have been so frequently disappointed in receiving good kitchen-garden seeds from England, that I have declined sending positive orders for more; but if any seedsman of your acquaintance would send to the amount of about 5*l.*, I would immediately return Cape seeds and bulbs for them; they should be packed in brown paper, or canvass, and marked garden seeds. The following are the most wanted:—Cauliflower, York Cabbage, Red Cabbage, Radish of sorts, Royal Dwarf Peas, Prussian Peas, Scorzonera, Dutch and Stone Turnip, Curled Parsley. The Cauliflowers, Turnip, and Radish are the most essential. If directed to me by any of the Cape traders, they would be sure to come safe. With best wishes I remain, Sir, &c. J. B.

NOTICES OF THE CAPE, &c.

From the brief Memoirs of the late Dr. JAMES, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, by EDMUND JAMES, M.A. 8vo. 1830.

The Colony of the Cape is not included as part of the widely-extended diocese placed under the charge of the Bishop of Calcutta; but as the Church *arising* there, had never hitherto enjoyed the benefit of any episcopal visitation, which was felt to be much wanted, the Right Hon. Secretary for the Colonies thought it advisable that the Bishop James should be charged with a special commission from the crown, to commence his *episcopal* functions at that place. Accordingly, after receiving the visits of the chief officers of the government, his first and most anxious wish was to take measures for calling a public meeting of the inhabitants, with a view to raising subscriptions for building an English church; next, to make arrangements for holding a confirmation, of which he had previously given notice by a letter from England to Mr. Hough, the Colonial Chaplain; then to visit the free-schools, the hospital, and other establishments; and to make inquiries into the means adopted for extending the benefits of religious instruction in the colony, and into some special matters, which had long wanted inquiry, and were now committed to his charge."

The following is an extract from the Bishop's speech at a public meeting for promoting the building of an Episcopal church in Cape Town:

"We are all Christians, and are bound, as a proof of the love we bear to our common Master, to *love one another*. We, indeed, have more especial reason to make such acknowledgment in this town, where we have received the kindest testimony of this Christian feeling from the Presbyterian Ministers, and the whole body of the Dutch Reformed Church, who have ever been forward to afford us a place of devotion, by accommodating us within their walls as brothers in Christ." * * * "I have come amongst you with no power, no jurisdiction; I come on a mission of charity and of peace; and if in the course of this day I have spoken of *our* proceedings—if I appear to have identified myself, more than I was in strict reason entitled to do, with the concerns of the colony, you will forgive the expressions, which have arisen only from the warmth and sincerity with which I have felt your cause. * * * I shall quit your shores with regret, I carry a pleasing remembrance with me withersoever I may go."

While he was at the Cape, the Bishop found an opportunity of sending a pastoral letter to the islanders of Tristan

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d'Acunha. The following is an extract:

"My Christian Friends,

"In passing through this quarter of the globe on my voyage to India, I could not but feel anxious to hear something relative to the conduct and happiness of those of my countrymen who are so far separated from the rest of the world as the settlement at Tristan d'Acunha. I could gain here little or no intelligence of you that was of a late date; but I have heard, with sincere pleasure, that you zealously promote the observance of the Lord's day among you: and let me hope that so sacred a zeal may meet with no relaxtion; let me hope that your children, when *baptized by yourselves*, will be brought up, as you yourselves were brought up, *in the nurture and admonition of the Lord*. So may they be a blessing to their parents, and live long to inherit the land.

"Receive the assurance of my prayers for your welfare both here and hereafter, from

"Your sincere friend,

"J.T. CALCUTTA."

Copy of a letter to Mrs. James, College-Green, Worcester:

"Government House, Cape Town,
"Oct. 24, 1827.

"My dear Mother,

"I have scarcely had one moment to myself since I landed, and have not been able to go out to see any thing, except that once, on a public meeting being put off, we went in the Governor's carriage to visit Constantia farm: however, all people seem in good humour, and that is amends enough for any trouble. * * * I have now finished my official letters, and take up my pen for you. Marianne is gone to see the laying of the foundation stone of the Scotch Presbyterian church. I heartily wish it was ours. Had the English church, for which we have now set on foot a subscription, been began one year ago, no Scotch church would have been thought of; [the contrary is the fact,] they would have been well content to have joined us. However, one cannot but feel that they did right. At four o'clock, I go to meet the Imaun, or head Mahometan Priest of this place, who defers to my authority, as a "man of God," as he says, to compose the differences between himself and some of his followers;—curious enough. I hope to establish a friendly feeling with them now, and trust, by the blessing of God, I may be able to draw something better from the occasion by and by; at any rate it is a very singular occurrence. Almost all the slaves here are Mahometans. * * * *

"Believe me always,
"My dear Mother,
"Your affectionate son,
"J. T. CALCUTTA."

Extract of a letter from the Bishop to R. W. Hay, Esq. Colonial Office, Downing-street:

"We all enjoyed our eleven days at the Cape extremely. * * * I shall, I am sure, always feel great interest in every thing that concerns the welfare of that place; and am indeed, glad to think that a better system for the natives is likely to be adopted under certain regulations. * * * *The people* were highly delighted with *Lord Goderich's* kindness with regard to the building of the church; the public meeting held on the occasion, being a novelty, was extremely well attended, and I have to thank his Lordship for placing me in so agreeable a situation. They seemed much gratified by the arrangement made for an Episcopal visit, and in consequence I received a handsome letter of thanks at my departure, and was accompanied by the chief inhabitants in a body to the beach, on the morning of my embarkation."

The Bishop's memorandum book contain the following observations on the winds, written soon after leaving the Cape.

"There is no doubt but that the winds blow according to certain fixed laws, and if these were known, we might ascertain when the wind would be favourable, and when not; perhaps one day this may be known. It appears that even a heavy gale or storm seldom covers a space of more than from three to five degrees at once; and that a ship sailing 100 miles distant from another, unless in the trade winds or the Monsoons, seldom has the *same* wind, either as to strength, or as to the exact point of the compass. Now, if from the return at Loydd's an account were furnished of all the winds encountered by all the ships on one day, or succession of days, we might be able to learn something of this matter; for it is certain they act on a system of compensation as to one another; and that whenever a westerly gale has prevailed long in a certain space, it must have occasioned a gale or gales to the east, or at least *easterly*, in another space; and doubtless this must all be according to some fixed law."

Bishop James died at sea, August 22. 1828. How tranquilly, how familiarly he had accustomed his thoughts to dwell upon the approach of death, may be seen from the following reflections, found in his pocket-book.

"As for death, no one who has, in the course of his life, from illness or any other cause, once made up his mind to contemplate it calmly and religiously—no one who has ever resolutely regarded the hour of his dissolution as at hand, ever loses the calming and soothing influence which that hour has once produced on his soul: he will feel, because at such an hour he *has* felt, how unsearchable are the ways of Him that ruleth over all; he will believe, because he *has then* believed, that there is a saving mercy beyond the grave, and that faith in the Redeemer is the only thing that can bring a man peace at the last. And that feeling once attained, the sting and the pain of death are gone, and the joy in believing is full."

PROSPECTS OF SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA.

According as unfettered commerce shall be generally extended throughout the eastern seas, adventurous individuals will probably seek those more obscure channels in that interesting part of the globe, in which wealth has heretofore been supposed to abound. Amongst those channels, are the coasts extending from the Cape of Good Hope to the Red Sea. By the aid of information from various sources, we think a few data of considerable moment may be established, relative to the present condition, and growing civilization of Eastern Africans, with whom we are fast hastening to communicate. In this point of view, the inquiry appears to be peculiarly full of interest, and of animating hopes. The capacity of the African for civilization, which is one of these data, is, in fact, already proved; and it only remains for the governments England, of France, and of Portugal, to pursue a wise course in reference to their respective interests in Mozambique, Bourbon, Mauritius, and the Cape of Good Hope, in order to promote, probably in our time, one of the most remarkable revolutions known in the history of the world. The time seems to be come when the objects hitherto fatal to African improvement, may, in some spots, be renewed for ever: and looking at the past for lessons only to guide our new steps, we are justified in hoping that future rectitude will afford, if not an unvarying career of prosperity and peace, at least one in which exertions will meet an early and a great return. The frontiers of the *Cape of Good Hope* in particular seem, at this moment, to present to the British statesman an opportunity of achieving one of those never-dying victories of peace, which should be wisely purchased at a great price; but which, perhaps, can be proved to be now offered with the rare premium of an immediate pecuniary gain. This point we propose to speak of more at large in a future paper, recurring to it briefly only, here, when noticing what seems to be obscuring the prospects. For the present, also, we pass by the long-existing controversy upon the extent of knowledge which the ancients, or the Arabs, possessed of Southern Africa. We do not, however, consider the question to be exhausted. Strong as the reasoning of Dr. Vincent is, and admirably clear as is his summary of a great many of the known materials upon the old navigation from the Red Sea towards the Mozambique channel, we think the time may be approaching, when even more light will be collected to illustrate the obscure, and by many considered, settled points of the subject. Nevertheless, we can now only allude to it, although we may properly express gratification that the *literary sources, well known to be considerable at the Cape of Good Hope*, are begun, *post tot pericula*, to be drawn into forms, which promise due attraction to such points.*

* * * * A somewhat intimate acquaintance with the politics of the Caffer frontier of the Cape, and of the sentiments of the border tribes, induce us to assent that the time is come for great good to be effected there. The materials lie fully prepared for the hand of a competent architect, who may build up a social edifice, which will do him infinite honour.—*Oriental Quarterly Review.*

* *The South African Institution*, and *Cape Literary Society* of 1829.

ART. I.—*Researches in South Africa, illustrating the Civil, Moral, and Religious Condition of the Native Tribes, &c.* By the Rev. JOHN PHILIP, D.D.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

IN the last number of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette, we offered our remarks upon the "Researches in South Africa," up to the year 1795, at the close of which, the colony of the Cape of Good Hope was subjugated by the British arms.

The author has, up to that period, told his tale of oppression, so as to have left no doubt upon the mind, that cruelty had reached its height, and that Hottentots and Bushmen, driven from the abode of man, had been hunted, like the beasts of the field, into the deserts, rocks, and mountains of a country, of which they were the natural possessors.

Suddenly a ray of hope, that last, best gift from Pandora's box, beamed upon the natives. The immediate occupation of the colony by the English, a nation free itself, and by natural consequence, a foe to the oppression and slavery of others, afforded an expectation of better times. General Dundas found it absolutely necessary to repress the fiery spirit of the border boers, who were ready to assert their independence, and, with feelings ad-

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verse to the English cause, were not inclined to desist from these scenes of violence and blood, so familiar to them, both in principle and by practice.

The Moravian brethren had formed an institution at Swellendam, in 1792, with the consent and protection of the Government of that day; and in the year 1798, the London Missionary Society sent Missionaries to the Cape colony. It cannot be denied, that, to the combined efforts of these two institutions, is to be ascribed that particle, that speck of amelioration and improvement in the Hottentots, which, creeping on, became more observable in the early part of the present century, and which sown by them, like the grain of mustard seed, has sprung up, and is now spreading its branches over the whole land. The system was encouraged by the Governor General Dundas, during the occupancy of the English from 1795 until 1802, and was ably enforced by the zeal and perseverance of a highly gifted individual, whose energies and shape of mind, nature had moulded for the crisis, and who appeared at this time in the character of a Missionary in South Africa.

Page 63.—"It was about the commencement of the year 1798, that the attention of the Directors of the London Missionary Society was called to South Africa. as a promising sphere for Missionary labours, and suitable instruments seem to have been provided in Doctor Van der Kemp, and his coadjutors. The circumstances, the talents, and the character of this remarkable individual, naturally pointed him out as the fittest person for being placed at the head of this Mission. His reputation for literary attainments stood high, he had studied at the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh, and having in his youth chosen the army as a profession, he had attained the rank of captain of horse. After being sixteen years in the service of the Prince of Orange, and with the highest promotion within his rank, a personal misunderstanding with the Prince, with whom he was intimate, induced him to resign his commission, and to make choice of another profession.

"With the infidel notions then fashionable on the continent, Doctor Van der Kemp did not imbibe the sentiments respecting civil government with which they were generally associated. He was a warm admirer of monarchy, and was shocked by the French Revolution. It was not till he embraced christianity, that he saw the share that his favorite philosophy had in producing the crimes connected with that event.

"From the errors of scepticism, into which he had been drawn, by the delusions of a false philosophy, he was awakened by a dreadful domestic calamity, namely, the upsetting of a boat, by which his own life was placed in the greatest jeopardy, and his wife and child were drowned. Under such circumstances, the consolations of infidelity have often been tried, but they have always been found unavailing; the need of some remedy, in the hour of affliction, is confessed by all, but infidelity offers none. It subverts other systems, but it substitutes nothing satisfactory in their place.

"An address published by the Directors of the London Missionary Society, was the means of leading him to offer himself as a Missionary. And after they had made the necessary inquiries respecting his character, and received the most unexceptional testimonials, they accepted his offer, and he sailed for Africa in the beginning of December, 1798."

The measures and views of Dr. Van der Kemp continued to receive the approbation and support of Gen. Dundas, and in February, 1801, the plan of an institution at Graaff-Reinet, together with an admirable code of regulations for its government, was submitted to General Dundas, shewing, that if Missionary Institutions grow into receptacles of disorder, idleness, and iniquity, it must be in defiance of the rules and principles adopted by Dr. Van der Kemp, which directly and surely lead to regularity, to industry, and to a sense and practice of religious and moral duties.

Page 72. "The chief object and aim of the Missionaries, under whose direction this Settlement shall be established, ought to be to promote the knowledge of Christ, and the practice of real piety, both by instruction and example, among the Hottentots and other heathen, who shall be admitted and formed into a regular society; and, in the second place, the temporal happiness and usefulness of this society, with respect to the country at large.

"Into this society only, those ought to be admitted who will engage themselves to live according to the rules of the institution.

"The actual admission and expulsion from this society, shall entirely depend upon the judgment of the Missionaries; but it seems necessary, that of those who shall have lived in the families of colonists, none shall be considered admissible but such as shall produce a written declaration of their admissibility, signed by the Landdrost of the district in which they have lived.

"As we by no means wish to counteract, but, on the contrary, to promote as much as possible the labours of our Moravian brethren, we are resolved not to admit any individual belonging to their institution, unless it be with their express permission, and at their request. We hope to be equally cautious in respect to other Missionary institutions, which may in future times be formed within this colony.

"As we are of opinion that the rule laid down by Paul, '*that if any would not work, neither should he eat*,' ought to be strictly observed in every Christian society, our intention is to discourage idleness and laziness; and to have the individuals of our institution, as much as circumstances shall admit, employed in different useful occupations, for the cultivation of their rational faculties, or exercise of the body, as means of subsistence, and of promoting the welfare of this society, and the colony at large.

"These occupations may be referred either to agriculture and farming, the management of cattle, or mechanical arts, and little manufactures, such as soap-boiling, candle-making, spinning of thread, manufacturing of paper, tanning, pot-making, brick-making, turnery, &c.

"Good order and domestic discipline shall be maintained by the Missionaries themselves. The settlers are to be divided as Christians, catechumens, and hearers. By the last, we understand, heathens who will flock to us to hear the word of God.—By catechumens, heathens who are more particularly under our inspection and care, instructed in the doctrines of the Gospel, and who submit to ecclesiastical discipline.—Christians are those who shall bring forth fruits of conversion, and be by the baptism initiated as members of the church.

"We have no severer punishment than excommunication from the church and expulsion from the society. If we shall be compelled to proceed to this last step, we shall think it our duty to inform the Landdrost of the fact, that justice may be administered by the court to whose cognizance the crime belongs, *and no malefactor find a shelter within our walls*."

All this passed in 1801; but it does not appear from "the Researches" that during the English occupation, there was any abatement of rancour or decrease of actual warfare between the boers, the Hottentots, and the Caffres, notwiihstanding the mediation of Dr. Van der Kemp. The institutions continued to be an object of hatred to the boer colonists, accused by reason of their protection of the Hottentots, of standing in a dangerous connexion with the plundering Hottentots and Caffers, and as being the refuge of robbers and murderers. In this state of affairs, the peace of Amiens took place in 1802, and it was stipulated, that the Cape should be delivered up to the Dutch.

The chapters which follow, abound in important remarks on the state of the boers and Hottentots, and finally detail the struggles and contentions, in which Dr. Van der Kemp and the Missionary institutions were unceasingly engaged with Governor Janssen, until 1805, when the Missionaries were summoned to Cape Town, where they were detained nine months. Wearied with a disgusting inactivity, Dr. Van der Kemp had determined to leave the colony; but, on the 4th January, 1806, the English fleet appeared in Table Bay, and on the 20th the town was surrendered to the British. In continuing his Researches after this capture, the author, under the harsh title of "Unworthy conduct of the English," remarks:

Page 185,—"When the English first took possession of the Cape, the Hottentots hailed their arrival before they knew any thing of the character of their deliverers; and the story of their sufferings made a strong impression on the minds of a people who entertained a great aversion to their first oppressors, and who had, as yet, no interest to serve by enslaving them. The English found that the Hottentots could be trusted: they received from them the most efficient assistance in suppressing the insurrections of the boers, and, therefore, whilst the boers continued to be disaffected to the Government, the Hottentots enjoyed the smiles of the British Authorities. But when the boers, finding that the English were likely to retain permanent possession of the Cape, became reconciled to their new masters, the services of the Hottentots were forgotten, and their interest sacrificed at the shrine of this union," &c.

In 1809, Dr. Van der Kemp writes to the Secretary, Capt. Smith, for the information of the Lieut.-Governor:

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Page 118,—"The institution has been erected upon a most simple plan, at the invitation, and under the auspices of General Dundas, who condescended to give immediately the orders necessary for its management, in relation to the peace and tranquillity of the country, without the intervention of the Landdrost, or the Commandant of Fort Frederick.

"Under the government of Genral Janssens, it was gradually more and more oppressed, and subjected, first, under the orders of the officer commanding at Algoa Bay, and afterwards under the Landdrost, which proved a source of many complaints respecting the injuries under which our Hottentots groaned.

"At the restoration of the British government, we naturally expected that the restrictions under which the institution was placed, would be removed. Notwithstanding this, the Landdrost continues to exercise an almost arbitrary power over the members of the institution.—By a series of acts of injustice towards our Hottentots, he has alienated the affections of our people, not only from himself, but from the government in general; insomuch, that when the obligations they have to government, as their protectors, are represented to them, the common reply is—"*they are not the same English that they were under General Dundas.*"

And, page 121,—"While I am writing this, the Landdrost has ordered six Hottentots to be taken from each Field Cornet's district, to work at the Drostdy; and, considering the institution as a kind of extraordinary Field Cornetship of itself, ordered me, also, to command six of our people to that same work.

Here appears to commence a system, which gave rise some years after, to bitter and acrimonious complaint.—Lord Caledon had arrived at the Cape to administer the government, in May, 1807, and in April, 1809, Colonel Collins was deputed to visit the frontiers, as His Majesty's Commissioner. Various communications took place between Dr. Van der Kemp and the Commissioner, not always of an amicable nature; and to the questions—whether he would agree to send over Hottentots from Bethelsdorp, whose services might be required by the Landdrost, Dr. Van der Kemp answered (page 125,) in the negative.—Being requested to state the grounds on which he rested his objections, he remarked—

"That to apprehend men as prisoners, and force them to labour in the manner proposed, was no part of his duty."

"To a question—'whether he did not consider it his duty to compel the Hottentots to labour?' he replied—'No, Sir; the Hottentots are recognised to be a free people, and the colonists have no more right to force them to labour in the way you propose, than you have to sell them as slaves.' Being asked why he would not obey the order of the landdrost, in calling in the Hottentots who were among the farmers, when they were required by the landdrost,—'Because, sir,' said he, 'that is the duty of the landdrost himself, and he is paid for it.'"

After this, a correspondence of a determined hostile nature, was continued between the Local Authorities and Dr. Van der Kemp, previous to his death, which took place in December, 1811.

We estimate the character of Dr. Van der Kemp, and the entire biography of that important Missionary, to be the most powerful and masterly effusion from the pen of our author. The history of Dr. Van der Kemp affords a parallel to that of Bartholomew Las Casas, the intrepid assertor of the rights of the native Indians, after the discovery of the New World.

(Page 684.—"The court of Madrid, awakened by the representations of the virtuous Bartholomew Las Casas, and by the indignation of the whole world, became sensible at last, that the tyranny it permitted was repugnant to religion, to humanity, and to policy; and resolved to break the chains of the Mexicans. Their liberty was now only constrained by the sole condition that they should not quit the territory where they were settled. This precaution owed its origin to the fear that was entertained of their going to join the wandering savages to the north and south of the empire.

"These institutions, which totally changed the condition of the Indians of Mexico, irritated the Spaniards to a degree not to be conceived. Their pride would not suffer them to consider the Americans as free men, nor would their avarice permit them to pay for labour, which, hitherto, had cost them nothing. They employed themselves successively, or in combination, craft, remonstrances, and violence, to effect the subversion of an arrangement which so strongly contradicted their warmest passions; but their efforts were ineffectual."

We must add the description our author gives of Dr. Van der Kemp, at his introduction to Commissary De Mist, on his arrival at Algoa Bay, in page 93:

"On the day of our arrival at Algoa Bay," he writes, "the Commissary General received a visit from Van der Kemp. In the very hottest part of the morning we saw a waggon, such as is used in husbandry, drawn by four meagre oxen, coming slowly along the sandy downs. Van der Kemp sat upon a plank laid across it, without a hat; his venerable bald head exposed to the burning rays of the sun. He was dressed in a thread-bare black coat, waistcoat, and breeches, without shirt, neckcloth, or stockings, and leather sandals bound upon his feet, the same as are worn by the Hottentots.

"He descended from his car, and approached with slow and measured steps, presenting to our view a tall, meagre, yet venerable figure. In his serene countenance might be traced the remains of former beauty; and in his eye, still full of fire, were plainly to be discerned the powers of mind which had distinguished his early years.

"Instead of the usual salutations, he uttered a short prayer, in which he begged a blessing upon our chief and his company, and the protection of heaven during the remainder of our journey. He then accompanied us into the house, when he entered into conversation freely upon many subjects, without any superciliousness or affected solemnity."

It has been our fortune frequently to have witnessed accusations of hypocrisy, attempted to be fastened on the character of the missionary.—Is it for the mere exercise of hypocrisy that a man would pass his life amongst the wild and untaught tribes of South Africa,—and forbear from all social, all personal enjoyments, in the view of teaching moral and religious habits and conduct to the savages of the desert? Is it for the luxury of being a hypocrite, that family, friends, the enjoyment of "Home, sweet sweet Home!" with all its delights, are abandoned; and not in order to fulfil what such a man considers to be a paramount duty—to instruct the heathen in the christian religion, and in christian habits?—Common sense must reject an accusation grafted on so weak a stock, and let us at least have the justice to bestow on these individuals, the praise of acting from motives of conscience and of virtue.—We have now arrived at a chapter in the "Researches," to which we cannot refrain from applying the strongest expressions of dissent and astonishment.

Surely it is most inconsistent, after seven long chapters overflowing with reproaches of oppression and tyranny practised on the Hottentots during 150 years, for the author to turn round in the eighth, and severely to impugn the first measure professed by Government to be brought forward for their relief; and claiming, it might be thought, on that single ground, were there no other, a freedom from the reproachful remarks of the author. He states it to be a measure "to perpetuate and screen, under the cloak of law, every pre-existing abuse." Much annoyance appears to have arisen from the circumstance that the Proclamation of 1809, had been classed by an anonymous writer—The "Magna Charta" of the Hottentots, whilst the author declares it to have placed them in "a most wretched state of servitude, and entirely left at the disposal of the colonists."—We do not feel sufficiently bold, nor is it requisite for us to enter the lists in defence, or in justification of every clause, in Lord Caledon's benevolent proclamation of 1809, but we lightly estimate the objections of the author, and believe many of the articles in that proclamation to be in strict analogy with the Laws and Customs of England; and all calculated, more or less, to amend the situation of the Hottentots, labouring at that day, under dreadful cruelties and oppression. Much has been said on the subject of "Passes," but every Englishman must have observed the carts of one parish *passing* parents and children, to another. And some of the author's objections apply more to the manner of the execution than to the law itself. However, the benefit of

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the proclamation was immense; it saved the tribe; it shewed that the Hottentots had gained the attention of Government. It gave them "a local habitation and a name," and proved that they were in a degree the "*publica Cura.*" We do not argue the Hottentots' Magna Charta to have been perfect. After the Barons of England had forced Magna Charta from King John, that famed Charter itself was found not to secure all that was required for English liberty. It was succeeded by the Petition of Right, by the Habeas Corpus, by the Bill of Rights, and in these latter days, by the Act of Settlement.

The Hottentot Magna Charta of 1809, did not act upon the conduct of the Colonist with sufficient force, so as to insure and effect the security and liberty of the Hottentots, but *it did much.* It is now strengthened by Ordinance 50, which *has done all.*

The reader, after perusing the "Researches," must have remarked that the qualities ascribed to the Hottentots under the authority of Sparman, Barrow, Vaillant, and of the author, embrace industry, honesty, attachment, gratitude, fidelity, veracity, mildness of disposition, and a love of justice; if this be so, we have hitherto rarely had the good fortune to be acquainted with mortals of equal moral calibre. There are others, and in great number, who impute to them unconquerable idleness, perpetual drunkenness, the love of plunder, instability, and the uncontrolled indulgence in every thing odious and filthy. It will soon be practically ascertained, whether the loose habits and thievish propensities, still said to be in force, arise from the excitement of "new-born liberty," or to be regarded as rooted to a degree, never to be eradicated, except by the gradual influence of order, of knowledge, and of religious education now rapidly progressing through the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

The Proclamation of Lord Howden in 1812, authorising the apprenticeship of Hottentots born upon the soil, when 8 years old, until they arrived at 18 years, is the next article open to the censure of the author. In the instances of profligate parents, or of abandoned children, it may have proved beneficial, but in principle, it cannot be defended.

The wisdom and justice of the legislature has now put an end to all the unfair distinctions between Hottentot and Colonist, and this and such like enactment, will only be remembered as gross errors of the Government, and as beacons to warn the future lawgivers of South Africa. Having now remarked upon many of the important parts of the "Researches," we do not hold it to be imperative upon us, to conduct our reader through the remaining chapters. All of them display many interesting circumstances and valuable information as to the state of the country, the temper and feelings of the inhabitants, and, throughout, afford an amount of entertainment, and a knowledge of the tribes around the colony, too voluminous for the comments of a review. It must with regret be added also, that the whole publication overflows with bitter reflections on the Functionaries and the Government. This pertinacity of reproach, this determination that nothing shall be approved, recalls to the memory four doggerel lines of a most ungallant rhymster:

> "The men, they say, have many faults,
> The women have but two;
> There's nothing right they ever say,
> And all is wrong they do."

In an early part of his book, the author tells us: "I consider myself as personally responsible for all the statements contained in these volumes;"—and again, "I have found it necessary to confine the proofs of my allegations from facts and documents in my own possession, and to what has come under my own observation." — This was a prudent intention, as the scenes were still standing, and the actors not off the stage. Had he strictly adhered to this wise determination, the public would have been relieved from an abundance of '*Old Wives' fables,*' which too much *overspread*, and depreciate the work. Credulity, where a Hottentot is concerned, is the "besetting literary sin" of the author, otherwise we should be at a loss to understand how, upon such slender evidence, or indeed upon none at all, but the mere hearsay of an individual, many improbable tales, or proofs as they are called, of cruelty to Hottentots have been admitted into the work. However, we conclude by strongly recommending these two volumes to the perusal of the reader. They afford a valuable insight into the customs, manners, and feelings of the wild tribes of South Africa; and, if the reader will be at the trouble of winnowing the chaff from the wheat, he will find himself amply rewarded for his perseverance.

It is beyond all controversy, that the author has established his case,—Tyranny and oppression have been proved — proved home — against the Dutch and English,—but, by an act of the law, THE BONDS ARE BROKEN, THE FETTERS HAVE FALLEN OFF, AND THE HOTTENTOTS ARE FREE.

ART. II.—*The Bengalee; or, Sketches of Society and Manners in the East.* London: Smith, Elder and Co., Cornhill, 1829, pp. 466.

[*From a Correspondent.*]

—"THE HINDOOS in Cape Town!".... "THE HINDOOS!"....exclaimed we, interrupting a young lady, whom we met at a happy evening *at home,* in CapeTown, —"Yes, Sir, THE HINDOOS: but as you seem to be surprised at finding any of the followers of Brahma in Africa, I must explain to you that THE HINDOOS is a sobriquet applied by the local residents to all visitors from India,—whether they be Koeehies from Calcutta, Mulls from Madras, or Ducks from Bombay. To be sure you might with equal propriety, in return, style the English inhabitants Hottentots, and the Dutch colonists Caffers: yet you must not be offended—I perceive you smile—though I dare say that you, as a stranger from the City of Palaces on the Ganges, would prefer to be called a Bengalee. By-the-bye, Sir, have you seen THE BENGALEE, a work lately received in our Public Library, which you HINDOOS applaud so highly, and patronise so liberally on all occasions?"

At the instance of our fair informant we have obtained a sight of the little volume, and read it with a joyousness but seldom experienced on meeting an old friend with a new face.

THE BENGALEE continues, we observe, to maintain his anonymous character; but although, with our gallant author, "sooner shall the Blackamoor be washed *White*" than he discover himself, (if we may be allowed to pun on his name,) still, with all his candid efforts at concealment, he has failed to preserve his incognito entire; as we of the critical genus who were, in Hindoostan, permitted "to gain admittance behind the scenes" [p. 1], can in verity allege. Many of his papers, he says, "originally appeared in the Calcutta periodicals," [p. 4,] in which we had the pleasure of perusing them, and to these he has added several interesting articles in poetry, as well as in prose, the greater part of them "lightly written, as a relaxation after many a busy and fatiguing hour of official duty," [p. 5.] Some essayist has

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waggishly insisted that to penury more publications owe their origin, than to any other source; but in India, to illness and solitude, must be attributed more literary productions than to any other extraneous causes. And how gratifying to find an officer of talent, as in the present instance, devoting to the enjoyment of intellectual pursuits, those leisure hours which most military men command in the interior of the country, instead of mis-spending his time in the indulgence of dissipation, at secluded stations or outposts, where the mind ought, on the contrary, to be made to depend on its own energies and resources for reasonable recreation, since at all periods, and in every region beneath the vault of heaven,

"Mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven!"

THE BENGALEE, in his second chapter, entitled—*Fate of accomplishments in India*,—has depicted in their truest colours the failings of some of the married ladies of the British eastern possessions; who, after entering the state of matrimony, neglect their "harps, pianos, and crayons." But more deplorable would have been his portraiture had he, in addition, delineated the foibles—shall we not say the vices—of some of the unmarried gentlemen in the services, who, after their removal from the Presidency to the Provinces, sometimes are apt to forsake all attention to those branches of a liberal education, "Greek, Latin, and French," the acquisition of which had cost, at school and at college, so much coin. To this picture, however, there are, of course, numerous exceptions, as the case of THE BENGALEE, for example, happily illustrates. And generally it may be affirmed that at the present era, the claims of literature, occidental as well as oriental, are encouraged, in a high degree, among the first circles of the British community throughout India; while, as a necessary consequence of this improvement in society, the "Life" of the olden days finds few advocates, and fewer promoters. But as a proof of the fatal results of dissolute extravagancies in the Moofussil, or Interior, THE BENGALEE has well described [p. 239,] the career of "The Cadet: a Tale of the East;" which, we recollect, he published, separately, some years ago, under the more appropriate designation of "Ruin."

As a specimen of THE BENGALEE'S style and power of description, we shall cite a passage relating his introduction to the late venerable and venerated Marquess of Hastings, at a private audience. The scene is drawn to the life, and to its genuineness we could almost bear our own testimony from ocular demonstration in the presence of that most noble Governor-General.

"On entering the Government residence at the park, and ascending the stair-case, I was met by a gentlemanly young officer, who very civilly led me to the centre room, and begged me to be seated, until he should proceed to his Lordship's study, or writing apartment in the north-west wing of the building, and ascertain if the Marquess was at leisure.

"Perhaps there are few things less enviable than those moments of anxious suspense and trepidation, experienced by a doubtful suitor to patronage, when on the very point of introductory speech, and nervously planning the best mode of prefacing the wished-for subject,—how devoutly the suitor wishes himself with Captain Parry at the North Pole, or with Mr. Buckingham at Jericho, or any where, rather than in his present situation of most uncomfortable nervousness. As for myself, I had seen his Lordship but once at a Levee; was known to him publicly, it is true, but still too slightly for so serious an intrusion. However, my state of suspense was not allowed to be very tedious; the Aide-de-camp returned to present me, and in a moment I found myself standing before the Governor-General in person. His lordship had risen at my entrance, and moved slightly forward to receive me; politely pointing to a chair near himself for my reception. My eye glanced for a moment upon the Governor-General,—on the noble ruler of British India, the late conqueror of it's central empires! How little is sufficient to soothe and tranquillise the heart of a suitor; how intimately the eye scans, in a single glance, the very mind and feeling of it's patron! I felt at once assured that I was in the presence of kindness and condescension!

"I soon became myself, and capable of observing; his Lordship had on a plain silk undress coat, having relieved himself from his wouted general-officer's uniform, for the purpose of writing more at ease. On the table before him were several boxes containing papers or despatches, with some large thick quarto letter paper for his personal writing. Some of the boxes were open; and at his right hand was one closed, but with a narrow opening in it's lid, like a post-office panel for the admission of closed and sealed letters. Various Secretaries' consultation boxes, containing recent reports, minutes or despatches in circulation for the perusal of the members of Government, were on a side table, awaiting their early turn for consideration. The punkah was moving by some simple mechanism, so as to obviate the intrusion of a servant, and the whole scene betrayed the study and retirement of an indefatigable, ardent statesman, but one necessarily systematic and methodical in the otherwise overwhelming magnitude of his public business."

There is one passage, and only one, against the humanity and taste of which we feel disposed to oppose a strong dissent, and to urge a decided remonstrance,—the passage is supposed to be an extract from a letter by an "Old Civilian;" but we are very certain that no civilian, old or young, will be found to entertain such opinions as the subjoined paragraph conveys:

"Since I arrived here, measures have been also in agitation, which, in my younger days, never would have been dreamt of. It was then a received opinion, that the *wisdom* and *power* of authority could not be publicly called in question, without the estimation, in which every Englishman stood in the country, being brought down in the eyes of the Natives. Now, it is not only openly resisted, but the Natives are called on, to lead and to lend their aid, in withstanding it! Be assured, Sir, from one, who has been long on habits of the closest acquaintance with the Native character, that such amalgamation, as we have lately seen, is madness itself; it is absolute suicide. No native, however high his rank, ought to approach whithin a yard of an Englishman; and every time an Englishman shakes hands with a Baboo, he shakes the basis on which our ascendancy in this country stands. Two such meetings, as I have lately seen, would do more to subvert our power, than two Burmese wars, in which we should chance to be unsuccessful. From them, and their evil effects, we may expect to recover; but when the English Merchants sit down, and hob-nob with the Bengalee Sircars;* and when the Gomastahs† of the Burrah Bazar‡ are found seconding resolutions of the Barristers of the Supreme Court, then depend upon it you are playing the game of your enemies. You are losing the 'vantage ground, on which you have all along stood; and this ground, once lost, cannot be regained."

As students of Drs. Lumsden and Gilchrist, we might be allowed to cavil at the mistakes of THE BENGALEE, when using Persian and Hindoostanee words; but we are inclined to think that many of them may be considered errors of the press, rather than of the gallant writer: still we shall notice a few of the blunders in the native languages. "Chit," says THE BENGALEE in his Glossary, is a "corruption from Persian Khut, a letter or note;" now, "Chit" is merely an abbreviation of the Hindoostanee word Chit-hee, and Khut is Arabic, and not Persian. Again—"Sendladar" does not, we believe, signify a "native civil officer," though Sirishtuhdar does; and for "Cuwab" he should use "Kubab:" for "Hatkee," Hat-hee; for "Gomarlah," Goomashtuh; for "Chobedur," Chobdar; for "Kinghaub," Kimkhab;—but as *the schoolmaster is abroad*, we need not pursue our train of corrections and emendations.

We now dismiss THE BENGALEE—the limits of the Cape Literary Gazette, precluding more extensive quotations; but we cannot rise from our review, without recommending THE BENGALEE as an agreeable and amusing writer, who has, with a combination of ability and judgment, furnished these "Sketches of Society and Manners in the East," to the readers of the European public. R.

ART. III.—*A Memoir of the Rev. ALEXANDER WAUGH, D.D. &c. with selections from his Epistolary Correspondence, Pulpit Recollections, &c.* By the Rev. Messrs. HAY and BELFRAGE. 8vo. pp. 586. 1830.

THIS is a choice book, detailing the history of a man of unimpeachable integrity and worth. The volume con-

* Native agents, brokers, clerks.
† Native factors, assistants.
‡ Great Market-place, Exchange.

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tains at the same time, so many pictures of by-gone days, and pourtrays so faithfully, a race of estimable men connected with our early recollections, and hallowed in such remembrance, that we have at once a pride and a pleasure in recommending the volume, —especially to that portion of our readers who may not have *bowed the knee to Baal*, and who still treasure up grateful reminiscences of *their own country, and their father's house.*

To form any thing like an accurate idea of the Memoirs of the late Dr. Waugh, it is quite requisite for the reader to consult the work itself, as scarcely any notion of its general merits of composition and description, can be considered in a few necessarily brief extracts. It is, perhaps, necessary for us to observe, for the information of those who had not the good fortune to be acquainted with the subject of this Memoir, that he was the son of a small farmer in the parish of Gordon, in Berwickshire, one of that strictly-devout and rigidly-conscientious race, of whom "Douce Davie Deans," was a genuine representative, and of whom we hope a worthy remnant still remain as the salt of the earth. Being early devoted by his parents to the ministry, he was sent in his twelfth year to the grammar-school of Earlstoun, in the adjoining parish. In reference to this period, he remarks—

Though the progress we made in the Latin language was slower than what is usually made in the grammar-schools of larger towns or cities, yet the simple and innocent manners of the place, the regard to the duties of religion, which was universal, and the wild and pleasing scenery of that part of the country, brought advantages to my heart which in many other places were not to be expected. I cannot recollect the manners of that happy village, and the innocent pursuits of former days, especially when I compare them with the far, far other manners which prevail in London, without sighing and longing for the past. Goldsmith has, in his Deserted Village, touched these days with so happy a pencil, that it needs little more but to change the names, to make his poem a description of Earlstoun, with this difference, that it is not yet, and I trust never will be, a "deserted village." But Goldsmith's minister, school-master, and publican, were the minister, school-master, and publican of Earlstoun when I first knew it.

Dr. Waugh was, for nearly half a century, minister of one of the Presbyterian Churches in London, and during that period was one of the most active and able leaders in those religious and philanthropic associations which are the glory of the British metropolis. As a preacher, for we have had opportunities of judging, he possessed the happy and singular faculty of conveying argument in the form of narration, and presenting events in such a shape, that they suggested to every understanding the inference which ought to be drawn from them. He exemplified the art of giving to mere historical deduction all the effect of laboured reasoning. Amid the apparent simplicity of narrative, he displayed the substance, without the pedantry of logic. No dry and barren explications marked the method of his discourses; no metaphysical *discussions* or *talkings*, were placed in the stead of those *well-prepared* addresses to the heart and the conscience, which generally keep a congregation *awake*. He was decidedly opposed to that dry system of barren generalities, and that philosophical strain of reasoning which, of late years, has unfortunately crept into certain Scottish pulpits,—disdaining even the use of scripture phraseology. Not that he was backward in endeavouring to convince and enlighten the *judgment* of his hearers,—quite the reverse: but he considered the surest way to reach *it*, was through the *heart*. He was a great advocate for earnestness and zeal in the pulpit, and public duties. We once heard him illustrate these points by a reference to the following historical anecdote. "Conscript Fathers," said an old Roman in debate, (in reply to an antagonist,)—"Believe him not, for the *cold manner* in which he argues the cause." It is strange indeed, that any man even of the most common-place mind, should be callous when performing the elevated duties of the christian ministry. And yet, lamentable to think, there are men whose languid, cold, formal habits are enough to freeze, rather than warm the heart; and what is equally deplorable, whose emollient and legal divinity is, perhaps, more injurious than rank heresy, as, indeed, it covers the spiritual sore without healing it. But we are forgetting the work before us. Professing, as we do, a deep interest in the character which it attempts to pourtray, and believing there are very many of our readers, to whom the late Dr. Waugh was known and respected, we trust the length of the following extracts will be more than excused.

One great cause of his universal popularity among the people of Scotland in London, was his enthusiastic nationality; and

The following remarks, by a member of his congregation, exhibit in a striking point of view the talent which he possessed of arresting the attention, or touching the affections of his hearers, by occasional animating appeals to their national or local reminiscences:—

"His congregation, though originally almost exclusively from the North, was composed of a population of considerable diversity.--Scottish Highlanders, Lowlanders, Borderers, and a few natives of the north of England; but so well was he acquainted with his hearers, that he knew from what part of the country every family or individual came; and, as his knowledge of Scotland, its general history, local traditions, remarkable scenery, and distinguished characters, was very extensive, he was enabled to avail himself of the feelings and predilections of his people, and of Scotchmen in general, in a manner peculiarly his own. In the illustration of his discourses, the most beautiful and vivid passages appeared to be frequently suggested at the moment, by his catching the eye of some attentive listener, and thence suiting his address, as it were, more directly to *his* immediate apprehension, yet in a manner highly interesting to all. The Highlanders he would arouse with the stern and striking imagery of the torrents, lakes, craggy cliffs, and lonely heaths of their mountain land;—and that not in the vague terms of general allusion, but by calling up the hills, and streams, and glens by name before them,—Ben Lomond, Ben Nevis, Glengarry, the Spey, the Tay, &c. To the hearts of the Lowlanders he would appeal with the softer pastoral recollections of Teviotdale or Lammermuir, of Cheviot or Pentland hills, of Nithsdale or Stitchell-brae. To the English borderers he would recall the field of Flodden, the Till, Otterburn, the feudal days of Percy and Douglas, &c. Often, in this manner, has every member of his congregation had the scenes of his youth and his early associations, as connected with his religious feelings and moral duties, brought vividly to his recollection in illustration of the subject on which his pastor was preaching or lecturing. And thus he could make of importance the little hill or brae, the silent rock or bosky burn, which, unnoticed by all the world beside, gave character and life to the tender reminiscences of many a poor man and woman, whose days of joyous childhood had been spent among such scenes. They felt it of importance that their brae or their burn should be known to their minister, and wondered that he should be able to describe them with a fidelity so correct, and to enter into their feelings with all the enthusiasm of a companion of their youth,—and even to draw forth beauties in those scenes, by his picturesque sketches which had scarcely ever before attracted their notice. To persons long absent from their native land, but who cherished, even in old age, sentiments of ardent attachment to it, may be imagined how touchingly affecting this mode of illustration often proved."

Of his domestic character, a graphic account is given, delineated with great beauty and simplicity by one of his daughters, but it is too long for our columns; and the following account of his nationality, by one of his sons, suits us better:—

My sister has noticed his propensity to escape in imagination to Scotland, and to solace himself, after his ministerial labours on the Sabbath, by conversing of the friends and scenes of his youth. So much was this the case, that had a person from a distant land been suddenly placed in our domestic circle after my father's return from church on a Sunday evening, and listened to his conversation for half an hour, he might have imagined himself seated beside the pastor of some remote country congregation, by Tweedside, perhaps, or the banks of Loch Leven; so habitually and entirely did his mind revert to Scotland and its interests. On such occasions, he loved to talk of the simple piety of his father's household, as it has been described

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at the commencement of his Memoir,—of the surviving relatives and friends at a distance with whom he had held sweet counsel in the fear of God,—of his brethren in the ministry, whom he had loved in youth, or laboured together with in riper years,—of the sober, sagacious, and religious peasantry of Scotland;—and, above all, of the manner in which the public ordinances of the house of God, and especially the celebration of the Lord's Supper, were attended and performed in that privileged land, particularly in country places

In his ministerial visitations also, his nationality was often strongly displayed (and that with most beneficial effect) both in sentiment and language. When, without adequate cause, any of his hearers had failed to attend public ordinances so regularly as he could have wished, and would plead their distance from the church as an excuse, he would exclaim, in the emphatic northern dialect, which he loved on familiar occasions to employ,—"What? you from Scotland! from Melrose! from Gala Water! from Selkirk! and it's a hard matter to walk a mile or two to serve your Maker *one* day in the week! How many miles did you walk at Selkirk?" "Five." "Five! and can ye no walk two here? Man! your father walked ten or twall out, and as many hame, every Sunday in the year, and your mother too, aften. I've seen a hunder folk and mair, that aye walked six or seven, men and women, and bairns too; and at the sacraments, folk walked fifteen, and some twenty miles. How far will you walk the morn to *mak half-a-crown?* Fie! fie! But ye'll be out wi' a' your household next Sabbath, I ken. O, my man, mind the bairns! If you love their souls, dinna let them get into the habit of biding awa frae the kirk. All the evils amang young folk in London arise from their not attending God's house. Such remonstrances, it may easily be imagined, were not often urged in vain.

In order, however, to enable *English* readers better to appreciate his feelings respecting the performance of religious ordinances in his native land, a few explanatory remarks may be here expedient. The churches of the Secession were, in his youth, very thinly scattered over that part of the country in which he resided; and the sacrament of the supper was observed in some places twice, and in others only once, in the year. The people of the various congregations had, however, opportunities of partaking of this ordinance more frequently, by reciprocally attending at its celebration in adjoining congregations; and the consequence was, that no church or meeting-house could contain the number of communicants or hearers who usually assembled on these occasions. There was, therefore established an auxiliary pulpit service, which, in summer, was performed out of doors, in a small field or plot of ground attached to the place of worship, or on some open brae or green bank near it; and this service consisted of prayer, singing, and preaching. By this means the whole of the assembled people were engaged at one and the same time; for while these services were going on in the church or meeting-house, they were also carrying forward at the *tent*, at it was called; and when the sacrament had been administered to those within the building, they withdrew to the services at the tent, the tables were again filled from without, and again similarly vacated, and replenished, until the whole of the assembled communicants had commemorated the dying love of their Saviour. The number of communicants was often very great, and the services took up seven or eight hours. They were conducted by four or five ministers from other congregations, who were called upon or invited by the presiding pastor to aid him in the work.

The nature of this sacred ordinance, its extreme solemnity, the fervid earnestness of the ministers, and the deep reverence of the hearers, conjoined with an extended and important part the service being performed in the open air, at the foot of a mountain, or on the banks of a stream, and in the pastoral country, were circumstances calculated to make an impression on the sensitive mind, which could never be effaced. To those who subsequently removed to large towns or cities, and who retained their integrity, the retrospect must have been attended with emotions almost indescribable. And the writer may state, from his own experience, that when he has fallen in with some of his northern friends, who had forgotten the God of their fathers, and made shipwreck of their faith, he has in more instances than one, compelled them to acknowledge, with tears in their eyes, that in pursuing the pleasures of the world, and its business and interests, these solemn and affecting scenes have come back upon their hearts in all their sacred loveliness, and have given for the time to worldly feelings and conduct, such a powerful check as neither the operations of conscience, nor the splendid service and ritual of another church, had ever been able to effect.

On such themes my venerable father loved to dwell. They often furnished topics for his conversation on Sabbath evenings, and especially on the evenings of sacramental Sabbaths. On these latter occasions he was usually much exhausted; and it was not till after supper that he did more than make general and brief references to the services of the day. When he had supped, his strength returned, and he would converse cheerfully (for he was no gloomy or morose Christian) on the great subject on which we had all been engaged; and then he would add, "To-day they have been celebrating the Lord's Supper at Kelso," or "at Hawick," or at some other place, which he would name; for he generally knew the days on which the sacrament was administered in the different congregations in the southern parts of Scotland. In a softened mood he would continue,—"I shall never again break the bread of life to my countrymen in my own land, nor myself commemorate there the Saviour's dying love. O the solemnity of those tent-preachings!" "But, father," some of us would say, "you would still make an effort to go to Stitchell Brae!" "To Stitchell Brae!" his eyes kindling, and his soul lighting up with hallowed enthusiasm,—"to Stitchell Brae!—ay would I! I should rejoice again to preach from that tent at its base, and to see the hundreds of God's redeemed people sitting on the face of the hill, above and around me, drinking in with joy the glad tidings of salvation. O that I could again sit among them, and hear good old Mr. Coventry give us as much sound divinity in one sermon as is now found in ten volumes! It was a scene on which God's eye might love to look. Such sermons—and such prayers!—none such to be heard now-a-days. What are your cathedrals and your choirs, and your organs? God laid the foundations of *our* temple on the pillars of the earth; our floor was nature's verdant carpet; our canopy was the vaulted sky—the heaven in which the Creator dwells; in the distance the Cheviot hills; around us nature in all the luxuriance of lovelinesss,—there fields ripening unto harvest,—here lowing herds in all the fulness of supply for man; on the banks of that little rivulet at our feet, lambs, the emblems of innocence, sporting in the shade, and offering to heaven the only acknowledgment they could, in the expression of their happiness and joy; the birds around warbling praises to Him who daily provides for all their wants; the flower and green fields offering their perfume; and, lovelier still, and infinitely dearer to him, multitudes of redeemed souls, and hearts purified by faith, singing his praises in 'grave sweet melody,'—perhaps in the tune of 'Martyrs.' 'Martyrs' so sung on Stitchell Brae might almost arrest an angel on an errand of mercy,—and would afford him more pleasure than a' the chanting, and a' the music, and a' the organs, in a' the cathedrals o' Europe."

ART. IV.—*Notices of Brazil in* 1828 *and* 1829. By the Rev. R. WALSH, Author of "A Journey from Constantinople," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1830.

WE cordially welcome two other volumes from the pen of Dr. Walsh, and we rejoice to observe in a writer so highly qualified to be useful, no indication whatever of exhaustion or lassitude, but an opening rather of new stores, and a putting forth of fresh vigour in his progress. We much regret that our limits will not permit us to enter into a full analysis of their contents, and to dwell longer on many interesting topics. Before we proceed to the selection of a few extracts from the work itself, we are desirous of submitting to our readers in the first place, the following testimony in behalf of the sons of Africa.

We have always maintained that African regions were as susceptible of improvement from cultivation as any other race of men. Dr. Walsh, who appears to be of the same opinion, had scarcely set his foot on shore at Rio de Janeiro, than he had a remarkable opportunity of putting this opinion to the test, by observing the Negro under four different aspects of society, clearly demonstrating that his character in each depended on the state in which he was placed, and 'the estimation in which he was held.' He saw the negro first as a slave, despised, and 'far lower than other animals around him.' Next, the poor African appeared advanced to the grade of a soldier, 'clean and neat in his person, amenable to discipline, expert at his exercises, and showing the port and bearing of a white man, similarly placed. Thirdly, our author had occasion to respect the negro as a citizen, remarkable for the respectability of his appearance, and the decorum of his manners. And fourthly, to admire him as a priest of the living GOD; and, says Mr. Walsh, 'in a grade in which moral and intellectual fitness is required, and a certain degree of superiority is expected, he seemed even more devout in his impressions, and more correct in his manners, than his white associates.' This is valuable testimony in favour of the Negro character.

Dr. Walsh thus describes an interview which he had with Don Pedro:

'I found the emperor standing in the middle of a room inside. When I had seen him before on the steps of the throne, with his little boy beside him, he looked to me a tall and portly man; but when I now approached, and we stood close together, I perceived his person was below the middle size, and remarkably thick and sturdy. The face was full, and appeared deeply pitted or bloched. His hair was black, and thick about his forehead, with large whiskers, and his countenanee rather coarse and forbidding. His manner, however, though dry, was affable and courteous. When I approached him, he said to me in French, "I am much obliged to you for the books you sent me by the Marquez d'Arncaty."—"Your Majesty does me too much honour. I trust you found in them something to approve of?" "Oh! as to that, I have not had time yet to read them; besides, I do not understand English well." "I have been informed your Majesty speaks it fluently?" "No! I was learning it from father Tilbury, but he is ill, poor man. How did you find the interior of the country through which you travelled?" "Oh! the country is very superb, it only wants inhabitants." "What do you think of OUR BOTANIC GARDEN: we hope to make something of it?" "It will be highly

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useful, when the indigenous plants are scientifically arranged." After a few more similar observations, I made my bow, and was conducted out by the marquez; and I have transcribed for you, verbatim, what passed; as, perhaps, you would wish to know in what manner the emperor converses.'—vol. ii. pp. 457, 458.

The Emperor's general habits are said to be very active and temperate.

'He rises every morning before day, and, not sleeping himself, is not disposed to let others sleep. He usually begins, therefore, with discharging his fowling piece about the palace, till all the family are up. He breakfasts at seven o'clock, and continues engaged in business, or amusement, till twelve, when he again goes to bed, and remains till half-past one; he then rises and dresses for dinner. The Brazilians, as far as I have observed, are neat and cleanly in their persons; and the emperor is eminently so. He is never seen in soiled linen or dirty clothes. He dines with his family at two, makes a temperate meal, and seldom exceeds a glass of wine, and then amuses himfelf with his children, of whose society he is very fond. He is a strict and severe, but an affectionate father, and they at once love and fear him. I heard Baron Marechal, the Austrian minister, say, he one day paid him a visit: he met no person at the door to introduce him; so, availing himself of his intimacy, he entered without being announced. He found the emperor in an inner room, playing with his children with his coat off, entering with great interest into all their amusements, and like another Henry IV.; was not ashamed to be found by a foreign ambassador so employed. At nine he retires to bed.

'His education was early neglected, and he has never redeemed the lost time. He still, however, retains some classical recollections, and occasionally takes up a Latin book, particularly the breviary, which he reads generally in that language. He wished to acquire a knowledge of English, and to that end he commenced, along with his children, a course of reading with the Rev. Dr. Tilbury, an Englishman, who has taken orders in the Catholic church, and to whose courtesy and information on several subjects, I am very much indebted. After having made some progress, he laid it aside, and began to learn French, in which he sometimes converses. He has an English groom, from whom also he unfortunately learned some English. This fellow, I am informed, is greatly addicted to swearing and indecent language, and the emperor, and even the late empress, adopted some of his phraseology, without being aware of its import.

'In his domestic expenses, he is exceedingly frugal. The careless profusion of his father, and the total derangement of the finances, had involved the country in such difficulties, that he found it necessary to set an example of frugality in his own person, by limiting himself to a certain expenditure. In his speech to the constituent assembly, he announced this determination. "The king's disbursements," said he, "amounted to four millions; mine does not exceed one. I am resolved to live as a private gentleman, receiving only 110,000 milreis for my private expenses, except the allowance to which my wife is entitled by her marriage contract." This, at the rate of exchange before we left Rio, would not have amounted to more than £10,000 per annum. His present allowance, as fixed by the chambers, is 200,000 milreis for himself, and 12,000 for his children. To make this answer, he engages in various profitable pursuits, and adopts, in every thing, the most rigid system of economy. He lets out his fazenda at Santa Cruz, for grazing cattle passing to Rio, from the Minas Geraes, and receives so much a head from the drovers. His slaves cut capim, and sell it, on his account, in the street, where they were pointed out to me distinguished by plates on their caps. He derives also a revenue, I am told, from several caxas shops, of which he is the proprietor, and thinks, like Vespasian, that the money is not at all affected by the medium through which it passes. In his domestic expenses, he is rigid even to parsimony. He allows a very small sum to his cook, of the expenditure of which he exacts a minute account, and is very angry if this trifling sum is exceeded on any occasion; and it is said that this was one cause of his disagreement with the late empress, whose free and careless bounty he never could restrain,' vol. ii. pp. 459—462.

ART. V. — *The Daya-Crama-Sangraha; an Original Treatise on the Hindoo Law of Inheritances.* By P. M. WYNCH, Esq. Calcutta: Hindostanee Press.

A Correspondent of colonial birth, has pointed out to us, that in the list of authors at present at the Cape, as noticed in a former journal, we had not inserted the name of the author of Daya-Crama-Sangraha. In making an acknowledgment of this unintentional omission, we feel obliged to our correspondent for putting us in possession of several particulars of the work in question. The attention which has been paid to the literature of India since the period at which the English acquired the dominion of the country, has been, upon the whole, highly creditable to their power; and if not so remarkable as to have altogether screened them from the reproach of having done less than might have been expected, it ought to be remembered, that not only is the harvest abundant, but the labourers are also few. The labours of Mr. Halhed, Sir Wm. Jones, and Mr. Colebrooke, in the department of Hindu and Mahomedan Law, have procured for them the highest reputation as Asiatic scholars. In works of taste, Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Robertson, have eminently distinguished themselves as Translators, and as Poets, as well as Grammarians; while to Dr. Gilchrist, Dr. Lumsden, and others, in the department of Philological Science, the world is indebted for a variety of works, which bespeak at once the zeal and the talents of these Orientalists.

The work by Mr. Wynch, relates to a subject of immense importance in the jurisprudence of Hindostan. There is no branch of Hindu law, on which it is of more consequence to be well informed, than on the Law of Inheritance; and none, it is understood, presenting greater difficulties, from the inconsistent provisions that are laid down in the text of *Menu* itself, and the very opposite expositions given by different Commentators of these provisions.

No one, in any degree acquainted with the mode of administering justice in the native courts of India, can be insensible to the difficulties under which the Judge necessarily labours; it is, therefore, well remarked by Mr. Wynch, in the preface, that "should the English judicial officers, through its aid, be better enabled to determine the accuracy, and in consequence more readily detect the fallacy of an opinion delivered by the Pundit of his court, the time devoted to this publication will not have been spent in vain."

In conclusion, Mr. Wynch has executed the work in question, in a manner which has established his reputation as a Sanscrit scholar of deserved celebrity.

ART. VI.—*Swaving's Tienjarige Militaire Loopbaan.* Door Hemzelven beschreven. Met het Portret des Auteurs. Te Dordrecht: bij Blusse en Van Braam. 1830.

ART. VI.—*Swaving's Military Career during Ten Years.* Written by Himself. With a Portrait of the Author. Dortrecht: Blusse and Van Braam. 1830.

WE had confidently hoped this publication to be the work of fiction, and *Swaving*, the mere hero of the author's imagination. The preface, however, soon undeceived us, for it bears the following *stamp* of authority:

"*Cape of Good Hope, Nov.* 1, 1829.
J. G. SWAVING."

With regard to all the classes of self-describers who refer to a contaminated life with the most ingenious effrontery, and even consider their delinquencies as essential to their fame, and as connected with the *doctrine of Fatalism*, one could wish there was some public special mark and brand of emphatical reprobation to reward this tribute to public morals. Men that court the pillory for the pleasure of it, ought to receive the honour of it too, in all those contumelious salutations which suit the merits of vice grown proud of its impudence. Shame burn that man's face as black as a cinder, who could write as this person has done!

Page 13,—"It has been remarked, more than once, that in my volume of Travels and Adventures, I have written in a spirit of by far too much candour in reference to my errors and false steps, which should have remained concealed under the thickest veil of night; not only as it respects myself, but for the honour of my nearest relatives and dearest pledges. But, gentle reader, why should I keep *that* secret from a sense of false shame, which, taken in a religious point of view, is simply the fulfilment of my Fate, written in the great book of Predestination. Why should I feel ashamed to make an open confession of events, which were, consequently, not in my power to prevent?"

The wicked tendency of the above representation is so obvious, that it is quite unnecessary to point it out to our readers. He that does well his part in Time, is entitled to expect,—and cannot divest himself of the expectation,—that his present fidelity will hereafter be crowned with honour;—and he who has failed in his trust, also feels, that, in that failure, he has an earnest of a yet greater failure which he must incur. This is the unquestionable language of that *Religion*, whose fair side this scribbler has attempted to stab. It is moreover confirmed by all the sentiments of the human heart, and by the whole analogy of human affairs; it is, also, the common christianity of all the Protestant and Catholic churches at home and abroad.

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THE CAPE OF STORMS.

Written at Sea.

SPIRIT of Gama! round the stormy Cape,
Bestriding the rude whirlwind as thy steed;
The thunder cloud, thy car,—thy spectre shape
Gigantic; who upon the gale dost feed
And drink the water spout;—thy shroud, the skies;—
Thy sport, the South and vast Atlantic sea;—
Thine eye, the light'ning's flash! — Awake! arise
From out the deep, in dread and awful sov'reignty!

Now hast thou risen! By heaven it is a sight
Most God-like, grand, and glorious to behold;
Three elements contend, and fierce in fight
As those who warr'd with mighty Jove of old.*
Oh, God! if any doubt thy being, or rate
With vain and impious mind, at nought thy pow'r,
So may it be such daring sceptic's fate
To pass the Cape of Storms, when angry tempests lower.

Do'st note the gath'ring clouds, as on thro' heav'n
They speed their midway flight 'twixt sea and skies?
Like to the first-born by the Archangel driv'n
On earth, with flaming sword from Paradise.
Do'st mark the spirit stirring of the deep,
As onward sweeps the stormy hurricane;
Rous'd like a roaring lion from his sleep,
That wildly stares around, and shakes his shaggy mane?

Nor doth he wake in vain. From his abode
Hath ocean risen in terrible array,
Magnificent as when the voice of God
Call'd forth the world, from chaos, into day!
'Tis night; and now the tempest shrouded bark
With surge lash'd crest, upborne aloft, doth ride
Upon the heaving billows, vast and dark—
And braves, as did the Patriarch's ark, the whelming tide.

Oh, God! it is a fearful sight! and all around
Is dismal, drear, and dark, both near and far,—
Save, when to make the darkness more profound
And visible, some pale and twinkling star
Peeps for an instant forth, and then, as 'twere,
In fear recedes,—or the phosphoric dash
Of wild long sweeping waves, with horrid glare,
Lights up the dread abyss, and shines along the splash,

And waste of waters, like to the pale horse
Whom death shall ride upon that awful day,
When sun, and moon, and stars have run their course,
The world and time itself be swept away!—
And now the waning moon would fain forth shine,
And thro' the heav'ns pursue her wonted track;
But three wild warring elements combine
At once in unison, and drive her rudely back!

Did'st hear that crash—tremendous as the roar,
Which burst on Sinai's summit, touching heav'n,
When by the Lord, on that all-sacred shore,
To man in thunder were his mandates giv'n.
Did'st mark of that destructive element
Promethean nam'd, the fork'd and lurid light,
With vivid flash, from heav'n directly sent,
Like the lit flame which struck the apostate Saul in night!

Hark to the rending of the storm split sail,
And mark the reed-like quiv'ring of the mast;
List! list, ye to the howling of the gale,
Dreadful as the Archangel's trump its blast!—
On such a night, the twelve Disciples cried
In fear, and rous'd the Saviour from his sleep!
Jesus arose, the elements to chide,
'Silence, ye angry winds, and peace, thou troubled deep!

So spake the Son of God! and thus allay'd
The storm which howl'd upon the Assyrian shore;
Prompt at his call, the tempest's rage obey'd;
The winds were hush'd—the waters ceas'd to roar!
When Royal Canute once, with scepter'd hand,
And rob'd in pride of earthly majesty,
Forbade the sea to dare to lave the land,
The wild waves rose in sport, and roll'd all heedless by!

Jehovah! what is man compar'd with thee—
Or son of man—in mockery of sense,
That he should dare assume the Deity?
Oh, Man! would'st learn to know thine impotence,
Thy littleness, and inferiority,
Come hie thee to these regions of the storm,
Behold the face of God upon the sea,
And worship in the gale, his dread Almighty form!

But see the darkling spirit of the night,
That brooding sate upon the wat'ry plain;
Flies at the approach of thee, Ethereal Light!
Awaking now the universe again!
The sea-boy wet, rude nursling of the blast,
Whose sleep was cradled in the dashing spray,
And rock'd upon the high and giddy mast,
Regardless of the storm—unseals his eyes with day!

Ye who would further seek to know of Light,
Go read it as recorded in the page*
Of that immortal bard, bereft of sight
Himself—the god-like Homer of his age!
Oh! for one spark of that celestial flame,
That inspiration once to Milton giv'n,
Which lit his way to never dying fame;
The fire—'the pomp, and prodigality of heav'n!'

In dread magnificence, the lurid sun
Now pierces thro' the tempest troubled sky,
And drives the thunder clouds dark rolling on,
As Satan and his rebel tribe were seen to fly
Before the red right arm of God!—No streaks
Of orient purple tinge, announce his rise,
In solitary splendour he awakes,
And seizes, as by storm, at once on all the skies!

Did'st mark the whale that dash'd along the deep,
'Hugest of all the ocean born that roam'†
Like that Leviathan, whom once asleep,
The mariner (as on through Norway's foam
He steer'd his rude and shatter'd skiff) at night,
Mistook for land, so vast and still he seem'd,
And anchor'd thus—then rose in wild affright,
When morning's dawn upon the mighty monster beam'd.

Again he comes! gigantic as the beast
Of old, that God in mercy sent to save
The prophet Jonah, from the foamy yeast
Of waves, his else unknell'd—unshrouded grave!
Three days and nights, the slimy monster sped
His way, as thus the chos'n of God he bore,
By 'raging floods' and 'seas encompassed,'
Then cast him all unscath'd upon the Syrian shore!

Hark to the sea-mew's wild and piercing shrieks
As ronnd the strong ribb'd bark they hover nigh,
Now o'er the waves white foam they skim their beaks—
Now far away they speed, and seek the sky!
—But mark the might and majesty of motion
Of him,‡ who sweeps cloud cleaving from the height
Of heav'n—it is the Condor of the ocean,
So nobly doth he soar aloft—so bold his flight!

The aspirations of this bird arise
Above those eagles that are seen afar,
O'er Chirombazo, loftiest in the skies—
Of Andes, 'Giant of the Western star!'
From mountain on to mountain let them urge
Their narrower flight, and habitations change,
His resting place the South Pacific surge—
All heav'n his Eyrie, and Immensity his Range!

Against the conquest crown'd Dictator's sway,
From Sardis, when the noble Cassius drew
His legions forth, in battle's stern array,—
E'en such a bird it was, that hov'ring flew
Upon his 'former ensign,'—then would feed
From out the soldier's hands, and flapping fly
His broad extended wings, that seem'd to lead
The embattled Romans on to certain victory!

But at Philippi sought, he then was gone—
And vultures, crows, and kites, were seen instead
For those whom hope of conquest had flush'd on,
Now vanquish'd lay, the dying and the dead!
—'Twas such a bird, all wild and young that rose,
When Swedish Charles, with 'soul of fire' went forth,
And 'frame of adamant,' 'mid polar snows,
To plant his standard on the steeple of the north.—

But when the fickle fortune of the war,
As history tells, on dread Pultowa's day
Forsook the warrior king, and woo'd the Czar,
The bird had wing'd his eagle flight away!—
On daring pinion borne—'twas such that o'er
The modern Hannibal was seen to fly,
Above Saint Bernard's Alpine snows, to soar
To Fame's proud Temple, and 'unutterably high!'

There were, who said o'er Lybia's arid waste,
And chief the Pyramid's dim solitude,
The self-same bird, his flight had boldly trac'd,
And once before on Lodi's bridge been view'd—
To sweep Marengo's field, he left the Alps,
A laurel wreath inscrib'd he waved on high,
Then gain'd with nobler speed, their 'snowy scalps,'
The wreath enroll'd, Napoleon and Victory!

By Danube's darkly rolling tide, and o'er
The field of Austerlitz—on Eylau's plain
At Friedland—Jena—Berlin—Ulm—once more,
All splendid did he re-appear again!
On Moscow's conflagration—when the sun
Turn'd ghastly pale, and sicken'd at the sight,
The eagle saw his race of Glory run,
He tried in vain to soar—then shriek'd and sunk in night!

Oh! haste and look upon yon glorious zone,
The bow of God, which girdles half the sky,
The heav'nly arch, by the Almighty thrown
In vast and infinite variety
Of tints most beautiful,—th' Immortal's span
To mortal sight display'd in time of yore
The great Creator's covenant with man,
That whelming waters should o'er land prevail no more!

Thou pledge redeemed of the Deity!
To man below, in consolation sent,
Thou fairest, brightest vision of the sky,
I hail thee! Dolphin of the firmament!
For each succeeding varied change imbues
Thee with a magic colour, that doth shine
More splendid than before—till all thy hues
Proclaim the God at once,—like him, thy form divine!

And if on earth thy beauty be extreme,
When view'd o'er mountain height, or level plain;
Far, lovelier far, thy variegated beam,
Expanded o'er the surface of the main,
With either horizon thy resting place,
Thou mak'st the sea the mirror of thy light;
The ocean back reflects thy radiant face—
Like lovers, each belov'd—both gazing with delight!

Jehovah! with thy name commenc'd my strain!
Jehovah! with thy name it shall conclude,
By those alone who track the dark blue main,
The grandest of thy wond'rous works are view'd;
I envy not the man, whose inward fire
Of soul, expands not, riding o'er the deep,
Whose mental aspirations soar not higher
With the wild waves, 'ere night behold him laid in sleep!

For me! whatever dangers yet may lower
Upon my life, or errors be my fate—

* The Titans.

* Milton, Book iii. † Milton, Book i.
‡ The Albatross.

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So shall it soothe me, in my latest hour,
That once, at least, I tried to celebrate
Thy praise; and in Thy temple of the sea,
Its canopy, the clear and cloudless sky,
That thus I struck the lyre, and bent the knee,
Oh, God! in homage to Thy pow'r and majesty!

With love of fame, my dawn of life awoke,
And hopes of honours that ambition fired;
Too soon the demon disappointment broke
Upon the day-dreams which those hopes inspir'd.
And be it so—yet, haply, if I dare
Uplift a suppliant's voice to heav'n 'twould be,
That God in mercy migh accord my prayer
To die a hero's death in planting Freedom's tree!

I little reck' what soil it be upon,
So danger lead, and point to glory's star
In fighting on the plains of Marathon,
Or 'neath thy banners, noble Bolivar!
For since young Freedom's standard is unfurl'd,
On Atho's crags, and Pernambuco's shore,
Alike to me, the east or western world,
So that my soul escape amid the battle's roar!

When life from selfish joys is disallied—
If callous gloom succeed to cherish'd hope—
'Twere nobler far to fall by Freedom's side,
Than on to live a moody misanthrope,
Or die a heartless suicide——If life
Hath ceas'd to please—what higher aim can be
Than in the glorious rapture of the strife
To breathe our last upon thine altar—Liberty?

But 'circumstance' is, aye, one's blight and curse,
It mars our best and brightest hopes—since then
It may not be my lot to spur my horse
In Freedom's ranks, and aid my fellow men
(Embattled in her sacred cause,) in rending
A tyrant's chains, a bigot's iron crown—
The patriot's and the martyr's laurel blending,
And dying, strike some Selim, or Pizarro down.

Perchance the grandest boon to be betow'd
By heav'n on man—the shortest, best relief
From all his mortal sufferings, and load
Which life entails of misery, and grief—
The termination of his woes, might be
As now he braves the billows of the Cape,
To grapple with grim Death upon the sea,
The whirlwind for its courser, and the storm its shape,

So might the bark become his coffin's shell,
The murky cloud enshroud him as his pall,
The roar of distant thunder ring his knell,
The lightning's flash illume his funeral!
His winding sheet the wild white curling wave,
The rolling billow as his bier, be lent,
The rain his tears! the ocean for his grave,
The Cape of Storms itself his mighty Monument!

Cape Town. W.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

IRELAND.

(Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, 2 vols. 12mo.)

We have a very full and particular account of a hedge school, that peculiarity of Ireland, with which so few have an opportunity of becoming familiar. The master and the establishment having been elaborately depicted, the author introduces us to both in the full tide of business.

"Come, boys, rehearse....(Buz, buz, buz.).... I'll soon be after calling up the first spelling lesson—(buz, buz, buz)—then the mathematicians—book-keepers—Latinists, and Grecians, successfully (Buz, buz, buz.)....Silence, there below! your pens? Tim Casey, is'nt this a purty hour of the day for you to come into school at; arrah, and what kept you, Tim? Walk up wid yourself here, till we have a confabulation together; you see I love to be talking to you."...."Sir, Larry Brannigan; here, he's throwing spits at me out of his pen."....(Buz, buz, buz.)...."By my sowl, Larry, there's a rod steeped for you."—"Fly away, Jack—fly away, Jill; come again, Jack—." "I had to go to Paddy Nowlan's for tobaccy, Sir, for my father."....(Weeping, with his hand knowingly across his face—one eye laughing at his comrades)...."You lie it was'nt." "If you call me a liar agin, I'll give you a dig in the mug." "It's not in your jacket." "Is'nt it?" "Behave yourself; ha! there's the masther looking at you—ye'll get it now."...."None, at all, Tim?—and she's not afther sinding an excuse wid you?—what's that undher your arm?" "My Gough, Sir."....(Buz, buz, buz.) "Silence, boys. And you blackguard Lilliputian, you, what kept you away till this?"—"One bird pickin',—two men thrashin',—one bird pickin',—two men thrashin'—one bird pickin'—" "Sir, they're stickin' pins in me, here." "Who is? Briney." "I don't know, Sir, they're all at it." "Boys, I'll go down to yous."...."I can't carry him, Sir, he'd be too heavy for me: let Larry Toole do it, he's stronger nor me; any way, there he's putting a corker pin in his mouth."....(Buz, buz, buz.)...."Who-hoo-hoo-hoo. I'll never stay away agin, Sir; indeed I won't, Sir. Oh, Sir, dear, pardon me this wan time—and if you ever cotch me doing the like agin, I'll give you lave to welt the sowl out of me."....(Buz, buz, buz.) "Behave youself, Barny Byrne." "I'm not touching you." "Yes you are; did'nt you make me blot my copy." "Ho, by the livin', I'll pay you goin' home for this."...."Hand me the taws." "Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo—what'ill I do, at all, at all! Oh, Sir dear, Sir dear, Sir dear—hoo-hoo-hoo." "Did she send no message, good or bad, before I lay on?" "Oh, not a word, Sir, only that my father killed a pig yestherday, and he wants you to go up to-day at dinner time." (Buz, buz, buz)...."It's time to get lave, it is'nt, it is, it is'nt, it is," &c....."You lie, I say, your faction was never able to beat our's; did'nt we lick all your dirty breed in Buillagh-battha fair?" "Silence there."....(Buz, buz, buz.) "Will you meet us on Sathurday, and we'll fight it out clane?" "Ha-ha-ha! Tim, but you got a big fright, any how: whist, ma bouchal, sure I was only jokin' you; and sorry I'd be to bate your father's son, Tim. Come over, and sit beside myself at the fire here. Get up, Micky Donoghue, you big burn't-shin'd spalpeen you, and let the dacent boy sit at the fire." "Hullabaloo-hoo-hoo-hoo—to go to give me such a welt, only for sitting at the fire, and me brought turf wid me." "To-day, Tim?" "Yes, Sir," "At dinner time is id?" "Yes, Sir." "Faith, the dacent strain was always in the same family."....(Buz, buz. buz, buz.) "Horns, horns, cock horns: oh, you up wid them, you lifted your fingers—that's a mark, now—hould your face till I blacken you."...."Do you call thim two sods, Jack Lannigan? why, 'tis only one long one, broke in the middle; but you must make it up to-morrow, Jack; how is your mother's tooth; did she get it pulled yet?" "No, Sir." "Well, tell her to come to me, an' I'll write a charm for it, that I'll cure her....What kept you till now, Paddy Magouran?" "Couldn't come any sooner, Sir." "You couldn't, Sir—and why, Sir, couldn't you come any sooner, Sir?"...."See, Sir, what Andy Nowlan done to my copy."....(Buz, buz, buz, buz.) ...."Silence, I'll massacree yees, if yees don't make less noise."....(Buz, buz, buz.)...."I was down with Mrs. Kavanagh, Sir."...."Masther, Sir, spake to Jem Kenny here; he made my nose bleed." '—pp. 167—169.

This may be regarded as a winter scene—for in the warm weather the site of the school varies to suit, as we presume, the convenience of master and scholars.

'During the summer season, it was the usual practice for the scholars to transfer their paper, slates, and books, to the green which lay immediately behind the school-house, where they stretched themselves upon the grass, and resumed their business. Mat would bring out his chair, and, placing it on the shady side of the hedge, sit with his pipe in his mouth, the contented lord of his little realm, whilst nearly a hundred and fifty scholars of all sorts and sizes, lay scattered over the grass, basking under the scorching sun in all the luxury of novelty, nakedness, and freedom. The sight was original and characteristic, and such as Mr. Brougham would have been delighted with—"The schoolmaster was abroad again." As soon as one o'clock drew near, Mat would pull out his *Ring-dial*, hold it against the sun, and declare the hour. "Now boys, to yer dinners, and the rest to play." "Hurroo, darlins, to play—the masther says its dinner time!—whip-spur-an'-away-grey—Hurroo—whack—hurroo." "Masther, Sir, my father bid me ax you home to yer dinner." "No, he'll come to huz—come wid me if you plase, Sir." "Sir, never heed them; my mother, Sir, has some of what you know—of the flitch I brought to Shoneen on last Aisther, Sir." This was a subject on which the boys gave themselves great liberty, an invitation, even when not accepted, being an indemnity for the day; it was usually followed by a battle between the claimants, and bloody noses were the issue. The master himself, after deciding to go where he was certain of getting the best dinner, generally put an end to the quarrels by a reprimand, and then gave notice to the disappointed claimants of the successive days on which he would attend at their respective houses. "Boys, you all know my maxim; to go, for fear of any jealousies, boys, wherever I get the *worst* dinner; so tell me now, boys, what yer dacent mothers have all got at home for me?" "My mother killed a fat hen to-day, Sir, an' you'll have a lump of bacon, and 'flat dutch' along wid it." "We'll have hang beef and greens, Sir." "We tried the praties this mornin', Sir, an' we'll have new praties, an' bread and butter, Sir." "Well, it's all good, boys; but rather than show favour or affection, do you see, I'll go wid Andy, here, and take share of the hen an' bacon; but, boys, for all that, I'm fonder of the other things, you persave; and as I can't go wid you, Mat, tell your respectable mother that I'll be with her to-morrow; and with you, Larry, ma bouchal, the day afther."'—pp. 181—183.

The following is another humourous specimen of the business of an Irish school:

"Pierce Mahon, come up wid your multiplication. Pierce, multiply four hundred by two—put it down—that's it, 400
By 2

"Twicet nought is one." (Whack, whack.) "Take that as an illustration—is that one?" "Faith, masther, that's one an' one any how; but, Sir, is not wanst nought, nothin'; now, masther, sure there can't be less than nothin'." "Very good, Sir." "If wanst nought be nothin', then twicet nought must be somethin', for its double what wanst nought is—see how *I'm* sthruck for *nothin'*, an' me knows it—hoo! hoo! hoo!" "Get out, you Esculapian; but I'll give you *somethin'*, by-and-by, just to make you remimber that you know *nothin'*—off wid you to your sate, you spalpeen you—to tell me that there can't be less than nothin', when it's well known that sporting Squire O'Canter is a toousand pounds worse than nothin'."

"Paddy Doran, come up to your Inthrest.' Well, Paddy, what's the inthrest of a hundred pound, at five per cent?

"Do you mane, masther, *per cent per annum?*

"To be sure I do—how do you state it?"

"I'll say, as a hundher pound is to one year, so is five per cent per annum."

"Hum—why—what's the number of the sum, Paddy?" "'Tis No. 48, Sir." (The master steals a glance at the Key to Gough.) "I only want to look at it in the Gough, you see, Paddy—an' how dare you give me such an answer, you big-headed

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dunce, you—go off an' study it, you reascally Lilliputian—off wid you, and don't let me see your ugly mug till you know it."

"Now, *gintlemen*, for the Classics; and first for the Latinaarians—Larry Cassidy, come up wid your Asop. Larry, you're a year at Latin, an' I don't think you know Latin for *frize*, what your own coat is made of, Larry. But, in the first place, Larry, do you know what a man that teaches classics is called?" "A schoolmaster, Sir." (Whack, whack, whack.) "Take that for your ignorance, you wooden-headed goose, you—(whack, whack)—and that to the back of it—ha! that'll tache you—to call a man that taches classics a schoolmaster, indeed! 'tis a Profissor of Humanity itself, he is—(whack, whack, whack,)—ha! you ringlader, you; you're as bad as Dick O'Connell, that no masther in the county could get any good of, in regard that he put the whole school together by the ears, wherever he'd be, though the spalpeen wouldn't stand fight himself. Hard fortune to you! to go to put such an affront upon me, an' me a Profissor of Humanity. What's Latin for breeches?" "Fem—fem—femina." "No, it's not, Sir; that's Latin for a woman." Femora—" "Can you do it?" "Don't strike me, Sir;—don't strike me, Sir, an' I will." "I say, can you do it?" "Femorali"—(whack, whack, whack,)—"*Ah*, Sir! *ah*, Sir! 'tis fermorali—*ah*, Sir! 'tis fermorali—*ah*, Sir!" "This thratement to a Profissor of Humanity—(whack, whack, whack, whack, kick, kick, kick, thump, thump, thump, cuff, cuff, cuff—drives him head over heels to his seat.)—Now, Sir, maybe you'll have Latin for breeches, again, or, by my sowl, if you don't, you must strip, and I'll tache you what a Profissor of Humanity, is!"

THE RIVAL TOWER BUILDERS.

In the vicinity of Edinburgh, not a hundred miles from Duddingston, there lately lived two old gentlemen, who cherished an unconquerable antipathy to one another. They took every opportunity to thwart the projects of each other when they had it in their power. No two persons, however, could have possessed more opposite temperaments. Captain D——, the one, had mixed in the world, and in his youth had been so improvident of his affections, that in his old age he had not a grain of feeling to bestow upon the fair sex. He kept none but man-servants, and in fact he never saw a woman without expressing feelings of the utmost horror and disgust. He once kicked a poor beggar woman right down stairs, without at all troubling himself about her business, whereas, had a man been in the case, he would in every probability have sent him away rejoicing. Mr.——, on the other hand, had long been a widower, and in his old age he always exhibited a very great regard for the sex, to the exclusion of male animals of every description. Not that he was by any means a misanthrope,—the only man he thoroughly detested was Captain D——, He was likewise a quiet, sober, steady fellow, willing to pass through the world without molesting any body; but nevertheless, he would have stretched a point to annoy the captain, who was a blustering, and consequently a troublesome antagonist. It so happened, that in the very centre of Mr. M—'s property there was a piece of ground which did not belong to him, and which was offered for public sale. Whether with a mischievous intention, or for the sake of adding to his possessions, we do not know; but certain it is that the captain became the purchaser of the piece of ground aforesaid. When this came to the ears of Mr. M——, he was thrown into a state of the utmost tribulation. Here was annoyance with a vengeance! Captain D—— located in the very core of his property! The identity of his estate destroyed, and its territory infringed by a noisy foreigner! All these alarming circumstances burst at once upon his bewildered mind, and he became sorely troubled in spirit. It was plain, at least for a time, that the genius of the Captain overmastered Mr. M.——, and that the star of his glory had been eclipsed. In his dilemma he was so imprudent as to make overtures to the gallant Captain, with an offer to take the property off his hands at the same money which he paid for it. Such a message from his inveterate foe tickled the hero to the very soul; he had not met such a triumph since the taking of Seringapatam, when he was amongst the first to mount the walls. The Captain, like an expert general, did not return an immediate answer to the distressed Mr M——. He rather preferred keeping him in a state of suspense for a day or two, during which time he meant to luxuriate over the agonies of the enemy. In this he succeeded to the utmost of his desires—for ere a day elapsed, another message arrived from Mr. M——, with the proposed sum increased to one-half—which he humbly offered for the piece of territory of which Captain D—— had become possessed. The very civility of Mr. M——'s notes afforded a high treat to the mischievous Captain, who returned for answer that he had examined the property, and was determined not to part with it for any money. This settled the matter in the meantime; and Mr. M—— could only watch for the next step of his opponent. In a week afterwards, a number of diggers and masons, with spades, wheelbarrows, stones, and lime, arrived upon the spot, which by lawful purchase, and without dispute, belonged to the Captain. Mr. M—— was on the very tiptoe of expectation, and he employed himself exclusively in observing the operations of the workmen. By degrees a circular shaped wall appeared above the ground, which, day after day, assumed a more definite appearance, till at length it actually burst forth upon the astonished eyes of Mr. M—— in all the hostile splendour of a castellated tower! This at once decided the intention of his adversary, and he immediately resolved upon frustrating, so far as he could, the annoying efforts of the captain. The tower at length was finished, and its proprietor was daily seen on the top under the very nose of Mr. M——'s bed room. Revelry and riot were also nightly heard from the adjoining protuberance. At length Mr. M—— thought he had discovered a means whereby to stop the proceedings of the captain, and at the same time render his boasted watch-tower utterly valueless. He sent for the person who had been employed in erecting the bottle-looking edifice over his grounds; and, as there were only a few yards of space betwixt the wall and his own property, Mr. —— conceived the idea of blocking up the building and excluding it from the light of day altogether. The builder found no difficulty in assuring Mr. M—— of the perfect practicability of his scheme. Measures were therefore immediately taken to commence operations; and before another month had elapsed—lo and behold!—the elegant tower of Captain D—— had disappeared, and nothing but a dead brick wall in a circular form could be seen. This was a metamorphosis infinitely astonishing to the villagers. But the fact soon became apparent, for in the course of another week the interior building peeped out from behind the brick walls, and intimated the existence of the Captain's Tower. No sooner did Mr M—— perceive this than he ordered an additional quantum of brick and lime to be placed upon his erection, and once more the Captain's tower became invisible. Yard after yard was added to the buildings, the tower being at one time lord of the ascendant, the dead wall at another, till ultimately the builder averred that the edifices would stand increase of height no longer. In their furor the octogenarians—for they had both passed their grand climacteric—declared they would await such a crisis, and ordered the builder to continue his operations—so that he had only to commence to the tower when he had finished the walls, which he did again and again. This retributive sort of work might have been carried on *ad infinitum*, had not that fell monster death interposed his icy hand, and put a stop at once to the existence of Captain D—— and Mr. M—— in the very midst of their building hostilities—the effects which remain to this hour as a lasting proof of the absurd length to which human beings will sometimes carry their rivalry and hostility.

THE PRESS IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

(Polynesian Researches. By W. Ellis, 2 vols. 8vo.)

The author of these volumes had learnt the art of printing before he left England upon the mission, and types and a press had been sent out with him, in 1816, before the religious revolution which had taken place could be known in Europe. The printing office was erected in Eimeo; that mighty engine for good and evil was never anywhere more needed, nor more beneficially employed. In four families, where all were scholars, there was but one book; but many hundreds who had learned to read were without one. Many had written out the whole spelling book; others, who could not procure paper for this purpose, had prepared pieces of native cloth with great care, and then, with a reed, dipped in red or purple dye, had written out the alphabet, spelling and reading lessons on these pieces, which were made of the bark of a tree. Others had written portions of scripture, and texts, which they had heard preached from, on scraps of paper, or fragments of such cloth. Pomare, who, in his desire of promoting the improvement of his people, has not been surpassed by any of those princes who have rendered themselves deservedly illustrious for that merit, was exceedingly delighted when the press arrived, and furnished every assistance for erecting the printing-house; and requested that he might be sent for when every thing was ready to begin. Accordingly he came, accompanied by a few favourite chiefs, and followed by a large concourse of people. Mr. Ellis took the composing-stick in his hand, and seeing with what curious delight the king was looking at the new and shining types, asked him if he would like to put together the first alphabet. His countenance brightened at the proposal, and he set up the capital and smaller alphabet, to which the few monysyllables composing the first page, were afterwards added. Pleased at seeing this page in the types, he was yet contented to wait till the whole sheet should be ready, before he saw it struck off. Meantime, he visited the missionaries almost daily; and, when they were ready to print the first sheet, came, with only two chiefs, but followed by a numerous train, who had heard that the work was about to begin. Crowds had already collected round the door; they made way for him, and when he and his two companions had been admitted, the door was closed, and a window was darkened, by which he might have been overlooked; for he wished to prevent this. He examined minutely, and with great pleasure, the form as it lay on the press; and, as he prepared to take off the first sheet ever printed in his dominions, charged his companions, good naturedly, not to look too closely at him, nor laugh at him if he should not do it well. Mr. Ellis instructed him how to use the ink-ball, then placed the paper, and directed him to pull the handle. The sheet was well printed, for there could be no failure; Pomare took it up, looked first at the paper, and then at the types, with ardent admiration; then handed it to one of the chiefs, and, while he struck off two more copies, the first was shown to the crowd without, who set up a general shout of approbation and joy. There were few days in which he did not come to watch the progress of the work. Observant of everything as he was, he counted several of the letters, and seemed surprised to find that, in sixteen pages of this spelling-book, there were more than five thousand of the letter A. Two thousand six hundred copies of this book were printed; then a Tahitian catechism; a collection of Scripture extracts; and St. Luke's Gospel. Paper for fifteen thousand

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copies of these, was all that remained, when a supply from the Bible Society arrived in time to double the impression; and that Society has furnished paper for every portion of the Scriptures that has since been printed in these islands.

'O, Britain, land of knowledge, was the frequent exclamation of those who crowded to the doors and windows of the printing office. Multitudes arrived from every part of Eimeo, and even from other islands, to see the work, and to procure books. The excitement is likened to what the English felt at witnessing, for the first time, the ascent of a balloon, or the movement of a steam-carriage. The beach was lined with canoes; the houses of the inhabitants were crowded with guests; and small parties pitched their temporary encampments in every round-about. For several weeks before the first portion of the Scriptures was finished, the district in which the printing-house stood, resembled a public fair. In order to preserve the books, it was necessary to put them in some substantial binding, before they were delivered: Mr. Ellis had learned how to do this in England; his materials, indeed, were scanty, but supplies, or substitutes were found. A good pasteboard was manufactured from bark-cloth; old newspapers were stained with a deep purple dye for covering the sides; and, when the few sheep-skins which had been brought out, were consumed for backs and corners, leather became in great request, to the cost of cats, dogs, and goats. The march of intellect was a sore evil to these poor animals, which had hitherto lived in undisturbed ease and freedom; they were hunted now for their skins. Sometimes the people brought the tough skin of a large dog, or of an old goat, with the long shaggy matted hair and beard attached to it, or the thin skin of a wild kitten, taken in the mountains. When they were instructed how to dress them, they did it at their own houses, and no object was then more common than a skin stretched on a frame, and suspended on the branch of a tree, to dry in the sun. The elementary books had been gratuitously distributed, and continued to be so. But for this, a larger and more important book, it was thought best to require such a payment as might just cover the expense of paper and printing materials, that the people might not undervalue it, as a thing of no cost. A certain small quantity of cocoa-nut oil was the price fixed; this was what they could most easily procure, and it was cheerfully paid. Incessant, and, at times, exceedingly oppressive, as the labour was, of printing and binding these books, in a tropical climate, and at a season when the sun was vertical, Mr. Ellis says that it was one of the happiest parts of his life.—*(Quarterly Review, May*, 1830.*)*

CHURCH IN DANGER—AND THE MEANS OF SAFETY.

At a meeting in Edinburgh, to take into consideration certain overtures from the last General Assembly, on the subject of the education of clergyman, Dr. Chalmers said—Of late years there had been a prodigious growth in all the branches of education; and, it was highly expedient, that those intended for the ministry, should keep pace with the progress of improvement. It would be well for society at large, if clergymen, physicians, and lawyers, were as much looked up to for superior learning, as they were a hundred years ago! Certain it was, that the homage paid to rank, *wealth, and official station*, was fast wearing away; and he was not sure that this boded well to the commonwealth. The only remedy for this was to compel men to pay, not a servile homage, but that homage which was naturally given by the bulk of the community, to men more enlightened than themselves. He was not an alarmist on the subject of popular education; he would allow it to go on indefinitely, and only propose to meet it, by their taking a higher ascent themselves. If the base of society was more elevated, they must, to preserve the due proportions of the fabric, raise loftier minarets.

In conclusion, Dr. Chalmers complained of the want of spirit on the part of the present Administration. He reprobated the system of economy and retrenchment which marked its policy, and that spirit of the present age, in which every thing was made a question of finance, and vulgarised to the common standard of the counter and the counting-house. When he (Dr. C.) knew, that that great national undertaking, the trigonometrical survey of our islands, hinged on one vote, he trembled lest the old spirit of gothic barbarity was returning among us. When he thought that this noble enterprise was within a hair's breadth of being quashed, he had great reason to fear that any support from government, for the better improvement of theological education, could hardly be expected. Theology was too refined a subject to receive encouragement in this age of little men and little measures. However, he was not over anxious to make any establishment dependent on endowments, for it was notorious, that *gratuitous education was seldom a vigorous, or a thorough education.*

THE SECRET REVEALED.

You ask me the secret by which we contrive
On an income so slender so fairly to thrive,
Why the long and the short of the matter is this,
We take things as they come, and thus nought comes amiss;
My sons are no sluggards, my daughters no sluts,
And we still keep an eye to the main and *'Tis Buts.*

Neighbour Squander's grand treat—*'tis but* so much, he says,
And his wife's fine new gown—*'tis but* so much, she pays;
'Tis but so much the fan, *'tis but* so much the play,
His child's gew-gaws too—*'tis but* that thrown away;
But each *'tis but* grows on, till they run on so fast.
That he finds *'tis but* coming to want at the last.

Now something occurs, and he says, like a ninny,
I'll buy it at once, for *it is but* a guinea;
And then something else, and he still is more willing,
For *it is but* a trifle, *it is but* a shilling;
Then *it is but* a penny, *it is but* a mite,
Till the 'Tis Buts at last sum up—*Ruin outright!*

(Edinburgh Post.)

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

If your publication be in existence, the plan of which you hinted in your last letter, a little of the literary, and other chit-chat of this metropolis, may, for aught I know, afford a degree of interest to your journal. In looking in at *Richardson's*, almost daily, I often find many Cape friends whose coterie I enjoy. Good Sandie McDonald and Dan. Dixon are frequently of the party. The one loves Plato, and the works of Ossian (in the original), as much as ever. The other thinks Todd's *Johnson* to be as necessary for your merchants as it was, previously to the *sowing of the legitimate seeds of prosperity* among you. They are great friends to the Cape interest, and are not a little gratified by being called up before the House of Commons on East India trade matters. Why the London merchants are all *Esquired* in the Minutes of Evidence which have been printed, and our two friends not thus distinguished, I cannot tell. But even in the somewhat *perfected* state of things at the Cape, you are at fault sometimes. And in the affair of the *distinctive appellation* which some men sigh after, and are provoked to the quick if they do not obtain it, I discover occasional displays of inconsistency. For instance, when it is the good fortune of individuals among you to be Gazetted, i.e. clerks, and others, they are all *Esquires*,—but if an individual of the medical profession, whose education is that of a gentleman, and who is often a graduate in one of our Universities, or a Member of a Royal College, happens to be appointed to a station in the colony,—he is simply a plain *Mister*. But I must leave it to your local press to point out domestic errors, and just advert to some of our own novelties.

The bulletins of His Majesty's health have created a great stir. They have afforded all the world employment during the last month. St. James's has popped in just in the nick of time to give a new impetus to the fashionable world. Thousands go daily to inspect the bulletins, or as we should say, to stroll through the royal apartments of the palace. All the shops of London and Westminster put us in mind of a general mourning. The drapery-ones invite us to secure *great bargains* in those manifold varieties which designate death's heraldic costume.——The anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund was well attended on the 24th. There must have been nearly 200 present; 40 of whom were booksellers, about 100 authors, and the others artists, patrons, and other indescribables. The Duke of Somerset is by no means a lively chairman; but we suppose it is something to have a Duke at the head of a Literary Society. He did not say twenty words out of the beaten track. Croly, the delightful author of Salathiel, spoke pretty. He was by far the best speaker who opened mouth. East India Buckingham was most unmercifully coughed down; it was in vain that "order" was called; hob-a-nobbing fairly silenced the orator, who, nevertheless, contrived to stand upon his legs somewhile about 15 minutes. Hobhouse was heard with some attention. Mr. Sotheby, now the venerable, spoke well, and modestly about his own merits. Lockhart, the clever writer, but apostate in religion, was present, but he did not speak. Allan Cunningham, and *Bulwer*, author of Pelham, Disowned, Devereaux, and Paul Clifford, and almost every writer of note, were to be found among the company.——The exhibition at Somerset House has just opened—it is rather poor. The greatest attraction is the King in the Highland costume, by Wilkie. The best portrait is that of L. E. L. The likeness is admirable. But as for the sickly sentimentality of her poetry, who cares for it. Half-a-dozen verses of that delightful woman, Felicita Hemans, is worth a whole volume of Miss Landor's sing-song. Apropos—Pringle has just given us a new sonnet—here it is.

OLITUDE.

Doth peace of mind, or slumber undisturbed
By lonely springs or silent grottoes dwell?
Or is there medicine for a mind perturbed,
O, Solitude! within thy secret cell?

Could'st thou, meek goddess, of their stings disarm,
The scorpion cares which prey upon my life?
Or sink the memory with oblivion's charm,
Sweeten the passions, or compose their strife?

To thee, disdainful of the world and fame,
I'd fly,—and bid their vanities depart;
And hide with thee an unremembered name,
A wounded spirit, and a broken heart.

The Annual Meetings of Religion have gone off pretty well. They have by no means declined in interest this year, and it is not the least pleasing feature of them, that oratory, splendid imagery, and human compliment, have been felt not to be the objects of such assemblies, but infinitely higher and purer aims. Lord Bexley presided at the annual meeting of the Parent Bible Society. Many of the Bishops addressed the assembly. The Dissenters have complained of the exclusion of their friends from the platform. They term it a piece of direct worldly policy. Leander van Ess has been dismissed by the society. Let us hope Andrew Thompson will celebrate the victory with becoming prudence. The receipts of the Society for the year, have amounted to £84,982.——The Church Missionary Society's meeting was crowded to excess. There is a talk of sending

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two young ministers, in connection with it, to South Africa. The receipts of the past year have been £47,328.——At the WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, Earl Mountcashel presided. Annual income—£55,565.——THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S annual funds have amounted, as stated at its thirty-sixth Anniversary, to be £48,226. Mr. Bennett, lately a visitor at the Cape, and whose Travels are in the press, gave a pretty lengthened account of his visits to the several missionary stations throughout the world. The venerable Rowland Hill, now 86 years of age, was as talky and good humoured as ever.——THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING was a splendid one. The nail is at length hit on the right head. The meeting came to the resolution of petitioning Parliament, that an *early day* might be fixed by it, after which all children that may be born of slave parents, may be declared free. The spirit of o'erwearied nature crieth out AMEN! The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Wilberforce, Buxton, Lord Milton, Lord Calthorpe, Rev. Dan. Wilson, Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Drummond, Mr. O'Connel, Mr. Denman, Dr. Lushington, &c. Christian philanthropy was at its height on this occasion. How blindly perverse some people are on this subject. Misled by the hireling press, they do not see that the West India flesh-dealer, by means of his influence in Parliament, keeps £10 per ton more duty on East India, than on West India sugar; £28 per ton more on East India than on West India coffee; 11*s.* 6*d.* more on East than on West India rum, and such like duties on various other articles. Yet, notwithstanding this restrictive system, the imports to Asia (so great is the desire for our cotton and other manufactures,) have increased beyond all example. Even if the charter of the East India Company be not renewed, we shall experience much less advantage than ought to be the case, whilst the West India interest continues to keep the East India productions almost out of our reach. There are about sixty-three members of both Houses of Parliament, who own West India property, and maintain that they have derived, from an Act of Parliament, authority to buy and sell the bodies of their fellow men! These, by strange anomaly, are sitting among the representatives of the free people of Great Britain, and are the very cause of our manufactures being excluded from the markets of Asia. But as it regards the declaration or wish that all children be born free after a particular period,—it is not likely that the West India proprietors will ever listen to the proposition, unless *Philanthropic* Societies, similar to yours of the Cape, come *forward* and *buy* the little creatures upon the same magnificent scale of prices as we understand you are able to afford. I am sure the slave-holders ought to be very much obliged to you all.——You should read the last number of the Edinburgh Review, which contains a complete exposition of the pretensions of Robert Montgomery, the presumptuous author of *Satan*, and other poems. "This poem," say the Reviewers, "was ushered into the world with the usual roar of acclamation. But the thing was now past a joke. Pretensions so unfounded, so impudent, and so successful, had aroused a spirit of resistance. In several magazines and reviews, accordingly, Satan has been handled somewhat roughly, and the arts of the puffers have been exposed with good sense and spirit." The nuisance of puffery will, doubtless, be abated—most men have now their eyes open to the tricks of this base system, and that our literature should be taken out of the hands of quacks and brokers, is the desire of every well-wisher to its interests ——At page 209 of Moore's Byron, vol. 1, occurs an account of an affair which took place between Lord Byron and Col. Carey at Malta. Since the publication of the volume, Moore has been satisfied that he has fallen into error. He has written a letter to the Colonel, and wishes that the utmost publicity should be given to his retraction.——The Council of the University of London, have come to the resolution of granting a diploma in medicine. This diploma will enable the person who gains it to put five capital letters after his name, M.M.S.U.L. signifying Master of Medicine and Surgery in the University of London. Mr. Hume has withdrawn from the council of this public school.——Godwin's Cloudesley has been translated into French. It is not generally known that Godwin began his career as a Dissenting Clergyman, and published a volume of sermons at an early age.——A great noise was created last year about the probable exhaustion of the coal mines. Of course this would be attributed to the *steaming* practices of the day. Well, now, after an investigation of the Durham and Northumberland coal-fields alone, it is calculated that these contain no less than *six thousand millions of tons of coals!* or about as much as will do, according to the present average consumption, for the next *seventeen hundred and twenty-seven years.*——A new Society, to be called "The London Geographical Institution," is to be forthwith established. Its object is to be the same with that of Paris;—namely, to collect and register all the useful facts comprehended under the divisions—physical and political geography. ——The Geographical Society of Paris has offered its gold medal, value 1000 francs, to the author of the best memoir upon the Origin of the Race of Asiatic Negroes. ——The outlay of the Zoological Society of London, annually, is estimated at £70,000;—the receipts last year amounted to £14,000.——The best proof of the progress of improvement in England, is the fact, that Mr. Littleton, in presenting a petition to the House of Commons the other night, from a place in Staffordshire Potteries, signed by 9,000 persons, stated that there was not one *mark's-man* (a man unable to write) amongst all the petitioners. A few years ago, more than half of the population of that district were mark's-men.——You will discover from most of the periodical journals how much the Church of England is attacked from all quarters. This is not a bright picture of the times. Amid all the opposition, the cloven foot appears. It is not the Establishment so much, as its doctrines. But let us take courage: thousands of its sons are faithful to their charge, and have not succumbed to the modern doctrines of expediency.

"Long be our Father's temple ours—
Woe to the hand by which it falls;
A thousand spirits watch its towers,
A cloud of angels guard its walls!
And be their shield by us possessed!
Lord, rear around thy blest abode,
The buttress of a holy breast,
The rampart of a present God!"

THE SOUTH AFRICAN INSTITUTION.

ON Wednesday, the 1st instant, the Ordinary Monthly Meeting of the South African Institution was held in the Rooms,—F. Watermeyer, Esq. in the Chair. There was admitted a Member, Mr. J. Gie, Ms. of Cape Town.

There were read—1st, a continuation of *Remarks on the Culture of Exotic Vegetables*, by Mr. Bowie, describing the proper methods of rearing the Curcuma longa, Turmeric, Bori, the Ginger, and Arrow-root Plants; concluding with the remark "that the recommendation of these plants to a more extensive culture than they meet with at present, arises rather from a wish to add to the domestic comforts of the community, than to render them articles of exportation; but in either case it will prove the resources of the colony, and form a pleasing and useful amusement to those who may devote their leisure hours to such wholesome recreations." The author then described the culture properties of the Chesnut and Walnut Trees. There was read—2d, Extracts from the Journal of Mr. Andrew Bain, kept during a visit to some of the interior tribes of Southern Africa, describing the author's visit to Toovan, the chief of the Barolongs, with illustrations of the practices of his people, and the incidents of his journey over the Ba-Marootzie Mountains, to meet the chief Sibigho, residing at Soloqualaly, the capital of the Ba-Wanketzie, and his reception by this tribe.

DIED,

AT Windsor Castle, June 26th, 1830, HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY GEORGE-AUGUSTUS-FREDERICK, THE FOURTH, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and King of Hanover, Defender of the Faith; Duke of Lancaster, Cornwall, and Edinburgh; Marquess of the Isle of Ely; Earl of Garrick and Eltham; Viscount Launceston; Baron of Renfrew; Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland; Sovereign of the illustrious Orders of the Garter, of the Bath, of the Thistle, of St. Patrick, of St. Michael and St. George, and of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic; Knight of the Russian Orders of the Black Eagle, of St. Alexander Newski, and of St. Anne; of the Polish Order of the White Eagle; of St. Esprit, in France; of the Golden Fleece, in Spain; and of William in the Netherlands: born on the 12th August, 1762; succeeded to the throne (having previously exercised the sovereign authority as REGENT) upon the demise of his father, KING GEORGE THE THIRD, on the 29th January, 1820; crowned in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, on the 19th July, 1821.

His Majesty is succeeded by His Royal Highness the DUKE of CLARENCE, now KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.—His present Majesty was united to her Majesty, Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia, eldest daughter of the late, and sister of the reigning Duke of Saxe Meiningen, the 11th of July, 1818, when the King was in his 53d year, and his consort in her 26th. The issue of this marriage was the Princess Charlotte Augusta, born and died the 27th of March, 1819, and the Princess Elizabeth Georgiana Adelando, born 10th of December, 1820, died on the 4th of March, in the following year. The Earl of Errol, the Hon. John Erskine Kennedy (second son of Earl Cassilis), Mr. Philip Sydney (the Member for Dye, and only son of Sir James Sydney, Bart.), and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Fox, of the 24th Regiment of Foot, stand in the relation of sons-in-law to his Majesty, having married the Misses Elizabeth, Augusta, Sophia, and Mary Fitzclarence, the King's daughters. Col. Fitzclarence, of the 7th Fusileers, married, in 1821, Lady Augusta Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Glasgow; and Col. George Fitzclarence is son-in-law to the Earl of Egremont. Capt. Adolphus Fitzclarence, R.N., and the Rev. Augustus Fitzclarence, Rector of Maple Durham, are unmarried.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 1. Vol. II.] CAPE TOWN: MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1832. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum*.

A FEW WORDS TO OUR FRIENDS.

This is the commencement of a New Year, and with it the introduction of our Volume the Second. We suppose, according to Editorial custom, we must say something, although it should be to remind our good-natured friends that we have already produced a series of the best possible *Literary Gazettes*, and to assure them, that we are on the very eve of producing a better. It is no unusual case that this prophesied amendment is all that the reader ever sees:—It is truly "a flourish of trumpets, and enter Tom Thumb." We can only say at a word, that we have lost none of our intellectual contributors, that we have gained several new ones,—and that having added very considerably to our readers, we are in the highest good humour imaginable, and therefore consider ourselves entitled to the good will of our subscribers in general. As we gave no pledge to our constituents in the first instance, neither do we offer any at the present time. We still continue as untrammelled as the winds; and, as we have not yielded to the miserable restrictions of any literary *coterie*, whether of church or state, civil or professional, it is scarcely too much to expect, that our labours will be received in good faith, as the result of an anxious desire to promote the welfare of the colony, in the spirit of independent criticism and free inquiry.

In conclusion, we may be fairly entitled, from a review of the past, to raise the shout of victory. When the present publication was undertaken, several friends smiled at what they were pleased to term our *credulity*, in supposing the colony *ripe* for a Literary Journal in the *English language*. Having made the experiment, and witnessed the favourable results, we apprehend we may be allowed to take some credit to ourselves in rightly estimating, by the exercise of a correct *second sight*, the growing intellect of this most interesting of the *British Colonies*.

Finally,—with the hearty old wish of "a happy New Year" to our friends in town and country—to our subscribers and correspondents—as well as every body else, we proceed to the business of 1832—but not till we have drank, in a bumper toast, (we hope no offence to the Temperance Society)—

—"England for ever! and the Land, Boys! we live in!"

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Whilst we congratulate our readers on another season of *plenty*, in the bountiful harvest which the kindness of Providence has again presented to the land, we may be expected so to do, as it regards another of our public interests—the *Wine Trade*—and the abandonment of certain proposed duties on the part of the government at home. We are sorry that we cannot conscientiously join with the majority in lauding this act, because, we humbly conceive, that instead of the amelioration of our wines, a bounty is offered for the continuance of those wretched qualities which has made the Cape a bye-word and a reproach among all nations. We certainly do think, that the advocates for free trade at the Cape, are scarcely consistent with their own principles, in crying out for those protecting duties which are at once at variance with the doctrines of the *free school*. Are they desirous to limit trade and industry, as formerly to Burgher Senates or Corporations? Do they wish it to be confined to chartered companies and monopolies? The truth is, this country cannot afford to be in arrear of any other colony in the progress of human improvement; it dare not stand still, whilst others are improving in science, in industry, in freedom, in every thing which contributes to increase the power of empires, and to multiply the means of comfort and enjoyment to civilized man. We have heard it argued—"how monstrous would be the injustice of giving encouragement to a man to vest his capital (as in the case of the wine grower,) in a given direction, and then imposing on him a heavy tax in the shape of duty." Ridiculous! The progress of society cannot stand still to foster this man in his bad habits. It may be often necessary in a moral, as well as in a physical point of view, to pluck out a right eye, to cut off a right arm. Besides, when a man enters upon commercial speculations he does so with his eyes open; he does so, fully aware of the truth of Dr. Johnson's sentiments, thus expressed—"Commerce, however we may please ourselves with the contrary opinion, is one of the daughters of *fortune*, inconstant and deceitful as her mother; she chooses her residence where she is least expected, and shifts her abode when her continuance is, in appearance, most firmly settled." Now, in cases of national or colonial suffering, deprivation of trade or commerce, or whatever other emergency may happen—the *mind* of man has been often *greatly* formed. Formed, renewed, and made vigorous under the pressure of conflicting difficulties. This quality is intimately associated with the history of our species. It is this quality of action, or rather decision, that has brought about the most wonderful changes on our globe. It levels hills, and raises up vallies. It built the Chinese wall, and the pyramids of Djezza. It stood unconquerable at the matchless fight of Albuera, and triumphed in the formation of roads over the mountain passes of the Cape of Good Hope.

When the news of the government intention to raise the character of our Wines, first reached the Cape, we shall never forget the sudden fit of despondency which seemed to affect all ranks. *Ruin-a-tion* was the pass-word of the day. Of this philosophy we have something like a sample in the Silk Trade at home. All that was thought necessary on the part of the advocates of prohibition, was to assume, as incontrovertible, that the silk manufacture of the country would necessarily be ruined, root and branch, by the then pending change in the law. Here was the *theory* of practical men, merchants as well as others. That theory once admitted, the inferences were not difficult to draw. Those instances were stated as so many undeniable facts; the total of a capital

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amounting to many millions sterling; five hundred thousand industrious people, women and children, deprived of all means of subsistence, and we know not how many other horrible consequences. But in spite of all this, the Parliament wisely resolved to abide the consequences; and the result of a free competition was, that our manufacturers set to work in down-right earnest; became fearless of the rivalry of France, undersold *Monsieur* even in his own market, competed with the *Hindoo* in his Bandana articles, and now weaves silk handkerchiefs in England, for the purpose of being sent out to the Indian market!

Again, let us look to the undaunted spirit of the Americans. For a series of years they found an ample supply of whale fish on their own shores. But the whale thought fit to abandon them without the least intimation of his cruel design. Thousands had embarked their all in the trade! What was to be done? did they sit down in despair, and implore, and petition, and cry? No:—the Americans entered the field of exertion with redoubled ardour—they carried their fisheries into northern and southern oceans. Their enterprise at this day is beyond precedent. It commenced in the days of Burke, who, in his famous speech on American affairs in 1774, adverted to it as follows:

"As to their wealth," said he, "which the colonists have drawn from their sea by their fisheries, you had all that quarter open at your bar. You surely thought these acquisitions of value, for they seemed to excite your envy, and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised esteem and admiration. And pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the New England people carry on the Whale fishery. While we follow them among the trembling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's and Davis's Straits; while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold; that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and too romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place for their victorious industry. Nor is equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both poles. We learn that while some of them draw the line, or strike the harpoon on the Coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the Coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed with their fisheries. No climate that is not witness of their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people; a people who are still in the gristle, and not hardened into manhood."

And this brings us to a single glance at our shipping interests. We dislike to dwell on the dark side of any question; but the vessel has sprung a leak, and the source of the evil must be probed. We hear a vast deal about colonial distress, and taxation, and stagnation of trade. The latter may be true; indeed it cannot be otherwise—every man keeps a shop—almost every second house in CapeTown is a Winkel; it is so in the country. We want consumers; we require an adequate population; the country is impoverished and *kept down*, and *particular interests promoted*, rather than the full tide of *emigration* should flow to our aid. This is a vital question, and they would deserve well of the colony who might direct their attention to it—draw up a plan, and submit it to a general public meeting

But our shipping. Aye, the shipping. What on earth has caused the desertion of ships from the bay, and made us to lose *cast*, as it were, with all the world? Is it the great expenses of our harbour-dues, or the heavy charges of the Cape Town agents? In no country in the world is there purer water, with ampler supplies of meat, poultry, and vegetables; and as for the plague, there is no fear of it in this climate of famed salubrity. But we must put a *home* question, and we address the *council of five*, who sit in monthly divan on commercial affairs, and in doing so, we trust we do not interfere with the *private interests* of any *select class*.

Gentlemen! pardon the enquiry, but in the course of all your discussions on Customs, Duties, Taxes, Warehousing, Break-waters, Steam Vessels, High Salaries, Legislative Assemblies, Wines, Brandies, Ball Rooms, and Masonic Lodges, did it never occur to you that a FREE PORT would be worth asking for; and would, if obtained, introduce a cluster of advantages to the colony; that it would revive trade, stimulate industry, multiply the means of enjoyment, enlarge the sphere of happiness, procure a return of business to the custom-house, and replenish the empty Treasury Chest? We humbly think that a *Free Port*— the liberation of trade from shackles and impediments, would do all this—and much more.

THINGS THAT WERE;
OR,
GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

"Because it had no root, it withered away."
Bible.

[We have given insertion to the following *Bagatelle*, because we believe the writer to be a sincere friend to the *true* interests of *voluntary associations*. He has, however, enumerated a list of fallen institutions according to his own peculiar method—without, perhaps, tracing the evil to its original source. A correct history of the Rise and Fall of the various societies which have existed in the colony, would, we think, prove interesting, and serve as a beacon to such as do prosperously exist, or remain in a tottering condition. It would at the same time, we suspect, argue very little for the *consistency* of human conduct, much less for the boasted dignity of human nature. The writer of such a work would, we think, have to pourtray much of the pride, vanity, and fickleness of his species, and perhaps arrive at the conclusion, that the prosperity of any society depended solely on the zeal and decision of character on the part of its committee of management. Let us just glance at a *returned*, but *unfit* member of a new society. One day, the duty of his new office is begun, and under the burning eye of a new and strong apprehension, carried on vigorously, to the bond of its allotted season. On the second, the same is done with a small abatement of spirit. An interruption occurs on the third, which is accounted necessary, and the man is not displeased. The fourth brings the recurring duty; but as the conviction is now rather remembered than felt, there is a corresponding want of ardour; and it is decided that a determined hour, or allotment of time is inconvenient; the mind revolts at restraint, and would rather measure the season by its own zeal; and so the duty to justify the decision, is this day lengthened. Next day it is greatly abridged. On the next, there is a settled indifference, and eventually, a final abandonment of public duty. Thus do the unsteady mock themselves. Their lives are marked at little intervals, by short courses of good; which, had they been put together in continuity, might have carried them forward, till the habit had been confirmed of progressive strength; but broken off at first, at short stages, there is no onward way,—no accession of moral strength,—nothing remaining but the characteristics of a weak mind, or rather the very weakness itself. But we proceed to the details of "*Great Cry and little Wool.*"]

1.

To waft our Wines from "Indus to the Pole,"
And *make* the Nation's drink our *generous* grape;
To win our way to Fortune's happy goal,
And from life's studded varied ills to 'scape,—
Amalgamate—*A Wine Committee.*

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2.
To outvie India's silks of Tyrian dye,
And turn the tide of wealth into our bay;
To gain a deathless name and destiny—
Certes, the prize is ours—without delay,
Web together—*A Silk Committee.*

3.
To improve the breed of cucumber and pumpkin,
As well the *hearts* of cabbage, white and red,
In spite of jibe or jeer of Tony Lumpkin,
Or whatever else is sung or said,—
Plant—*An Horticultural Society.*

4.
To pour a flood of light into the dark'ned mind,
And bless the Gentiles with the rays of Heav'n,
To cheer men's sons--of every hue and kind,
By the best book—in kindest Mercy giv'n,—
Unite in bonds of love—*A Bible Society.*

5.
To speed our way o'er "cloud capped" mountain roads,
And twang our horn 'mid nature's still retreats,
To welcome friends afar, in distant lone abodes,
And feel the pulse of Commerce—how it beats!—
Put-to—*A Mail Coach Committee.*

6.
To make dull Afric' venerate our ways,
In ploughing, sowing, treading out the mow;
To cause each year,—associate-farm displays,
And every now and then a cattle show,—
Odd's, Zur—*An Agricultural Society.*

7.
Now for the staple export of our land,
Wool! Wool's a very profit-*able* thing;
And this should ever be our constant loud demand—
How much *per shent* will the spec'lation bring?
Bah! bah!—*A Merino Society.*

8.
To bring our wives and daughters oft together,
And cherish all "sweet love and harmony;"
And find in every man *a friend and brother!*
Whether from Dutch-land, France, or *Jarminy,*—
Take a share, sir, in—*The African Club House.*

9.
To chase away the glamour of the night,
And *blaze* like *St. George's* elegant ar-*ray;*
To make the pitchy darkness heavenly bright,
And with an effulgence walk in light of day—
Light up! light up!—*A Lamp-lighting Society.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. This society started into public life some time in 1826 or 1827. It promised to do wonders. It expired most suddenly in 1830. It appeared necessary to hold a coroner's inquest on the body of the deceased; when, after the examination of several impartial witnesses, it was determined that the case was one of confirmed Epilepsy. The deceased had long laboured under constitutional weakness. A suspension of the muscles of voluntary motion becoming every day more apparent, the patient, it appears, fell at length into a state of morbid insensibility, and expired without a struggle.

No. 2. There was a grand public meeting on this subject in 1828,—when silk-worms, cocoons, and mulberry-leaves, were the leading articles of Cape conversation.

No. 3. This society enjoyed a gentlemanly existence in 1828 and 1829. The secretaries, we remember, wore long swords and *cockit* hats.

No. 4. The Cape Bible Society was greatly in *fashion* in 1824 and 1825, and figured away in the columns of the *Government Gazette.* All the *constituted authorities,* especially the clergy, thought it, at that time of day, a most excellent institution. In 1829, 1830, and 1831, an individual could not procure for a destitute part of the colony, half-a-dozen copies of the Scriptures in the *English language,* for love or money, whilst cart-loads of Bibles, in a foreign language, are continually arriving at the Cape from a foreign country. What! in a colony like this, where the comers and goers are so numerous, and when the annual income of the British and Foreign Bible Society is about £100,000, shall the Cape be without a depot for the circulation of the Scriptures? What! the Bible and School Commission of the Cape lending out money at interest! O fye, for shame! The money-lending system, as especially connected with churches, schools, or commissions, has been long the curse of this colony. It has introduced a cold, worldly, secular sinister policy into the very temple of God, and it has begot a race of money-changers—devotees to the mammon of lucre, who in the shape, very frequently, of church officers, or secretaries to societies, are the bane of religion, and a hindrance to the success of benevolent institutions. At this moment, it is understood that many of the colonial schools are perfectly destitute of supplies of the Scriptures, as well as uniform editions of elementary works in our language. The great *usefulness* of Bible Societies, in a worldly point of view, is too often overlooked. They promote early instruction by supplying prize-books and cheap reading; they facilitate the acquisition of our language, by providing for the public wants a familiar text-book; they hand round to all the families of mankind the earliest records of the human race; they accustom the benevolent to associate for common purposes; they prepare for mutual tolerance, and they found and maintain printing presses all over the world.

No. 5. This was an extremely well-intentioned affair, and failed for want of good management. There was too much of splash and dash at the first onset. A well-built post-wagon, instead of a light jaunting coach, would doubtless have succeeded. However, as it is, the following is placed to our *credit*—"They have succeeded at the Cape with the mail coach, and the gas-lights!"—*Croly.*

No. 6. This society, like water on a duck's back, has been *on* and *off* for a series of years. At present, we believe, it enjoys a good sound sleep.

No. 7. This society was established many, many years ago, and a book was published on the subject. It was never *intended* to succeed. Sheep's-tail-fat carried the day against the wool-pack.

No. 8. Sold off the other day, 'cause it didn't bring in 10 per cent. clear profit!

No. 9. A most public spirited beginning—and failed for the want of a lamp-lighting genius at the Cape. The man who had the mechanical direction of the affair, and who pretended to a knowledge of the art, deserved a sound ducking through a horse-pond The success of the first attempt in St. George's-street, would have *fired* the whole town, and dispelled the gloomy darkness of a Cape Town winter's night.

CALLS FOR PAYMENT;

OR,

EXCUSES MADE EASY.

For the advantage of all sorts and conditions of men.

PART I.

1st Call.

What! you've brought my account, have you? Well, I shall look it over and ascertain as to its correctness.

2d Call.

I have had no time to look over the account, call again another day.

3d Call.

I am extremely busy just now—you must look in the next time you are passing this way.

4th Call.

I have unfortunately mislaid or lost the account, favour me with another copy, eh?

5th Call.

(Servant.)—Master's gone to the country.

6th Call.

(Servant.)—My master is sick.

7th Call.

(Servant.)—My master has got *plenty company.*

8th Call.

(Servant.)—You have called too soon. Master don't transact business till 11 o'clock.

9th Call.

(Servant.)—You've called too late; master never pays money after 4 o'clock.

10th Call.

O lieve tyd! This account not yet settled! bring change for Rds. 500, and receipt the bill.

11th Call.

On looking over the account, I find a considerable error. The third article, Rds. 14, I never had,—my good lady says we have never had such a thing in the house.

12th Call.

This is post day—pray call to-morrow.

13th Call.

I am just going to the Meeting for *Reform,*—really it is quite a bore to be troubled with such a trifling affair. I shall call myself and pay it. I have things of importance to attend to at this moment.

14th Call.

I find there's an account between Mr.——, and myself. We shall settle it together.

15th Call.

None of your impertinence, Sir,—I shall not pay *you,* depend upon it.

16th Call.

What!—a Dun at last!—Well, it is a most rascally affair— perfect cheating. Charges monstrous—things twice entered.—Do you suppose I'll ever deal with——any more? No, never. Nor my friends if I can help it. There—take the money and give a receipt in full.

PART II.

Calls for Payment; or, Excuses made easy in reference to Subscriptions for periodical Publications, or public Charities, &c.

1st Call.

The subscription can't be out—I only subscribed the other day.

2d Call.

Why, dear me, I must have paid this subscription—I can produce the receipt, and will examine my papers for it.

3d Call.

Why, I find I never subscribed at all. Who put my name down? It must be a hoax.

4th Call.

I am paying to every thing—really it takes a little fortune to live in Cape Town. No, no, can't stand this any longer.

5th Call.

A receipt, for what? Why, I never saw the publication—I may have had two or three numbers—that's all.

6th Call.

Why, I took my name out of the list a long time since.—Don't belong to the society.

7th Call.

Subscription, indeed! Why, I disapproved of the thing at its first commencement. Ridiculous articles! The Editor should be changed. Don't approve of his spirit. Can't-a-bear *satyr.* Besides, he interfered with our office.

8th Call.

My name down in my own writing! Well,

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what of that? I merely put down my name to set it a-going—out of pure *perliteness*.

9th Call.

There, take your money, and scratch my name out of your list.

THE REMINISCENT.—No. II.

(By HERMES.)

STAGE COACH CRITICS.

I remember being one of a party of a *six inside* coach, which plied between the Cross Keys, Gracechurch-street, and Dulwich in Kent. With the exception of myself the company were all apparently citizens on their way out to their *suburban villas,—high-way-side retreats*, and were doubtless indebted to roast-beef and plum-pudding for their portly shapes, which wedged us well to our seats. English like, we were taciturn to a man, nor was the dumb and ofttimes nodding silence broken, until we came in sight of a large tract of *common*, undergoing the act of enclosure. At some distance, a new house was discovered of handsome appearance, but in a bleak situation. The business of criticism now commenced.

1st. Traveller. How provoking to find men spending their money in building in such a horrible situation.

2nd Traveller. More money than wit, Sir.

3d Traveller. I don't know *that*. I understand the owner is only an old ship's carpenter.

4th Traveller. Yes, but I hear he has feathered his nest pretty well.

1st. Traveller. Be that as it may, I have no patience to see such an instance of bad taste and folly. The front view commands a northern aspect Is'nt that enough to call for a statute of lunacy?

Reminiscent. But surely, gentlemen, the owner has a right to exercise his own judgment? and—

Omnes. No—no—not at all.

1st Traveller. Look at the fences—all from old casks and ship timber.

After many more severe remarks from the company, the coach made a full stop at the gate of the new mansion, and the coachman opened the door and let down the steps. A kindly-looking individual who had sat very quietly in a corner of the stage, and had taken no part in the discussion, now left his seat and was handed out by the coachman. Preparatory to his departure, he thus addressed us passengers.—Gentlemen! I am the owner of this Estate, I regret exceedingly that its situation, and my taste, meets with your disapprobation. Still, your condemnation only extends to the *outside* of my house. I flatter myself it possesses a few comforts *within*, and should you feel inclined, gentlemen, at any time to ascertain this fact for yourselves, no one will feel happier than myself to offer you a welcome reception. And I can conscientiously do this, for believe me, my property is the produce of my own industry,—all honestly come by,—not a penny of dirty money. Here is my card—gentlemen, good bye to ye—a good journey and safe return." It is needless to observe, that we were all speechless.

THE ALGERINES AND THE BELGERINES.

SOME time in the month of September, as long ago as 1831, I met a *ci-devant English* officer (I heartily wish he had been of any other country,) and asked him the news of the day. "Why" said he, with great *sang froid*, "the news is very remarkable—Prince Leopold is to be king of the *Algerines*. French policy, no doubt, to keep a footing in Africa."—The next day I was accosted by my friend, who said he was anxious to correct an error of yesterday. "Prince Leopold," said he, "is not to be king of the *Algerines*, but he is for certain, to be king of the *Belgerines*."

WM. PITT, THE DOG-TAX, AND DR. DUNCAN.

IN spite of all the efforts of our worthy Police to put down the growth of dogs, I am often disturbed by their howlings at night. During these midnight interruptions my inventive powers are often in lively exercise, and I have generally come to a conclusion, that a dog-tax would be a good thing. Pitt took his notion of a dog-tax from a small dissenting minister of the name of Duncan. He was a plain good man, and so much of the patriot, that he was always devising ways and means for the good of the state. In company with the late *Col. Patterson* I once met with Duncan, who came to offer hints on the subject of the public roads in Dorsetshire. He was then Dr. Duncan. And his *degree* happened in this way. Pitt wrote to thank his correspondent for his suggestions on the dog-tax, and desired him to name any moderate request which might be in the minister's power to comply with. Duncan simply hinted to the premier in reply, that *Divinatatis Doctor* was no bad handle to a man's name. Pitt laid out two or three pounds for the title at a Scottish University, and with the diploma, forwarded at the same time a *brass plate* for the doctor's door. But some of the ill-behaved inhabitants of the village interpreted the D. D. in their own way. Duncan being a short thick man, they determined that the D. D. meant *Daddy Dumps*. If I mistake not, Dr. Duncan became in after life Lord Duncan, in his own right.

THE HON. R. B. SHERIDAN AND THE KING'S TAILOR.

I WAS invited by the late R. B. Sheridan in 182—, to accompany him to Southampton. We travelled post, and Sheridan amused himself on the journey with reading Southey's rhodomontade poem the *Kurse of Kehema*. It was a quarto edition, and he inserted in the book many extremely witty marginal notes. On our arrival, we became the guests of the Ogles, and the next day enjoyed a very pleasant *pic-nic* at Netley Abbey. Among the company were Mrs. Orby Hunter, Mrs. Nat Ogle! the Hon'ble Mrs. Wallop, Mr. Atherley, Dr. Middleton, Rev. Mr. Knight, Peter Moore, and several juvenile young ladies and gentlemen. In the course of our wanderings among the ruins, we came in contact with a group of females who had just alighted from a splendid carriage and four. Sheridan recognized the elder of the party to be Mrs. B—z—l—tte, the lady of the King's Tailor * in London, who was then passing the summer at a splendid residence in the suburbs of Southampton. Sheridan had but recently performed a notable transaction with the tailor on behalf of the Prince Regent. He had induced him to strike off *ten thousand pounds* from his general account with one stroke of his pen, as a necessary preliminary to a final settlement. Mrs. B. was a kind-hearted little woman, and greatly attached to her children. She was the daughter of S——, a German tailor in London, and was not unacquainted with the nature of business. "Ah, Mr. Sheridan," she said, "how d'ye do? I should not have expected to meet you here! Dear me, how you have *cut* down my husband's income. To lose ten thousand pounds all at once, is really too bad—a sad *renu-meration*, sir, for *public services*."

THE FONDNESS OF THE UNLETTERED FOR HEBREW AND LATIN.

IT is curious enough how fond ignorant persons are of hearing and talking about what they do not understand. I was acquainted, some years ago, with the Rev. Mr. L——, a minister of present eminence among the Independent Dissenters. When a young man, he was placed over a very small congregation in a country village. He possessed great powers of eloquence—still the meeting-house did not fill. The people were extremely ignorant and bigotted—and vowed they would *stick to mother church till they died*. The young minister hit upon an expedient which brought together the whole country, and eventually established the fame of the *meeting*. He gave notice by the *bell-man*, (country folks could not read *hand-bills* in those days,) that on the following Sunday he would repeat the Lord's Prayer in Hebrew! The place was crowded to excess, and the people went away well satisfied that the minister was a *larnt* man.

How is it," said farmer Gubbins, of Botley, in Hampshire, to the excellent young curate of the church on Monday morning, "that you don't give us a bit of Latin now and then in your *sarmons?*" "With pleasure," said the curate, "I would do so, provided I thought it would edify and be agreeable to my parishioners." "*Sartenly, sartenly*," replied the farmer, "we pays for the best, and ought to have the best."

In the by-gone days of pedantry, Latin and Greek formed no inconsiderable part of the pulpit discourses. Because the great and truly learned Pocock adopted the plain and more useful manner of preaching, a miserable village in Berkshire (Childrey), formally complained against him that he was no *Latiner*.

* A Corsican by birth, but who was always called "The Frenchman."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CASE OF THE MERCHANTS' CLERKS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—A short time since I was visiting the neighbourhood of Wynberg, and after church on Sunday, had hoped to enjoy my book amid the calm retreat of the woods, Conceive, Sir, my astonishment, when in the course of my studies, and on a day set apart for the special purpose of *religion*, to hear the wood-land echo of tumultuous merry-making—the ho hoop! the hurrah! the loud holloa! and every other demonstration of jollity and revel. On a nearer approach, I discovered a large number of our white natives of a remarkably genteel appearance, in all the hey-dey of prank and amusement. One fine looking youth came near enough to be questioned as to the objects of the meeting, and of what country and class. "Sir," said he, "we are *Merchants' Clerks*; who, fully occupied during the week in the business of our employers, have come to the resolution of meeting together in these woods on Sunday, because we have no time during the week days." Now, Mr Editor, I have much respect for the Merchants' Clerks of the Cape, and think, taking them altogether, they form a respectable, good looking, and well-behaved body of young men. It is no part of my intention to wage war with my young friends, especially as I know they are great *dabs* at the pen, and could

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flourish their *arms* over my head with all the *dash* imaginable; but still I think their Sunday's revels extremely unbecoming, and suggest that the colonial Chaplains or the Missionaries, should visit the spots where they are held, and endeavour to convert the young men to christianity. Should this appear impracticable from the probability that the gentlemen in holy orders are busily employed in attending to the coloured heathen population, I beg leave to suggest that an Ordinance be prepared forthwith, obliging the Merchant to give Saturday as a day of *uitspan* to his clerk, so that he may be able to attend church on the morrow. This is not an unreasonable hint,—look at the attention paid to the Slave-labour of the colony,—and more especially in the West Indies, where the Saturday is given for recreation. I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

A WELL-WISHER TO EVERYBODY.

THE WINE MERCHANTS *versus* THE WINE FARMERS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—It has been a matter of much surprise to many, that notwithstanding the distress of the Wine Trade, and the present ruin it carries with it to all classes of the colony, so little appears to be really understood of its causes; although, unfortunately, its effects begin to be felt so severely.

The Wine farmer, who would seem materially interested in the investigation, will tell you when asked, that the low price of the Wine is to be attributed principally to the cupidity of the Merchant,—that there is no use for him to improve his Wines, the same price being paid for bad as for good Wine, and that a much greater quantity is produced than necessary; indeed, a memorial was intended to be drawn up, and for all I know, may have been presented to his Excellency, praying an Ordinance prohibiting the planting of more Vines. The farmer having brought his mind to this conclusion, begins to abuse the Wine Merchant, erects a Depot, entering into competition with the former purchaser of his produce, and forestals his market; the greatest evil is, however, his ignorance of the different markets he attempts to serve, fixing a stigma, by its unsuitableness, that years will not remove, and thus grasping at the profits of the Merchant, like the foolish Boy with the Goose and Golden Eggs, he not only labours in vain, but materially cripples the means of his former customers. The merchant, on his part, who has embarked his capital in the trade, views with alarm the slippery foundation upon which it is based, with regard to the duties in England, preventing men with the means from entering upon a speculation so hazardous, depending at present upon the breath of the ministry. The Wine itself, instead of improving in quality, is notoriously retrogading; in fact, a Merchant asserted a few days back, that he had rejected several Farmer's Wines this year from their inferior qualities, a measure he never before had recourse to. These causes, coupled with the constant complaints of the Wine Farmer, and the little trust that can be reposed in him, renders the trade so unpleasant and unsatisfactory, that many Merchants have been induced within the last year either to withdraw entirely, or otherwise considerably reduce their former speculations and trade in this commodity. Thus, the Wine Farmer is hung up with his goods, and reduced to the very verge of ruin; the Merchant flies with the wreck of his capital, if any, to some other business; and the Shop-keeper, who formerly looked upon the Wine season as his harvest, laments the badness of the times, and the general Merchant or Commission Agent must sacrifice his own property, or that of his constituents, to make sales or returns, and the public functionary will soon complain, still more loudly than formerly, at the delay in the payment of his salary; for the revenue, it is obvious, cannot be collected, and must considerably fall short of the present government expenditure. Having thus presented you with my gleanings of the ordinary feelings and statements of the Farmer and Merchant, I proceed to give you the opinion of a very respectable Merchant in Cape Town, differing materially, in many points, from the above:—At the time the demand was considerable in England, Cape Wine was found an advantageous remittance; the want of knowledge, however, in the purchaser, with his desire to obtain the cheapest article, gave great latitude to the Merchant, and threw into the market a prodigious quantity of trash, which, although meeting a sale, produced an impression of the general bad quality of our produce, which years will hardly overcome; add to this, that every one who could muster a few rix-dollars invested it in Wine, reversing the adage—that all trades required an apprenticeship, but more especially in matters of taste—the quantity, also, excepting this last year, had been so small in comparison with the demand, that the Merchant had no opportunity of rejecting the bad and inferior Wines—he began by picking his qualities, but eventually was obliged to fill his vats or casks with the inferior descriptions. The Farmer with bad Wine, had only to hold back, and give a little extra credit, to obtain the price of the very best Wines in the market, and thus all encouragement was apparently withheld; and hence the complaint of the Farmer. It may here be observed, and at first sight would be allowed, perhaps, that in case the quantity had been so small, the price must, consequently, have risen—in answer, however, we must look to the article as coming into consumption merely from its cheapness—above a certain price it becomes quite unsaleable; neither can the quality generally shipped enter into competition with middling Sherries or Madeiras. It is true, that some Cape Wines have been preferred to the foreign Wines above mentioned, and we hear of Wines occasionally seized by the Customs in England; this certainly shews what care and attention *might* do, but it does not alter the common quality and character of the Wine;—another reason for the uniform price of bad and good Wines may be traced to the present method of sale; each Farmer has what is called his "*vaste klandisie*," or certain purchasers to whom he brings his Wine for the highest price, to be determined afterwards; thus it happens that however great the demand for his Wine, there is no competition to produce a corresponding ratio in the price, and the Merchants are all necessarily leagued to make the highest price, (as it is termed), as low as possible. The recommendation of the Wine Committee, had it been followed, would have certainly obviated this last evil; having, as it would appear by their advertisements, procured the sanction of the commercial body to open the room every Wednesday and Thursday, between 12 and 2, for the sale and exhibition of the Farmer's Wine; prejudice and private interest were, however, too strong to carry so salutary a measure, and it perished like most other suggestions that have had the

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improvement of the Farmer or his produce for their object; it has been proposed as an alleviation to the Farmer, to allow him to ride his Wines up at all times of the year, and it certainly appears a hard case that he may not do as he will with his own, and bring his produce to market the same as hides, fat, corn, or other merchandise; this was conceded to him about 1813, but soon resumed, and under circumstances, I believe, somewhat similar — the Farmers having large stocks of old Wines on hand. In all other Wine countries, however, the Farmer is restricted even from gathering his grapes prior to notice having been given to the government surveyor, who first inspects them, and without whose permission he is not allowed to commence his vintage, and it strikes me very forcibly, that perhaps such an addition to our present regulations might be very salutary;— it is perfectly unnecessary at the same time to add, that this trade should be relieved of the heavy taxes placed upon it, amounting in one demand even to 17 per cent. on the raw article as it enters the Cape Town barrier; a measure, in fact, so obviously prejudicial, as to induce the *home government to recommend its abolition as soon as some taxable substitute can be found.* It has been asked very sillily, but not without some plausibility, what business have you to relieve the Wine trade at the expense of other produce? The answer would, however, be clear by putting another question—shew me any other raw material of the colony so taxed, and a reason for thus unjustly and disproportionably loading the Wine Farmer. I have also heard a desire amongst the Wine Merchants to obtain a reduction in the price of their licence, upon the plea that on the present free trade system they have no business to pay more than a buyer of rice or sugar. *(I wonder what the Temperance Society would say to this!)* It would be a pity, however, to see so legitimate a source of revenue, in the present dearth of untaxed articles in this colony, abolished; a measure which tends, indeed, to the respectability of the trade, and acts as a salutary check in many instances to the increase of petty dealers. If the trade will not pay the licence or tax, at present or in perspective, the Merchant had better relinquish so bad a speculation entirely, and it is so material to prevent experimentalists from dabbling, and to keep the dealers in this staple branch of our commerce as select as possible, that of the two it might be a question, whether an increase, even to the present high licence, would not be preferable to a reduction.

Allow me to conclude, Sir, by expressing a hope that out of the abundance of Wine, and diminished demand, the inferior and low priced may now be consigned to the still, leaving only the prime qualities as Wine; let us hope that through this our trade may, in time, be retrieved under more permanent auspices, and instead of *imitating* other Wines, we may produce a *character of our own;* let us hail the dawn of fresh enterprise in the colony in the erection of steam engines and stills. We must, indeed, look to distillation as our sheet anchor in the Wine trade, and which, under the protection and fostering hand of our present Governor, may not only produce a superior spirit for our Wines, but eventually form a large export, and no despicable rival to French Brandies.

A SUBSCRIBER.

PHILANTHROPIC PROPOSAL.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Most men I imagine wish well to the colony, and many are the schemes afloat for amelioration. You gave us in your miscellany some time since, certain undenial proofs of the growth of luxury among us in the enumeration of its varied articles. Now, in my humble opinion, these things are an evil, especially under the present depression of trade. If we be really patriotic, as most of us profess to be, let us start a society pledging ourselves to drink no foreign wines or liquors; in short, in eatables and drinkables, to use none but such as are the production of the colony. This would, I apprehend, work a complete reform, and add much to colonial prosperity.

A COLONIST.

LITERATURE.

CROCKER's EDITION OF BOSWELL.

The Life of Samuel Johnson; by Jas. Boswell. A new Edition, with numerous Additions and Notes. By J. W. Crocker, LL.D. F.R.S. 5 vols. 8vo.

A work already entertaining, instructive, and useful to mankind, Mr. Crocker has made much more so, by his industry and research; and by his tact of annotation, he has saved it from the chances of decay, and from the dangers of misinterpretation. In its present shape, Boswell's Life may be considered as one of the most complete and interesting publications in our language. Without further remark, we shall close this notice with one or two extracts from the work itself.

It is well known that Johnson sometimes indulged his personal prejudices in the definitions which he gave to words in his Dictionary. Thus "pension," he defined, (before he received one himself however,) "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling, for treason to his country." His hatred of the Scotch breaks out in his definition of "oats,"—"a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." Some family circumstances, which Mr. Croker has traced with his wonted perseverance, and from which it appears that Johnson's father, who had been a tanner at Lichfield, had been treated or threatened with severity by the Excise authorities, were manifestly in the great Lexicographer's mind, when he explained the word "Excise," as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but *wretches* hired by those to whom excise is paid." Boswell relates, that the Excise Commissioners being greatly offended by this severe reflection, consulted the then Attorney-General, Mr. Murray, (afterwards Lord Mansfield,) upon the propriety of prosecuting its author, and though he correctly states the purport of the opinion given by that eminent lawyer, he expresses his disappointment that, "the secrecy of office" did not permit him to obtain a copy of it. Mr. Croker has been enabled to supply this defect, through the kindness of Sir F. H. Doyle, now Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Excise, who gave him a copy both of the case and opinion, which we insert as a remarkable literary curiosity.

'"Case for the opinion of Mr. Attorney General.

'"Mr. Samuel Johnson has lately published a book entitled '*A Dictionary of the English language, in which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different signification by examples from the best writers. To which are prefixed, a History of the Language and an English Grammar.*'

'"Under this title, EXCISE, are the following words:

'"'EXCISE, *n. s.* (Accys, Dutch; Excisum, Latin.) A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of

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property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

'"' *The people should pay a ratable tax for their shoes, and an excise for every thing which they should eat.*—HAYWARD.

'"' *Ambitious now to take excise*
Of a more fragrant paradise.—CLEAVELAND.

'"' *Excise.....*
With hundred rows of teeth, the shark exceeds,
And on all trades, like cassawar, she feeds.—
MARVEL.

'"' *Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor, by farmed excise.*—DRYDEN'S *Juvenal, Sat.* 3d.'

'"The author's definition being observed by the Commissioners of Excise, they desire the favour of your opinion.

'"*Qu.* Whether it will not be considered as a libel, and if so, whether it is not proper to proceed against the author, printers, and publishers thereof, or any and which of them by information, or how otherwise?"

'"I am of opinion that it is a libel. But under all the circumstances, I should think it better to give him an opportunity of altering his definition; and, in case he do not, to threaten with information.

'"29th Nov. 1755.

'"W. MURRAY."'
—vol. i. p. 281.

GROTIUS.

In the course of some recent rambles among the mountains of the colony, we sojourned at a farm-house, and discovered the Family Library to consist of two Bibles and three Psalm Books in *Dutch*, and, to our surprise and welcome, the Life of Grotius, in *English*, by Charles Butler, Esq.

Hugo Grotius, if his memory deserve not exactly all the distinction which Bayle has assigned to him, 'l'un des plus grans hommes de l'Europe,' was, at least, one of the most remarkable, wisest, and most virtuous characters of his age. If he had been merely the author of the treatise, 'De Jure Belli et Pacis,' he would be entitled to the lasting respect of mankind, as the founder of the doctrine of natural and international jurisprudence, and, through it, in some measure, of the modern sciences of moral philosophy and political economy. His treatise is no longer, perhaps, an authority in the study of the law of nature and nations, for it has been, itself, superseded by the more correct development of the principles which it first suggested. But it must ever remain a monument of prodigious erudition, as well as of benevolent argument. Mr. Butler has not, we think, discriminated its enduring merits, by his citation of Sir James Macintosh, quite so happily, nor so briefly, as he might have done from the estimate of another philosophical critic. "Even now, when so different a taste prevails," says Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his first dissertation, "the treatise, De Jure Belli et Pacis, possesses many charms to a classical reader; who, although he may not always set a very high value on the author's reasonings, must, at least, be dazzled and delighted with the splendid profusion of his learning." But the theological writings of Grotius, and especially his book, 'De Veritate Religionis Christianæ,' have procured for him, by the universal assent of all orders of Christians, a well-merited celebrity, of rather a different kind from that promoted by his political works; and the share which he was led to suffer in the religious quarrel between the Arminians and Calvinists of the United Provinces, identifies his fortunes with all the history of that famous controversy. His fame for political wisdom, is mingled with the great diplomatic transactions of Europe, during his times; and, lastly, in his career merely as a distinguished writer, his life affords a highly interesting piece of library biography.

Hugo *de Groot*—for it is to this barbarous Dutch cognomen that we must refer his celebrated latinized appellation of Grotius—was born at Delft, in the year 1582, of a family of distinguished rank and hereditary talents. All his biographers agree that he discovered, from his earliest years, astonishing indications of the genius, of which so illustrious a reputation has descended to our times. He devoted himself to the law, and pleaded his first cause with signal honour, before he was seventeen years old! His brilliant success procured him considerable promotion; and before he was twenty-four years of age, he was chosen advocate-general for Holland and Zealand, and some years afterwards pensionary of Rotterdam, a high station in the republican constitution, which was followed by the attainment of a seat in the States General. During this prosecution of his fortunes, he married Mary Reygersburgh, of an illustrious house in Zealand; and the union proved one of much happiness.

Thus far his political career had been most prosperous; and his ambition of literary fame had been already gratified, by the publication of several of his earlier works, which, though now not in so much esteem as his later productions, were, at the time, universally admired, and circulated the renown of their author throughout Europe. But a period of reverses was at hand. Some accidents of his education, and the natural temper of his mind, had made him favourable to the Aminian doctrines in theology; and he was intimately connected with the Grand-Pensionary, Barneveldt, the leader of the party in the United Provinces which professed these opinions. On the well-known triumph of the opposite party, which produced the iniquitous execution of Barneveldt, Grotius was involved in the fate of the Grand-Pensionary, and sentenced in 1619, with an equally flagrant disregard of justice, to imprisonment for life. The story of his escape from his captivity, in the spring of 1621, through the agency of his exemplary wife, has been often related, and may be familiar to most readers; but Mr. Butler has invested the particulars with so much animation and interest, that we are tempted to repeat his narrative:

'At first, his confinement was very rigid: by degrees it was relaxed: his wife was allowed to leave the prison for a few hours, twice in every week. He was permitted to borrow books, and to correspond, except on politics, with his friends,

'He beguiled the tedious hours of confinement by study, relieving his mind by varying its objects. Ancient and modern literature equally engaged his attention: Sundays he wholly dedicated to prayer, and the study of theology.

'Twenty months of imprisonment thus passed away. His wife now began to devise projects for his liberty. She had observed, that he was not so strictly watched as at first; that the guards, who examined the chest used for the conveyance of his books and linen, being accustomed to see nothing in it but books and linen, began to examine them loosely: at length, they permitted the chest to pass without any examination. Upon this, she formed her project for her husband's release.

'She began to carry it into execution, by cultivating an intimacy with the wife of the commandant of Gorcum. To her, she lamented Grotius's immoderate application to study; she informed her, that it had made him seriously ill; and that, in consequence of his illness, she had resolved to take all his books from him, and restore them to their owners. She circulated every where the account of his illness, and finally declared that it had confined him to his bed.

'In the meantime, the chest was accommodated to her purpose; and particularly, some holes were bored in it, to let in air. Her maid, and the valet of Grotius, where entrusted with the secret. The chest was conveyed to Grotius's apartment. She then revealed her project to him, and, after much entreaty, prevailed on him to get into the chest, and leave her in the prison.

'The books, which Grotius borrowed, were usually sent to Gorcum; and the chest, which contained them, passed in a boat, from the prison, at Louvestein, to that town.

'Big with the fate of Grotius, the chest, as soon as he was enclosed in it, was moved into the boat. One of the soldiers, observing that it was uncommonly heavy, insisted on its being opened, and its contents examined; but, by the address of the maid, his scruples were removed, and the chest was lodged in the boat. The passage from Louvestein to Gorcum took a considerable time. The length of the chest did not exceed three feet and a half. At length, it reaches Gorcum: it was intended that it

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should be deposited at Gorcum. But, when the boat reached the shore, a difficulty arose, how the chest was to be conveyed from the spot, upon which is was to be landed, to Bazelaer's house. This difficulty was removed by the maid's presence of mind; she told the by-standers, that the chest contained glass, and that it must be moved with particular care. Two chairmen where soon found, and they carefully moved it on a horse-chair to the appointed place.

'Bazelaer sent away his servants on different errands, opened the chest, and received his friend with open arms. Grotius declared, that while he was in the chest, he had felt much anxiety, but had suffered no other inconvenience. Having dressed himself as a mason, with a rule and trowel, he went through the back door of Bazelaer's house, accompanied by his maid, along the market-place, to a boat, engaged for the purpose. It conveyed them to Vervic, in Brabant: there, he was safe. His maid then left him, and, returning to his wife, communicated to her the agreeable information of the success of the enterprise.

'As soon as Grotius's wife ascertained that he was in perfect safety, she informed the guards of his escape: these communicated the intelligence to the governor. He put her into close confinement; but, in a few days, an order of the States General set her at liberty, and permitted her to carry with her every thing at Louvestein, which belonged to her. It is impossible to think without pleasure of the meeting of Grotius and his heroic wife.—pp. 118—122.

NATURAL HISTORY.

As we intend to bestow a little more pains on this department, we must be indulged with a few preliminary remarks on the subject. Man is not alone the proper study of man. From the moment of his birth, to that of his death, he is continually making advances in the knowledge of external objects, and that in a much greater degree than with respect to the constitution and workings of his own mind. The acquirements of the savage are nearly limited to the knowledge of natural objects around him, and with these he is, in general, much better acquainted than the civilized countries. The Bushman on our borders will distinguish the tract of the wolf from that of the dog, while the European can perceive no difference; and the American Indian, and the Kalmuck, will trace a man or an animal by foot-marks, which we should utterly fail in discovering. The distinguishing characters, the qualities, and the indications of natural objects and phenomena, are also more impressed upon the mind of the inhabitant of the forest and desart, than upon that of the inhabitant of the cultivated plain or the populous city. Among ourselves, what are the objects that attract the attention of the child most forcibly? are they not the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, the pebbles and shells of the sea-shore? Whatever may be the proper study of man, his most natural study is assuredly nature. All men are, indeed, lovers of nature, from the sentimental enthusiast—who, in fancy, roams the realms of creation, seeing things that are not to be seen, and picturing forth the vain imaginings of his own idle and imbecile mind, as the existences of a well organized system, to the sober artisan, who, with delighted sense, makes his weekly excursion to the green fields on the borders of his place of abode.

But all do not derive from the contemplation of nature, the pleasures which it is so well calculated to yield. When natural history is mentioned, men are apt to imagine an interminable string of hard names and unintelligible terms, and to look upon it as a science which arranges the objects of nature, and teaches their appellations, and describes their appearances, without affording any other than a rugged and winding path to the knowledge of nature, to which, after all, it cannot truly lead.' Natural history is the science which makes us acquainted with the objects of nature; and he who looks upon, examines, and admires these objects, is a naturalist, just as truly as he who collects and compares, and arranges and describes them. Instead of frightening our readers with the more than Babylonic confusion in which men, in their premature attempts to simplify this science, have involved it, we would invite them simply to the delightful study of natural objects and phenomena; and without following any regular plan, and keeping clear of dry and uninteresting descriptions, we would present to them some of these objects and phenomena, such as we have seen them ourselves, or such as others have seen them who love to draw their fellows to the contemplation of nature, not forgetting the more striking, of the discoveries which are daily made in all parts of the world. For the present, enough has been said upon the subject; but we shall resume it at a future opportunity, and in the mean time pass to the notices, which we present as our occasional gleanings from the field of nature.

Cape Beetle.—We have often been amused with a species of beetle at the Cape, vulgarly, but expressively, called the *Tumble-dung;* and directed more particularly to the peculiarities of this species, by a recent peregrination to Green Point.

This insect deposits its ova in a small round mass of cow-dung, which it buries in the ground. Their instinct, which leads them to find out the proper material, often assembles thousands of them round the same lump. A spectator would imagine that they were working in combination, whereas each is eager only about its own separate interests, cutting away first the fragments which it wants, then, by a dexterous management of its head and legs, kneading it into a globular form, which it instantly sets about removing to a considerable distance, preparatory to its being lowered into the earth. But how is the insect to effect this removal of a substance larger and heavier than its own body? Nature, not having given it the physical strength, which would enable it to lift the ball from the ground, has taught it a mechanical contrivance, which serves instead. It rests its tiny head and fore legs on the ground, and pushing with its hind legs against the precious fragment, now containing its ova, moves it progressively onward, the insect itself walking backward, until it reaches the chosen spot, where it makes a hole some inches deep in the sand, and trundling it in, covers it over. This is the course of the honest and industrious *Tumble-dung* (Scarabœus sacer): but they have their thieves among them, like communities of a higher order,—fellows who, without any fair exertions of their own, seek to appropriate to themselves the well earned acquisitions of others, and become affluent at their expense. It often happens that a virtuous and painstaking beetle, while rolling his burthen homeward, is assailed by a bandit, who had been perhaps all the day on the wing, marauding, instead of working peaceably like his neighbours. Beholding a beautifully formed ball, the possession of which would save him a longer journey and a great deal of trouble, down he pounces upon the earth, without the smallest fear of consequences, and, having folded his wings under his sheath, pushes strait for the prize. But the lawful owner of the property, already on his guard, posts himself on the top of his ball, and as soon as the enemy comes near enough, is enabled, by his advantageous position, to give him a chuck under the chin, which sends him, heels over head, to the distance of some ten or twelve inches. If the battle be renewed, it generally terminates according to justice, in favour of the real owner, whose prior possession gives him a superiority in the means of defence, which the invader seldom overcomes; and he finally walks off, like a coward dog with his head under his tail.

Botanical Garden, Calcutta.—This establishment has been placed on a footing surpassing any thing of the kind known in Europe. The spot of ground is no less than five miles in circumference, and upwards of 300 gardeners and labourers are employed in the charge of it. Gardens in connection with it, have been formed in other remote parts of the Indian possessions and collectors have been sent to discover new and especially useful plants.

Botanical Collections.—In India the labours of the Botanist are peculiarly severe; and to these are added the difficulties which attend the preservation of dried plants. Besides the common insects which prey upon the vegetable itself, there are ants always ready to devour both the specimen, and the paper in which it is wrapped. To guard, in some measure, against the dangers, the cabinets are usully insulated, by setting the feet upon which they stand in troughs of water. But so rapid is evaporation under an Indian sun, that it was the entire office of a Hindoo, under Dr. Wallich, at Calcutta, to go round the room and replenish these troughs with water as fast as it evaporated.

Viper's Grass.—Experiments which have been recently made in France, shew that Viper's Grass is quite as good as mulberry leaves for the subsistence of silk worms.

Cape Bulbs.—The Cape bulbs are now cultivated with great success in Europe, and the demand for such is brisk. They succeed in England with no other protection than a mat

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in severe weather; or the bulbs may be taken up in autumn, kept dry through the winter, and be planted out again in spring.—*Hooker.*

A Basket of Flowers.—In a late visit to the country, I was much struck with a bed of spring flowers. The frame work of wire, is covered with honey-suckle; the border is of violets; and the inside of lily of the valley. All were in perfect healhth and beauty, and the effect of the whole deligtful.—*Louden.*

NEW BOOKS.—No. 1.

"Books are a real world, both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow."
Wordsworth.

It is much that books, the records of the thoughts of men in the former, as well as in the present age, are able to impart to us. For many of the hap piest moments of our lives, for many of the purest and most exalted feelings of the human heart, we are indebted to them. Education is their province; we derive from them civilization and refinement; and we may affirm of literature, what Otway has said of woman,—"We had been brutes without you" It is thus that the acquisitions of the wise are handed down from age to age, and that we are enabled to mount, step after step, on the ladder of paradise, till we reach the skies.

But after all, is conversation to be preferred to books? This is an exceedingly befitting question for our Cape *literati*—whether of the South African College or our public schools;—the scientific folks' meeting in *Mustard*-street, those of the Literary in Loop-street, and "last, though not least," our good friends of the *Chasse Ennui* Club. We may observe by the way, that Montaigne, who is fond of paradoxes, maintains that conversation is to be preferred to books, and so did Plato before him. "The study of books," says the former, "is a languid feeble motion that does not warm; whereas conversation at once instructs and exercises." We differ with him. Writing, in our opinion, is the only means by which a philosopher can converse with all those who deserve to hear him. His friendly circle must always, in a great measure, be collected around him by chance; he cannot choose who shall be his brothers; seldom who shall be his friends. Besides, be his intimates ever so well disposed to hear him, he cannot be always speaking; he must sleep, eat, meditate, be idle,—die. Nothing, however, can stop the mouth of his book, which can always be made to speak to as many as deserve it, at once, and at all hours. Though no one who is indisposed needs hear it, it is always eloquent; is subject to no sickness, no want, no old age. It is an immortal oracle. But our business is, in the present instance, to commence a series of brief inquiry into the merits of the *new works of the day*, and to record such opinion as we think their intrinsic merit entitle them:—either to our esteem or our condemnation. In the spirit, then, of free inquiry (the leading principle of this Journal,) we proceed to notice—

I. GALT'S LIVES OF THE PLAYERS, 2 vols.—Mr. Galt has the *modesty* to introduce these volumes to the world, by assuring it that "they will probably be among the most amusing books in the language." We differ with the author, and care very little about play-actors,—their profession being only adopted, in most instances, as a *dernier resort*; those who follow it, are a set of adventurers alternately raised to the summit of prosperity, or plunged in the abyss of despair. For our own parts, we never see a poor de'il of a shabby genteel player off the stage, and apart from tinsel, without feeling that, of all mankind, he is most to be pitied.——II. A MEMOIR OF SEBASTIAN CABOT; WITH A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MARATIME DISCOVERY. 8vo. pp. 133.—The author of this interesting volume has proved, most satisfactorily, that Cabot was the first European discoverer of America, although fame has hitherto most unjustly denied him the honour of having executed that great achievement. It would appear clearly enough from the evidence before us, that Cabot was born at Bristol, and that the discoverer entered upon his career in 1499, favoured in some degree by a patent from Henry the VIIIth. Cabot entered into the service of Spain in 1512, having in vain solicited further encouragement from the crown of England. The present work is one of the most chivalrous enterprises on behalf of the great cause of historical truth, that it has been for some years our fortune to encounter.——III. THE CLUB-BOOK, BEING ORIGINAL TALES, &c. BY VARIOUS AUTHORS. 3 vols. 8vo.—Here we have the contributions of Messrs. James, Galt, Power, Picken, Jerdan, Lord F. L. Gower, Cunningham, Hogg, Moir, and Ritchie. We are disappointed in the general execution of this work, and think the volumes present a vast deal of mediocre ability. One of the writers, Mr. Power, may be remembered here some dozen years ago, when travelling in the colony, and wandering on the banks of the Great Fish River. Power is, we believe, the only Irishman now on the stage, who has become the idol of the play-going world.——IV. SPAIN IN 1830, BY H. D. INGLIS. 2 vols. 8vo.—The volumes are full of minute and useful information, interspersed with judicious reflections, and written throughout with great spirit and brilliancy.——V. SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF WORDSWORTH. 8vo.—A precious volume, compiled by the intelligent editor with a view to the instruction of youth—to open, enlarge, and strengthen his mind—to awaken in him a sympathy for all truly desirable things—and to produce a clearer perception of all moral and religious, all virtuous principle. And it will do so: it contains the precious lifeblood of a master spirit—the characteristic elements of whose genius and power, are truth and love.——VI. PARIS AND LONDON, 3 vols.—We hardly know what due punishment could be inflicted on the author and publisher of such an abomination as the above *new novel of the season.* The style is, like its subject, loose and vicious,—and we trust no father of a family will suffer this noxious book to find a place in the family circle.—VII. LIFE OF DR. MIDDLETON, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, 2 vols. 8vo.—Mr. Le Bas, his biographer, says that he was unquestionably an ambitious man, animated by an ardent passion to be distinguished among the wise and the good. This characteristic is conspicuous in all his writings and actions; indeed, too much so, considering that worldly fame is one of the last things which a truly spiritual mind would be desirous of possessing. In literature he was particularly attached to the Greek prose classics, for which his admiration was enthusiastic. His favourite pursuit, however, was ecclesiastical history. He seems to have been warm and generous in his affections, charitable and benevolent, single hearted and high minded. In India he was, however, not very popular. His manners were not polished or conciliating, and in this respect he sunk in the comparison with his successor, the elegant and accomplished Heber. Mr. Le Bas does not in terms tell us this, which we have heard from another quarter, but his duty of impartiality compels him to acknowledge that, 'by many in India, his personal demeanor was thought to be rather too deeply stamped with official solemnity and rigour;' a fault which he excuses by imputing it to the novelty of the Bishop's situation, 'which demanded inflexible firmness and unwearied vigilance.' 'Under these very peculiar and trying circumstances,' he adds, 'it would not be surprising if the posture of dignity, which he often felt himself compelled *defensively* to assume, should, gradually and imperceptibly, have given to his manner an air of constraint and reserve, very far from natural to the man.' In two words, the episcopal dignity sat uneasily upon his shoulders, and deprived his manners of that simplicity which is the charm of life in every situation. An official gentleman, we believe Mr. Bayley, chief secretary to government, writing to one of his friends in England of the Bishop's death, says, in language which cannot be misunderstood, that "his influence was unfortunately weakened by a defect in his own character; his notions of his office led to the assumption of a formal and rather haughty manner; and he was, in consequence, thought pompous, repulsive, and too acutely alive to any supposed want of respect on the part of others." Nevertheless, it would be unjust not to admit that his zeal in the discharge of his duties was unquestionable; if his personal pride and ambition had been less, he must have been deemed one of the greatest ornaments of the protestant church in modern times.——VIII. ESSAYS AND ORATIONS, DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, BY SIR H. HALFORD, Bart. M. D.—The duty of a physician at the melancholy hour of dissolution, is thus explained by the author:

"And here you will forgive me, perhaps, if I presume to state what appears to me to be the conduct proper to be observed by a physican in withholding, or making his patient acquainted with, his opinion of the probable issue of a malady manifesting mortal symptoms. I own I think it my first duty to protract his life by all practicable means, and to interpose myself between him and every thing which may possibly aggravate his danger. And unless I shall have found him averse from doing what was necessary in aid of remedies, from a want of a proper sense of his perilous situation, I forbear to step out of the bounds of my province in order to offer any advice which is not necessary to promote his cure. At the same time, I think it indispensable to let his friends know the danger of his case the instant I discover it. An arrangement of his worldly affairs, in which the comfort or happiness of those who are to come after him is involved, may be necessary; and a suggestion of his danger, by which the accomplishment of this object is to be obtained, naturally induces a contemplation of his more important spiritual concerns, a careful review

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of his past life, and such sincere sorrow and contrition for what he has done amiss, as justifies our humble hope of his pardon and acceptance hereafter. If friends can do their good offices at a proper time, and under the suggestions of the physician, it is far better that they should undertake them than the medical adviser. They do so without destroying his hopes, for the patient will still believe that he has an appeal to his physician beyond their fears; whereas, if the physican lay open his dangers to him, however delicately he may do this, he runs a risk of appearing to pronounce a sentence of condemnation to death, against which there is no appeal—*no hope;* and, *on that account*, what is most awful to think of, perhaps the sick man's repentance may be less available.

"But friends may be absent, and nobody near the patient in his extremity of sufficent influence or pretension to inform him of his dangerous condition. And surely it is lamentable to think that any human being should leave the world unprepared to meet his Creator and Judge, 'with all his crimes broad blown!' Rather than so, I have departed from my strict professional duty, and have done that which I would have done by myself, and have apprized my patient of the great danger he was about to undergo."—pp. 81—83.

IX, The Speeches of the Honorable Mr. Huskisson, 3 vols. 8vo. — Mr. Huskisson was a self-taught man; was not indebted for his education to a university; hence the uncooped views which he was enabled to take with ease of the most complex political subjects, and hence too the difficulty which he laboured under, of explaining those views with the facility and logical order of those who have early in life had the advantage of academical discipline. The fact of a man being self-taught implies more than ordinary vigour of understanding, at the same time that it disposed him to be arrogant, and hasty in jumping to a conclusion. The native modesty of Mr. Huskisson's temper, and the fortunate accident of being early accustomed to measure himself by high standards of senatorial eminence, saved him from the too common defect of self-taught men of talent, without impairing the energy of his intellect.

Mr. Huskisson had not a particle of the *mens divinior* of oratory in his composition, but he was an effective debater. His voice weak and unmusical, his elocution cloggy, his sentences generally clumsy and verbose, and his manner unengaging; still, as he warmed with his subject, you forgot all in admiration of the soundness and comprehensiveness of his general principles, and of his extraordinary command of facts to illustrate them. His "practical" opponent he overwhelmed with details upon details, all bearing upon the point, while he delighted the economists with his long-sighted views of the national advantages of acting upon the enlightened doctrines of Adam Smith and Mr. Ricardo.

Every body knows that Mr. Huskisson was what is called a "free trade theorist," and every body ought to know—and some fine day of the school master, A. D. 2001, perhaps will know, that if he was not, he would not deserve to be the theme of the eulogy of the most enlightened man of modern times. All that senseless clamour and vituperation which has been heaped so lavishly on the doctrines of free trade, by pert babblers who knew not the meaning of the thing they chattered about, has passed away; and men begin to see through the mist of ignorance and prejudice which so long obscured simple facts, that in the words of Adam Smith, not only "in every country it always is and must be, the great interest of the people *to buy whatever they want of those who sell it cheapest*," (the best definition of free trade that has been given,) but that the defects which still cling to parts of our commercial policy, are not the consequence of free trade principles being pushed too far—but of these principles not being pushed far enough. It is true—and no man was more alive to the truth than Mr. Huskisson, that a prefect freedom of trade is a philosophical vision, which, under the existing relations of the kingdoms of the earth, can never be realised this side the millennium. All that can be done is to make it a general rule—the exception only to be those of uncontrollable circumstances.

Referring the reader to the speeches themselves, particularly that on the silk trade in 1826, by far his greatest effort, and indeed the most effective speech on the subject ever delivered in parliament, for the data on which Mr. Huskisson triumphantly justified his change in our commercial system.—We will quote a passage from a pamphlet of Mr. Huskisson's on the currency, published in 1810, as in the first place a most favourable specimen of his powers of composition, and in the next place, as indicating how early he saw the national advantages of free trade principles:—

"The mind and faculties of man are constantly engaged in pursuit of his own happiness, and in multiplying the means of subsistence, comfort and enjoyment. Trade, which effects the exchange of a part of the production of the toil, industry and talent of any country, against those and the soil, industry and talent of other countries, is the great excitement of multiplying these means. By the aid of this exchange, not only those natural productions which Providence has distributed in abundance in one portion of the globe, and refused to some other, are rendered common to all: but the soil of every country, and of every portion of every country, is left at liberty to be cultivated principally, or wholly, if necessary, in rearing those productions for which it is best calculated and adapted; those which by experience it has been known to afford of the best quality, in the greatest abundance, and at the least expense of capital and labour. Labour and capital employed in manufactures is enabled to avail itself of local situations and natural advantages, (for instance a stream or a coal mine), and to adapt itself exclusively to those pursuits in which, from any peculiar country, or any particular part of them, may excel. The advantage derived from the division of labour is well known. What is effected by the operation of that principle, for a *single undertaking, is, by the aid of commerce, effective for the whole world.* Commerce enables the population of each separate district to make the most of its *peculiar advantages*, whether derived from nature, or acquired by the application of industry, talent and capital; to make the most of them for its own consumption; leaving at the same time the greatest possible remainder to *be given in exchange* for any other commodities produced *more easily, more abundantly or of better quality*, in other districts of the world. It is thus that a country is enriched by commerce."

SCIENCE.

ACCOUNT

Of an Aërial Voyage made in a Balloon on Saturday, the 30th of April, 1831, by T. Forster, M.B. F.L.S. &c

On Saturday, April 30, 1831, Dr. Forster, who had long been desirous of pursuing his observations on the clouds in the lofty regions of the air, engaged to ascend with Mr. Green's balloon; and at half-past five o'clock in the evening, the air being calm and fine, and the barometer standing at 29.29, thermometer 63°, wind variable and gentle, the aëronauts proceeded to the gardens of the Dominican Friars at Moulsham near Chelmsford, and at a quarter before six they left the ground, amidst the huzzas of hundreds of spectators. The balloon, which was forty eight feet in vertical and thirty two in horizontal diameter, and filled with carburetted hydrogen from the gas-works, rose at first with a gentle motion and was carried by a mild easterly-breeze over the village of Writtle. At the elevation of about a thousand feet they hung out the anchor, which is found to give additional steadiness to the car; in a few minutes more they perceived the balloon checked in its velocity, and a change of current was evident; by this current they were carried nearly back again, the balloon still ascending and proceeding, though very slowly, in a remarkably gentle S.W. current: when they had got beyond the N.E. end of Chelmsford, and at the elevation of probably about four thousand feet, when nearly over the Convent of New Hall, the current again changed; they threw out some more ballast, and the balloon began to mount rapidly in a sort of irregular spiral course, but so gently as to be scarcely perceived to move; till at length, at the altitude of nearly six thousand feet, it became perfectly motionless, and so remained for almost a quarter of an hour. Dr. Forster describes the sensation, at this period, to be most delightful;—balanced in the air, under a floating and inflated bag, in a perfectly calm and tranquil region, among the grotesque forms of evaporating clouds, and viewing in delicious tranquillity a vast and apparently concave panorama of country, bounded on one side by the sea, and everywhere interspersed with towns and villages, and the yellow and varied tint of the fields, the aërial travellers enjoyed a temporary repose from the noise and bustle of the world, with is seldom felt on the surface of the earth. More ballast being thrown out, the balloon again rose, and Dr. Forster now felt one disagreeable sensation, like pressure on the tympanum of the ears, just like what Garnerin, MM. Charles and Roberts, and others have described; in consequence of which he determined to open the valve, and they rapidly descended again into an inferior current, which carried them to Broomfield, where they eventually landed at twenty minutes before seven o'clock.

During, and subsequently to this aërial voyage, Dr. Forster made and recorded the following observations:

1st. That the balloon, when rising gently, gyrated in the same direction as the earth and planets do in their diurnal rotatory motion, that is from right to left: this motion was however so gentle, that it was only to be ascertoined by observing objects below; in coming down the balloon oscillated in the same direction.

2ndly. The currents of air which they successively met with in ascending, came down during the next day in the same order of succession: the S.W. wind for example, into which they got, came down first on the following morning, and brought the rain. From repeated experiments, Dr. Forster has reason to believe this to be the case with most of the upper currents of air.

3rdly. The wavy cirrocumulus clouds are far beyond the reach of all balloons, and even when the clouds are seen from the greatest altitudes they seem as much above the ordinary clouds as they do above the earth.

4thly. Dr. Forster in comparing his elevation in the balloon to what he recollects of his Alpine ascents over the high Swiss mountains, is induced to account for the less degree, and in his own case absence, of giddiness experienced in balloons, to the idea of complete insulation: as when a person hangs over precipices, or sits on pinnacles, the notion of unsafe terrestrial attachment is the cause of the giddiness. Dr. Forster noticed, during the voyage, the manner in which clouds subside in an evening: he has also made some observations on the peculiar effects produced by different circumstances of sailing in boats at sea, and has compared them with those produced by aërial floating, which he purposes, before long, to communicate to the public; as also some physiological observations on the sea sickness which some persons feel; and on the very peculiar deafness experienced at great elevations, in diving bells, in mines, and on change of weather, when the barometer rises or falls rapidly. One remarkable observation which Dr. Forster made, was, that

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on the occasion of descents from mountains, the deafness felt has always been accompanied by a sense of fullness about the ears; but this very unpleasant accompaniment of the difficulty of hearing was not felt after the descent from the balloon; the deafness in the latter case being simply dullness of hearing. In both cases it soon goes off. The sensation which is experienced when up in the higher regions of the air is not actually deafness, but a snapping in the ears; which goes off as one begins to descend; and the deafness which comes on in descending still lower, and which is worse on arriving at the ground, seems to be a sort of counterpart to the sensation experienced aloft. This very curious subject deserves further investigation.

With respect to giddiness and the fear of any danger from the sudden falling of the balloon, Dr. Forster observes, that having been accustomed to mount to very great altitudes, he felt neither of these disagreeable annoyances; but observed that on looking directly down, at the grapple hanging below, and on the ground beneath, he felt a disagreeable sensation, scarcely amounting to vertigo; but such as would have become so in persons not accustomed to great heights; and he therefore recommends aërial travellers to keep their eyes on the horizon rather than the ground directly below them, particularly if the car be large enough to admit of the choice.

The basket in which Dr. Forster ascended was a small one constructed for the purpose of lightness; but he is constructing a light circular willow basket capable of holding a proper set of instruments, in order to be ready, should a fit opportunity for another ascent occur.

P.S. Two parhelia were seen at five o'clock on Monday evening, May 9th, at Chelmsford.

BAKEWELL'S BRICK-MAKING MACHINES.

1. *Machine for Preparing the Earth.*

Into a process heretofore carried on by machinery of the simplest, sometimes rudest character, Mr. Bakewell has introduced some contrivances distinguished by considerable refinement of mechanical talent. There are several varieties of means for causing the tempering roller to traverse in succession the whole of the bed on which the earth is cast for the purpose of being ground. In the first of these contrivances the radial bar which carries round the tempering roller is lengthened and shortened by an assistant turning it on its axis by means of a short cross lever, whereby the screw on the inner extremity of the bar works through the nut in the head of the centre pin. By another contrivance the assistant effects the elongation or decurtation of the radial bar by means of a pinion and winch in the head of the centre pin, and a rack upon the inner end of the bar. In other modifications of the mill the roller is made to approach to or recede from the center pin, by sliding itself upon the bar, which is set out of the direction of a radius to the great circle by being centred upon a pin in an arm projecting from the centre post, thus placing the carrying bar in the direction of a tangent to a smaller circle in the centre. As the inner end of the carrying bar is placed on one or the other side of the centre pin of the great circle, the tendency of the tempering roller is to slide inwards or outwards on the bar. The carrying bar is set out of the radial direction in one case by a sector and pinion, one in another by barrels and chains or ropes.

These mills, no doubt, will grind more uniformly, and temper more completely, the materials employed in brick-making than those in common use about London, where, with greater parade of preparation, they produce unquestionably a more fragile and less durable brick than was made ages ago in the infancy of the arts, and is still made with the least artificial means in the most obscure corners of this kingdom. Mr. Bakewell's mills too, it is stated, will accomplish more work, with the same power, than the ordinary brick mill; and hence their general adoption would lessen the cost, as well as improve the properties, of the bricks prepared by their means.

2. *Machine for Consolidating the Bricks.*

The great imperfection of bricks is their porosity, which renders them liable to be broken in throwing about, to be crushed under pressure, and to absorb moisture. This fault arises either from insufficient working of the material, or, as in the London made bricks, from the intentional admixture with the earth of a foreign matter, which, being combustible, is burnt out in the kiln, and leaves the brick spongy, light, and little able to resist pressure. In stuccoed buildings, all the imperfections of the bricks are screened from the eye so soon as they escape from the hand of the bricklayer; but for many purposes it is essential to have a solid, sound, hard brick, which will not be crushed under a load, and will resist durably the destructive efforts of fire and time. To provide such a brick from duly prepared materials, Mr. Bakewell has introduced an admirably-contrived press, of unlimited power in its action, of practical facility and rapidity in its use, and so simple and solid in its structure, as neither to be liable to derangement nor demolition in the rude hands for whose employment the machine is destined. By a very skilful combination of levers, Mr. Bakewell has produced a press which at its ultimate point of action is of infinite power; and the result of its operation is the compression of the clay into the greatest compactness and the utmost accuracy of form. The specimens which we have seen, show that bricks may, by the aid of pressure, applied to a good material duly tempered, be made as solid, and regular to size and form, as have ever been produced either by the Romans or by any other nation of antiquity, whose buildings still exist to attest the superiority with which some of the most important arts of life have been practised in times and places that could not pretend to so much knowledge as is within reach of the artisans of our own age and country.

3. *Spring Bricks Mould.*

By this mould, which opens on a hinge at one of its angles, and closes by a spring latch, bricks may be moulded of a stiffer clay, and consequently they will shrink less in drying, and be more solid and durable when burnt, than such as have been manufactured from a more diluted material. This mould also promises to expedite the manipulation of that part of the process of brick-making which calls for the use of such an implement.

We consider the paraise generally bestowed on Mr. Bakewell's inventions to be extremely well merited. Neither is it to be denied, that the art of brick-making is in a deplorably imperfect state in England; and it is a matter of unmixed reproach to our brick-manufacturers, that they do not make such good bricks as were produced of old by the Romans and other nations of antiquity, when men "could not pretend to so much knowledge as is within the reach of the artisans of our own age and country." It is by no means from not knowing how as good bricks can be made as ever were made, nor even from the want of machines for the purpose (for there have been several such invented before these of Mr. Bakewell, and perhaps quite as good), that the art remains in so backward a state amongst us.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

REVELATION.

In *Fraser's Magazine* for August, under the head *Rationalism*, (page 63,) there is an article of considerable interest, which pourtrays, with great accuracy, the Kanto-platonic system of German theology. Dr. L. of Oxford, speaking of the German school to his pupils, once said in his usual quaint way—"Your *Jarman* metaphysicians,—your *Jarman* Commentators,—your *Jarman* Critics,—I would that they were all at the bottom of the *Jarman* ocean! The following is an extract from the Magazine in question:

"These written books (the Scriptures,) are the *word* of revelation.—they *express* the revelation which was manifested to their respective authors. But they are *not the revelation itself;* and the word is dead (as is proved by experience,) and powerless, unless the correlated thing be awakened in the heart of the reader. Until interpreted by the spirit, the scriptures are meaning-less—nay, often a subject of derision to the profane; but thus interpreted, by the sympathy of the reader, how glorious are they with life, how instinct with quickening truth! We have said that this principle of interpretation is not a fact of historical knowledge—but a form of the human being; and it is of ab olute being that it reports. But this report is of a being equally beyond the apprehensions of sense and the grasp of human understanding.

"To no class," says Coleridge, "to no class of phenomena or particulars can it be referred, itself being none: therefore, to no faculty by which these alone are apprehended. As little dare we refer it to any from of abstraction or generalization: for it has neither co-ordinate nor analogous! It is absolutely one, and that it is, and affirms itself TO BE, is its only predicate. And yet this power, nevertheless, is! In eminence of Being it is! And he for whom it manifests itself in its adequate idea, dare as little arrogate it to himself as his own; can as little appropriate it either totally or by partition, as he can claim ownership in the breathing air, or make an inclosure in the cope of heaven. He bears witness of it to his own mind, even as he describes life and light: and, with the silence of light, it describes itself, and dwells in *us* only as far as we dwell in *it*. The truths, which it manifests, are such as it alone can manifest, and in all truth it manifests itself. By what name, then, canst thou call a truth so manifested? Is it not REVELATION? Ask thyself whether though canst attach to that latter word any consistent meaning not included in the idea of the former? And the manifesting power, the source and the correlative of the idea thus manifested—is it not GOD? Either thou knowest it to be GOD, or thou hast called an idol by that awful name! Therefore, in the most appropriate, no less than in the highest, sense of the word, were the earliest teachers of humanity *inspired*. They alone were the true Seers of GOD, and, therefore, prophets of the human race."

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

It is obviously the very first principal of natural and social justice, that no man should forfeit life, for conduct which has not been denounced as deserving death, by a law open, positive, and too clear to admit misconstruction.

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The year 1794, however, witnessed in this country an attempt to deprive more than a dozen enlighted and worthy men of life, by subtle and state inferences from laws so obsolete, obscure, tortuous, and inconsistent, that it required a speech of nine hours in length to persuade a jury that those laws had given a clear and and plain warning that the conduct of the accused was criminal, and to be punished by the gallows. This mode of getting rid of political opponents, constructively, roused the indignation of even the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who, though impervious to humane feelings, could not help decrying the attempt to deprive his fellow-creatures of life, by "wresting the laws to authority." When the stern, deistical Chancellor heard that the pious Attorney-General had addressed the jury for nine hours, to persuade them to hang their fellow-men, he exclaimed with wrath,—"What! speak for nine hours; then by G—d, there is no treason in the case!"

Captain Brenton relates, that for the mutiny, as it was termed, in our fleet, more than five hundred of the finest men in the world, suffered death—that is to say, they were hanged for asking, in the most decorous and submissive manner, for objects which were afterwards granted as essential to humanity and justice, and indispensable to the good of the service. Nothing can be more useful than to refer to these facts, as illustrations of national history, and as beacons to warn us into the channels of better conduct.—*Life of Sir Thos. Lawrence.*

A TORTOISE-SHELL TOM CAT.

Among the covetors and collectors of specimens of feline curiosities, this was, and perhaps is, deemed an animal of great consequence. Under this date, less than five years ago, we find one obligingly proffered for sale, by public advertisement.—

"A HANDSOME TORTOISE-SHELL TOM CAT to be DISPOSED OF, on reasonable terms. Apply at Mr White's, 5, Swinton Place, Bagnigge-wells-road." *The Times*, 17th of July, 1826.

A *male* cat of tortoise-shell color is esteemed a rarity, and was formerly worth a considerable sum.

A whimsical letter to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society in the "Comic Annual by Thomas Hood, Esq., 1830," may enable speculators to determine whether the value of "the article" is increased or not, by this singular information:—

"Sir—I partickly wish the Satiety to be called to consider the Case what follows, as I think mite be maid Transaxtionable in the next Reports:—

"My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell and a Grate faverit, we had Him berried in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould I had the carks deposited under the roots of a Gosberry Busch. The Frute being up thill then of the smooth kind. But the next Seson's Fruite after the Cat was berried, the Gozberris was all hairy—and more Remarkable the Catpilers of the same bush was All of the same hairy Description.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

THOMAS FROST."

COCKNEY EFFUSIONS.

Who that sees but must hadmiar
The hyes of my most sweet Sophiar!
Like the star.wen day is dawning
To light the world in the mawning.

Ven I vakes I shakes my ed,
A vishing that I now vas ded,
Or baskitting within the skies
Of my sweet Sophiar's hyes.

I vishes little Mista Imen
Voud you and me together tye mem.
Or that eaven voud this decree,
That my sweet Soph vas fast to me!!

FILL UP THE GLASS.

A Lay for Drunkards.

Fill up the cup, the bowl, the glass,
With wine and spirits high,
And we will drink, while round they pass,
To—*Vice and Misery!*

Push quickly round the draught again,
And drink the goblet low:
And drink, in revelry's swelling strain,
To—*Reason's overthrow!*

Push round, push round, in quickest time—
The lowest drop be spent,
In one loud round to—*Guilt and Crime,*
And *Crime's just punishment!*

Fill, fill again!—fill to the brim;
To—*Loss of honest fame!*
Quaff—deeper quaff—while now we drink—
Our wive's and children's shame!

Push round, and round, with loudest cheers
Of mirth and revelry—
We drink to—*Women's sighs and tears,*
And—*Children's poverty.*

Once more! while power shall yet remain,
E'en with its latest breath,
Drink! *to ourselves*—DISEASE AND PAIN,
AND INFAMY AND DEATH!

TENTH WAVE.

THERE is a common affirmation, that the tenth wave is the greatest and most dangerous. This is noticed by Sir Thos. Browne, as averred by many writers, and plainly described by Ovid. In Maturin's Sermons, the idea occurs in the figurative expression—"the tenth wave of human misery." His volume travelling across the atlantic, caused the subject to be discussed in America, as appears by the public papers.

This notion of the tenth wave has long been entertained by many persons conversant with the sea-shore: I have often heard it when I was a boy, and have repeatedly watched the waves of the sea, when breaking on the shore (for it is to this particular motion that the tenth wave, as far as I know, applies), and can state that, when the tide is ebbing, no such phenomenon as the tenth wave occurs; but when the tide is flowing, some such is often observable; it is not, however, invariably the tenth wave: after several smaller undulations, a larger one follows, and the water rises. This is more distinctly seen on a sandy or smooth muddy shore, of more or less flatness.—*Hone's Year Book.*

JOHN BULL'S CRITICISM.

On the 29th of April peace was proclaimed, and *Cobbet*, an American bookseller, in Pall Mall, wrote to a noble lord to request a guard of soldiers, to preserve his windows from demolition, "as he did not intend to *illuminate*." The noble lord very sensibly remarked to this journalist, that, if the King's subjects in general were equally obstinate, it would be a matter of some difficulty to *protect* them ALL.

On this occasion, I remember, Mr. Bull made a lamentable mistake, from having left his spellingbook at home, when he started to visit M. Otto, in Portman-square. His preparations for display were critically examined, and by daylight. He had selected the expressive word "CONCORD," which had been executed in the first style of vitreous proportion—but never was there a choice so unfortunate; it was voted to be an *insult* and a *lie*—for "France had NOT *conquer'd* England!" M. Otto, finding that he had offended the sovereign people, though for his soul he could not conceive how, came out, at last, to put either himself or them right; he soon discovered, that the *Schoolmaster* had not yet been abroad, whatever might be expected; and finding that they all of them reprobated his motto as *hostile*, he condescended to put them up "AMITY" in the place of CONCORD, a very satisfactory substitute. What remained now was trifling—the two letters G. R. were discovered, by some sailors, to have no *crown* over them; and they insisted that the Republican Plenipo should *have* one, in respect to his Majesty, the King of England. An excellent precedent, which was recollected in America, while on the stage, by George Frederick Cooke, who ordered the band in the orchestra to play "God save the King," to astonish the wondering Yankees; and took off his own hat to teach them how to honour George the Third, their lawful sovereign.

MYNHEER AND HIS CHEESE.

A Dutchman, it is well known, adheres tenaciously to the manners and customs of his ancestors. He wears the same style of dress his grand-father and great-grand-father wore before him, smokes his pipe in the same way that they did, and travels the same old roads in spite of the modern inventions of canals and turnpikes. This trait of character is exemplified in the following incident, which a friend of ours used to relate of one Hans Van Vogarman.

Among other points which Hans prided himself upon was that of cutting his cheese in a smooth, even shape, so that none of the precious article should be crumbled or wasted. The Van Vogarmans had all cut their cheese in the self same way, and the art had been handed down from sire to son, from the earliest generation. When Hans at length became the father of a family, this delicate operation was always performed by his own hand, though sometimes by way of instruction, his eldest boy was permitted to supply his place.

Hans had a mortal antipathy to the Yankees, but it so happened that one of these daring interlopers had purchased a piece of land in the vicinity, of which Hans was desirous of becoming the possessor. Hans accordingly invited the Yankee to dine with him, hoping before they parted to conclude a bargain for the land. Among other dainties provided by Hans, was one of the identical cheeses his grandfather had brought from Holland, and which were set on the table only upon great occasions. His guest soon fell to work on the choice treasure, hacking it away, chip by chip, as though it were a mere block of wood.

Hans—poor Hans!—looked on for a long time, in silent grief and consternation. Such a sight his eyes had never before witnessed, so cruel a fate had no cheese suffered under his roof. His sense of propriety, his feeling of ancestral veneration, were violated, shocked, profaned. The portraits of his fathers seemed to frown down upon him, the ghost of the departed cheeses appeared to rise up before him and demand expiation for so sacrilegious an offence. Hans could refrain himself no longer, he laid aside his knife and fork, swallowed a mouthful of food unmasticated, and with tears trickling to the very promontory of his nose, thus addressed the Yankee:

"Mynheer Van Yankee!" said he, "here vat I tell you, I have perrit my fader—I have perrit my modder—I have lost two of my shildren—I have had many troubles and afflictions in my life time, put I tell you I have never suffered any thing so horrible as to see you murder mine sheese."

The Yankee apologized, the Dutchman refused to accept of any apology, and the bargain for the land was never concluded.—*Calcutta Literary Gazette.*

Public Inns.—Hotels and Public-houses have a phraseology of their own. At an inquest held some years since on the body of a gentleman who died suddenly at a London Hotel, one of the witnesses, Mr. Boots, deposed, that the chambermaid desired him to run for a doctor, as "*Number four* was in a *fit!*"—And at one of the suburban tea-gardens, a waiter, loaded with a tray containing tea and muffins for twelve, who observed a bolt before the bill was paid, roared out to a brother attendant—"Run, run, Bob, there's *two teas and a glass of brandy and water* escaping over the paling; catch 'em."

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THE QUESTION OF REFORM.

(From the Englishman's Magazine.)

It is wholly untrue, that the literature of the country is against reform. The political literature, the only literature by which the question has been or can be discussed, is almost entirely in its favour. Of the four *Quarterly* Reviews, the *Edinburgh*, which was a man before the *Quarterly* was breeched, is for reform—the *Westminster* is for reform—the *Foreign Quarterly*, as far as its plan admits, is on the same side. Of the magazines we can oppose the *New Monthly* to *Blackwood;* the *Metropolitan* to *Fraser;* while the "*Englishman*," without competitor or peer, like Richard at the lists of Ashby, surveys the *mêlee*, in which weaker spirits are toiling, and only puts his lance in rest, when tyranny threatens to trample on right. The *Quarterly* doubts if the daily newspapers are a branch of literature. The value of the branch may be variously estimated, but no one can doubt of its making part of the tree. The daily press is, with hardly an exception, on the side of the reformers. The respectable part of the weekly press is wholly reforming!—the *Spectator*—the *Atlas*—the *Examiner*—the *Literary Gazette*—the *Sunday Times*—the *Athanæum*—nay, even the *Court Journal*, the text-book of the fair, the mirror of frivolity and fashion, are all for the bill. Of the church of England clergy, the bill has at least a third, as the poll books of Cambridge, at the late election, sufficiently testify; of the other clergy in the kingdom it has four-fifths. Among men of business we are not aware that its most strenuous opposers have much right to be classed. We never heard of Sir Charles Wetherell being a man of business, nor Sir Richard Vyvyan, nor Lord Stormont, nor Mr. Mackworth Praed, nor Mr. Sadler of Leeds, nor the valiant Colonel Sibthorp, nor Mr. George Dawson, nor Mr. Wilson Croker. The only men of business in the House that are opposed to the bill, are the lord of see-saw, Mr. Alexander Baring, and the chosen of Boroughridge, Mr. Matthias Attwood. With respect to property, why Lord Grosvenor is generally looked on as a person of considerable fortune, so are the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Stafford, Earl Fitwilliam, Earl Spencer, Earl Derby, the Marquis of Cleveland; Sir Francis Burdett is well to do, so are John Smith, Sir Ralph Lopez, Mr. Russell, Mr. Portman; the Cavendishes, the Pelhams, the Throckmortons, the Maberleys, the Whitbreads, the Ponsonbys, the Petres, the Dundases, the Barings, of Sir Thomas' house, are all pretty *warm*. These are reformers, and many more than these. But why speak of individuals?—The rental of the counties and towns of England, which have returned members pledged to the bill, is, according to the Income tax returns of 1815, above forty-seven millions; while the rental of all the anti-reform electors, amounts, by the same standard, only to two millions and a half! So much for an argument, which, though slipped over in a couple of sentences by the reviewer, is, in reality, the only argument that he has to rely on.

Anecdote of Abernethey.—A little sporting butcher, well-known in Fleet-market, but possessing a delicate constitution, and frequently unable to attend to business through illness, was advised by his friends to take the opinion of Abernethey as to the nature of his complaint. On obtaining admission to the doctor's house, he met with Mr. Abernethey in the hall, who rudely accosted the butcher with "What do you want?" "Your advice, Doctor," said the butcher in a very submissive style. "Pray, Sir, who told you that I was a doctor?" asked Mr. Abernethey. "All our market, Sir," replied the butcher—"the people—everybody—all the world!" "Then, Sir, your market knows nothing about it," answered the doctor, quite in a rage, "the people, or everybody as you say, are fools; and the world's a liar!" the doctor hastily making for his parlour-door. "Stop, Sir, if you please," said the butcher, "you have forgot—" "What have I forgot?" replied the doctor impetuously—"Your fee, Sir!" said the butcher, bowing, and holding out the guinea to him. The doctor surprised, and, rather off his guard, observed, "Your head appears to be screwed on the right way—follow me." The little butcher having entered the parlour, the doctor said, "Who are you?" "I am," replied the little man, "one of the cutting-up tribe—a sticker—a kill-bull, according to the common slang of the day; but, after the old style of expression, I am nothing more nor less than a humble butcher at your service." "Indeed!" said the doctor, with a sort of grin on his countenance, "you are cutting me up, I believe—What is your complaint?" "I can't get rid of my grub, Sir," answered the butcher. "What!" replied the doctor, laughing outright—"not get rid of your grub, when the streets are so crowded with beggars!—you are a strange sort of fellow." "No, that is not what I mean—every thing I eat gets no further than here; it stops by the way;" said the butcher, (putting his finger up to his chest,) "the victualling-office, as we call it, is out of repair." "Oh, I understand you," answered the doctor,—"indigestion is your complaint." "Yes," replied the butcher, "that is the word you physical gentlemen name it." "Read my book," observed the doctor. "Perhaps that is more than I am able to do, as I am but a very indifferent scholar, and have been more engaged with beasts than with men," answered the butcher, "The first school-boy you meet with, tell him to read to you page —, and listen to it with attention; follow it as closely as an informer sticks to an Act of Parliament, and your victualling-office will soon have a free passage through it, and your grub will no longer be a burden to you," said the doctor, ringing his bell for the servant to show the butcher out. "I'll book it at all events—it is as good as gold to me," replied the butcher; "and now, Mr. Doctor, or whatever you may be, I wish to behave handsome in return—I will send you the primest rump of beef in all our market, that you may cut and come again; and when you are tired of cutting it, send for another—" "John!" the doctor calling out "open the street-door; this butch— gentleman wants to be gone." "What a nice man I don't think!" observed the butcher in a sort of whisper, and winking his eye towards the servant, "there are stranger fellows to be met with than the doctor, if you know where to find them." Then raising his voice, "If you should want a steak at any time, Sir, don't mention it, I shall always be grateful—I am not particular to a shade—" "The door I say, John!" urged the doctor; and the servant almost elbowed the little butcher into the street.

Greenwood and Dry Wood.—A countryman driving a load of wood into Providence with an oxteam, and staring about upon every side of him, chanced to observe the name of Greenwood on one of the signs; and taking it in the literal sense, he thought there might be an opportunity of disposing of his load of dry wood at the same place "Whoa haw?" said he, "come up here, Buck—haw to, Berry! why don't you come along here? didn't you never see a grocery afore? What the darn are ye afeard on, you tarnal fools, you! Whoa-a-a! I say—there stand, will ye, till I go in and ax." With that he stept up to the door and knocked smartly with his long hickory gad—"Holloa! Mister—holloa! the store."—Out comes the storekeeper. "Cant I trade with ye to-day—what'll ye gi' me for this load o'wood—good dry wood as ever was cracked—say, what'll ye gi' me for it?"

"I'm not particularly in want of wood," said the storekeeper."

"Why, 'tis true," said the countryman pointing to the name on the sign, "I observe you've got *Greenwood* here, and didn't know but you'd like a little *dry* to burn with it."

RAMMOHUN ROY IN OLD ENGLAND.

(Extract of a Letter, 10th Sept. 183L)

We remained in Liverpool a week during which Rammohun Roy was visited by every person of distinction in the place and *lionized* in, I can't tell, how many parties, morning, noon, and night. He was much struck with the busy scene which the river presented, the magnificent docks, and the substantial comfort of an English Hotel; the word "comfort" he said, he for the first time understood after he landed in Old England; but the railroad to Manchester was the thing which excited the highest degree of admiration which he could only express by an occasional exclamation. I assure you it produced a similar effect upon myself. In order that he might be enabled to judge from actual experience of the nature of this most stupendous work, the Managers including the Croppers made a party for us to Manchester by this new and expeditious mode. We started at 7 o'clock in the morning, and reached Manchester (a distance of 30 miles) in an hour and 21 minutes. In starting from the yard of the proprietors, the Steam carriage is not immediately hooked on, but the train (consisting of five, six, or more carriages, double bodied and treble bodied all attached to each other according to the number of passengers) proceeds a distance of some hundred yards merely moved by its own weight down a gently inclined plane; the machine is then hooked on, and off you go with a speed, compared to which the flight of Mazeppa's horse was a snail's pace. But you do not form any adequate idea of the actual velocity, until one of the trains on the opposite tack passes, when the speed of of both being generally accelerated for the sake of effect, they are going at the rate of 30 miles an hour!! Try to conceive; it is impossible to *describe* the effect. You are told that another train is approaching—you cast your eyes in the proper direction—you endeavour to distinguish the persons who are on the other train—you cannot even see the details of the machinery, or distingnish one vehicle from another; you hear a *whish!* like the hiss of a serpent—a dense mass intercepts your view for a second—no not even that—and the train is past! In order to convey an idea of the impression this novel and wonderful example of the power of machinery produced upon his mind, when the excitement subsided, he declared that these things indeed might be deserving of, or at least receive the credit of being miracles, as it seemed difficult to believe that mere human agency produced them. Once or twice indeed when the trains were passing he turned away with an expression almost of alarm in his countenance, as well he might! The rail road itself too excited his astonishment; in some places cut down 60 feet deep through the solid rock, in others made through a mere morass, a tog or moss as the Lancashire peoble called it. At the gate of the Company's yard at Manchester, there were heaven knows how many Omnibus's waiting for the passengers by the trains, and those vehicles with the eager competition of their drivers afforded fresh cause of wonderment. One of them conveyed us all to the Royal hotel and we afterwards proceeded to inspect several of the manufactories, the Lancasterian school, &c. In some places we were obliged to walk, and then the scenes that occurred was most amusing; every idle man, women, and boy in the city, to say nothing of many who left their employment, crowded round us, all staring and shouting, and many of the women, resembling in appearance the Naiads of Billingsgate, would insist on shaking hands with the King of *Injee* and the "young Prince," as they called them. Rammohun Roy deemed it necessary to stop and address them courteously, which only increased familarity and gave them for additional numbers to display it. I expected some of the nymphs would have been for hugging him at

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once. At the gate of one of the factories where he was thus stopped he urged the crowd to support the Reform Bill at which they cheered most vociferously. At length we got back to the Royal Hotel where Rammohun Roy was so much exhausted as to be obliged to go and lie down; for his knee, owing to the accident he met with on board ship at the Cape, still occasions some lameness and was painful owing to exertions in going up and down the stairs of the different factories. At length, after some rest, we proceeded back to the train and reached Liverpool in the same time in which we had come to Manchester. The average rate is 24 miles, but we were several times going 27½, determined by the watch. The average of passengers per day, going and coming, is 2000 at 5*s.* and large quantities of goods are also conveyed by trains for that purpose. The manner in which *these* are brought from the docks at Liverpool to the railway yard, a distance of a mile and a half, is another astonishing feature of this vast undertaking. They are brought the whole distance through a tunnel underground, by a rope worked by steam round a barrel; the other end of this rope is attached to the trains on their return from Manchester and brings them up from the point at which the Steam Engine is cast off, to their places in the yards; performing when necessary both offices at once!

After remaining altogether 9 days in Liverpool we proceeded to London in one of the stages taking the whole inside, and places for the servants outside. Whenever we got out or got in a dense crowd assembled, through which we found it difficult to make our way; indeed the coach was surrounded at every place where it stopped even for two minutes. At Birmingham we slept and proceeded on next day. Rammohun Roy was greatly delighted with the country, which exhibited in the fields, trees, and hedges, the bright and lively green of a forward spring. The rich variety of hill and dale, woodland and down, canals, rivers, bridges, the beautiful country seats, the indications in short, in every direction of a fertile, highly cultivated country and a wealthy people, drew forth frequent burst of admiration from Rammohun Roy, who pointed out to young Rajoo with exultation, these proofs of the superiority of England, to his own absolutely governed and priest-ridden country. He was very much struck with the enclosures which mark out the exact limits of every field in the country. At a place called Market Street, where we dined at a wretched Inn, the host addressed him in bad French and although answered in English of course, still Mr. Boniface continued to style him "*Mounseer*," and I heard some of the people say, that he must be *Tippoo Sahib* or rather *Tippoo Sabe*. At length we reached this dingy mart of Law, wealth, and commerce at about 8 at night and were put down at the Bull and Mouth in St. Martin's le Grand from whence we forthwith proceeded to Osborne's excellent Hotel in the Adelphi, where we got into highly respectable quarters. On the next day but one Rammohun Roy was installed in commodious Lodgings (125 Regent Street,) where, I should suppose, up to this date, that upwards of 200 persons at least, of distinction, have called upon him; but he has not yet been able to return many visits, for I am sorry to say that he has been indisposed with severe cold, besides being troubled with his lameness. The venerable Jeremy Bentham called at the Hotel the second day after Rammohun Roy was gone to bed, but would not allow him to be disturbed; he left however a characteristic note; addressed "Jeremy Bentham to Rammohun Roy." I wish I had it to transcribe. Of course the note was answered and Rammohun Roy passed the next evening tête à tête with this excellent and wonderful old man, who had not I believe for 15 years called upon any one. Mr. Crawford, I have of course seen as often as possible and am perfectly amazed at his labours in the good cause in which he is engaged, of the trade, 1,500*l.*; or twice as much per annum would hardly be too much for him—his published pamphlets afford no idea of what he accomplishes. The very first day I went to his lodgings, I met there Peter Gordon, no longer the eccentric Peter who moved for an order to "unhinge the doors of the Council Chamber," but sobered down into a clear headed, intelligent, methodical witness: Peter spoke out and spoke well before the Committee, and on the whole was of immense service and floored the Bully of the Court ——— more than once. Mr. Crawford has in the press another pamphlet, embodying I believe all the replies of the Indigo planters, &c. to the circulars (of course omitting names) in illustration of the Agricultural condition of the country and the purposes to which capital may be with advantage applied to it. I got from him the proof sheets with his corrections, and have despatched them to you for the Hurkaru Press; the preface and introduction are not yet ready. The work is to appear with his name. I dont exactly know what Buckingham is about as I have not yet met him, for he is rarely in town a day at a time being busy with his canvas for Woodstock, in representating which place, it is said he must *ultimately* succeed.

I should not omit to mention, that Rammohun Roy's young protegé Rajoo, when walking in the Park, saw the Queen, who immediately sent to call him, and conversed for some time with him, asking numerous questions about India, Rammohun Roy, &c.

N.B. Rammohun Roy was introduced to His Majesty, King William, on the 20th Sept.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

OUR PERIODICAL PRESS,—1831-32.

(By Vivian.)

"The Press is indifferently the passive instrument of Evil and Good: nay, there is some good in its evil," observes Mr. Coleridge. And this is explained by Milton. "Good and Evil in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably: and the knowledge of Good is so intervolved and interwoven with the knowledge of Evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche, as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, are not more intermixed. As, therefore, the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to chuse, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of Evil?"

In the affair of Printing, a wonderful progress has been made at the Cape within the last seven years, and the Press is at this moment in full operation, either for the purposes of *good or evil* Seven years ago, who thought of Newspapers, Reviews, Magazines, Pamphlets, Catalogues, Hand-bills, &c.? Such was the *decent order of things*, that none dared disturb the monopoly of the Government Press—this was the only organ of communication by means of its *Gazette*, for a population of upwards of one hundred and twenty-three thousand people! We shall just take a cursory view of the present state of the Press in this colony.

No. I. The Cape Town Gazette,—1806-32.

Was first published in *English* and Dutch, Jan. 25th, 1806. It formerly contained articles of news, and occasionally, useful papers by Mr. John Barrow, and various other contributors. After an existence of about one-and-twenty years in this form, the Lieutenant Governor, General Bourke, *closed its columns*. In an unfortunate moment, the Editor *carried his heart on his sleeve*, and offered a few words on the "full influence of free publication on the minds, manners, actions, and habits of men in social life." He even adverted to the "lively appeals of Reviews, Journals, and Newspapers." This was not to be endured, especially at a time when the free press of the colony was interdicted. The consequence was, that all light was immediately flung out of the *Gazette*, and advertisements, as at the present time, only tolerated. It is now printed by Mr. Bridekirk, and enjoys, as it ever did, the patronage of many town, as well as country readers. Indeed, it is quite the oracle of some people, and the country farmer would, of all men, be the most miserable, were he to lose the delight of luxuriating over the market prices of *Koorn*, dry goods, and *Tabak*; and of pondering well, *all what follows* under the important heads—Getrouwd and Gedoopt: and the *graves-end* news under that of Overleden. What a blow would that be to the pleasures of country life, to read no more *Proclamatien, Advertentien en andere Officiele Berigten door het Gouvernement van de Kaap de Goede Hoop!* We cannot harbour thoughts so distressing.*

No. II. The South African Commercial Advertiser,—1824-32.

This Paper was brought forth three minutes past the half hour of six, on the morning of Wednesday, Jan. the 7th, 1824. Its early cry was—"The mass of the people must be barbarous where there is no printing." In the days of its infancy it promised to behave well—to *hurt nobody by word or deed*, to *submit* itself to all *governors*, teachers, pastors, and masters, and to *behave reverently* to all its *betters*; "feeling *no inclination*," as it said, "to canvass and criticise the measures of government." But it would be unfair to the *Advertiser*, to trace with an unkindly spirit, the follies, or *deviations*, or weaknesses of its youth. We were once *children* of the *go-cart* ourselves, and, like the *Advertiser*, sickly in *constitution*.

As it regards the *style* of the *Advertiser*, we confess that some years since it was not to our mind. His short-winded asthmatic sentences, as easy to be understood as impossible to be remembered, never gave us much pleasure. They acquired, however, a momentary poignancy from their affected point, and commanded an attention from a certain class of readers. But, perhaps, this is a mere matter of taste—and after all, style does not always await the beckon of genius There is, however, some *charges* which we have heard advanced against the *Advertiser* which appear of a *serious* nature. We merely repeat them as they have reached us.—There is a *Warburtonian* arrogance about the *Advertiser*, which betrays him into the fault of a proud and petulent omission of the virtues or talents of a cotemporary. He is too much in the habit of ascribing weakness of intellect or want of taste and sensibility, or hardness of heart, or corruption of moral principle, to all who deny the truth of his sentiments, or the sufficiency of evidence, or the fairness of the reasoning adduced in their support. He would establish a government of

* From particular observation, we have observed in the country districts, that if the three Cape Newspapers be presented to a farmer, he invariably makes choice, in the first place, of the *Government Gazette*. He considers the advertisements in the Gazette to be *genuine*.

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his own—that government *the Press*—from which there must be *no appeal*. He would wield the pen instead of the sword,—and break *hearts* instead of *heads*. He would supersede the courts of law and justice, and make the *Advertiser*, the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the *Star Chamber* of civil and religious Institutions. He publishes his sentiments on law and justice as if the law itself was delivered—that is, "in thunders and lightnings," and applies to his own productions, instead of the sacred mount, the menance—"*There shall not a hand touch it, but he shall surely be stoned or shot through.*" So much for the opinions of sundry Cape Critics.

Now, it might be considered unfit in *us* to decide on the merits of this question. We are scarcely impartial censors, and our verdict if delivered, might be suspected in either of the articles—envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness. Let us therefore *nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice*, as it regards this paper. Let us away with every little selfish passion, and, on public grounds, speak of it according to its deserts. Those who know any thing of our principles, will scarcely suspect us of flattery to any party—much less would we cringe for protection from the critics frown, though that critic should be the *Advertiser* himself.

We consider the *Advertiser* taking it all in all, a public blessing to the Cape Colony. Far distant be the day, when the labours of its virtuous, enlightened and independent Editor shall cease. He has fought the battles of the colony, nobly, fearlessly, and single handed. And the most meritorious part of his integrity is, that in the midst of local prejudice, party interests, and persuasive temptations, he has defended the *rights of man* of every colour, kindred, and clime. And he has done this at much expense to himself—he has sacrificed home, and country, and fortune, and literary fame; for the true interests of the comparatively poor people of the Cape of Good Hope: and he has done all this, in all the best and most unadulterated feelings of British loyalty. We confess that the *Advertiser* is not all that we could wish in some things, but we say to the Colonists at this critical moment of *party feeling*,—remove the *Advertiser* and where are you? Your return to barbarism is certain—the Goths and Vandals will be upon you, the night of ignorance will return,—the days of primitive rudeness, oppression, monoply, usury, and torpid ignorance; for honesty tell us, who is there that would devote half as much anxiety and patience to your public interests, (even in the midst of ingratitude and rebellion,) as the Editor of the *South African Commercial Advertiser?*

No. III. Het Nederduitsch Zuid-Afrikaansch Tydschrift. 1824-32.

We have a family interest in this work—having become its *Uncle Toby* in 1825. Its approaching death was formally announced when we stepped forward and having adopted the means prescribed by the *Humane Society*, successfully resuscitated *Mynheer Tydschrift* to vigorous life. It is maintained, we believe, by a joint-stock association—the Editor not avowed.

No. IV. De Zuid-Afrikaan. April, 1830-32.

Suppose, reader! a return to barbarism at the Cape of Good Hope. Imagine that the blindness of the colonists had preferred darkness to light—the establishment of a *Legislative Assembly* upon the principles recommended by the *Zuid-Afrikaan*,—the banishment of Missionaries, the dissolution of voluntary associations, and the putting down every other press but its own, (for that we suspect would be its aim,) what think you would be the consequences? We will suppose the following to be a picture of things as drawn by the faithful historian of some fifty years hence.———The activity which now remained at the Cape, was the activity of corruption, in the prostrate colossal carcass of Liberty. The first retrograde movements from civilization to barbarism had been made, and cruelty, cupidity, selfishness, and all the other original stains of the savage, which had been for a while *concealed* by *artful design*, were beginning to make themselves awfully visible. The *brutal* was in *arms* against the godlike part of our nature, and hurrying on those dreadful processes, by which reason was at length dashed from its pedestal, and cast into the foul den of superstition and bigotry. Every man hastened to do evil; the slave-trade was revived in all its horrors, and the chief business of the people was the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species!—The dealing in Human Flesh!! The waves of the moral deluge were beating against the outworks of civil society and operating its ruin. The *combining* principle had lost its power. The elements of society began to separate themselves from each other, or to run like a scattered globe of quick-silver, into numerous smaller spheres, each having a centre of *its own*. There was no *community of sentiment*, no vast mass of *opinion* irresistible from its dimensions; no generous soul, no *loyalty*, no *love*, no *patriotism*.

Of the *real* editor of the *Zuid-Afrikaan* we know nothing, nor are we acquainted with any of its contributors; and it is most likely, that we know as little of its share-holders. We have heard, that many of them are excellent men, and that others are of inferior grade. But as we have to do simply with the *literary* qualifications of their paper, we can have no concern with their walk in life, their professions, their persons—

"By whom beloved, or by whom begot."

Were our respect for a vast number of the colonists less than it really is, we might have taken little notice of this unworthy print: but truly attached to the colony as we are, and especially to its country people, we are bound in duty to lift up the warning voice, and beseech them, as they value their true interests, not to enter into league with, or be guided in opinion by, a paper which would lead them into error, only to *desert them in the hour of difficulty*. What a Patriot of the *true blood!* What a lover of "our dear country!!" There is no single subject which this miserable print has handled, which does not become a mass of inconsistency and absurdity. Its articles on the Wine Trade and Cape Brandies, are evidently the production of besotted ignorance. They tend to crush all improvement, and ruin the Wine Trade altogether.

We have heard the shout of triumph raised on account of the extended circulation of the *Zuid-Afrikaan*. But we are thankful that this is no proof that its sentiments are generally welcome. Its price, it should be recollected, is better suited to the pecuniary circumstances of the colonists than that of the *Advertiser*. Three pounds per annum is too great a demand on the pockets of the *country* people for a newspaper. Again, the force of public opinion is to be estimated, not merely by the show of hands, but rather by the *quality* of the suffrage that is given That the *Advertiser* does not represent the general sentiments of the public we are ready to admit:—hence we have invariably recommended two distinct papers for the colony,—in which, however, if there be an inclination to differ, the war should be carried on with good and honourable feeling on both sides.*

As a literary composition, both in *Dutch* and *English*, the *Zuid-Afrikaan* is wretched to a proverb. Its notable article on putting down voluntary associations, and abridging the *liberty of the subject*, caused one burst of indignant expression among all ranks of society. And when the thing mouths out the *hack* expressions, *cant* and *hypocrisy*, can any thing equal its own barefaced cant and hypocrisy,—for instance, in reference to the erection of a Brandy Still at Stellenbosch. With regard to drunkenness, it is impossible not to be struck with the physical and moral degradation which is spreading over the colony. The licensed houses are increasing in all directions—acting like the simoon of the desert—scattering destruction and misery all around. To a virtuous and independent public writer, the triumph of the demon of distillation at Stellenbosch would awaken no inconsiderable emotions of regret. To the *Zuid-Afrikaan*, the affair is hailed with every demonstration of fulsome contratulation. And then, as a *finale*, he calls upon the "*Divine blessing*" to prosper the Brandy Still at Stellenbosch, "for the benefit of the public in general!!!"

Nor is this all—we are bound to consider this viperous Journal as dealing out Profaneness, Hate, Fury, and Disaffection throughout the land. And this, too, among a people of oftentimes *misdirected* and disproportionate cultivation—a people hitherto of limited understanding, suddenly roused, not into *free inquiry*, but compelled by their leaders, by popular clamour and party spirit, to examine *only* that side of the question which darkens and deforms the subject.

In conclusion, we are bound in finally summing up, to declare, that the paper in question has thrown down all fence and bulwark of public decency. Every feeling that binds the citizen to his country, and the spirit to its Creator, has been undermined—not by reasoning, for from that there is no danger, but from reviling and scoffing with impunity. Were we frequently to contemplate the evils of a rank and unweeded press only in its effect on the manners of a people, and on the general tone of thought and converation, the greater the love, which we love to literature, and to all the means and instruments of human improvement, the more should we wish for some *Ithuriel* spear that might remove from the eye and ear of the public, and expose in their own fiendish shape those creatures, which *inspiring venom and, creating illusions as they list*.

———"Thence raise
At least *distempered*, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires."

No. V. The South African Quarterly Journal. 1829-30.

We noticed in terms of deserved commendation, this Journal of Science, in our first Number of last year. It enjoys the patronage of a respectable body of subscribers, but unfortunately there has been considerable delay in the publication of the 5th Number, only four having made their appearance. What the assignable causes of the suspension of this work are, we know not; but we submit that the subscribers and friends of the *South African Institution*, are fairly entitled to an explanation.

No. VI. The South African Christian Recorder. March, 1831-32.

This little publication might have been eminently useful to the colony. As it is, we think it a decided failure, both in the tact of management, as well as of composition. We regret extremely that the *association* engaged in its support should have countenanced for a single moment the theological discussion which occupied so many pages of the *Recorder*. Surely we have enough of the spirit of strife in the colony, without making *Religion* a party concerned. Besides, the work—a professedly *christian* work—was *pledged* that it should be conducted "on the broad and liberal basis of our common faith, without being the organ of any one religious denomination in particular, and that to the *exclusion* of Controversial Theology." Again, (without entertaining the

* As it is at present conducted, we consider no respectable Merchant, (unless driven by necessity,) would venture to advertise in the *Zuid-Afrikaan*.

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any sympathy with the peculiar views of the Unitarians,) we regret the spirit and style of the arguments, if arguments they may be termed, which have been advanced against this religious body of men. As we have much at heart the advancement of the English language in all its purity, we must guard our young readers against the pleonasms and inverted phraseology of the controversial papers in question. The construction of some of the sentences it would be difficult to bring within the rules of parsing. This ambitious and pedantic diction is at variance with true simplicity, and at once opposed to true taste, and the genius of our language. The writer, not contented with placing an idea before us in broad day-light, colours up his language, till the effect is like that of the sun-shine through stained glass, gorgeous but dim. But enough of this. Our last remark must be, to express our deep regret that the No. 9 should have seen the light of day. The paper entitled *Pictures of Human Nature*, are by no means adapted to family reading; in fact, it is an insult to the virtuous understanding of the reader—being replete with disgusting detail. We are quite sorry that our worthy friend, Mr. Tredgold, should have any hand in vending such *stuff*.

No. VII. THE SOUTH AFRICAN ALMANACK AND DIRECTORY, FOR THE YEAR, 1832. By GEORGE GREIG. Cape Town.

JUST at the moment of publication, we obtained a copy of Mr. Greig's periodical for 1832. It seems to us, to possess this year, no ordinary attractions, and we suspect it will be a great favourite with the public. Such an Almanack as this, is not only an indispensable acquisition to the Counting-house, the Public Office, Private Families, and the "Stranger within our gates,"—but is, from its mass of statistical research, a valuable contribution to our Libraries. Completeness and impartiality as to its details (as far we can jndge,) are not the only merits of the Directory:—its embellishments are at once as honorable to the "graphic skill of the artists," as the whole of the work itself is, to the public spirit and industry of the proprietor.

The beautifully engraved *Map of the Colony* by Major Mitchell which accompanies this work, is an extremely valuable New Years gift. The Lithographed *Plan of Cape Town* is quite a *desideratum*. *St. Andrew's Church* is unfortunately passed over in the plan, but there is a compensation in the beautiful view of this Church which appears in the Directory. In addition to this, there are views of the following Churches—*The Lutheran*—*The Reformed*—and the *Roman Catholic*. It strikes us, that the drawing of the *Lutheran Church* is not according to the architectural proportions of height and breath—i e the ratio of measure. But we may be mistaken.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

CAPE TOWN has been recently visited by two respectable individuals, J. Backhouse and G. Walker, members of, and forming a deputation from, the Society of Friends in England. These gentlemen have, through the hands of the Rev. Dr. Philip, been pleased to present the *Public Library* with a handsome donation of Books. The Society of Friends paid a liberal attention to the *Public Library* in the year 1822. We copy the following from the Government Gazette.

"The Society of Friends (Quakers,) having heard of the formation of a *Public Library* in Cape Town, have sent the Directors a collection of books, &c. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the Directors have duly appreciated this mark of attention from that most respectable and amiable community;—and they will take care to make such a record of it, as shall tend to perpetuate the memory of a circumstance so complimentary to this colonial Institution."—*July 6th*, 1822.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

IN addition to the above donation, Mr. Buyskes, now of the Island of Java, has been pleased to present the Public Library with a collection of books, connected with the sciences and natural history of the East, and printed at Batavia. We are glad to find in many of the transactions of the Batavian Society for Arts and Sciences, that the *English language* is introduced. We have also to record a third and fourth instance of liberality. Mr. GADNEY, of Cape Town, has been pleased to present the Library with a copy of the Holy Scriptures, printed at Canton in the Chinese language. And Mr. WOODCOCK has added to the Biblical collection by presenting a copy of the famous "Breeches Bible," printed by Barker, the King's printer, in 1610. This Bible has been usually denominated by the above title from the 7th verse of the 3d chapter of Genesis reading thus:—"And they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves *Breeches*." Attached to this copy of the Scriptures is a valuable Tract, upwards of two hundred years old, entitled—"*The True Way to Happiness, leading to the Gate of Knowledge*."

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

THE following official notice from the English papers of July, illustrates the descrimination of those at the head of East India Affairs at home.

"The Directors of the East India Company have nominated the Rev. James Adamson, Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Cape of Good Hope, to be Professor of English Literature, &c. in the Anglo-Indian College of Bengal."

In consequence of this arrangement, it is understood that the Scottish Community at the Cape, will in due time, and in its own right, fill up the vacancy, This is as it should be. With much unwearied exertion, St. Andrew's Church was built,—unaided by a single subscription from Scotland,—its clergy, and religious bodies having maintained a strict neutrality in the matter of its pecuniary interests.

NEW CLUB.

A Club has just commenced at No, 15, Heeregracht consisting of about 100 members at the rate of 3 Rds. per mensem. It is understood to have been started in the first instance by several respectable *B*, *Bs*, and the subscribers are to be provided with *Beer*, *Billiards*, *Brandy*, *Bitters*, and *Beds*, *&c.*

We are sorry that the Society in the election of new members, should have had recourse to the old system of *black-balling*. The consequence has been, that several respectable individuals connected with commerce, &c. have been discarded, merely to gratify the silly pride or secret spleen probably, of some of the little-minded of its members. Perhaps our readers will accept (in lieu of a better,) the following explanation of the

Origin of Black-balling. The Thracians had a custom of marking all their happy days with black ones; which they cast, at the close of each day, into an urn. At the person's death the stones were taken out; and from a comparison of the numbers of each complexion, a judgment was made of the felicity or infelicity of his course of life. The Romans had their *atra dies*, which denotes a fatal day whereon they received some memorable defeat. (The word literally imports a black day; a denomination taken from the colour.) The *dies atræ*, or *atri*, were afterwards denominated *nefasti* and *posteri*. Such in particular was the day when the tribunes were defeated by the Gauls at the river Allia, and lost the city; also whereon the battle of Cannæ was fought, and several others marked in the Roman calendar, as *atræ*, or unfortunate. From these customs is most probably derived the present mode of ballotting with black and white balls, and wherein the candidate, who is so unfortunate as not to succeed, is said to be *black-balled*.

NOTICE.

Persons desirous of subscribing to the *Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette*, are informed, that Subscription Lists are open at the Commercial Hall, Public Library, the Office of Mr Greig, and at the Publisher's—Mr. BRIDEKIRK.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Letters on the Temperance Society, *pour et contre*, have been received, and will be placed in the hands of *The Colloquists*.

Oh! Oh! on the *New Fair*, is under consideration.

Nemo, of Sir Lowry's Pass, has been received. Should the Communication not appear in print, it must be attributed to the paleness of the ink, which at present makes part of it unintelligible.

Recent Rambles among the Mountains in our next.

As this Publication is wholly independent of any Public Institution or Society—*the Editor* alone must be addressed,—*to the care of the Publisher*,—without the least reference to personal names.

Errata.—A word is unnecessarily introduced in the *Note*, page 228.——For *Philanthropic Proposal*, page 230, read *Patriotic Proposal*.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

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RECOLLECTIONS OF RAMBLES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—No. I.

(By Orlando.)

A few words by way of Introduction.

In order to excite the young gentlemen and ladies of Cape Town to extend their rides *beyond* the *toll*-house on the Rondebosch road, I shall submit a few plain reasons why travelling is necessary, simply on the score of one's *health*. An important effect of travelling is the influence which change of air exerts on the blood. In various diseases, change of air, when that change is only from one part to another, a few miles separated, is productive of the most salutary effects. Nay, it is proved beyond all doubt, that the change from what is considered a good, to what is thought a bad air, is often attended with marked good. Hence it is very reasonable to conclude, that the *mere change* of one kind of air for another, has an exhilirating or salutary influence on the animal economy. It is true that we have no instruments to ascertain in what consists this difference of one air from another, since the composition of the atmosphere appears to be nearly the same on all points of earth and ocean. But we know from observation, that there are great differences in air, as far as its effects on the human body are concerned. Hence it would appear that the human body, confined to one particular air, be it ever so pure, *languishes* at length, and is only bettered by a *change*. This is supported by analogy. The stomach, (we trust we do not in the least interfere with the *practice* of our esteemed friend Doctor Henry Macartney,) we say that the stomach, if confined to one species of food, however wholesome, will in time languish, and fail to derive that nutriment from it, which it would do if the species of food were occasionally varied. The ruddy complexion of travellers and of those who are constantly moving from place to place, does not solely depend on the mere action of the open air on the face, but also on the influence which change of air exerts on the blood itself in the lungs. Thus much on the advantages of colonial travel.

In recording our *Recollections of Rambles*, we must premise to the reader, that we intend to describe things as we found them, and to give the exact truth, and the *whole truth*, in every part of our varying Rambles, with as much impartiality, as human infirmity, unperceived by itself, but adhering to us all, will allow. We do not anticipate, that we shall at all times please or amuse the reader; but if Dr. Johnson's opinion be authority, no man is so obscure, or so stupid, but he may relate *something* deserving to be remembered, if he will speak with truth, simplicity, and frankness; if he will describe his real feelings and undisguised opinions. It is our pride and boast, to pretend to no opinion which we do not feel, and to be ashamed of none which we do feel. Ours, such as the last seven years have taught us, shall be laid open with the fearlessness of good faith, in the order which they happen to recur to memory.

STAGE THE FIRST.

It is scarcely necessary to notice, that after leaving the improved road leading from Cape Town to Rondebosch, which we did on the morning of the 24th of October, every thing on the approach to Stellenbosch (the first Cape Village as far as it regards population,) wears a rude sterile aspect. There are no signs of cultivated nature:—dreary wastes, sandy and oft times trackless roads, puzzle and provoke the traveller, who derives no assistance from the hand of man—*direction-posts* being unknown in Southern Africa. On the present occasion the scene was miserably dull, occasioned by the extreme coldness and dulness of the morning—the numerous pools of water which had been filled by the rains of the previous day, and the obscuration of the lofty outline of the distant mountains now enveloped in clouds. The country however, generally provokes an appetite and at an half-way *uitspan* place, we did not fail to do honour to our basket of stores. Of these two *stray* Englishmen partook. They had lost their way and were rambling with their toil-worn horses in quest of the *right road* to Stellenbosch. Vain attempt for the travelling noviciate! During our sojourn at this spot, we botanized a little, and gathered of the flowers—*Les Liliacées*, a great variety of the *Gladiolus*, the *Ixia tricolor*, the *Amaryllis*, and the fragrant *Abuca Minor*.

STELLENBOSCH.

We arrived at Stellenbosch in the afternoon—the weather had cleared up, the sun was shining, and all nature appeared in the liveliest mood. Still these things did not dissipate that sort of melancholy gloom, which the traveller generally feels as he enters this formal village. We love trees, but they must be kept at a *proper distance*. They must not encourage and nurture damp in our houses. Their roots must not endanger the foundation of our buildings, nor must their foliage shut out the light of Heaven's blessed sun, or its exhilirating purity of air. We love water, but not the street water which runs before the door, from whose exhalations arise

"——— Joint-tort'ring Gout,
And ever gnawing Rheum."—

For these reasons, we could never consent to take up a residence in this questionable place. It possesses, however, one or two advantages in its medical attendants. The district surgeon, Dr. O. F. is highly skilled in his profession, and is *given to hospitality:* and the English school has for its head a well educated teacher, and very many of the youth of both sexes have acquired a correct knowledge of our language. By the bye, there is

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an importance attached to a knowledge of the *English* language in this colony, which in one point of view, has been overlooked. He whose good fortune it is to know *English*, possesses an air of gracefulness in his deportment which is not the case in one destitute of such acquirement. There is a sheepish, clownish, uncivilized look in the man un-Englished, whilst on the other hand, there is a polish of manners, and a refinement of sentiment in the person whose privilege it has been, to have been taught in an English school. Moreover, there is an anxiety in the possessor to know more of the world we inhabit—not only in the contemplation of the beauty and grandeur of external nature on the earth and in the heavens,—not only in the culture of the benevolent feelings and the *perusal of books* on general subjects, but in knowing something about labour, —productive and unproductive—division of labour—value—exchangeable value—price of commodities—capital —employment of it—production—distribution—consumptive stock—rent—freedom of and restraints on trade—circulating medium—opening of ports —and all other branches of political economy. On the subject of *books*, we think a wide distribution of Mason on *Self Knowledge* would be of great use at Stellenbosch. For some other parts of the colony Mrs. Hamilton's *Cottagers of Glenburnie* would appear desirable. Again, as to the *Stellenbosh* school, we could not correctly ascertain as to its *present* condition, the teacher being confined to his room by headache; but this we know, that in times past, this school *bore the bell.* We have gazed with delight on the blooming countenances of a largely assembled school—*honest lads and bonny lasses*, now grown out of knowledge, but walking worthily we trust, in those various paths of life "in which God hath been pleased to call them." And the most meritorious part of the Teacher's conduct was, that he had to struggle with innumerable difficulties. An ignorant *Commission* was placed over him in the shape of those petty authorities which *then* existed. Authorities, perhaps, puffed up into mysterious consequence, from finesse, management, and intrigue. Its members knew nothing of Books or even the *language* of the school, in the progress of which, they would often sit in judgment. In school examinations also, the teacher would be often humbled before his pupils by this *Commission.* The lowest state of education was more appreciated by it, than that of an advanced order. The "broken soldier" or the *razor-grinder*, (good men probably in their own line,) were sure of approval when *their* schools were examined, whilst the English school in which classical education was also taught, was *kept down* by every species of affront and annoyance. In speaking of *authorities*, we mean no disparagement to the many good men in the colony holding official office. Such we respect, as we do their office. Our loyalty, our patriotism, our religious duty are all concerned in the obedience we owe to the laws. But as historians, we have not failed to glance at the past, and gibbet the *Caput mortuum* as a warning to future transgressors.

It is Shenstone we believe, who has said

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an *inn*."

Not so at Stellenbosch. Mine host of the frosty countenance, guards his portal like a member of an Austrian police, and, with a kind of sinister asquint of the eye, examines you from top to toe.

Your name is then asked—who and what you are—from whence you came —and whither you are going. And should your replies to a long string of other interrogatories prove highly satisfactory, the joyful words '*Komt binnen*' greet your ears. You then enter a sepulchral kind of house, silent as death, and solemn as the grave. You hear the clicking of the clock at hand, and the crowing of the cock in the distance. You wander about the rooms, whose walls are thickly beslabbered with white-wash, which very soon bedaubs you and all your concerns. No spruce, prettily-spoken, curtseying landlady consults or compliments you, and "hears your tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of your nerves." No blossom of beauty, in the shape of a *Mary the maid of the Inn*, awaits your nod, and studies your comfort. No *waiter* to cry '*coming, Sir*,' no *boots* to take off your *leggens*, and no *John the Ostler* to *help in with the gentleman's luggage*. You observe no one in earthly existence, but a stupid male attendant, playing the *game, or rule of contrary* with every request you make, and every direction you give. As to your meals, you must abide the time and pleasure of some automaton behind the scenes. If it be *dinner*, you must put up with a tough, stringy, tasteless *baked* chicken, whose life has been taken an hour or less before the repast. Of *greasy* accompaniaments there is a *quantum sufficit*, and these with pigmy, waxy, *pared* potatoes, and Cape wine well soaked in villainous Cape brandy, and possessing all the earthly sensual *smaak* so peculiar to Stellenbosch, make up a Stellenbosch inn-dinner.

And as for breakfast, you must drink essence of tea, or coffee, completely drowned in milk. Mutton chops dripping with sheep's-tail, good bread, but stale butter, and cold eggs, cooked before you are out of bed. It is but justice, however, to observe, that these things, together with the high charges attached to them, derive considerable compensation in the cleanliness of the house, and comfort of the beds.

During our stay at Stellenbosch, we of course preambulated the village in quest of the *lions*. In his usual *Heeregracht* costume, we met the worthy chief magistrate, and enjoyed a dish of chit chat with him under the trees. He was lamenting the severity of the laws as it respected the unfortunate slave-owners. It had been his provoking "duty to fine a master £10, just for licking the back of an impertinent huzzy of a slave-girl with a little bit of a switch who richly deserved it,—being at all times abominably dapper *wid* her tongue." We paid some agreeable visits to several private families, and partook of their well-known hospitality. The most entertaining sight which we saw, was a *ci-devant* functionary flying a *kite* on the green. It might be (as there were no children with him,) that his mind was rapt in the contemplation of physical science, looking for *castles in the air*, or with the immortal Franklin, conducting the lightning in its forked course, and bringing down philosophy from heaven! We must not omit the notice of a very agreeable visit to Mr. J. G. G. Lindenberg. Here we found an extremely well chosen collection of books, and every publication of the Cape Press for the last twenty years. On leaving the tastefully arranged dwelling of this gentleman, a thought came all at once in our head. It was, to imagine ourselves His Excellency the Governor for *one day*. Not that we are in the least discontented with the gallant and generally esteemed Chief who bears rule

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amongst us. Quite the reverse. 'But,' as a friend once said to us, "suppose, now, you were governor for a day, what would *you* do more than has been done?" Why, sir, we would appoint Mr. Lindenberg to a situation of at least £300 per annum. We would increase the public revenue by advancing the cost of *annual licences* for vending spirituous liquors. We would suffer no *slave* to act as canteen-man. We would call for certificates of character from every *canteen-keeper*, and oblige the *real* owner of such to put his name over the door. And we would seriously take into consideration the propriety of re-establishing the old *Pacht* for Cape Town. Again, as we have a day granted to list as we like, we will exercise our privilege to its fullest extent. We would send the *Butchers' Shambles* out of town, and introduce to the building—Green Grocers, Fruiterers, Poulterers, Seedsmen, and Dairy-men. Or we would cover in a proportion of *Market-square* for these purposes. As friends to *Church and State*, we would either recommend or provide *church means* for the *unprovided* surplus of the population of Cape Town,—amounting to thirteen thousand two hundred and fifty souls! We would look especially to the religious instruction of that good-natured race of men—the *Free Black* or the *Prize Negro*. We would send to the Brazils for ministers of religion; "for here," observes the Rev. C. S. Stewart, of the *Vincennes* frigate, "I have met individuals of high office in the army, and others, *ordained* to the service of the priesthood, of as jet a skin, and as *pure African blood*, as any of the country." We would repeal the *Marriage Laws*, and make the business of a marriage union extremely simple, and attainable, without the necessity of journies, and the glaring, gazing, giggling impertinence of Matrimonial Court Inquisitions; and of coming in contact with thieves, rogues, and vagabonds.

And we would, *as soon as opportunity should arise*, look to the distant labourers in God's vineyard. In the equitable distribution of church affairs, we would bring the esteemed men, our *Murray's*, our *Smith's*, our *Morgan's* (and all others of equal worth,) nearer the seat of our government. We would say—long have ye borne the heat and burthen of the day, amidst many privations, in the distant part of the land. Long have ye witnessed a good profession before men, in all fidelity, and patriotism. Now take the reward, in that nearness to your more immediate friends, which your own merits and righteous justice demand. And we determine this, because we have never discovered you under any *suspicious* circumstances, *i.e.* within the *purlieus of the Colonial Office*. Not only this, viewing the great progress of *our language* in Cape Town, and looking to the Pulpit as a powerful auxiliary in its favour, we have not failed to assist the public schools of the Cape, by causing an English service in our churches in which ye, or some one else, can so efficiently sustain a part.

Moreover, we would with His Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry, encourage Missionaries and others to "apply for government assistance" in affording the "means of instruction and religious communion to the coloured inhabitants and the Hottentots." Again, we would establish an Asylum or Lodge in Cape Town for the visiting Hottentots. A cruelly persecuted race of people at the present moment! The derision of *professed* christians, the bye-word, the reproach, the sport of the *half-and-half* friends of Civil Liberty and Free Trade at the Cape of Good Hope! Dearly are the poor things paying for their just rights awarded to them by the noble act of British Legislation. And subject to every calumny, insult, and opposition, are those individuals, who plead on behalf of humanity and public justice.

And the inquiry naturally suggests itself, what hath divided man from his fellow? What hath

"————Raised high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord——"

We answer the Press—the rank, the unweeded Press,—the unworthy, prostituted joint-stock-company *Zuid-Afrikaan* Press. This is no *hear-say* evidence on our part. We testify of that which we know, —of that which we have seen; and we impeach the unqualified baseness and criminality of this "*Mammon of unrighteousness.*"

We confess that we feel an alarm, lest the false principles of this paper should lead to untoward issues. We cannot deceive ourselves by the received notion, that truth is mightier than falsehood, and that good *must* prevail over evil. Good principles enable men to *suffer*, rather than to *act*. Think how the dog, fond and faithful creature as he is, from being the most docile and obedient of all animals is made the most dangerous, if he becomes *mad*; so men acquire a frightful and not less monstrous power, when they are in a state of *moral insanity*, and break loose from their *social*, and *loyal*, and *religious* obligations. We must remember, too, how rapidly the plague of diseased opinions is communicated, and that if it once gain head, it is as difficult to be stopt as a conflagration or a flood. Crushed and beat down by fair argument, as the scribblers in the *Zuid-Afrikaan* have been,—they are too callous to feel ridicule or exposure, and their friends are too stupid to discover their partisans *laid low in the dust*. Besides the *leading* characters of this anti-colonial paper,—*The Zuid-Afrikaan*, have *nothing to lose*, and they can use intrigue and artifice to shield themselves, to which honourable men never condescend. In looking out for fair and *lawful* protection against the abuses of a *hireling* press, we have often thought, that the only plan would be, to impose on the critic, the necessity of subscribing *his own name* and description, to his *Editorial* censures, or those of his correspondents. This, in nineteen cases out of twenty, would destroy the sting, because, it would bring with it the *detection of the motive*, or would shew the *insignificance or rasculity of the hand from which it came.*

WEEPING WILLOWISM;

OR,

PARTING TIME ANTICIPATED.

An Impromptu Farewell, on hearing the decision of the Council of five, *that my Garden was to be taken away, and appropriated to the uses of a* FREE MASON'S LODGE. *With Notes and Comments.*

1.

Adieu my loved Garden, so dear
To my heart, in each pensive moment,
Let me *weep* for my *Willow* a tear,
And *hang up my harp* in lament.
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

2.

Adieu, my companions—sweet flowers,
Your perfumes so grateful to sense;
No more shall ye gladden my hours,
The mandate is—*get thee-gone* hence!
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

3.

Adieu all my friends of each hue,
From climates—the eastward and west;
Dear *Heart's-Ease*, thou bonnie *true-blue*,
Tri-Color—I love thee, the best.
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

4.

Sweet Marjorum! old English flower,
And *Sage*, *Mint*, and *Thyme*, truly dear,
We must *part*—for the fast coming hour,
Shall lay thee all low on the *bier*.
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

5.

And thou, "*bonniest gem*," 'neath the skies,
Lovely *golden-eyed* thing, fare-thee-well;
But the *Daisy*-flower, it '*never dies*"—
L'Embleme d'espèrance immortelle.
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

6.

And we too must part, *Sugar-Cane*,
But no Negro shall hail thy downfall,

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For thou grew up in *Freedom's* domain,
Next door to famed *Liberty Hall.*
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

7.

Convulvulus-*Major*, to you!—
My sympathy's offered in vain,
To thy *cup*, and thy *velvetted* hue,
Adieu, charming *Major*, adieu!
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

8.

And emblem of England—fair flower—
Thou *Rose*—of perfumers the chief!
Thine incense and sensitive power
Must wither and *fade as the leaf.*
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

9.

Helianthus, proud flower, so tall,—
On whose gold-disk the sun loves to dwell;
The Master determines thy fall—
Then, emblem of riches—farewell!
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

10.

And thou, *Cherianthius Cheiri*,
Old friend of the mouldering tower,
Thy pompous, imperial eye,
Must *go to the wall—Wall-flower!*
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

11.

And thou, *Amaranth* the divine,
Sung by *Milton*, the Prince of the Lyre,
Must yield to "*War, Women*, and *Wine*,"
And the fumings of *'bacca* on fire.
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

12.

And *last, though not least*, little flower,
Of *Constancy's* emblem so true;
The *Revellers* grim worldly power,
Shall soon doff thy *bonnet so blue.*
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

13.

And now one and all, an adieu,—
Coronilla, Carnation, and *Stock*,
Venus' Fly-Trap, Narcissus, and *Rue*,
Cock's Comb, and fair *Lady's Smock.*
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

14.

Passion-flower, Jonquil, and *Chrysanthemum*,
Mignonette, and *Clematis-flammula*,
Amaryllis, and *Fig-Mesembryanthemum*,
And farewell, Miss bell-*Campanula.*
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

15.

And *Accacia*, and *Lupin*, and *Dahlia*,
Hyacinth, and *Forget-Me-Not*-blue;
And *Larkspur*, and charming *Camellia*,
To all, and to each—an Adieu!
"*Hail, Masonry! thou Craft divine!*"

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

My Garden. As we understand it, this must be the *parlour garden* adjoining the Commercial Exchange, and attached to the Public Library; and the *attempt at verse* is designed, we apprehend, as a *catalogue raisonée* of its contents. We confess we are lovers of gardens and flowers, and wish the taste for such were cultivated with more ardour than is at present the case at the Cape. The loss of a single town-garden, however small, is, we think, a public loss, and on such grounds we deplore its depreciation or destruction. The influence of a flower is well known to those who have perused Park's interesting Travels in the interior districts of our Africa. And, says a writer of some distinction, there is a flower, the common *cowslip* of the fields, which, by reason of associations for thirty years of my life, I never saw without emotion. And, observes a British officer in India, "In one advance of the army to which I was attached, we had some skirmishing with the irregulars of our foe; the pursuit was rapid, and I fell behind my detachment, wounded and weary, in ascending a ghaut resting in the jungle, with languid eyes fixed on the ground, without any particular feeling but that of the smarting of my shoulder. A *cowslip* caught my sight! my blood rushed to my heart—and, shuddering, I started on my feet—felt no fatigue, knew of no wound, and joined my party. I had not seen this flower for ten years! but it probably saved my life. * * * This flower was again seen in Spain. I had the command of an advance party, and in one of the recesses of the Pyrenees, upon a secluded bank, surrounded by a shrubbery so lovely as to be noticed by many—was a *cowslip*. It was now nearly 20 years since I had seen it in the Mysore: I did not start, but a cold and melancholy chill came over me; yet I might possibly have gazed long on this humble little flower, and recalled many dormant thoughts, had not a sense of duty (for we momentarily expected an attack,) summoned my attention to the realities of life: so, drawing the back of my hand across my eyes, I cheered my party with—'FORWARD, *my lads!*' and pursued my rout, and saw it no more, until England and all her flowery meadows met my view." How welcome was the sight of a Daisy to Dr. Carey, of Calcutta, which had unexpectedly sprung up in his garden! He gives it a hearty welcome—

'Thrice welcome little English flower!
My mother-country's white and red;
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread.
Transplanted from thine island bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth;
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To this resplendant hemisphere;
Where Flora's giant-offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year.
Thou, only thou, art *little* here,—
Like worth unfriended or unknown;
Yet, to my British heart more dear,
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Of early scenes beloved by me:
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be.
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime;—
HOME, COUNTRY, KINDRED, FRIENDS, with thee,
Are mine in this far clime.

Poor R. Brinsley Sheridan, whose last days, by the bye, were his best days, a circumstance wholly unknown to Mr. Thomas Moore, began, in older life, to love gardens and flowers. We have seen him *pull up* his vehicle in order to gaze and inquire into the merits of the cottager's gardens. We have seen him gather the "wood flowers wild" with all the fondness of childhood's affection. And after one of his country rambles at Polesdon, he commences a letter to Whitbread thus:—Dear Sam. W——, You need not expect me for a week—I am more than ever charmed with the garniture of the meadows, and the warbling of the woods. I have just returned from *primrosing and violetting*," &c. This was strictly true. His hat contained handfuls of these British flowers

We have stated our regret at the little love there is at the Cape for planting and rural pleasures. The *Breda's* and the *Van Renen's* have, however, done much in this way, and so have the British inhabitants of Wynberg and its vicinity. Mr. *Higgs* and *Baker Moore* deserve a premium for their industrious planting habits. The new Agricultural Society should encourage the planting system—it might at least offer premiums. Trees are delightful objects—they are, indeed, the glory, the beauty, and the delight of nature. And we fully agree with Professor Wilson, that "the man who loves not trees—to look at them—to lie under them—to climb up them (once more a school-boy,) would make no bones of murdering Mrs. Jeffs." The reference to a school-boy, makes us recollect our own early days of happiness. It was part of the system of *our school*, to have allotted portions of garden ground—and it was quite delightful to discover in numerous instances, an early fondness for rural recreations. We could wish that something of this kind were encouraged in our colonial schools. Apart from the great utility of rural occupations, it is doubtless a great unhappiness to want a sense of rural enjoyments. He who has no heart for delights so pure and natural, must bribe his appetite with a forced and artificial kind of enjoyment, for which expensive preparations must sometimes be made, sometimes invention must be racked, and sometimes the *principles* subdued.

Again as to trees—We recollect travelling in the colony some few years since, and after encountering much of the sun's oppressive splendour, to find a covert from the heat in a plantation of great beauty and comfort. Some unknown poet had left a grateful tribute behind him in the following lines:

'Peace, peace to his ashes who planted these trees!
Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,
With simple and lovely magnificence please
All bosoms, and ravish all eyes.

Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazon his fame,
Like his own silver trophies, that wave
In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,
And scatter their leaves on his grave.'

Once more. The poets have not been altogether idle at the Cape. The discovery of a little favourite flower in the garden of Mr. Van Renen at the Brewery, has been thus celebrated:

'There is a charming little flower,
A charming flower it is,
The brightest gem in Flora's bower,
And sweet as beauty's kiss.

There is no fragrance in its sigh
To tempt the "busy bee;"
It does not please the butterfly—
But it is dear to me.

I love to see the little thing,
When morning paints the skies,
Before the bird is on the wing,
Opens its sparkling eyes.

Then, bright and fresh with shining dew,
It glitters to the ray,
With triple spots of various hue,
So fancifully gay.

This is the flower that I will wear,
That girls may cease to tease;
Its name is music to my ear,—
What is it called?—HEART'S EASE!'

Under the head—*General results of a Gardening Tour*—in Louden's excellent Magazine for August, we find the following particulars on *Town Gardens.* It is needless to observe that in selecting the extract, we have had in view the interests of our Town Readers—and our greatest reward would be—that they derive some *practical* advantage from its perusal.

Of gardens and grounds attached to street houses, it gives us much pleasure to state that we found some entirely to our satisfaction. The richest and most elaborate of these was that of Mr. Edwin Bullock of West Bromwich; the next, those of Mr. Howe, and Mr. Herbert of Coventry; and the next to these, that of Dr. Louden at Leamington. To these we may add the late Mr. Brookhouse's garden at Warwick, and the garden and grounds of Miss Parsons at Dudley. By the gardener at this last place we were informed that pines grow remarkably well in the immediate neighbourhood of works producing immense quantities of coal smoke. The pines not only grow well, he says, in such situations, but the very considerable quantity of soot which is continually falling on them, and which slides down into the axils of the leaves, effectually prevents the

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growth of the mealy bug, or, indeed, of any other insect. The health of his plants, and their entire freedom from insects, notwithstanding the sooty appearance of the lower parts of their leaves, seem to corroborate his opinion. The fruit grown, we can assert, is equal in flavour to any we have ever tasted. If this opinion should be confirmed by experience in other places, every innkeeper and confectioner, as well in London as in the country, may grow his own pine-apples on the top of his own house, heating a cistern of water, placed under them, by the smoke of the chimneys. The garden of Mr. Bullock contains a number of the most choice hardy green-house, and stove plants, besides select collections of florists' flowers. The two Coventry gardens are perfection's self, in regard to order and high keeping.

The detached town gardens are situated in the suburbs of towns, generally collected together, and separated by hedges. There are upwards of two thousand of such gardens in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, a considerable number at Wolverhamton, some at Dudley and at Manchester, and a few even in the neighbourhood of that stationary town Buckingham. There are also potato gardens near many of the towns through which we have passed, in which are cultivated only the commoner culinary vegetables, and not either fruits or flowers. The rent paid for the enclosed gardens is generally about 2*s.* 6*d.* a rod; and the extent of ground in each garden is from 7 rods to the fourth of an acre. When a party possessing such a garden is about to leave it, the plants and trees, and the right of possession, are bought by the successor for a price which, at Birmingham and Wolverhampton, sometimes amounts to as high a sum as 60 guineas. Twenty guineas is the usual price given for a garden paying from a guinea to 30*s.* annual rental. *It is not uncommon for single men, amateurs, clerks, journeymen, &c. to possess such gardens, and to pass a part of their evenings in their culture.* In one of these gardens, occupied by Mr. Clarke, chemist and druggist, Birmingham, (the inventor of *Clarke's Marking Ink,*) we found a selection of hardy shrubs and plants, which quite astonished us; we shall give a list in a future Number. *It were much to be wished that such gardens were general near all towns; as they afford a rational recreation to the sedentary, and a useful and agreeable manner of passing the leisure time of mechanics and workmen of every description. There ought to be no such thing, in our opinion, as a dwelling without a garden, either attached or detached; and, when self-government comes to be applied to towns in a more perfect manner than it now is, arrangements will be made accordingly.* In the mean time, it appears to us to be the duty, as it would be for the advantage, of townsmen of wealth, to encourage the laying out of fields in small gardens at moderate rents, for those persons in their vicinity who live in houses or lodgings without gardens.

That some attention has been paid to the rural economy of the Cape is not disputed. What we require is a revival of the spirit of bygone days—a something to be done for the uncivilized appearances of our town suburbs. The individuals to whom respect is due for the encouragement of gardening, and the introduction of useful plants among us are the following. That there are omissions in this enumeration we can scarcely doubt. Such, however, are not the result of any unjust intention.

To *Mr. Von Ludwig* very great thanks are due. This gentleman is positively without an equal in affording us inexhaustible delight and instruction from his amateur gardening predilections, as well as his disinterested and public-spirited exertions in the cause of the Natural History of the Colony.

Mr. Bowie has long and disinterestedly laboured in the department of scientific botany, and is, we suspect, not to be excelled in judicious skill, and patient research.

We are indebted to Mr. Bowie for the introduction of the "tow'ring ash," *(Fraxinus excelsior,)*—the Box Tree, *(Buxus sempervirens,)*—the Privet, *(Ligustrum vulgare,)*—the Furse or Whin, *(Ulex Europæus,)*—and many others.

The *Furse* has been likewise introduced with success by the late Dr. Hussey, Col. Bird, and Mr. George Thompson.

The *Cork* and the Olive Tree owe their existence in this colony to Mr. C. McKenzie.

The following is a list of a few other introductions by various individuals:

Arbor Vitæ, (*Thuja occidentalis.*)—The Indian remedy for cough, intermitting fever, gout, and rheumatism—by Mr. *Villet.*

Lime or Linden Tree, (*Tilia europæa*)—The wood of which the carver's prefer, on account of its delicate colour, close grain, easy working, and for its not being liable to split—by Mr. *Villet.*

Laburnam—The flowers of which are avoided by the bees; the leaves agreeable to the goat; and the seeds, in a green state, violently emetic and dangerous—by *Col. Bird.*

Carob Locust-Tree. St. John's Bread, (*Ceratonia Siliqua.*)—A native of Greece, Syria, and Asia Minor; the only tree that grows at Malta, and in abundance in the wilds of Palestine. The Foulahs on our Western coast cultivate the Ceratonia to a great extent, and it is generally prized by the inhabitants of our tropics. Seeds of this interesting plant were introduced by Mr. *Watt*, of the Commissariat Department, in 1831, from which many plants have been reared, which will no doubt prove valuable to our Southern Africa, as a tree producing abundance of food to man and beast, and calculated to thrive even on the most sterile of our Karoo soils.

Ivy, (*Hedera Helix.*)—A plant representing faithful friendship,—by Mr. *Polemann.*

Willow, (*Salix Babylonica,*)—by the late Dr. *Hussey.*

"*Uses of a Freemason's Lodge.*" We have heard that Freemasonry is a thing "which does with jewels precious shine." Whilst we lament the fatal necessity which determined a Lodge on this most unsuitable spot, we are bound in duty to state, that the parties concerned in its foundation, have done so with motives of a fair complexion, and that they have not failed to join in the lament of *Weeping Willowism*, and even to evince much disinterested respect to the little property in question. The words "Hail, Masonry, &c." which are introduced by the complainant in his rhyme, are taken from the orthodox version of a Mason's Hymn, *ex gra.*

Hail, Masonry! thou Craft Divine!
Glory of earth from Heaven revealed;
Which does with jewels precious shine,
From all but Mason's eyes concealed.

Chorus.

Thy praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous prose, or flowing verse?

Thus much for the Garden, botanical introductions, and Masonry. Now for a few illustrations of the text in its natural order.

1. "Weeping Willow," (*Salix babylonica.*)—Few emblems have been more celebrated by the poets than this of the forsaken lovers.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain—
Ah, willow! ah, willow!
Poor Colin went weeping and told them his pain.
Rowe.

It was on this tree that the poor slaves, the Israelites, *hung their harps*, and bemoaned their beloved Jerusalem, (Psalm 137.) The Willow is of luxuriant growth in the village of Worcester, in this colony—a remarkable circumstance for an unthriving place in most matters.

2. "Flowers."

——— "Flowers that tell,
What words can never speak so well."
Byron.

3. "Heart's Ease," (*Viola tricolor.*)

——— "The garden's gem,
Heart's Ease, like a gallant bold,
In his cloth of purple and gold."
Leigh Hunt.

4. "Marjoram," (*Origanum.*)

"Bind your brows with the flowers of sweet-smelling Marjorum."—*Catullus.*

"Sage," (*Salva.*)—This verse has been left in allusion to its virtues.

"*Cur moriator homo cui salvia crescit in hor to?*"

"Mint," (*Mentha.*)—Of great medicinal and culinary properties. Mint sauce for lamb, and mint leaves for green peas, are indispensably requisite.

"Thyme," (*Thymus.*)—The highest flavoured venison is always found where this penetrating herb abounds. Bees seek it with great activity: the honey of Athens was esteemed the best, on account of the Thyme which grew on the hills which surrounded that city.

5 "Daisy," (*Bellis Perennis.*)—The "bonny gem" of our Robert Burns, an emblem of innocence, from its forming one of the earliest floral amusements of infancy.

"Never dies."

Tis *Flora's* page:——In every place,
In every season fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every-where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign—
The DAISY *never dies.*
(James Montgomery.)

6. "Sugar-Cane," (*Saccharum* of Pliny,)—From the Arabic *sacchar* or *zuchar*, or rather from the *Indian shukur*,—a plant in whose cultivation upwards of 700,000 human beings are devoted by the British Government to personal slavery!!

"Liberty Hall." Thus named after the glorious dinner, to commemorate the last Revolution in France. We can never forget the little *warblers* on that interesting occasion. Capt. ——— sung "Liberty Hall" in grand style; Mr. Blore gave us "*Bill-Bob stay.*"

'Tight lads I have sailed with,
But none ere so sprightly
As honest Bill-Bob-stay so light and so *blue.*
Why he'd sing like a mermaid,
And foot it so lightly,
Was the forecastle's pride, and delight of our crew

And Mr. Geo. Cadogan refined the subject, by giving "*Believe me if all those endearing young Charms.*" And Mr. Benningfield's song was "*A glass of good Burgundy fill, fill, for me.*" And Mr. Merrington sung "*Father and I, Father and I.*" We have registered these things, because the press of 1830 did not perform its duty.

7. "Convolvulus Major," (*Convolvulus purpureus.*)—This flower is given to the ladies, that when they have made their happy choice, they may have an appropriate flower to bestow on their hopeless suitors, so as to extinguish the flame their charms have created.

8. "Rose," (*Rosa,*)—The emblem of beauty and the pride of Flora, queen of flowers, in every part of the globe; and the bards of all nations have sung its praises.

Thy scented buds life's joys disclose,
They shew our paths with magic sweets.
Where many a thorn like thine, fair rose,
Full oft the weary wanderer meets:
And when he sees thy charms depart,
He feels thy thorn within his heart.
(Mary Robinson.)

The Turks are great admirers of this lovely flower, and the Musslemen in general believe that it first sprang from the *perspiration* ...

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Mahomet; on which account they will not suffer a rose leaf to lie upon the ground, or permit any one to tread upon this sacred flower. In Turkey, a rose is sculptured on the monument of all ladies that die unmarried; and in Poland they cover the coffins of children with roses, and when the funeral passes the streets, a multitude of these flowers are thrown from the windows. Mad. de Genlis tell us, that formerly the rose was considered so precious in France, that in several parts of that country, the inhabitants were not allowed to cultivate it, as if all but the powerful were unworthy of such a gift.

9. "Sun-Flower," (*Helianthus.*)—The sun-flower is made the emblem of false riches, because gold of itself, however abundant, cannot render a person rich who is poor in spirit.

'Let a broad stream, with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll;
He's but a wretch with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.'
(Watts.)

10. "Wall Flower," (*Cheiranthus Cheiri.*)—This flower is made the emblem of fidelity in misfortune, because, very unlike rational beings, it attaches itself to the desolate, and enlivens the ruins which time and neglect would otherwise render terrible.

11. "Amaranth," (*Amaranthus.*)—Homer having described the Tessalians as wearing crowns of Amaranth flowers at the funeral of Achilles, has induced the bards to place it in the list of funeral flowers, and to make it the emblem of immortality.

Immortal Amaranth! a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom. *(Milton.)*

"War, Women, and Wine," and "'bacca." What a falling off is here! We apprehend our rhyming correspondent, means to identify the above sentimental toast, and the smoking of Tobacco, with the Free Masonry System.

12 "Violet," (*Viola odorata.*)—The poets of the 16th century, appear to have made this favourite flower an emblem of faithfulness. It is dedicated to St. Gertrude.

"The Reveller." This expression occurs in some exquisitely beautiful lines, written in Richmond Church by the late Herbert Knowles. They are registered in Carlisle's Description of Grammar Schools, 2d vol. page 880.

'Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the *Worm* is a *Reveller* here!'

13. "Coronilla," *(Coronilla.)*—A little shrub which enlivens the fields of Spain and Italy, and derives its name from *corona*, a crown, because the head of each of its branches is crowned by a corymb of golden flowers.

"Carnation," or striped Pink, *(Dianthus.)*

'With hues on hues.—*Thomson.*

"Stock," or Gilly-flower, (*Mathiola.*)—Lasting beauty is represented by this flower, whose charms, although less graceful than the rose or the lily, are more durable.

"Venus Fly Trap," *(Dionæa muscipula.)*—A native of South America, and exhibits a remarkable instance of vegetable irritability. When a fly happens to light upon one of its leaves, it immediately folds up, and crushes the invader to death!

"Narcissus," (*Narcissus.*)

'Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled mountain hanging still.'
Thomson.

See Ovid's beautiful Metamorphosis of the coy Narcissus into this flower.

"Rue," *(Ruta graveolens.)*—Hippocrates commends Rue as resisting the action of contagion. Boerhave speaks of it in similar terms. This plant was formerly called Herb of Grace, from its being used to sprinkle holy water.

"Cock's Comb," or Crested Amaranth, *(Celosia Cristata.)*

'——— Plants divine and strange,
That ev'ry day their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues.'

"Ladies' Smock," *(Cordamine.)*—This plant has the same sensible qualities as the water-cress. The flower of this plant has a place in the *Materia Medica* of the British Pharmacopœias. Its good effects are well known in convulsive disorders, and spasmodic affections.

14. Passion Flower, *(Passiflora.)*—In the following words from Forbes' *Oriental Memoirs*,* there is a beautiful allusion to this lovely flower. "In this sublunary sphere, there is a tranquil path unknown by the disciples of Epicurus, and little known to the philosophers of the Stoa,—shaded by umbrageous trees with lovely blossoms and delicious fruits. A perennial fountain refreshes the aspiring *passion-flower*, the blushing rose, and lowly lily; emblems of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which adorn the borders and perfume the atmosphere. The rose, it is true, is not always without a thorn; and the lily of the valley is sometimes crushed: but the *Passiflora* soars aloft, clings to a firm support, and smiles in cerulean ether."

"Jonquil," (*Jonquilla.*)

"——— Jonquils,
Of potent fragrance."
Thomson.

"Chrysanthemum," (*Chrysanthemum Indicum.*)—This flower gives cheerfulness to the parterre, when nearly all the other children of *Flora* have withdrawn their smiles.

"Mignonette," (*Roseda Odorata.*)

——— 'The fragrant weed—
The Frenchman's darling.'
Cowper.

An odorous plant of Egyptian sands.

Virgin's Bower, ("*Clematis flammula.*")

"And virgin's bower, trailing airily."
Keats.

"Amaryllis," (*Amaryllis.*)

'In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride.'
Milton.

"Mesembryanthemum," or Fig Marigold, (*Mesembryanthemum.*)—Most of this species do not expand their gay petals before mid-day, and seldom even at that late hour, unless the sun awakes them by his powerful rays; yet it is amongst the earliest flowers that take repose. It may therefore be bestowed on the sluggard for his armorial bearings.

"*Campanula*" *pyromidalis*, Blue Pyramidal *Bell* Flower. This flower is made emblematical of constancy, on account of its *Whig* colour. *True blue never fades.*

15 "Acacia," (*Robinia Pseudocacia*)—A tree of beautiful blossoms, from North America.

"Lupin," (*Lupinus.*)

——— 'Tristique lupini
Sustuleris fragiles calamos.' *Virgil.*

This plant is named from *Lupus*, a wolf, on account of its ravenous nature, which is such, that it draws in all the nourishment of the soil, to feed its own growth, and destroys all other vegetation.

"Dahlia," (*Dahlia.*)—The first introduction of this beautiful Mexican, marked the year when France became revolutionised: these plants were lost, until again introduced by Napoleon, on his accession to the throne of France.

"Hyacinth," (*Hyacinthus*)—Celebrated by the poets. Homer tells us, that this flower sprang from the blood of young Hyacinthus, the favourite of Apollo.

"Forget-Me-Not," (*Myosotis scorpioides.*)—Found in the Eastern Districts in great variety.

Larkspur, (*Delphinium Ajacis.*)—A graceful, airy flower, but of party-colour fickleness.

"*Camellia*" *Japonica*, Japan Rose.—A beautiful flower; the pride of the Japanese grove.

* In the Public Library.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR WINES—THEIR DEPRECIATION BY WINE GROWERS AND WINE MERCHANTS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal-prime.
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain, the country floats
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood,
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy.
Thomson.

SIR,—The commercial state of the western part of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, offers ground of anxiety and alarm to those who justly estimate, at its real value, this *interesting portion* of the BRITISH EMPIRE. It would be more distressing than difficult, to calculate the sad consequences which would follow in the train of vineyards abandoned, and establishments broken up; and it is but a sorry alleviation of actual distress to reflect upon, or to urge, that the sufferers are the mere victims of their own miscalculations. Such, however, appears to be the fact. About the year 1814, when the admission of Cape wines at *one-third* of the duty on those of Spain and Portugal had taken effect, the wine-exporters of the colony as if moon-stricken, rushed, one and all, to the wine-boers, each out-bidding the other for the subsequent, as well as for the actual crop. By this powerful competition, the first cost of wine at the vineyard was increased from under one hundred to above two hundred rix-dollars per leaguer, eventually to the ruin of all the parties. The *avarice* of the wine-boers experienced a stimulus which it could not resist; and the man was irresistibly impelled to clothe with vine stocks, not only those spots of his farm adapted to produce grapes to advantage, but also every other part on which vines would merely grow. Then follows the natural result: a produce, the consumption of which is limited in its nature, was speedily augmented in an unlimited degree; and, by over-supply of the London market, and an universally deteriorated quality, found a very reduced price. The cheapness of freight, also, in the after-days, tempted the merchant to consign to England an abundance of EXECRABLE composition, under the name of Cape Madeira, without the least regard to *quality—trash* of the worst description. The name of Cape wine, as well as the article, to use a very coarse, unpolite, but applicable term, "*stinks in the*

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London market." This is the true state of the case, however unwelcome to South African ears—"*Ex hac fonte derivata clades, in patriam populumque fluxit.*"

To state that the lately attempted equalized duty would not materially have affected Cape wines, had they encountered in the market the rich wines of Maderia and Seres, would be an extravagant assertion. The blow must have been fatal; for in truth the consumption of Cape wine had been latterly going down stairs, and had nearly been banished into the *kitchen*, at the end of 1830. What can now be effected to alter the course is a matter of serious consideration. Æsop tells us that Hercules assists that wagoner only, who puts his own shoulder to the wheel.

The following is a three years' average of the quantity of wine which passed the barrier into Cape Town from the year 1804. To this is added the export to Great Britain singly, and to all parts generally The reader will be enabled from the perusal, to form an idea to what a degree the bad quality of the wine, and the increased quantity of a wretched article, has abated the price and reduced the sale. The export of Constantia wine remains tolerably steady, but this is a wine, "sui generis," produced in small quantities, and on an appropriate soil; but the export may be taken annually at about 200 half-aums.

Three years average of Cape wine passing the barrier:

1804, 5, and 6, ..	5,249 leaguers,	—total	15,747
1807, 8, . 9, ..	4,470 do.	do.	13,251
1810, 11, . 12, .	5,736 do.	do.	17,208
1813, 14, . 15, ..	7,226 do.	do.	21,678
1816, 17, . 18, ..	9,612 do.	do.	28,836
1819, 20, . 21, ..	10,536 do.	do.	31,608
1822, 23, . 24, ..	10,500 do.	do.	31,500
1825, 26, . 27. ..	11,642 do.	do.	34,926
1828, 29, . 30, ..	14,640 do.	do.	43,920

The average of general shipments:

1817, 18, and 19, ..	9,110 pipes,	—total	27,330
1820, 21, . 22, ..	7,498 do.	do.	22,494
1823, 24, . 25, ..	10,012 do.	do.	30,036
1826, 27, . 28, ..	11,416 do.	do.	34,248
1829, 30, . 31, ..	10,200 do.	do.	30,600

The average of shipments to England:

1817, 18, and 19, ..	7,647 pipes,	—total	22,941
1820, 21, . 22, ..	5,490 do.	do.	16,470
1823, 24, . 25, ..	7,588 do.	do.	22,764
1826, 27, . 28, ..	7,384 do.	do.	22,152
1829, 30, . 31, ..	6,597 do.	do.	19,791

After the most attentive consideration which the writer has been enabled to bestow on the subject, he has convinced himself that to set Cape wine once more "fairly on its legs," three points must be pursued—neither of which, singly, would be equal to the purpose, nor collectively, if an additional duty be imposed in England. The three points are—REDUCTION OF QUANTITY,—DISTILLATION,—IMPROVEMENT OF QUALITY. The first, without which every hope will vanish, is a reduction of the quantity. It has been stated that above 30,000 leaguers of Cape wine have been expressed from the grapes of the last vintage, and are now ready for the market To accomplish this first point, the example might be followed of the Hottentot settlers on the KAT RIVER, who, changing their nature, are held up as a pattern in a late publication, for having (without regard to the excellence of the fruit,) boldly rooted up all their vineyards, under a *new born* horror of the temptation to drunkenness, either of themselves or of others. It is difficult to ascertain whether this is not what the French call "persifflage," *Anglice* "humbug," or whether it be a piece of irony. This abhorrence of the vine stocks on the part of the Hottentots, is peculiar to the KATS. The road to Wynberg never ceases to present to the traveller a sprinkling of Hottentot gentlemen and ladies in a state, disproving any particular dislike of the produce of vine stocks. The writer, however, does not admire those proofs of "mania," and only urges the prudence and necessity of quietly abandoning those vineyards which, adding to an over-grown supply of wines of a poor and hungry quality, overload the market, and do not repay the cost of cultivation. He concludes the act of the Hottentots to have been temporary lunacy from excited feelings, which it would have been more statesman-like to curb and to repress, than to applaud.

With regard to the second point—DISTILLATION. Whenever the state of the wine-trade, and of the wine-boer, has been the subject of debate, the question has been asked, why distillation is not general? and why 66,000 gallons of French brandy, or 600 pipes, were imported in the last year for the improvement of the wine? Cape brandy, distilled with care and skill, has been found *nearly* equal to French. Here at once is the absorption and vent for 3,000 pipes of surplus wine, and a saving of the charges and cost of import. To state that the additional quantity of distilled spirit thus obtained, would be appropriated wholly to the improvement of wine, and none to intoxication, would be absurd; but although the moralist may deplore the inveteracy with which a part of mankind may persist in acts leading to premature death, yet the colonial political economist may be allowed to rejoice if wine, the staple of the Cape, were brought to perfection by brandies grown and distilled there, without any payment to the foreigner.

The last and most important point is, unabating ATTENTION TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CAPE MADEIRA; or rather, to the maintainance of its purity and quality, quite up to the standard of the most favorite vineyards. It was that which caused a preference of Cape wines, possessing something of the flavor of Madeira and Seres, over much of the light and thin produce of France and of the Rhine. There need be no apprehension that the counties of England, distant from the capital, will not resume their taste for Cape Madeira and other strong wines, whenever it becomes entitled to any thing in the shape of approval, or *whenever*, (by way of test,) it shall possess a degree of excellence sufficient to be introduced to the superb and hospitable annual dinner, given by the Merchants in their Commercial Exchange, from which it has *latterly* been *banished*.

A better process of fermentation may be anticipated from care, and the continuation of watchful experiment. The Cape College in ESSE, and the King's College in POSSE, (fifty years hence,) with its PRINCIPAL, its gowns and caps, may be the means, the one immediately, the other eventually, of adding mightily to the *chemical* knowledge of the colony by the lectures of their Professors.

The yield of the vineyards during the last year, has been already stated at above 30,000 leaguers, or 41,454 pipes. That quantity of such wine as is now grown, would be unsaleable at any remunerating price. The sacrifice of property must be continued, until the annual supply be reduced, and the quality improved. If prudence and worldly wisdom do not accomplish it, absolute necessity will enforce the act within a very limited period. Of superior wine a vent may probably be found for full 20,000 leaguers. The present distillery, (town and country,) is calculated at the present rate of distillation, to absorb annually 8,000 pipes; add 6,000 pipes, being the

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quantity required by England annually if it be of the first quality; 3,000 pipes are the average exportation to Australia and other foreign colonies, and 8,000 pipes for the consumption of Cape Town and the Country; making a total of 25,000 pipes.

If the suggestions of the writer be correct, the Cape wine trade may once more rise from its ashes, and by its *export*, give the means of supplying those imports which the *luxury* of the inhabitants, and the *generally increasing prosperity of the colony*, (malgré the temporary distress of the wine trade) has metamorphosed into necessaries. Dissatisfaction and distrust will be expelled from our shores, and "the world will go merrily then."

It must be allowed, however, by the writer, that this anticipated prosperity and revival of the wine trade, primarily resting on the nerve and resolution of the wine merchant and boers, as to the three points required, may greatly be affected by the interference and ill-advised acts of others.

"Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." 1st Kings, Chap xviii., verse 44.

This small cloud is the *Temperance Society*, the growth of America; rising in the West, and expanding itself widely to the East.

A number of individuals have latterly formed themselves into a Society under the name of "THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY," in the declared view of extirpating the habit of what is vulgarly called "*dram drinking.*" The *covenant* has been signed by a mass of individuals, binding themselves, by their *note of hand*, from drinking any portion of ardent spirits, unless when prescribed as a medicine. This may be praiseworthy; for who can do otherwise than condemn a practice, evidently so ruinous to morals and to health—to soul and body—so offensive to God and man.

These COVENANTERS expect, by their signatures, to allure the lower classes from the deadly practice. The example of America is quoted as illustrative of the general success of such an experiment. In America, drunkenness is general in all orders of men. It is the *Rule—Sobriety* is the *exception*. In *South Africa*, comparatively few, except the lowest and most abandoned class of Natives, Europeans, and Hottentots, are guilty of this depravity to any extent; and how can such individuals be expected to be led by the example of subscribed names, which few of them can even read? It is, besides, something more than commonly degrading in a christian and a gentleman, to affix to an agreement his signature, not to do that which would disgrace him in society, were he so to do: and an application to him is almost an insult.

The number of infant schools and free schools now so universally abundant, and still increasing in the colony, will, when added to the powers of our common christianity, together with the recent establishment of Savings' Banks—the practical and every-day check to drunkenness—do more to reform the lower classes of the rising generation, than a folio of *covenants* The individual, so educated and so taught, will reject such abominations as dram drinking with loathing, both from education and a natural sense of right more binding, more lasting, than the tie of a signature. Zealots begin to whisper gently, that WINES, strengthened and matured by a large portion of *brandy*, ought to become gradually subject to the same covenants, and the Society is to exchange the name of *Temperance* into *Abstinence Society*. If the phrensy increase, it will plant a *deadly blow* to Cape prosperity, be the *tomb of social enjoyment*, and extinguish the hilarities of life. *Wine*, from the earliest ages of the world, has been accounted a most valuable gift of Heaven to mortal man, and to argue against the use of Wine, by its *abuse*, is not logical. In *Holy Writ*, the use of it is frequently quoted with approbation, as being acceptable to the Deity: "Wine to make glad the heart of man." Psalm cv. verse 15. "Give wine to those that be of heavy hearts." Prov. xxxi. verse 6. "Wine which cheereth God and Man." Judges ix. verse 13.

The miracle of changing water into wine at the wedding in Samaria, is known to all. Wine is one of the elements in the solemnization of our most religious ceremonies. Amongst the ancient Poets, to travel from sacred to profane history, Homer immortalizes wine as a libation to the Gods, and a gift from them to man.

"On either side a sacred Herald stands,
The wine they mix and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn" *Iliad, Book 3d.*

Virgil, in his second Georgic, describes with poetic fire, the merits of the grape and of the process of making the Italian wines.—Divines, Poets, Historians, Orators, and Philosphers, are vehement in their praises of wine, and condemn by anticipation the *Puritans* and *Sectarists* of the Western Continent. "The *Round Heads*" of 1832, who will be quoted as a class of anchorites, best fitted for a shirt of hair, and a girdle of hempen rope, and despising those good things, which Heaven, in its mercy, has provided for the enjoyment of man in this lower state of existence.

The Historian, *Hume*, in his notes upon extraordinary occurrences in one of the years in the History of England, records an Eclipse of the sun, so total, that birds in midday went to roost. In the Cape *world of letters*, a something of like occurrence took place. The *Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette* became *eclipsed* during the months of November and of December; and for that period the *Editor*, "horribile dictu," with his tribe of rising *literati*, and his band of Colloquists, went to roost. The shadow passed on before the 2d January, 1832, and on that day, the public was gratified by the re-appearance of a periodical, which adds so materially to the instruction and amusement of the colony. The writer observes therein a letter to the Editor, under the signature of *A Subscriber*, upon which he is inclined to make a few remarks.—The letter bears this title: "The Wine Merchants *versus* the Wine Farmers," and presents a catalogue of reciprocal grievances and of mutual complaints. It illustrates how equally and specially industrious, both growers and merchants have been, in endeavouring to achieve the *ruin* of the wine trade and of themselves, which in truth they have pretty nearly effected.

"Nec Lex est justior ulla
Quam Necis artifices, arte perire sua."
(Ovid.)

It is difficult to assign the palm of destruction to either; so nearly have they worked alike; but, upon the whole, the meed must be allotted to the *Merchants*, yet so sharply contested, that the Judge would decide the race to have been won by a nose.—The wine farmer remarks that the low price of wines is to be attributed to the cupidity of the merchants, who pay the same for good as bad, and there is no encouragement held out to the wine growers for improvement. The wine merchants complain, that the quality of the wine retrogrades, and that they have rejected several farmer's wines this year from their inferior qualities, "a measure he before never

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had recourse to."—Now, Mr. Editor, this is an abundant confession of one of the leading causes of deterioration. Had the merchants made a practice of rejecting inferior wines, it would have been compulsory on the growers to have attended mainly to the quality, and distaste would never have taken place to its present extent. Here is an avowal, that until this year, the merchants received into their vats, all wines exposed for sale, whether good or bad, and these have been the means of creating the present disgust. The "*Subscriber*" proceeds to state, that he has been informed by a very *respectable merchant*, that at the time of the great demand in England, for our wines, the purchasers, who were no judges of the quality, gave what he calls *great latitude* to the merchant: in other words, gave him the opportunity of what is in common parlance, cheating, or taking the buyer in, "and of introducing a great deal of trash, which produced a rooted impression of the general bad quality of our produce, that years will hardly overcome."

After this confession, will it be denied that the *merchants*, and not the growers, have been the leading cause of the general distaste and rejection of Cape wine? Some most extraordinary remarks now follow. An old adage, according to the "*Subscriber*," remarks "all trades require an apprenticeship, but more especially matters of taste." Now, Mr. Editor, it has been understood, usually, that taste is a gift, bestowed by nature on some favored individuals in every line, which cannot be taught. With regard to the small quantity of wine brought into the market, "so that merchants had not the opportunity of picking and rejecting the bad and inferior wines, and of classing his qualities," the reader is referred to the average tables before quoted, for the inaccuracy of that remark. The "*Subscriber*" adds, "neither can the quality generally shipped, enter into competition with Sherry or Madeira, but we hear of wines occasionally seized by the Customs of England, which certainly shews what care and attention *might* do. There is no competition, adds the *Subscriber*, "to produce a corresponding ratio in the price. The *merchants* are all leagued to make the *highest price as low as possible.*" The recommendation of a Wine Committee procured the sanction of the commercial body, to open the room for the sale and exhibition of the farmer's wine. "Prejudice and private interest were too strong to carry so salutary a measure, and it perished." After these *avowals* of the "*Subscriber*," can any man doubt of the larger share in the *destruction* of the *character* of Cape wine to lie with the *merchants*? The question of riding in wine at all seasons is next discussed, and the argument is urged by the "*Subscriber*" in a most unconstitutional manner. "In all other wine countries, the farmer is restricted from even gathering his grapes, prior to notice having been given to the *Government Surveyor*, who first inspects them, and without whose permission he is not allowed to commence his vintage; *and it strikes me very forcibly, that perhaps such an addition to our present regulations might be very salutary.*" Is this the recorded opinion of a free-born Briton, in the enjoyment of the rights bestowed on him by Magna Charta, or of a slavish subject of some Eastern country? After adding a portion of common-place argument as to some points of regulation, and as to a hope of success to the Distillery, in which latter the writer decidedly concurs with "the Subscriber," another HOPE is added, that when the wine trade is retrieved, instead of imitating other wines, we may produce "*a character of our own*"—Mr Editor, it is precisely because our wine has A CHARACTER OF ITS OWN,—THAT OF A PECULIAR and INDISCRIBABLY FILTHY FLAVOR OF THE EARTH—that it is rejected by all judges; the writer uses the freedom to *hope* in his turn, and he trusts not vainly, that the wines of the Cape of Good Hope may, by improved management, and the full and concurrent efforts of wine growers and wine merchants, acquire much of the flavor of Madeira and Sherry, and be with difficulty distinguishable from the most improved wines of those two countries.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
THE BYSTANDER.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS OF AFRICA.

INDEPENDENTLY of the many interesting features at present connected with the growing prosperity of our *Albanian* frontier, and the successful geographical strides of many of her enterprizing sons,—*Africa* in general seems destined to rise in the scale of being, and become the joy and rejoicing of the friends of human kind. From the very circumstances of its peculiar and deepest degradation, both in religious faith and political existence, comes the best hope of its sure and speedy renovation.

We are indebted to a much valued correspondent for the following spirited sketch on the prospects of Africa. If the *Landers* have correctly ascertained that the *Niger*, which discharges itself into the gulph of *Biafra*, is the same as that which rises among the western mountains of the *Gold Coast*, and not very far from the peninsula of *Sierra Leone*, it will be at once seen, by looking at the map, that they have done more for the improvement of British commerce in that region of Africa, than all their predecessors put together. The river is probably navigable for small vessels, at least for such vessels as the neighbouring tribes are accustomed to carry on their traffic in with each other, from its mouth to within some miles of its source; thus forming a semi-circle which encloses the whole coast of *Guinea*, the country of the *Foulahs*, the *Deukeras*, the *Ashantees*, the *Fantees*, the *Warsaws*, and other powerful tribes, and furnishing the means of easy communication with the celebrated city of *Timbucktoo*, with the districts of the *Soudan*, and possibly, by means of the lake *Tschad*, and the rivers that contribute to it, with the teeming plains even of *Abyssinia*.

LANDER's discovery of the mouth of the Niger, has turned public interests once more to Africa, and there may now be at last a rational hope of establishing some useful communication with its people, discovering some portion of the natural riches of a land fertile beyond all conception, where it is fertile at all; and perhaps ameliorating the social condition of those millions of mankind who have been from the earliest ages condemned to be victims of their own ignorance, and of the avarice of every other people of the globe.

Those who scoff at every thing, (as we have lately seen at the Temperance Meeting, may scoff at the idea that providence takes any care about these matters. But there may be no superstition in thinking that there is a striking coincidence between this great discovery of a path into the heart of Africa, and the present perfection of the steam-boat; and that the honour of the discovery, and perhaps its first and most direct advantages, are given to the nation which first declared against the sale of the unhappy African, and which, to this hour, holds an unremitting and most righteous struggle against the incorrigible and hideous avari-

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of the European slave-traders. The entire of Western, and what is called central Africa, are unquestionably laid open by the discovery of the mouth of the Niger, and by the access thus given to the numerous rivers which branch off from it scourse, and which intersect nearly the whole of the middle country. But there is still a vast country, the table-land of Africa, totally unexplored, and of which we even can conjecture little; but, by judging from other table-lands, that its climate is temperate, its population naturally numerous, and that in it we shall probably make the finest and most useful discoveries of natural produce and mineral opulence.

The extent of Africa overwhelms the mind. It is nearly five thousand miles long, by four thousand broad, and it lies directly under the sun's path; the equator almost intersecting it, and the tropics covering the central regions of the north and south. The sun is *always vertical*, somewhere, in Africa. In Major Head's ingenious Life of Bruce, he observes, that "what is marked by nature, on our European scale of climate, as access to heat, is all that the African knows of the luxury of cold, except what is produced by elevation or evaporation." It is two thousand five hundred miles from the equator to its northern boundary, the Mediterranean, and about the same distance to its southern, the Cape of Good Hope. The great question with men of humanity and common sense is, how this mighty continent can be civilized, become happy, and made a contributor to the general happiness and wealth of the world. In this view, we entirely agree with the author of the life of Bruce. Nothing has been made in vain. The Creator had made no country, for the express purpose of defying the activity or benevolent ingenuity of man. All is capable of being turned to good if we but use the means. The earth was undoubtedly made to submit to the mastery of man, and the vast and curious inventions of late years seem to have been put into our hands for the purpose of expediting that mastery. It is not improbable that the discovery of America was *delayed*, until the peaceful state of Europe, the commercial activity of its people, and the adoption of settled governments, rendered it capable of taking advantage of that magnificent discovery. It is observable, that the discovery originated in no striking improvement of either ships or seamenship at the time. The European ships and sailors had been for centuries as good as those which first touch at America. But if the discovery had been made under the Roman empire, it would have been probably neglected by a people who were engrossed with war, and who despised commerce, and hated the sea. If in the dark ages, it would have probably been equally neglected among the furious feuds of the little European powers, too little to bear the expense of remote expeditions, living from day to day on the plunder of friend and enemy, distracted by perpetual change, and generally perishing as soon as they rose. The only use which they would have made of America, would be as a place of refuge to some defeated chieftain and his half savage followers. But a time came, when the Crusades had relieved the European cities of the weight of baronial tyranny, when the sudden opulence of Venice, arising from its eastern intercourse awoke mankind to the value of commerce, and when the leading sovereign of Europe, Ferdinand, the ruler of the most chivalric and daring nation of the fifteenth century, had just flung off the the tremendous pressure of the Moorish wars. And then, at that moment, was divided before the Spanish keel the mighty barrier, which had shut out America from the eye of mankind since the creation.

If Africa, so long known, and so close to the most civilized and inquiring regions of the world, should have remained to this day scarcely less shut out than America, we may well ask, how could we expect to have the treasures of this land given to us, while Europe was guilty of the slave-trade, while, if we could have penetrated the hidden glories of this fourth of the creation, it would have been only to spread more misery, to shed more blood, to fill it with the moral contagion of the most corrupting of all traffic, to inflame more savages to fury and massacre by our temptations, and finally to drag more human beings from their country, to perish thousands of miles from their home. The time has certainly arrived when this trade, which it is no violence of language to call Satanic, has received its death-blow, at least in England, and the time may not be remote when we shall be summoned to apply the national vigour to open up the treasures of Africa. "It is not unreasonable to hope that the whole southern continent may be given over to our tutelage, and that England, the great depository of freedom, knowledge, and religion, may be the elected guardian of the *infancy* of Africa. Our extraordinary advances in machinery, and the general command over the powers of nature, a command which seems to have been almost exclusively confided to this nation, have not been given for nothng, and important as they are to the increase of our wealth and comforts at home, we shall yet see them operating through the world on the colossal scale, suited to the wants of nations. The very fact that our powers of steam and machinery are so rapidly increasing, that we literally can hardly imagine to what known obstacle we shall have to apply them, tends to shew that there must remain something very important in this world for man to do. In short, the enormous tools which nature is placing in our hands, clearly foretell that she has some wonderful work for us to perform, and therefore, instead of calculating, as many people do, for instance, how long our coals are to last us, and in how many years hence we are unavoidably to be left in cold and darkness; is it not justice to believe, that with our new powers, we shall obtain new resources, and that the wisdom of nature will continue to bloom when the idle fears and theories of the day have faded away and perished.

The hope of civilizing Africa, must depend on its being made fit to sustain civilized communities, which from its present natural constitution it is unfit to do; one immense portion of it being overspread with barren sands, and another being alternately turned into a bog by rains and rivers, and into a nest of contagion by the action of the sun upon this mighty morass.

Between the tropics it is constantly raining somewhere, and the rain falls in quantities that absolutely overwhelm the country The hot winds constantly follow the sun from tropic to tropic, and the vapours which they raise, on reaching the higher regions of the atmosphere, and being chilled, are constantly poured down in rain. A country of a thousand miles on the north and south of the line, is thus kept constantly in a state of the most powerful irrigation, and the direct result is, a most superabundant fertility for the month or two while the earth is drying, and excessive heat and excessive moisture first come in full combination. Yet for the remainder of the dry period, the land is a sink of pestilence; so deadly from its miasmata, and so torturing from the swarms of insects generated by the heat, that man and the inferior animals perish in great numbers, or fly even to the desert, where they had rather encounter the tremendons fierceness of the sun, than the agony of the innumerable stings that haunt them in the fertile soil. The country is covered with immense marshes, and thick jungles, where the over-luxuriance of the vegetation checks the air, and all is fever and death.

We see that the whole question turns on the distribution of the rains. Too much water, or too little, makes the misfortune of Africa; and the only remedy for the evils which convert one of the richest soils of the world into a grave, or a nest of reptiles, is to be found in equalizing this gift of nature. It is impossible to doubt that a vast portion of the wildernesses of Africa would produce the fruits of the earth, if they had water. We find in the heart of the desert, vegetation where ever there is a well, and a little colony, surrounded by woods and rich fields, where ever there is any thing like a regular supply of water. The grand problem would be to lead the superfluity of the tropical rains from the innumerable rivers, and immense lakes of Central Africa, into regions now condemned into perpetual dryness. The results would be to dry the watery morass into productive soil,* and to water the burning sand alike into fertility; in fact, to drain the centre of the country, and to irrigate all the rest: and for this purpose the peculiar construction of the continent seems to offer no trivial advantages.

The whole central belt of Africa runs directly under the equator, and from the known figure, and the actual formation of the land, this central belt is so lofty that it pours its rivers, the collection of its rains, down on both sides through the continent in great abundance and force. Denham computes the lake Tchad, one of the reservoirs of those rivers, at twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the ground beyond it towards the south was still rising. Bruce computed the southern elevation to which he had reached, at two miles above the level of the sea, and this is probably but a small part of the whole elevation. To use Major Head's words, "It being true that there are a series of vast tanks and reservoirs placed by nature above tee thirsting deserts of Africa, the stagnation, as well as the rapid evaporation of which, now polluje the climate; and also that a number of immense rivers flow out of Africa into the ocean; would it not be a problem worthy of the inquiry of the travellers, by a scientific reconnoisance, to determine (only in theory, for theory must in this case long precede practice, and with the practice, after all, *we* can have little or nothing to do) what would be the difficulties attending the tapping of those enormous vessels. As also of applying tourniquets upon those veins and arteries, which, eternally bleeding, have left a great portion of Africa destitute of vegetable life."

We fully agree in this conception, gigantic as it is, and difficult as its execution may seem. It would be a truly noble object of inquiry; and would be worth all the idle ramblings of our dilettanti in Egypt—that fashionable lounge—to the last days of the earth. But we greatly doubt the *veto*, that we can have but little to do with the practical part of the change, if it shall take place. If it be ever done, it will be done by England. It is our boast, and deservedly so, that no work of palpable good ever wanted protection in our country, nor the ability to carry it into execution, when once fairly undertaken: and there are some curious instances which may take off our alarm at the difficulty. The water of the tropics is actually conveyed through the whole length of the sands of Nubia in the memorable course of the Nile; and a little sandy region in the shore of the Mediterranean is turned into the most extraordinary example of fertility in the world by this simple watercourse. There are in Egypt itself, the very region of sand and sunbeams, dykes and embankments for irrigation, on a vast scale, to which the permanent fertility of the land is owing. In the Abyssinian history a threat is recorded of one of the kings who had a quarrel with the Divan of Cairo, to turn away the Nile, and thus "stop the cock," out of which Egypt drank. There is a remarkable instance too, of a threat of this kind having been partially put in force, when Lalibala the king, in the year 1200, turned the course of two rivers from the Nile into the Indian ocean.

The true points in which those conceptions should be viewed, are their use to Africa, their use to mankind in general, and their especial honour to England. It is a matter of

* After the manner of Mr. Cloete's splendid instance at *Zandvliet*.

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great importance to have a direct object of acknowledged utility in our researches in a foreign country. Hitherto in Africa we have had scarcely any, or the mouth of the Niger alone. Our travellers have all set out on a hunt for Timbuctoo, of which nobody knew what possible good could be derived from the discovery. But Timbuctoo had been said by some fabling Moor to be a second Paris or London, with only the addition that gold was the paving of the streets. A crowd of able and active minds have been lost to their country in this wild-goose-chase after an Eldorado, which after all turns out to be nothing more than a collection of filthy huts, in the heart of a desert. Bruce, a man of admirable powers, of great acquirement, intelligence, and mental and personal activity, wasted his health, his wealth, and his years, in achieving the trifling discovery, that one of the sources of the Nile was a spring in a hillock, in an Abyssinian valley. But the expedition to discover the means of pouring fertility into the wilderness, and giving health to the tropical regions of Africa, would be among the noblest that can be undertaken by the benevolent ambition of man. That there are vast districts where drainage could be effected with very simple means, and equally vast ones where water might be collected and preserved to supply the failure of the rivers in the dry season, is well known. On such a subject, though rashness may be deprecated, it would be criminal to despair. We must remember, that "the difficulties will not increase, while our powers are hourly increasing;" and in this good spirit let us turn to the service of human nature our last grand discovery of the Niger

But it is a higher consideration still, that by giving health and fertility to Africa we should be actually taking the most direct way to elevate the character of its innumerable tribes. The tyranny of the petty kings is almost wholly founded on the poverty of their people, on their ignorance of every thing, and their unacquaintance with the arts and comforts of European life. The poverty of their kings themselves drives them to the horrid resource of the slave-trade, itself re acting on every feature of the national character. Africa, undivided by its enormous deserts, and with the spirit of man unbroken in it by perpetual disease and poverty, would not long remain without making advances in liberty, knowledge, virtue, and as the combined result and protector of them all, in Christianity.

Our intercourse, unstained by the indescribable pollution of the slave-trade, would rapidly excite the tribes to the employment of their natural powers, and by a wise and well regulated commerce we *must* rapidly rescue those benighted millions of our fellow-men from fetters heavier and more fatal than all that were ever forged of iron. And all this might be done without the most trivial coercion, and with the most direct advantage to ourselves. "In all countries under the sun there is one great road that leads directly to every man's heart, his own interest."—If we were calmly to offer to those people the information that we possess, and give them gratis the inestimable benefits which science can bestow upon rude labour: if we were to offer to the poor woman a wheel for her draw-well to the people who pound their corn in a mortar, a simple method of grinding it—if we would by a common filter sweeten for them impure water, and by an herb lull the painful disorder which it creates—if we would come forward to replace a dislocated limb—if we could shew manure, unknown, lying in the soil before them—and on the greater scale, if we would explain to those people, that by a very simple operation immense districts of their vast country might be either irrigated or drained—in short, if, on great subjects as well as small, we were chemically and mechanically to assist them, we should undoubtedly find that the general good qualities of a mind truly civilized, would, in Africa, as well as elsewhere, be fully appreciated, that our fame would justly extend, and that every tribe and nation would be eager to receive us. The following sketch of the rivers of Africa, shews what vast floods the tropical rains pour down, and how little founded is the complaint which charges Africa with general want of water.

"The only river of consequence which empties itself into the Mediterranean is the Nile. It is the longest river in the whole Continent, being navigable about four hundred and fifty miles from the sea. The greatest velocity of the stream is three miles an hour. The rivers in the Barbary States, which run into the Mediterranean Atlantic, are very insignificant.

"There is no stream deserving notice on the western coast of Morocco to the Senegal.

"From the river Senegal, along the coast of Guinea to the equator, there is more water discharged into the ocean than from any other part of Africa—probably more than from all the rest of that Continent put together. The Senegal has a course of about one thousand miles; is navigable for sixty leagues from its mouth, in all seasons; and, in the rainy season, vessels of one hundred and fifty tons can go two hundred and sixty leagues from the sea.

"The next river of importance is the Gambia. It is navigable for vessels of three hundred tons for sixty leagues. The tide is felt, in the dry season, at the distance of two hundred and fifty leagues. For the first three months, even of this season, the current is so strong, that vessels cannot ascend the stream.

"The next river is the St. Domingo, then the Rio Grande, navigable for vessels about twenty leagues, and for large boats about forty leagues farther. From this river, or more properly from the Gambia to the river Mesurado, the country being flat, the rivers are often united a considerable distance up the country, when they branch off, and discharge themselves into the sea in distinct streams.

"The Mesurado is a large river, so is the Sierra Leone river. Then follow the Ancobar, St. John's, Volta, and Formoso rivers. The latter can be ascended twenty-eight leagues.

"From Formosa river, are the Rio dos Forcados, the Bonny, the New Calabar, the Old Calabar, and the Rio del Rey. These are very large rivers, and not well known. The country about here is low; and these streams intersect the land in every direction, and form numerous islands.

"Turning southward is the river Cameroons, which has several mouths, but its size has not been ascertained. Then succeeds several smaller streams, till we arrive at the Congo or Zaire river, which is very large and rapid, discolouring the sea for a considerable distance, and tearing away large pieces from its banks.

"South of the Congo, for about six hundred miles, there are several rivers of a good size; many of them will admit vessels of one hundred tons. After that, for about eight hundred miles, there is not a single stream of fresh water till we come to the Fish river. Then follows the Orange river, which, although it has a considerable length of course, does not discharge much water into the sea.

"There are several considerable streams in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, as well as on the east coast of Africa, the largest of which is the Eramo or Zambese, which has a course of about one hundred and eighty leagues. The rest are smaller, but none of these are well known, though many of them are large and deep at their entrances.

"The Decra river, which runs into the Indian ocean to the north of the equator, is very large at its mouth, and is supposed to take its rise in the mountains south of Abyssinia. Beyond this there are no rivers of consequence till we reach the Nile, and indeed it is not known that there is a single stream of fresh water discharged into the Red Sea."

Such is the continent newly opened: for we must call Africa a closed world to us, until the discovery of the connection of the Niger with the ocean. Such are the means of access given to us, now that we have purified our hands of the abomination of man-selling, and that we are masters of that most extraordinary means for defying tide and storm, which steam has given. A great duty is imposed upon us, and England is not what she was, if she does not instantly proceed to fulfil it, and that nobly.

LITERATURE.

THE HUMOURIST. BY W. HARRISON. *Embellished by eighty Engravings.* 1832. Ackerman.

IN contradistinction to the *Forget-Me-Not* of the present year, this Annual by the same publisher, is full of entertaining varieties, and is in its moral tendency altogether unexceptionable. There is a postscript to the work, entitled "An Apology for Laughter"—of a very different description of laughter however, from that attempted to be produced by some ill-advised men at a very recent public meeting at the Exchange The following are extracts:

——————— Be the jest abhorr'd,
And spurn'd the lay, tho' Genius point the rhyme,
That sport with suffering, or make light of crime.
We loathe the wit, however bright the flame
Which sates its appetite on sacred things;
Or veil'd beneath the inuendo brings
On beauty's cheek the burning blush of shame.
Ours be the summer-lightning of the brain,
That scathes not while it flashes. We maintain
That there is in this checquer'd scene of earth
Much that's legitimately food for mirth.

Again—

"There is a time to laugh," 'tis written, and we trace
The text with reverence, yet take our stand
On its authority to prove our case.
"There is a time to laugh;" not when the hand,
That, in the strife, would fain have dealt the blow,
To smite our fame or fortunes, is laid low,
And cannot crush the worm that twines around it.
So fast and firm mortality has bound it!
"There is a time to laugh," but not in scorn
Of human frailty, since th' unblunted thorn
Of conscience is its punishment on earth;
"There is a time to laugh," but not to swell,
The ribald's triumph, when he rings the knell
Of virtue in its rude unhallowed mirth.

REFORM.

On the subject of Reform, we find the following, with an engraving of a huge stage wagon, entitled "Colossus of *Rhodes;*" the fore horse of the team being *Grey.*

We've often thought and perhaps 'twill strike
The reader, the Reform Bill's like
Our subject-plate a wagon;
The fore horse in the team's a *Grey*
And, though they're working night and day,
But heavily they drag on.

For our own parts, we never mix
In state or civic politics,
Yet wish "the Bill" may be a
Most sov'reign cure for England's ills,
And prove like Abernethy's pills,
A perfect panacea.

We boast no legislative powers,
But leave to wiser heads than ours
The labours for which we
Have no vocation, while we say,
Cut every rotten branch away,
But do not harm the tree.

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Without pronouncing on "the Bill,"
In praise or censure, there are still,
Some things we can't help noting;
For instance, those who t'other day
Got ten pounds for their vote, will pay
Ten pounds a year for voting.
In many a wight, whose crippled toe
On cushion rests, "the Bill" will blow
Up hope's expiring embers;
He'll soon discard his gouty shoes,
Bless'd with the liberty to choose
Another set of members.
The poor especially 'tis said
Expect "the Bill" will cheapen bread—
We rather doubt it; still
Some reason in the hope we see,
They've heard so much concerning the
Provisions of "the Bill."
And, should it pass into a law,
Such wonders as the world ne'er saw,
'Twill bring about, we trow;
Since it has clauses which propose,
We're told, to give a voice to those
Who have no voices now.
Thus Birmingham, for deeds in *arms*
So famed, though safe from war's alarms,
Will profit by the plan;
While Manchester, of high renown,
Will send two Members up to town
By Pickford's Caravan.
And Sheffield too, who shines in steel,
Its benefits will surely feel
Through all its various trades;
It needs no second sight to see
Its representatives will be
Two keen, well temper'd *blades*.
Nay, in the "Commons' house," a few
Would have the Colonies vote too;
How strange 'twould be some day,
When Parliament for business meets
To see two Members take their seats
Returned from Botany Bay!
'Tis more than probable "the Bill,"
Will oust a few old Members; still
There must be some who never
Can care about a seat, since they
Would be, could they but have their way,
Upon their *legs* for ever.
Our song is sung; if asked to own
Our party, we should answer none,
Whig, Radical or Tory;
We rank ourselves among the friends
Of those who, scorning private ends,
Seek England's weal and glory.

LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE outlines of Sir Isaac's life are so well known, that they would scarcely bear repetition. A few of the remarkable circumstances connected with it may be briefly mentioned. He was not only a posthumous, but a premature child; he was so small when he was born, that, as he himself often heard his mother say, he might have been put into a quart mug. The little hamlet of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, about six miles south of Grantham, had the honour of giving him birth.* At school he was an idle lad, until he was one day treated with marked indignity by the boy immediately above him, and he nobly resolved on revenging himself by getting his enemy's place. He soon passed him, and became the head of his class by a systematic assiduity, the habit of which never afterwards left him. Out of school hours, instead of engaging his leisure in play, he devoted it to mechanical pursuits, at which he readily became an adept. He constructed a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage, which was put in motion with a handle wrought by the person who sat in it. He had a contrivance by means of which the machinery of his windmill was set a-going without the assistance of the element, when necessary, and this was a wire wheel, like that which is attached to squirrel cages, and in the inside of which he confined a mouse. His kites were always the best in the school, both in form and proportion, and he astonished the natives by sending them up in the night time, with paper lanthorns containing lights, which the rustics doubtless mistook for comets. Of drawing, too, he was extremely fond, and in his youth, it appears, he was a poet, but the imaginative faculties were not those in which he was destined to cut a figure. It was his mother's wish that, upon quitting school, in his fifteenth year, he should attend to the duties of a farm which she held; but nothing could wean his mind from his studies, and his mechanical operations. 'The perusal of a book, the execution of a model, or the superintendence of a water-wheel of his own construction, whirling the glittering spray from some neighbouring stream, absorbed all his thoughts when the sheep were going astray, and the cattle were devouring or treading down the corn. His mother was soon convinced that he never would shine as a farmer, and she therefore very wisely determined that he should be allowed to follow the natural bent of his mind, and she sent him to Trinity College, Cambridge, into which he was admitted on the 5th of June, 1660, in the eighteenth year of his age.

It is strange enough, that the delusions of judicial astrology seem first to have led his mind to the study of mathematics, which at once enabled him to detect the falsehood of that flattering imposture. Without any assistance from his tutor, he made himself master of Descartes's Geometry; in 1664, he purchased a prism for the purpose of testing that philosopher's theory of colours; in 1669, he succeeded his friend, Dr. Barrow, as Lucasian professor of mathematics and it was then that he may be said to have entered upon that course of discovery which has ennobled his name. The first of these appears in the grand conclusion, which he drew from a series of prismatic experiments, "that light was not homogeneous, but consisted of rays, some of which were more refrangible than others." This discovery he immediately applied to the improvement of optical instruments, and although he did not succeed in rendering them as complete as he wished, nevertheless, he laid down principles, by means of which chiefly, those instruments have since been brought to a wonderful degree of perfection. Dr. Brewster gives a detailed account of the different stages of excellence through which the manufacture of telescopes gradually passed, until they were taken up by the Herschels and Dollonds, for which we must refer the reader to the volume itself.*

* On the 25th December, O. S. 1642, exactly one year after Galileo died.

* Life of Newton, by Dr. Brewster.

SOUTH SEA MISSIONS.

THESE Missions are at present the subject of considerable discussion at home, in consequence of the publications of Captains Kotzebue and Beechey. In reply to the strictures of these individuals, Mr. Ellis, the accomplished author of *Polynesian Researches*, has put forth a *Vindication*. We have only read a character of the work from the Reviews:—the following is selected from *Whittaker's Magazine;* a periodical, it must be observed, generally favourable to Slavery, and unfavourable to Missionaries and Missions.

Vindication of the South Sea Missions, by W. Ellis.

IN Capt. Kotzebue's description of his last voyage in the Pacific, he gave a very unfavourable account of the condition of Tahiti (more generally known by the orthography of Otaheite), ascribing all its degeneracy, since Cook's discovery of it, to the mischievous missionaries. His publication has had by far too wide a circulation to be overtaken by the vindicatory pamphlet before us, and we on that account the more readily lend it our assistance, to remove some of the aspersions which Mr. Ellis thinks, and very justly thinks, have been cast upon the missionaries. The tone of Capt. Kotzebue's narrative was pretty plainly a prejudiced one, that is, he was evidently indisposed to believe any good could be accomplished by converting the natives of the Pacific to Christian sentiments, or European habits; but we did not, in the slight glance we took of his book, suppose for a moment that he had *wilfully* misrepresented facts. Nor do we know now that he has done so; but at least, it is indisputable, he has taken up hasty opinions, without weighing his authorities, or rather has trusted blindly to the information afforded by interested parties, because, apparently, it concurred with his own prejudices. He himself was but a very short time on the island, knew nothing of the language, and saw but little of it, or the population, though what he *did* see, he acknowledges indirectly was favourable. His misrepresentations are speculative ones, mere deductions from the reports of others. The main facts relied upon by Capt. Kot-

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zebue for his general inferences is, that the population in 1774, on the testimony of Capt. Forster, was 120,000, and that now it does not exceed 8000. To what is this to be ascribed? To the introduction and influence of the missionaries, says Capt. K. Pomareh, the chief, at their instigation, propagated the gospel by fire and sword, and the race has in consequence been nearly swept away. Capt. Forster's estimate, however, is of no authority whatever, it was made on the most erroneous detail; and certainly in 1797, when the missionaries first landed, the population appeared, on much better authority, when there was no interest in depreciating the numbers, but rather the contrary, to be but 16,000. It is since that period that Capt. K. represents *nine-tenths* of the people to have been extinguished by the missionaries, because he could trace the reduction to no other source. These nine-tenths of his were thus calculated on Forster's estimate instead of that of 1797. But the ravages of imported disease—the introduction of ardent spirits and fire-arms—the continuance of human sacrifices, and of infanticide, to a frightful extent—with ten wars, will sufficiently account for the reduction from 16,000 to 8000, and the wonder should rather be that the natives have not been utterly annihilated All this too occurred *before* the influence of the missionaries began—for not one native was converted before 1812. The fact is, as it may well be supposed in our days, that no force was sanctioned or in any way promoted by missionaries, English or American. Since their influence has been effective, the population has again increased, and life and property is comparatively sacred. To those who read Capt. K.'s volumes, and must have been struck by his representations, we recommend the perusal of Mr. Ellis's vindication—he was himself eight years a missionary, on the Friendly and Sandwich islands, and deserves to be listened to. He cannot, we think, fail to conciliate the good will and confidence of the reader.

MR. JACOB ON THE PRECIOUS METALS.

THE following account will shew the progress of the increase for several years:—

'Gross produce of the duty on gold and silver plate in Great Britain, from 1st August, 1784, to 5th January, 1800:—

Year ending 1st August,	1785 -	£25,300	5	1
	1786 -	22,824	14	10½
	1787 -	25,617	3	9¾
	1788 -	28,397	12	9
	1789 -	25,545	8	9¾
	1790 -	26,681	11	5¾
	1791 -	29,085	8	4¾
	1792 -	31,376	15	5
	1793 -	34,049	18	10¾
	1794 -	cannot be given.		
	1795 -			
	1796 -			
	1797 -	32,423	7	2½
	1798 -	40,052	18	5½
	1799 -	44,079	15	2
1st August, to 5th January,	1799 1800	27,659	6	8¾

Without going into the specific grounds on which Mr. Jacob calculates the proportion of gold and silver applied in the remaining countries of Europe to other purposes than coin, we shall merely state the result of his estimate, which is, that during the one hundred and ten years that intervened between 1700 and 1810, the quantity of gold and silver converted into other objects than coin, amounted to two-thirds of that which was left in Europe, the part conveyed to Asia being subtracted from the total produce of the mines.

Mr. Jacob enters into an elaborate estimate of the recent produce of the mines; that is to say, from 1809 to 1829. He annexes to it a chapter on the consumption of the precious metals in other uses than those connected with the coinage during the same period, and from the many curious and original details which he gives of the trades of gold-beating, jewellery, and indeed, of all those which have gold and silver for their principal materials, we consider this to be a very amusing and instructive portion of the work

In London, it seems, the greatest portion of the precious metals is submitted to manufacture. Next to the capital, the largest amount is used in Birmingham, Liverpool and Chester, Derby, Newcastle, York, and Exeter. There is scarcely a town, indeed, in the three kingdoms, that does not contain a jeweller's shop. Mr. Jacob, by personal inquiries, has obtained what he considers sufficient materials to authorise him in making an estimate of the general consumption of the precious metal in other ways than in coinage. His first step was to ascertain the quantity of gold which is annually produced by the whole of the refiners and *sweep-washers*. The latter class are technically so called from the nature of their business. The sweep-washer is generally a refiner of gold, who purchases the refuse that is swept from the floors of those workshops where the divisions and subdivisions of gold and silver are carried on. The sweepings are crushed by stamping into dust, and the mass being amalgamated with mercury, is exposed to heat, when the mercury comes off by evaporation, and is then condensed and preserved. There are about twenty-four houses of this description in London and in the country. The amount of the gold which these houses refine annually, is estimated at no less than *one hundred and forty-six thousand ounces*—the amount of one hundred and eight thousand five hundred ounces being refined by eleven of these establishments. The mode in which this quantity of gold is disposed of, Mr. Jacob made it is business to ascertain. Some portion of it is taken by gold beaters, of whom there are about eighty in London, and from ten to fourteen in the country, chiefly in the following places, Birmingham, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool. On the average, these ninety, or ninety-four establishments, consume three ounces of refined gold each per week. The leaf gold, when wrought by the gold-beater, is placed, as every body has seen, between paper, in leaves of three and three-eight inches square, and twenty-five form a book. A thousand of these books usually fetch 2*l.* 15*s.* which, deducted from the gold-beater's expenses, would leave him but 3*s.* profit on each thousand. This would be intolerable, if profit did not emanate from another source, and it happens to do so abundantly, from the clippings which fall in reducing the leaves to the regular size. The consumption of all the gold-beaters in the British kingdom, is estimated at about seventeen thousand five hundred ounces of fine gold every year. The other branch of consumers consist of what is called water gilders, who are employed in gilding metals, and the amount which they have required, has amounted annually, for the last twenty years, to twenty-one thousand eight hundred ounces. The proportions used by manufacturers of gilt toys, the establishments of which are most numerous in Birmingham, and which, indeed, constitute no small item in the list of our exports, is calculated at no less than thirty-one thousand two hundred ounces annually: gilding in the potteries consumes five thousand two hundred ounces a year. We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Jacob into more of his details on this subject; but is conclusion is curious. He says, that the *fine* gold annually used by gilders, platers, and jewellers, amounts to one hundred and forty-six thousand ounces, valued at 638,750*l.*

'Standard gold used by jewellers, two hundred and thirty-two thousand ounces - - - - -	*l.* 902,270	*s.* 0	*d.* 0
Number of gold watches manufactured annually in London	13,820		
Ditto in Birmingham, and other places - - -	900		
Total - - -	14,720 watches		
Which, averaging two ounces each, give, at the rate of 3*l.* 5*s.* an ounce, a total sum of - - -	95,680	0	0
The value therefore of the gold converted to other purposes than coining, in Great Britain annually, is estimated at - - - -	997,950	0	0

The closing chapters of Mr. Jacob's work relate to the prospect of future supplies of the precious metals, and to the subject of paper money. With respect to the former question, it is the opinion of our author that no sanguine hopes can be indulged of a great or material increase in the produce of those mines which have already been worked, at least at present. From what he has stated on the subject of paper money, we gather a few facts which it may be interesting to peruse. Russia is now the only country which ever adopted a paper currency, that has not resumed a metallic one up to this time. Austria, after having witnessed a great depreciation of its paper money, in consequence of the superabundance of it which she was impolitic enough to issue, returned to cash payments about six years ago. There is still paper in circulation, but it is convertible into specie. Prussia has a small circulation in bills, which can hardly be called a paper currency. Holland has, since 1810, a paper currency, but convertible into specie. In all the smaller states of Germany, in Italy, Spain, and Switzerland, the currency has been invariably metallic—that portion of Italy alone excepted which is subject to Austria. Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Portugal, possess a small paper currency. The notes of the Bank of Paris in circulation in July, 1830, amounted to nine millions. The circulation of the Bank of England at the same time was about twenty millions.

A *Puny* EPISTLE TO *Kirk* OF SCOTLAND: A FRAGMENT.

Somerville, 26th May, 1830.

DEAR *Kirk*,—Agreeably to my promise, made to give you an account of my late visit, last *Whitsonday*, to my friend Mr. *Henry Constable*, *Baillie* of *Landsborough*, of which, by the bye, I have had the honour of being made a *Burgess* and *Guild*brother, I now sit down to give you a short detail of my journey, and of which I *Begg* you will *Grant* me the favor of your perusal, and *Hope* it may amuse, and you'll *Kenn-e-dy* more about it.

Having made my arrangements the previous evening, I started at the *Grey* of the morning; (I wish to *Findlater* hours to rise at,) and although it threaten'd to be *Rennie*, it turned out only *Sommers* showers. After passing *Aiton*, the name of which I have forgot, and where I was sadly *Bisset* with *Biggars*, one of whom, of the clan *Gregor*, with a *Brown* hat, and very few *Clason*, holding out a *Primrose* in his hand, said (to *Currie* favor with me) "*Smellie* tat;" and through *Euston*, where a *Frenchman*, inquiring the time of day, asked me if it was yet *Denoon?* and *Middleton?* At this latter place I was amused in hearing a recruiting serjeant haranging a crowd, and bawling out *Liston* my lads! *Liston!* Not being very well acquainted with the remainder of the road, I inquired of a *Shepherd*, and no *Munson* could be more civil; he directed me to go by the *Burnside*, turn round by the end of a *Milne*, (*Adam Sivewright* is the *Miller*), then to cross the *Ferrie*, which would lead me to a *Muir*, on the other side of which was *Glen* or *Shaw*, where I would find a *Winehouse*, at the sign of the *Reid Lyon*, kept by *Curdie Lamb*, and there get farther information.

Being an excellent *Walker* I set out with

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vigour, although I had previously climbed a high *Hill*, and from whence I had a fine view of *Colville* and *Melville* on the *Lee* side, and passed a *Cunningham* lass on a *Carr*, carrying a *Vemyss*, almost *Stark* naked, in her arms. Having arrived at the *Muirhead*, I observed several *Cairns* at the side of a *Wood*, which a *Black Smith* with a *White Baird*, who was *Brunton* the hand, and firing a *Canaan*, told me were frequently by a *Bogle*, and made people as frightened as *Duncan* in *Macbeath*.

By the time I came to the hostelrie, I found, from my long walk, my bones *Aitken*. It is pleasantly situated by the side of a *Burn*, at the bottom of a *Craig* of *Alpine* height, and had a *Kidd* browsing on it; a *Bower* of *Roses* (with a *Goldie* chirruping in it,) made by a *Gardiner*, and a sweet fragrance of *Flowerdew*; a bowling *Green* in front, and in view of *Lochore*, and a *Swan* on it. I resolved to dine there, and, upon knocking at the door, some one called out "*Cumming;*" upon entering and going into the *Spence*, I inquired at the *Cook*, who was sitting at the *Inglis* side, what I could have for dinner; when she told me that the landlord was not at *Home*, and the only thing she could give me was a *Cock*, which I might have done on the *Brander;* but this, I considered, would be too *Tough* for me, so would not *Touch* a *Tait* o't. My appetite by this time beginning to *Craik* and *Cron*, I rung the *Barr Bell*, on which the landlord—who had been calling on the *Laird* concerning *Humphry Cooper*, the *Glover*, having been fighting with a *Taylor*, a *Souter*, and a *Baxter*, about a *Gunn*—made his appearance, and, upon stating my wish to him, he told me to "*Boyd* till I see; and I'll *Mc' All* right to ye;" and on his return said, that I had a *Story* put upon me, for that I could have a steak off a free *Martin*, but it proved as hard as *Steel*, a *Craw* pye (they never will again cry *Caw!*) or a *Dow* dressed with *Butter*—this I picked to the *Bayne*—and perhaps a *Garvie Heron*, but of *Salmon* he had not so much as a *Phin*, having mislaid the *Lister*. I accordingly ordered the whole, being determined to *Mc Lean* work; and, while thus occupied, the landlord, a *Jollie* enough personage, with a bald *Pate*, who professed the *Cottart*, or breaking of horses, and spruce as a *Greig*, but withal *Wyllie* as *Tod Lawrie* told me he was a *Welch*man, and loved *Scott*. He had been a great traveller, having been at *Leith*, *Forfar*, *Dingwall*, *Stirling Hamilton*, *Lockerby*, *Irvine*, *Traquhair*, *Dunbar*, and even as far as *Lunan*, and seen the *King* attended by a *Noble*. He appeared to be well acquainted with the *Burgh*. He said that it could scarcely be called a *Freeland*, for that there were—I *Add is on* words,—"o'er *Monilaws* in't;" and since the Temperance Society began, (*Minz'ies* are now opening,) there was only one *Brewster* in the place. The *Sherriff*, Mr. *Lawson*, who is a terrible *Flyter*, and has got *Roger Maule* appointed *Dempster;* and his *Clerk*, who is very *Gleig*, he was intimate with, and also with Mr. *Herdman*, the minister, who is very *Meek*, *gentle*, and *Sage*, and as worthy an *Adamson* as ever mounted a pulpit, and though an *Auld* man is married to a *Young* wife, and still *Patters-on* on his accustomed old way. He has an excellent band of *Singers* in his *Kirk*, which is led by *Davie Sangster*, the precentor, who has a pair of *Cruickshanks*, but is a first rate *Singer*. One peculiarity is that all *Cosins* go there in *Capples*, carrying a pair of *Tawse* in there hands; and the females with a *Paton* on one *Foote* only, and that that they call the *Provdfoot;* this was a *Les-lie* than I expected! *Eadie*, lately the people were not a *Little* alarmed by a *Dunn Bullock* bolting into the church, just as he had given out for his text, "*Asher* shall not save us; however, *Peter Meiklejohn* the *Hunter* (although in general no *Turnbull*) and *Paul Littlejohn* the *Forrester*, soon turned them out—the latter having a cudgel, part of the *Firewood*, given him by a *Wright*, in his hand.

By this time it was beginning to *Macknight*, although the *Moon* * *

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

ALLITERATIVE ADVERTISEMENT.

This date is attached to the following announcement, printed as a handsome hand-bill, which appeared at Manchester in 1829,—viz.:

SPANKER,

The property of O** D**.

Saturday, the 16th of September next, will be sold, or set up for sale, at Skibberdeen,

A strong, staunch, steady, sound, stout, safe, sinewy, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, smooth, well-skinned, sized, and shaped, sorrel steed, of superlative symmetry, styled SPANKER; with small star and snip, square-sided, slender-shouldered, sharp-sighted, and steps singularly stately; *free from* strain, sprain, spavin, spasms, stringhalt, sciatica, staggers, strangles, seeling, sellander, surfeit, seams, strumous-swellings, sorrances, scratches, splint, squint, scurf, sores, scrattering, shuffling, shambling-gait, or symptoms of sickness of any sort. *He is neither* stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, saddle-backed, shell-toothed, slim-gutted, surbated, skinscabbed, short-winded, splay-footed, or shoulder-slipped; and is sound in the sword-point and stifle joint. *Has neither* sick spleen, sleeping evil set-fast, snaggle-teeth, sand-crack, subcutaneous sores, or shattered hoofs; *nor is he* sour, sulky, surly, stubborn, or sullen in temper. *Neither* shy nor skittish, slow, sluggish, or stupid. *He never* slips, strips, strays, stalks, starts, stops, shakes, snivels, snuffles, snorts, stumbles, or stocks, in his stall or stable, and scarcely or seldom sweats. Has a showy stylish, switch tail, or stern, and a safe set of shoes on; *can feed on* stubble, sainfoin, sheaf-oats, straw, sedge, or Scotch-grass. *Carries* sixteen stone with surprising speed in his stroke over a six-foot sod or stone wall. His sire was the SLY SOBERSIDES on a sister of SPINDLESHANKS by SAMPSON, a sporting son of SPARKLER, who won the sweep-stakes and subscription-plate last session at Sligo. His selling price sixty-seven pounds, sixteen shillings, and six pence, sterling.

CAPITALS AND THEIR DISTANCES.

The French, in their day of revolutionary renown, had a favourite boast that all the roads of the world centered in Paris, a boast which expressively hinted that the march of a French army was easy to any capital of the globe. But England has now taken the lead in the locomotive propensity, and her travellers, whether by steam, by carriage-wheels, or by balloons, will soon leave no spot untraversed where man can live and be looked at. How would it have astonished our forefathers to hear that St. Petersburg could be reached from London, slept in, and returned from, within the week. Of course, this lays all Europe, where a steam-boat can approach, directly at the mercy of the cockney who can spare from twenty-four hours to half a dozen days. A simple glance at the map shews the distance of all the ports.

The distance from			
Amsterdam	to London is	190 miles W.
Copenhagen	to London is	610 miles N.W.
Stokholm	to London is	750 miles S. W.
St. Petersburg	to London is	1140 miles S. W.
Constantinople	to London is	1660 miles N.W.
Lisbon	to London is	850 miles NN.E.
Dublin	to London is	338 miles S. E.
Edinburgh	to London is	395 miles S.

The distances between London and the capitals not accessible by sea are more formidable from the mere circumstance of their being out of the way of the steam-boat; but time may introduce the railway, at least upon the principal highroads of Europe, and we shall disregard miles equally by land or sea. The distances of the remaining capitals are:

London from Paris	is 225 miles N.N.W.
London from Berlin	is 540 miles W.
London from Vienna	is 820 miles N. W.
London from Madrid	is 860 miles N. N. E.
London from Rome	is 950 miles N. N. E.

HARVEST HOME IN OLD ANGLAND.

HARVEST-HOME was formerly kept up with good old English hospitality. When the last load was ricked, the laborers, male and female, the swarthy reaper, and the sun-burnt hay-maker, the saucy boy who had not seen twelve summers, and the stiff horny-handed old mower who had borne the toil of fifty, all made a happy group, and went with singing and loud-laughing to the "harvest-home supper" at the farm-house, where they were expected by the good mistress, dressed in a quilted petticoat and a linsey-wolsey apron, with shoes fastened by large silver buckles which extended over her foot like a pack saddle on a donkey. The dame and her husband welcomed them to a supper of good wholesome food,—a round of beef, and a piece of bacon, and perhaps the host and hostess had gone so far as to kill a fowl or two, or stick a turkey, which had fattened in the wheat-yard. This plain English fare was eaten from wooden trenches, by the side of which were put little cups of horn filled with beer or cyder. When the cloth was removed, one of the men, putting forth his large hand like the gauntlet of an armed knight, would grasp his horn of beer, and standing on a pair of legs which had long out-grown the largest holes of the village stocks, and with a voice which, if he had not been speaking a dialect of the English language, you might have thought came from the deep-seated lungs of a lion, he would propose the health of the farmer in the following lines:—

Here's a health unto our miaster
The founder of the feast,
And I hope to God wi' all my heart
His soul in heaven mid rest;

That every thing mid prosper
That ever he tiak in hand
Vor we be all his sarvants,
And all at his command.

After this would follow a course of jokes, anecdotes, and songs, in some of which the whole company joined, without attention to the technicalities of counterpoint, bass, tenor and treble, common chords and major thirds; but each singing the air and pitching in at the key that best fitted his voice, making a medley of big and little sounds, like the lowings of oxen and the low bleatings of old ewes, mixed up with the shrill pipings of the lambs at a fair. The conversation commonly turned on the incidents of the summer: how the hay-makers overtook the mowers, or how the rain kept the labor back; how they all crept in a heap under the wagon in a thunderstorm; how nearly some of them were crushed under the load that was upset; who was the best mower or reaper in the village; which field yielded the best crop; and which stack was most likely to heat. (*Scene—Dorsetshire.*)

Sun-rise.—When the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to mattins, and bye-and-bye gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hill, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a full fair light, and a face, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and somtimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly; so is a man's reason and his life.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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POLAND.

POLAND has fallen. Still the cause of Poland, if honestly prosecuted—the cause in fact of justice against injustice, of truth against falsehood—is but delayed.

"Freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won!"

The children of those who fought at the capture of the Bastile in 1789, assisted in the capture of the Louvre in 1830; the companions of Fox in his apparently hopeless stand in 1796, have been the triumphant advocates of his principles in 1831. The laws which govern the moral world will not find an exception in Poland.

Spectator.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT AT OLD SARUM.

Reader! if thou canst boast the noble name
Of Englishman, it is enough to know
Thou standest in Old Sarum. But if, chance,
'Twas thy misfortune in some other land,
Inheritor of slavery to be born,
Read and be envious! dost thou see yon hut,
Its old and mossy walls with many a patch
Spotted? know, foreigner! so wisely well
In England it is ordered, that the laws
Which bind the people, from themselves should spring;—
Know that the dweller in that little hut,
That wretched hovel to the Senate sends
Two delegates. Think, foreigner, where such
An individual's rights, how happy all!

ECCENTRICITY.

Eccentricity find eccentric reasons for its doings. Schlager, a Danish man of fortune, sold his estate, and fixed in the northernmost corner of Iceland. He said that he fixed there because he hated the confined air of Europe, and chose to have his breeze fresh from the pole.

An Englishman some years ago, was found vegetating in the midst of bogs and solitudes, in a village on the west coast of Ireland. His reason was, to be in the next post-town to America.

A Spaniard perched his house on the summit of the Sierra Morena; on being asked, "why he preferred that place of clouds, storms, and solitude?" he said, "that he was tired of mankind, and the clouds hid mankind from him; that he was tired of his wife's tongue, and that the storms drowned her talk; and as to the solitude, he could not be solitary, who had the angels for his next door neighbours."

SELECT NOTICES.

From the debates in Parliament in September last, it would appear that the slave-trade is more extensively carried on than ever at Rio, under the flag of France; that vessels are crammed to suffocation with slaves; and that great numbers are thrown overboard alive!——The plan of fortifying Paris is to be carried into effect.——The Archbishop of Paris, and the Prime Minister, are involved in a paper war on the subject of church processions.——The Belgian army is to be in two divisions of 25,000 and of 15,000 men respectively, and to be commanded by 7 French generals, and 300 French officers.——The Cannon-foundry of Liege has been at work day and night——*Oriental Ink*—Lampblack and vitriol, equal parts, the weight of both of fine galls, the weight of all three of clean gum Arabic; pulverise and triturate on a marble slab six minutes, mixing water till of a proper consistency to write with. This, which is the ancient Persian way of making it, will produce the finest and most durable ink in the world——*Driving.*—The coaches between Plymouth and London travel at the rate of 12 miles an hour, including stoppages.——In Alexander's East India Magazine for September, there is a powerful appeal to government in behalf of the *Cape of Good Hope.* It is stated that, by the narrow, miserable colonial policy of England, the people of the Cape are prevented trading with other nations on a fair footing.——Mr. Strachan, the King's printer, whose death has just taken place, has left by will £700,000 in legacies!——The Autobiography of Lavallette has been published, (now in the Public Library,) and is a romantic story, which will be read with eagerness and delight——The foundation stone of a new London Hospital has been laid at Charing Cross.——Spanish Refugees are seen, according to the last accounts, wandering about the streets of London in great distress.——The Malta steam packet performs the voyage from Corfu in 17 days, including calling at Malta, Gibraltar, and Cadiz.——The London Gazette of Sept. 16th, contains a list of 28 persons raised to the dignity of Baronets.——A correspondent in the Times newspaper complains, that the Commissioners of Inquiry into the state of abuses, &c. of the Cape, Mauritius, and Ceylon, have been returned from those colonies for upwards of four months, but not a word is yet known as to the results of the Commission.——Warsaw has fallen, and the robber power has triumphed The author of an article in the *United Service Journal*, on the Russian army, says, supposing Warsaw to be taken, Warsaw is not Poland, and Poland will be free since she resolves to be so. The camp is their country, and the tent of their general is their capital.——*Travelling.* The wonder of Shrewsbury was the first *day* coach which completed a journey of 153 miles. The Exeter coach travels to London in one day (164 miles).——The Hon. Capt. Moncton, of the 88th Regt. has been murdered at Corfu by a soldier. The fellow gave himself up, was tried by a Court Martial, and hanged immediately.——Mr. Atherstone the poet, is delivering a course of public lectures at Cheltenham on Poetry.——A great many of the Parishes of London have refused to pay tithe and parish-rates, on the ground of their being imposed by *select Vestries* Several destraints have taken place, but there were no buyers at the auctions.——Mr. Calcraft, M. P. has committed suicide. It appears he had been long in a melancholy state of mind.——The Government has made the Rev. Sydney Smith a Bishop.——The Rev. Geo. Croly, has been presented to a valuable living.——On the 21st of July, the Cholera Morbus was raging at Mecca, and had carried off 5,550 persons in the space of from 20 to 30 days.——It is calculated, that in the space of 5 years, Miguel has imprisoned 26,270 of his subjects, 16,000 have been transported to Angola, to the Cape Verd Islands, and to Mosambique. 13,000 have been forced to fly from his paternal government; 13,700 have perished on the scaffold; and 5,000 are either in concealment or wandering up and down the earth.——*Metropolitan Sunday Schools.*—The birth day of Robert Raikes, Esq. the founder of Sunday Schools, was observed as a day of Jubilee by the children of the London schools, Sept 14th. Five thousand children went in procession to Exeter Hall, where they heard an address, &c from Dr Morrison. In the evening six thousand persons, *Teachers* and friends, met at the same place, Lord Henley in the chair, In America, it was stated at the meeting, there are 700,000 children taught in the Sunday schools, and 70,000 teachers engaged in the laudable work——The skeleton of Corder, the murderer, has been placed in a recess of the museum of the Suffolk Infirmary, Bury St. Edmonds. It is covered with a glass case, beneath which is a box to receive contributions. Every visitor is expected to put silver in the box, to be applied to necessitous patients.

Translations.—Julius Cæsar, the prince of gazette-writers, has undergone the torture of the wits in his Latinity. "*Venit summa diligentia*" is translated "come on the top of a diligence:" proving that, in his time, they travelled by public coaches in France. Tacitus is authority for the Roman invention of telescopes; for it is said of the same Cæsar that, in his invasion of England, he examined the country *positis speculis*—"by fixing his glasses;" though another translation pronounces it—"putting on his spectacles." And Suetonius is equal authority for attributing the trial by jury to the Romans. Speaking of Cæsar's death, he says, "*Jure cæsus videtur,*" which is translated—"he appears to have been put to death by jury;" a proof unanswerable, and which may lower the crest of our Anglo-Saxon law-makers.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By VIVIAN.)

HERMITS though we be, we do not view the Cape world only "through the loop-holes of *Retreat;*" we contrive

——— "To see the stir
Of the Great Babel,"

as one of the *cordial* comforters of our meditative existence—the best remedy—the elixir (far better than *brandy,*) that we would recommend to the moody hypochondriac, whether of mind, body, or estate. And then when we are tired of seeing the world at our thousand and one auction marts, and hearing the captivating sounds of "*rix-dallar,*" "*rix-dallar,*" we can happily view the world at a distance, thanks to the march of intellect, which has at length established a communicating *tube* between Graham's Town and our Metropolis. This leads us to notice,

1. *The Frontier Press.*—The New Year has introduced to us a new paper from the chief seat of the British Settlers—Graham's Town. "THE GRAHAM'S TOWN JOURNAL, edited, printed, and published by Mr. L. H. Meurant." The world is in a fair way of doing well. The *Cherokee* Indian *Free Press* is succeeding to admiration. The *Bedouin Journal* takes vastly among the *Arabs,* and advocates the "glorious principles of *Whiggism;*" whilst on the other hand the *Wahabyan Sentinel* (a *Tory,*) is greatly supported by the friends of good order, and the *Dey of Algiers.* A King's College is talked of. And as for *De West Afrikaan* of Ashantee, we take the following sample of its attachment to royalty:

Hurra! for the brother of the sun!
Hurra! for the father of the moon!
Throughout all the world there is none
Like Quashiboo—the only one
Descended from the great Baboon!
Baboon, African Baboon!
Buffalo of Buffaloes, and Bull of Bulls,
He sits on the throne of his enemies skulls,
And if he wants others to play at foot-ball,
Ours are all for him—all, all, all!
Huggabajah—huggabajoo!
Hail to the royal Quashiboo!
Emperor and Lord of Timbuctoo!

This African laureate beats Southey hollow. But let us come nearer the contents of the *Graham's Town Journal.*—Board and education at Uitenhage for £22:10 per annum. At Graham's Town for £25 and £30; and at Port Elizabeth, a *day* school at £20 pr. ann. the *children* to be prepared for the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or *Trinity* College, Dublin. (Oh, oh!) Then, again, we read much about the prosperity of the frontier in the establishment of Savings' Banks, Infant Schools, and the opening of a high road to Port Natal! They have also a Temperance Society with 500 members. The advertisements are highly interesting. Mrs. Jennings has opened "a *stay* warehouse," (would this *bind* rambling servants?)

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and has a large "assortment of silks, ribbons, bonnets, a quantity of shoemakers' tools, and cast iron milk-pans." And a servant is wanted, "a member of the Temperance Society will be preferred".—And James Collet has for sale at his store, "a few *good* ladies, —saddles." The following is well worth recording, and tells a *civilization* tale that speaks a volume. "A Bechuana, who has a small stock of cattle, would be glad to buy or hire a small farm fitted for grazing; or he would take care of a farm and stock, in consideration of the grazing of his cattle. Apply, &c."

2. We shall now notice a few of our home varieties.—*The Prospects and State of the Colony.*—These are admirably stated in the *Advertiser* of the 4th of January. We admire, as much as it is possible for our readers to admire, the masculine sense, the warm philanthropy, the exuberantly copious, yet precise and energetic diction of this editoral article which introduces the New Year.

3. *Advertisements—Modern Refinement.*—Mr. Chisholm advertises "collarets and *chemisetts*" for sale.

The Players.—"Due care will be taken by the *Amateurs* to *prevent* the House being too crowded!" (*Credat Judæus Apella.*)

"PEOPLE WANTED by Mr. Benningfield."

4. *The Plague-spot of the Colony.*—This month has been one of unusual traffic among the slave-dealers; various public sales of men, women, and children having taken place, at which numerously elegantly dressed females attended—some of whom became purchasers. In one case there were between seventy and eighty of our fellow-creatures *put up* for sale. The advertisements respecting this *lot* were *markedly kept out* of that Newspaper which pleads the cause of humanity, irrespective of colour or clime. Without entering into the merits of the slave-question, we certainly do think that it is illegal to constitute a large portion of His Majesty's British Subjects the *mere* "*goods and chattels*" of another portion of His Majesty's Subjects; and, as is the general case at the Cape, to make the human being appear *secondary* to "household furniture, wagons, carts, horses, oxen, cows, mules," and to *expose* men and women on a table for sale. Surely some plan of *tender* might be adopted in cases of sale. We consider that a slave cannot be considered as a *mere article* of private property, because *he is a subject*. Wherever a government exists, the life of man has never yet been considered as so absolutely an article of private property, that it may be *extinguished* like that of an ox, a horse, or a dog, at the pleasure of the owner. In the case of slaves, the law has always assumed a power of *interference* and control, founded upon the *eternal distinction* between this species of property and every other. No other description of property, no other *chattel*, has such *responsibilities* attached to it, and *rights* arising out of those responsibilities, similar to those which are inherent in the slave.

May the day soon dawn, which shall bring deliverance to our brethren in captivity all over the world! The spirit of o'erwearied Nature crieth out Amen.

5. *False Report.*—A number of ignorant persons, according to a very spirited circular on the part of Government, (Jan. 11th) were betrayed (WE know by whom) to "put their trust in absurd and ruinous reports, and to arm themselves against their fellow subjects,"—the Hottentots at Balfour. On arriving at the village, and breathing out slaughtering and threatenings against the supposed enemy, our worthy aborigines were found engaged in church services, and in large numbers were partaking of that holiest of the christian rites—that *peace*-speaking ordinance, in which the emblems of the broken body and shed-blood of the World's best Friend and only Hope are so comfortably set forth.

6. *More False Reports.*—A very scandalous report was noised abroad towards the close of the month, to the end and purport that the merchants, *i. e.* the ruling gentlemen of the Commercial Exchange, had refused to grant the use of their splendid Hall for the meeting of the *Temperance Society*. We cannot be silent when such slanders are propagated. Too long have certain men indulged in, and vented their spleen against the Commercial body. One Mr. Samuel *Johnson* led the way. In his 'Thoughts on Agriculture,' published in the *Universal Visitor*, 1756, he has stated many very *ungenteel* things. Says he, in his usual rude manner, "Mankind cannot subsist upon the *indulgences* of Nature, but must be supported by her common gifts. They must *feed* upon bread, and be clothed with wool." What a Goth! And then again, we have that man *Franklin*, who, opposed to certain *interests*, has declared before the world, that 'a two-penny loaf contains more nutriment than three times that worth of distilled liquor.'

The Commercial Room has happily enjoyed for a series of years past, the hearty good will of the public, and very liberally has it been granted for the use of every description of meeting which individuals have thought proper to convene. Savings' Banks, Infant Schools, Reform, Legislative Assemblies, Wines, the Press, &c. have all been advocated within its walls; whilst Concerts, Balls, Dinners, Suppers, Lectures, have been equally tolerated. To suppose for one moment that the Room would be withheld from the Temperance Meeting, on account of the great *interest* which many of the merchants take in the sale of distilled liquors, is most unfair, and deserves the utmost reprobation. We have no doubt of the *sacrifice* these gentlemen would be disposed to make for the country's good, when required so to do. Some men, equally morbid with Mr. William *Cowper*, the poet of enthusiasm, may think otherwise. Mr. W. Cowper, in reference to our friends, has had the hardihood to say:

"Doing good, *disinterested* good, is not their trade."

This is really too bad,—but a scribbler, of the name of Edmund *Burke*, has gone much further; and, in the most unequivocal language, has attacked the pillars of the state, in language very far from "The Sublime and Beautiful." This man, this Burke, has dared to say—"Do not talk to me of a merchant;—a merchant is the same in every part of the world—his gold is his God, his invoice his country, his ledger his Bible, his desk his altar, the exchange his church, and he has faith in none but his banker."* But we hesitate to make any further allusion to a writer who could venture to indulge in such abominable scurrilities and personalities.

The best proof that we can advance of the public *spiritedness* of our Cape merchants is, that having gained a knowledge of the report in question, they called a meeting of council, and *immediately* resolved to grant the use of their Hall to the *Temperance Society;* and furthermore, deeply impressed, they determined by a public notice not to grant the use of the Hall, in future, for any other purpose than the one above, and similar charities; of course not excluding commercial meetings. Now this is a bold determination, and we cannot take upon ourselves to say what the *world of fashion*, with its routs and balls, will think of this revolutionary measure; and how the dinner-eaters and the masons will like this turn-out. All that we know is, that the friends of human improvement are highly gratified, and we do not care a single straw about the opinions of the people, who, with no notion beyond chandeliers, fiddlers, silk stockings, and pumps, consider life to be merely a theatre for bounding, skipping, swinging, twirling, capering, and throwing the body into ten thousand attitudes.

In coming to the happy conclusion of supporting our public charities which the merchants have done, we have every reason to believe they were worked upon by the many scenes of poverty and misery around us. In the Temperance case, they would contemplate the national loss occasioned by intemperance—the ruin of individuals, and the beggary of families. They would discover how much was bound up in the life of an individual; that *people* were *scarce* at the Cape, and that as a question of *profit and loss*, we could not *afford* the great destruction of life, which is sacrificed at the altar of intoxication. Detesting idleness, quarrels, litigation, improvidence, and wastefulness, they would hail the Temperance Society as the most blessed of charities. A charitiy to individuals, begun in time, and having the sublime of eternity connected with it. A charity to families and parishes. A charity of the most elevated scale to the whole family of man. They would, previously to their noble advertisement of exclusion, seriously determine the import of the word charity. They would look into *Cruden*, page 85, and there learn how little it was connected with mere Rix-dollars. There they would read —CHARITY. It is a *principle* of prevailing love to God, and good will to men, which effectually inclines one endued with it to glorify God, and to *do good to others;* to be patient, slow to anger, and ready to put up with wrongs; to shew kindness to all, and seek the good of others, though with *prejudice to himself.*" And lastly, as philanthropists, they would, in giving their kind countenance to the Temperance Society, and bidding it *God's speed*, contemplate the departure of nausea at the stomach—disordered bile—destruction of the liver—jaundice—dropsy, hoarseness of voice—epilepsy—gout—cholic—palsy—apoplexy—insanity—those body-guards of intemperance, from the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

* Prior's Life of Burke, vol. I, page 374.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE is no escape from cavil: where one is pleased another is sure to find fault; and if we listen to all, we must do like the old man and his jack-ass, and at last throw the thing into the sea. Thus much in reply to the letter of *An Observer*.

W. W. S. will have no reason to find fault with us on the score of *partiality*, if he will take the trouble to read the communication of *The By-stander* in the present number. We have never desired to exclude opinions from this Journal distinct from our own, provided such be stated in fairness.

We beg to remind *A Friend to Peace*, that when *Vivian* made some favourable allusion to the *Advertiser* in his review of the *State of the Press at the Cape*, he did so solely on *public grounds*. We consider the *Advertiser* more than justified in giving *no quarter* to that Anti-colonial Press—the *Zuid-Afrikaan*. If we had any complaint to utter against the *Advertiser*, it was his long silence, his lateness in taking the field. We cannot praise a fugitive and *cloistered* virtue, that never sallies out and sees her adversary.

Note. Under the head of *More False Reports* in the present number, it is our duty in fairness to observe, that the quotation in reference to the Merchants by the celebrated Mr. Burke, was subsequently acknowledged by him to have been uttered in the heat of the moment. We also fully concur with a late declaration by Mr. Hamilton Ross, that "the merchants of this colony have ever been foremost in the support of our public institutions." And as it regards that interesting safe-guard of our liberties, the Press—they have confessedly done their duty; and unworthy should WE be, did we not at this moment avow what perhaps may be news to some of our readers, that it is entirely owing to the *steady* patronage of the mercantile body of Cape Town, that this journal is kept afloat—that it is enabled to *pay its way*. All other countenance has been hitherto as the small dust of the balance; and the motives of this support by the merchants cannot be questioned, since this journal has been unsparing in its criticisms on commercial affairs in general, beyond that of all others.

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THE COLLOQUISTS.

No. VII.

SYNOPSIS.

PLACE, - - - *The Retreat.*
TIME, - - - - *Monday Evening.*
COLLOQUISTS, - - { *Vivian.* / *Hermes.* / *Orlando.*

Hermes.—Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Oh, oh, oh!

Vivian.—Is the man mad? Hermes, wherefore this boisterous laughter?

Orlando.—"The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

Hermes.—Ha, ha! for any sake, gentlemen, let the fit have its full exercise. He, he! Ha, ha!

Vivian.—What's it all about? Tell us;—why monopolize all the good humour for your own selfish benefit?

Hermes.—Well, well, then—I am now better, and will tell you all about it. I have just laid hold of an author (Jefferson), who asserts that the roads of the colony, and the streets of Cape Town, are paved with *bullocks'* tails!!

Vivian.—The source of the mistake is certainly ridiculous enough, and only adds another proof to the many already existing, that our tourists are but sorry botanists.

Orlando.—Pray explain the nature of the mistake.

Vivian.—The channel of the river *Zonder-end*, as well as other streams in the colony, is encumbered with a species of bog-rush, that spreads over the surface of the stream, and interlaces its creeping stems so firmly, that a man may walk upon it without the least danger of sinking. When many of our farmers send their wine to market, they line the sides of their wagons with the stems of this rush, which are thrown out into the street or roads when they are no longer required—and these were the bullocks' tails with which our traveller said Cape Town was paved.

Orlando.—But gentlemen—the question for this evening is *Temperance Societies.*

Vivian.—A *grave subject* and well befitting the serious attention of Legislators and People.

Hermes.—Especially one of vital importance to the Cape of Good Hope, where people are scarce.

Orlando.—Yes, Temperance Societies will, when rightly estimated, work miracles, raise the dead—in other words bring *subjects* from the *grave.*

Vivian.—The late meeting of the Cape Town Temperance Society in the Commercial Hall, was, I think, one of the most respectable that I ever remember to have witnessed.

Orlando.—The misfortune is, that the good men who borrowed the room for themselves and their friends, should have met with interruption.

Vivian.—I derive encouragement of the eventual success of the Society from the opposition in question.

Hermes.—Do you call it opposition. Its opponents were only loud in proclaiming their conviction that it cannot possibly endure, that it must shortly come to an end, that it is unfitted to accomplish the good purpose it undertakes to bring about.

Orlando.—Accustomed as I am to think for myself, and to speak with freedom, I cannot help thinking that the difference of opinion on the part of the malecontents, is alone sufficient to awaken suspicion of a design not distinctly avowed. If the Society be the offspring of enthusiasm, and is shortly to fall into contempt, why not leave it to its fate? Why display an anxiety to accelerate its overthrow? why use a violent effort to crush the feeble, and precipitate the falling? If, as they contend, it contains within itself the seeds of speedy dissolution, no evil can result from abandoning it to the operation of its native tendencies, and suffering it to die a natural death. Is it not apparent that all this commotion and effort indicate a suspicion that it is not so fraught with the elements of self-destruction as they pretend? Men are not accustomed to exert themselves with vehemence against an object of which they entertain no apprehension: they usually proportion their efforts to their alarms.

Hermes.—It has been observed that there was a want of *temper* at the meeting; that men were fiery, irritable, irrascible.

Vivian.—I quite understand the thing: the leading speakers of the Society had not *worldly wisdom* enough to *hide* their thoughts; they forgot that the primary essential of skill and success in business is *sang froid* and *seeming* command of temper. The Rev. Mr. Pears and Dr. Philip were by far too warm in debate, by far too enthusiastic and zealous, it has been argued. But zeal, I contend, in any cause, is the only proof of sincerity; and as for warmth, "believe him not," said an old Roman in debate in reply to an antagonist, "for the *cold* manner in which he argues the cause." There is a mode of self-management which some men possess, which is as impossible to me, as it would be to command the winds. My *countenance* would betray me if my *words* did not; I *must* say and even *look* what I think: I cannot suppress my instantaneous rising of heart, at every veiled artifice which I perceive; every subterfuge, every attempted concealment of opinion and purpose, and every insidious perversion of fact announced with pretensions to candour and frankness. The gentlemen alluded to spoke from the heart, and wherever the *heart* speaks, there is always eloquence, interest, and instruction.

Hermes.—Dr. Macartney seemed to be extremely happy on the occasion of the meeting, and enlivened it by his imagination and wit.

Vivian.—I differ in *toto* with you, Hermes. The Doctor produced an array of materials, without the controul of judgment. His passion for speaking—

Orlando.—I rise to *Order.* I will not consent to the personalities of *Vivian*, and I desire to protect an absent friend. His good humour, kind hospitality, and professional skill, entitle him to our warmest esteem. His labours during the last two winters, in his course of lectures, deserve the highest praise. In the absence of Assemblies and Concerts, Dr. Macartney relieved the tedium of the winter's evening to admiration.

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Vivian.—If my friend Orlando thinks that he can prevent the freedom of criticism, he is much mistaken. I look to public character, and maintain my right to search into *mind*, in the same ratio as I would into *minerals*. There is a good deal of *cant* in the modern use of the word *personality*, and we discover many a *professed liberal* at the Cape, chuckling over the highly-spiced articles of the Times or Blackwood, who puts on a solemn and lank face the moment you apply the test of criticism, even in its most diluted form, to the men and manners of the Cape of Good Hope. Seven or eight thousand miles off it is an excellent thing—*here* it must assume a *limited* principle, *here* we are friends to the *liberty of the Press*, but not the press near at hand;—lauding *free discussion*, but it must be conducted in the House of Commons;—bawling for a *Legislative Assembly*, to put down voluntary association;—crying out for *free trade*, yet aiding and abetting the most disgraceful monopolies;—*liberty boys*, and dealing in human flesh! Monstrous anomalies! In our present discussion, I trust we shall keep in view the rule laid down by the Editor of the Cape Literary Gazette, in his first Number, page 3. "Angry criticism is a possibility of evil, which, in the present activity and dispositions of human nature, no precautions can avert. The right of every one is to judge as he pleases; and each will express himself according to his own taste and choice. It is for the advantage of our own individual character to judge equitably, and to write with honourable candour. But even in this respect *no one can be dictated to*. Like Draco, the conscientious reviewer must visit the sins of vanity and egotism, with no less severity than those of cruelty and profligacy."

Hermes.—If our friend will confine himself solely to the *composed and printed* speech of the worthy doctor, I think he is entitled to be fully heard. As a composition, it is fairly open to criticism.

Vivian.—I am willing to concede the point of a certain order of merit to Dr. M'C. and to agree with his warm friend, Orlando, that he is really an excellent companion, a clever surgeon, and a warm-hearted Irishman,—but I have to do with his mind, and I must declare that I have a very great dislike to the displays of artificial memory. There is a *memoria technica*, and it is notorious that there is nothing in which this art deals so much as in *words*. Piquancy is all well enough in its proper place; but surely after the serious details of the death and destruction brought about in the colony by spirituous liquors, it was extremely ill-timed, and quite out of order, to raise an objection to the remedial measures adopted at the Temperance Meeting—to meet the question by endeavouring to excite a false stimulus, provoking a sneer and calling up a laugh. Let us suppose a painter, thrown by chance an eye-witness of some grand battle. What should we say, if, instead of endeavouring to transmit to his canvas the representation of its grand images and terrible conflicts, he should shrink from his subject, and prefer the delineation of some grotesque figures (after the manner of the *Dutch* school,) playing unconsciously in the skirts of the camp; and, by way of supplying a *factitious* interest, invent some extravagant figure, or group of figures, which every sound judgment must know could never have existed, at least in that situation. These inventions, however, sit lightly upon the author who produces them; there is no *wear and tear* of the passions; they are totally artificial, not intrinsic; and he can put them on and off like his clothes.

Orlando.—But the worthy doctor's speech was well received—it amused and called forth plaudits.

Vivian.—Just because the *world* loves the gay and the frolicsome, the lively and witty; because it hates all serious affections and deep anxieties; over whatever it can ridicule, it thinks that it has gained a superiority.

Orlando.—But my friend was by no means opposed to the Temperance Society. He only considered that the means proposed were not adequate to the contemplated end.

Vivian.—There is nothing which, if taken in a perverse light, may not be given an unfavourable character. The trite *trick* is to set up a measure or model, distinct from the one proposed, but *professing* at the same time to wish well to the original scheme,—nay, to exceed it in its usefulness. This plan is of olden date in the colony.

Hermes.—Now really, Vivian, I think you somewhat fastidious. The speech is one of ingenuity, composed with apparent care, and combining a vast variety of subjects. I think great allowances should be made. Think of the extensive professional duties of our friend.

Vivian.—Truth, sir, is eternal and unbending—it allows of no *humourings*, tamperings, *barters*, or *exceptions*. As for ingenuity—be it remembered, that *fil'gree-work* pleases only effeminate triflers, and in oratory is merely a *ruse*, uttered *ad captandum*. It gives an outside polish, plausible to the eye, and apparently of genuine material; but it will not bear analysis and decomposition. It is either a disguised *theft*, or if it is novel, it is not true. It is a factitious *ingenuity*, like a moon upon a stage, which looks silver, but gives no light or warmth. Whatever is artificial has no vitality in it: it loses its charms upon being handled or steadily looked upon.

Orlando.—Positively, Vivian, you overlook that universality of mind professed by our friend. To me, he appears to be at home on every subject. His great variety of topics surely bespeak him a man of *general information*.

Vivian.—Most readily granted. Possessing a perfect Sir John Sinclair's mind, and this is saying much. It matters equally to the susceptible patriot on the other side of the water, whether the granary of a nation be about to be swallowed up by an over-abundant population, or a parterre of polyanthuses about to be destroyed by a swarm of wire-worms, or the horse-sickness, or the tooth-ache prevail; or that people die of gluttony, and *not* drink,—the cordial sympathy, and the honest indignation of Sir John, are as generously prompt. It would do any body's heart good to observe with what earnestness the philanthropist exhorted the late Emperor Alexander to encourage the carding of flax: how tenderly he pressed on the Duke of York some choice hints on the better management of the army; how he addressed Coke of Norfolk, on the advantages of the Cottage System, and our own colonial government on the merits of the Cassava *(Jatropha manihot)* of Brazil; while at the same time he drew tears from all to whom he had access by his papers on the congenial subjects of Bullion and Gymnastics. What must be the universal love for his kind of that extraordinary man, who writes now the description of a battle, and now of a competition of pipers, and now of providing milk to a ship's crew even after the death of the only cow on board! who sent yesterday a despatch

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on grave matters to Mr. Pitt, and sends to-day a pebble to Lady Jardine, and a white sparrow to Sir William; who astonishes Admiral Keith in the morning with a grand protection against French invasion, and concludes the day by transmitting the plan of a tragedy to Miss Ballie; who writes an essay on the advantages of *saving* to civil servants at home, and with the same pen suggests a plan to the late Lord Charles Somerset, by which all civil servants at the Cape, whose incomes exceed £300 per annum, shall be obliged to *spend* at least £30 per annum of their income in supporting the Press, Libraries, Schools, Commercial Halls, and Public Charities.

Hermes.—By the bye, this last proposition is not a bad one. Look at our high salaried men. With the exception of the two or three gentlemen at the very head of affairs, how cold, indifferent, niggardly,—aloof from schools, education, newspapers, libraries, philanthropic societies, are the *receiving* mass: mere *lookers on* in "works of labour or of love;" and what is worse, sometimes affecting a contempt for the promoters of good will to man, by a significant shrug of the shoulders when you ask for their aid. I certainly do think, in reference to public spirit, that the colony is very little indebted to the Magist——

Vivian and *Orlando.—Order, order! Question, question!*

Hermes.—Nay, gentlemen, hear me out.

Vivian and *Orlando.* — *Question, question, question!*

Hermes.—Let me explain and—

Vivian and *Orlando.* — *Question, question!*

Orlando.—By way of inducing the meeting to return to the question, I am inclined to think with Vivian, that the worthy Doctor's speech is really replete with all the varieties of a Sir John Sinclair's mind. But this is a compliment of which Dr. M'C. may well be proud, as he justly may be of his intellectual lectures on phrenology, which gave us all so much pleasure.

Vivian. — Yes: his craniological lectures greatly amused me I confess. Till that time I had not known that the presiding majesty of mind sat in state somewhere in the brain-pan; I have often read Paley with pleasure on the wisdom displayed in the structure of some of the human bones. But, simple man! he never bethought himself what a *chef d'œuvre* in this microcosm, what a master-piece in the human structure was the human skull. It strikes me very forcibly at this moment, that the phrenologists might be led to form a number of useful *automaton speakers*, with minds in a state of *fusion*, at all times ready to come forth with the show-box of memory. In the establishment of a manufacture for heads, it would only be following in the wake of alchymy to do so. A cast, moulded with the best bumps, and a kettle full of boiled brains to be poured into it, then left to cool awhile, would nearly complete the business.

Orlando.—Excuse me, but I am apprehensive we are leaving the question of *Temperance Societies*. In fact, I think we have wandered too much on the surface of things. It is reported that *Temperance Societies* are *Abstinence* Societies in disguise, and that *water-drinkers* are without *spirit*.

Vivian.—If it be the *spirit* which the execrable Cape Wine and Brandy produce, we had by far better become drinkers of the purest of liquids. An amusing and instructive example of the good effects of abstinence, occurs in the case of *Pomponius Atticus*, the friend of *Cicero*. The melancholy accompanying a disordered stomach, brought him to the resolution of destroying himself, and he called together his friends to consult as to the best means of accomplishing his design His son-in-law, Agrippa, with great sagacity, advised and persuaded him to starve himself; recommending, however, that he should occasionally swallow *a little water* to alleviate the pains of abstinence. To this he consented, supposing, as people generally do at this day, that *water* affords no nourishment, although, in fact, it is almost *the only fluid that does nourish*. In this case it sustained *Atticus*, day after day, beyond the time he had calculated upon dying by starvation: and not only so, but this WATER, and the abstinence, removed the complaints of his stomach and his dejection of spirits: and he was then easily persuaded by his son that it was his duty to live. He did live as a *water-drinker* to an advanced age.

Again, to those public men who are determined in spite of arguments and physicians to live as they have lived, in the indulgence of their appetites, there is one direction which may serve to obviate the effects of their excesses. It is abstinence. This is the sovereign remedy the brutes employ for nearly all their diseases; and indeed in all our chronic complaints, as well as the other "ten thousand ills to which flesh is heir to," it has a wonderful power over the constitution. *John Home*, the author of *Douglas*, and otherwise distinguished in literature, bore without inconvenience the luxuries of London, by eating on the *Sabbath* nothing more than a single poached egg. Not only this, many, yea hundreds of the Scottish borderers now in London and at Liverpool,—those worthies especially connected with the *Secession Church*, display much of the primitive simplicity, and much of the primitive faith, and much of the primitive peace of mind, and tranquility of soul, by a Sabbath abstinence:—this self-denial bringing with it health and longevity. *John Howard*, the illustrious Philanthrophist, fasted at least one day in the week, as did also *Franklin*. *Bonaparte*, when he felt his system unstrung, which was often the case, gave up his usual repasts, and fed on the pure air of heaven. Our ablest physicians,—and we appeal to the Doctors Murray, and Bailey, and Abercrombie, and Leisching, and Laing, and Fairbridge, and O'Fiinn and Atherstone, and Gill,—declare that abstinence is one of the most effectual means of preventing violent and inflammatory disorders, such as fevers, sore throats, &c. And, as it regards the pestilence, let us bear it in mind that *De Foe*, the fearless Englishman, was saved during the ravages of the celebrated plague in London, and walked on foot through the *pestilence at noon day*, because he had not bowed to the altar of Distillation—because he was a *water drinker*. And *Socrates* lived in *Athens* during the whole of the plague that made such desolation in that city in his time; yet he escaped unhurt: and this is unanimously ascribed by the writers of those times, to his *uninterrupted* temperance.

Hermes.—Those who argue for the use of *pure* Wine, as I believe we all do in moderation, touch not the principles of Temperance Societies; for Temperance Societies have not pronounced the use of Wine to be sinful, nor have they passed any judgment respecting the expediency or inexpediency of its use. Against distilled spirits — the fell destroyer of their race — they wage an exterminating warfare—against distilled spirits, in addition to all that has been already published, I hold in my hand a docu-

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ment which has been signed by four Professors of the Medical Faculty of the Edinburgh University, eleven Members of the Royal College of Physicians, the President, and twenty-seven Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons, and thirty-four other Medical Practitioners.

"We, the undersigned, do hereby declare our conviction, that ardent spirits are not to be regarded as a nourishing article of diet; that the habitual use of them is a principal cause of disease, poverty, and misery, and that the entire disuse of them would powerfully contribute to improve the health and comfort of the community."

It is acknowledged that three-fourths of all the pauperism in our country, four-fifths of all the aggravated crime, one-half of all madness, one-half of all sudden death, and one-fourth of all death in persons above twenty years of age, are caused by spirituous liquors. And it is a fact that these evils equally abound in this colony, and are not only daily filling the grave with victims, but constantly furnishing ample *materiel* for the Police Office, Courts of Justice, the High Sheriff, and the Sequestrator. And shall nothing be done, nothing *attempted* to arrest the plague? Shall benevolence and patriotism sleep on, with such exterminating evils around them? No—forbid it humanity! forbid it ye who have commenced the good work in Cape Town! And, respecting these gentlemen, I have a few observations to make. They have been accused of presumption in forming a Temperance Society without having first consulted—whom? the spirit-merchant—the canteen-men—*the children of this world!* Such absurdity requires no comment. Then, again, the numbers of the Society are a very few people. What can *they* do? Spare your *disinterested* concern, my dear Sirs;—to whom do we owe our ameliorated condition in general? To the mob—to the multitude?—No: to the successive Few in every age (more, indeed, in one generation than in another, but relatively to the mass of mankind always *few*) who by the *unbending intensity* and permanence of their action, have compensated for the limited sphere within which it is at any one time intelligible; and whose good deeds *Posterity* reverence in their results. I appeal to the histories of the Jewish, the Grecian, and the Roman Republics,—to the history of Europe, and to the Records of the Christian Church. What do they contain but accounts of noble structures raised by the wisdom of the *few*, but often assailed and scorned by the *many*. But I will take higher ground—Temperance Societies are completely independent of mere *human opinion*. Their foundations are laid broad and deep in *Christian Charity*, and Nature's first law—*Self Preservation*. And if Temperance Societies do not furnish a practical comment on a certain verse in the 14th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, I profess myself completely ignorant of its meaning, and shall feel much indebted to any one who shall furnish a just explanation of the passage—"It is good neither to drink Wine or *anything* whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended, or made weak."

Orlando.—Wines are, however, recommended in Scripture. There was abundance of fine vineyards and excellent grapes in Palestine. Recollect the valley of Eschol and its grape-bunches of 10 and 12 lbs. In confirmation, examine Strabo and Pliny.

Vivian—Good, Orlando!—I thank you for calling my attention to the Wines of Scripture. The Jews were, in general, a temperate people, and water-drinkers. They used wine, however, when it became necessary; but observe, it was the "pure blood of the grape," (Deut. 32—14,)—*pure unmixed wine*, the simple product of fermentation,—not the learned *Bystander's* Cape Wine, characterized by him as an "Execrable *composition*," possessing "a peculiar and indiscribably filthy flavour;" not the Wines of the Cape, as noticed by *A Subscriber*, who preceded the *Bystander*, and declared by him (a writer of good authority) to be "notoriously retrograding" in quality. *Retrograding* even from their present vile condition,—becoming worse and worse!

Hermes and *Orlando.—Hear, hear!*

Vivian.—The truth is, I am getting a new light myself on the subject. *Temperance Societies* will reform the quality of Wines, will introduce a wholesome beverage, will stir up a question that shall make man refuse any longer to drink poison, that shall dive into the whole process of admixtures and distillation; that shall introduce once more to the world the "pure blood of the grape." It is high time this should be the case. Who can estimate the mighty sum of disease introduced into Cape Town, and all the world over, by the abominable Wines and Spirituous Liquors of the licensed houses?

Hermes.—Very true, it is most astonishing what a conspiracy there is in trade and monopoly against the stomach of man. If the Temperance Societies do no more than impress upon the mind of John Bull the necessity of paying particular attention to the *quality* of that which he consumes, especially if he wishes to transmit to his posterity the vigorous constitution which he derived from his hardy ancestors, they will do much. Adulteration is the order of the day, and it assumes every shape to ruin the family of man. The modern use of opium in *beer* has brought many an unhappy wretch to commit robbery and murder. Mr. Golding Bird, an intelligent revenue officer, states before the House of Commons, that in the short space of three weeks he visited about 500 public houses, and made fifty-three detections; and that it is usual to draw off 20 gallons from a butt of 108 gallons of porter, and substitute the 20 gallons with water, mixed up with colouring prepared from burnt sugar, treacle, salt, copperas, and liquorice He had reason to believe (he states on evidence,) that *all* the 500 houses he visited, adulterated their beer. Nearly the whole 53 convictions were at houses owned by Monopolists; he never detected those practices at what are called *free-houses!*

Orlando.—I apprehend there are still many good men who would join us, but have scruples of conscience. They say—*how can these things be?* of what use am I in the scale of colonial improvement? If I thought I could do any good I would sign my name directly.

Vivian.—In the first place "*scepticism*," says Dugald Stewart, "is the child of imbecility." It is certain that Temperance Societies offer to the public no Utopian project. Their beneficial results are on record; and there is no reason to doubt their efficacy wherever they are fairly tried. Leaving America out of the question, just look at Scotland. There, Temperance Associations, in despite of inveterate habit, prejudice, and self-interest, are making a most rapid progress. There are 208 Societies already established, consisting of 40,529 members. In

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the last Record, we observe that the 4th Royal Irish Dragoons, and the 91st Argyleshire regiments, have adopted the plan of Temperance Societies. The question—"of what use am I in the scale of being?" I would answer in the words of the Persian fable. "A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! what an insignificant creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern to the universe; I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am the least of the works of God." It happened, that an oyster which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this its humble soliloquy. "This drop," says the fable, "hardened in the shell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which, falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem."

Orlando.—But it is argued, we are not dram-drinkers in this colony; it is only the lower orders who indulge themselves, and how cruel to debar the poor man of his little comforts.

Vivian.—Not dram-drinkers!—the man who asserts this, knows nothing of the *habits and customs* of this colony; knows nothing of *supply and consumption*. And they who come forth now to compassionate the poor man and his comforts, we know well enough are playing an hypocritical game. Their regard for the poor man is all pretence. Not dram-drinkers! Let us not deceive ourselves. Like the man who used to pull off his hat with great demonstration of respect whenever he spoke of himself, we are fond of styling our own a very enlightened age, or a very moral country, or a remarkably sober people!

Orlando.—I confess I am inclined, with Vivian, to place a good deal of credence in the great use these Societies will have in purifying the public taste, and I shall be perfectly satisfied in the amount of good which they will do, in directing public attention to the *qualities* of the liquid brought to market.

Vivian.—Yes, and avaunt the notion that we wish to deprive man of his pleasures. We do not; we only accelerate the march of real civilization. And genuine civilization is nothing more than a thorough knowledge of the elements of human happiness and misery, and of the means best calculated to produce the former, and avert the latter. Its proper operation, therefore, cannot be to abridge our pleasures, but to purify them.

Hermes.—I have often heard it asked, why should moderate drinkers in the upper ranks practice abstinence? Why should they make a sacrifice, and what effect will self-denial on their part have on the drunkard of low degree?

Vivian.—To this I answer that the lower ranks derive all their views and feelings from the higher. Fashions are never known to press upwards; example, therefore, is the only means by which the upper ranks can with any prospect of success enforce temperance on the common people; fashion is every thing in the world's history; what in fact has of late years produced sober habits among the better orders in Britain, but the fashion of imitating continental temperance? What produced a change in the conversation at home, and drove out of society the ungentlemanly habit of profane swearing, but the bright example of George the III. and his court. Again, Temperance Societies remain valuable as the only opposition afforded to a wide-spreading and fatal pestilence. They *stay* the plague. They influence the new beginner of life, they habituate to reflexion; the working classes have their instincts of self-preservation as strong as those of their superiors; and through the Press doing its duty, and the Societies in question going forward nothing daunted against the "strong holds" opposed to them, we have a right, under God's good blessing, to expect every success. The influence of this success it may be thought is merely personal, and that the number so to be effected, bear too small a proportion to the mass to effect any radical change in the popular habits. This is the discouraging outcry at the outset of all improvements. Knowledge is diffused, like waves, far beyond the central points where the impression is first made.

Hermes.—Exactly so: no sooner did Dr. Bailey at the late meeting, come forth with his statement of important facts, that since the Government had so humanely shut up the drinking houses on the Sabbath, a vast deal of crime and accident had ceased to be, than Mr. Hamilton Ross with great spirit argued, let the Government go on to perfection—For if one day in seven will do so much how much will the whole seven days perform?

Vivian.—Once more, the efficacy of these institutions will be felt in the knowledge they will diffuse of the morbid and malignant nature of ardent spirits. When the fact is universally known and understood, that the greater part of the dropsies, diseased livers, palsies, lunacies, asthmas, and fatal coughs, which crowd the hospitals, and prematurely consign to the grave a large portion of the working classes, are the sure and inevitable consequences of this infernal poison;—when it is daily and hourly demonstrated that the money, worse than wasted in its consumption, would suffice for the purchase of most of the *comforts* of humble life; when it is dunned, as it were, into the ears of the poor, that their improvidence in this particular, deprives them of their political and social efficacy, and condemns them to a progressively increasing hardship of lot, it surely is not too much to expect that the impression on the mass will be *proportionate to the importance of the instruction.*

Orlando.—The institution of Temperance Societies seem to excite the tongue and the pen of ridicule; every witling is on the *qui vive*. Not only this, *eloquence*, as at the late meeting, is not with us. This, however, we have already noticed.

Vivian.—I shall have something to say on ridicule in conclusion. As it regards the gambols of oratory, you may every day meet with persons in the world professing liberal and enlarged notions, and affecting great superiority over the vulgar, who are as vulnerable to the tricks of rhetoric, as the shallowest of the multitude, being led by a melodious period, by a brilliant metaphor, by a pathos purely *artificial*. In fact, the animal whom Yorick was wont so frequently to coloquize, and to whom he gave the *maccaroné* at—I forget where—was never more readily led by the ear than man. Words have ever been his idols: to these, *artfully* arranged, he gives the name of wisdom; to them he bows down in worship; by them he is irritated, enraged, maddened. The master of words is his master. The principal merit of the institutions of Lycurgus, abused much oftener than understood, was, that they emancipated the citizens of Lacedæmon, from

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the tyranny of false and hired rhetoric. Secondly, as to ridicule, let us just glance at its every-day doings. The language of censure is easy and undefined, and like that of calumny exceedingly cheap. It costs no labour, and needs *no intellect* to pronounce the words foolish, stupid, dull, odious, enthusiastic, cant, hypocrite, absurd, ridiculous. The weakest or most uncultivated mind may, therefore, gratify its vanity, laziness, and malice, all at once, by a prompt application of vague condemnatory words. Notwithstanding that these words are trite and vague, he who adopts them feels a vast deal of self-importance, and imagines that he has uttered a good pungent thing. There is a satiric smartness in the words, though there be none in the man; and in default of keen faculty in the mind, it is delightful for the vulgar to find something that will do as well ready bottled up in odd terms*. I am aware that it requires a hardy virtue in some minds to repel a sneer, to withstand "the world's dread laugh." But a man endowed with a noble spirit, says with a sober consciousness, as remote from the spirit of bravado as it is from timidity—Thus and thus is my conviction and my determination; now for the jeerers, the scoffers, the *fabricators*, and the phantoms of fear; let me look them in the face; they will find I am not made of trembling materials: "I have to do all that may become a man." I shall firmly confront everything that threatens me in the prosecution of my purpose, and I am prepared to meet the consequences of it when it is accomplished. I should despise a being, though it were myself, whose agency could be held enslaved by the gloomy shapes of imagination, by the haunting recollections of a dream, by the whistling or the howling of winds, by the shriek of owls, by the shades of midnight, or by the *threats or frowns of men*. I should be indignant to feel that in the commencement of an undertaking, I could think of nothing but the deep pit by the side of the way where I must walk, into which I may slide, the mad animal which it is not impossible I may meet, or the assassin who may lurk in a thicket of yonder wood. And I DISDAIN TO COMPROMISE THE INTERESTS THAT ROUSE ME TO ACTION, FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF A DISGRACEFUL SECURITY. But as the conduct of a decisive man is always individual, and often singular, he may expect some serious trials of courage. This fact must not be concealed. For one thing he may be encountered by the strongest disapprobation of many of his connections, and the censure of the greater part of the society where he is known In this case, it is not a man of common spirit that can shew himself just as at other times, and meet their anger in the same undisturbed manner as he would meet some ordinary inclemency of the weather; that can, without harshness or violence, continue to effect every moment some part of his design, coolly replying to each ungracious look and indignant voice, I am sorry to oppose your views: I am not unfriendly to you, while thus persisting in what excites your displeasure; it would please me to have your approbation and concurrence, and I think *I should have them*, if you would *seriously* consider my reasons; but meanwhile I am superior to opinion, I am not to be intimidated by reproaches, nor would your favour and applause be any reward for the sacrifice of my object. As you can do without my approbation, I can certainly do without yours; it is enough that I can approve myself, it is enough that I can appeal to the last authority in the creation. Amuse yourselves as you may, by continuing to censure or to rail: *I must continue to act.* Once more, attack of contempt and ridicule is a still greater trial of courage. It is felt by all to be an admirable thing, when it can in no degree be ascribed to the hardness of either stupidity or confirmed depravity, to sustain for a considerable time, or in numerous instances, the looks of scorn, or an unrestrained shower of taunts and jeers, with a perfect composure, which shall immediately after, or even at the time, proceed on the business that provokes all this ridicule. This invincibility of temper will often make even the scoffers themselves tired of the sport; they begin to feel that against such a man it is but a poor sort of hostility to laugh. There is nothing that people are more mortified to spend than their scorn. Till, however, a man becomes a veteran, he must reckon on sometimes meeting this trial; and to the question—*will they not laugh at us?* a man of the right kind would say—They will smile, they will laugh, will they? Much good may it do them. I have something else to do than trouble myself about their mirth. I do not care if the whole neighbourhood were to laugh in chorus. I should be sorry to see or hear such a number of fools, but pleased enough to find that they did not consider me as one of their stamp. The good to result from my project will not be less, because vain and shallow minds, that cannot understand it, are diverted at it and me. What should I think of my pursuits, if every trivial thoughtless being could comprehend or would applaud them, and of myself, if my courage needed levity and ignorance for their allies, or could shrink at their sneers? Gentlemen! I have trespassed too long on the time of the meeting, permit me to conclude in the beautiful language of the Rev. Dr. Adamson, in reference to our newly-established Temperance Societies in Cape Town:—"Even though it accomplish little, yet its purpose cannot utterly fail. *Be it that it expires as the flash before the shipwrecked sailor in the tempest: be it as the shore-lit fire which the wind seizes and scatters and extinguishes in its wrath; yet shall we have cause of rejoicing, if, by its light, some storm-struck wretch has raised his weary limbs upon the rock to which he clung, safe from the deadly surge that raged around him.*

* See Foster's Essays.

MORTALITY—EPIDEMIC CHOLERA.

PUBLIC attention is at present directed to the progress of epidemic disease in Europe, and especially to its *reported* appearance in England. From the accounts which we possess of the state of the English population, it would appear that, from the earliest times, it has been regularly subject to some malignant influence, superadded to the ordinary causes that produced mortality. Seasons of scarcity, with the plague in their train, no sooner ceased to exercise their terrific power over human life, than the small-pox assumed its baneful dominion. *Intemperance* also has been a uniform agent in the work of destruction. The mortality of our home population in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was remarkably high. Out of every forty who were born, one was said to die in the early part of this period. The proportion varied in progress of time, but it is very doubtful to us if the mortality of the industrious classes be not still as great as ever. In the counties where agriculture formed the chief occupation of the people, life seems to have been uniformly maintained for a longer period, than in those districts where the more active employment of

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manufactures brought together a large concourse of inhabitants. But it was not until the last century had somewhat advanced, that manufactures were carried to such an extent as to be able to make a very decided impression on the rate of mortality. The chief impediment to longevity about that time, appears to have been produced by intemperance, and the effects of that vice were of such a striking nature as to call for the interference of the legislature. We find that in the ten years before 1751, the average number of deaths within the bills of mortality in London, from fever, was 4351 annually, whilst in the ten years which succeeded the same date, the deaths from this disease fell to 2565 a year. In looking for adequate materials to explain the reason of this remarkable decline of deaths from the *effects of intemperance*, we are at once struck with the fact, that the use of *ardent spirits* was suddenly restrained by a bold and severe legislative enactment. The restraint imposed by the law, was rendered still more strict by a total prohibition of the manufacture of spirits. This prohibition was chiefly confined in its operation to the period between the years 1757 and 1760, when the annual average of deaths from fever was reduced to 2136. The policy of the legislature was altered in 1761—spirits became more accessible, and we find that the deaths from fever attributed to the year 1763, are no less than 3742.

The manufacturing establishments of our country were meanwhile growing apace. They became an important means of supplying employment to the people. They were found, however, to have acted with the most destructive consequences on the health and lives of the population, until at length the legislature was forced to interfere. The 42d of Geo. III. c. 73, is the first of those national regulations, which were framed with the view of checking the devastating influence of the factories. These laws, however, are too exclusively confined to the protection of children; and it unfortunately turns out that the rate of mortality amongst the adult manufacturing population, is as great as it almost ever has been with reference to the general amount.

But our present business is with the *Cholera*. We are happy to entertain but slight apprehensions of the consequences, even if the *Cholera* should find its way to London and the great towns of the empire. In the first place from being surrounded by the sea as we are in Cape Town, the atmosphere is in constant renovation. It is pretty well ascertained, that in those places where the disease has prevailed to any considerable extent, the atmosphere, if it has not caused the malady, has been a very active agent in propagating it. Indeed, it has been suggested by one of the medical gentlemen who have written upon this subject, that the cholera is caused by a derangement of the air which we inspire—a derangement that reduces its electricity far below the ordinary proportion. However this may be, it cannot be questioned that a tainted atmosphere greatly augments the number of patients in an infected district, and, therefore, as the miasma cannot long remain in our clouds, rapid as they usually are in their movements, we should hope, under the dispensing care of Providence, that the pecular position of our mother country may prove, on this occa sion, as it has proved in times of war, of the most material service towards the safety of the nation.

The modern habits of the people are also, as compared with those of the inhabitants of the countries to which the malady has reached, cleanly and healthy. The natural consequence of these improved habits has shown itself, in the exemption of the British kingdom for many years from every disease of pestilential nature. One of the principal epidemics which have prevailed in England, was that too appropriately named *The Black Death*, which occurred in the reign of Edward III. Like the cholera, it originated in the marshes of the Indies; it travelled over all the world, and is said to have swept away a fourth part of mankind. It destroyed above fifty thousand persons in London alone, and so deeply was it felt as an universal calamity, that it had the effect of maintaining and prolonging the truce between England and France. May we not conjecture that the malady, which has for the last twelve months afflicted the north of Europe, has produced a similarly pacific effect upon the councils of the Great Powers, and impressed their minds with the religious necessity of not adding to pestilence the still more formidable evils of a general war?

The Black Death was the great scourge of the fourteenth century. Towards the end of the sixteenth (1593,) London was visited by a plague, which killed nearly twelve thousand individuals. It does not appear, however, to have spread through the country, nor to have extended generally to the continent. Ten years after that visitation, London was again (1603) afflicted by another plague, which was imported from Ostend, while it raged violently there as in the Low Countries. On this occasion, the capital lost upwards of thirty-six thousand of its inhabitants, who fell victims to the disease. Nearly the same number was carried away by a similar malady in 1625; in 1636, it appeared in the metropolis again, and destroyed upwards of thirteen thousand persons, and in 1643-4, the armies engaged in the civil war diffused a malignant fever over the whole country, which was attended with a roughness and a sliminess of the throat and jaws, with pain, but scarcely any swelling or inflammation. But the most formidable pestilence by which the metropolis has been invaded, was that which commenced in 1665, immediately after the great frost, and consigned to the tomb, or rather to the earth, for there was no time for the construction of tombs, sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-six persons, according to the lowest computation. 'Since that time,' says Dr. Sims, 'the plague has vanished from London, and all other epidemics seem to have become less malignant, owing to many causes; among which may, perhaps, be a greater use of fresh vegetable food, a less use of fish, an universal use of tea, superior cleanliness in our persons, a greater attention to the poor in times of scarcity, which are now scarcely felt in any extreme degree; and, lastly, the tremendous fire in 1666, since which the streets have been very much widened, and the houses so enlarged, that the same number of inhabitants now occupy above double the space.' Since that period London and the country generally have been free from contagious disease, with the exception of the year 1740, when occurred the severest frost that had been known for three hundred years; it was accompanied by a malignant spotted fever, which caused great havoc in Bristol and in Galway, and which reached London in the following year, where it produced a degree of mortality nearly equal to that of the great plague. Unless we enumerate the small pox and occasional typhus and catarrhal [illegible], we may say, that for nearly a hundred years England has not been visited by any general malady, and this good fortune it owes partly to its strict quarantine regulations, but chiefly, in spite of the growth of intemperance, to the improved habits of the people. Within recent memory, several other countries, with which we have been in constant intercourse, have been severally visited by the plague; Egypt, Turkey, Spain, Malta, Gibraltar, and the United States of America, have been within the last twenty years the seats of pestilence, and yet it has never touched the British shores.

It may be also mentioned as a circumstance calculated to allay apprehension, that according to the report of a resident of Hamburgh, who left that city on the 15th of October last, the cholera, which had then prevailed eight days in that crowded city, had only affected thirty-one individuals, and that even of these, several were mere cases of suspicion. This is undoubtedly a trifling proportion, in a population of 130,000 souls. The disease appears, according to the same authority, to have originated at that place in a low wretched quarter, called the "Deep Cellar," which is wholly frequented by beggars, vagrants, and other abandoned objects of both sexes. To these profligate classes the cholera has been hitherto confined: the alarm which was first excited by its appearance, has entirely ceased, and private parties and public amusements go on just as usual.

In Breslau, Berlin, and Vienna, where the malady still continues, it has hitherto preserved the same mitigated character. According to late accounts from the latter capital, there were remaining in all only 284 cases, of which existed in the city only sixty-six, the remaining 218 being in the most miserable parts of the suburbs. It should, moreover, not be forgotten, that in London, as well as in England generally, the autumn now closed, and the latter part of the summer, have been remarkably unhealthy. Bowel complaints were seldom known to have been so prevalent, both amongst adults and children; they have not been fatal in many cases, but it has been remarked, that the state of the weather exercised considerable influence upon them. When the atmosphere was humid and laden with clouds, the malady increased; when the vapours were dispersed, and the sun appeared, or a bracing cold day came, the malady was alleviated, and frequently altogether removed. These facts go to prove the connexion which exists between the state of the atmosphere, and the ordinary course of our animal functions. Indeed, to any person who has reflected much upon this subject, and upon the wonderful sympathies which exist between many parts of animated nature, it must appear as if we were all but so many links of an electric chain descending from Heaven to the remotest material objects of the whole creation. We would infer from these facts then, that our country has already had its visitation from the cholera, in the shape of the complaint which we have mentioned, and that it is not likely to behold it in any severer form in this country. In this impression we are countenanced by the remark of Dr. Onufriew, who states in one of the Russian official documents, that "during the prevalence of the epidemic at Orenburg, there was scareely a single inhabitant of that city

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who had not some symptoms of disordered digestion. One complained of oppression and pain in the heart; another of headache, slight sickness, looseness of the bowels, and the like. These trifling symptoms of disease were usually ascribed to errors in diet. But to me it appears, that their cause was *a general invasion of the system by cholera, which, however, was prevented from developing itself in its perfect characters, by a regular manner of living, and other circumstances of the kind.*" In the same manner we think that the cholera has already invaded England, and that the general habits have subdued it to the more mitigated symptoms, which has been so widely experienced.

We conclude this article with a recommendation to ventilation, &c. as a precautionary measure to all who are concerned in the health of the public in general. It is an article from the Bengal Almanack.

ON VENTILATION AND HOUSEHOLD CLEANLINESS.

We are all thoroughly aware of the necessity of breathing; and the agreeable freshness and reviving influence of the pure morning air must convince us that the breathing a pure atmosphere is conducive to health; yet we as carefully exclude the air from our houses as if its approach were noxious. Intending to shut out the inclemencies the weather only, in our care to guard ourselves from the external air, we hinder that renewal of the atmosphere which is necessary to prevent its becoming stagnant and unfit to support animal life.

Few persons are aware how very necessary a thorough ventilation is to the preservation of health. We preserve life without food for a considerable time, but keep us without air for a very few minutes and we cease to exist. It is not enough that we have *air*, we must have *fresh air*; for the principle by which life is supported is taken from the air during the act of breathing. One fourth only of the atmosphere is capable of supporting life; the remainder serves to dilute the pure vital air, and render it more fit to be respired. A full grown man takes into his lungs nearly a pint of air each time he breathes; and when at rest, he makes about twenty inspirations in a minute. In the lungs by an appropriate apparatus, the air is exposed to the action of the blood, which changes its purer part, the vital air, (oxygen gas,) into fixed air, (carbonic acid gas,) which is not only unfit to support animal life, but is absolutely destructive of it. An admirable provision of the great Author of nature is here visible, to prevent this exhausted and now poisonous air from being breathed a second time:—while in the lungs, the air receives so much heat as makes it specifically lighter than the pure atmosphere; it consequently rises above our heads during the short pause between throwing out the breath and drawing it in again, and thus secures to us a pure draught. By the care we take to shut out the external air from our houses, we prevent the escape of the deteriorated air, and condemn ourselves to breathe again and again the same contaminated, unrefreshing atmosphere.

Who that has ever felt the refreshing effects of the morning air can wonder at the lassitude and disease that follow the continued breathing of the pestiferous atmosphere of crowded or ill-ventilated apartments? It is only necessary to observe the countenances of those who inhabit close rooms and houses, the squalid hue of their skins, their sunken eyes, and their languid movements, to be sensible of the bad effects of shutting out the external air.

Besides the contamination of the air from being breathed, there are other matters which tend to depreciate its purity: these are the effluvia constantly passing off from the surface of animal bodies, and the combustion of candles and other burning substances. On going into a bed room in a morning, soon after the occupant has left his bed, though he be in perfect health and habitually cleanly in his person, the sense of smelling never fails to be offended with the odour of animal effluvia with which the atmosphere is charged. There is another cause, perhaps, still more striking, when a person fresh from the morning air enters a coach in which several persons have been close-stewed during a long night. He who has once made the experiment will never voluntarily repeat it. The simple expedient of keeping down both windows but a single half-inch would prevent many of the colds and even fevers, which this injurious mode of travelling often produces. Outside passengers, though they may suffer a little more from cold and wet, generally escape these every-day complaints of those who pay double their fare. If under such circumstances the air is vitiated, how much more injuriously must its quality be depreciated when several persons are confined to one room, where there is an utter neglect of cleanliness; in which cooking, washing, and all other domestic affairs are necessarily performed; where the windows are immovable, and the door is never opened but while some one is passing through it! On entering such a den of filth, the nose is saluted by a stench so horrible, as to make any person, unused to it, recoil and pause before he ventures in; but the wretched inhabitant has his sense of smelling so blunted, that he does not perceive that, with every breath he takes, he inhales a poison, which is sapping the vigour of his body, and destroying the energies of his mind.

Can we wonder that, with such absolute neglect, all the diseases of persons so situated should be of a dangerous character? or that the mind should be dispirited, and that the man should fly to drams for relief from the burthen which he finds to be weighing him down?

It may be taken as a wholesome general rule, that whatever produces a disagreeable impression on the sense of smelling is unfavourable to health. That sense was doubtless intended to guard us against the dangers to which we are liable from vitiation of the atmosphere. If we have, by the same means, a high sense of gratification from other subjects, it ought to excite our admiration of the beneficence of the Deity in thus making our senses serve the double purpose of affording us pleasure and security; for the latter end might just as effectually have been answered by our being only susceptible of painful impressions.

To keep the atmosphere of our houses free from contamination, it is not sufficient that we secure a frequent renewal of the air—all matters which can injure its purity must be carefully removed. The linen of beds should not be allowed to remain unchanged till it has lost all appearance of ever having been white, or of ever having had any acquaintance with the washing tub. The contents of chamber-vessels should not be left in the house an instant, if it be possible, and certainly not in the room of a sick person: every moment they remain they fill the air with a filthy odour which is little less than poisonous to all who breathe it.

Those who have but one apartment in which they must of necessity perform all the domestic duties, should be careful to remove all matters that are offensive in smell, as cabbage water, dirty soapsuds, &c; they should indeed, if possible, avoid washing in the room they live in. For the same reason, drying clothes in doors should be avoided.

Flowers in water and living plants in pots greatly injure the purity of the air during the night, by giving out large quantities of an air (carbonic acid) similar to that which is separated from the lungs by breathing, which, as before stated, is highly noxious. On this account they should never be kept in bed rooms: there are instances of persons, who have incautiously gone to sleep in a close room in which there has been a large growing plant, having been found dead in the morning, as effectually suffocated as if there had been a charcoal stove in the room.

A constant renewal of the air is absolutely necessary to its purity: for in all situations it is suffering either by its vital part being absorbed, or by impure vapours being disengaged and dispersed through it. *Ventilation, therefore, resolves itself into the securing a constant supply of fresh air.*

In the construction of houses, especially in those built for the poor, this great object has been too generally overlooked, when, by a little contrivance in the arrangement of windows and doors, a current of air might, at any time, be made to pervade every room of a house of any dimensions. Rooms cannot be well ventilated that have no outlets for the air; for this reason there should be a chimney to every apartment. The windows should be capable of being opened, and they should, if possible, be situated on the side of the room opposite to, and furthest from the fire-place, that the air may traverse the whole space of the apartment in its way to the chimney.

Fire places in bed-rooms should not be stopped up with chimney-boards. The windows should be thrown open for some hours every day, to carry off the animal effluvia which are necessarily separating from the bed-clothes, and which should be assisted in their escape by the bed being shaken up, and the clothes spread abroad, in which state they should remain as long as posible; this is the reverse of the usual practice of making the bed, as it is called, in the morning, and tucking it up close, as if with the determination of preventing any purification from taking place. Attention to this direction, with regard to airing the bed-clothes and bed after being slept in, is of the greatest importance to persons of weak health. Instances have been known in which restlessness and an inability to find refreshment from sleep would come on in such individuals when the linen of their beds had been unchanged for eight or ten days. In one case of a gentleman of very irritable habit, who suffered from excessive perspiration during the night, and who had taken much medicine without relief, he observed that, for two or three nights after he had fresh sheets put upon his bed, he had no sweating; and that, after that time, he never awoke, but that he was literally swimming, and that the sweats seemed to increase with the length of time he slept in the same sheets. By not permitting him to sleep in the same sheets or night clothes more than twice without their being washed, he instantly lost this debilitating affection.

Various means are had recourse to at times, with the intention of correcting disagreeable smells, and of purifying the air of sick rooms. Diffusing the vapour of vinegar through the air, by plunging a hot poker into a vessel containing it; burning aromatic vegetables, smoking tobacco, and exploding gunpowder, are the means usually employed. All these are useless. The explosion of gunpowder may, indeed, do something, by displacing the air within the reach of its influence; but then, unfortunately, an air is produced by its combustion, that is as offensive, and equally unfit to support life as any air it can be used to remove. These expedients only serve to disguise the really offensive condition of the atmosphere. The only certain means of purifying the air of a chamber which is actually occupied by a sick person, is by changing it in such a manner that the patient shall not be directly exposed to the draughts or currents

Chemistry has furnished the means of purifying the air of chambers in which persons have been confined with contagious diseases, so as to destroy the noxious power of the effluvia generated in such situations, and thus of preventing the disease from extending. This will be accomplished by attending carefully to the following directions.

Close all the windows and doors of the room

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intended to be purified, except the one by which you propose to retreat, and make up the aperture of the chimney or fire-place, except for about an inch or two at the bottom. Having put three table spoonsfuls of common salt, (*muriate of soda*) rubbed fine, into a shallow dish, place it upon the floor of the apartment.—if with a few hot cinders beneath it, the better; and then pour, at once, upon the salt, a quarter of a pint of strong oil of vitriol (*sulphuric acid*); retire and close the room for forty-eight hours. Immediately the acid is poured upon the salt a pungent vapour (*chlorine*) is given out freely, which is extremely unpleasant to breathe, and very destructive to most metallic surfaces. It is on this account that the operator should leave the apartment quickly and that all the iron and brass furniture should be previously removed. This vapour continues forming for many hours, and diffusing itself completely through all parts of the room, effectually destroys the matter on which infection depends: at the expiration of about forty-eight hours, the room may be entered, the doors and windows thrown open, and a fire made in the chimney, in order that the apartment may be perfectly ventilated. It may then be safely occupied. The above quantity of salt, &c. is quite sufficient for a chamber of the usual size; for a much larger room, double the quantity, divided into two vessels, should be used. The merely offensive odour of sick rooms, or of any other apartments, may be readily corrected, by placing in them plates containing the *chlorosodiac solution of Labaraque*; which is now well known in this country.

But no fumigation will be of any avail in purifying stagnant air, or air that has been breathed till it has been deprived of its vital part; such air must be driven out, when its place should be immediately supplied by the fresh pure atmosphere. The readiest means of changing the air of an apartment is by lighting a fire in it, and then throwing open the door and windows; this will set the air in motion, by establishing a current up the chimney. The air which has been altered by being breathed is essential to vegetable life; and plants, aided by the rays of the sun, have the power to absorb it, while they themselves at the same time given out pure vital air. This process, going on by day, the reverse of that described before as taking place during the night, is continually in operation, so that the purification of the atmosphere can only be prevented by its being preserved in a stagnant state.

In the country, there are other circumstances which require to be attended to besides cleanliness in the house, and the free admission of the air into it at all times. Care ought to be taken that nothing be allowed to exist very near the house that can injury the purity of, or produce humidity in, the atmosphere: heaps of putrefynig vegetables, dunghills, pools and ditches of stagnant water, privies and open drains, furnish a constant supply of the exhalations which produce fever. In hot seasons especially, every breeze in such neighbourhoods must carry poison with it. These things are much too common before the doors of cottages, and even of larger houses. Those who build houses for the poor would do well to choose situations sufficietly elevated to allow the waste waters to de drained off with facility: without this, they must stagnate and putrefy, to the danger of the health of the inhabitants.

LOYAL AND PATRIOTIC ADDRESS

Of the Lutheran Community at the Cape of Good Hope, to Her Majesty the Queen.

On the 17th of October, 1831, the Rev. F. R. Kaufmann*, late of Cape Town, was introduced to Her Majesty at St. James' Palace, by Dr. Küper, the Lutheran Minister in London; on which occasion, the Reverend Gentleman presented an Address to Her Majesty from the Lutheran Community of this Colony, and in performing which, thus addressed Her Majesty:

Von Afrika's äusserster Südspitze hier angelandet, habe ich die erhabene Ehre, das grosse Gluck, die innige Freude, diesses Glucks-wünschungschreiben einer Deutschen Gemeinde am Vorgebirge der Guten Hoffnung Eu: Königl: Maj:—einen Köstlichen Blume aus Deutschland's Boden auf England's Grund verpflanzt—hier mit demüthigst zu überreichen:—Es gefalle Eu: Königl: Maj: auf dieses kindliche Opfer Christlicher Herzen gnädig herabzublicken und es als ein Solches Zu empfangen.

Der Grosse Herr der Welt lasse aus dem Fullhorne Seines Uberflusses, die reichsten Segnungen auf Eu: Konigl: Maj: Haupt und auf England's erhabenen König Wilhelm den IVten niederfliessen.

A copy of which was requested to be given to Her Majesty.

Her Majesty was graciously pleased to express Her high satisfaction in reply "that Her German brethren in South Africa entertained such affection towards Her."

The following is an extract from the London Gazette of the 20th of October.

St. James's Palace, October 20, 1831.

The following Address has been presented to Her Majesty, and graciously received:

To the QUEEN's Most Excellent Majesty.

May it please your Majesty,

We, the undersigned inhabitants of South Africa, happy in being numbered amongst the faithful and loyal subjects of our most gracious King, beg leave to approach your Majesty's sacred Person with feelings of the deepest love and veneration.

Descended from one common origin with your Majesty, from the brave Teutonic race, we feel peculiar satisfaction in recognising the Consort of our illustrious Monarch as a Member of that Community the tenets of which form the basis of our religious hopes and of our faith—of that Church which is named after the great Champion of our protestant faith—the immortal Luther.

As representatives of the Lutheran Community at the Cape of Good Hope, we entertain towards your Majesty's person, sentiments of devoted loyalty and sincere attachment, arising from the twofold tie in which we stand connected with your Majesty as British subjects and as members of one Church; and in the name of the Community whom we represent, we humbly beg to offer to your Majesty the expression of their heartfelt joy and congratulation at the accession to the Throne of these Realms of our most gracious Sovereign King William the Fourth.

The feelings which this Community, in common with all your Majesty's subjects, bear towards your Royal Person, and that of our beloved Monarch, will be testified to your Majesty by the late Pastor of our Congregation, who has the honour of presenting this Address,—a minister who has deservedly earned the greateful thanks of a widely extended community, by his unceasing attention to their spiritual comforts—and to whom we commit the pleasing task of conveying to your Majesty the assurances of our devoted loyalty and attachment.

That your Majesty's reign, and that of our beloved Sovereign, may be happy and propitious, and that it may be prolonged for the welfare of the people of these realms, is the fervent prayer of your Majesty's most devoted and most loyal subjects, the Churchwardens of the Lutheran Congregation at the Cape of Good Hope.

Consistory of the Lutheran Church, Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, July 31, 1831.

J. M. Kloek van Staveren, V.D.M.
C. Matthiessen, Presiding Elder.
R. A. Zeederberg, J. G. Stegmann, } Elders.
C. M. Zastron, J. W. Nelson, G. W. Silberbauer, W. Herman, } Deacons.

* The Rev. Mr. Kaufmann left the Colony on the 7th of August, 1831, and arrived in London on the 11th of October. Previously to the departure of this respected clergyman, the acting and retired members of the Evangelical Lutheran Community in Cape Town, were pleased to present him with a piece of Plate,—viz: a Salver—in testimony of their undiminished regard towards their former Pastor.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS OF THE COLONY.

I. *The Reformed Presbyterian Church Establishment of the Colony.*
II. *The English Episcopal Communion.*

The Colonial Church.

This Church was planted in the Colony as far back as 1704. The Dutch were the first protestant nation that paid attention to the religious interests of their colonial possessions. Few nations it will be admitted, had so many fair opportunities. When the Cape surrendered to the British arms in 1806, the terms of capitulation—that the Dutch Reformed Church should remain, &c. were *faithfully* respected. This arrangement did not even interfere with the existing Church Regulation, which placed *the Establishment* under the supreme Ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the High Church Authorities at *Amsterdam*. But when by Treaty of the Cape of Good Hope in 1814, the Colony was ceded by Holland to the British Crown, this *foreign* appeal in Church affairs, or interference in the Ordination of British subjects to fill the vacant Churches, was scarcely to be expected; any longer at least, than circumstances should provide a better order of things. It is true that at this moment the Reformed Church exists without having any High Court of Appeal of an ecclesiastical nature, beyond that of secondary church courts, or what is equally contrary to Presbytery, the *Civil Authority*. Presbytery never took it for granted, that the *civil power* was the basis of its religious constitution. All that the Presbyterian Church required when it became *Established* in the Mother Countries, was, a legal recognition of those powers which she *claimed* as belonging to her by scriptural institution. While it encourages a friendly co-operation between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, and *renders unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's*, "it avoids at the same time the confounding of their limits—prohibits church courts from meddling with any thing pertaining to the civil jurisdiction—establishes their independence in all matters which belong to their cognizance—and guards against what is the great bane of religion, and curse of the church, a priesthood which is merely the organized puppet of the state, and moves and acts only as it is directed by a political administration."*

What measures may be taken to render the *Presbyterian Church Establishment* of the Colony more *scripturally* and firmly united to Government, and worthy of sustaining its Reformed character we know not. Its friends however may be congratulated on its advances towards perfected order. The recent division

* McCrie.

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of the Churches into Presbyteries, and other regulations are proofs of this.—*Fragment of Church History, Cape Town*, 1827.*

THE ENGLISH EPISCOPAL COMMUNITY.

A reference to the table No. IV. in the preceding pages and the comparatively *small number* confirmed by the Bishop of Calcutta (in which are included, the military and some converts from other churches) will show, that the extent of the Episcopal Church in the Colony is not in unison with the naturally enlarged views of its faithful members. But it should be considered from the *great mass* of the white population being attached to their own *Church Establishment*, and with *very few instances of defection* from its communion, it does not appear very probable that it will ever attain to any great height in the scale of the population. On these grounds nothing very extensive in Episcopal affairs seems essential. It was the consideration of this, that directed the British Government to provide at the suggestion of *Dr. Claudius Buchanan*,—Ecclesiastical Establishments in the East and West Indies; but to reject that part of his recommendation which refers to the Cape of Good Hope. Though the *territorial religion of the Colony* was overlooked by that excellent man in his "Brief view of the Colonies of Great Britain,"—Government took care to confirm it, as *the Established Church*,—to provide for its better security, and future enlargement; and to identify itself with its procedings. Even in the appointment of Episcopal Chaplains at the Cape, it is understood that they are only such as connected with the "British *Civil* Establishment"† of the Colony. *(Ib.)*

"I have come amongst you with *no power, no jurisdiction*: I come on a mission of charity and of peace."—*Bishop James's Address in the Commercial Hall, vide his Life, page* 26.

THE SEQUEL.

Report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1830.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The attention of the SOCIETY has been called, by the present Lord Bishop of *Calcutta*, in an especial manner, to all matters connected with the interests of religion and of *the Church*, in the Colony of the *Cape of Good Hope*. Before his Lordship sailed from *Portsmouth, July*, 1829, he received from Mr. *Hay*, one of the Under Secretaries of State for the Colonial Department, intimation of a wish, that, on his arrival at the *Cape*, he should put himself into communication with his Excellency Sir *Lowry Cole*, the Governor, for the purpose of ascertaining what arrangements it would be desirable to adopt, with reference to the *ecclesiastical establishment of the Colony*. It happened, unfortunately, that, on his Lordship's arrival, and during the whole period of his visit, the Governor was absent on a tour of inspection to the frontier. His communication was in consequence made to Lieut. Col. *Bell*, Secretary to the Colonial Government, from whom it received immediate and full attention; and who entered into the subject of the Bishop's official inquiry, with the greatest earnestness, and with a most cordial desire to carry it forward to a successful accomplishment. From the Rev. Mr. *Hough*, the senior Chaplain, the Bishop also obtained the most efficient aid: Mr. *Hough's* long experience in the affairs of the Colony, and his zealous attachment to the Church, of which he is so valuable a minister, demanding high consideration of his opinions. The result of an inquiry thus conducted, the Bishop stated in a letter to Sir *George Murray*, from *Cape Town*, a copy of which letter he transmitted to his Grace the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and a second to Sir *Lowry Cole*. He addressed also from the same place, to Archdeacon *Hamilton*, for the information of the *Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*, a statement in detail, not only of the more immediate concerns of that SOCIETY, but of all matters in which the interests of the *Colonial Church* were involved. And, lastly, in a despatch dated on board His Majesty's ship Pallas, at sea, *November*, 1829, he entered at large on the several points connected with the views and objects of the SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, during his stay in the Colony of the *Cape of Good Hope*.

The Bishop having stated, in this despatch, that the English portion of the Colonial population is rapidly increasing in numbers and influence; that their claim to have their advantage consulted in the all-important concern of religion must of course be strengthened in the same proportion; and that the Dutch inhabitants themselves would be more effectually conciliated by measures advisedly adopted for the spiritual good of the English population than they ever will be by *temporising concessions*, which, end where they may, must have had there beginning in lukewarmness and indifference, wrote as follows:

"After diligent inquiry, I am satisfied, that the general feeling of the more respectable classes at this moment is favourable to our Church; the personal character and declared views of the present Governor, and of Lady *Frances Cole*, have had a most salutary influence; those who were disposed to activity have had their hands strengthened; *the hostile are conciliated;* and many who professed indifference have been induced to declare themselves. In this concurrence of favourable circumstances, it remains only that our two great Church Societies should come forward in an efficient manner, by administering liberally to the actual wants of the Colony, and by bringing into action all their influence at home. There will then be the best ground to hope, *that this branch of our National Church* will, at no distinct period, flourish abundantly, and be made a lasting good by diffusing, through *every district* of this Settlement, a portion of the spirit which animates our most valuable institutions. The several points to which the SOCIETY'S attention should be turned may be enumerated under the following heads:

"1. The appointment and maintenance of the Clergy.
"2. The erection of Churches.
"3. The establishment of Schools.
"4. *Missionary Institutions* for the direct object of converting the Heathen."

Having enlarged upon each of these heads, and having stated, that, in reference to the first head, viz. the appointment and maintenance of the Clergy at the *Cape*, he had fully communicated his sentiments to Sir *George Murray*, the Bishop concluded his despatch in the following impressive words:

"I should apologize to the Board for the length to which this letter has been extended, if I did not feel persuaded that the subject will justify a large demand on their attention. The question is nothing less than this, whether a colony so fertile in resources, so rapidly advancing in civilization and social importance, *shall or shall not form an integral part of our National Church?* Should this question be resolved favourably, we shall look forward with confidence to the issue; but should the decision be adverse, we must be prepared to see this powerful dependency, not merely *alienated from our establishment*, but engaged in actual *hostility against us*."

At a General Meeting of the SOCIETY, holden on *Tuesday*, the 11*th May*, ult. (the Lord Bishop of *London* being in the chair,) the despatch from the Bishop of *Calcutta*, was read to the Board, and, after mature deliberation, the three following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

First, That a respectful application be made to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*, President of the SOCIETY, requesting him to second with his powerful influence the suggestions offered to his Majesty's Government by the Lord Bishop of *Calcutta*, relative to the appointment and maintenance of Chaplains at the *Cape of Good Hope*, and to other measures for promoting the best interests of religion in that important colony.

Second, That as the present appears to be a very favourable moment for taking decisive measures to advance the interests of religion in the Colony, and in furtherance of the views of the Lord Bishop of *Calcutta, a sum of* 2000*l.* be placed at the disposal of the Standing Committee of the SOCIETY; and that the Committee be authorized to enter immediately into communication with his Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir *Lowry Cole*, Governor of the *Cape of Good Hope*, for the purpose of ascertaining from him the best methods of employing that sum towards encouraging the erection of Churches, the establishment of Schools, and *such other objects* as may come within the province of the SOCIETY.

Third, That the thanks of this Board be returned to the Lord Bishop of *Calcutta* for his valuable communication; and that he be apprised of the steps now taken by the SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, in the furtherance of his pious and benevolent views.

Independently of the measure of aid thus granted by the Board towards advancing the interests of religion in the colony of the *Cape of Good Hope*, the SOCIETY is quite prepared to fulfil certain engagements entered into, on its behalf, by the late lamented Bishop of *Calcutta* (the Right Reverend Dr. *James)* with Lieutenant-Colonel *Bell* and the District Committee, in regard to the establishment and maintenance of Schools in *Cape Town*.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, vol. I. ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD, by FRANCIS PALGRAVE F.R.S & F.S.A

This delightful little volume forms one of the recent numbers of Mr. Murray's *Family Library*. It is written in a remarkably clear and agreeable style, and deserves a place in every Family and School Library in the Colony. We extract the following pleasant remarks from the author's preface:

The Anglo-Saxon history, in every part and branch of it, is extremely obscure; and though I have done my best to discover the truth, still I am convinced that others, working with the same intent, may probably come to very different conclusions. No person ever can attempt any historical inquiry, who does not bring some favourite dogma of his own to the task—some principle which he wishes to support—some position which he is anxious to illustrate or defend—and it is quite useless to lament these tendencies to partiality, since they are the very incitements to the labour. And so strong is the effect of opinion, that, even in matters where there would seem to be the least possible reason for doubt, even our senses may be deluded by our passions and feelings.

The annals of justice furnish numerous instances of these hallucinations: but one of the most striking examples occurred a few years ago at Dublin:—

A pleasure-boat, belonging to a party of noted Brunswickers, having been moored on

* To all who seek the light, we recommend this little pamphlet—*A Fragment of Church History*, published at the Cape in 1827. In merciful charity towards the funds of the venerable *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*, we think a copy of the *Fragment* should be sent forthwith to the Secretaries—the Rev. Wm. Parker, or the Rev. Dr. Burrow. The latter gentleman is, we understand, at the present moment in the colony, on a mission from the Society. There is a tolerably pungent Review of the "Fragment" by the late Mr. J. L. Kelly, in the *Colonist*, page 133.

† Cape Gazette, No. 299.

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the River Liffy, near Carlisle-bridge, some of the bystanders on the adjoining Quay were extremely incensed at the standard of defiance which the vessel displayed. The vane at the mast-head, like those of the ships of the Conqueror, displayed an effigy—an *Orange*-man *trampling* on a *green* shamrock. This affront, aimed at the feelings of the multitude, was not to be borne. The *Milesians* attacked the hostile *Saxon* bark by hurling a furious volley of paving-stones, and the unlucky crew, urged by danger or by apprehension, discharged their fire-arms, and wounded some of the surrounding assemblage. A great commotion was excited, the leaders of the belligerent parties were conducted to College-street Police-Office; amongst the witnesses who were called was the Tinman who had made the vane. And this worthy tradesman gave the most candid and unequivocal testimony, in full proof of the pacific intention of the pleasure-boat, though certainly somewhat to his discredit as an artist. The unlucky cause of so much dissension and bloodshed, the supposed *Orange*-man *trampling* on the *green* shamrock, was in truth, a *Flesh-coloured* Mercury *springing* from a *blue* cloud.

I will not stop to inquire whether the Agitators on both sides of the question might not derive some useful instruction from this display of the effects produced by opinion; I will only ask you to apply the lesson to history in general.

I have exerted myself to see the objects before me clearly and distinctly. I have endeavoured to place them in a proper light; and I have approached them as nearly as I could, in order to ensure the utmost accuracy. However, when I took the pen in hand, I had many an hypothesis of my own to elucidate; nor did I come to the task without having settled my opinions on the most important points and doctrines connected with history. And whilst I am most ready to believe that my eyes may have often deceived me, I hope that those who see differently, will admit, that they also may, with equal unconsciousness on their part, be labouring under a similar delusion.

Should I, therefore, be found on any occasion to have erred, and to have mistaken *green* for *blue*, or *blue* for *green*, I trust that those who know how easily the tints may be confounded with each other, will excuse the failing. Let me, however, lastly observe, that I shall principally rest my claim for lenient treatment upon this simple plea, that, deceived or prejudiced as I may be *I have never thrown stones;*—and with this appeal, I submit myself to your judgment.

After the declaration (page 57,) that "the Church of Rome perverted many human institutions into articles of faith," the respected author details, with elegant simplicity, Pope Gregory's sympathy on behalf of the English Slave children in the market at Rome, and also the mission of Augustine to Britain. *Ex. gra.*

Pope Gregory had become much interested in the welfare of the Anglo-Saxons, in consequence of an incident which happened to him at an earlier period of his life. It chanced that he passed through the market at Rome, where certain dealers had just arrived from foreign parts with various kinds of merchandise. Amongst other articles, there were slaves for sale, like cattle. This wicked traffic had existed from time immemorial; and though Christianity had alleviated the lot of the slave, it had not succeeded in breaking his bonds. Gregory, therefore, could only pity the captives; and he was particularly interested by the appearance of some poor little lads, who stood trembling in the expectation of being consigned to a new master. They were beautiful children, with ruddy cheeks and blue eyes, and their fine yellow tresses flowing in long curls upon their shoulders. Long hair, in those days, was a token of dignified birth. Only kings and nobles were accustomed to allow of its growth: persons of an inferior or servile class were closely shorn. Gregory must, therefore, have felt an additional motive for compassion, since he perceived that these children had sustained some great reverse of fortune—and their sufferings must be comparatively much more poignant than if they had been accustomed to privation and labour. The father of the boys had probably been killed in war; and the children, brought up in ease and comfort, were now exposed to hopeless captivity, passing from the tender care of their parents to the power of a merciless task-master in a strange land.

'To what nation do these poor boys belong?' was the question which Gregory asked of the dealer. 'They are Angles, Father.' 'Well may they be so called, for they are as comely as angels; and would that, like angels, they might become Cherubim in Heaven! But from which of the many provinces of Britain do they come?' 'From *Deira*, Father.' 'Indeed,' continued Gregory, speaking in Latin, '*De irâ Dei liberandi sunt.*'—From the wrath of God they are to be delivered. And when, on asking the name of of their king, he told it was Ella, or Alla, he added, that *Allelujah*—praise ye the Lord—ought to be sung in his dominions.

The conversation may appear trifling; but it was destined to produce the most important effects. The state of Britain having been introduced to the notice of Gregory, he brooded over the thought, and determined to proceed hither in the character of a missionary. Impediments arose, which prevented him from carrying this design into effect, but the impression continued firm in his mind; and when he became Pope of Rome, he despatched Augustine to fulfil the task, the accomplishment of which he had so earnestly desired.

At this period, Kent was governed by Ethelbert, a monarch of great power and ability, who had compelled the other sovereigns of the island, whether Britons or Anglo-Saxons, to acknowledge him as their superior. He had married a princess named Bertha, the sister of Charibert, king of Paris. This lady was a Christian; and, by permission of her husband, she had caused a deserted church, built by the Romans in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, to be repaired and fitted up for divine service. Ethelbert, therefore, was not altogether unacquainted with the character and functions of Augustine and his forty companions, who, when they had landed in the Isle of Thanet, sent a messenger to him, soliciting an interview. Still he had a strange opinion that they might be magicians; and, by a still stranger idea, he fancied they were less likely to be able to hurt him by their enchantments, if he received them in the open air.

Augustine and his companions proceeded to the appointed place, and advanced towards the king, chanting the Litany, and praying earnestly for the Divine blessing and protection*. Ethelbert did not at first yield much attention to the Missionaries. He excused himself from attending to their exhortations; but he received the Priests with kindness, and allowed them free liberty to preach to the people. Ethelbert himself soon became a listener and a convert; and within a short period, all the inhabitants of Kent were convinced of their folly in worshipping Thor and Woden, the idols of their ancestors.

So earnestly indeed did the men of Kent listen to Augustine, that upwards of ten thousand of them were baptized on one Chistmas-day. And we have yet a friendly, and confidential letter, addressed by Pope Gregory to Eulogius, his brother Patriarch of Alexandria, containing an account of the joyful success attending the missionaries who had laboured amongst the English, 'in the most remote parts of the world.' He speaks nearly in the same tone which we should now adopt, if relating the fruits of a mission in Polynesia.

The author thus describes the progress of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons:

Edwin was one day alone in his chamber, being in that state of imperfect conviction, when the feelings of religion, alloyed by human doubts, impart more distress than comfort to the soul,—Paulinus suddenly entered, placed his hand upon Edwin's head, and announced a great deliverance from his enemies. The appearance of Paulinus, his attitude, and the intelligence which he thus communicated, corresponded with a foreboding or presentiment which Edwin had received, probably by a dream, when in exile at the court of Redwald, King of the East Angles; and Paulinus, availing himself of the impression thus created, earnestly exhorted Edwin to acknowledge that Power by whom he had been protected and rescued fromtemporal danger. Edwin now began to yield the assent which he had so long delayed; and he declared unto Paulinus, that he would receive the sacrament of baptism, provided the wise Lawgivers of his kingdom would sanction his conversion, and also adopt Chistianity.

Edwin had even yet only a wavering faith: humanly speaking, however, his conduct was palliated by the circumstances in which he was placed. The Kings of the Anglo-Saxons did not possess a despotic authority. They were forced to act by the advice of their Nobles, many of whom were Sovereigns in their territories, though the Vassals of the King; and if the Northumbrian chieftains had continued contumaciously averse to Christianity, Edwin would not only have been unable to protect the Missionaries, but he might himself have been in danger of losing his crown, and perhaps his life. And that the course so adopted was prudent, may be understood by the ready assent given by Paulinus, to the proposition which Edwin had thus made.

Edwin, therefore, convened his Nobles and Counsellors—and craved their advice upon the important question which he propounded: each was to give his opinion separately from the rest, and each was asked by the King to declare his mind concerning Christianity.

The first who spake was the High Priest of the Heathen Gods, Coifi by name, who acknowledged the utter vanity of those idols which he had served. He had found that these imaginary Deities could not reward the good; we must suppose that he equally acknowledged their want of power to punish the evil doer; and he concluded by declaring, that if any better doctrine could be taught to him, he would adopt it without hesitation or delay.

Then spake another of the Nobles, who, addressing himself to Edwin, compared the present life of man to the flight of a swallow:—whence it comes we know not, nor whither it proceeds: our human existence is a gleam in the midst of darkness. 'We know nothing of our origin,' said he, 'nothing of our end; and if this new doctrine can teach us anything certain of our destiny, well is it worth that we should follow its law*.'

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* 'For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
'Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
'And blest the Silver Cross, which ye, instead
'Of martial banner, procession bear;
'The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
'The pictured Saviour!—By Augustine led,
'They come—and onward travel without dread,
'Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
'Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free!
'Rich conquest waits them:—The tempestuous sea
'Of ignorance, that ran so rough and high,
'And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
'These good men humble by a few bare words,
'And calm with fear of God's divinity.'
WORDSWORTH.

* I cannot deny to myself and my readers the pleasure of inserting the lines by which Wordsworth has rendered the text of Bede:—
'Man's life is like a sparrow, mighty King!
'That, stealing in, while by the fire you sit
'Housed with rejoicing friends, is seen to flit

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All the other Nobles and Counsellors delivered opinions to the same effect: not a dissentient voice was heard; and Coifi, the High Priest, proposed that the Heathen places of worship should be destroyed, or burnt with fire.—But who is to execute this task?—The High Priest answers, that he himself will set the example of destroying the pristine objects of idolatry.

From the tone in which the question was put and answered, it is probable that some danger was apprehended from the anger of the people, and Coifi began his work in such a manner, as to shew the most complete abandonment of the Heathen law. According to the ritual of Deira, a Priest could not bear a weapon, or ride on a horse. Coifi girt himself with a sword, and grasped a lance in his hand, and mounting one of the royal steeds, he galloped to the temple of 'Godmundingham.'

This place of worship appears to have been encircled by several concentric enclosures, like the morais of Polynesia, and as soon as Coifi came within reach of the fane, he hurled his spear against its walls. When the people first saw him sally forth, they thought some sudden insanity had seized him. How much more must they have been astonished at this act!—Yet no opposition was offered; within a very short space of time, the fabric was levelled to the ground; and after the lapse of so many centuries, its name, but slightly altered, (Now 'Goodmanham,' Harthill Wapentake, in the East Riding of York.) continues to attest the truth of the history.

Baptism was then performed by immersion, and so general and so fervent was the zeal of the Northumbrians, that Paulinus was employed during thirty-six successive days, from morning to night, in baptizing the eager multitude.

Before a century had elapsed, Christianity was firmly and sincerely believed throughout Anglo-Saxon Britain; and, in the state of society which then prevailed, the establishment of the true religion became the means of conferring the greatest temporal advantages upon the community. A large proportion of the population consisted either of slaves, or of churls or villains, who were compelled to till the ground for the benefit of their masters. These classes immediately gained the comfort of rest, one day in seven; and they whose labours had hitherto been unremitted, without any pause, except when fainting nature sunk under incessant toil, could now expect the Sabbath of the Lord, as a day of holiness and of repose. So strictly did the temporal laws protect the observance of the seventh day, the right and privilege of the poor, that the master who compelled his slave to work on the Sunday, was deprived of the means of abusing his power,—the slave obtained his freedom.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BYSTANDER'S SECOND LETTER.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

"Quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est ætas, non mens."—(*Hor. Epist.*)

SIR,—The ruin of the Wine Trade at the Cape of Good Hope, stands for the moment suspended by a single hair; as did the drawn sword of *Dionysius* over the head of *Damocles*. The letter in the Cape Literary Gazette of 2d January, entitled "Our Wines and their Depreciation, &c." proposed certain measures, which, if adopted in the real spirit of improvement, might give a stimulus to the sale of the natural produce of the Colony. They might avail to place the Wines of the Cape, *not in rivalship* to those of continental Europe and of Madeira, but to introduce them fewer in quantity, and ameliorated in quality, so as to become a beverage grateful and acceptable wherever comparative price is an object of domestic attention. If the sword does fall, much must be endured 'ere the Colony rise from its ashes, and 'ere it acquire a spring, of force sufficient, to urge it on to new-formed resources, and to heretofore untried experiments. It is less costly to repair a building, whose walls and foundation are firm and solid, than to erect a new one from the ground. To arouse, and, if possible, to force into action parties so vitally interested, was the object of the writer; for he makes boast of an attachment to theColony, and to the interests of the Colonists, unyielding to that of any other man.

In this endeavour to improve the state of the Wine Trade, he encountered at starting the reproof of 'THE PRESS," and latterly the remarks of two of its *Correspondents*. To neither of these two, particularly to *A Temperance Boy*, does the writer take the trouble to reply. The *Collegian*, dating from the *South African College*, appears to be jealous lest his *Brat* should be laid at any other door; he advances his sentiments to his FRIENDS AND FELLOW COLONISTS, cloathed in a *coarse and homely dress*, rather than in the tasteful robe of the Roman *Atticus*. Presuming that this bombast cannot have been shewn up, as a specimen of *Collegiate acquirements*, or of *academical learning*, the writer refrains from remark; lest the public should estimate any observations, as time and paper, wasted on *inability* and *presumption*. However, no man can deny the *Collegian* to be versed in PROPOSITION and CONCLUSION; for he says as much himself:

"He is in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He can distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and south-west side;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do."
(Hudibras.)

The *Bystander*, "Impar congressu Achillis," does not feel bound to respond to the call of "THE PRESS," as to identifying the persons who have shipped inferior Wines. That Cape Wine is acknowledged universally to have *retrograded*, suffices to warrant his argument of the necessity of improvement. When any article is generally deteriorated, the best judges, though intending to act faithfully, become vitiated in their palate by that very circumstance; and, following the *herd*, unwittingly export a decried merchandize. In contradiction to the denial of THE PRESS, the majority of the meeting of Merchants and Wine Growers at the Commercial Exchange, on the 6th ultimo, were decidedly under a conviction of the retrograde movements of Cape Wine; and the writer submits whether it will finally tend to the advantage of the trade, that THE PRESS should persevere in *encouraging a delusion*, so dangerous and so vital to the interests of those who are concerned in the improvement of our colonial produce.

Having assigned sufficient reasons for a belief that Cape Wine is deteriorated so as to affect the sale, the writer offers a few remarks as to quantity. He is charged with being led "astray" in his conclusion, — That the average quantity of Wine transmitted to England since 1816, to the end of 1831, has been somewhat diminished, is true, as is stated by "THE PRESS,"—but what then? The supply has exceeded the demand during the course of each year. In 1829, a glut of 10,000 pipes arriving in London, oppressed the market up to satiety. No sale of consequence has since been affected but at a ruinous loss; and it is owing to the export during 1831 to London, amounting to no more than 3,122 pipes, that the average exports to London of 29, 30, 31, did not surpass the former one. The writer now claims to have convinced those who are open to conviction, that the rejection of our Colonial Wines is caused by a mixed motive; partly arising from an over-supply, and partly from a general reduction of the quality of Cape Wines; and he asks—Does THE PRESS mean seriously to contend, in opposition to these opinions, that Cape Wine needs no improvement, and that the quantity requires no diminution?

The leaguers of Wine which passed the barriers in 1828, 29, 30, amounted

'Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying.
'Here did it enter—there, on hasty wing
'Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
'But whence it came we know not, nor behold
'Whither it goes. E'en such that transient thing
'The human soul; not utterly unknown
'While in the body lodged, her warm abode—
'But from what world she came, what woe or weal
'On her departure waits, no tongue hath shewn:
'This mystery if the stranger can reveal,
'His be a welcome cordially bestowed!'.

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to the number of 43,920, or 60,689 pipes; and as the return of 1831 had not been made at the barrier, the same years are the corresponding years of general export, and gives 37,642 pipes to be deducted from 60,689; leaving 23,047 pipes as the disposable surplus beyond what has been required to fill up the vats,—and not 30,600.

After going through some *dull calculations*, THE PRESS grows facetious, and draws this "curious conclusion," that, to consume the triennial surplus of Wine, beyond the average exportation and consumption, it would require a population, computed at 12,000, to drink 92 gallons per head annually, or rather more than one bottle each per day!! One bottle per day is not an undue allowance for a man whose energies are constantly in action, and whose understanding, *ratione officii*, is deeply engaged—the Editor, for example, of any distinguished paper, but it is an astounding dose for one of *softer* intellect, and would be the parent of *dementia tremens and white liver*. It then proceeds with *a mock argument*, built upon *its own sophistry*, that these are the notable means of diminishing the amount of drunkenness proposed by the writer.

It will be in the recollection of the reader, that in his former letter the *Bystander* complained of the redundancy of Wine, which, like the influence of the Crown in the days of Mr. Burke and Mr. Dunning, had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished. As a cure for this vinous Plethora, he advised 'large distillation,' and an abandonment of the vineyards of poorer quality.—Why does not the *Orator* of the Temperance Society disclaim in an open manner all interference with Wine, and satisfy the doubting portion of the community of the sole view and intention being to put an end to *dram drinking* of ardent spirits, of which a suppression could not be more beneficial to the objects, than praiseworthy and honorable the to Society itself? Why like an impending pestilence hang over the public mind on a subject, the adoption of which, as to Wine, might destroy the prosperity of the Colony?

This (so-termed) "singular writer," is quoted as drawing a conclusion, of which he never had a thought. He did assert, and now repeats, that the Wine Trade, labouring under many pressing difficulties, upon the pinnacle of a precipice, may be greatly affected, —nay, precipitated, — "by the *interference and ill-advised acts of others.*" He did say, and still continues to think, that any successful attempt on the part of the *Temperance Society* to put down the use of Wine, under whatever plea it may be made, will cause the ruin of the Wine Trade of the Colony; will be more than an "act of frenzy, a FELO DE SE, and will plant a *deadly blow to Cape prosperity, be the tomb of social enjoyment, and extinguish the hilarities of life.*" As the principle of abstinence is to course to be exercised in private life, it will be truly amusing and delightful to witness the advocates of the system of Dr. Sangrado, (the "*Temperance Boy,*" President, the "*Collegian,*" Croupier,) around an after dinner table, crowned with bottles of the PURE ELEMENT; or like the Hottentots at the celebrated *feast of Bethelsdorp* in Febr. 1830, producing sense and wit from waterlogged mouths, and pass toasts to the tinkling of empty glasses. Boswell, in his Memoirs of Dr. Johnson, furnishes no similar descriptions of the social enjoyment and of the hilarity of that eminent man in his coteries in Bolt Court, yet Dr. Johnson was a celebrated moralist and pious Christian, and his example may safely be imitated. The writer, by his fondness for scripture quotations, appears to have given offence, and to have exposed himself to a charge of profanation, by those, whose style of thinking does not incline them to follow the example. So to do, is in accordance with his judgment and his taste;—if he be asked why? It is, that he believes the books of *Holy Writ* to afford the purest and surest precepts for the guidance of man in his moral conduct and in the performance of his religious duties. He acknowledges their inspiration, and would wish himself and others to be directed by their precepts,—to obey their commands and to follow their ordinances,—as the sure and certain guide to that which ought to be practised or omitted by himself or by others.

"Confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy writ."
(*Shakspeare.*)

The Bystander now dismisses a subject which was not calculated to form a main argument in discussing the State of the Wine Growers and Wine Merchants. It was a mere episode, rendered of importance by the observations of THE PRESS. If the Temperance Society disclaim all intention of including Cape Wine in their prohibitory system, and recall the resolution of expelling all those who are seen at any time intoxicated, by whatever means, whether by dram-drinking or otherwise, the danger from this source, accruing to our Wine Trade from the Temperance Society, will cease and determine.

Since the first letter of the *Bystander* appeared in the *Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette*, a meeting of Wine Merchants and Growers, *highly respectable* in its personal appearance and character, has taken place.—It was anticipated by the public, that weighty arguments would have been adduced upon the subject of the repeal of the law now in force, as to the limited or unlimited period of riding Wine into the capital.—It must, however, be stated with regret, that the opinions of the individuals were so *opposite and contradictory*, so at variance in many instances with the very benefits solicited by those who urged them, that they appeared to be arguments *per contra*, and the mass of opinions could be resolved only into the "Principle of *Selfishness.*"

In such a discord of sentiment, surely the Committee would have been justified in adopting the tenets of the *Huskisson school*, by the recommendation of that *liberal and open system of trade*, now so prevalent in every branch of our commerce and manufactures—*To leave to every man the care of his own interests*, and to allow him to conduct his affairs as he thinks fit; or, to speak more popularly, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?"

The writer cannot conclude in a manner more to the purpose, than by re-stating a piece of advice, given some years since to the *intermeddling* Burgher Senate, "The Board should follow the counsel given by a French mercantile body to Mon. Colbert, the French minister of finance; who, anxiously inquiring how the Grand Monarque could best serve it, received for answer "*Laissez nous faire;*" a saying which every Government should keep in mind when it inclines to meddle in commerce or manufactures."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant, &c.
THE BYSTANDER.

NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

Nothing Passive or Inert.—The term inert matter is objectionable, inasmuch as that no matter whatever is really passive or inert. From the grand system of the universe, to

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bodies many times smaller than a grain of sand, nothing in nature is inert, but is full of activity. Myriads of planets are perpetually rolling through the space around us in fixed paths, and turning their own axis; their surfaces constantly undergoing changes by which mountains are elevated or depressed, plains levelled out, valleys converted into watery wastes, islands appear and disappear. Below the surface, the bowels of the earth are in constant action; and the intestinal changes which go on from the expansion of internal heat, find vent in earthquakes and volcanoes, as the safety valves of the great steam-engine of nature. Thus all is active in the collossal world; and while the tempest rages above, or the artillery of heaven resounds along the surface of the earth,—while the lightning rends asunder the ancient tenants of the forest, and the earth trembles with inward commotion, the minutest parts of matter, only visible through a microscope, partake in the universal activity.

Mr. Browne, the celebrated botanist, and a general naturalist, discovered a vibratory motion going on in pulverized granite, flint, glass, &c. which is wholly unaccountable upon any principle of motion in the physical world hitherto ascertained, and which may therefore possibly be identified with that which governs the changes of organized bodies under different modifications.

The Importance of Insects.—The importance of this little race of animated beings is so great, that if it could be suddenly annihilated, the remaining part of animal and vegetable life, even man himself, would shortly follow. To understand the truth of this proposition, it is necessary to consider the following train of reasoning on which it is founded. Let us suppose a series of animals and vegetables A. B. C. D., &c. each in succession feeding on the others; (i. e.) Let A. eat B.; B. C. and so on; and it is obvious that such a system can only be of finite duration, unless the last term C. can reciprocally eat A. This great end is accomplished by means of insects and reptiles—they perform it by reducing every fragment of animal or vegetable matter into a state fit for application to the roots of plants—sometimes dragging down the particles, bodily, under the surface of the earth, but more commonly by preparing them to be washed down by rain. Thus do vegetables feed on animals who feed on each other, and finally again on the vegetables themselves. This theory is exemplified in the natural history of fishes. The great mass of the ocean is uninhabited, for fish, as to their food, are terrestrial animals; their existence depending on the animal and vegetable matter floated down to them by our rivers. A little consideration will show us, that if the ocean were filled with fish only eating each other, they would have a very finite existence; but it is comparatively uninhabited, because there is no insect creation similar to that explained above to promise for their reproduction.

Boring the Earth.—On the 20th of June a letter was read from M. Jobard, of Brussels, announcing that he had brought to perfection a new machine for boring the earth to any depth, and through any soil. He stated that his plan had been tried with the greatest success in the neighbourhood of Marienburg, where he had rapidly attained a depth of 75 feet through an inclined rock of phylade, mixed with argillaceous flints. By a process something similar, though less perfect, wells have been dug in China to a depth of from 2,000 to 2,800 feet, through solid rock. M. Jobard anticipates the greatest advantages to geognosy from his discovery; and, with the usual enthusiasm of projectors, looks forward with confidence to the period (not far distant) when we shall be as well acquainted with the centre of the earth as we now are with its surface.—*Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences of Paris.*

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

THE PRESS.

We deprecate attacks on private character by the press, as much as any, but contend for its right to canvass the conduct of public men, whose conduct merits animadversion — to laugh at *blockheads* and to chastise *fools*. We trust, however, that in treating matters of government, it will always act with temper, and in a proper spirit; neither malicious nor unjust, but recollecting its best interests are those of the country. The Press is the mouth-piece of public opinion. It is a mighty engine, and the attacks made upon it, it may well afford to bear. Such attacks are but dew-drops on the lion's mane. It is remarkable that intellect, and all connected with it are odious to the "serviles," (the *crawlers,*) in every country. In Russia, the Poles are all to be forgiven, save those who nobly aroused their slumbering country by appeals to their patriotism through the Press. He who strikes with the sword is pardoned. but not the hand that strikes with the pen. Despotism known the difference. It nurses ignorance like a darling child, but casts knowledge like Ismael, into the desert, lest it should be too many for its parent.—*(Metropolitan.)*

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

The culture of rice was introduced into South Carolina about the year 1694. Different accounts have been given as to the manner of its first introduction. The account, however, given by Dr. Ramsay, in his History of South Carolina, is, probably, the most correct, and which we shall give in his own words:

"Landgrave Thomas Smith, who was governor of the Province in 1693, had been in Madagascar before he settled in Carolina. There he observed that rice was planted and grew in low and moist ground; having such ground at the western extremity of his garden, attached to his dwelling house in East Bay-street, he was persuaded that rice would grow therein if seed could be procured: about this time a vessel from Madagascar, being in distress, came to anchor near Sullivan Island; the master of this vessel inquired for Mr. Smith; as an old acquaintance, an interview took place; in the course of conversation, Mr. Smith expressed a wish to obtain some seed-rice to plant in his garden by way of experiment; the cook being called, said he had a small bag of rice suitable for the purpose; this was presented to Mr. Smith, who sowed it in a low spot of his garden; it grew luxuriantly; the little crop was distributed by Mr. Smith among his planting friends: from this mall beginning the first staple commodity of Carolina took its rise."

In the year 1816, the quantity exported from the Carolinas was 137,846 Tierces; value 3,555,000 Dollars.—*Pitkin's Commerce, United States of America.*

Astonishing increase of Cotton Manufactures in Manchester.—In the year 1784, 8 bags of cotton were imported into Liverpool from America; in 1824, 409,670 bags; and 1829, 640,998.

In 1790, the first steam engine was created in Mancester; in 1824, it contained 200 steam-engines; in 1784, there was not one power loom in Manchester; in 1824, there were 30,000!—*Ackermann's Descriptive Particulars Liverpool and Manchester Railway.*

POETRY of the NEW YEAR.

SONNET

BY LORD HOLLAND, ON READING MILTON.

Homer and Dryden, not unfrequently
The playful Ovid or the Italian's song,
That held entranced my youthful thoughts so long
With dames and loves, and deeds of chivalry,
E'en now delight me. From the noisy throng
Thither I fly to sip the sweets that lie
Enclosed in tenderest folds of poesy;
Oft as for ease my weary spirits long.
But when recoiling from the fouler scene
Of sordid vice, or rank atrocious crime,
My sickening soul pants for the pure serene
Of loftier regions, quitting tales and rhyme,
I turn to Milton; and his heights sublime,
By me too long unsought, I strive to climb.
(The Keepsake.)

STANZAS

BY LORD MORPETH.

Who has not felt, 'mid azure skies,
At glowing noon or golden even,
A soft and yellow sadness rise,
And tinge with earth the hues of heaven:
That shadowing consciousness will steal
O'er every scene of fond desire,
Linger in laughter's gayest peal,
And close each cadence of the lyre.

In the most radiant landscape's round,
Lurk the dim haunts of crime and care;
Man's toil must plough the teeming ground,
His sigh must load the perfum'd air.

O, for the suns that never part,
The fields with hues unfading dress'd,
Th' unfaltering strains, th' unclouded heart,
The joy, the triumph, and the rest. *(Ib.)*

THE GARRICK CORRESPONDENCE.

We give the following as a specimen of Garrick's easy mode of disposing of offensive persons, who thought that when the dull pieces which they sent to the theatre were rejected, they were bound to call the manager to account.

"'Master Robert Dodsley,

"'When I first read your peevish answer to my well meant proposal to you, I was much disturbed at it—but when I considered that some minds cannot bear the slightest portion of success, I most sincerely pitied you; and when I found in the same letter that you were graciously pleased to dismiss me from your acquaintance, I could not but confess so apparent an obligation, and am, with due acknowledgements,

"'Master Dodsley,

"'Your most obliged,

"'DAVID GARRICK.'"

Punning Notice.—The following announcement appears on an old barn-like-building in the pleasant lane leading from Hamstead church-yard to Kilburn, Middlesex.—

"Horses taken into the *straw*-yard and fed upon *hay*."

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AN APPROVED RECIPE FOR GOOD AND NOURISHING BEER.

PUT 1 peck of barley or of oats into an oven just after baking, or into a frying pan, just to steam off the moisture, and dry it well, but on no account to burn the grain; then grind or bruise it roughly. Boil 2½ gallons of water, and when it has stood ten minutes (say at a heat of 175 degrees, or so hot as to pain the finger sharply,) put in the grain; mash it well, and let it stand three hours; then drain it off. Boil 2 gallons more water, which pour on the grains (rather hotter than before, but not boiling, say 196 degrees,) and mash them well, let it stand two hours and draw it off; mash the grains again well with 2 gallons of cold water, and in one hour and a half draw it off. The three sorts will be about 5 gallons. Then mix 7 lbs. of treacle, or 5 lbs. of the *darkest* sugar, in 5 gallons of water, and boil the whole 10 gallons with 4 oz. of hops, for one hour and a half, taking care to stir it so long as the hops float on the top; let it cool, and when about milk-warm take a good teacupful of yeast, and stir it well together, beginning with about a gallon of the wort at a time; let it ferment for eighteen hours in a tub covered with a sack; put it into a nine-gallon cask, and keep it well filled; bung it up for three days, and in fourteen days it will be good sound fine beer, equal in strength to London porter. The nine gallons of beer thus brewed will cost as follows:

1 peck of barley	1*s.*	3*d.*
7 lbs. of treacle	1	9
4 oz. of hops	0	3
	3	3: or 1*d.* per pot.

Many persons are, however, prejudiced in favour of malt: If, therefore, *malt*, with sugar or molasses is preferred, the following recipe will be found to make good wholesome ale:

Boil 8 gallons of water, and when it has stood ten minutes (say 176 degrees,) or so hot as to pain the finger sharply, put into it 1 bushel of ground and malt; mash it well; let it stand for three hours, draw it off; pour upon the grains 8 gallons more of boiled water rather hotter than before, but not boiling (say 196,) mash it, and let it stand two hours, and draw off; then mash the grains with 8 gallons more water, let it stand one hour and a half, and draw it off; mix 28 lbs. of treacle, or 20 lbs. of the darkest sugar, in 20 gallons of water, and boil the whole together with 2 lbs. of hops for two hours, stirring it so long as the hops float; let it cool, and when about milk-warm mix half a pint of yeast by about 2 gallons at a time, and stir it well; let it ferment for twenty-four hours with a sack over it; then put it into a barrel, keep it well filled up; bung it down in three days; and in three months you will have 36 gallons of good ale at the following price:—

1 bushel of malt	9*s.*	0*d.*
28 lbs. of treacle	7	0
2 lbs. of hops	2	0
	18	0: or 2½*d.* pr. quart.

NOTE.—The only risk is, from using the water *too hot*, which will prevent the draining off of the liquor, by *setting* the grain. The dried raw grain will drain better by mixing with it *about a handful of oat-chaff* before the first water; *it will prevent it from setting.* The hops will yield better if they are pretty well damped before they are mixed with the worts. Observe, that you in no case use *boiling* water to the grains.

WONDERFUL EXHIBITIONS AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

WALK up, walk up, han see the vunderful dwarf honly six hinches igh, who — devours ten cart-loads of hay, besides wat the comp'ny pleases to give un. This way, maum, make way there for the ladies just to step upon the— fine strawberries and cream here, and hot mince-pies.

Here you will see for one penny, the unappy man as vas angd for murdering off — the vunderful diamond — beetle with 300 pair of heyes, and 700 pair of orns.

Hin this here hexibition is the great Hirish giant, measuring twenty feet in ite, weighing 700 weight, and who — will dance a hornpipe in the palm of hany one's hand as likes.

This is the famous sapient pig Toby, as can tell the pretty young vimen their sweathearts' names, and — though born vithout heither harms or leggs, can write a beautiful hand with the mouth, and vurks chain — stitch and hembroid'ry.

A most helegantest Hingy parrot — who was hanged for the murder of his hunfortnet wife, and the rope breaking from his veight, he recovered after hanging a fortnight in the severe frost, and having one of his arms torn off by the ravenous Russiay wolves.

Here you may see the deep and bloody tragedy of Romeo and — gingerbread nuts, gentlemen, nice spiced nuts, I assure ye.

Maum, I recommends this oyster-knife to your notice, cause besides opening the oysters, it — plays upon three instruments at once, balancing glasses of water on the nose, forehead, and both feet.

Come and see the vunderful fat Hox, whose fore leg alone — can write the song of Rule Britannia on a silver-sixpens.

This is a vieuw of the North Pole and the hice mountains, vere it halvays freezes — all ot, all ot, all ot.

Try your hand in the lucky-bag, Mam, and ye'l get summut o' wally, as it contains — hall the wenemous sarpins of Haffricky, with sentipees, crocodiles, scorpins, and other beastes, too noomerus to menshun, all alive.

Them as would like to see the woracious and rav'nous hanimals fed, must come at 10 o'clock at night, ven ve gives um large buckets of — wax dolls a hay-penny a piece, and big uns at a penny.

Here is the clever calculating boy as never is wrong, and who has been known in the space of two hours to — tell the hour by looking at a watch a scraping with his fore-paw, without briddle or saddle on him.

The beautiful and helegant white-haired Albeenee, ladies and gentlemen, she has pink heyes — five horns, and seven legs, with the head turned the wrong way.

Your new bonnet, my dear, would be improved, if you'd stick on one side — the jawbone of a whale, 60 feet long, and all's teeth in the front, and a vunderful mermaid, with a comb in her hand.

Here you may see the hactive young Chinee as jumps hover at once — the whole City of London, with the shopmen stanning at their doors, and the smoke comin' from the chimneys all as naitral as life.

Here's a coorosity! the hextraonary Hameriky sarpint as daily devours — poison for rats, moletraps, plated candlesticks, and cheap second-hand coal skuttles.

Walk in here, ladies and gentlemen, and see the larned Canary-bird Dicky — who balances a cart-wheel on his nose, swallows ten real swords, and lastly will have a block of stone weighing 3 tons, placed on his breast, and broken with 60 sledge hammers.

Well, I must indulge myself with one concluding observation,—they did not utter such nonsense in my day!—*Comic Annual, by Miss Sheridan.*

BREVITIES.

DRINKING, with a view to heighten natural good spirits, is like attempting to improve the natural fragrance of the rose by smearing it with pomatum.

A benevolent man would not so much wish for the lever of Archimedes to move the world itself, as for a moral lever that would enable him to lift its inhabitants one degree nearer to heaven;—and this glorious privilege every such man does in a degree possess. His example operates as a strong arm, stretched out to raise his fellows to the eminence he has reached himself.

In the heathen mythology, Diana was twin-born with Apollo—a useful hints to poets of the luxuriant class.

It is a severe satire on mankind to say that prosperity is more difficult to bear than adversity. The maxim implies a natural meanness or malignity in those to whom it is applicable; for if a man has but the habitual wish to diffuse happiness, what more does he require to make his prosperity a blessing to himself and all about him?

Fame, like money, can never be enjoyed while we are obliged to dun the world for it. That only is worth having which comes unasked.

Genius is the wand of an enchanter;—talent, the strength of a giant.

Continuing the game-laws in order to induce country-gentlemen to reside on their estates, reminds one of Master Billy enticed to school by his tender parents, with a promise that, if he is a good boy and minds his book, he shall kick the cat about when he comes home.

The Genius of Astronomy, with his starry wand, has effectually shivered the fortress of Superstition—shivered, but not destroyed;—almost every one possesses a piece of the ruin as a sort of relic;—but it can never be re-united as a place of strength to overawe the nations. Where Newton is freely studied and believed, we shall have no more religious wars.

Nations are sometimes, though rarely, ungrateful; but they much oftener commit the folly of being grateful infinitely overmuch. Let them beware of this; it is wasting one of the most precious streams, that Providence has ordained to fructify human genius and benevolence.

SELECT NOTICES.

Gaming.— Lord Suffield lately spoke to the following effect in the House of Lords. "Care ought to be taken that gambling for money should not be allowed to prevail in beer houses or in any sort of public houses. There is nothing that so much corrupts the heart and the morals as gaming.——*Keeping Accounts.*—"Being a good accountant is not only of solid use in itself, but it gives the mind a habit of accuracy in other matters."—*(Life of Sir T. Lawrence.)*——*The Welsh Peasantry.*—Lieut. Morrison of the *Rothsay Castle,* has published a statement of the admirable conduct of the Welsh Peasantry in this case. The Lieutenant contrasts the conduct of the Welsh with that of others placed in like situations, and considers their honesty and benevolent feelings to have been produced by the great spread of religious knowledge in Wales. Money found loose and in great variety about the bodies of the unfortunate people who were wrecked, was scrupulously brought to Beaumaris by the country people. Every article of the wreck was also religiously preserved. It must not be forgotten that the *drunkenness* of the Captain caused the fatal loss of the Rothsay Castle.——*Population and the Press.*—In April, 1828, Mr. Balbi published as follows:

	Population.	Number of Journals.
Europe, . . .	227,700,000	2142
America, . . .	39,300,000	978
Asia, ...	590,000,000	27
Africa, . . .	60,000,000	12
Oceania . . .	20,000,000	9
General Total for the whole Globe,	737,000,000	3168

——*The Americans.*—These extraordinary people have just shortened the navigation of the Great river Mississippi between New Orleans and Louisville, about *forty-two* miles, by cutting two bends in the river. For particulars see Mechanics Magazine for October.——*Travelling.*—The price of steam travelling between Liverpool and Dublin is sixpence per head.——*Evaporation.*—The *Sun flower plant* will lose as much as 11b. 14oz. by perspiration in 12 hours; and in general,

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in equal surfaces and equal times, a man will perspire 1 50, the plant 1-165 or as 50:15; so that taking all things into account, a sun flower perspires 17 times more than a man.——*Lord Brougham* was born at Edinburgh, and baptized there in 1779 Lord Brougham, in 1816, married Mary Anne, the widow of John Slade, Esq. and a distant relative of the Auckland family. By this lady he has had two daughters, one of whom died in infancy.——*King's College, London.*—Principal Otter, who has been appointed to the King's College, is a gentleman of high intellectual attainments, and is a *liberal* in sentiment. He is well known as the author of Dr. Clarke's life, and several pamphlets in defence of the British and Foreign Bible Society.——*England and Reform.*—When Sir Joseph Jekyll died, he left his fortune to pay the National debt. "Sir," said Lord Mansfield, to one of his relations, "Sir Joseph was a good man and a good lawyer, but his bequest is a very foolish one—*he might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of Blackfriars Bridge with his full bottomed wig!*" so say the Reformers of England—the House of Lords can no more stop the success of Reform, than Sir Joseph Jekyll's bequest could pay the National debt, or his wig impede the current of the river Thames.——*Russia.*—The inglorious war with Poland has caused her almost two years the expenditure of millions of money, and little short of 200,000 lives to break down the resistance of the poorest people of the earth. She has no triumph to boast of in the field. To garrison Poland she must expend an army. The spirit of the country is not dead, and every movement in Europe will vibrate to Warsaw.——*Italy* is again disturbed. Italy is the most palpably intended by nature, for power, productiveness, and general human enjoyment; yet for centuries Italy has been the toy, or the drudge of Foreigners; her fine country the common field of blood and plunder to the Austrian, the Swiss, and the Frenchman. Italy, some years since, contained, at the lowest estimate, 14,000,000 of people—she probably now contains 18 millions. Previously to last year, all Italian insurrections were for the Priesthood. The cry is now "down with the Monks and Friars."——*Holland and Belgium.*—By the treaty, Belgium is to pay between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 Guilders of the National debt, the interest of the whole amount being 27,000,000 Guilders.——*Portugal.*—Don Miguel still sits on his unacknowledged throne, whilst Don Pedro is collecting soldiers and exiles.——*Law.*—The Lord Chancellor recently alluded in Chancery, to the custom of persons going abroad to avoid the payment of their just debts. He himself, his Lordship said, knew a man of £8000 a year, who had lived in the *rules* to avoid his creditors. The expenses of law proceedings, those of the Insolvent Court, the discharge of prisoners, the expenses of debtors while in gaol, and those of collecting funds to £600,000 a year, and all this was abstracted from the funds of the Creditors. In addition, the sum of £116,000 was spent in justifying bail.——*Value of the Oak.*—An oak tree was last week felled near Ludlow, Shropshire, the produce of which was 39 tons of timber, 55 cords of wood, 200 park pales, and 5 cords of brackets. A bough broke off before the tree was cut down, which weighed 7½ tons. Three men were employed a month in stacking it. The whole tree was valued at £165. (*Chester Chronicle.*)——*The Rev. R. Hall's Works.*—The publishers have announced that the Memoir of that distinguished writer, including a sketch of his Literary Character, will be from the pen of Sir Jas. Mackintosh. An interesting original letter from Sir Jas M. to the late Mr. Hall, was first published in the Cape Literary Gazette, No. 1, page 6.——*Religious State of France.*—It is stated in the public Journals on good authority, that a new era as to religion has begun in France, since the astonishing revolution of July, 1830. The obstacles to the spread of religious truth, which the ancient government always suffered more or less to remain, have almost entirely disappeared; it is no longer necessary to obtain permission to preach the gospel and hold religious meetings. Already three new Protestant Churches, which do not receive stipends from the State, have been organized at Paris; others of the same kind have been formed in the country, while at the same time a purified Catholic Church has risen up, called The New French Catholic Church, to which many of the best of the Catholic Clergy have attached themselves. Fifty Priests have already joined this communion, over which the Pope of Rome has no authority.——*Kings of England.*—The average reign of Kings, from William the Conqueror to the death of George IV. is twenty-two years: 34 *crowned* heads having reigned 754 years.——*Tastes of Men.*—When the King of the *Sandwich* Islands visited London, he said, that the most admirable of the British Institutions was the *Cooks' Shops.* When Prince Le Boo was in England, he always paid the most attention to the *Potato* warehouses. When a North American Indian was in London, he contemplated with unmixed delight the wealth of the *old-iron* shops: and when a poor Bushman of the Cape frontier visited the Public Library in Cape Town, and was shewn the pictured-books, none awakened his attention but the botanical works with *bulbous* illustrations.——*Players no better than great beasts!*—What would Dr. Johnson say to the following, who used to call the players a set of *dancing dogs.* "An oriental spectacle entitled *Hyder Ali, or the Lions of Mysore,* was this evening produced at Drury lane, in which the *principal actors* were the habitants of the menagerie of Paris, and M. Martin, their keeper, the hero of the drama. The animals that figured on the stage were two elephants, a lion and lioness, a tiger, a pelican, a few monkeys, &c. (*London Paper, Oct.* 17.)——*The Deluge.*—It is evident that the flood was universal *as to mankind;* but from thence follows no necessity at all of asserting the universality of it as to the globe of the earth, unless it be sufficiently proved that the whole earth was peopled before the flood. (*Stillingfleet.*)——*Great News to the afflicted Anti-Temperance People.*—A German critic says, that the leaf which the dove brought to Noah in the ark was not an *olive leaf,* but a small branch of the *vine,* which he immediately planted on his landing on *Terra Firma.*——A Scientific association has been recently established under the auspices of some of the most distinguished *literati* of the kingdom. Its objects are for the general promotion of science through the medium of Public Lectures; for which purpose meetings will occasionally take place, on stated occasions, in the principal towns of England. The first meeting took place at York, at which Lord Milton presided. The theatre of the Museum was occupied by a numerous assemblage of men of science, consisting of some of the most distinguished members of the learned bodies in the Kingdom. The sitting of the meeting lasted one week. On the last day, Lord Morpeth addressed the meeting in a speech of great excellence. He stated that the objects of the association were to give a new motive amd a guarentee to the friendly intercourse and continued concord of nations, to make further inroads into the untravelled realm of discovery, and glean fresh harvests from the unexapusted fields of nature, to promote the comforts and augment the resources of civilized man, and to *exalt above and over all, the wonder-working hand of Heaven.* The next meeting of the association is to take place at Oxford.——*Pounding Divinity.*—from an old Divine. "Please you, therefore, to call to mind the several parts of my text; 1 Quis: 2 Quando; 3 Cui; 4 Quid; 5 Pro Quibus; 6 Quare; 4 Quid the thing prayed for. Pardon and Forgiveness."——*Dr Magee,* the late Archbishop of Dublin, was the son of parents extremely humble in life, and was *servitor* in the University of which he was afterwards the distinguished ornament.——*Knowledge.*—At the last Cambridge examination the senior wrangler—he who got the highest honours—was the son of a poor man at Sheffield, who had been sent to school by his kind neighbours, who appreciated his early talents; and the next victor was a little boy of Westmoreland, who had been taken by the hand by the Lord Chancellor Brougham. In the Island of St. Thomas was a negro, a slave, who in early life had shewn great ability: he was educated, and became eminent for his knowledge of architecture and engineering; and on this account he was engaged in the construction of some of the most important public works: he was also skilled in five different languages: he was however still a slave, and so were all his family. By his skill, industry, and perseverance, he amassed some money and he purchased—his own freedom? No. first that of his wife. He again proceeded with his industry and economy, until he was enabled to purchase his own freedom at a very high price, and subsequently the freedom of his six children. He died at an advanced age, nearly 100 years, leaving his family in independent circumstances. (*James Montgomery.*)

A NOTE OF THE MONTH.

THE SAVINGS' BANK.

FROM the circumstance of having devoted many pages of this Journal to the interests of *The Cape of Good Hope Savings' Bank*—especially at its commencement, when, "with bended bow and quiver full of arrows," the enemy hovered over it, we cannot easily express how gratified we feel as to its complete success. From the report of the Managing Committee, it appears that the amount of Deposits now in the Savings' Bank, is upwards of *Nine Thousand Pounds Sterling.* The following are the Office-bearers of the Savings' Bank for the present year:

J. Marshall, Esq. *President;* the Hon. Sir John Truter, the Hon. Col. Bell, the Hon. J. W. Stoll, A. Oliphant, and J. J. L. Smuts, Esqrs. *Vice-Prssidents;* Messrs. W. W. Bird, W. Hawkins, E. I. C., C. S. Pillans, J. B. Ebden, E. Christian, H. G. Muntingh, H. Ross, D. Kuys, R. W. Eaton, and Major Rogers, *Directors;* Messrs. H. E. Rutherfoord, W. Liesching, J. H. Tredgold, J. C. Gie, F. S. Watermeyer, G. Sanford, G. W. Silberbauer, G. H. Maasdorp, and R. J. Jones, *Managers.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

The length of several of the Articles in the present Number, precludes our admission of *Recent Rambles among the Mountains, No. II.*

Communications from *Mauritius* have come to hand, and will be attended to.

W. S. S. must address *The Editor* to the care of the Publisher.

He who asserts that our Travelling correspondent has broken faith in publishing the details of private conversation, knows well enough that he is telling an untruth.

We are much obliged to *A Well-Wisher* for his kind suggestions: we had counted the cost of the articles in question before they appeared in print.

A Subscriber at Stellenbosch is entitled to our thanks, though mistaken in his views. The sayings of the "worthy Magistrate," as they appeared in our last Number, were merely a *re-print;* they had often found their way in the Newspapers in the reports of law proceedings. And if we take up the Graham's Town Journal, No. 6, we shall find, under the head The Protector of Slaves *versus* M. M. Marais, as follows: "The Magistrate regretted that the Law in this case was imperative," which is simply the reiteration of the words of the "worthy Magistrate" in question, and which words our correspondent repeated in substance in his travelling sketches.

In reply to *Clio,* Martyn's Gardners' Dictionary, 4 vols. fol. (in the Public Library,) may be consulted on the Sugar-cane. The Plants distributed from the late Library-Garden, were originally received from *Slangekop,* with many others which were kindly selected by Mr. ROCHER, the Proprietor.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF RAMBLES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—No. II.

After climbing the *Delectable Mountain* leading to Gnadendal, we entered the tranquil "vale of Grace" on the evening of the 5th of Nov. We know of no place on earth equal to this delightful Missionary village for solacing the wearied spirit, and "resting the aching wing." We were in time for vespers, and found the chaunt or melody of the Hottentots, as strikingly original and beautiful as on former occasions. What are our oratorios at home, or the mock chaunt, with all that can ravish the eye as to *spectacle*, in Romeo and Juliet at old Drury, in comparison with the divine eloquence of Hottentot Psalmody? But comparisons are odious. On the morrow was the sabbath,—at whose early refreshing dawn we were summoned by the warning sound of the "morning bell."

How sweetly shines this Sabbath morn!
What healing to the soul it brings!
No sounds upon the air are borne
Save gentle Nature's whisperings.

The swallow skimming o'er the green,
The loosen'd cattle loit'ring round
The hymning grove—the purling stream,
Alone disturb the calm profound.

O'er the high vault of stainless blue
Light snowy fleeces float serene;
Like hov'ring spirits, pleased to view
The stillness of the Sabbath scene.

It seems the threshold of the sky—
It seems the place of shelter—where
The weary wanderer may apply,
Secure to find true *heart's ease* there!

The sacred appointments of the day appeared to be all religiously observed, and the church services were well attended. Nothing tended to disturb the quiet of the *Travellers Lodge* at Gnadendal, but the arrival of persons keen in their anxieties to hire Hottentots for the approaching time of *sheering*. Although well aware that the specific time for securing servants at Gnadendal is on Monday mornings, yet they did not fail to try their hands at a bargain on the day distinct from the world and its pelf. It is a pleasure to record, that, in the case before us, the Hottentots were inflexible, and no business was done. Nor were things much improved to the bargain-hunters on the following day, for they had the hardihood to offer to the reaper from five to six skillings per diem (i. e. 11¼*d.* and 13½*d.*) for bending his back to the sickle. Of course was included in the offer, the run of the kitchen, and a bottle of wine, which latter may have cost something less than the fourth part of a *bawbee*. We must observe, that at the *Lodge* we met with many truly worthy farmers, who were visiting Gnadendal for a very different purpose than that of undervaluing human labour—of driving a hard bargain at the expense of those who could ill afford the sacrifice.

Since we last visited Gnadendal, we discovered many interesting improvements. The Library is contained in an excellent room set apart for a respectable collection of books in various languages. It is the best country library, perhaps, that may be in the colony. It contains globes, maps, and a handsome painting in oil colours of the Rev. Mr. La Trobe. We found the schools in tolerably good order, and the newly instituted Infant School was succeeding to admiration. The Rev. Mr. Halbeck, the well-informed superintendent of the Mission, was conducting this school. A new building has been erected expressly for this juvenile institution, and an excellent one it is. The oak-trees planted at Gnadendal are thriving to perfection. You may now ramble through the woods and enjoy the luxury of walks in a forest. The church-yard emblems of mortality are increased of late years, and testify the loss of many an exemplary missionary. It is from a Moravian church-yard that Montgomery* has imagined his beautiful burying-place of the Patriarchs.

A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,
The loveliest work of all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.—
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who dress'd with dutious hands each hallowed sod.
No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises whom the worm devoured beneath;
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguished there,
Yet not a hillock mouldered near that spot,
By one dishonoured, or by all forgot;
So some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear.—
And oft the living by affection led
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb;
But white and red, with intermingling flowers,
The graves looked beautiful in sun and showers.—
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound
Ran the clear rill with ever-murmering sound.
Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care,
It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer.

(World before the Flood. Canto 5.)

In our walks through the village, we found the people generally engaged in garden pursuits. It is not only in reference to Gnadendal, but we have remarked in general, the little attention paid in the interior parts of the colony to the cultivation of pot herbs and sallads. The Potato too, seems to be treated with great neglect, and little are its merits prized. Nor does milk appear to be as welcome to the colonist as it ought. The unfortunate excitements (from quantity and cheapness) to drink Cape Wine and Brandy, and from a similar cause to *feed* greedily on animal flesh, worsens man wherever he is found, and is extremely prejudicial to civilization and colonial improvement. "The multiplication of cattle has brutalized the boors of South Africa, the peons of La Plata, and the

* Not—
"The maudlin, mawkish, mock Montgomery."

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Brazilians of Rio Grande, and the other grazing countries of Brazil."*

We found at Gnadendal a new establishment of striking importance—a tannery, including a new and capacious building, erected on the best principle, for the manufacture of leather. In former times the cutlery business was carried on at Gnadendal to a considerable extent, and the Hernhuters' knives, with the Hernhuters' mark, were a sort of genuine current coin in which no depreciation was feared. Our *Brummegem* or Sheffield people (who are always said to sleep with one eye open) ruined this trade. They introduced hundreds of dozens of their own manufactory to the Cape market. These were of course a much cheaper and at the same a very inferior article, but having the *Gnadendal mark* on the blade, and being advertised as Hernhuters' knives, the farmers bought, and were *taken in!* And the great evil of all this base competition was, that Gnadendal lost its fame in the annals of cutlery.

But the tanning business of Gnadendal is now in high repute, and we were astonished at the demand for the article of leather by various customers who had travelled from a distance. The truth is, many of our old tanneries at the Cape have become extinct, and good leather is absolutely a *desideratum*. In a country of hides and skins as this is, how passing strange that we must yet depend on England for the art of converting these commodities into good and wholesome leather. Tanning is, we suspect, but in its infancy at the Cape; the regular processes to which leather is subjected at home, appear little understood here, in as far as we have had the opportunity of judging. During our present rambles, we often saw cattle slaughtered principally for their hides! When cattle are raised merely for slaughter, when they are not employed in agriculture, and nothing is looked for from them, but their hides and their flesh, or perhaps their hides alone, the condition of a people becomes worse than barbarous. Let the friends of Caffer civilization direct their attention to this subject, and let it be remembered, that two-legged animals are much more wanted at the Cape than four-legged ones. Again as it regards Gnadendal—we could wish that the cottages of the Hottentots were better in construction, and neater in appearance. In many instances we beheld too much of the *McClarty* school. But a *Cottage System* is wanted for the whole colony. Where are the best designs for cottages for the poor to be found? The Editor of the Literary would surely be thankful for any communication on the subject.

As we have noticed the existence of the Traveller's Lodge at Gnadendal, (a plain cottage for the reception of visitors,) we may mention that, according to the readings on the windows, and the rude carving on the tables, many of its temporary inmates had determined, it seems, not to be forgotten. To be forgotten is, after all, as much the general lot as to die, yet few submit to this dreary particular, without a hope of some mitigation and allowance. Hence the numbers who scrawl their names on chairs, tables, trees, and walls. A word or two to such exhibitors of silly taste. Let those who would not be forgotten, *deserve* to be remembered. The achievements which tend most to raise the minds, to humanize the feelings, and improve the condition of men, are the best securities for a cherished and lasting life to their memories. There is no burial for the great benefactors of their kind. But the love of fame is an universal passion; and it would be hard if some degree of the enjoyment were not permitted to the crowd, who, wanting ability or opportunity, cannot exactly comply with the severe condition of deserving it.

After all, on second thoughts, cutting or scratching a name on a tree, a wall, or an inn window, is, in the way of monument-making, the simplest and most unpretending deed that we can think of—the humblest exercise of the love of fame—of that great passion, high and low, which will work with a pin's point, and has cumbered the earth with the pyramids. Yet how blind is our pride! how limited our foresight! Works thus insignificant, and relating to insignificant people—the labour of a minute—the merest hints of ambition have lived through more centuries than the proudest productions of human art and toil. On some of the walls of Pompeii, the scrawlings of the Roman soldiers are still visible—frail memorials, preserved by the same catastrophe that buried the town and its people, and now brought to light, when the ETERNAL CITY has scarcely a vestage left of all that is contained of great, and good, and fair. This is a comfortable reflection to the numerous tribe of *cutters out* — the "T. Jenkins'," — "Burdett for ever,"—"Annual Parliaments, and Universal Suffrage,"—"James B.,"—"Maria M.,"—"I love you,"—"Betsy Brown,"—and many, many others. Once more, in the little village of Bowness, on the Cumberland border of the Solway Frith, the traveller, if he have ardour enough to hunt for them, may see here and there a smooth tablet of free stone (fragments from the Picts' wall), set in like a picture on the unhewn front of a cottage or a barn, shewing names, Roman names, as rudely cut out, and nearly as old as those at Pompeii, and whose authors, no doubt, as little calculated upon a reader outliving the era of Rome.

There are people who have a strange fancy for trusting their names under the foundation-stone of a Bridge, or Church, or Freemason's Lodge. Now this is the worst scheme of fame that was ever invented. Fame!—it is wilfully hiding yourself from day; hoarding yourself up, in the blundering spirit of the miser, who at once secretes and nullifies his gold. You may amuse yourself with the notion that there you are snug and out of harm's way for centuries; but if nobody is to see, hear, or think of you in your solitude, you are not a whit more alive, under your stone, than in your coffin. Perhaps public men may fairly leave the business of immortality to their contemporaries. Hence distinguished men have had their appropriations in all sorts of ways. We read of *Graham's* Town, and *Caledon*, and *Somerset*, and *Worcester*, and *Bathurst*, and *Malmesbury*, and many others in this colony. Then, again, in looking about us somewhat more extensively, we touch upon *Croker* Heads, and *Pitt* Points, and *Melville* Harbour. Coming to more dashing things, we read of the *Wellington*, licensed to carry six insides. The *Waterloo*, the *Adelaide*, the *Royal William*, the True Blue, worked with *Grey* horses, the *Canning*, the *Russel*, the new *Opposition*, &c. As for the World of Fashion, it is for ever *naming* men and things. There are *Wellington* boots, and *Coburg* hats, and *Grey* habits. The tailors, drapers, milliners, and mantuamakers, are famous hands at giving sir-names to their fancy articles. The bakers and confectioners are not far

* Southey.

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behind,—but these gentlemen are beat all to sticks by the chemists, and druggists, medicine venders, the quack and lotion people. Certain personages of the lack-brain family of this colony have made sad work of the noble art of *calling names*. They thought in their sapience to provoke a sneer, and call up a grin at the expense of a reverend gentleman who had disturbed some of their favourite prejudices; and who, to say the least of it, has shewn himself a hero in the removal of

"Oppression's woes and pains."

Now, what do the witlings do?—Send the reverend divine to the tomb of all the Capulets? No. Bricks and mortar soon crumble into dust. Exalt his name on a sign post? No. This soon becomes a *post*-obit affair. The great sensible objection that we can propose to *signs* as depositories of our posthumous life, is the precariousness—the briefness of their reign. The old *Marquis of Granby* is off the hinges. The *King of Prussia* is now nobody. The *Georges* (save and except the IIId.) are deadly, dull, and dim. The *Duke of Cumberland*—poh! The *Garrick's Head—off, off!* The *Mitre—going, going!*—(*Sic Transit*, &c.) But to proceed,—our Cape bodies had no doubt determined that a city, a province—nay, an empire, cannot be responsible for our immortality. The stars are credible monuments, no doubt—and are sound funds in which to vest a name. No—these are to share their fate with the "wreck of empires, and the crush of worlds." Well, then, since "the sun, the moon, and all the stars" fade in the lapse of ages, and expire, where shall we find duration? In the world of waters it is declared at the Cape. In the sea—and as the great law of fecundity is so intimately connected with *fish*, we have Nature's guarantee for the preservation of the name. Henceforth, let the *Hottentot* of our bays be denominated *Phillipine*, and the name is handed down from generation to generation. We know of no compliment (certainly not intended by the inventors,) equal to this expression of public notice in the page of history. Well may old Latimer say,—"The Devil often sets out on a business, having for its intent the ruin of an adversary—which he so botches, that the evil which the foe intended turns out for good, and sets up that which he had intended to cast down. Thus it is, that the Devil's corn goes all to bran."

We took our departure from Gnadendal on the morning of the 8th of Nov. It was the sweet hour of prime and soft still weather, —having a charm of its own. A fine day generally affects the spirits as it does the barometer. On this occasion, although the glass had risen to a little above change, our spirits had mounted to the point of settled fair. Our conductor to Caledon was Jacob Groenewald, a young farmer, and from the friendly salutations on the road, and the unvarying cry of "*Dag, Baas Jacob*," we argued that our coachman was a somewhat popular character.

In travelling in South Africa, it is pretty well known by this time, that there is nothing very striking as to a certain description of scenery—no expanse of broad lake—no ripple of the summer stream—no green margin of the summer pool, and no peering for loop-holes in the dense foliage of some pretty cottage or 'squires mansion. Yet there is an air made balmy by the infinite variety of botanical shrubs—flowers always at hand to woo your admiration and gratify your senses—and birds and insects of such beauty and diversity, as to demand your attention, and call forth your gratitude. Then, again, there is the boundless extent,—the things which own not man's dominion—the wild and terrible—

"Rocks, mounds, and knolls, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world."

Within a pleasant distance from Caledon, whose mountains are on the left of the road, we arrived at a small streamlet called *Matzes Drift*. Here we found a pretty house, newly built, and for the information of travellers, the following words in legible characters:

GEORGE NICHOLS' STORE.

We alighted at the polite request of the proprietor, who received us with a downright Scottish welcome. The place seems well chosen for business, and the varieties of the store appeared most tempting in their kinds, and apparently of the best qualities.

Here nails and muslins, side by side are seen,
There horses' collars, and a blue tureen;
Buttons and tumblers, reap-hooks, spoons, and knives,
Silks for young jufvrouws, flannels for old wives;
Shovels and stockings, hats for men and boys,
Train-oil and fenders, gloves and infant toys;
Bibles and Psalm-books, and the A, B, C
For use of schools,—and game of Totum T.
Butter and bacon, beads and leather gaiters,
Tea, coffee, sugar, chocolate, and waiters;
Tabak and snuff, and durable cement,
Jalap and salts, and *Doctor Wright's Ointment;*
Grid-irons, toasters, and fair ladies' caps,
Soap, candles, catsup, catgut, and mouse-traps—
All useful things, and joined with many more,
Make up this well-assorted country store.

The land contiguous to the house, of a cold, unpromising aspect, has been converted into a garden, and we were much struck with the happy effects of cultivation. The young trees and vegetables were prosperous, and we could readily enough discover the advantages of perseverance and industry.

We are now on our way to Caledon, a favourite village of ours, and containing within its bosom and neighbourhood, and in the district, many very worthy people. We shall come to particulars in our No. III.

RESULTS OF PHILANTHROPY.

WHEREVER we turn our eyes upon the face of this world, we perceive two sets of antagonist principles seeming to contend for the mastery, and leading, as they separately prevail, to very different results. On the one hand, we see ignorance, and vice, and discord,—the dominion of sensual objects, —want of regard to higher views than those which are supplied by fragile and passing occurrences;—and in a yet more melancholy view of human nature and human life,—tyranny,—"hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." These, in a greater or less measure, enter into and degrade the condition of all communities of men;—and all these, with their appropriate and miserable effects, may be classed together as constituting one vast empire which is struggling for paramount dominion over the arrangements of this world. But on the other hand, we no where perceive these principles and passions obtaining unlimited dominion. On the contrary, there is a counteracting power which resists, and, in most cases, overcomes their influence; for notwithstanding all the disorder in the world, no intelligent man can doubt that there is still a mighty preponderence of good over evil. Evil principles are, in their nature, more active than good; and disease, and vice, and folly, and madness, are contagious. Black and ominous as the aspects of the world may appear, we see no reason to dread the lengthened absence of the bright shining behind the cloud. We too much forget that human life is a life of warfare; and that not to use the moral weapons placed in our hands, is to betray our trust, and surrender to the enemy. It is not to a *feast* that we are called to in

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this world, but to a vineyard in which we are to *work*. It is the *barren* fig-tree that is cut down,—the salt that has lost its savour that is to be trodden under foot. Every harvest is precarious, and must be prepared with *labour*, and *cost*, and *care*. We have been led to these reflexions by being put in possession of the annexed paper by a friend,—On the Savings' Banks of Great Britain. It is one of the most gratifying documents that has ever come into our possession. It is the magnificent result of the combined efforts of philanthropy; and, notwithstanding the flagrant manner in which pauperism has been literally forced in England, notwithstanding the temptation which is held out to every humble man to abandon the path of industry for the ease and plenty of a pauper's life, still the native integrity of the British people has not been yet completely overthrown. The twelve millions sterling deposited, we may regard as a hostage for the good faith with which the working classes have relinquished all reliance on the succour of the Poor Laws.*

The Savings' Banks in England, Wales, and Ireland, arranged according to Counties; with the period of the establishment of each Institution, the encrease or decrease of each class of depository since November, 1829. By JOHN TIDD PRATT, Barrister at Law. Hansard and Co, London.

THE experience of past centuries has established, beyond controversy, the truth of the axiom, that whatever tends to improve the moral state of a people, will also benefit their physical condition; that every degree you raise man in the scale of intellectual beings, you transfer him at each remove, one degree farther from that state of mere animal existence, in which nature placed him, and by encreasing his wants, stimulate also his industry to meet them. Within the last twenty years, many highly beneficial Institutions have been introduced into Great Britain, calculated to improve the condition of the lower and middling classes of society. After peace had brought us breathing time to turn our view from foreign shores, and examine our own condition at home the philanthropic and vigorous minds of many amiable individuals applied the repose, which succeeded the clarion and the trumpet, to the devising such plans as would benefit their fellow-countrymen, less fortunate in the blessing of education than themselves. How many benefit societies have sprung up in that interval! societies highly calculated, *in principle*, to do much good among those who depend upon their daily labour for support, by creating a fund, on which they could draw, in the hour of sickness and disease. To this period, we also owe the dissemination of cheap works; tending, in an eminent degree, to the improvement of the lower classes, by placing within their reach, that learning which hitherto had been the almost exclusive property of the wealthy and affluent.

Among the many plans formed and matured for the benefit of our humbler countrymen, none, however, claims our attention and approbation more than the establishment of Savings' Banks; and this, whether we consider their *moral* effect upon the people, or their universal application to all classes of the community. There are many of the working classes, well-meaning and industrious, who, having a few shillings to spare, beyond the sum barely sufficient to meet the wants of themselves and families, would willingly hoard them up to meet the "*rainy day*;" but alas! how faithfully will that class of our readers confess the truth of our observations, when we remind them how often in a moment of intemperance, the little store has been invaded, and the careful savings of weeks squandered in a few hours? But this contingency is wholly obviated by Savings' Banks; and herein it is we trace their moral benefit; the depositor in a Savings' Bank is incapable of withdrawing his money within a week's notice of his intention so to do; and thus, by this wise and salutary regulation, the mechanic, who, having the *immediate* command of his savings, would, in the hour of inebriety, dissipate it in the gin shop, being thus restricted to a whole week's reflection, will most assuredly see his folly before his notice has expired. There is another advantage which these institutions possess over benefit societies—namely, that they do not exclude any person, of age, calling, or sex from taking advantage of the benefits held out; and it is no little recommendation of them that, whereas if the money was laid up in the owner's chest, subject to all the hazards we have already pointed out, it would not augment itself; while, deposited in the Savings' Bank, it is continually adding to its original amount by the interest accruing on it.

Having prefaced these brief remarks, we shall proceed to notice the work, which appears at the head of our article. Mr. Pratt is the Barrister at Law appointed to certify the rules of Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies in England and Wales, and therefore, eminently qualified for the task he undertook. He gives the number of Savings' Banks in each county, the amount of depositors and sums deposited, with their relative encrease or decrease from November, 1829, to November, 1830. We feel we cannot do justice to the work and to our readers better, than by giving them a brief synopsis of his plan.

Banks	*No.*	*Depositors*	*Deposits*
Bedfordshire	3	1,765	£ 62,990
Berkshire	10	7,138	244,909
Buckinghamshire	4	1,857	62,644
Cambridgeshire	2	1,678	62,644
Cheshire	10	7,647	301,098
Cornwall	8	5,513	231,652
Cumberland	6	4,016	127,916
Derbyshire	6	5,513	202,848
Devonshire	4	26,564	886,000
Dorsetshire	9	5,576	235,118
Durham	10	4,578	151,417
Essex	15	8,157	274,542
Gloucestershire	12	13,660	530,605
Hampshire	11	7,860	297,300
Herefordshire	4	3,892	123,011
Hertfordshire	5	3,177	243,362
Huntingdonshire	1	747	23,360
Kent	21	16,885	523,010
Lancashire	24	26,147	907,594
Leicestershire	5	3,366	95,800
Lincolnshire	17	7,017	213,088
London	3	19,392	453,782
Middlesex	25	47,596	1,376,868
Monmouth	4	1,232	33,924
Norfolk	10	6,168	191,624
Northamptonshire	3	4,845	167,162
Northumberland	5	6,987	292,972
Nottinghamshire	6	7,725	223,106
Oxfordshire	5	5,201	148,629
Shropshire	13	9,234	347,796
Somersetshire	9	12,141	508,784
Staffordshire	15	7,387	234,848
Suffolk	12	5,371	173,547
Surrey	19	13,389	380,960
Sussex	12	8,506	260,663
Warwickshire	6	6,266	174,075
Westmorland	1	674	23,507
Wiltshire	10	6,612	249,751
Worcestershire	8	6,953	255,700
Yorkshire	31	30,161	1,055,005

From this analysis it will appear that on the 29th of November, 1830, England contained 379 Savings' Banks, from ten of which returns had not been received. The total number of depositors were 367,812; total amount of investments £12,287,606; thus holding out an encrease of 9,582 depositors on the November preceding, and the cheering prospect of 9,582 families or individuals turned to habits of saving and industry within twelve months. There have been also five new Savings' Banks established since the date of Mr. Pratt's work, no notice of which could be taken.

WALES.

In November, 1830, there were 25 Savings' Banks in Wales, four of which have made no returns. In the remaining the total number of depositors was 10,204, and the amount of investment £314,903. We are sorry, however, to find that Wales presents a decrease in the list of depositors amounting to 156, and in the investments to that of £8,515.

IRELAND

Contained in November, 1830, 73 Savings' Banks, from nine no returns have been made, and since November, no less than *ten* new ones have been established. The returns present a list of 34,201 depositors, and an investment of 905,056. We are gratified to perceive an encrease on the last year year of 3,240 depositors, and of £59,721 in the investment. We can only add, that the whole work presents a pleasing prospect of the encrease of industry and thriftiness, and Mr. Pratt's tables will be scanned over with no inconsiderable interest by every friend to the happiness and comfort of the humbler classes of the community.

* We continue to congratulate the zealous individuals in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope Savings' Bank, on the weekly success of their valuable labours. We trust the day is not far distant, when every village in the colony shall possess its Branch Bank. We respectfully recommend the Civil Commissioners and Magistracy to take the lead in such foundations.

VESTED RIGHTS, AND PETITION FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.

An Historical Fragment.

For more than three years previously to 1792, the abolition of the slave trade, carried on from the coast of Africa to the West-India islands, by British subjects, was warmly agitated in the parliament of Britain; and a committee of the house of commons appointed to examine witnesses during two successive sessions of parliament, collected a great body of evidence, which was printed for the information of the members. As this formed a large volume in folio, an abridgment of the whole was made and printed also, for the use of the members, and several adridgments of this abridgment were afterwards published throughout the nation. The people, in general, warmly espoused the abolition, and petitions were presented to parliament, from almost every class of persons in the kingdom, praying that this traffic, which they deemed a disgrace to humanity, and a reproach to the name of Christians, might be abolished. In 1792 the house of commons resolved, in a committee of the whole house, that the slave-trade was

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improper to be continued; but, on account of certain considerations of expediency, determined that its abolition should be gradual, and a bill was passed, permitting the trade, under certain limitations, to be carried on till the 1st of January, 1796, after which it was to be totally prohibited. When this bill was carried to the house of lords, the peers found it inconsistent with their dignity to admit evidence which had not been taken at their own bar; and, as their examination of witnesses could not be closed during the then session of parliament, the bill was necessarily lost for that year. In the mean time the claims of certain parties, whose "vested interests" were likely to be affected by the abolition of the traffic, were represented by the following.

PETITION

To the Right Honorable, &c,

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioners are a numerous body, and, at present, in a very flourishing situation, owing chiefly to the constant visitation of the shipping of your island.

"That, by hovering round these floating dungeons, your petitioners are supplied with large quantities of their most favorite food—human flesh.

"That your petitioners are not only sustained, by the carcases of those who have fallen by distempers, but are frequently gratified with rich repasts from the bodies of living negroes,* who voluntarily plunge into the abodes of your petitioners, preferring instant destruction by their jaws, to the imaginary horrors of a lingering slavery.

"That, among the enormous breakers and surfs which roll on the shores of your petitioners, numbers of English boats are destroyed, the crews of which usually fall to their lot, and afford them many a delicious meal; but, above all, that large vessels, crowded with negroes, are sometimes dashed on the rocks and shoals which abound in the regions of your petitioners, whereby hundreds of human beings, both black and white, are at once precipitated into their element, where the gnawing of human flesh, and the crashing of bones, afford to your petitioners the highest gratification which their natures are capable of enjoying.

"Thus benefited, as your petitioners are, by this widely-extended traffic, a traffic which has never before been molested, it is with the utmost indignation they hear that there are in Britain men, who, under the specious plea of humanity, are endeavouring to accomplish its abolition.—But your petitioners trust that this attempt at innovation, this flourishing of the trumpet of liberty, by which 'more is meant than meets the ear,' will be effectually frustrated.

"Should the lower branch of the legislature be so far infatuated by this new fangled humanity as seriously to meditate the destruction of this beneficial commerce, your petitioners have the firmest reliance on the wisdom and fellow-feelings of the lords spiritual and temporal of Great Britain.

"Your petitioners know that the truly benevolent will ever be consistent,—that they will not sacrifice one part of animated nature to the preservation of another,—that they will not suffer sharks to starve, in order that negroes may be happy;—yet your petitioners are apprehensive that the baleful influence of this philanthropic mania is already felt, even within the walls of your lordships; wherefore they crave to be heard by counsel, at the bar of your august assembly, when, notwithstanding the wild ravings of fanaticism, enthusiasm, methodism, and many other *isms*, they hope to evince that the sustenance of sharks, and the best interests of your lordships, are intimately connected with the traffic in human flesh.

"Fearful of becoming tedious, your petitioners have only to add, that, should the abolition take place (which the god of sharks avert!) the prosperity of your petitioners will inevitably be destroyed, and their numbers, by being deprived of their accustomed food, rapidly diminished. But, on the other hand, should your lordships, in your legislative capacity, scorn the feelings of the vulgar, and nobly interfere, either openly, or by procrastination, to preserve this invigorating trade from the ruin that now seems to await it, your petitioners, and their wide-mouthed posterity, as by nature urged, will ever *prey*, &c."

* Humanity was outraged at the Cape so recently as 1830. A slave-ship anchored in Simon's Bay, and a slave-ship anchored in Table Bay. Each of these hells were crowded with human victims. During this period, the inhabitants of Simon's Town abstained from eating fish!!! Not so the good people of Cape Town. We visited the slave-ship in Table Bay. Our first exclamation was—

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Among the many facts which presented themselves during this visit, one was, that the ship was surrounded with myriads of fish, forming a dense mass of animated beings, eagerly seeking their prey.

THE CALCUTTA PRESS.

September, 1831.

"Reply to an article in the Edinburgh Review No. 104, and to an article in the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette, (re-printed in the Bengal Hurkaru and Chronicle, of May 24th, 1831,) on Sadler's Disproof of Human Superfecundity."—*(Calcutta Magazine, Sept.* 1831.)

"Marry come up," who would have thought it, that our *little unpretending Journal* could excite the attention of the *wise men of the east:* and that WE should become associated with the Leviathan of the North, the Edinburgh Review. Still firm to the principles laid down in the Cape Literary Gazette, (page 113, vol. 1,) we are by no means insensible of the value of having such opinions canvassed by a scholar and a gentleman. This is precisely the case in reference to the Calcutta Magazine; the *Reply* in question being evidently the production of a very acute thinker and lucid writer, —one who is not led astray by party principles, nor shackled by distracting theories. In justice to *our* able Reviewer, we extract the following from theReply:—"The article from the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette is as distinguished for candour and good feeling, (bating a little mistake in supposing that Mr. Sadler had harshly censured the *motives* of his opponents,) as that in the Edinburgh Review was surcharged with the opposite qualities, &c." It is not our intention to follow the writer in the course of his discussion, or to notice those points of difference that exist between us. In several instances it could be proven we think that the writer labours under some mental error.

In reference to the study of *political economy*, we find Dr. Whately, in his late course of lectures at Oxford, starting objections against the name of this science. The name he prefers is that of CATALLACTICS, or the "Science of *Exchanges*." Man might be defined, (and this would comprehend all our Graham's Town and Caffer friends,) "an animal that makes exchanges;" no other, even of those animals which in other points make the nearest approach to rationality, having, to all appearance, the least notion of *bartering*, or in any way exchanging one thing for another. Perhaps it might be denominated the "Philosophy of Commerce;" this, it must be confessed, is etymologically quite unexceptionable, being coincident with *things as they are*, and not when the word commerce was arbitrarily limited to *one* class of exchanges, and had no connection with *green geese and the Butchers' Shambles.*

CHINA.

By the receipt of a letter from Canton, a few papers, and files of the Bengal Hurkaru, we find the affairs of the Eastern world no less singular in their aspect than those of Europe. The greatest alarm prevails in China on the subject of some impending calamities which have been predicted as shortly to burst forth. A sort of Revelation from the gods, is now published by writing and by word of mouth, in every direction, declaring that this year in the 6th, 9th, and 10th months, a great pestilence will prevail, and cause the death of persons innumerable. Other calamities are also to spread far and wide, and these by means of *female influence.* The first intimation of the approaching judgments was made by the deified astronomer Chang-Jeen-Sze. The virtuous will be spared, but the wicked will find it impossible to escape. Those who will not believe shall see. The ground will be covered with dead bodies. At the third watch, when cocks crow and the dogs bark, a malignant god will go forth to slay by the pestilence. Those who hear their names called, must be careful not to answer.

PEKING.

A good deal of dissatisfaction prevails in consequence of the determina-

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tion of the Emperor to promote *temperance*, and suppress the use of opium. It was considered, according to the latest accounts, that besides depriving the cruizers of a fruitful source of emolument, would ruin the prospects of numerous Mandarins who, having purchased their appointments, and *vested* their capital in the trade on which they depended for a due return of the outlay. The following is an extract from the Canton Register of Sept. 2d.

An officer named Chaon-ching-wult, belonging to one of the supreme courts, has written to the Emperor against Opium, which is produced in the interior: he attributes its increase to the remissness of the officers of government, whose duty it is to suppress it. In consequence of this, a general order was issued to all Governors and deputy-Governors throughout the Empire, to exert themselves in suppressing the use of Opium, and to send in their opinions as to the best mode of doing so.

The Governor of Yun-nan province wrote back that the natives on the frontier, at the foot of the hills, in out of the way places, and, also, foreigners adjoining, grew the Poppy, and produced Opium, but he would give orders to search and prevent the continuance of the practice.

His Majesty is not at all pleased with the vagueness of Governor Yuen's reply, which he designates "empty words," and, in conclusion, commands Yuen to yield implicit obedience to the former general order, and to suggest such plans as will put the people in fear, and prevent the production of Opium: moreover, that, at the close of every year, a document, reporting progress, be sent to court.

CANTON.

The Canton Miscellany is a new periodical just started, it is published monthly at 2 dollars per number, beautifully bound in damask silk. It contains many articles of great spirit and varied interest.

FOREIGN LADIES AT CANTON.

Governor Le concerning Mrs. Kierulf's visit to Canton.

Le, Cabinet Minister, Governor, &c. to the Hong-merchants.

On the 2d day of the 4th moon of the 11th year of Taoukwang, at Luy-chow, I received a statement from the Nanhae-hëen, mentioning that the Hong-merchant, How-qua Junior, had given information that Skipper Kalen of the Danish nation, a barbarian merchant, having to settle some accounts with another barbarian, had, on the 18th day of the 3d moon, brought a barbarian wife, "one mouth," to Canton, and was dwelling in "Ewo" Factory. The said merchants and others had already given him strict orders on the subject, and he affirmed, that his taking her to Canton was a sudden and rash act, arising from ignorance and mistake. But, on the 22d day, he took the said barbarian woman, and commenced their passage away back, &c.

On this coming before me, the Governor, I examine and find that it has long been strictly interdicted to bring females to Canton to reside. Last year the English Chief violated the laws, and brought females, but they were expelled, and driven back to Macao. And I, Minister and Governor, during the 2d moon of the current year, sent a memorial to the Emperor stating the old regulations designed to guard against foreign barbarians.

(Here he quotes his own recommendations to the Emperor, which have been already translated, about foreign wives, Weileto, &c.)

Since the Imperial Will has not been received, the Memorial has not been made known.

Now the Danish Skipper Kalen, a barbarian merchant, has presumed clandestinely to take his wife to Canton to reside in "Ewo" Factory, a proceeding extarmely audacious and imprudent. It would be right agreeably to the suggestions in the memorial, to stop his trade, but, indulgently considering that the merchant, when he received orders, immediately commenced his passage and went away; therefore, through clemency, a deep scrutiny will be waived.

Uniting the above circumstance, an order is hereby issued to the Hong-merchants, to communicate forthwith my order to the merchants of all the nations to yield obedience thereto. Hereafter, those who come to Canton to trade must yield a trembling obedience to the interdicts of the Celestial Empire. If they bring foreign females into the port, they must, according to former laws, land them at Macao to dwell in *Nan mei's* house; they must not presume to take them to Canton. If they dare intentionly to disobey, the moment it is discovered, they will, according to the regulation reported to the Emperor, be sent away in custody to Macao, and the trade of the offender will immediately be stopped. Decidedly, not the least indulgence will be shewn.

If the Hong be unable to give the necessary previous cautions, and to keep up a strict watch, so that the said barbarians do again bring females to Canton, then the senior merchants, the linguists and the compradors, shall, in a body, be severely punished. Positively there will be no bending to lenity. Tremble at this. Intensely, intensely, are these commands given!

Taou-kwang, 11th year, 4th moon, 5th day. (May 16th, 1831.)

THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS AT CANTON.

A respectful remonstrance having been addressed to the Chinese government by the British residents, for the restoration of certain rights and privileges and claiming the protection of property, the following are extracts in reply.

The Foo-yuen, in reply to the merchants' remonstrance (dated July 12th 1831.)

CHOO, acting Governor and Foo-yuen of Canton, to the Hong-merchants.

A Petition has now been received from the English private merchants JARDINE, INNES, and others, sayin:

(Here follows a copy of the Remonstrance.)

This coming before me, the Foo-yuen, I have examined the subject and decide as follows:—barbarians of all nations who come to the open market at Canton to trade, ought to yield implicet obedience to the interdicts and orders of the celestial Empire. But the said nation's barbarian merchants, sometime ago, in consequence of seeking a diminution of charges, procrastinated and delayed entering the port. They, also, clandestinely brought foreign females to reside in the factories; and, by stealth, conveyed muskets and guns to Canton. These doings were really criminal acts of opposition. Soon after this, the Minister and Governor Le, stated to His Majesty the old regulations, together with some modifications which were decided on in Council, and solicited and received an Imperial order, directing that barbarians, after they had completed the sale of their goods, should not remain in Canton, to find out the prices of commodities, and form connexions with the natives. The object was to make the Hong-merchants responsible for the control of the bar barians, and to prevent their bringing foreign females, guns, and arms to Canton. Also, to disallow taking many persons to present a petition. Of all these regulations, now enacted, most of them, from length of days, had become the usage, and all the barbarians of the several nations knowingly obeyed, and adhered to them.

Now, these barbarians merchants, alone, presume to say that these regulations and commerce cannot go on together; and that the control of Hong-Merchants does not agree with old usage, and, in a whining manner, dun with their petition. Going thus far is already false and wild. But they proceed to talk about an abrupt entrance into the Company's factory a few days ago.

I, the Foo-yuen, during the first decade of the 4th moon, went, in person, to the Company's Factory, to examine and manage an affair. That Factory is on the ground of the provincial City, and is under my jurisdiction. Not only will I go in person, but, if the said barbarians audaciosuly presume to act irregularly, without due fear, I will, as I ought, also take troops with me, and open a thundering fire upon them. I will do so without feeling the least possible anxiety or regard to consequences.

Of late, many of the barbarians of that nation have not understood what was proper; and not a few, also, of such as Jardine and Innes. There is no doubt that their conduct arises from the flattery and sycophancy of the Hong-merchants; together with the mischievous suggestions of linguists and compradors, with whom they are connected. If they (Jardine, &c.) don't reform themselves, they will most certainly become the injured (or ruined) victims of these people.

This whining, disputing, and contradicting on the part of the barbarians the Emperor will not permit, and should the parties now before the celestial tribunal not *withdraw their vile calumnies* so prejudical to the people of this august country, they will find *the law imperative*, and receive from the strong arm of Woo-show-chang (the acting operator during the Emperor's pleasure,) *five and twenty* with the bamboo or cudgel, or as many with the *cat, always in fashion with the barbarians.*

The Celestial Empire in cherishing tenderness to distant foreigners has constantly stopped to shew compassion. But between the flowery Chinese and the Barbarian settlers there is doubtless a settled distinction. The dignity of the Great Emperor requires unlimited obedience and prostration.

Moreover, the petition of the Barbarians is in its phraseology proud and wilful, in its language it is confused and entangled: and in its words and ideas there is much that is not clear and conspicuous. But I indulgently consider that the writers of it do not understand proper forms and decorum.

Uniting these things, I forthwith issue this order:—When it reaches the Hong-merchants, let them immediately take the contents of the reply made by me, the Hoppo,—and continue to keep JARDINE, INNES, and the others, under strict restraint,—not allowing them to create disturbance, and again dun with petitions. Intensely—intensely! are these special orders issued. 11th year, 6th moon, 5th day, (July 13th, 1831.)

NECESSITY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

[THE present exertions which are in exercise in the world for the diffusion of knowledge, are characteristic of the times in which we live. Our earnest hope is, that such exertions may be made instrumental in counteracting the march of ignorance and superstition. But we must honestly confess, that we are not quite satisfied that "the largest measure of the greatest good" will be achieved, because the superstructure of many of the schemes afloat,

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are confessedly independent of religious instruction. In the *Foreign Quarterly*, from which an important extract is subjoined, we find enough of interest to excite our attention; but to discover at the same time the *summum bonum* to be awanting. Where religious instruction is absent, which, after all, is the sole root and the trunk of the knowlege that civilizes man, society, we *fear*, is at best but a whited sepulchure. In this knowledge are comprised all the main aids, instruments, and materials of National Education, the *nisus formativus* of the body politic, the shaping and informing spirit which educting, *i. e.* eliciting, the latent man in all the natives of the soil, *trains them up* to citizens of the country,—free subjects of the realm.

No nation, perhaps, ever went so suddenly over to the side of education as the English. "The Scotch were an educated, and therefore a moral people, and we are to become like them." It was forgot that the peasantry of Scotland did not start suddenly into an enlightened people, that they were educated under their own Priesthood, and *that* a Priesthood especially fitted for the instruction and guidance of the poor; who, in teaching them to read, taught them as well what they *ought* to read. In making these remarks, we must observe, that we are not unduly attached to any peculiar order of the Priesthood; still we think it but just to refer to an historical fact in which the labours of a certain body of men have been productive of good. We rejoice in every attempt which is made to enlighten the mind of man, or rather which enkindles the light placed in embryo therein by the Creator; still we think the progress of spiritual and worldly knowledge to be unequal, and from the great growth of the population, (unless the schools incorporate it in their systems,) the clergy are wholly unable of themselves to expedite the former in any adequate degree. It is a truth which cannot be too strongly insisted on, that, if the powers of the intellect be strengthened by the acquisition of science, professional learning, or general literature, —in short, secular knowledge, of whatever kind, without being *proportionably* exercised on the subjects connected with our future destinies, its susceptibility of the objections which may be urged against Revelation will be increased, without a corresponding increase in the ability to remove them. If the *balance* of intellectual exercise be not preserved, the almost certain result will be, either an utter indifference to religion, or else that slow-corroding scepticism which is fostered by the consciousness that difficulties, corresponding to those that continue to perplex our view of Revelation, have in other pursuits been long surmounted and removed. If we err on this subject, we hope to be put right by some of our correspondents.]

We are desirous of calling attention to some efforts that are making in Paris for the communication to the people of France of general information, and especially of that sort of knowledge which they are the most in need of. Amidst the political unquietness which characterized the last year of the reign of the exiled sovereign, and the violent agitation of parties that has distracted the career of the citizen-king, there have not been wanting men of sufficient zeal and ability to devote a large portion of their time to the advancement of the permanent interests of their countrymen, having before their eyes the certain good which the diffusion of intelligence cannot fail to produce, be the ministers and forms of government who and what they may.

The various societies that have for some years been in action in France for philanthropical purposes, are probably well known to most of our readers. But there was ample room for an association proposing to itself to inquire for, to examine, and to propagate the best methods of instruction, embracing every thing belonging to education, whether moral or physical, scientific or technical, or of what kind soever. With this view a society was formed in Paris, in 1829, under the title of *La Société des Methodes d'Enseignement*, and its labours have been regularly continued, in reviewing dispassionately old systems, in examining without scruple new theories, and in trying practically the many methods that are constantly discovered, or pretended so to be discovered, in substitution of former ones. The society, in fact, tries to bring education to something near the level of a science, and the discussions at its meetings, (at which we have been present,) are well calculated to rouse observations and excite ideas of a nature to afford strong hopes of the real progress of that science. Gratuitous lectures have been established for the benefit of persons engaged in business, in the various branches of natural history, chemistry, law, moral philosophy, public economy, philology, &c. which have been successful. A most important institution, called *L'Ecole Orthomatique*, was founded by the society in October, 1829, and has now in it about sixty boys, whose education is conducted in what the society consider to be the most rational manner, under the constant superintendence of a committee of five of its members. It is a day school, at the rate of twenty francs a month, and the instruction given at present extends to reading, writing, drawing, music, gymnastics, the French, English, and Latin languages, arithmetic, geometry, natural history, geography, and book-keeping. Arrangements are making to add instruction in higher branches of knowledge, and in matters of social utility; but the school, as it is, cannot but be regarded as a very interesting example of the improvement of which the system of teaching is susceptible. The Ecole Orthomatique is carried on on the principle, not of fear, but of love. There are no punishments of any kind, but the feeling of emulation is roused by a judicious distribution of rewards. The masters and boys do not live in a state of war, but rather like fathers and children; so that there is no necessity for the perpetual practice by the latter of those deceits and stratagems which originate from a system of terror, and seldom fail to demoralize the character in after-life. The society, justly regarding that education to be the best that conveys to the pupil the strongest sense of his moral and social duties, study rather the formation of a sound mind in a sound body, than the cramming the boy's head with a given quantum of information in a given time. We are assured that, in this school, moral offences, such as lying, are wholly unknown; and of the general disposition of the boys we judged most favourably from a visit to them in company with the president of the society, the Count de Lasteyrie. We shall never forget the joy with which this venerable and excellent man was received, at the institution that owes to him its origin, by his young comrades, for to these boys he has been always, as they well know, the comrade and the friend. Humanity owes so much to this unwearied philanthropist, that in speaking of him as the originator of the soeiety, and the mainspring of all its movements, we are sure we speak the sentiments of every one in this country who knows him, when we wish him still the enjoyment of a long and useful career for the good of his species for whom he has already done so much. The school owes much also to General Lafayette, to the Duc de Broglie, M. Lafitte, and other distinguished persons who take an interest in its progress.

But this is not all that the society has done. It has been the means also of publishing a series of excellent little works proper to be read in schools, and to belong to popular libraries, selling them at cost price, which is often as low as ten centimes, or less than a penny, for thirty-two pages of matter. So far as these publications have gone, we think the society has succeeded in furnishing, in a familiar manner, information of a practically useful character, and tending to impress sound principles on the minds of the lower orders of the people.

The society does not propose to give any religious instruction, not considering it a part of its duty to interfere with the province of the church. Without venturing an opinion whether there is in France any real want of elementary religious books, we feel assured the society has done wisely in not attempting such a task, and indeed it may be doubted whether lay associations ever do much good in taking upon themselves the business of the clergy. It would, indeed, be fortunate if the exertions of the French clergy for the intellectual improvement of their flocks were equal to the influence they still possess over a people the mass of whom, in the rural districts at least, are still attached to that ancient faith which has assuredly not become the less venerable, since its connection with the state has been dissolved under the new order of things.

A plan, projected by Count de Lasteyrie, has been for some months in agitation, for placing a popular library in each of the communes or parishes of France. We are sorry to learn that, owing to political agitation, no great progress has been made in carrying this useful design into execution, but there are hopes that the government will eventually be induced to lend it their aid. If the Perier administration should remain in office, it may probably be stimulated by the recollection of its defeat on the 12th of August last, when M. Cormenin's amendment to the address, declaratory of the necessity of providing for the people the benefit of gratuitous primary instruction, was carried by a respectable majority of the Chamber of Deputies, though an arrangement for the variation of the terms of such amendment was subsequently made. How far primary instruction could at present be provided *gratuitously*, is perhaps a difficult question; but the French government should remember that an outlay of the public money for the production of the greatest possible good that could be done to the mass of the people, would be the truest

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system of public economy on which they could act.

Having now given some instances of the interest which is felt in France for the welfare of the lower orders, we take leave to add a few words upon the state of things in our own country in this respect. Every one must be sensible of the lamentable deficiency of useful books written with sufficient plainness and familiarity, and sold at prices cheap enough, to spread information widely amongst our poorer classes. The *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* has, by its own admission, failed to fulfil its original intention, though it has been the means of bringing so many and so excellent publications into the world. What has been done by individuals, such as Mr. Limbird of the Strand, amounts to but very little; and though there are books in existence, more or less calculated for popular use, many of which, such as the volumes of the Dublin Kildare Street Society's Tracts have already been, in some degree, made available, still the promoters of education are at a loss what books to provide, or what to recommend. It is obvious that there is wanting some machinery for the regular and systematic diffusion of information upon a scale far more extensive than has hitherto been attempted. There is need of some uniform and comprehensive plan, that should operate with a steady force throughout the country, for the enlightening the minds of the people.

It is possible that, by association, much might be done both towards the circulation of cheap publications, and the formation of popular libraries. The existence already of societies for public instruction, (originally called Political Unions,) in various parts of the country, affords a proof of the increasing desire of knowledge, and a foundation on which an edifice of still greater good may be reared. The friends of order and peace should regard it as of high importance that the views of these Political Unions should be turned from the exclusive consideration of politics, to the comprehension of literary and scientific objects within the scope of their institutions. Nothing is less *humanizing than the constant habit of absorbing the mind in the political discussions of the day.* Persons of education cannot be insensible to the ill effects of absorption; and it must, therefore, be doubly mischievous to the ignorant, whose polemical violence is not likely to be controlled by the reflection,

"How small, of all the ills mankind endure,
That part which kings, or laws, can cause or cure!"

But the great point is, whether the cause of education is not entitled to ask something at the hands of the government, or rather of the legislature? The evil of ignorance is one of the greatest that can afflict humanity, and it is to be feared that such evil cannot be averted without the aid of a law, whereby education may be rendered compulsory. In the United States, in the Prussian dominions, and elsewhere in Germany, the law does not suffer parents so far to neglect the interests of their children, and consequently of society, as to suffer their minds to remain in a state of barbarism, after the manner of savages. So it ought to be with us. Provision should be made for affording the benefit of schools to our whole population, and it should be a penal offence in any parents to neglect to send thither their offspring. If government be instituted for anything more than a mere engine of police, it ought to be invested, in a special department, with the care of the public instruction. Should there be any who deny that the government ought to be charged with such a care, we beg to ask them why it watches over the public health—why it interferes for the protection of trade—why it executes public works and buildings—why it upholds an established religion—why, in short, it interposes in a thousand ways whereby it is anticipated that the general welfare may be advanced? To the extent of supplying the deficiency of primary schools, and enforcing their use, as well as of the establishment of popular libraries, it does appear to us that the interposition of the legislature is imperatively called for by the necessities of the country, and the result of such interposition would, we are convinced, be a happier one than could be produced by any other measure of social amelioration.

It is understood that a bill has been prepared by direction of the Lord Chancellor, for the setting on foot, among us, of Parochial Libraries, to be charged on the parish rates. A well-digested measure of this kind, whenever it may be brought forward, will assuredly tend to strengthen the Whigs in the confidence of the country, but would do still more if accompanied by an Education Bill. The ministers are, we trust, aware that much disappointment has existed at the slow progress of the promised relief from the taxes that impede the diffusion of knowledge, and they should, above all things, beware of allowing an impression to get abroad, that they are somewhat indifferent to the whole subject of public instruction. A government whose tenure of office depends on popular favour, ought not to be slow to take the lead in measures of so decidedly a beneficial, as well as popular character. The tide of public opinion is flowing so strongly against the ancient system of closing from the people the avenues of truth, that those who govern either England or France in the nineteenth century cannot safely carry "*le juste milieu*" as their motto, but must in this respect drink deep, or taste not, of reform. The work of destruction is likely to proceed with rapidity; but it is the mission of governments not only to destroy, but to fulfil. What task can be more noble—what ought to be more grateful—than that of dispelling the mists which blind the eyes of the ignorant, and opening upon the people that pure and steady light of knowledge, which is so inexhaustible, and continually increasing, a source of human happiness?—*(Foreign Quarterly for October.)*

THE POLISH EMIGRANTS.

It is stated in one of the late numbers of the *Advertiser*, that 40,000 of the brave Poles had refused to accept the *tender mercies* of the Tyrant of Russia, and were about to emigrate to America. History affords a parallel in a single family case. The unrighteous invasion of Switzerland by Buonaparte, is a stigma on his name which can never be effaced. This history may be read in Coxe's Travels, in Plantar's History of the Helvetic Confederacy, and in Zschokke's Invasion of Switzerland by the French, in 1798, translated by Dr. Aiken, and is strikingly represented in James Montgomery's Wanderer of Switzerland.

ARGUMENT.

A Wanderer of Switzerland and his family, consisting of his wife, his daughter, and her young children, emigrating from their country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French in 1798, arrive at the cottage of a Shepherd beyond the frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained. After many interesting conversations by the parties, we come to

CHAPTER VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd, that after the example of many of his countrymen flying from tyranny, it is his intention to settle in some remote province of America. The dialogue is thus continued:

Shepherd.

"Wanderer! whither wouldst thou roam?
To what region far away,
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day?"

Wanderer.

"In the twilight of my day,
I am hastening to the West;
There my weary limbs to lay,
Where the sun retires to rest.

Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky;
Realms of mountains dark with woods,
In COLUMBIA's bosom lie.

There in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man;—

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where Nature worships God
In the wilderness alone;—

—Thither, thither would I roam;
There my children may be free;
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

Shepherd.

"Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease;
Late and lovely be thy end;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace!

As our lakes at day decline,
Brighten thro' the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the nightfall of the tomb!"

Wanderer.

"Though our parent perish'd here,
Like the Phœnix on her nest,
Lo! new fledged her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden west.

Thither shall her sons repair,
And beyond the roaring main,
Find their native country there,
Find their SWITZERLAND again.

There in regions far and wide,
We will pierce the savage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plough the vallies, tame the floods;

There, unenvied and unknown,
We shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty!

Mountains! can ye change the will?
Ocean canst thou quench the heart?
NO!—I feel my country still,
LIBERTY! where'er thou art!"

ON THE EMIGRATION BILL.

(AS AMENDED BY THE COMMITTEE.)

Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 13th April, 1831.

"WE have Colonies of boundless fertility and extent, which no enemy can reach, which may remain bound by the tie of interest to the parent state for centuries. Such is the settlement of Southern Africa, which presents a field of colonization that cannot be exhausted."—*(Edinburgh Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, Nov.* 1831.)

The state of the labouring class, both in the South of England and in Ireland, is becoming every day of more pressing importance. The following evidence, as given by the Rev. J. Beard, a clergyman and magistrate of the county of Bedford, and resident at

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Cranfield, is extracted from the Parliamentary documents. Many others might be quoted

"Have you many persons out of employment during the winter? About one-fourth in dead time of the winter.—In what manner are the poor employed during the winter time by the parish? In digging gravel, and taking care of the roads.—Can you state what rate of wages they receive when so employed by the parish? Eight shillings per week the married men, with families; a single man, until this last week, 3*s*., 3*s*. 6*d*., and possibly 4*s*.—What proportion of your able-bodied labourers in your parish were out of employment last year? I should think from the month of November to the end of January nearer 30 than 20 out of 130."—"Can you state any particulars as to the employment of labourers on the roads in the parish of Kempston? The last year on the mere gravel digging, that parish expended £750; and I am sure I am not saying too much when I state I could get the same gravel dug for £50.—Can you state what the wages paid to the labourers were in that parish for that work? The married men 8*s*. per week, making up their families to a specified amount."—"You state that many of the men are employed on the road in some of the parishes in your neighbourhood? There are.—Are they so employed for the purpose of giving them employment, or because the roads require that number to repair them? Merely to keep them employed."—"Yon state in the parish of Cranfield there are now about one-fourth of the labourers out of employment? Yes; it is always the case nearly from the middle of November to February. I can answer for the last twelve years: there are more out of employment now than there were previously.—How do you account for there being more out of employment now than when you first became acquainted with the parish? The farmers are poorer."—"Are there any arable lands thrown out of cultivation? No; the truth is there is a great deal more labour got for the money.—The poor people work cheaper? Yes; the poor people work cheaper, a great deal cheaper, the competition of labour is so great."—"What is the food of the labourers in your part of the country? Nothing but bread. What have they to drink? Water.—They have no cheese? No.—No tea? Very little. I have watched twenty-one men dine together; I have seen twenty of them eat bread with what we call seam, which is a little fat rendered down.—No potatoes? No.—Where did you see them dine together? At the gravel-pit.—What have they in their cottages when they dine there? They very rarely do.—What have their families? From what I have seen, I should think the women bread and tea."

One cause of the general wretchedness of the poorer labourers, arises from the excessive immigration of Irish labourers into Britain. The effect of their competition, is to bring all the labourers within the sphere of action down to their own level of misery and wretchedness. In Glasgow alone, more than one-sixth of the population alone is native Irish. In the whole tract from Port Patrick to Glasgow, the person who has hitherto been taught to admire the humble but decent habits of the Scottish peasantry, meets hundreds of men in the strength of youth, in rags and naked feet, asking alms upon the highway; and what is the consequence to the Scottish peasantry? The best of them are seeking a new home in the forests of the New World. For the Scotch in particular, knowing that great numbers of their brethren have settled in America, and adverse to great transitions, take the shortest way to a new home, to which they are to be welcomed by their old friends and countrymen.*

Various schemes have been agitated in Parliament, and through the medium of the Press, for meliorating the condition of the labouring classes of England. Many of these have been of an Utopian nature, and ephemeral in their duration. But there are three which are above all others calculated to stand the test of experience; these are the cultivation of waste lands, the allotment of land to cottagers, and emigration. We have to do with the latter.

Lord Howick, on the 22d of February last, moved for leave to bring into Parliament a Bill to facilitate voluntary Emigration to his Majesty's possessions abroad. His Lordship then stated that for some time past in this country the supply of labour had greatly exceeded the demand; and that while this state of things existed at home, the scarcity of labour in the colonies was so great, that in Australia, agricultural labourers obtained 5*s*. a day, whilst mechanics were paid at a much higher aate; in some cases an artificer, such as a wheelwright, optained 15*s*. per day.

The bill, as amended by the committee, authorizes the appointment of commissioners and a secretary under the crown, which commissioners shall act under the instructions of the Secretary of State, and repoit their proceedings twice in the year to him, to be laid before both Houses of Parliament. A meeting of the rated inhabitants of any parish in England or Wales, may be called by a requisition delivered to the overseer of the poor, by one or more persons assessed for poor-rates, to the extent of one-twentieth of the whole assessment; such meeting to deliberate and decide upon the propriety of applying to the commissioners to contract for carrying into effect the voluntary emigration of any person or persons chargeable to the rates, or likely to become chargeable, and willing to emigrate, which shall be carried in the affirmative by the votes of two-thirds of the rate payers, or by the vote of one or more persons assessed in more than the half of the whole assessment; and which shall be finally settled by either two-thirds of the rate-payers, or one or more persons paying more than the half of the whole assessment, as above stipulated, inscribing their names in a book to be kept for this purpose; which minutes of proceedings shall be laid before one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, to be by him laid before the commissioners.

After these preliminaries are completed, the commissioners are to contract with the overseers of the parish for the removal, to any of his Majesty's possessions abroad, for a sum to be specified in such contract, of any person or or persons having a legal settlement in such parish, and willing so to emigrate; and the overseers shall repay the sum agreed on in that contract out of the poor-rates of the parish within two years.

By this bill, the commissioners have power to contract with any private persons, for the voluntary removal, from any part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of persons desirous to emigrate; the sum of money necessary for conveying them to the places fixed upon, being specified in a contract, and which shall be repaid to Government within ten years. Government is from time to time to take all proper and necessary measures for effecting the voluntary removal to His Majesty's possessions abroad, of all persons in respect of whom any such contracts may be made, and providing for the maintenance and support of such persons during the voyage, and from the time of their disembarkation until the period of their arrival at the place of their ultimate destination, and to supply them, in the first instance, with the means of obtaining their own subsistence.

The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury have power to issue such sums of money for this purpose, as shall afterwards be fixed by acts of Parliament. And Government is to provide all necessary rules and regulations for ascertaining that all persons about to emigrate are of sufficient age to exercise their own judgment respecting such proposed removal,—have received fair and impartial representations of the probable consequences of such removal, and are freely assenting thereto; and for preventing any contracts being made for the removal of infirm, weak, or sickly persons, or persons of imbecile understanding; or for the removal of young children unattended by their parents, or by some adult relative, or other responsible persons, charged with the proper care of such children. All the minor regulations are to be left to the commissioners.

Any emigrant being of the age of eighteen years or upwards at the date of the contract for removal, who shall be disembarked in any of His Majesty's possessions abroad, and who shall return to the parish from which he was removed, shall be indebted to the parish in a sum equal to that which was stipulated for his removal in the contract; and which shall be held to be a just and lawful debt, and be recoverable accordingly. The act is to continue for five years.

Such is a general abstract of the Bill for facilitating Emigration,—a bill in which there is much to applaud, and little to condemn; and we are surprised at the tardiness of Government in passing it into a law. This, surely, cannot have arisen from the opposition which the bill met with when first introduced. It was then beset by a host of opponents; but the objections brought forward, when subjected to dispassionate investigation, will be found to be shallow and futile. At the debate upon the bill, it was contended that it would have the effect of burdening the country with new and oppressive taxation; that it did not do to inter-

* This subject is very considerably enlarged in the two last numbers of the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, a work of more than ordinary interest at the present moment. The Editor having advanced many reasons in No. 14, why Australia was preferable to Canada for emigrants, is answered by Mr. Fergusson, of Woodhill. "I cannot bring myself for a moment," says he, "to put Tasmania, New Holland, &c. in competition, however high the eulogiums which my respected friend the Editor of the Journal of Agriculture, has passed upon Australia. A pestilential and impure moral atmosphere hangs over these colonies, which will require a very long period to dispel; and although this can be certainly best effected by a wholesome infusion of character from home, it must prove a heavy sacrifice to those individuals who undertake the task." See Mr. Fergusson's admirable aecount of Canada, in the columns of the above mentioned Journal. It is curious enough, that the Hobart Town Papers of a recent date, are greatly alarmed at the reported determination of government to "purify the moral atmosphere" of Van Dieman's Land, by cutting off the supplies of convict labour. They talk of their *vested rights* in work-houses, jails, and hulks, and argue the complete ruin of the colony, unless these places shall disgorge their inmates on the shores of New Holland.

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fere with the market rate of labour; and that there were means of relief at home; that the annual increase of the population was about 200,000 souls, and that unless it was proposed by the bill to carry off this number annually, all such bills would fail of producing the effect anticipated. And besides these, there have been other objections urged,—too ridiculous to be mentioned.

But the first point to be determined, is that of the colonies to which emigration shall be directed. The British colonies should, in preference to all others, be selected. Emigrations to them would improve their present condition, would keep the emigrants themselves attached to the interests of the mother country, and would be beneficial to both, by the one receiving in exchange for its raw produce the manufactured goods of the other. The following Table, taken from a Parliamentary document, shows the number of persons who have emigrated to the different British colonies in each year, from 1821 to 1829 inclusive, and from this it will be seen, that by far the greatest number have emigrated to the Canadas.

Years.	British North American Colonies.	British West Indies.	Cape of Good Hope.	New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, and Swan River.	Total.
	No. of Persons.	No. of Persons	No. of Persons.	No. of Persons.	No. of Persons.
1821,	12,470	1,772	404	320	14,966
1822,	11,282	1,423	192	875	13,772
1823,	8,133	1,911	184	543	10,771
1824,	7,311	1,353	119	780	9,563
1825,	8,741	1,082	114	485	10,422
1826,	12,818	1,913	116	903	15,750
1827,	12,648	1,156	114	715	14,633
1828,	12,084	1,211	135	1,056	14,486
1829,	13,907	1,251	197	2,016	17,371

NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

ON THE PRODUCE OF BEES.

It is not to be expected that many will attend to bee-husbandry, merely for the sake of pleasure; but profit may induce others to follow that employment during their leisure hours. Often has the industrious labourer, or mechanic, been relieved from embarrassed circumstances, by the toil and labour of a swarm of bees when he could avail himself of no other mode of relief. Not only are bees of immediate profit to their owners: but were they encouraged to the extent of which the pasture of the United Kingdom could permit, they might become even a source of national wealth. It is estimated by persons of learning, that the pasture of Scotland could maintain as many bees as would, on an average, produce 4,000,000 pints of honey, and 1,000,000 lb. of wax. Were this quantity tripled for England and Ireland, the produce of the empire would be 12,000.000 pints of honey and 3,000,000 lb. of wax annually.—The income that would thus arise from honey, at the very moderate price of 5s. per pint, would amount to L.3,000,000 Sterling, and the wax at 1s. 6d. per pound would produce L.225,000 Sterling,—affording, in round numbers, a total of L 3,225.000 annually. The rearing of the bees must therefore appear to be an object worthy of the consideration of all who feel an interest in the welfare of their country. As there are few concerns more profitable than bees, in favourable seasons, considering the small expence that attends them, I humbly beg leave to lay before my readers the following estimate:—Suppose a person to commence with only two hives, which may cost L.3, 10s. Sterling; and allowing each hive, on an average, only to double their number annually, they would increase as follows in a period of ten years:—

1st year,	.....	2 hives.
2d do.	.....	4 do.
3d do.	.....	8 do.
4th do.	.....	16 do.
5th do.	.....	32 do.
6th do.	.....	64 do.
7th do.	.....	128 do.
8th do.	.....	256 do.
9th do.	.....	512 do.
10th do.	.....	1024 do.

At this rate, two hives would produce one thousand and twenty-four swarms in the period of ten years, which, at a very moderate calculation, would be worth L. 1, 15s. Sterling each; so that there would be a clear profit of L. 1792 Sterling, for a little attention to the rearing and proper management of the bees,—allowing the second and third swarms to pay for the hives, stools, labour, and incidental losses. It may be supposed by the above estimate, that the seasons are favourable; but allowing fifty hives to fail, from various causes, there would still remain L. 1704, 10s. Sterling of clear profit. The year 1824 and 1825 were very favourable for bees: the latter was remarkably so. Almost every hive that year swarmed once, many of them twice, and a few even three times; when the store was collected, they weighed from twenty-five to forty lb. each hive. Notwithstanding, I read in the public papers, that honey, to the value of L. 240,000 Sterling, had been imported into Great Britain in the course of this same year, 1825, a most extraordinary sum, and one which, in my humble opinion, might have been easily saved to the nation, if a stricter attention had been paid to the proper encouragement of our own bees. With regard to the profit arising from bees, it ought to be considered, that almost the whole income arising from the sale of honey and wax is clear profit, as they are, at least in Scotland, free from rents and taxes; and the culture of them does not impede or injure any other operation; nor do they require the same constant attendance which most other things, in the train of rural employment, calls for; as one person, with a little assistance at swarming-time, might oversee five hundred hives. Nature having supplied them with magazines richly stored with food, and enabled them to provide for themselves in due seasons, they put their owners to little or no expense in that article,—which cannot be said of any other of our servants. It is often the case, when a man buys a beehive which proves a bad one, that he is led to think that bees will not thrive with him at all, and that it will be vain for him to try them any more. I cannot say any thing, either for or against success in the first trial, but will insist upon good management; and as it must be allowed that bees, when properly managed, are more profitable than many other speculations, it is my humble intention, in the following pages, to give some plain and easy directions for managing these very useful insects through the several seasons of the year; that they may prove of advantage to their owners as well as to the country at large; leaving the more curious than useful description of the formation of the bee, its nature, generation, and other properties, to wiser heads than mine.—*The Bee Garden, or a Treatise on the Management of Bees, by John Wallace, Gardener, Dalguise, Perthshire,*

XERES AND ITS WINES.

The vineyards of Xeres, the nurseries of *sherries*, lie scattered; but supposing them all to be concentrated, they might occupy about 6 miles square. They are mostly planted upon slopes. The wine growers produce a cheap light wine called Moquer, which they mix with the Xeres: wines so mixed are called inferior sherries, and as such in the English markets. The export of sherry wine, and others under the same denomination, from Xeres and Port St. Mary, has been for the years following as under:

In the year	1821, there were exported	1,499 butts.
	1822, ...	11,508
	1823, ...	12,476
	1824, ...	15,059
	1825, ...	21,297
	1826, ...	no return.
	1827, ...	20,150
	1828, ...	26,901
	1829, ...	17,839

The export of 1830 was expected to fall 14,000 butts. The price varies much, from £15 to £65; but as the lower price sherries form the bulk of the export, the average must be stated low—say £26 per butt. The value of the sherries exported is therefore £452,000 sterling—the duty upon the export is £504,600; so that if freight, and the profit of the merchant in London be added, the consumption of sherries exceeds one million sterling yearly. The grape that produces the wine of Xeres, is a green grape; it is allowed to become perfectly ripe, being plucked just before it begins to shrivel; this, in average years, is on the 9th Sept. After the plucking, those growers who are most attentive to their wines, *place the grapes in baskets, exposed to the sun* 48 *hours,—turning and sorting them all the while,* according as they appear to require his attention. It has often been said that sherry is a compound wine, but this is a mistake. The *best pale and light golden sherries* are made from the pure Xeres grape, with only the addition of two bottles of brandy to a butt, which is not more than one 250th part. This brandy is of an excellent quality; it is imported from Catalunia. Neither are the deep golden and brown sherries of the best quality, compound wines, though they may be called mixed wines. The difference is thus produced:—If a butt of brown sherry be wanted, a butt of

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light sherry is boiled down to 1-5th part of its bulk, till it acquire a deep brown colour, and one half of this quantity is added to a butt of the best pale sherry, of course removing from it as much as makes room for this additional 10th part of a butt of boiled wine. When it is said that a butt of light sherry is boiled down, it is not to be understood, that this is a wine of an inferior kind; it is wine produced from the Xeres grape, planted upon a lighter soil, and producing a lighter wine.

Sherries, when adulterated, are not usually adulterated by the London wine merchant, with the exception of those extremely inferior wines, which, from their excessive low price, no one can expect to be genuine wines, and which are probably mixed with Cape. But the class of wines which pass under the denomination of "low priced sherries," are not adulterated in London, but at Xeres—by the grower, not by the exporter. It may always be laid down as a fact, that genuine sherry, *one year old, cannot be imported under* 30*s. per dozen;* and, if to this be added, the profit of the merchant, and the accumulation of interest upon capital on older wine, it is obvious that genuine sherry, 4 years old, cannot be purchased in England *under* 45*s. per dozen.* [The above article is abridged from "Spain in 1830, by H. D. Inglis, 2 vols." a work replete with information. At page 111, vol. 2d, will be found a summary of the management of the vine producing sherry. The Malaga wines are noticed in the same volume, page 190.]

MALAGA RAISINS.

The raisins exported from Malaga are of three kinds; the muscadel, the bloom, or sun-raisins, and lexias. The muscadel raisins of Malaga are the finest in the world. In the preparation of this raison no art is used; the grape is merely placed in the sun, and frequently turned. The bloom or sun-raisin is a different grape from the muscadel; but the process of preparing it is the same; like the other, it is merely sun dried. The lexias acquire this name from the liquor in which they are dipped, and which is composed of water, ashes, and oil; these, after being dipped, are also dried in the sun. In the year 1829, the number of boxes of muscadel and bloom raisins exported was 220,000; each box containing 25 lbs.—eight millions of pounds in all. In the year 1824, seventy-five ships cleared from the port of Malaga for England, with fruit In 1830, up to the first of Nov. 34 vessels had cleared out. It is supposed that Cadiz having been made a *free port*, will have the effect of reviving the export fruit trade of Malaga.—*(Inglis.)*

PRICKLY PEAR.

Every where in the neighbourhood of Malaga the acclivities not occupied by vines, are covered with the prickly pear, which is *cultivated* chiefly for the sake of the *cochineal* which breeds upon it.—*(Ib.)*

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

WEALTH OF THE ANCIENTS.

In Polybius is found a description of Ecbatana, at a period subsequent to the capture of that place by Alexander; and, afterwards, in the reigns of Antigonus and Seleucus.

"The magnificence of the place," he says, "was such in every part, as to give a high idea of the power and wealth of those by whom it had been erected; for, though the wood of it was all cypress or cedar, no part of it was left naked; yet the beams, the roofs, and the pillars that supported the porticos and peristyles, were all covered with plates, some of silver and some of gold. The tiles, likewise, were all of silver. Though the place had been three times plundered by those we have named, before Antiochus arrived, there was still remaining, in the temple of Ena, some pillars cased with gold, and a large quantity of silver tiles, laid together in a heap. There were also some few wedges of gold, and a much greater number of silver. These were coined into money, and amounted to the sum of about five thousand talents."*

Ptolemy Philadelphus, the second king of Egypt after Alexander, is stated by Appian,† upon the authority of official documents, to have possessed treasure to the enormous amount of seven hundred and forty thousand talents: either Roman talents or the small Ptolemaic talent. If the former, which were about equal to the Attic talent, be rendered into money of the present day, it will give the amount as one hundred and seventy-eight millions. If the smaller talent, which seems most correct, be taken, it will amount to at least one quarter of that sum. Though an account of this kind may appear exaggerated, yet there seems no reason to doubt its general veracity The revenues of the Ptolemies were excessively large, and the countries over which their dominions extended were, by the collections, completely drained of all their wrought gold and silver; and the tributes were collected by the farmers of the revenue with the assistance of an armed force, composed, not of regular soldiers, but of organized bands of robbers.

Some idea of the degree of rapacity in extracting revenue under Ptolemy may be formed by comparing the tribute drawn from the provinces of Cœlesyria, Palestine, and Samaria, under Cyrus, as given by Herodotus, and that extorted by the successor of Alexander, as given by Josephus. At the time of Cyrus, the island of Cyprus, was included in the province of Cœlesyria, but in the time of Ptolemy was separated from it. In the first instance, the tribute paid was three hundred and fifty talents.* In the latter instance, it was farmed to Euergetes for eight thousand talents; but, if the taxes were farmed by a Jew he was to pay double that amount, and moreover supply to the royal treasury the money required to redeem the confiscated goods of such persons as had not paid their taxes.†

During the period of the Macedonian empire, the precious metals were spread in great abundance over the whole eastern shores of the Mediterranean; and if there had not been a very large portion of them hoarded up in the royal treasury, their value must have fallen much lower, in comparison with other commodities, than was actually the case.‡

The extension of the Roman empire, until it comprehended almost the whole of the known world, if it tended to diminish the production of the precious metals, powerfully attracted them, from Asia and Africa, to its own metropolis. It is thus that the enormous fortunes of individuals which are related by the historians are to be accounted for. The descriptions of such fortunes, it is true, are not confined to their mere metallic wealth, but include their lands, houses, slaves, and furniture, and also money lent at interest on mortgages, or other securities. But unless the metallic wealth had increased in a prodigious degree, that remarkable rise in the prices of other commodities could not have been experienced which is noticed by all writers. As one among other instances, we know that the house of Marius,§ at Misenum, was purchased by Cornelia for seventy-five thousand drachmas,‖ and a few years after sold to Lucullus for five hundred thousand two hundred drachmas.¶

The fortunes of private individuals may be judged of by a few select notices to be found in contemporary authors. Crassus is said to have possessed in lands *bis millies*,** besides money, slaves, and household furniture, estimated at as much more.†† Seneca is related to have possessed *ter millies*.‡‡ Pallas, the freedman of Claudius, an equal sum. Lentulus, the augar, *quater millies*. §§ C. C. Claudius Isidorus, although he had lost a great part of his fortune in the civil wars, left by his will four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves, three thousand six hundred yoke of oxen, two hundred and fifty-seven thousand head of other cattle, and in ready money *IIS. excenties* ‖‖‖‖

* Polybius, book v. cap. 9.
† Hist. Rom. procem. 10.

* Herodotus, book iii. cap. 89.
† Josephus Antiq. Jud. xii. 4.
‡ See, on this subject, the valuable German work of Professor Bœckh, entitled "Staatshausholtung der Athener," an excellent translation of which was published in 1828, under the title of "Public Economy of Athens."
§ Plutarch. in Maria.
‖ £2,421 17*s.* 6*d.* sterling.
¶ £16,152 5*s.* 10*d.* sterling.
** £1,614,583 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling.
†† Though Crassus had several silver mines and estates of great value, which were profitably managed, yet his revennes from those sources are represented as inconsiderable, when compared with those he derived from his slaves. He had a large number of them, whom he educated, who were taught to become readers, amanuenses, book-keepers, stewards, and cooks. Besides this he made interest of his money, at a high rate, receiving for the use of it one per cent. at the end of each month. It is recorded as a saying of his, "that no man could be accounted rich who was not able to maintain an army out of his own revenues." It should seem that when he was desirous to from a powerful party in the state, he could be occasionally as profuse as he was habitually avaricious; for on one accasion he gave an entertainment to the populace, who were seated at ten thousand tables; and at another time gave them a supply of bread-corn for three months.—*Plutarch, Life of M. Crassus.*
‡‡ £2,421,875 sterling. §§ £3,229,166 sterling.
‖‖‖‖ £484,375 sterling.

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The emperors were possessed of wealth in a proportion commensurate with their superior rank and power. Augustus obtained, by the testamentary dispositions of his friends, *quater decies millies.** Tiberius left at his death *vigesies ac septies millies*,† which Caligula lavished away in a single year.

The expenses of the government, and the debts and credits of the most eminent individuals, seem to have been on the same colossal scale. Vespasian, at his accession, estimated the money which the maintenance of the commonwealth required at three hundred and twenty-two millions nine hundred sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty pounds.

The debts of Milo amounted to *HS. septengenties*.‡ Julius Cæsar, before he held any office, owed thirteen hundred talents; when, after his pretorship, he set out for Spain, he is reported to have said, *Bis millies et quingenties sibi deesse, ut nihil haberet;* that is, that he was two millions and eighteen thousand pounds worse than nothing. When he first entered Rome, at the beginning of the civil war, he took out of the treasury to the amount of one million and ninety-five thousand pounds sterling, and brought into it, at the end of that war, four millions eight hundred and forty-three thousand pounds He is reported to have purchased the friendship of Curio, at the commencement of the civil contests, by a bribe of four hundred eight-four thousand three hundred and seventy pounds; and that of the consul L. Paulus, the colleague of Marcellus, by one of two hundred seventy-nine thousand five hundred pounds ||

Anthony, on the ides of March, when Cæsar was killed, owed three hundred and twenty thousand pounds, which he paid before the kalends of April, and squandered of the public money more than five millions six hundred thousand pounds.¶

Many other instances might be found of vast masses of wealth being collected, of large debts being contracted, and of prodigious sums being expended, either on public occasions, or in private indulgences of the dress, the tables, or the furniture of the Romans, just after the acquisition of universal empire. At that period the treasure, which had been acquired by conquest, had not been generally diffused in the hands of numerous individuals, nor had much of it been consumed by the friction which the practice, soon after extended, of converting large quantities of it into coined money, necessarily occasioned.—(*Jacob.*)

CHOLERAPHOBIA!!!

Is there any human calamity, any divine visitation, which does not give grounds for the speculations of the mercenary?—A sovereign expires;—and tailors and drapers expend half their capital in advertisements of cheap mourning; while rival newspapers cover the walls of half *the* capital with promises of half-a-hundred extra pages in honour of the royal obsequies, and an article on the lying-in-state, instead of lying about the state!—A horrible murder sets the provinces in an uproar; and an exhibition is immediately opened, at sixpence per head, of the sack in which the body was found, and of the oyster-knife which did the deed. Thurtell's progress was dramatized at a minor theatre, with the identical gig and horse; and Maria Martin and Corder, of Red Barn memory, were exhibited in wax work in a travelling van. But of all the prolific horrors ever put forth to paralyze the public mind into idiotism, is that of the Cholera. Far be it from us to treat with levity of so awful a scourge of the human race; but be it equally far from us, and all our countrymen, to be bamboozled into the purchase of paraboue clogs, because the Cholera Morbus is at Hamburgh; or into arraying ourselves in fleecy hosiery, and poisoning ourselve with cajeput on the first symptom of a stomach-ache, because the Grand Duke Constantine died last year, fourteen hundred miles from our metropolis. We cannot take a walk along the Strand, but CHOLERA MORBUS!—**Cholera Morbus**!!—CHOLERA MORBUS!!!—stares us in the face on fifty placards, from fifty different shop-windows. The hosier recommmends his merino stockings,—the glover, his lambswoolled beavers,—the hatter, his waterproofs,—the shoemaker, his cork soles,—the tailor, his double-milled,—the upholsterer, his portable bedsteads,—the tinman, his portable baths,—the chemist, his fumigations, his cloves, peppermint, mustard, opium, linseed, &c. &c. &c.—the distiller, his French brandy,—the baker, his gingerbread nuts,—the undertaker, his patent coffins,—all under sanction of the terrors of the CHOLERA MORBUS!—We are recommended to go and laugh at a new farce,—because mirth and hilarity are the surest preventatives of the Cholera; we are advised to give our attention to a new preacher,—under the impending national visitation of the Cholera. Some dozens of books of Indian travel, which have slept unmolested in divers city warehouses, have been recently dragged from oblivion and puffed into notice, because their several indexes contain the popular watch-words of "Cholera Morbus;" and more than one M. D. unknown to the college, and unheard of except among the bilious coteries of Cheltenham, have suddenly risen in value, like the price of camphor,—cent.-per cent.!

This must not be! Let us not forestal the chastisements of Providence. If the advent of the Cholera Morbus on our shores is fated "to raise the price of dry goods and tobaccos," do not let us anticipate the rise of pig-tail by this unreasonable depression of spirits. Let us not emulate the chambermaid recorded by Steele, who fell to crying because Mr. Trismegistus said there was going to be an eclipse. By eating our customary food and wearing our customary apparel, we shall maintain our accustomed cheerfulness. A panic such as that which is beginning to arise among us is the worst of epidemics. We do hereby protest against such of our kinsfolk and acquaintance as shall present us on New Year's Day with "The Cholera Disarmed," or "A Treatise on the Prevention of Cholera," by way of a new annual; and against any of our friends who shall bestow on us, as a tribute of affection, one of those little varnished cases, which stand like the box of Pandora in the chemists' windows, labelled "Specifics against Cholera." We have very little doubt that this eastern genius lies hidden, like the Bottle Imp, in one of the cut glass bottles of these fashionable liqueur cases.—*(Court Journal.)*

GROWTH OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

It is matter of analysis for the fashionable science of political economy to discover how a country town has grown or by what cement it is united. There is a church, that is the ordinary foundation. Where there is a church there must be a parson, a clerk, a sexton, and a midwife. Thus we account for four houses. An inn is required on the road. This produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher and brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the midwife, the butcher, the smith, the saddler, and the brewer, require a baker, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plum puddings, and a grocer follows. The grocer's wife and parson's wife contend for superiority in dress, whence flows a milliner, a mantua-maker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig, and to shave the smith on Saturday nights, and a stationer to furnish the ladies with paper for their sentimental correspondences; an exciseman is sent to guage the casks, and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies cannot spell. A hatter, a hosier, and a linen draper follow by degrees, and as children come into the world they begin to cry out for rattles and gingerbread. The parson gets idle and gouty, and gets a curate; the curate gets a wife and twenty children; and thus it becomes necessary to have more shoemakers and tailors, and grocers. Alas! too happy people! for in the mean time a neighbouring apothecary, hearing with indignation that there is a community living without physic, places three blue bottles in a window, when on a sudden the parson, the butcher, the inn-keeper, the parson's wife, and the grocer's wife become bilious, and find that they have got nerves, and their children get water in the head, and teeth, and convulsions. They are bled and blistered till a physician finds it convenient to settle; the inhabitants become worse and worse every day, and an undertaker is established. The butcher having called the tailor names over a pot of ale, Snip to prove his manhood knocks him down with his goose. Upon this plea an action of assault is brought at the next sessions. An attorney sends his clerk over to take depositions and collect evidence; the clerk finding a good opening sets all the people by the ears, becomes a pettyfogging attorney, and peace flies the village for ever. But the village becomes a town, acquires a bank, a mechanics' institute, a circulating library, and a coterie of old maids; and should it have existed in happier days, might have gained a corporation, a mayor, a mace, a quarter sessions of its own, a country assembly, the assizes, and the gallows.—*Dr. Maculloch.—Hobart Town Courier.*

Progress of Manufactures in Australia.—The following very interesting sketch of the state of the useful arts in this flourishing colony, is abridged from the annual speech of Sir John Jamison, the President of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of New South Wales, as reported in the *Sydney Gazette* of October 16, 1830:—"Mr. S. Lord, after many years perseverance, has succeeded in manufacturing coarse cloth and blankets, which are very durable, and are readily sold to the extent of the supply. Mr. Robert Cooper, besides his splendid distillery, is engaged in erecting a building for the manufacture of cloth, and has sent to England for skilful manufacturers and machinery. His success cannot be doubted. It is amongst the drawbacks to our prospecity, that we have not yet manufactured all the coarse cloth, blankets, flannels, &c. necessary for our own use, and it may be apprehended, that the durability and superiority of our wool will not be known so as to be justly appreciated, until it is manufactured free from the mixture of inferior European wools: The manufactories of Messrs Dickson, Wilshire, Mackie, and Aspinal, already make soap and candles, not only sufficient for the consumption of the population of New South Wales, but also for export to Van Diemen's Land. The soap, in quality, is allowed to be as good the best English, and candles are approaching to European perfection. A discovery has been made by Mr. Mackie, that the ashes of the mangrove tree, which grows wild on most parts of the sea coast, are as good a subcarbonate of soda as Spanish barilla, and these trees are so numerous, that the supply must be quite inexhaustible. The price of the best soap, in consequence of this advantage, ought never to be more than one farthing per pound above that of tallow, now from 2*d.* to 3*d.* per pound the course of last year only, Mr. Aspinal paid £1200 for colonial barrilla, used in his manufactory. To Mr. Wilshire is due the credit of establishing the first tan-yard; he last year tanned and manu-

* £32,129,666 sterling.
† £21,796,875 sterling. ‡ £565,104 sterling.
|| It is remarked by Pliny (book xxxiii. cap. 3,) that the city of Rome never possessed so much money as at the beginning of the war between Cæsar and Pompey.
¶ See Adam's Roman Antiquities, 9th edit. p. 461, from whence, as far as regards Rome, the facts are selected, and where the evidence on which each of them rests is pointed out.

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factured 2000 hides, 5000 kangaroo skins, 8000 sheep skins, and 7 rolls of parchment of 60 skins each. Mr. W. had so many competitors, that there is enough of leather prepared for colonial use, and a surplus of green hides exported to England; he last year paid no less than £500 to persons for collecting mimosa bark. Flax enough is obtained from New Zealand, at a cheap rate, for colonial purposes, and a surplus for exportation." Sir John concludes this branch of his subject by emphatically observing, "I hope the period is not far distant, when we shall manufacture all the woollen goods we require, distil our spiritous liquors, brew as much beer as we want, and, above all, make the whole of the wine and oil we stand in need of." The newspaper from which we have quoted the above, is itself a proof of the advance of Australia; it is of as large a size, as well edited, and as well printed, as the most respectable of our English journals. It appears thrice a week.—*Mechanics' Magazine, September* 1831.

The following, says the *Colombia Spy*, has been sent to us as something which has never been published. We insert it, therefore, as original:—

MYNHEER'S BREAKFAST AND BACCOON HUNT.—In de morning ven you kits oop, I dakes a rite; unt vent you kums tre oder vour mielt I trink a chill of shinn; den ven you kits tre mielt furder, I trinks anuder chill of shinn; unt ven you ish peen kum to my brudder My callsh vun oder mielt stones furder, I trink a tird chill. But I tell you vat I eats for mine breakefast:

25 Ekks—3 piskets,
1 tuzen picklet Herrinks,
1 yung chicken,
2 oder tre puntches liddel Rettishes,
haaf tuzen liddel pisket,
1 ret Kappiges unt finegars,
15 Kups of Koffee,
1 oder 2 chills of shinn,
wid oder nig nags.

Unt I dels mi brudder Mycallsh if he ish cot any coot cidersh? unt he asked me 'yish he's cot sum excellent zour beer, unt he's sorri its peen all gone.' Den my horse Tobbins unt me kit mount our satlles upon our pellies, wid mi brudder Mycallsh hors on him, unt rite as if de ferry tivele was before us, to hunt de Harracoon, unt I dels mi brudder Mycallsh if I vill climp de dree oop, unt shaak town de Harra coon? so ven we hat peen shase in goot vile, he climp de dree oop, unt I catsh him pehints; but de tivel skin mate vaater in mine eyes, unt plint me so I dumble from de pottom of de dree to de top, shlaam pang, vlat on my breeches pehindt unt my brudder Mycallsh stopoy 'mi dog Fowler.' 'Get out youu tivels skin? Vat is it you?' 'To be sure it is.' 'Be youu tead?' 'To be sure I am, for mi collar pone is proak. So we catsh nobody, but vun dumble unt prake my pipes unt topacco, pesites spill all my shinn pottles in a hundred pit into the pargan. —*New York Evg. Journal.*

QUALIFICATIONS OF A WIFE.

These are set forth in the "Worcester Journal 1761" to the following effect:—

Great good-nature, and a prudent generosity.

A lively look, a proper spirit, and a cheerful disposition.

A good person, but not perfecty beautiful,—a moderate height,—complexion not quite fair, but a little brown.

Young by all means—old by no means.

A decent share of common sense, just seasoned with a little repartee—a small modicum of wit, but no learning: no learning, I say again and again (either ancient or modern) upon any consideration whatever.

Well, but not critically, skill'd in her own tongue.

In spelling a little becoming deficiency; and in the doctrine of punctuation (or what is generally call'd stopping) by no means conversant.

A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic; but no sort of skill in fractions.

A more than tolerably good voice, and a little ear for music—a capability of singing (in company,) but no peculiar and intimate acquaintance with minims, crotchets, quavers, &c.

Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than to fine—no enemy to knitting.

Not always in the parlour, but sometimes in the kitchen—yet more skilled in the theory, than in the practice of cookery.

Fonder of country dances than minuets.

An acquaintance with domestic news, but no acquaintance with foreign.

Not entirely fond of quadrille, but a little given to whist.

In conversation a little of the lisp, but not of the stammer.

Local Taxation of England and Wales.—By a Return laid before the House of Commons in the last session of Parliament, it appears, that in the year ending the 25th of March, 1827, the amount of local taxes levied on the real property of England and Wales was:

For Highway Rates, . . .	£1,121,834.
Church Rates, ...	564,388.
Relief of the Poor, Country Rates, &c.	7,803,465.
	£9,489,687

Which, on the annual value of the real property, ending the 5th April, 1815, namely, £51,893,423, is 3s. 8d. per pound, or about 18⅓ per cent.

POPE GREGORY AND THE PEAR-TREE.

HUGO BON COMPAGNO was one of the gayest of the gay children of the south. He had archness and vivacity—a bright eye and a ready tongue. He was the favourite of the neighbours, and was predestined by the monk who taught him Latin, to make a great figure in the world. Hugo had formed a close friendship with a youth about his own age,—the son of a gardener; in all respects his inferior, save in that plastic quality of temper that moulded itself to the will of others, and which by its docility made, very frequently, a far deeper impression on those who knew him, than the more apt and vivacious qualities of his patronizing companion. However, the two lads were firm friends, and in the day-dreams of boyhood, ere the warm impulses of our nature become chilled in the school of selfishness—ere, in our progress through the world, we imperceptibly imbibe so great a portion of its clay—the youths had but one hope, saw but one fortune for both. Wealth, if they gained any, was to be equally shared by them—honours, if they came, must be participated by either. So dreamt they in the delicious time of youth, so lived they in one of the liveliest spots of Italy,—at a village some few miles from Bologna. The world, as yet lay before them, an undiscovered country; they saw it, as the great navigator saw in his dreams, the distant yet unknown land: a halo of glory was about it—it was rich in fruits and flowers, and spicy forests and mines of gold.

At length the time arrived, when this romantic region was to be explored. Hugo was to go into the world.—At the period of which we write, the church was the surest road to honor: and Hugo, as we have before implied, had that keen and subtle temperament, that untiring perseverance, and that aptitude for book-learning, which in those days were considered the indispensible requisites for one who, in ostensibly devoting himself to God, sought to grasp at temporal sway; and who, as he bowed with a seeming inward reverence to the Cross, leered with a miser's eye at Mammon and his heaps. Hugo was devoted to the church: he quitted his native village, and grown beyond childish years, and having cast away "all childish things," he became a monk, and in his function pored over that awful volume, so blotted with crime, so stained with tears, so confused, so scrawled with error—that mystery of mysteries—the human heart. Thus he laboured, all his thoughts and feelings attuned to one purpose—worldly ambition. His home, his relatives, the companions of his youth, the scenes of his boyhood—all, all were forgotten—the monk had killed the man.

"Well, Hugo," said Luigi, with a saddened air—"to-morrow you quit us: to-morrow you leave the village, and the saints alone know, if we shall ever meet again."

"Meet again, Luigi, and why not?—you will come and see me—I shall sometimes come here. We shall see one another often—very often."

"Yes—see one another! But you will only be to me as the ghost of a dead friend!"

"The ghost of a friend! Can I ever forget Luigi—my earliest playmate—the brother of my heart, though not of my blood?—Trust me, I shall ever love you."

"A monk love!—a monk has neither parents, nor friends!"

"No: he loves, with an equal affection, all mankind!"

"Aye—and only with all, must Luigi take his share. Farewell, Hugo, and the Virgin bless you:" and Luigi turned away with ill-concealed emotion, and endeavoured to proceed with his work Hugo was likewise sensibly affected by the sincere passion of his friend. And let not the reader too hastily condemn the scene as weak and puerile—hitherto Luigi, although he had known and conceded to the superiority of Hugo, yet felt proud of the excellence that had cast its favour upon himself. He now saw in it the cause of separation; he now felt that he was the humble Luigi, the gardener, destined to eat from his daily toil—and that Hugo, his earliest and choicest friend, was to be severed from him to pursue a path, it might be, of glory and renown. Luigi continued at his work—

"What are you going to plant there?" asked Hugo.

"A pear-tree—and it is said to be of a rare kind."

"Stay, let me help you," rejoined Hugo; and approaching Luigi, he assisted him in planting the young shrub, for it was little more. Whilst thus employed, they uttered not a word—each drew a sombre picture of the future, and for the time, Hugo felt that he could give up all hopes of the power and splendour, promised to him in his dreams, and in those reveries more delicious, though often as equally vain, as the visions of the night—that he could forego all temporal pomp, all spiritual dominion, rather than wound the honest heart beside him.—For a moment, the genius of the place seemed to ask him—"Why not abide here in the home of thy father—why not rest with us, and get thy food from the earth—why pant for the commerce of the world, 'as the hart panteth after the water-brooks?'" Ere the young tree stood supported by the earth, this feeling had subsided, as it had never risen, and Hugo stood again about to say farewell to Luigi, who looked at him with a look of mingled sorrow and distrust.

"Luigi," exclaimed Hugo, with sudden animation—"let this tree be as a covenant between us. As it stands, it is no unapt type of your friend. The rich earth is about its roots, and the 'dew will lie upon its branches;' with the blessings of the saints, it may put forth swelling buds and leaves, and rich and odorous fruit—and men may pluck refreshing sweetness from its boughs, and rejoice beneath their shade. So may it grow up, and so may it adorn the land that doth sustain it: and, Luigi, it may be that it may pine and shrink, and never put forth one green leaf—or blight may eat its buds, and canker gnaw its heart, and so, cut down, it may be cast upon the fire, and so may perish. Thus stands your friend: I shall be planted in the

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church, Luigi, -in that soil, rich with the flesh and blood of saints—heaven may rain its dews upon me, and I may put forth glorious fruit—and, Luigi, (the voice of the speaker became slightly tremulous)—these hopes may be a melancholy mockery of my fate—for I may perish, unknown, unhonoured, unregretted. I know not how to account for it, my mind is possessed by a sudden superstition—I feel, and it is an odd, perhaps an unchristian fancy, that this tree will be the symbol of my destiny: if it flourish, I shall prosper; if it fade, Hugo will decay too. But, however it may be, Luigi, the hearts of our youth shall, in their friendship, be the hearts of our old age. And though we shall meet, yes often meet, yet here I promise, that there is no time so distant, no state so high, hat even though, parting here as youths, we never meet but as grey-headed men—that here embracing in this humble garden, we next encountered in the halls of kings—I give my solemn word that you shall be to me the same Luigi, I the same Hugo."

Luigi grasped the hand of the speaker—"Heaven prosper you, Hugo—and forget not your friends—Remember, remember the pear-tree."

Hugo quitted his paternal home; years passed on, and whilst Luigi, a happy and contented man, tilled his grouud and propped his vines, and saw his ruddy offspring flourishing around him—whilst he enjoyed that great gift of Paradise, "a country life," and lived in an atmosphere of serenity and sweetness, Hugo was toiling through the devious path of *church-craft*, a childless man. He was a *politician* and a *priest*—then, more than ever, twin-flowers upon one stalk—he had advanced in dignity, and had almost within his grasp, that bright reality, the shadow of which had shone like a star upon his tide of life, and tempted him to ford all depths, to dare all dangers, to hold all toil as nought.

And Luigi lived on, and became an old man. His children's children frolicked under the shadow of the pear-tree, which shot up, and spread out, as though some spirit were specially charged to tend it.

"Ha!" cried Luigi, "'tis a rare crop:" as two of his grandchildren, perched in the boughs, plucked the fruit, and threw it into the laps of their little sisters, who piled it in two large baskets—"'tis a rare crop," repeated Luigi, "and if Hugo bear put half as much, there are few richer among the brotherhood. He said, as this tree flourished, so should he prosper: he was a true prophet; though 'tis well he left something behind to inform me of his increasing greatness—it seems I should never have known it from himself."

Hugo had, shortly after his departure, forgotten his friend, who, however, continued to tread the same humble, happy path, in which he had at first set out. He had had nothing to disquiet him, no losses, no family afflictions; the dove, peace, had always nestled in his cot—and it was not until the old man was bending downwards to the grave, that misfortune threatened his hearth-stone.

A man of high birth and immense wealth had built a magnificent palazzo in the neighbourhood of Luigi's cottage. This man was connected by marriage, with the family of Hugo. He was purse proud and despotic, making of his gold a sword against the poor. One day, it was his arrogant whim that the cottage of the gardener interfered with the beauty of the prospect from the palazzo. It was almost instantly conveyed to Luigi, that he must seek another abode, as the land on which the house was built, together with the gardens, belonging to his potent neighbour, were to be devoted to other purposes. The intelligence fell with a heavy blow upon the old man. To leave the cottage—the roof under which himself, his fathers were born—to quit his gardens, his trees, things which, next to his own children, he loved with a yearning affection—the very thought of it appeared to him a kind of death. He refused to quit—he remonstrated—implored: it was of no avail—the cottage interfered with the prospect.

One evening the old man, half bewildered, had returned from a fruitless journey to the palazzo. He sat down in his garden, and looked with swimming eyes upon his mirthful children (heedless pretty ones, whose very happiness gives a deeper melancholy to a house of sorrow); shocked and wounded by the tyranny of his landlord, he glanced at Hugo's Pear-Tree—(for so he always called it.) The old man leapt from his seat—his resolution was taken—he would go to Rome—he would, as a last hope, strive to find some part of his boyish playmate Hugo, in the wrinkled, politic churchman. All things were soon ordered for his journey, and he quitted the cottage, bearing with him a small basket, filled with the finest pears plucked from Hugo's tree. Luigi arrived in Rome—and now, with a sinking heart, now with a confidence based on honest pride, he sought the presence of the Holy Father. Appearing before the servants of his Holiness, Luigi asked for an audience of Messer Hugo Bon Compagno? When reminded of that unbecoming familiarity, Luigi replied, that he knew not Pope Gregory XIII., but was a dear friend of Hugo's, and therefore demanded to see his companion, not caring, he said, to trouble the pope.

To this Luigi obstinately adhered, continually urging, with great earnestness, that he should be admitted to the presence of his early comrade. There was a simplicity in the old man's manner that for once won upon the minions of the great; and the strange demand of Luigi being reported to his Holiness, he was with great ceremony ushered before the sovereign Pontiff—before the man who was courted by emperors, flattered by kings. All retired, and the rustic and God's vicar upon earth were confronted.

How changed, since the friends had last met!—Then they were, at least in fortunes, almost equal. Now, one was bent beneath the load of empire—worshipped as one only "a little lower than the angels"—the triple crown upon his head—St. Peter's keys within his hand. What has the poor gardener to shew against all these?—a basket of pears!

"Now, my son," said Pope Gregory—"you sought Hugo Bon Compagno—you find him in Gregory the Thirteenth. What ask you at his hands?"

"Justice, most holy father—justice and no favour."

"Speak."

"I made with another, in my time of youth, a mutual compact of kindness and protection—we vowed that whichever should prosper in his fortune, should serve and assist the other."

"It was a Christian promise. Well? Stand you in need of succour?"

"Most grievously—oppression has come upon me in my old age."

"And your friend forsakes you in your need? Have you witnesses to the compact of which you speak?"

"Yes—this basket of pears!"

"Pears!" cried the pontiff, and light darted from his eyes as he fixed them earnestly on Luigi—

"We planted the tree on which they grew—'Let this tree be a covenant between us'—were the words of my companion. He and the tree have flourished: for forty years that tree has never failed; for every year it hath brought forth a crop of luscious fruit—and I have sat beneath that tree and wondered how it could be so bountiful to me, when he who helped to plant it, he who was bending beneath his honours and his wealth, had forgotten to send me even a single pear."

"Luigi—Luigi,"—exclaimed the pontiff, and with a face crimsoned with blushes, he threw his arms about the rustic!—*Their grey heads lay on each other's shoulder.* Thus they continued for some moments, and then Luigi, stooping to the basket, presented a pear to Gregory: he took it, and looking at it, burst into tears.

Luigi kept his cottage.—*(Monthly Mag.)*

REPORTING PROGRESS—BRIGHTON BADINAGE.

IN the days of our grandmothers of powder-and-pomatum memory, it is well known that every dowager having daughters to dispose of in the markets of Ranelagh and Pantheon, was fortunate in two strings to her bow,—or rather in two beaux to her belle. Instead of allowing Miss Priscilla or Miss Maria to waste her charms on the desert air of London, when London was out of town, or on the airless vacuity of their country seat, when the County races had done their best and worst for the unmarried beauties of the neighbourhood, the family physician was coaxed into declaring Papa's "bunions, corns, and callosities," a genuine fit of the gout; Bath was peremptorily prescribed; and Prissy became the heroine of the pump room, and the toast of York House. Jaded and faded belles were instantaneously renovated by the atmosphere of King Bladud's city; and the second-rate society of London rose like a balloon, by inflation, when permitted to expand itself among the coteries of Bath.

The French Revolution—(that sweeping clause of the Bill of human pains and penalties,)—the French Revolution, which shook the reign of Folly to its centre, and replaced her cap and bells with the *bonnet rouge* and tri-color, struck the first blow at that gaudy Pagoda which Fashion had elevated as her temple on the banks of the Avon. During the wars which followed, the Furies which, with their torches, were loosed upon the earth, soon spread ruin and havoc in this and similar resorts. There was no more Bath,—no more Tunbridge,—no more Nash,—no more pantiles,—no more nothing. Cheltenham attracted a few nabobs and half-pay Captains; Harrogate a few Yorkshire magnificoes and genuine scorbuties; but there was no longer a Vanity Fair among the watering places, where the damaged goods of London could be disposed of at half-price at the close of the season; and where the echoes of May Fair fiddle-faddle, and the shadows of the Phantasmagoria of St. James's, could be heard and seen to the best advantage.

To remedy these deficiencies, Brighthelmstone, like Venus of old, arose from the scum of the sea; and was, for some time, peopled by the scum of the earth,—by the aristocracy of Whitechapel, and the rank and fashion of Holborn Hill. But the popular idol of the day, the heir apparent, "*the* Prince," having conceived a predilection for its shingles, the Pavilion afforded a new altar for the worship of fashion; hills were levelled, and sands substantiated, to render its London road as straight as the aim of a pea-shooter; the shops and stage-coaches of this marine suburb of the Metropolis soon multiplied with compound interest: the fishing village became a town—a city—a winter world for the great, and a summer world for the gross; a refuge for retired cits, widows with limited jointures, and spinsters on the look-out for both. Boarding-houses, and houses for the bored,—parades for loungers, and loungers for parades,—"rose like an exhalation" from the West cliff to the East. New squares, new terraces, new streets, gardens, crescents, and places, clustered in swarms around the grand mosque of the Pavilion. All the sycophantic limpets of the *beau monde* attached themselves to the Regent's rock; and aspiring citizens clung, like barnacles, to the stern of the Royal yacht. Brighton was found the most convenient sanctuary in which Majesty could take refuge from its cares of state; and divers of the aristocracy, who were covetous of an excuse for getting rid of the provincial hospitalities of Christmas,—good old white-bearded Christmas,—established their winter residence under sanction of his late Majesty's partiality.

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We do not imagine that Bath, in its best days,—before it became a by-word as the emporium of flashy gentility,—ever exhibited such a choice of fashionable society as Brighton at the present time; nor do we anticipate any chance of a decadence in its popularity. The convenience of its distance from the Metropolis, and the peculiar advantages attendant on its intercourse with the continent, secure the predilection of the secondary classes; while its exclusive visiters are not molested, as in Bath, by the necessity of sharing their pleasures with the profane and uninitiated. There are now as many "sets" at Brighton as at Paris; as many in proportion, as in London. The Duke may enjoy his treble-refined dinners,—their Majesties a more extended hospitality;—Lady A——, her circle of "matchless,"—Lady B——, of mixed acquaintance. *Lady* Sophia is enabled to spread her nets among heirs apparent, and an infinite variety of the "commonly called;" while *Miss* Sophia is fortunate enough to select her partner from a host of bold dragoons and galloping lancers. Nay, we ourselves discover so wide a field for our lucubrations in the originalities of Brighton, that we must needs make it the subject of a series of papers.

Some twenty or five-and twenty years ago, it is well known that Brighton presented an unexceptionable ladder of promotion to those who were on the look-out for a bean-stalk, whereby to climb into the Ogre's place. Persons of aspiring views, doubtful fashion, and decided subserviency, were accustomed to bathe themselves into the notice of a prince, with whom the scanty attractions exhibited at that period, by this most celebrated of modern bathing places, afforded an inadequate substitute for the pleasures of society. The Pavilion was not then sufficiently enlarged to admit of the establishment of a select circle beneath its roof; the Continent, still closed against the wanderings of the illustrious idle, did not yet seem to place Brighton on the high-road to Paris; and the lions and tigers of the menagerie were accordingly occasionally let loose for the diversion of a royal hunt. By adminstering dexterously to the ennuis of hour, many contrived to establish a claim on the illustrious ennuyé. Subsequent knighthoods, and other trifling doles of the small coin of royal patronage, have been traced back to a good story or a good song, sung or said on a rainy day, at Brighton; and more than one detachment of the awkward squad has been detected in the Carlton-House coteries, and pointed out by the malicious, as belonging to "the Pavilion set." On this hint, great was the influx of the *place-hunting and time serving.* Shovel-hats were seen scudding along the Steyne, which would gladly have taken shelter in the sanctified seclusion of Hastings of Sandgate; and many a dowager, ambitious of a small commissionership for one of six younger sons, annually bestowed on the Marine Parade the tediousness of her untirable and unimpeachable whist, who would have infinitely preferred the half-crown circles of Worthing or Ramsgate.

His late Majesty, who has been pointed out by that malevolent re-action of the public voice, so terrible to the memory of kings, as "exclusive" and captious in the dispensation of his notice,—as a man devoted to sensual and selfish, seclusion,—was known, for a long series of years, to the Brighton visiters, as the most urbane and amiable and forbearing of hosts. Till driven into retirement by the increasing symptoms of a painful infirmity, he was in the habit of extending his hospitality, winter after winter, to all persons, of respectable character and degree, aspiring to his notice. We remember an instance of his Royal Highness's entering into conversation, while still Regent, with an obscure lieutenant of infantry, who had been included in the general invitation extended to the regiment quartered in the town; and, pleased with the intelligence of his remarks, seating himself near the young officer for the greater part of the evening. On another occasion, a gentleman of high reputation, a captain in the East India Company's naval service, was induced to tender to his Royal Highness's acceptance two Chinese lanterns, of unusual magnificence, for the decoration of the Pavilion. The offering was graciously accepted; but, a few days afterwards, a fine horse was led to Captain ——'s stables from those of the Regent; and he was himself shortly afterwards included in a dinner invitation,—an honour occasionally repeated during his stay at Brighton.

Such instances of royal condescension were sufficient to bring together a motley congregation of major-generals on the search for the Guelphic,—Irish deans, country baronets, Sussex squires, and an infinite variety of *vicars of Bray,* of all counties, classes, and persuasions; and whereas that select circle of persons of rank, attracted in some degree by similar pretensions, became accessible, in a similar manner, to a still lower grade of adventurers, Brighton was seen to afford an admirable stepping-stone for the ambitions of every order of society. Nothing is more common than for the frequenters of the place at that epoch, (returning at the present time) to declare, after gazing with envy on the aristocratic splendours of the new squares and hotels, that "Brighton is spoiled?—that it has lost all the sociability which used to render it so pleasant in former days." These murmurs, being interpreted, simply express that its circles having been widely extended,—thanks to the charm of that very sociability they were wont to find so charming,—it has been found necessary to enlarge the meshes of the net, in order to favour the escape of some of the lesser fry; and to filter away impurities with greater care. Among such a host of pretendants as have gradually swelled the lists, selection becomes necessary as well as desirable; cloaks and pattens gave way to flys,—flys to carriages; and the "sociability" of Brighton, like that of other places, now extends to pine apples and champagne. The small boarding houses, so consonant with the inclinations of half pay majors and maiden ladies of diminutive independence, are eclipsed by the stately splendour of the Clarence; and the one pastry-cook, with his thimblefull of citric-acid ice, has given way to ——————, but we exceed! A renewal of the habits of courtiership of former times has alone directed our pens towards the aspect of the society of modern Brighton; and, in an ensuing number, we may be tempted to enter more particularly into the minutiæ of the picture.—*Court Journal.*

SELECT NOTICES.

Apology for John Knox.—The most complete condition of polity can exist without pictures or statues, and men are made more happy by the enjoyment of their privileges, than by any of the flowers of fancy. The political sciences, however, are considered as the mere drudgery of homely life, and where they are most cultivated, they pass unnoticed by ordinary minds. The Appollo Belvedere is known to many thousands more than are acquainted with the 39th article of the British Magna Charta; yet, that article has done more real good to the world than all that ever grew under the magic hand of Phidias and Praxiteles.—*(Chenevix.)*——*Temperance Societies.*—The Duke and Duchess of Breadalbane have signed the Temperance list, and interdicted the use of ardent spirits at the Castle. Temperance Societies are forming in all parts of England, and ladies attend the public meetings.——*Highland Society.*—Lady Mackenzie, of Gairloch, has been elected a member without the ceremony of ballot.——*Scientific Expeditions.*—The new expedition ordered by the present Board of Admiralty, is intrusted to the command of Capt. Fitzroy, who has recently sailed in the *Beagle,* from Plymouth. After a visit to the southern shores of South America, Capt. F. will cross the Pacific, and make observations upon the various coralline islands, with which that ocean is studded near the Equator. He will also visit N. S. Wales, cross the Indian ocean, and return by the Cape of Good Hope. Capt. F. was employed in the vessel he now commands, under the orders of Capt. King. The *Etna,* Capt. Belcher, has also sailed for the Coast of Africa, to resume the survey of that Coast to the South of Cape Verga.——*The Ettrick Shepherd.*—Hogg was discovered in Mr. Irvine's Church in London, in January last. He was wrapped in tartan, and was paying devout attention to the preacher's powerful discourse.——*Burns.*—Extraordinary exertions were making in London at the beginning of the year to celebrate the birth-day of Burns'. It was expected that all the Scottish *literati* would be present. It is a singular fact that Hogg's birth-day (25th Jan) is the same with Burns. Genius found the one at the plough, and the other at the sheep-fold. At this Scottish Literary dinner, Sir Jas. Malcolm was to preside. The following is a list of the stewards, Lord F. L. Gower, Sir M. S. Stewart, Sir G. Warrender, Sir J. Hay, Sir G. Murray, Sir J. McIntosh, Sir J. Read, Sir J. Shaw, Sir. P. Lawrie, Sir J. Rennie; the Members of Parliament, Messrs. Grant, Bulwar, McKillop, Mackinnon, Traile, and Scott; literary men, Messrs. Sotheby. J. Campbell, Lockhart, Hook, Galt, Cunningham, Pringle, Croker, Coleridge, Jerdan, Maginn, Fraser, Logan, &c.—Artists, Messrs. Wilkie, Chantrey, Spottiswoode, Stuart, Marchison, Cruikshanks, Murray, Wardrop, Hastie, Richardson, Miller, Boyd, Furguson, Anderson, Martin, Fullarton, Capts. Hall and Blair, and Sir. M. Shee.——*Bonaparte* used to say that "impossible" was the adjective of fools.——*Chinese notion of dancing.*—When Commodore Anson was at Canton, and gave a ball on some court holiday, a Chinese, who very quietly surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party—"Why d'ont you let your servants do this for you?"——*George the III.* was one of the most upright monarchs that ever sat on a throne; he curtailed his prerogative in two most essential points; and added another bond to keep the key-stone of the arch immoveable.—*(Chenevix.)*——*The Kingly Power.*—There is a superior solidity ever belonging to the power of the Crown, as compared with any other body of men, or party, or even with either of the other branhces of the legislature. A party has *influence,* but properly speaking no *power.* The Houses of Parliament have abundance of power, but as bodies, little or no influence. The Crown has both power and influence, which, when exercised with wisdom and steadiness will always be found too strong for any opposition whatever, till the zeal and fidelity of party attachments shall be found to increase in the proportion of the increased influence of the executive power.—*(Fox's James.)*——*Cholera.*—A Dr. *Duterte,* a French Physician, writes to the French Academy of Sciences, that he will give himself up to be guillotined, if his remedy for the cure of Cholera fails in a single instance.——*Tithes.*—Dr. Meyrick, whose minute acquaintance with the ancient history of our country is well known, (see his Work on Ancient Armour in the Public Library,) has at a County Meeting at Hereford, denied that Tithes can be traced to a divine origin. He accounts for their origin in this way. A Saxon king murdered his brother, and, to get rid of the clamour of the people who inveighed against the atrocity, the royal culprit had recourse to the clergy. The latter agreed to exercise their influence in his favour, provided they received an adequate permanent compensation for so great a benefit. The terms were complied with, and the wages of this transaction are still paid under the appellation of Tithes.——*Hours of Mortality.*—It has been proved beyond dispute, that the mortality of mankind is greater at some hours than at others. The largest number die between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon; less from the latter hour until 8 o'clock in the evening; fewer again from 12 to 1 A.M; fewer

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still from 8 to 10 A.M; and fewest of all from 10 o'clock P.M. to 3 o'clock A.M.——*Signs of the Times.*—A large room has been opened in London by a Political Union, and in the rules for the formation of a Library and public discussions, the *Sabbath* has been voted as not worthy of observance. Fox, the Unitarian Preacher, was the leading speaker, and argued stoutly in favour of *non observance.*——*National Industry.*—The great pyramid of Egypt, was considered by antiquity, as one of the wonders of the world. The masses of which it is constructed are enormous: they were collected at a considerable distance from their present site: they now cover more than eleven English acres, and are piled up to the height of about 700 feet. The construction, according to Diodorus Siculus, employed 36,000 workmen; according to Herodotus, 100,000, during 20 years. Now, if all the steam-engines which Britain possessed in 1820, had been employed to raise from the quarries the materials used in building the great pyramid, to collect them, and to place them in their present situation, they could have performed the task in 18 hours! Therefore, the mechanical power of British steam engines is to that of the Egyptian monarch, Cleops, inversely as 18 hours to 20 years, or very near ten thousand times as great!——*Book Trade, 31st Dec.*—The trade is extremely dull: little doing in the publishing way, except a few wretched novels, and the periodicals. In London alone, 600 letter-press printers are out of employment. In the country there are thousands in the same predicament.—*Edinburgh Post.*——*How to discover genuine Macassar Oil.*—Rub a deal box with it at night, and if it turns out a hair trunk in the morning, all's right.——*Tea.*—In 1745, the Scottish Lady P. buttered a pound of green tea, sent her as an extraordinary delicacy, dressed it as a condiment to a rump of salted beef, and complained that no degree of boiling would render these foreign greens tender!——*Clerical Learning.*—The Bishop of Lincoln, in a late charge delivered at a Visitation, says—"I do not think that I shall be charged with fixing too high a standard of qualification, when I say, that the candidate for the ministry ought to be thoroughly conversant with the Greek Testament; with the chronology of the Scriptures, and connection of profane with sacred history; with Jewish antiquities; with Natural Theology; with the Evidences of Christianity, and with the Doctrines of the Church as propounded in the Articles and Liturgy." The Bishop observes in his charge, that his predecessor, Bishop Tomline's list of Theological Works, recommended to students, is deficient, and adds the following: Prideaux's Connection, Horne's Introduction (an excellent book,) Paley's Natural Theology, Burnet on the Articles, and Butler's Analogy.——*Bell's Life in London.*—This paper, on the authority of Mr. Wakefield, is read with great avidity by all the rogues, pick-pockets, thieves, and house-breakers of London and Westminster.——*Pamphleteering.*—The writers of such are all on the alert. The three grand subjects—the Cholera, the Burkings, and the Church.——*Emigration.*—In the expectation of a coming storm, a number of highly respectable families in various parts of England have sold off, and proceeded to Canada.——*The Colonies.*—While Europe is awaiting revolution in all its kingdoms, it is singular that the other quarters of the globe are assuming an unexampled tranquility. The settlers in Canada, Nova Scotia, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, and the Cape, are all going on smoothly, safely, and swimmingly; rearing bullocks, taming buffaloes, training vines, planting potatoes, and shearing sheep.—*(Monthly Magazine.)*——*A Novelty.*—A Master McKean has started a new set of faculties, which throw the entire old system into the shade. He can, with his eyes blindfolded, and his back turned to the experimenter, tell the colour, and all external properties of any designated object whatever. A piece or pieces of money, keys or trinkets of any description may be produced by any of the company, and he will instantly tell how how many there are—whether composed of gold, silver, brass, steel, or copper! the date and value of the coins, and describe every other article very minutely, even should there appear a spot on them. His next feat is, he will ask the favour of any lady or gentleman of the company to speak softly within themselves, so that they may not be heard by those who sit on the right or left, and he will instantly repeat them, although at 100 yards distance.—*(Ib.)*——Sir Walter Scott is still under quarantine at Naples. *Gazette d'Augsbourg, 27th December.*——Contents of the *Quarterly* for January:—1. Madame Junot's Memoirs; 2. Origin of the Latin Language and Roman People; 3. Wiltshire Emigrants to Canada—Condition of the Labouring Classes; 4. Senior's Letter on the Irish Poor; 5. State and Prospects of Ireland; 6. Béranger's Songs; 7. History of English Dramatic Poetry; 8. Tour in England, Ireland, and France, by a German Prince; 9. Progress of Misgovernment.——*Temperance Soiree.*—At a meeting of the members of the Temperance Society in the Calton Convening Room, Edinburgh, 17th Dec. upwards of 400 persons partook of tea and coffee. Capt. Knox occupied the chair. The healthy and happy faces of the company presented a cheering and joyous spectacle. The meeting was altogether one of the most interesting ever remembered in this city.—*(Edinburgh Post.)*——*Visit to the King.*—The Rev. Dr. Burns, of Paisley, has published an interesting account of a recent visit to the King. The description is worthy of the Vicar of Wakefield, or of the Annals of the Parish. The visit was made in order to present to His Majesty a new and elegant edition of Woodrow's Church History, which was dedicated to the King. A long conversation took place on general subjects, all of which are detailed, and are highly complimentary to the good sense and shrewdness of King William. On turning over the pages of the work presented, and turning up successively the engravings of Sharp, *Claverhouse*, Lauderdale, Carstairs, &c. remarks were made on each, and the King seemed extremely well informed in their respective histories, and the bloody persecutions of the days of Charles the II.——*The Bishop of Winchester.*—So generally was the death of this Prelate credited in London, that the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, of which he was formerly Dean, performed a funeral anthem in commemoration of his Lordship's supposed decease.

AXIOMS

Given in couples, as Members pair off one on each side the Question.

1. Cholera is contagious
   Cholera is non-contagious.
2. Cholera is to be cured by brandy and bleeding.
   Cholera is caused by dram-drinking and depletion.
3. Cholera is a natural production of the soil, and has never been absent from it.
   Cholera is contraband goods; it has been smuggled into the country, and was never seen in it before.
4. Cholera is a chamelion; it thrives on air alone. Where there is anything to eat it dies.
   Cholera comes of living too well.

Now of Reform!

1. Reform will be the ruin of us all.
   Reform will be the salvation of us all.
2. Without Reform you must have Revolution.
   With Reform you cannot escape Revolution.
3. Whether the Peers repudiate Reform or not, Reform will repudiate the Peers.
   The only safety of the Peerage is to be found in a salutary Reform.
4. The King will make as many Peers as Lord Grey and Reform may require.
   The King will not make a Reforming Peer if it costs him his throne.

Slavery.—The late Rev. Matthew Tate, of Beaufort, in South Carolina, made his will a short time ago, and three days previous to his death he added to it an exceedingly long codicil, in his own hand writing, in which there is the following paragraph:—"I enjoin it upon my executors to publish it in all the newspapers in Charlestown, that I departed this life under the full persuasion, that if I died in possession of a slave, I should not conceive myself admissible into the kingdom of heaven."

SOMETHING CURIOUS.

From the London Literary Gazette.

Two young Frenchmen, brothers, of the name of Verreau, have lately returned from an expedition into the interior of Africa. One of these interesting naturalists, who is scarcely eighteen years of age, has spent above twenty months in traversing the savage region which lies north of the country of the Hottentots, between Cape Natal and the west coast above Saint Helen's Bay. We shall not attempt to relate the privations and the dangers which these travellers incurred from the natives of this zone of Africa—blacks, as ferocious as the wild beasts among whom they dwell. We will only mention some of the curiosities they collected in their expedition. Men, quadrupeds, birds, fish, plants, minerals, shells, they have studied, and brought home specimens of every thing. They procured, in hunting, tigers, lions, hyenas, a beautiful burbalus, a purple antelope of singular elegance, a variety of other specimens of the same family, two giraffes, monkeys, polecats, some very curious rats, an ostrich, birds of prey which have never yet been described, and a great number of other birds, of all sizes, colours, and species. They have made a collection of nests, which might furnish a subject for an interesting essay; roots, bulbs, and other vegetable productions of a remarkable organization, or of uncommon size; serpents, a cachalot, and a crocodile of a hitherto unknown variety. But the greatest curiosity is an individual of the race of the Betjouanas. This man, who has been preserved by the methods used by naturalists to prepare such specimens as they intend to exhibit in their original form, is of low stature, black skin, the head covered with a short and thick wool. He is armed with a lance and arrows, clothed in an antelope's skin, with a head-dress composed of porcupine quills, adorned with glass beads, seeds, and small bones. An ornament, which we do not know how to describe, as we should be at a loss for suitable expressions to characterize this peculiar article of the dress of the Betjouanas, particularly struck us.—*From a Foreign Journal.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We decline the insertion of *A College Youth*, because, if the writer be really such, the publication of his letter would do no credit to the Cape College. Besides, we think our highly-talented Correspondent, *The Bystander*, unanswerable in reference to the Wines of the Cape, and it appears to us the highest presumption on the part of *A College Youth* to offer his peurile remarks on the subject. The *reduction of quantity*, the favourite idea of *The Bystander*, seems about to be realized. The very extraordinary rains which have fallen at so early a period of the year, must be greatly influential in lessening the vine-crops.

We agree with *Censor*, but we apprehend as far as we know ourselves, that his remarks are not applicable to us. The following extract from our Correspondent's letter, may do no harm to our brethren of the Press. "An Editor, in my estimation, is bound to strike out all passages of personal abuse; all charges of base motives; all violent and unwarrantable expressions. He is, in fact, placed in a situation tantamount to that of the Speaker of the House of Commons."

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RAMBLES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,

No. III.

We entered the village of Caledon on the afternoon of Friday, the 11th of Nov. We found almost every place of occupation in the hands of the Visitors who had come to this *Montpelier* of the Cape of Good Hope, to invigorate enfeebled constitutions,—prevent gout,—reduce corpulency,—cure nervous and chronic weakness,——hypochondriac and bilious disorders,—in a word, to study the art of prolonging life. Many persons, however, migrate to Caledon for purposes very distinct from the above-mentioned motives. The pure love of *game*, and the *house-keeping* satisfactions of slaughtering and *salting down* for the *home* concerns of the family, very frequently tempt certain of the Cape Town inhabitants to journey among the mountains. Every thing is *fish that comes within their net;* hence the glories of a return home laden with spoil. Such scenes remind one of the good old times of the *Court of Circuit*, and the treasurers of its *victualling department*.

We procured lodgings at the house of a widow lady, a most excellent and industrious woman, left with a family to grapple with the demon of poverty. This, it appeared, she had done with that moral courage which a firm reliance on the christian dispensation invariably supplies. Hence the Morning and Evening sacrifice of the family, and the visits of Mercy to the distressed poor in a neighbouring cottage. Hence, also, the emblems of peace and innocence before the house, in the flowers, —lilies and roses, and a few evergreens which adorned a small parterre. It has been said, and there is a world of homely, ay, and of legislative knowledge in the observation, that whenever you see a flower in a cottage garden, or a bird-cage at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are better and wiser than their neighbours; such humble tokens of attention to something beyond the sterile labour of life, soothes the spirit, and civilize equally with the exertions of philanthropy, and the ministrations of the pulpit.

We paid several visits on the following day, and shared in the hospitalities of many an old acquaintance. The Field-Cornet, Mr. Otto, made an early offer of his services. This gentleman is an honour to his country, and the office which he so admirably sustains. Mr. O. is remarkably conversant with our language, and is one of the first fruits of the Government School at Caledon. This school, which had gone to decay soon after the retirement of Mr. Blair, is happily now restored under the direction of a new master. We were not invited to visit *the school*, (at all times an object of eventful interest in a village,) but many opportunities occurred of examining the pupils *out of doors*, and it is a pleasure to record our opinion that the teacher had evidently done his duty. Relative to the instruction of the slave population or the Hottentots, we discovered no means in exercise.*

Nor did we find any of this important class of the people at divine service on Sunday morning, the 13th, or any provision made for religious instruction for them, or the youth of the village, by any other service than the one above-mentioned. The congregation on this occasion was not large, but was composed of several respectable families and country farmers. At the commencement of the service, two young persons had seated themselves with books in their hands on the vacant seats, (of which there were many,) towards the entrance of the church. They were in modest but extremely genteel attire. From this situation they were removed by one of the office-bearers: they left the church. We afterwards discovered that their rank in life did not entitle them to the place they had chosen to occupy. They were the daughters of a *slave* woman—the one free, the other still in bondage. From our own knowledge of the parties, we can vouch for the intelligence, industry, and correct demeanour of the young persons in question.

The church service (wholly in Dutch) was respectably performed by the minister: the traveller is little prepared to hear the Dutch language spoken in *broad Aberdeen Scotch* in South Africa. At first, we took it for the "unknown tongue." The minister is, as we understand, from Aberdeenshire, a district in Scotland that is said to be extremely unenlightened, although possessing a College and a theological chair.* We take the liberty of recommending a discourse, once a week at least in English, in the Colonial Churches. Caledon is especially visited by many of the English, and all indeed from Cape Town who sojourn at the Hot Baths, are acquainted with our language. Besides, how incalculably advantageous would such a service prove to the Government English

* In 1825, there was a Slave School in existence in the village, which was exceedingly prosperous. The inhabitants took much interest in its success, and the minister and his family were indefatigable in watching over it, and taking a share in its labours. In 1826, a stir was made in the House of Commons, and in the papers, on the necessity of *preparing* the slave, by the inculcation of Knowledge, for the reception of his civil rights. An alarm spread, and not a slave was permitted to learn wisdom. This fact needs no comment.

* See Evan Magazine for July, 1831, in which notice is given of the opening of an Independent Chapel and of "the greatly neglected district in the North of Aberdeenshire," and religious destitution of a dense population.

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Schools. How greatly would the teachers be assisted by such an appointment!

We have thought it our duty to notice church matters, as we invariably have done in all our peregrinations, because we fully believe that we must look to no humbler influence than religion, for the permanent peace of colonies or empires. All the statutes that ever loaded the shelves of legislation, and all the weapons of the *flogging system* that ever *attempted* to enforce them, could not fabricate a peaceful community out of an irreligious people. The heart is the spring of good and evil; the scriptures, sacredly applied, alone can reach it. From the pulpit, in its wise and honest zeal—in its eloquence—chastened courage and scriptural faithfulness and integrity, must go forth the spirit that reconciles and heals. Thus much for the Church—the *Established Church.* But we would not exclude from our esteem those pious auxiliaries—the Missionaries, whether *lay* or otherwise. It is the glory of our Protestantism, that *any man who understands religion may teach it*—may "cast out devils" when, and where, and how he wills. A difference of opinion on this head, may have prevented the present incumbent of Caledon from calling in the aid of those excellent farmers in this district, who were wont to teach and exhort. Caledon is a district of great extent, the farmers widely scattered—and undergoing many, many privations.

In the absence of some apostle for this district, to *go about* as did St. Paul and his illustrious compeers, it were natural to suppose, that any order of respectable men would be hailed by the christian church for promoting its advancement; and sorry are we, that tolerance is not given to the whole of the pious wishes of many of the farmer teachers. We have witnessed the exertions of such at the gatherings of slaves of christians, (not only in the village of Caledon,) but in the wilds and solitudes of the country: we have listened to their animated discourses with delight; and though in some instances the language may have been *uncourtly*, yet we prefer a cottage with a warm corner, to the most finished dome where we might *shiver* amidst the *proportions* of columns and pilasters:—and according to the judgement of Fenelon and Quintilian, true oratory is that persuades by the fittest means. We remember Blair's Sermons in possession of unbounded popularity;—they are forgotten; and on examining them we shall find that they deserve to be forgotten. One is astonished at the dry, hard, cold artificial style of Robertson, could ever have been received with so much favour. His matter, his researches, learning, disquisitions, and calm philosophical judgment, will preserve his fame, and give a standard value to his works, as history.

Caledon, like every village left to itself, is looking poor and wan. Placed as it is in a most delightful situation, with abundance of water, (properly managed,) and famed for an unequalled salubrity of climate, it ought to have been the most thriving little place in the colony. We think we can guess at a few of the causes of its neglected condition and extreme poverty, and as we are truly attached to this part of the colony, we shall in faithfulness point them out.

* * * * * * * *

It was with some difficulty we could try the Hot Baths of Caledon, every room being fully occupied. Mr. Brink was, however, kind enough to make way for us, and we did not fail to participate in the luxuries of these singular waters. They raise the thermometer to 118 degrees, (32. 2 of Reaumur; 47. 77. Centig.) The water contains iron and sulphur, and has a slight chalybeate taste. On the cholera, that one subject of public interest, hot baths are said to be invaluable as an antidote. The following extract is from the Monthly Magazine, of the present month, contains a translation of a letter from Dr. Ucelli, a Russian physician and surgeon, in which the author states, that he has found baths of hot water or steam, together with warm fomentations and acidulated beverages, quite effectual, of themselves, for the cure of the cholera. "Amongst upwards of 2000 patients," he says, "who were under my care, the mortality never exceeded 8 or 9 per 100, and these were principally cases to which I had been called in late, and in which the disease had consequently made considerable progress."

"Scarcely is the patient well seated in the (vapour) bath, when a moist vapour invests his whole frame, and soon a most abundant perspiration causes the vomitting, diarrhœa, and colic to cease. Returning to his bed, the perspiration continues, and in such abundance as to bathe not only the sheets but the very mattresses; this is accompanied by a sensation of exquisite pleasure terminating in sleep, and on his awakening, the patient finds himself perfectly recovered."

THE TRIUMPHS OF MIND.

WARRIORS over-run nations, annihilate and create empires, and, for a season, are the idols of their followers, the terror of their foes. But unless their deeds be sung and recorded by the aid of letters, their memory, in a generation or two, fades away, leaving no trace of their existence. Poetry, eloquence, history, possess an embalming power, which the worm cannot destroy. The felicities of thought, embodied in disciplined language, defy the grave, and laugh at the vicissitudes of centuries. In the most barbarous periods of the world, there has always been some sacred temple in which the vestal fire of the mind has been duly tended, and its productions hoarded with pious care.

But the triumphs of the mind over difficulties is a subject of delightful interest, and these are well illustrated in one of the publications under the superintendence of *The Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge.* Volume the third, now before us, is a charming little work, and should be circulated far as the "Indus to the Poles." Under the head—*Humble Station no Obstacle*, and *Self-education*, are many delightful facts. From these we have not failed to make a few gleanings, to which we have supplied a few supplementary notices.

The *moral* to be deduced from these references, is that "what one soul has been, all souls have the possibility of becoming, and most may be, if they will form the resolution, and use the proper means. *Each has the choice before him of being the jewel or the clod!* It will be always our own fault if we prefer sordidness to glory, ignorance to illumination, and extinction to immortality!"

The late Professor HEYNE, of Gottingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age, and during his latter days enjoyed a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name, in the same department, could boast. Yet he had spent the first 33 years of his life, not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born, indeed, amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence; his father being a poor weaver with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread.——ÆSOP, PUBLIUS SYRUS, and TERENCE, were originally Slaves. EPICTETUS, the celebrated Stoic Philosopher, was born in the same condition, and spent many years of his life in servitude. PROTAGARUS, too, another of the Greek Philosophers, had been commonly a *Coolie*, before he applied to study.——The celebrated Italian poet METASTASIO, was the son of a common mechanic, and used, when a boy, to sing ballads in the streets. ——The father of HAYDN, the great musical composer, was a wheelwright, and filled the occupation of sexton, while his mother was a house-maid in a nobleman's family.——The father of OPIE was a working carpenter in Cornwall.——The parents of Dr. PRIDEAUX, who afterwards rose to be Bishop of Worcester, were in such poor circumstances, that they were with difficulty able to keep him at school till he had learned to read and write; and he obtained the rest of his education by walking on foot to

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Oxford, and getting employment, in the first instance, in the kitchen of Exeter College.—— The father of INIGO JONES, the great architect, who built the Banquetting House at Whitehall, &c. was a cloth-worker.——SIR EDWARD SAUNDERS, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, in the reign of Charles II. was originally an errand-boy at the Inns of Court, and gradually acquired his knowledge of the law, by being employed to copy precedents.——LINNÆUS, the founder of the Science of Botany, was for some time apprenticed to a shoemaker. ——The famous BEN JONSON worked for some time as a bricklayer or mason; "and let not them blush," says old Fuller, in his *English Worthies*, "let not them blush that have, but those that have not a lawful calling." ——JOHN FOLCZ, the old German poet, was a barber.—— CORNELISZ, the Dutch painter of the 16th century, was obliged, while in his own country, in order to support his large family, to betake himself to the profession of a cook.——Dr. MADDOX, who in the reign of George II. became Bishop, first of St. Asaph, and then of Worcester, was in early life a pastry cook.——The late Dr. MILNER, Dean of Carlisle, and Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, was originally a weaver, as was also his brother JOSEPH, the well-known author of a "History of the Church." Of the same profession was also, in his younger days, the late Dr. J. WHITE, professor of Arabic at Oxford.——The celebrated JOHN HUNTER, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education until he was 20 years old. He continued for some time learning to make chairs and tables.——SIMPSON, the well known Mathematician, was the son of a working stuff weaver, and worked at his father's business for many years.——The astronomer, JAMES FERGUSON, of Keith, in Banffshire, worked in the fields as a day labourer with his father.——FRANKLIN was the son of a tallow-chandler, and was born in poverty and obscurity. ——We must not forget BUNYAN, the deservedly immortal author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a work suited to all hours and every mood of man. He was the well-known mender of pots and kettles at Bedford.——Dr. ALEX. MURRAY, the author of the History of European Languages, was originally a shepherd with his father, in the shire of Kirkcudbright.——SHAKSPEARE'S father could not write his own name, and our great dramatist was link-boy and holder of horses at the doors of the theatres.——The history of ROBERT BURNS is well known; the Ayrshire ploughman will out-live the pyramids. ——The late talented Editor of the Quarterly Review, WM. GIFFORD, was originally a shoemaker.——Similar in some respect to Gifford's early history, was the late THOMAS HALCROFT, who wrought as a shoemaker with his father, while his mother dealt in greens and oysters. ——ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, author of that delightful little work, the *Farmer's Boy*, and other poems, was a shoemaker.——The Rev. THOS. SCOTT, the late rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks, was employed, in early life, in the most laborious parts of the work belonging to a grazier. Poor Scott, soon after his views were directed towards the Church, from being suspected of Methodism, was refused ordination by the Bishop. On returning homewards from this unsuccessful application, "I travelled" (as he relates,) "by a circuitous route, a great part of the way on foot, and the rest in various vehicles. At length I reached Braytoft, after walking 20 miles in the forenoon; and having dined, I put off my clerical clothes, resumed my shepherd's dress, and sheared eleven large sheep in the afternoon!" How unlikely that Thos. Scott would ever again appear before the world! Yet this excellent man, nothing disheartened, pursues the bent of his soul, becomes a popular minister of the Church of England; and produces a work which, probably, no theological publication can be pointed out, which produced, by its sale during the author's life time, an equal sum. If we connect the retail price of the English and American editions of Scott's Family Bible, about one hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred pounds sterling of money has been put into circulation.

We conclude this article with one more reference. It is a glorious one.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

Alexander Wilson, the Scotch weaver, who went to the United States without a friend, a wanderer in a strange country, never, perhaps, read a line of Buffon or Cuvier. Nevertheless, at the age of forty, he taught himself to draw and colour after the designs of nature, such as he found them amid the forests and mountains: he sought information concerning her works at her own hands; in seven years he travelled ten thousand miles, such was the good man's enthusiasm in pursuit of a knowledge of the native birds of that continent; and he has succeeded in producing an account of them, which has thrown almost all other books on the subject into the shade.*

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHOLERA NOT CONTAGIOUS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—One of the Cape Newspapers states that the Cholera is contagious, that it has been proved so, and that all well-informed medical men are of this opinion. Now, this is a very downright and decided assertion, an "off hand" specimen of Editorial knowledge in the settlement *of* a point upon which the faculty are still undecided; yet, however felicitous such decision may be on doubtful subjects, assertion does not always carry conviction; and, I think, were the writer better informed on the subject, he would have paused before making so sweeping an assertion as the above.

'Tis true, indeed, that many eminent medical men maintain that Cholera is a contagious disease, while, on the other side, men equally as eminent, maintain the contrary opinion; among the latter, are Doctors Johnson, Carmichael, Davy, Bell, Zoubkoff, Hawkins, Searl, Zoude, Walker, and a host of others, many of the naval, military, and most of the Indian surgeons, together with a large proportion of the faculty in those parts of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, where the Epidemic prevailed, and who, therefore possessed the best opportunity of forming an opinion; there is also to be added the official reports of the various Commissions sent to Russia and Poland, to ascertain the nature of the disease, and *all* concur in pronouncing it non-contagious. With such an overwheming body of evidence, no one surely will be presumptuous enough to maintain that the point has been settled.

* See his 4 vols. in the Public Library.

It is not my intention to enter into the merits *of* the case; I will merely say, that many ingenious speculations have been put forth. Many pamphlets published on both sides, which, like all metaphysical discussions, only tend to involve the point in greater obscurity; but as far as I can judge in such a collision of opinions, the *non-contagionists* are nearest the truth, as they bring forward facts and proof in favor of what they advance, while the other party are satisfied with assertion.

One very remarkable circumstance which appears by the official returns is, that in those situations where the most rigid quarantine had been established, the disease had extended itself, while in other situations where no such regulations were enforced, the disease had not appeared, although within the sphere of its influence; therefore, in most of the continental towns where the first alarm had subsided, such restrictions were remitted; being found from experience inefficient and useless.

The principle of quarantine thus defective, the details are no better; for, supposing (argumenti gratia,) Cholera to be contagious, the regulations of quarantine are by no means calculated to ensure safety, or prevent the spread of an infectious disease.

For instance: 'tis found that Cholera prevails in a certain sea-port town; now, 'tis reasonable to suppose, that the articles most calculated to convey the contagion, (if such were the case,) would be those in communication with individuals, as wearing apparel, bedding, &c.; 'tis also but reasonable to suppose, that articles of merchandize, usually locked up in stores, apart from the habitations of man, are those least likely to carry disease; and, when intended for shipment, their exportation is effected by the agency of healthy individuals.

Suppose that a ship starts from such an infected port, and after a passage of some months, reaches her destination, by a very strange anomaly, in a few days after her arrival, the passengers, with their clothes, are allowed to land; while the cargo, the part which has the least, or no communication with any one aboard, is subjected to a most rigid scrutiny and fumigation, unattended by any other effect, save that of deteriorating the articles submitted to such process.

In the supposition that Cholera had prevailed during the passage, the arti-

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cles most likely to receive and transmit the infection, (if the disease were such,) would be those in contact with the individuals, as clothes, bedding, sails, ropes, junk,—articles constantly handled; which, however, are generally allowed to escape without scrutiny, while all attention is directed to the cargo, a part that has lain quite out of contact either at the infected port or aboard the ship.

This view of the inadequacy of quarantine regulations will satisfactorily account for their abandonment in most of the continental countries, where they had been hastily adopted in the first moments of alarm.

Instead, therefore, of enforcing quarantine cordons, or such like restrictions, which have been found totally inadequate to stop the progress of Cholera, attention should rather be directed to the employment of those means the most calculated to check the inroads of disease, among which may be reckoned the immediate removal of all putrifying animal matter, which tend to corrupt the atmosphere, the strict adoption of cleanly habits, the purifying gullys, sewers, and drains, ventilating houses, boxes, cupboards, &c. &c.

Inculcating on individuals the necessity of regular diet, temperance, the avoiding of any irregularity or exposure to cold, which, in the event of the visitation of an epidemical disease, might become exciting causes; but above all, to keep the mind free from alarm, as fear or despondency has been found a principal agent in generating Cholera, an effect of the influence of mind on body, which philosophers have in vain attempted to explain.

Now it must be clear that, being in a panic *oneself*, or the alarming other people with the *idea* of Cholera being a highly contagious disease, is not a *rational or discreet* mode of proceeding, and will only serve to produce the opposite effect of that intended; while, on the contrary, the inculcation of extreme cleanliness, moderation in eating and drinking, early hours, and a cheerful mind, will be found the best antidote to an epidemical disease, wherever such may exist.

April, 1832.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.
AN OBSERVER.

LITERATURE.

Memoirs of Lord Burghley, by the Rev. E. NARES, D.D.

The character of Burghley still remains a problem, notwithstanding the three quartos of the Regius Professor of History at Oxford. The circumstances of the times in which he lived were, undoubtedly, favourable to his particular genius for public business; for it is by no means probable, that had he to act as a minister in the present day, he would have been able to maintain a footing for a single hour, seeing how opposed our existing institutions are in their nature, to those which were so aptly suited to the dissembling and intriguing policy of Burghley. Lightly, however, as we think of his probity, and convinced as we are of his zeal in the cause of the Reformation, we still are assured that Burghley would have felt a pang on his death-bed, had he foreseen that a day would arrive in England, when his name would be degraded into the shibboleth of a party.

Some of the precepts which Burghley left to his children are, for the beauty and force of the language, as well as for the deep knowledge of the world which they display, well worthy the greatest attention. But we confess that, in not a few of these precepts, do we discover the feelings of one who considered *self* as the first object of every man's care. The effect, therefore, of his recommendations must have been, to contract the springs of generosity in the minds of his children —to deaden their best sympathies— and to fill them with suspicion of their fellow creatures. The following are the most striking of these precepts.

"'When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in the chusing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of thy life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home, and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Enquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor chuse a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt and loathing in them. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continual disgrace and it will yirke thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

"'Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance, and convenient maintenance, according to thy ability; otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shall leave them at thy death, they will thank Death for it, not thee. And I am persuaded, that the foolish cockering-up of some parents, and the over stern carriage of others; causeth more men and women to take to ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations.

"'Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. Suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars, for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man, or a good christian: besides, it is a science no longer in request than in use; for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

"'And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly; for I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table; but some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame: but banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink, which is a better recommendation for a brewer's horse, or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three or four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house; for the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much. Otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want, and the needy man can never live happily or contentedly; for any disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell; and that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit—for gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must need follow.

"'Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee: for he that putteth his hand in his purse for every expense of household, is like him that keepeth water in a sieve.

"'Be not served with kinsmen or friends, or men entreated to stay: for they expect much, and do little.

"'Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy table: grace them with thy countenance, and farther them in all honest actions: for by this means thou shalt so double the bond of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back.

"'Beware of suretyship for thy best friends: he that payeth another man's debts, seeketh his own decay.'"

A General System of Gardening and Botany; containing a complete Enumeration and Description of all Plants hitherto known: with their genuine and specific Characters, &c. &c. —Founded upon Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary, and arranged according to the natural System. By George Don, F.L.S. In four vols. Vol. I. 4to. London: C. J. G. and F. Rivington. 1831.

THE study of botany, and the branches of knowledge which are subsidiary to that science, may now be said to form a necessary part of general education in Britain. For this, which we deem no unimportant advantage, our country is in great measure indebted to the policy which has recently begun to influence its medical coporations; for, by requiring from every candidate for the faculties which they confer, sufficient evidence of a certain proficiency in botany, these bodies have, by this time, succeeded in sending into every town, and almost every hamlet in the empire, a good practical botanist in the character either of physician, surgeon, or apothecary. The influence of such an agency has been prodigious. In all the large towns, and in a considerable number of the minor ones, Horticultural Societies are established. We

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have been astonished, when we read in the descriptions of the annual botanical exhibitions at various places throughout the country, the account of the occupations of the persons who contend for the prizes. In one place we discover the office of president of a horticultural society filled by a *working weaver*: the best and largest cherries in the West of England, one year, were the produce of the care and ingenuity of an industrious *cotton spinner*. Numerous, and indeed ludicrous, testimonies may be adduced to show the enthusiams with which horticulture is pursued by all classes of the community. A worthy mechanic, in one of the manufacturing districts, lately turned the roof of his house into a kitchen garden, and kept his family in fresh vegetables during the entire season. The finest bed of tulips (for its size) we ever beheld, says Louden, had for its site the narrow back yard of about a twelfth-rate house in the purlieus of London.

Hitherto the great obstacle to the cultivation of botany has been its nomenclature. At first sight, it would appear that an impediment of this nature was merely a pedantic wantonness, proceeding from that love of mystery which has so uniformly characterized the learned in all ages. But a few moments' reflection will satisfy all reasonable minds, that the technical language of botany, difficult to acquire as it may be, grows out of, and is inseparable from, the genius of the science itself. The study of it can never be located in any given country; its objects are as much Russian and German, or even African, as they are English. Botany allows no distinctions of territory; its field is the world of nature from pole to pole Such being the case, it is obvious that the pursuit of botany must be carried on by infinite divisions, all of which are contributing to one common end. Hence a community of ideas between the botanists of one empire and those of another, becomes absolutely indispensable; and from this necessity springs that universal language which is fixed to no clime, but nevertheless is understood in every country.

We cannot, therefore, expect that this great difficulty will ever be removed; and it only remains for us to adopt such measures as may be best calculated to diminish it. For this purpose various contrivances have been resorted to, particularly in this country. Plans without number have been proposed and acted on, for the purpose of engaging the young mind in the pursuit of botany. A great deal of success has attended these efforts; for, after the employment of great labour and diligence, the mysterious veil in which this science had been so long wrapped, was drawn aside, and all its beauty exhibited familiarly to the contemplation of the unlearned. As one of the most important instruments for carrying on this great moral revolution, we have to notice the great work, of which the first volume is just published. It certainly comes forth in the objectionable form of a costly publication: but when we come to consider the nature of its contents, we shall be satisfied that he who trusts exclusively to its pages for acquiring a competent knowledge of botany, will find that, in the long run, he will have but little grounds for self accusation for having violated the strictest principles of economy.

"Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary," in the Public Library, so famous during the last fifty years, as being a standard work for the horticultural profession in general, may be said literally to have survived its own utility. There was a charm in the simplicity and enthusiasm of the author, which made his book popular when it could no longer be said to be wholly instructive. Still it was in all its parts so substantially constructed—so tried and proved by the revolutions of time—that there could be no doubt about the propriety of choosing it as the foundation of any new system of popular horticulture, which the state of modern improvement required. The present work, therefore, may be fairly described as comprehending all that can be considered in Miller's performance, as worthy of attention in the present day; as including such portions of all the modern systems of plants as could be conveniently combined together: and as containing an account, not only of all the genera and species of plants hitherto enumerated, but of a considerable number from the *Lambertium Herbarium*, of which botanists have as yet seen no description. In Mr. Don's Dictionary, then, we have a complete history and account of every species of plant, of which it is possible that a botanist can be called on to express an opinion. This account is given in so clear and intelligible a manner, that it is made perfectly comprehensible to a mere beginner. Here the student, the general reader, and the man of science, may learn not only the name and history, but also the character and affinity of any genius or species, with all its properties, places of growth, time of flowering, mode of culture, and its use in medicine and domestic economy.

The arrangement of this work, and the contrivances which are appended for the purpose of an easy and prompt reference to any part of its contents, are, in their completeness and accuracy, fully worthy of the information to which they lead.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Mr. Ross Cox has just published two very agreeable volumes, entitled Adventures on the Columbia River, including a residence of Six Years on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. The Columbia river empties itself into the Pacific, in latitude 46° 19 N. and longitude 124° W. The author, with requisite number of clerks, mechanics, *voyageurs*, &c. left his native country in 1811, to collect furs, and oppose the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the North West Company. The party established themselves on the river above-mentioned, at the side of the American Continent. Like many other projects which have since captivated men's minds, vanished into air the speculation ended in disappointment.

We shall refer to a few of the incidents mentioned in these unaffected volumes. The reader will be surprised at the nonchalance with which the author discusses the merits of horse-flesh as a substitute for beef.

"Custom had now so far reconciled us to the flesh of this animal, that we often preferred it to what in Europe might be regarded as luxuries. Foals or colts are not good, although a few of our men preferred them. A horse for the table should not be under three years, or above seven. The flesh of those which are tame, well fed, and occasionally worked, is tender and firm, and the fat, hard and white; it is far superior to the wild horse, the flesh of which is loose and stringy, and the fat yellow and rather oily. We generally killed the former for our own table, and I can assure my readers, that if they sat down to a fat rib, or a rump-steak off a well-fed four-years old, without knowing the animal, they would imagine themselves regaling on a piece of prime ox-beef."

As one of those eccentric adventures which sometimes occur in life, we may notice among the fresh arrivals which increased the party of our fur-collectors, the "amiable and accomplished" Miss Jane Barnes. This lady had been barmaid at an hotel in Portsmouth, where several additional officers of the company stopped before setting out for America: one of the gentlemen prevailed upon her to accompany him on the voyage, and from being in the rank of a serving woman, she felt herself, upon her appearance among the Flat-heads, suddenly raised to the rank almost of an idol.

"The Indians daily thronged in numbers to our fort, for the mere purpose of gazing on, and admiring the fair beauty, every article of whose dress was examined with the most minute scrutiny. She had rather an extravagant wardrobe, and each day exhibited her in a new dress, which she always managed in a manner to display her figure to the best advantage. One day her head, decorated with feathers and flowers, produced the greatest surprise; the next, her hair, braided and unconcealed by any covering, excited equal wonder and admiration. The young women felt almost afraid to approach her, and the old were highly gratified at being permitted to touch her person. Some of the chiefs having learned that her protector intended to send her home, thought to prevent such a measure by making proposals of marriage. One of them in particular, the son of Comcourly, the principal chief of the Chinooks, came to the fort attired in his richest dress, his face fancifully bedaubed with red paint, and his body redolent of whale oil. He was young, and had four native wives. He told her, that if she would become his wife, he would send one hundred sea-otters to her relations; that he would never ask her to carry wood, draw water, dig for roots, or hunt for provisions; that he would make her mistress over his other wives, and permit her to sit at her ease from morning to night, and wear her own clothes; that she should always have abundance of fat salmon, anchovies, and elk, and be allowed to smoke as many pipes of tobacco during the day as she thought proper; together with many other flattering inducements, the tithe of which would have shaken the constancy of a score of the chastest brown vestals, that ever flourished among the lower tribes of the Columbia.

"These tempting offers, however, had no charms for Jane. Her long voyage had not yet eradicated certain Anglican predilections respecting mankind, which she had contracted in the country of her birth, and among which she did not include a flat head, a half naked body, or a copper-coloured skin, besmeared with whale oil.

"Her native inamorato made several other ineffectual proposals; but finding her inflexible, he declared that he would never more come near the fort while she remained there. We shortly afterwards learned that he had concerted a plan with some daring young men of his tribe to carry her off while she was walking on the beach, (her general custom every evening while the gentlemen were at dinner,) a practice which, after this information, she was obliged to discontinue.

"Mr. Mac—— at first intended to have brought her with him across the continent to Montreal; but on learning the impracticability of her performing such an arduous journey, he abandoned that idea, and made arrangements with the captain for her return to England, by way of Canton. A few words more, and I shall have done with Miss Barnes. On the arrival of the vessel at Canton she became an object of curiosity and admiration among the inhabitants of the "Celestial Empire." An English gentleman of great wealth, connected with the East India Company, offered her a splendid establishment. It was infinitely superior to any of the proposals made by the Chinook nobility, and far beyond any thing she could ever expect in England: it was therefore prudently

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accepted, and the last account I heard of her, stated that she was then enjoying all the luxuries of eastern magnificence."—vol. i. pp. 287—290.

Our author, in the course of his wandering, met with another of those romances of real life, which sometimes set the powers of imagination at defiance. The history of Mr. Johnston is not indeed one of a very extraordinary nature, but it will be read with interest.

"The history of this gentleman is remarkable. He was a member of a highly respectable family in the county of Antrim, and in early life moved in the most fashionable circles in Ireland. A circumstance, however, which blasted his early hopes of happiness, induced him to abandon his native country, and about twenty-eight years before this period he arrived in America. After wandering for some time about the continent, he made his way to St. Mary's Fall, where he shortly became a great favourite with the Indians, and entered extensively into the fur trade. The chief had only one child, a daughter. She was a beautiful and interesting girl, and, although sought for as a wife by many of the youthful warriors, she declined all their offers. Her father was old and infirm, and wished her to marry before his death, but still his affection for his daughter was so great, that he would not exercise his parental authority in compelling her to choose. It soon, however, became apparent that Mr. Johnston was the object of her choice. For some time previous as he told me himself, he began to experience the truth of St. Pierre's opinion, that "man without woman, and woman without man, are imperfect beings in the order of nature." On learning therefore, that he had found favour in the sight of this youthful Indian, he at once came to the resolution of rendering both himself and her perfect. Her father consented, and they were married according to the rites and ceremonies of the tribe. Death shortly after deprived the old man of his command; and Mr. Johnston, whose wisdom and courage were highly admired by the Indians, was unanimously elected his successor.

Some years after his union with the chief's daughter, an extensive property fell to him in the north of Ireland, to which place he repaired in order to take possession. While there, offers of a tempting nature were made to induce him to reside in the country of his nativity, but his fealty to the "Lady of the Lake" could not be shaken; and the moment he had finished his business, he hastened back to St. Mary's. His family consisted of two sons and two daughters, and a Miss Campbell, an interesting girl, whose father had a few years before been shot in a duel by a Mr. Crawford. One son was employed in a public department in Canada, and the other was an officer in a local corps. The mother received us in a friendly manner at the door, but did not join us at the breakfast or dinner table.

"Mr. Johnston has extensive plantations of corn, potatoes, &c. with a beautifully arranged and well-stocked fruit and flower garden. During the late short war with America, he induced one thousand Indian warriors (of whom he took the command) to join the British forces, and rendered important services while so employed.

"He suffered severely for his loyalty; for, during his absence with the army, a predatory party attacked his place in the hope of obtaining a large quantity of valuable furs, which they were informed he had in his stores, but which a short time before his departure he had fortunately removed. Disappointed in their hopes of plunder, they burned his house, out-offices, &c. destroyed the greater part of his valuable stock, and carried away every portable article they could find.* At the period, therefore, of our visit the buildings were quite new, and were constructed with much taste. The furniture was elegant, and the library select and excellent.

"Mr. Johnston possessed a highly cultivated mind, much improved by extensive reading. He had made many excursions round the shores of Lake Superior, and along the banks of its tributary streams, in which scientific researches imparted a pleasing variety to the business of an Indian trader. His collections of specimens were varied and well selected; and if the result of his inquiries be published, they will, I have no doubt, prove a valuable addition to our geological knowledge of interior America."—vol. ii. pp. 300—303.

The portions of America hitherto but little known to us, are well described in these volumes, and supply many very suitable hints to Missionary Societies. The work has no pretensions to literary polish, but it conveys a great mass of useful intelligence, in a clear and agreeable style.

* "I met Mr. Johnston a few years afterwards in England, and was happy to learn that he had succeeded in obtaining from government, compensation for the losses he had sustained on the above occasion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

By A Lady.

A FABLE.

Two Swallows on a portal stood,
Which graced a Temple rais'd to Egypt's lore,
Pruning each other's wings in sportive mood,
As many Swallows may have done before.

Quite undismayed they seem'd,
At the vast pile of art which met their view;
As if with pert indifference they deem'd,
Such to their travell'd sight was nothing new.

Braving the fiery day,
The Bird of Pallas from her covert came;
And ask'd in somewhat a disdainful way,
"Whence such intruders? and their vulgar name?

Why they had made their home,
Where only wisdom had a right to dwell?
And where how few had ever dared to come,
The noiseless solitude around might tell.

She, as a gifted Bird,
Loved its lone grandeur at the starlight hour;
When nothing save the mountain breeze was heard,
And the wild insect in his heathy bower."

"Hold thy conceited strain,"
Exclaim'd the elder of the migrant pair;
"Wisdom herself would teach thee to refrain,
Couldst thou but lend her thy reluctant ear.

The time, the hour is past,
When learning only blazed from classic halls;
And cloister'd science like a meteor cast,
Her transient lustre on the Monk's dark walls."

Back the proud Night-bird flew,
Rebuked at what she heard the Swallow say;
Let us improve the Traveller's moral too,
For truth unveil'd has chas'd pedantic lore away.

April 30th, 1832.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON MALIGNANT CHOLERA,

As that Disease is now exhibiting itself in Scotland.

By D. M. Moir, Surgeon.

Mr. Blackwood has just published a pamphlet on Cholera, by Mr. Moir, (the title of which we have given above,) which has been composed during the last few months, under circumstances so favourable to the acquisition of practical information and experience, that we doubt not it will be of the greatest utility to the profession, as well as to the public in general. The author has seen the pestilence in its most terrific form; and he has been called upon to watch the various stages of the disease, during its existence in Musselburgh, administering to the sufferers according to the most approved methods of treatment. Having no theory to support, his observations have been made with no object but that of practical utility; and we trust that they will have the effect of simplifying the views of a disease which, as Mr. Moir says, has been hitherto involved in needless complication.

Mr. Moir declares his conviction, that the Malignant Cholera *is contagious*. He says that not a single case has occurred, where communication with the infected could not be readily traced out. He proceeds:

"The fact is, that Cholera will nowhere abate, or pass away, while a victim susceptible of its influence remains, provided such be exposed to its contagion: and no doctrine more dangerous or destructive to the safety of society can be promulgated. Until all are made aware of the risk to which they are exposed—adopt every means of prevention—and keep beyond the pale of contagion, the disease will propagate itself—and appear—and re appear with renewed force."

Assuming that Cholera is a contagious disease, Mr. Moir proceeds to state the best means to guard communities from its approach. He recommends, of course, the formation of a Board of Health, medical and civil, to whom should be entrusted all matters relating to the feeding and clothing of the poor—arrangements for the fumigation of infected dwellings—and the speedy sepulture of the dead. He says that on no account should the coffin be carried on shoulders. He recommends moderation in eating and drinking—but the diet should be nutritive and invigorating, as such conduce to ward off bowel complaint.

Mr. Moir considers the Malignant Cholera, if not a disease of direct debility, at least one which is dangerous only to debilitated constitutions:—

"This debility may be always traced to one of three great causes, or to their combination;—to exhaustion of nervous power, produced either,

First, by intemperate habits;
Secondly, by scanty nutrition;
Thirdly, by natural delicacy of constitution.

Diarrhœa is the first undoubted symptom of this complaint; and Mr. Moir thinks it such a decisive one, that he would be very much inclined to doubt the nature of the case in which it comes

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not as a promonition. He recommends that,—

"Whenever the alvine discharges have exceeded three or four in number, or come away with unnatural violence, either one grain solid opium, or thirty drops laudanum, should be exhibited to an adult, in a table-spoonful of brandy, diluted with half that quantity of water."

The second stage puts on three distinct varieties of aspect, which may be thus severally described :

First.—Diarrhœa, with full pulse, and violent spasmodic affection of the muscles.

Second.—Diarrhœa, to which vomiting has supervened, accompanied with spasms—the pulse still retaining tone and distinctness.

Third.—Vomiting and purging of an almost colourless fluid—subsiding pulse—and spasms of more or less violence.

Blood-letting may be practised when the sufferer falls into a state of collapse ; but this is the only stage and variety of the disease in which blood-letting produces certain and unequivocal benefit. As a general rule from twelve to eighteen ounces may be abstracted with benefit.

We must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself for a variety of particulars which cannot be separated from the mass of evidence which Mr. Moir has laid before the public.

"LIBERAL NOTIONS."

From the earliest of my recollection, I have always entertained liberal notions of men and things. I have such a thorough and hearty contempt for meanness of spirit, and for people of narrow ideas, that I can scarcely regard them with common patience. My father and mother, and my hard-hearted schoolmaster, endeavored to chain down my aspiring spirit, and to degrade my soul, by instilling into my youthful mind narrow and confined ideas; but I was incapable of receiving them, and I spurned them as a duck, when she shakes her feathers, scatters the water from her back. I do really think that common arithmetic had a tendency to fill the mind with mean and pettifogging notions. There is something so ridiculously contemptible in that silly accuracy of adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, even to the niceness of a single farthing. I never in my life could make a sum in arithmetic precisely right, and what in the name of common sense can a trifling half dozen or so, one way or other, signify? That exceeding accuracy of calculation shews a narrow mind. My schoolmaster told me, that if I did not do my sums right, I should never be able to keep a set of books. Contemptible fellow! Did he imagine that I was ever going to let myself down to the meanness and sordidness of book-keeping? Look at those fellows who keep books! What a mean, dull, clodpated race of mortals they are,—no wit, no fire, no imagination, no spirit, no humour among them. Look at them lumbering up to the city by coach-loads every morning from Islington, Pentonville, Somers' Town, Paddington, Chelsea, Highgate, Camberwell, Peckham, and from ten thousand other places; and then lumbering back again in the evening, so stupified with book-keeping, that they can hardly tell the difference between beef and pudding. They spend their whole lives among figures, and so they never make a figure in life. But if I was disgusted with common arithmetic, how much greater was my contempt of fractions—bits, pieces, odds and ends, cheese-parings, hair-splittings! People may well call them *vulgar* fractions. Why, if I was too liberal to care for ten or a dozen, one way or other, was I likely to care two straws for fractions, —for halves, quarters, eights, and sixteenths?—Nonsense! I told the man so to his face. "Sir" said I, "give me leave to tell you, that I shall not chain myself down to your trumpery fractions; I have had plague enough to learn your common rules, and I will not stoop my aspiring spirit to calculate sums less than a farthing. Give me the generosity and nobleness of spirit that is above the meanness of calculation."

I believe the man was struck for a moment at the grandeur and sublimity of my ideas, for he looked upon me with emotion and astonishment, while a smile of admiration was playing upon his features; but presently, summoning up the whole schoolmaster within him, he replied: "All this is pretty talk—very pretty talk, indeed, but how am I to shew my face to your father, if I neglect to teach you what you are sent here to learn. I am absolutely robbing your father."

"Well, sir," said I, "rob my father if you like, I am not so narrowminded as to concern myself about that."

"The boy is mad," said the fellow. Ah, that is the way I have always found it through life. Whenever any individual at all superior to the common run of mortals dares to act and speak from the generous impulses of a noble nature, forthwith all the low-minded sordid sons of calculation exclaim "He is mad!" Poor narrow-souled wretches! They have no notion of any thing that is free and generous; they are made to draw in harness—to follow a leader—never to act from the impulses of a towering spirit!

A few months after I had left school, my father said to me, "Bob," and I said "Yes, Sir." "It does not appear to me, Bob," said my father, "that you are much the better for school." "No, Sir,' replied I, "nor to me neither. I think it a great mercy that I am none the worse. That mean-spirited fellow was always endeavouring to instil into me his own narrow notions, and making such a ridiculous fuss if a sum was not right to a farthing! Oh, Sir, I could not bear such beggarly notions. What is a farthing, more or less, to a gentleman, and a man of liberal ideas?"

My father shook his head, and said, "Now, my dear Bob, let me talk seriously to you." Then I shook my head in return, and said "Now, my dear father, pray don't."

"But my dear Bob," said my father, "how do you expect to get through the world, without a little prudence and consideration?" "Why as to the matter of that, Sir," replied I, "I may get through the world sooner without prudence than with." "But," said my father, "it becomes a matter of importance that you should now choose a profession." "On that point," I said, "I am perfectly indifferent; but whatever profession I adopt, I hope and trust I shall carry into it the liberal ideas of a man of high spirit." What think you of the church?" "The church! Why, there are some men of liberal notions in it, but yet they are under some kind of restraint, and it would not suit my liberal notions to undergo an examination by a bishop's chaplain: those fellows are sometimes apt to ask a variety of impertinent questions, which no man of liberal notions would care to answer. Then the style of dress—very bad—always black, —no, sir, that would never do. Besides, Sir, there are many pleasant amusements which a clergyman is debarred from, which no man of liberal notions would choose to surrender. No, Sir, the church will not do." "The Law?" "As far as my observation has gone, I have fancied that the law contracts the mind; besides, Sir, law depends so much upon precedents and antiquated notions, and ridiculous out-of-the-way old fashioned acts of parliament, that ought to be buried out of sight and forgotten. Then, you know,

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there is no getting on at the bar without a great deal of labour and study, and poring over disgusting and wearisome books, which by no means meet the views of a man of liberal notions. Really, Sir, with all due respect to you and my grandfather, I must take the liberty to say, that I have no such very high opinions of the wisdom of my ancestors. Old people, Sir, are much addicted to entertain narrow views of things; and law has so much to do with antiquity and by-gone notions, that I must decline it as a profession." "Well, Bob, as you please; but you must do something,—what think you of physic?" "Don't like it, Sir,—can't bear the smell of drugs. Then to have a gilt Galen's head, or pestle and mortar, over one's door, a transparency in the shop-window, advice gratis to the poor,—to be called out of one's bed, or away from one's dinner,—especially if I was dining out, as men of liberal notions are very apt to do,—or to be called out of church, and suddenly woke in the midst of a sermon. To be accountable for all the crotchets and caprices of jalap—bah. No, Sir, physic will never do for a man of liberal notions." "But, Bob, you positively must do something." "Must I, Sir, I am sorry for it; that word *must* is very annoying to a man of liberal notions." "What do you think of keeping a shop?" Can't think of it at all, Sir;—bowing behind the counter to whimsical customers, when I am longing to kick—What's the next article? —Oh, no, no! shopkeeping will never do for a man of liberal notions."

So I could never make choice of a profession from that day to this. What a pity it is that the state does not make provision for gentlemen of liberal notions! so that they need not be under the galling and degrading necessity of stooping to some trumpery profession or peddling employment to avoid starvation. I am really quite disgusted when I look round upon my old school-fellows, and see some of them riding in carriages, and others established in lucrative professions, who were once not half so well off as myself. They are rich, to be sure, but they are not to be envied, for they have exceedingly contracted notions of things. Once they were hearty, generous, high-spirited fellows, singing loud songs, and drinking deep cups; but now they are grave as judges, as sordid as Jews, and as starched as old maids. They turn their backs on their old friends, and all their souls are absorbed in making money. Sometimes, indeed, when I find my coat out at elbows, and my finances scarcely equal to a dinner at an "ordinary," I am tempted to wish that I had adopted some profession, and had given a little attention to the meanness of money-getting. But, however, I must not complain; I do now and then feel a little inconvenience of want, and a little mortification for want of a clean shirt and a whole coat.—Still I have retained my independence and my liberal notions of men and things. And what is life without liberality of sentiment? Oh, I despise the vulgar everyday, common-place people that pass you by shoals in the public streets, elbowing their way along, and looking so greedily and avariciously, as if they were born merely to gather together sordid pelf and filthy lucre. They despise my threadbare coat and greasy hat, they look contemptibly on my old brown and black trousers, and think foul scorn of my gaping shoes; but they do not see my mind—they know nothing of the towering genius that dwells within. They do not know that the man whom they despise is a man who despises them. I have often thought of illuminating the world on the subject of things in general, and of giving them new views of religion, politics, and society; but those mean and sordid booksellers, one and all, set their faces against every thing that is liberal. They talk about the march of intellect, but they do not care a fig for intellect They merely print and publish just for what they can get. They have no sympathy with the towering aspirations of mind. I had a most excellent design for a work, that should convince all mankind that they were a pack of fools, and that should produce such a glorious change in the constitution of society, that talent and liberality should reign triumphant; I communicated my design to a publisher, and what was his answer? Blush, Britain, blush for the meanness of thy intellectual tradesmen! "I dont think it will sell," said the fellow. "Why then," said I, "give it away." The man stared at me, and said, "What shall I get by that?" There, gentle reader, there is a specimen of the sordidness of booksellers. "What shall I get?" When I see such narrowness of soul, and such degradation of mind, my heart bleeds for humanity, and I almost blush to call such wretches my fellow-creatures. I must confess that this interview had such an effect upon my nerves—I do not know what my nerves are, but I know that they were shocked;—it had such an effect, I say, that for a long while I could not apply to another publisher; but at length I did, and to another, and another. They were all in the same story, just as if they had conspired together to thwart my views for the welfare of the human race. I will not mention names, for I do not wish to hold them up to the contempt and derision of mankind. I am sorry to say that their meanness has compelled me to have recourse to a mode of instructing the public which I should not have adopted by choice, but to which I am driven by necessity—I allude to inscriptions on walls and stable-doors, by means of a simple instrument, called a piece of chalk. But the worst of this mode of public instruction is that there is not room enough for an elaborate argument, or even a well-turned period. One is compelled to confine oneself to a certain sententious brevity, which convinces none but those who were convinced before.

Now it is very mortifying to a man who is capable of governing an empire, not to have sixpence in his pocket, and to have no opportunity of convincing the world how much he is their superior. I have conversed with men of all sentiments, but I have found in them all a certain narrowness of mind, and limination of idea.—There have been few, very few, that have come quite up to my notion of liberality.—Some people are liberal in one thing, and some in another, but none, except myself, have I yet met with perfectly liberal in every point of view, and upon every topic of human interest. I have endeavoured, and I think successfully, to keep my mind free from all narrow prejudices, and it is often a consolation to me, when my breeches want mending, that I have no prejudices. No, I scorn them—I don't mean breaches, but prejudices. The man that is prejudiced is blind to beauty and deaf to truth. I am guided only and always by pure reason. There is not, I will venture to say, one person in a thousand, who is in all his actions and sentiments guided by pure reason. People are slaves to prejudices, confined and limited in their views. Indeed, how can people take liberal views who do not take comprehensive views of things. Men of business are confined to their shops or counting-houses, men in the law are like horses in a mill, moving in a dull round of precedents, medical men see none but the sick and the sad, the hypochondriac and the diseased, and what should they know of the world? As for parsons, all the world knows that they must be fools and idiots by virtue of their office, they absolutely know nothing, ten times less than nothing; they walk through the streets blindfold, they go to Cambridge and Oxford expressly for the purpose of learning ignorance; all that they know is which side their bread is buttered on, and all that they desire is to have it buttered on both sides. As for statesmen, ministers, members of parliament, commons, and lords, they all have their prejudices, they are confined to narrow views of things—they do not know the world, they do not see it, they have no time to look at it, they have no time to attend to it. They must take things merely by report and at second hand. There is in a word no man who can thoroughly understand human life and human nature so well as a man of liberal notions, altogether without prejudices, who has nothing else to do than to walk about the streets from morning to night. H. N.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

INDIA.

From the late Bishop Middleton's Correspondence.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN CALCUTTA.

NEVER was there known such a migration as there will be this season. Almost every body in the higher class of our population here is going home. If I live to see it, there will not probably, at a dinner of 40 persons, be more than two or three who were resident in Calcutta at my arrival. There is something melancholy in the thought, though here *people care very little for each other*. Like those who meet at a watering-place in England for a few weeks, an intercourse of *civility* is nearly all that can be expected. Nobody is here at home.

BOOKS.

When I first knew this place (Calcutta), the auction catalogues, published almost daily, contained, indeed, a great quantity of books, but very seldom one which, if I had it not, I should wish to possess. But now very frequently I pick up books in the best and highest walks of literature.

THE FREE PRESS.

* * * * * * * We have now in India that monstrous *despotism*, and tremendous engine of *corruption*, which some call the *liberty of the Press*. The Government, in an evil hour, authorized it; and now *they* do not know what to do with it.

REPORT OF A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY ON THE COLLEGE MUSEUM OF EDINBURGH.

AFTER conferring a merited eulogium on Professor Jameson, to whose zeal this museum is

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mainly indebted for its extent and completeness, the Commissioners observe,—

But in regard to the management of this museum, we have received various communications and complaints from scientific individuals, which directed our particular and anxious attention to the subject; and a committee of our number was specially appointed, to consider both the management of the museum, and the right of property in the specimens it contains.

The museum of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, appears to us, after minute inquiry, to be the property of the crown, but secured for the University.

In support of these opinions, it is argued that the privileges, such as exemption from duty, &c., granted by government to articles specially sent to the museum—the confusion which would be occasioned on the death of the present keeper, were his executors to claim a right to any of the articles publicly exhibited—the professor's own admission, that he cannot consider any of the specimens, even though contributed by himself, after being placed there, as his private property—and lastly, the salary from the crown, which is allowed to the keeper for the maintenance of the museum, plainly implies that it is the property of the crown alone, for the benefit of the university. In case of such claims being revived, it is recommended that the matter should be brought to trial by the law officers of the crown.

The next topic which the Report touches upon, is the management of the museum.

We apprehend that the museum ought not to be merely an appendage of the class of Natural History, and that the use and benefit of it ought not to be confined to the students of that particular class. On the contrary, we are of opinion that the use of it, for the purpose of study, ought to be afforded to all students who may receive permission to that effect from the professors whose classes they are attending; and that the privilege of access to the museum should be granted to students in general, under proper precautions.

The commissioners then deprecate the power assumed by the keeper, of excluding individuals who wish to take drawings of the specimens, for publication, unless the work or the person meets with his approbation—a privilege which the professor excuses on the ground, that "he might be held responsible, as a man of science, if the publication were unscientific," and "that the reputation of the establishment might be affected by the publication of disreputable works." The result of this arbitrary power of control has been the securing a monopoly, and preventing free discussion on the management of the establishment, thus materially retarding the progress of scientific enterprise.

Part of the fund for the maintenance of the Museum at Edinburgh, arises from sums paid for admission, which are even exacted from all students of the University, except those of the class of Natural History.

On this regulation the Commissioners express a just and strong opinion.

So far as we have been able to investigate the matter, no regulations have been produced to us from any competent quarter, authorizing any sum whatever to be charged for admission into the Museum. But even if it should appear that the keeper really did receive such authority as he might reasonably think sufficient to enforce a payment generally by persons asking admittance, there is not the slightest evidence that it was intended or contemplated that such a rule should apply to all the students of the University, except those attending the class of Natural History of which the keeper is at present the professor; there is no evidence that was originally stated that the professor so intended to interpret and act upon the authority which he received, from whatever quarter it came. The result of the rule is plainly to make the Museum in every respect an appendage to the class of Natural History.

It is then recommended that the rooms should be thrown open to the public on the same conditions as obtain in the splendid collections on the continent, a measure which, while it would not injure the museum, would be a means of instilling into the minds of the public a love of nature, and a pure moral taste, besides inducing individuals to send contributions to the establishment. The Commissioners conclude with the following remarks:—

We consider all the various reasons stated to us in justification of the present system of management to be entirely groundless or unworthy of an academic establishment. In the great space occupied by the buildings of the New College in Edinburgh, it would be perfectly easy to afford ample accommodation to individuals desiring to make drawings or accurate examinations of particular articles; and although the funds for the annual expenses of the Museum are not so large as the extent of the collection requires, yet some of the funds appear to be employed in purposes not so legitimate and necessary as a salary to an under-keeper or assistant, part of whose duty should be to afford assistance, under proper regulations, to persons of scientific acquirements desirous to examine or to give descriptions and illustrations of parts of the collection.

ASTRONOMY.

THE present year will be famous in the annals of astronomy,—the predicted return of two comets, and a transit of Mercury over the sun's disk, on the 9th of May. Let the astronomers of Britain therefore bestir themselves,—keeping in remembrance the fame of Newton, of Halley, and of Herschel,—if they cannot eclipse the fame of our continental neighbours, let them at least share the laurels with them, ere they become a reproach and a by-word among the nations of Europe. The Astronomical Society of London, though recently established, will act, as they have hitherto done, with spirit and independence; but what will the Astronomical Society of Edinburgh do? Why, they will also do as they have hitherto done—and that is absolutely nothing! They are in possession of some fine instruments, were they only in the hands of a proper observer.—*Edinburgh Post.*

EDUCATION OF NATIVES OF INDIA.

The following is an extract from the evidence of the Hon. M. Elphinstone, before the Lords' Committee on East-India Affairs, 26th March, 1830:—

Having filled different official situations in various parts of India, have you formed any opinion, as to the native race which is most capable of improvements; or do you consider them all in the same light in that respect?—I do not conceive that the difference is very great. Some are more tied down by religious prejudices than others, and consequently less accessible to improvement. Do you conceive that, upon the whole, those religious prejudices are in any degree diminishing under the present system of government?—Amongst some few of the educated classes only, I think, they are. Do you see any probability of that diminution of prejudice extending itself further among the other classes of society, either from the effect of education or any other circumstances?—A very great probability, from the effect of education. How does it appear to you that the objects of education can be most extensively and usefully effected?—By the encouragement to the greatest extent of village schools; by the printing of books for the use of those schools, and of books of entertainment and instruction for the lower class of people; by the foundation of colleges for higher branches of knowledge, and by the publication of books in those departments of instruction. Probably more by a systematic education of the natives for office than by any other means that can be attempted. Are the brahmins or other persons who possess authority among the natives favourably or unfavourably disposed to the extention of education amongst them?—In general I should think they are rather unfavourable, though some individuals have exerted themselves to promote it. But you do not apprehend such a degree of resistance from them as would ultimately defeat the object?—I do not; as long as they do not perceive the inseparable connexion between the diffusion of education and the destruction of the superstition on which their power is founded.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are for the young and for the old; for the grave and for the gay; for the living and for the dead; for all but the guilty, and for them when they are penitent. Flowers are, in the volume of nature what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of revelation. They tell man of the paternal character of the Deity. Servants are fed, clothed, and commanded; but children are instructed by a sweet gentleness; and to them is given by the good parent, that which delights as well as that which supports. For the servant, there is the gravity of approbation, or the silence of satisfaction; but for the children, there is the sweet smile of complacency, and the joyful look of love.

So, by the beauty which the Creator has dispersed and spread abroad through creation, and by the capacity which he has given to man to enjoy and comprehend that beauty, he has displayed, not merely the compassionateness of his mercy, but the generosity and gracefulness of his goodness.

What a dreary and desolate place would be a world without a flower! It would be as a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome. Flowers, by their sylph-like forms and viewless fragrance, are the first instructors to emancipate our thoughts from the grossness of materialism; they make us think of invisible beings; and by means of so beautiful and graceful a transition, our thoughts of the invisible are thoughts of the good.

Are not flowers the stars of earth, and are not stars the flowers of heaven? Flowers are the teachers of gentle thoughts—promoters of kindly emotion. One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures; for they first awaken in the mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. Light is beautiful and good; but on its undivided beauty, and on the glorious intensity of its full strength, man cannot gaze; he can comprehend it best when prismatically separated and dispersed in the many-coloured beauty of flowers; and thus he reads the elements of beauty—the alphabet of visible gracefulness. The very inutility of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; for, by having a delightfulness in their very form and colour, they lead us to thoughts of generosity and moral beauty, detached from and superior to all selfishness; so that they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that he liveth not by bread or for bread alone, but that he hath another than an animal life.—*The Amulet*, pp. 155—157.

Prince Puckler Muskaw.—We perceive that the *Quarterly Review* has unmasked, with good effect, some of the numerous impositions in the "Tour of a German Prince." That illustrious traveller, the most memorable Germany has produced since the days of Baron Munchausen, was no favourite during his residence in the upper circles of this country, where the peculiarities of his connexion with the Hardenberg family were well known. His transparency's fairy-tale name (pronounced in German, *Pickler*,) was usually familiarized by the London world into "Prince Pickled Mustard," a title eminently characteristic of his acrid and pungent turn of mind.

Emancipation.—Upwards of four hundred slaves were emancipated by the government of Martinique, upon the anniversary of the king's fete, St. Philip's day.

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INDIA BOARD.

An Account of all Offices, Places, and Establishments belonging to the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India, with the Amount of their Allowances as they stood on the 1st April, 1814, and the 1st April, 1830.

Annual Rate of Salaries paid at Lady Day, 1814.

President	£5,000
Two Commissioners	3,000
Secretary	1,800
Assistant secretary	1,350
Nineteen clerks	10,650
Solicitor, librarian and assistant, office keeper, housekeeper, and four messengers	1,530
	£23,330

Annual Rate of Salaries paid at Lady Day 1830.

President	£5,000
Two Commissioners	3,000
Secretary	1,800
Assistant secretary	1,200
Twenty-seven clerks	12,000
Solicitor, librarian and assistant, office keeper, house keeper, four messengers, and a porter	1,315
	£24,315

THE POET'S VISION.

In the *Commercial Advertiser* for April 4th, there is an extract from "Darwin's Botanic Garden," a poem published in 1786, nearly half a century ago, which was composed, it is said, at least 20 years before the date of its publication. The extract in question refers to Steam. The following one is not less remarkable, and discovers a remarkable spirit of prophecy on the part of the poet.

Visit of Hope to Sydney Cove, near Botany Bay.

"Where *Sydney Cove* her lucid bosom swells,
And with wide arms the indignant storm repels;
High on a rock, amid the troubled air
Hope stood sublime, and wav'd her golden hair;
Calm'd with her rosy smile the tossing deep,
And with sweet accents charm'd the winds to sleep;
To each wild plain she stretch'd her snowy hand,
High-waving wood, and sea-encircled strand.
"Hear me," she cried, "ye rising realms! record
Time's opening scenes, and Truth's prophetic word.
There shall broad streets their stately walls extend,
The circus widen, and the crescent bend;
There, ray'd from cities o'er the cultur'd land,
Shall bright canals, and solid roads expand.
There the proud arch, colossus-like, bestride
Yon glittering streams, and bound the chafing tide;
Embellish'd villas crown the landscape-scene,
Farms wave with gold, and orchards blush between.
There shall tall spires, and dome-capt towers ascend,
And piers and quays their massy structures blend;
While with each breeze approaching vessels glide,
And northern treasures dance on every tide!"
Then ceas'd the nymph—tumultuous echoes roar,
And joys loud voice was heard from shore to shore.
Her graceful steps descending press'd the plain,
And PEACE, and ART, and LABOUR, join'd her train."

AN APOLOGY FOR THE SCOTTISH BAGPIPE.

The PIPE is a most ancient instrument of music. It was well known to the Trojans and Greeks, among whom there were different sorts for Dorian, Lydian, and Phrygian measures; but the addition of a bag and accompanying drones or burdens, must have been an invention of subsequent time. Theocritus, who flourished 385 A. C., mentions it in his Pastorals, and Procopius describes it as having both the skin and wood extremely fine. Pronomus the sheban, is said, by Pausanias, to have been the first that played the different measures at once on one pipe.

There is at Rome, a fine Greek sculpture, in basso relievo, representing a piper playing on an instrument bearing a close resemblance to the Highland bagpipe. The Greeks, unwilling as they were to surrender to others the merit of useful inventions, acknowledge, that to the barbarians, i. e. the Celts, they owed much of their music, and many of its instruments. The Romans, who no doubt, borrowed the bagpipe from the Greeks, used it as a martial instrument among their infantry.* It is represented on several coins, marbles, &c.; but from rudeness of execution, or decay of the materials, it is difficult to ascertain its exact form. On the reverse of a coin of the Emperor Nero, who thought himself an admirable performer on it, and who publicly displayed his abilities, the bagpipe is represented. An ancient figure, supposed to be playing on it, has been represented, and particularly described by Signor Macari, of Cortona, and it is engraved in Walker's History of the Irish Bards, but it does not, in my opinion, appear to be a piper. A small bronze figure found at Richborough, in Kent, and conjectured to have been an ornament of horse furniture, is not more distinct. Mr. King, who has engraved three views of it, and others, believe it to represent a bagpiper, to which it has certainly more resemblance than to "a person drinking out of a leathern bottle."

The bagpiper, of a rude and concordant construction, is in common use throughout the East, and that it continues the popular instrument of the Italian peasant, is well known. In this country, it is the medium through which the good Catholics show their devotion to their Virgin Mother, who receives their adoration in the lengthened strains of the sonorous Piva. It is a singular but faithful tradition of the church, that the shepherds who first saw the infant Jesus in the barn, expressed their gladness by playing on their bagpipes. That this is probable, and natural, will not be denied, but the illuminator of a Dutch missal, in the library of King's College, Old Aberdeen, surely indulged his fancy when he represented one of his appearing angels likewise playing a salute on this curious instrument. The Italian shepherds religiously adhere to the laudable practice of their ancestors, and, in visiting Rome and other places to celebrate the advent of our Saviour, they carry the pipes along with them, and their favourite tune is the Sicilian Mariners, often sung in Protestant churches.—*(Logan.)*

* Varro calls it Pythaula, a word of Greek derivation, and not dissimilar to the Celtic piolmhala, pronounced piovala.

GRATITUDE IN A SLAVE.

A lady residing at the Mauritius, many years ago, emancipated a slave whose good conduct and fidelity she wished to reward: being in affluent circumstances, she gave him, with his freedom, a sum of money which enabled him to establish himself in business; and being very industrious and thrifty, he soon became rich enough to purchase a small estate in the country, whither he retired with his family:—years passed away, and whilst he was rapidly accumulating money, his former mistress was sinking into poverty; misfortune had overtaken her, and she found herself in old age, poor, solitary, neglected, and in want of the common necessaries of life:—this man heard of her unhappy condition, and immediately came to the town and sought her out in her humble abode: with the utmost respect he expressed his concern at finding his honoured lady in so reduced a state, and implored her to come to his estate, and allow him the gratification of providing for her future comforts. The lady was much affected at the feeling evinced by her old servant, but declined his offer; he could not, however, be prevailed on to relinquish his design: "My good mistress," said he, "oblige me by accepting my services; when you were rich you were kind to me; you gave me freedom and money, with which, through God's blessing, I have been enabled to make myself comfortable in life, and now I only do my duty in asking you to share my prosperity when you are in need." His urgent entreaties at length prevailed, and the lady was conveyed, in his palanquin, to the comfortable and well-fur-

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nished apartments assigned to her by his grateful care; his wife and daughters received her with the utmost respect, and always shewed, by their conduct, that they considered themselves her servants: deserted by those who had been her equals in station, and who had professed themselves her friends whilst she was in affluence, this good lady passed the remainder of her days in comfort and ease, amid those who had once been her dependants.—*(Recollections of the Mauritius, by a Lady.*

THE *CREDIT* SYSTEM—NATIONAL DEBT.

THE unredeemed capital of the permanent funded debt, on the 5th of Jan. 1831, according to returns made to Parliament, amounted to	£757,486,997
The amount of terminable annuities for lives and terms of years was, at the same time, 3,297,375*l.* per annum. Estimating these annuities at their market value, the capital which they represent may be stated at - - - - - - -	56,055,375
The amount of Exchequer bills outstanding, including those issued to pay off the dissentient proprietors of 4 per cent. annuites - -	27,271,650
Total amount of capital, funded and unfunded, of the National Debt, on the 5th of January, 1831 -	£840,814,022

The sum required to defray the annual charge on the above is as follows:

Interest and charges of management on the permanent funded Debt	£24,377,379
Amount of terminable annuities for lives and terms of years - -	3,297,375
Sum required to defray the interest of Exchequer bills, as estimated in the Treasury return - -	675,000
Total annual charge in respect of the funded and unfunded debt -	£28,349,754

Now to what do we owe our strength and our immunity? The sovereignty of law: the incorruptness of its administration; *the number and political importance of our religious sects, which in an incalculeble degree have added to the dignity of the establishment; the purity, or at least the decorum of private morals, and the independence, activity, and weight, of public opinion?* These and similar advantages are doubtless the *materials* of the fortress, but what has been the cement? What has bound them together? What has rendered Great Britain, from the Orkneys to the Rocks of Scilly, indeed and with more than metaphorical propriety a BODY POLITIC, our Roads, Rivers, and Canals being so truly the veins, arteries, and nerves, of the state; that every pulse in the metropolis produces a correspondent pulsation in the remotest village on its extreme shores! What made the stoppage of the national Bank the conversation of a day without causing one irregular throb, or the stagnation of the commercial current in the minutest vessel? I answer without hesitation, that the cause and mother principle of this unexampled confidence, of this *system* of credit, which is as much stronger than mere positive possessions, as the soul of man is than his body, or as the force of a mighty mass in free momotion, than the pressure of its separate component parts would be in a state of rest—the main cause of this, I say, has been our NATIONAL DEBT. What its effects on the Literature, the Morals and religious Principles, have been, I shall hereafter develope with the same boldness. But as to our political strength and circumstantial prosperity, it is the NATIONAL DEBT which has wedded in indissoluble union all the interests of the state, the landed with the commercial, and the man of independent fortune with the stirring tradesman and reposing annuitant. It is the NATIONAL DEBT, which by the rapid nominal rise in the value of things, has made it impossible for any considerable number of men to retain their own former comforts without joining in the common industry, and adding to the stock of national produce; which thus first necessitates a general activity, and then by the immediate and ample credit, which is never wanting to him, who has any object on which his activity can employ itself, gives each man the means not only of preserving but of encreasing and multiplying all his former enjoyments, and all the symbols of the rank in which he was born. It is this which has planted the naked hills and enclosed the bleak wastes, in the lowlands of Scotland not less than in the wealthier districts of South Britain: it is this, which leaving all the other causes of patriotism and national fervor undiminished and uninjured, has added to our public duties the same feeling of necessity, the same sense of immediate self-interest, which in other countries actuates the members of a single family in their conduct toward each other.

ANECDOTE.—COLERIDGE.

By the late Dr. Currie, of Liverpool.

A gentleman of a liberal education had, according to the fashion of the times, indulged, himself, some years ago, in speculations on the improvement of the human race, and the perfectibility of man. By long, deep and solitary meditation on these subjects, his mind became unsettled, and his reason gave way. He seemed to himself to want nothing but power to make mankind happy; and at length he became convinced *that he had a right to that power.* The consequence of this rendered it necessary to confine him; and about two years afterwards he was removed by his friends from the situation in which he was originally fixed, and placed under my care. At the time of which I speak he was become perfectly calm; he was on general subjects rational, and on every subject acute; but the general hallucinations were as fixed as ever. In occasional discussions of his visionary projects, I had urged, of my own suggestion, the objection, that when men became so happy as he proposed to make them, they would increase too fast for the limits of the earth. He felt the force of this; and, after much meditation, proposed a scheme for enlarging the surface of the globe, and a project of an act of parliament for this purpose, in a letter addressed to Mr. Pitt, very well expressed, and seriously meant, but which, if published, would appear satirical and ludicrous in a high degree. Having had occasion to mention his situation to his brother, a man of letters, he proposed that an experiment should be made of putting the quarto edition of Malthus's Essay into his hands; to which I assented. It was given to him last autumn, and he read it with the utmost avidity and seeming attention. In my visits I did not mention the subject to him, but desired the keeper to watch him narrowly. After finishing the perusal, he got pen, ink, and paper, and sat down, seemingly with an intention to answer it, or to write notes upon it. But he did not finish a single sentence, though he began many. He then sat down to read the book again aloud, and finished this second perusal in a few days, not omitting a single word, but stopping at times, and apparently bewildered. I now spoke to him, and introduced the subject, but he was sullen and impatient. He became very thoughtful, walked at a great pace in his airing-ground, and stopped occasionally to write, if I may so speak, words, but more frequently numbers, with a switch in the sand. These he obliterated as I approached him. This continued some days, and he appeared to grow less thoughtful; but his mind had taken a melancholy turn.

One afternoon he retired into his room, on the pretence of drowsiness. The keeper called him in a few hours, but he did not answer. He entered, and found the sleep he had fallen into was the sleep of death. He had "shuffled off this mortal coil."

At the moment that I write this, his copy of Malthus is in my sight; and I cannot look at it but with extreme emotion.

THE EXILE.

(From the Amethyst.)

The exile on a foreign strand,
Where'er his footsteps roam,
Remembers that his father's land,
Is still his cherished home.

Though brighter skies may shine above,
And round him flowers more fair,
His heart's best hopes and fondest love
Finds no firm footing there.

Still to the spot which gave him birth,
His warmest wishes turn,
And elsewhere, own through all the earth,
A stranger's brief sojourn.

Oh! thus should man's immortal soul,
Its privilege revere;
And mindful of its heavenly goal,
Seem but an exile *here.*

'Mid fleeting joys of sense and time,
Still free from earthly leaven,
Its purest hopes, its joys sublime,
Should own no *home* but heaven!

SOCIAL LIFE AT HOME.

Society, in the true meaning of that term, is much more limited in this country than in France, or perhaps, than in any other nation calling itself civilized. We all live upon a scale of expenditure, which has no example upon the continent; we lay out fortunes in the mere decoration and furniture of our houses; we must have equipages; our costume, both for males and females, is enormously costly; the meats and vegetables served at our tables, are purchased at a price three or four-fold greater than they would amount to upon the continent; and hence, though an opulent people, we live, even in private, to the utmost extent of our means, and therefore it is that we are not, and cannot generally be, a social community.

If by society be meant the frequent and unrestrained meeting of many families, who are in equal, or nearly equal classes of life, and who communicate freely with each other upon all matters in which they feel a common interest, thus developing individual character, and influencing, by their example, the manners of the country to which they belong, it is manifest that we have no such institution in England. It has sometimes happened, as the author of this work* remarks, that a distinguished person,

* State of the Country in 1831.

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such as a late celebrated duchess, whom he characterises under the fictitious name of Lucia, is raised to the throne of fashionable life, and is enabled to impart to it for a while a determined tone; she is surrounded with the elite of all parties, and under her commanding influence all the inferior restraints upon intercourse are broken down. Men of different ranks in life meet together in her presence, conversation is unfettered, wit gives out all its brilliancy, talent all its energy, knowledge all its treasures, wisdom all its instruction, and cheerfulness exhausts its power of entertainment. When the late king first entered life as the Prince of Wales, he also had his court, at which society, varied, it is true, and sometimes not the most virtuous, might have been found. But for a long period, there has been no predominant influence of this kind exhibited in the fashionable world, and consequently no society.

Nevertheless, it would seem to a reflecting mind, that we are possessed of many of the elements, of which society of the best description is composed; and when they are brought together in any considerable force, as they sometimes are, by accidental circumstances, we may perceive that we want only a repeal of the old non-intercourse system, a free trade, as it were, in the exchange of ideas, to rival, if not to surpass, our more fortunate neighbours in this respect. The education of our young men, whether destined for the senate, the learned professions, the field, or the ocean, is now much more generally attended to, and infinitely better directed, than it was before the peace. Confined by the war for a lengthened period to their own country, they had no opportunity of correcting their prejudices, or of polishing their manners. They indulged to satiety in every gratification. They were exceedingly selfish, uncourteous to women, homely in their dress and appearance and in all their ideas. The young men of the present day are the reverse of all this. They are well read in all the necessary, as well as the elegant branches of literature; foreign travel has given simplicity and ease to their manners; their taste is sound upon most points; they are courteous towards the amiable sex, and they no longer drink to intoxication. A party of men will not now consume half a dozen bottles of wine, who, twenty years ago, would have taken to their share half a dozen bottles each.

The change that has taken place among the naval and military men is particularly obvious. Schooled in the trying scenes of the late war, dispersed in all parts of the world, and, we may say, commanding wherever they appeared, their minds have been prodigiously elevated above the rank which their predecessors attained. Hence every military man, and almost every naval officer, is now an author. He can write, and write well. Every garrison town has its library; so also, we believe, have most of the ships of war in commission. In the intercourse of the world, the sailor and the soldier are no longer distinguishable by professional peculiarities of character, from the ordinary mass of gentlemen. The education of our ladies is also conducted, generally speaking, upon an admirable system, such as is adapted to make them attentive to the duties which usually fall to their share, and to render them interesting as intellectual companions.

PUBLIC REVENUE.

The amount of the nett produce of the public revenue at the accession of successive sovereigns:—that is to say, of the produce actually paid into the Exchequer, after deducting the expenses of collection.

On the accession of	James I.	1603	£600,000
- -	Charles I.	1625	896,819
- -	the Commonwealth	1648	1,517,247
- -	Charles II.	1660	1,800,000
- -	James II.	1685	2,000,000
- -	William and Mary	1688	2,001,855
- -	Anne	1701	3,895,205
- -	George I.	1714	5,691,803
- -	George II.	1727	6,762,643
- -	George III.	1760	8,523,540
- -	George IV.	1820	46,132,643
- -	William IV.	1830	47,139,873

Primary Existence of Metals.—Although the globe on which we live presents but few traces of metallic veins on its surface, and at the period of its creation probably presented even fewer than it does at present, it is, nevertheless, an undoubted fact, that so soon, and progressively, as what may be called the arts of life took place of the primitive rudeness of nature, mankind appear to have discovered and turned to account the various metals within their reach. Nor should the observation, however trite, be discarded, that it is a striking illustration of the providence of the Creator, that those metals which are the most useful are likewise the most abundant, though it must at the same time be remarked they are the most difficult of access.

Mineralogists have started the puzzling question—whether all the mineral treasures which have been extracted from, and those at present existing in, the bowels of the earth, were formed like the materials, amidst which they mostly lie, at the creation, or whether they may not, at least in many cases, have been the production of subsequent periods, either resulting from some of those singular phenomena, which are obviously attributable to a deluge, or from chemical changes perpetually going on according to fixed laws throughout all the regions of nature with which we are acquainted? The discussion of this subject, interesting as it is, belongs, however, rather to geology and chemisiry than to the arts of working in metal.

Abundance and Value of Coal to Britain.—Evelyn, in the sixteenth century, complained most pathetically, that nature had thought fit to place the most accessible iron ore immediately beneath our most extensive and flourishing forests. After describing some sylvan giants, he exclaims, "What a pity such goodly creatures should be devoted to Vulcan!" How often do we accuse Providence when our own short-sightedness alone prevents us from perceiving the admirable beauty and economy which runs through all the arrangements of nature! The "wasting ore," which our amiable philosopher seemed to regard merely as the bane of those noble wood-growths which he so enthusiastically admired, has of late years been shown to exist most largely and opportunely with the coal formations in general. The following reflections of Dr. Colquhoun, on this important fact, are of a character widely different from the lamentations of the author of Sylva. "To such perfection has the process of manufacturing iron by the coke of pit-coal now been carried, that this mineral has not only almost entirely superseded the employment of wood, but it has been the means of advancing the manufacture itself in this country, to an extent which is unparalleled in the history of any other age or nation. It has now been ascertained by long experience, that there is no other fuel which is so well fitted at once to supply the heat of the furnace, and at the same time to endure the powerful blast which is incessantly forced upon it. It may now be said to be essential to our iron manufacture, which would, indeed, be almost annihilated were the supply of it withdrawn. How great a source of admiration and gratitude must it always be to regard the immense profusion in which this valuable mineral discloses itself, and the intimate connection and neighbourhood which subsists between it and the ore of iron! How important are its inexhaustible treasures to the country, which must otherwise have been compelled either to relinquish the manufacture of iron, or lay under wood immense tracts of what are now fertile corn-fields, in order to supply, at an enormous expense, a much more imperfect fuel for the furnace! Nor is it possible to omit contemplating one of the momentous consequences of such an order of things, those subterranean labourers who, in many districts of the island, pursue with incessant toil their invaluable occupation. A shaft is sunk, wide excavations are opened up, and tier above tier, at various depths below the surface of the earth; and sometimes below the bed of a river, or of the ocean itself, a succession of extensive sheets are seen to penetrate the bowels of the earth: so that in a tract of country which for ages may have been regarded as an unproductive waste, numerous villages, with their busy throng of inhabitants, find an existence, which would never have been theirs but for the fruitful source of wealth that is yielded by the coal mine. And thus it happens, in many parts of this industrious and enterprising country, that a dense population are making the bosom of the earth to resound with the pickaxe below, while the surface is opened by the plough above, or, it may be, is furrowed by the rapid keels which bear abroad the commerce of Great Britain."

Cast Iron.—In 1827, Mr. Deeble, a metropolitan engineer, obtained a patent for an ingenious method of casting metal blocks for the purpose of forming caissons, jetties, piers, quays, embankments, lighthouses, foundations, walls, or other such erections. These blocks, which are hollow cases, so cast as to fit into each other by grooves and dovetails, and other

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contrivances, would from masses of exceeding strength in combination. There is, however, one fatal objection to their adoption in situations where they might be most useful: the sea water, by some unexplained process, so alters the nature of cast iron, that its cohesion appears to be quite destroyed. Cannon, which have been fished up after lying long in the sea, have been found converted through their substance into something resembling plumbago, and admitting of being cut with a knife.

Among the architectural purposes to which cast iron has already been most successfully applied, may be mentioned pillars, as well fluted as plain, for the support of galleries in our places of worship. Those who have paid any attention to the cumbrous, unsightly columns which occupy so much space, and so obstruct the view in most old churches, must perceive at once the beauty and utility of the light and elegant metal shafts which have so generally superseded them.

Genius of Blacksmiths.—It is in villages remote from the large towns that the blacksmith may be seen to assume not merely his real importance as a mechanic, but his relative consequence as a member of society, by presenting that *factotum* character, which not only indicates that he is an indispensable artificer in iron and even steel, but which has led to his figuring in poetry, romance, and even music; for who has not heard of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" of Handel, the "Wayland Smith" of sir Walter Scott, and the "Wat Tyler" of Robert Southey? Besides the appropriate business of farriery, including the doctoring as well as the shoeing of horses, the anomalous avocations of cowleech, dentist, parish clerk, precentor, and newsmonger in general, have been collateral distinctions of the village Vulcan ever since, and, indeed, long before Shakspeare's celebrated passage was written, in which Hubert is made to say,—

"I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent."
King John.

And it so happens, that at the very moment of transcribing this page, an anecdote of so singular a character, as connected with an individual of this fraternity, is travelling through the newspapers, as irresistibly to tempt its preservation in this place, as more likely to reflect honour upon the craft in the estimation of most persons than the most notable incident in the life of St. Dunstan himself.—"At the late electioneering canvass for the Lanark district of burghs, between Mr. Gillon and Mr. Monteith, a poor blacksmith in Peebles, of the name of Alexander Brodie, was waited upon by Mr. Monteith's party, and actually offered 1000 pounds for his vote; but this the honest man firmly declined, and, in spite of all entreaties to the contrary went and voted gratis on the side which his conscience told him ought to be supported. So great was the admiration excited by this instance of integrity, that one of Mr. Gillon's most distinguished friends lately presented to Mr. Brodie a handsome silver snuff-box bearing the following inscription, which is alike creditable to the donor and receiver:—

"To Alexander Brodie, blacksmith, member of the town council of Peebles, this box is presented, as a mark ot respect and esteem for the unrivalled instance of sterling worth and incorruptible integrity exhibited by him during the recent canvass for the representation of that burgh, by one of Mr. Gillon's oldest and most attached friends, Sir James Dalzell, Bart., of Binns. Aug. 23. 1830."

This slight digression from the craft to the character of the blacksmith may be the more readily excused, even by the most choleric reader, when it is recollected that in our enlightened times, instead of the trite terms "blacksmith and jobsmith in general," the maker of horse-shoes paints on his sign-board "veterinary forge," at the least: and there is, or at least was a few years ago, over a common horse shoeing blacksmith's shop adjoining the Eglise de St. Sulpice, at the end of the rue Feron in Paris, the words "*artiste vétérinaire!!!*"

ANTI-MASONIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

(From an American Paper.)

Mr. Hopkins, from the Committee next hereafter mentioned, reported as follows:

The Committee to whom it was referred, "to take into consideration the true nature of masonic oaths or obligations, and to report whether they are, or are not, religiously, morally, or legally binding; and whether they are, or are not, in collision with the higher obligations of allegiance and duty, which every good citizen is under, to support the constitution and laws of his country," respectfully report:

That the terms of this reference, being general, embrace all masonic obligations whatever. In the application of the subject to the oaths as revealed, it appears to the committee, that the matter of those oaths may properly come under the following considerations, namely: 1st. Of oaths which respect matters merely frivolous. 2d. Of those, if any there be, which respect matters entirely lawful and proper, and not unimportant. 3d. Of those, which by their natural tendency and operation are hostile to social order, good manners, or equal right, but without requiring any specific offence. 4th. Of those, which are directly illegal, whether that illegality is expressed in terms, or is afterwards deduced, as an unexpected consequence. Ilegality in oaths may be of many different kinds: the object of them may be either directly criminal, or they may lead to breaches of prior duty, obligation or contract, or of political allegiance. Respecting all these, the inquiry is whether they are religiously, morally, or legally binding.

And first, as to their legal obligation, the committee report; that none of these being oaths authorized or required for any purpose known to the laws, they are not legally binding in any possible case.* The remaining questions concern their obligation in conscience.

An oath is defined by moral writers as an act of religion § by which the affirmant appeals to the Supreme Being, to witness the truth of what he affirms to be true, or his fidelity in the performance of that, which he promises to perform. Such a transaction presupposes the infirmity of all human sanctions. It applies to the thoughts and intents of the heart; and therefore it appeals to him who knows them. It presupposes, also, that the being who is appealed to, is both able and disposed to punish perjury. The universal adoption of oaths, by all nations, to sanction such public and solemn engagements as the laws cannot sufficiently reach; such for example, as fidelity to governments, the observance of treaties, and truth in giving testimony, is a proof, that a sense of the sanctity of oaths, is deeply graven upon the heart of man. Grotius observes, that in every nation, and in every age, an oath has always been of the greatest weight in promises, contracts, and agreements.* If the use of solemn oaths is found thus universal, and thus necessary to man, in his social condition; and if it is past doubt, that "there is a God who governs the world," and has planned the existence of social order, then we arrive, even without the aid of revelation, to the conclusion, that the use of oaths is a part of the divine economy, and that the breach of them will be a subject of special punishment.

The Committee, thus quoting the authority of the most distinguished guides in the philosophy of morals, wish to repeat the remark, that they all, both Pagan and Christian, speak in effect of an oath, as an "act of religion." The Committee submit, therefore, that they have properly referred to the great principle of religious obligation, though reporting to a body, whose members may be supposed to differ much in their particular creeds. The very terms in which this subject is referred, embrace the moral and religious bearings of the question. The resolution treats the subject as a question of conscience; and questions of conscience can have little meaning, except as they regard the responsibility of man to his final judge.

A farther explanation may seem to be called so. Now, that divisions exist, and excitement operated, regarding the merits of freemasonry, the mere unsupported conclusions of this Committee or this Convention, adopted upon recent views of the question, might fail, perhaps justly, to command universal confidence. This has induced the Committee to have much recourse to authorities, whether sacred or profane; and they mean not to advance any important proposition in morals, without the most ample support of the inspired, or of the wise and good, who wrote before freemasonry existed.

An oath, then, is truly a transaction between man on one part, and his Almighty Judge on the other. It is a transaction in which, according to the general economy of divine Providence, the special power of that Judge is called into exercise, to give effect to such necessary and important engagements of men, as can, in no other manner, receive a sufficient guaranty.†

All these principles apply to lawful oaths, taken for some useful and important purpose. But the first question now to be considered, regards those oaths which are for objects merely trifling or worthless. If the position is established, that an oath effectually calls into exercise the avenging power of the Supreme Being, to punish falsehood, (and on any other supposition, all oaths are a fraud and an imposture,) then it follows, that oaths for trifling and vain objects, are a direct act of irreverence towards that power. They are, then, a practical perversion of one of his great engines for the support of human society; and a defiance of that penalty which every oath supposes so be imprecated. In whatever degree an oath for a high and important purpose, is sacred, in that degree, the use of it for any low, base, and worthless object, is a profanation. But the case under consideration, supposes these oaths to be already taken;

* See opinion of Marcey, J. in The People vs. Jewett, at Lockport, 1830.

§ They all seem to follow Cicero's definition in the third book De Officiis: Est enim jus jurandum affirmatio religiosa; quad autem affirmate, quasi Deo teste, promisseris, id tenendum est. See also Grotius de Jure Bel. et Pac. Lib. II. Cap. XIII.

Puffendorf, Droit de la Nat. Lib. IV. Chap. I.
Domat's civil law, Book III. Tit. 6. §. 6.
Paley's Moral Philosophy, Book III. Chap. 16.
Rutherforth's Institutes, ch. XIV.

Opinion of Trott, afterwards Ch. Just. of South Carolina, under the colonial government in 1. Hall's Law Journal, p. 2. The precise definition in the text above, is rather gathered from all than copied from any one.

* In the chapter before cited. In this chapter he has collected a great number of examples to show the reverence of almost all nations for all oaths. But Barbeyrac, in his notes on Puffendorf, says, that the Peruvians used no oath, but a simple averment before the Inca. He cites Garcilaco de Vega for this fact, in his history of the Incas.

† Un serment n'oblige pas, si Dieu ne l'accepte. Puffendorf as above cited, § VIII. (An oath obliges not, if God does not accept it.)

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and the question is, what is the further duty of those who have taken them, and how they may best escape the danger of further offences against conscience.

The Committee have not brought this branch of the subject into view, because it is in itself exceedingly important; but rather, because being obliged to examine a great mass of oaths of very various import, it seemed to be their duty to present the subject in due method; and because the conclusions to be drawn from this branch, will tend to throw light upon others.

If an oath for a vain or worthless purpose, is a transaction with the Supreme Judges, then he is a party to that transaction, *considered as a binding one;* then he is a party, not to punish the trifling, or unlawfulness in taking the oath, but he is a party to see it executed, or to punish the non-execution.

But can the power of the God of all worlds, be thus called into operation by the caprice of man, to execute the vain engagements which folly may prompt?

The Committee know of no divine or human authority, for saying that such an engagement, considered strictly as an oath, is binding. Puffendorf, who wrote 100 years before masonry existed, has expressly stated his opinion, that "oaths oblige not when they are absurd and impertinent."* Doubtless, they are immoral and most offensive to our God and Judge; but on proof is perceived that He will punish the offence considered, as a breach of the oath, and because he requires the observance.

A very different question remains, when we consider what is due for reverence to that high and holy name, which we invoke in every lawful oath, and which we profane in very one that is unlawful. No man who has unhappily taken a light oath, will, when his heart becomes better instructed, lightly break it. But still it is not truly an oath: it binds not, *as such:* the breach is not moral perjury: but a useless, or light breach, seems to be again taking the name of God in vain, and to be renewed irreverence. Such an oath ought not to be violated without cause; but the Committee, on the most attentive consideration they can give the subject, and aided by the best authorities in morals, believe that for good ends, with justifiable motives, any vain oath may be disregarded; and that very often it is a duty to disregard it.

A single case will exemplify the views of the Committee, by practical application. It is a most prominent point of masonry, when arrived at the sublime degree of master, that MAHAH-BONE signifies "marrow in the bone." It is one of the landmarks which never change with time or place. As *bone* has always signified *bone,* (seemingly in Hebrew, in the time of King Solomon, and in all languages, ancient and modern, since his time,) it remains that "mahar." signifies "marrow." Now the candidate has, in effect, in every form of solemnity, and under most awful penalties and sanctions, bound himself never to reveal the fact that "mahar," so signifies. Mean, and disgusting, and worthless as this falsehood is, no good man would causelessly trifle with the oath he has taken. But when masonry is found to be a great political, social, moral, and religious evil; when it is found to control government, and leave to the people the shadow only of power; when it sanctions murder, and then resorts to perjury to cover blood; when it avowedly perverts the administration of justice, in civil and criminal cases; when, to sanction these things, it quotes the names of prophets and apostles, who spoke as they where moved by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; and, when it covers all, by the pretence of mysteries and secrets of solemn and momentous import; then it becomes, not merely allowable, it becomes a duty, to expose the base reality of these holy secrets, to hold up these solemnities to the scorn of men; and to set the bloody and sacrilegious monster in the pillory of public odium, and contempt. Then it is a virtue in masons, to tell the world, that their institution contains nothing more solemn, than the disgusting story of the dead body of Hiram Abiff; and nothing more instructive, than the information that "MAHAH," signifies "MARROW."

(To be continued.)

* Car ils (les serments) u'bligent pas, non seulment lorsqu ils concernment les chooses illi cites, mais encore losqu'ils sent absurdes et impermittens Puffendorf, as above, § X.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD ON THE NIGER QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Evening Post.

SIR,—I observe that a paragraph has gone the round of the Newspapers, stating that a certain German, (I have forgot his name,) was the first that started the probability that the river Niger ran southward into the bights of Benin and Biafra. But honour to whom honour is due. Old Mr. Salmon, in his History of all Nations, written a hundred years ago, and published in 1743, distinctly states the fact that these rivers form the mouth of the Niger. He calls the country Nigritia, and says it derives its name from the river that flows through the middle of it, and in his map of the country, the river has much the same course as it is now proved to have, save that a principle branch comes from the South. He is no doubt a very incorrect, but he is a curious and interesting writer, and I send you a few extracts from his third volume:

"This mighty river empties itself into the Atlantic ocean by several mouths, of which the three largest are the Rio Grande, the Gambia, and the Senegal, and as the mouth of the river Grande lies in eleven degrees North Latitude, and the Senegal in sixteen, consequently, it is upwards of three hundred miles between the most distant mouths of this river, and all the country between, except the rising grounds, is annually overflowed, as the Delta in Egypt is by the Nile, and much about the same time, as these rivers rise in the same latitudes, and the rains that swell them falling at the same time."

A little further on he says:

"The chief negro town, which Historians and Geographers frequently mention as the capital of a mighty empire, is Tombut, situated in 15 deg N. L. and 6½ West of London! But I cannot learn that this or any of their towns consist of any other or better buildings than our ordinary cottages, having clay walls and thatched roofs. Such towns or villages stand pretty thick in that part of the country which the Europeans are acquainted with, and, it is thought, if their lands were as well cultivated, they would yield as good crops of grain as those of Egypt do which have the like advantages of being overflowed annually by the Nile as they are by the Niger."

This is certainly not a little curious, how the fact should have been established so long ago, and afterwards lost and disputed. This old Geograper and Historian appears, by some means or other, to have had a considerably correct idea, even of the distant provinces on the Niger, for he says in another place:

"The language of the several Negro nations who come down to the mouths of the Niger to trade with the Europeans, is not understood by them, nor even by the nation on the coast."

This evinces the great distance from which these tribes descended the river to traffic, and conveys as correct an idea of the country as could be given at this day.—Your publishing of this in your next paper, will oblige, your's ever,

JAMES HOGG.

I'll make them Sing—The precentor of one of the city churches of Glasgow, during the life of the late incumbent, having requested a day from a professional brother in Paisley, thought it but fair to state, that as the congregation esteemed the service of the lips a thing of no moment, he was not unfrequently allowed (tho' obliged) to sing a *solo* of 16 or 20 lines. Undaunted, though surprised, by the announcement of a practice at once so heterodox on the part of the congregation, and trying to its leader, the Paisley brother entered the bench, uttering the emphatic and portentous words. "I'LL MAKE THEM SING." Already had the last note of the church bell died on the ear—and already had the congregation, with the exception of a few of its fashionables, assembled, when the Rev. Doctor (for he was a Doctor) entered the pulpit, and read from one of the Psalms the usual number of lines for the morning's exercise of praise. Now was the moment of excitement—now was the time for putting the boasted prowess of our amateur to the test, and he shrunk not from the task. Up, and at his post, by the time the two first lines were read as a signal for commencing—his voice, clear and shrill, passed from note to note, till he had finished the two lines without any assistance. Determined against being thwarted in his purpose, he paused and said, "the congregation don't seem to understand this tune,—I'll try another." Again did he sing the two first lines, but the echo of his own voice was the only sound that reached his ear. Again he paused, and said, "they don't understand this one either,—I'll try another." No sooner did he commence the two first lines the third time, than the tongues of the listeners were loosed, and a thousand voices swelled the notes of praise!

SELECT NOTICES.

Learned Animals.—Leibnitz tells us of a dog in Germany that could pronounce distinctly 30 words. Goldsmith informs that he once heard a raven whistle the tune of "the Shamrock" with great distinctness, truth, and humour.——*March of Politeness.*—The present French Ministers, if they cannot make themselves more popular than their predecessors, seem determined, at least, to be more polite. It was formerly the custom, on days when Ministers did not receive, merely to announce the fact in these words—"The Minister for Foreign Affairs (as the case might be) cannot receive to day;" but now the announcement is made in the courteous style of an invitation card, and runs thus—"The Minister is deprived of the pleasure of receiving to-day." Politeness costs nothing, and, yet, how valuable it is to those possessing it, and to those who experience it. The most unkind act, if politely softened down, loses half its sting.——*Affectionate Solicitude.*—Lady M——, some years ago, went to visit her children when at school. Previously to her departure, she appeared in much agitation. "Look how affectionate my mother is," exclaimed one of the young M—y's, addressing his brother: "how loath she is to leave us."—Pooh, you flat," replied Lord S——, "She's debating whether she shall give us a shilling or sixpence!"——*Duelling.*—By the Mexican laws, if a man kills another in a duel, he becomes answerable for all his debts. If we had a similar law for Great Britain and Ireland, "affairs of

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honour" would be of rare occurrence.——*A Compliment.*—When the ambassador of Henry IV. of France was in England, he was at court on a birth-day, and on Queen Elizabeth's asking him how he liked her ladies, he replied very gallantly, "It is hard, madam, to judge of *stars* in the presence of the *sun*."——A corpulent lady of fashion, who is remarkably partial to waltzing at Almack's, is designated by the Tabbies of that assembly *the steamer*.——In Spain, before any barrister, attorney, or notary is admitted to practice, he is obliged to swear that he will defend the poor gratis. That this gratuitous labour may be more equally divided, thirty are every year appointed from each class to defend the poor in civil cases, and every one is accounted poor who can swear himself worth less than 4000 reals (40*l.*) In criminal cases the accused is entitled to make choice of any barrister in Madrid to defend him. ——*Lord Tenterden's First.*—The vile sin of punning is so contagious that it has already infected even the gravity of the English Bench. The other day, in the course of the trial of an action for a tailor's bill in the Court of King's Bench, it appeared on the defence that none of the clothes supplied fitted defendant. "Then," observed the Lord Chief Justice, with one of his beningnant smiles, "we must proceed according to the 'lex talionis,'—the *plaintiff* must be *non-suited*."—— No article of provision has fallen in price, in London, equal to fish, which is full fifty per cent. cheaper than it was ten years ago.——*Taking Tithe in Kind.*—A clergyman of Chichester, some time since, was asked by the parishioner to be one of the sponsors at the baptism of his child. This was refused, it being contrary to the Rubric. The father stated that the child was his tenth, and requested the minister to be godfather himself, as the tithe belonged to him. The rev. gentleman acceded to the request, and continues to treat the child as his own.——An old Scotch landed proprietor, or laird, who piqued himself much upon his pedigree, and had a sovereign contempt for men who had come to greatness through successful industry, was one night in company where a young lady from Glasgow happened to descant a little upon what her father, her grandfathers, and her great grandfathers, had done as civil rulers in that city. After enduring this for a little, the laird at last tapped the fair speaker gently on the shoulder, and said to her, in an emphatic but good-humoured tone, "Wheest, my woman; nae Glasgow folk ever had grandfathers."——*Sir Walter Scott.*—When the baronet was urged not to prop the falling credit of his acquaintance, he replied, "The man was my friend when my friends were few, and I will be his now that his enemies are many."——*The Wonders of the Press.*—The French Globe mentions, as the most extraordinary instance of rapid communication, that the ordinances of the 19th November, were published in the Standard twenty-three hours after the departure of the Courier from Paris.——Nothing attracts the notice of a stranger, when first walking the streets of Madrid, so much as the extraordinary number of shops appropriated to the sale of combs. Throughout Spain, but especially in Madrid, the comb is an indispensable and important part of every woman's dress, and a never failing accompaniment of the mantilla. A fashionable Spanish comb is not less than a foot long, and eight or nine inches broad; and no lady considers from nine to fifteen dollars (price £2, to £3,) too much to give for this appendage; consequently, every tenth shop, at least, is a comb-shop.—— *Silk Worms.*—It has been calculated that no less than fourteen thousand millions of silk worms annually live and die to produce the quantity of silk which is consumed every year in England alone.——*Lord Byron's Works.*—Murray's complete edition of Byron, now publishing, and to be completed in 14 vols. cost the publisher in copyright alone £25,000.——*Present prices in Canada.* —Wheat, 4s. per bushel; good boiling Peas, 3s. 6d.; Rye, 3s.; Buck Wheat. 2s. 6d.; Indian Corn, 2s 6d.; Oats, 2s.; Potatoes, 6s. 3d.; Brandy 9d per quart; Port Wine, 1s. 3d.; Tea, 3s. 6d. per lb.; Beef and Mutton, 2d. per lb.; Fat Geese, 1s. 6d.; best Fowls, 1s. 3d. per couple; wages for servants, £3 per month and *keep*. Apples, 1s. per bushel, Cider, 5s. per barrel.—(*Quarterly Review, No.* 92.)—— *Anatomy.*—The Professors and Lecturers on Anatomy in London, have discontinued their lectures, until some measure shall be devised by Parliament, for a supply of "subjects" under the sanction of law, and without the risk of giving encouragement to murderers.——*Working a Passage.*—As the Honiton packet was leaving a port in Wales, on her voyage to Lyme, the master perceived a swarm of bees settle on a rock which the rising tide would soon have covered. He sent a boat with a tub, which was sugared for the purpose and took the bees in, and brought them aboard. They took readily to their new habitation; and on removing them to a hive at Lyme Cobb, it was perceived that they had commenced a comb. During the voyage they flew ashore for honey, and followed the vessel again, which was at times sailing with a strong breeze.——*Burns.*—The works of Burns are under translation by Goethe, the German Poet, at Berlin.——*Vote of Thanks.* —At a late meeting in London for religious purposes, it was resolved—That this meeting deeming that the best thanks which christian men can receive for their labours, to be the testimony of their own consciences, forbear making any acknowledgements of the services of the Chairman this day, or of the officers or other friends who have carried on the business of the society during the past year.——*A polite Editor.*—The World Newspaper expresses great contrition in one of its numbers, for having omitted to put *Esquire* at the end of the name of a Secretary to a public charity. ——*Curious Document.*—Ministers have at this moment, it is said, in their possession a list of 1,500 individuals in or near London, whose private fortunes would pay off the national debt. Of course the list is only interesting, or of value, as indicating the mass of wealth in the country; as one could not have imagined, at first sight, that the private fortunes of any 1,500 individuals in the empire could be to such an extent.——*Newspapers, &c.*—A Return of the total number of Stamps used for printing Newspapers and other Publications, for the ten years ending 5th January, 1831.

Year ending	Newspapers. 4d.	Newspapers. 2d.	Almanacks. 1s. 3d.
Jan. 5, 1822	24,862,186	..	528,254
1823	23,932,403	..	519,255
1824	24,670,265	..	488,804
1825	25.573,909	..	512,363
1826	26,950,693	47,540	511,165
1827	27,004,802	189,050	488,714
1828	27,368,490	290,100	481,699
1829	28,007,335	787,874	520,600
1830	28,601,611	333,037	493,575
1831	30,158,741	335,200	444,474

The Age of Personality.—It is remarked in a Number of the *Quarterly Review* recently published, that the best songs of Béranger, (the most complete *chausonnier* of modern France, or of modern Europe, since the death of Burns) are those which are tinged with personality,—whether of a satirical or laudatory kind. It is singular, and singularly unfortunate, to how many genuises of the age the same comment may apply. How many men of talent have sparkled of late years amid the personalities of the Reviews, who will not bequeath a single original work to posterity!—and how much of the eloqnence of our modern Senate depends on those personal allusions, those whips and scorns, which a political antagonist is compelled to endure unwincing? Several periodicals maintain their popularity by the unsparing use of proper names, combined with considerable literary merit; and from "The man of the Times," down to Signor Paulo in his motley, most of the distinguished personages of the day may be said to emulate the trait ascribed to the author of "Le Roi d'Yvetot." Lord Byron described *his* times as "The age of Cant." We are inclined to define our own "The age of Personality."

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE POKER CLUB.*

(From a Correspondent.)

A new Club has been formed in Cape Town under the above title. The following is an extract from the *programme*, for the periodical discussions of the month of May.

1. The late Henry Mackenzie used to say, "I should hate to have been born in a town." And Dr. Goldsmith observes in his Essays, "I have remarked that men born and bred in a town, contract not only *effeminacy* of body, but of *thnking*." The validity of these sayings to be tried.

2. On the causes of the decline of the *Literary Society*, and whether it did not receive a mortal stab on a certain occasion, when *free discussion* was ousted from the Society.

3. Is it true as related by some naturalists, that men in a savage state, will outrun the fleetest wild beast; that a man of ordinary strength and good walking powers, will, in a series of successive daily stages, out-travel the best road-horse, and that brutes look with awe on the divinity of the human countenance?

4. On the advantages and disadvantages of giving printed publicity to the annual receipts and disbursements of the Commercial Exchange, South African College, and the subscription Churches of St. George's and St. Andrew's.

5. To account for the un-reading habits of the Cape Colonists, and to suggest the best manner of teaching the adult gentlemen in office, that the perusal of a good book is a source of great amusement as well as profit.

6. On the nature and properties of economy, and to compare the *Cape tailoring* charges with the following *advertised* scale of the London practitioners.

"Clothes per contract of the *first quality*, and by the first *cutters out.*

Three suits per annum,		£15 15 0
Four suits,	do.	20 0 0
Five suits,	do.	24 0 0
Six suits,	do.	27 10 0

Vide London papers for January.

* The name adopted by the members of this club is not original. A *Poker Club* was established in Scotland many years since. Its founders were Lord Elibank, (famous for his paradoxes,) John Home, David Hume, and Adam Furgusson. It was called the *Poker Club*, because its purpose was to *stir up* and encourage public spirit and free enquiry in Scotland.—Ed.

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7. Is it true, that when we sit still our thoughts sleep; that fancy does not operate so well as when it is put in motion by that of the legs?

8. Why do wild geese fly in a string? Or why, as they frequently do, in the form of the letter V.?

9. Why is it that men subscribe to public documents with great readiness, and yet feel a reluctance to *pay* their vows and promises?

10. On the best mode of punishment, (so as to bring the offender to repentance,) on him who makes a practice of defacing books and papers, by the nonsense of his marginal pencil marks.

11. The best means of relieving the Bible and School Commission from its burthen of £150, and whether the Commission could be led to have *faith* in the *Savings' Bank*.

12. The true end of legitimate Government being to ensure

1st. Personal Security,
2d. Private Property,
3d. Public Decorum,

Is not the foundation of Temperaece Societies an attempt to institute *a new order of Government*?

13. Are the human ears *immoveable*?

14. To shew by argument and example, whether the extreme of poverty or riches does not tend to destroy the moral principle in the individual.

15. As there appears to be some discussion on the subject of the "grand *effect*" produced by the "*noble* organ" and choral band, during the performance of "*Divine* Service" in the Episcopal Church, all of which "delight the *senses* of the enraptured spectator," would not the *effect* be increased by the contrivance of some band of instruments after the manner of the *Panharmonicon*, which used to pour forth an "enormous volume of liquid sound" in Spring Gardens, and was wont to *go* for half-an-hour, being wound up like a musical snuff-box? By this means, a great saving of *lungs* would take place, and consequently, the lives of the "generous choristers" would be prolonged.

16. Is it a fact, that fiddlers and dancing masters—the *musicianers* of every order and degree, find an early grave, while on the other hand painters and drawing masters enjoy a venerability of years?

17. Who was Junius? Was he Mr. Burke? Lord George Germaine? General Lee? Mr. Macaulay Boyd? Mr. Wegg? Mr. Glover? Sir Philip Francis? Earl Temple? or the Earl of Chathum?

AN ARCHDEACON *FEELER.*

THE clergy of the Church of England, were they even more numerous than they now are, have not the advantages which I have ascribed to the former, [the Reformed Church,] and while all other denominations have a regular discipline and systematic government, the Episcopal Church has, alas! no ecclesiastical head, and her ministers, or *her missionaries*, are left to grope their cheerless and solitary way through a maze *of difficulties* and dangers, without encouragement, without protection, without a guide! The difficulties and the temptations to which a minister of the gospel may be thus exposed, can be only understood and appreciated by those who have experienced them. Too weak to resist the overwhelming tide of colonial prejudice, he is exposed to the temptation of seeking an ephemeral popularity by the most dangerous compliances, or the alternative of incurring an odium, the consequences of which it is impossible to foresee. In the *absence* of this shield of ecclesiastical protection, it were unjust not to add that a kind and generous Government does all that can be done in such a case to supply the defect.—(*Extract from the Rev. W. Wright's "Slavery at the Cape of Good Hope."*)

I CANNOT TELL.

A Conversation on the Shores of Green Point.

The tide is now beginning to rise. What is the cause of this phenomenon? What produces the alternate ebb and flow of this vast mass of water, which take place so regularly twice every four-and-twenty hours? Is it an operation of the sea itself, or is it owing to an influence extending from distant worlds? You know that it is the latter, that it is caused by the attraction of the sun and moon. And what is this attraction? No one can tell: we only know it by its phenomena; we know that it exists; that by its influence the worlds throughout the universe are guided in their revolutions; that if this influence were withdrawn, the creation would run rapidly into ruin. The planets and suns would start from their orbits; the beautiful regularity of their motions would cease, and they would fly at random, and in disorder through the wilds of space. Yet we know nothing of gravitation itself; we know it only by its laws; we know that it extends to the most distant stars, and that, perhaps, there is not a single celestial orb which is not connected by it to the others; but what its essential nature is we can have no conception. And how many other things are there which we know only by the phenomena they present? What is the electric fluid? I cannot tell. I am aware that it causes the thunder and lightning; that it will strike a tower, and split it from the top to the bottom; that it kills man and animals; and that I can collect it by means of a machine, and exhibit it in a variety of beautiful experiments; but, after all this, I know not what the electric fluid is. And what is magnetism? Why does a loadstone attract iron? I cannot tell Why does a magnetised needle point to the north? I know not; but I know, that by its having such a property, that wide ocean before us can be traversed with as much certainty, and vastly more advantage, than if its place were occupied by solid earth. Some writers have objected that the globe on which we live has an undue preponderance of sea; but this is another example of human presumption. If it had come by chance it might have been too great or too small; but if our world was made by the Almighty, (and what else *could* have made it?) it must be as he intended, and therefore it must be right. But what is the fact? Could we have communicated with distant countries by land as we do by sea? Could we have brought the produce of the Tropics to the Thames? Could we have compassed the earth from east to west, and from north to south? Could we have calculated on the time in which we should reach the Antipodes? Look at our central Africa and New Holland, and and see how difficult it is to penetrate into the interior of those countries. On a little reflection, indeed, you will perceive, that were it not for the vastness of the ocean, we would be in great comparative ignorance of the earth, and that its great extent of surface is another proof of the wisdom with which all is planned.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

PURSUANT to advertisement, the Annual General Meeting of the Subscribers took place on Monday, the 30th ultimo.

HENRY CLOETE, Esq. Advocate, in the Chair.

The Report, which was read by the Chairman, was ordered to be printed. The prosperous state of the Institution seemed to afford general satisfaction, and the admirable selection of books of the last year, does great honour to the committee, the members of which received the thanks of the Meeting, and were subsequently re-elected as office-bearers for the ensuing year. Among the company we observed the following gentlemen, along with many others.

Reverends,—Dr. Adamson, Mr. Faure, and Professor Pears.

Doctors, M. D.—Murray, Dyce, and Graham.

Professor,—J. R. Innes.

The Army,—Majors Cloete and Hammond; and Captains Hare, Blair, and Alexander.

Visitors from India,—Sir Robert Colquhoun, Sir Charles D'Oyly, Col. Prendergast, Dr. Nicholson, Major Griffith, Capts. Poole, Lindsay, Majoribanks, Burroughs, and Messrs. C. and G. Bayley, Bracken, Burgoyne, McDonnel, &c.

Merchants,—Messrs. Hawkins, Collison, Ross, Chiappini, Christian, Pillans, Tennant, McDonald, Greig, G. Thompson, A. Thomson, Ansdell, Russouw, &c.

Law,—The Hon. Sir J. Truter, and Messrs. Merrington, Cadogan, and Barker.

Civil Servants,—A. Oliphant, Esquire, His Majesty's Attorney General,—The Hon. Mr. Stewart,—The Hon. J. W. Stoll,—Baron de Lorentz,—Messrs. William Wilberforce Bird, Marshall, Hamilton, Bance, Wylde, Chase, and McNamara.

Departments,—Messrs. Petrie, Watt, Horne, Sanford, and Cooper.

Messrs. Dowson, Gregory, Dobie, Blore, Reeves, Dixie, and R. P. Jones.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Friend to Ecclesiastical Discipline, who has addressed us, as he has recently done the *Advertiser*, has mistaken our views altogether, nor are his inferences fair as it regards our views of religious education, in a late number. Moreover, he errs in reference to certain "ecclesiastical claims" which he alleges "the Bishop or Bishops of Calcutta have on this colony." Is he ignorant that Bishop James, when he visited the Cape, was permitted, by a special commission from the Crown, to exercise his *episcopal* functions in Cape Town?

Nota Bene. The particulars in reference to the Loyal and Patriotic Address of the Lutheran Community at the Cape of Good Hope, and which appeared in the Cape Newspapers, were filched from our columns. The Anti Slavery Reporter of London, also, made very free with our articles, without the least reference to the source from whence it gathered its information.

We regret that Rural Rambles have been necessarily curtailed in the present Number.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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RAMBLES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

No. IV.

It is characteristic of a grumbling age or people, to be continually telling us that there is nothing worth seeing in South Africa; that there is an unvaried sameness throughout the country. Our opinions are very distinct on the subject. From the vast *extent* of the country, and the innumerable repetitions of mountain, hill, valley, and ravine, the scenery naturally partakes of the duplicate and the triplicate. But these should only induce our gratitude, whilst we lament at the same time, that such an extent, such ample provision every where created for human population, should remain unoccupied, except by reptiles of all orders and degrees. Again it should be recollected, that although the objects of survey, animate and inanimate, continue the same, yet the impressions made on the mind by these objects, and the reflections growing out of these impressions, are as various and often as opposite, as the characters of the observers, or the features of their faces. Even the same, or very similar objects, strike the same class of people—for instance, poets, in a very different manner. Thus, the summits of the highest mountains in the old and new world—the Alps and the Andes, excited very dissimilar trains of thought in two contemporary poets of first-rate genius.

Byron—

> ——————— Above me are the Alps,
> The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity.

Campbell—

> ——————— Afar,
> Where Andes, Giant of the Western Star,
> With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
> Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Then, again, there is this special claim in favour of South African travel. Your are not harrassed by the Douane, the Passport, and the Police. You are not liable to be cheated by vetturini, poisoned with filth, infected with malaria, worried by beggars—or murdered by Bandits. But we forget that we are at Caledon for a change of air, and promised to devote a few more thoughts on the village and country in general. Had we the choice perfectly at our own command, we should prefer an annual visit to this district. Not that the things which own man's dominion are pressingly inviting, but God has done much; more than a folio edition of His works being legible in it. We may remark, in addition to what we have already said in Nos. 1 and 2 of our Rambles, on the vast importance and beneficial influence of bodily exercise, change of scene, pure air, and temporary relaxation.* We dwell on the subject, because we are daily witnessing around us, countenances "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," the decay of health and premature death; and all this arising from a constant city life, sedentary occupations, inactivity, late hours, and the habit of drinking ardent spirits. There is, as we must all have found, a condition or state of body and mind intermediate between that of sickness and health, but much nearer the former than the latter. It is daily and hourly felt by all classes of the community. It is not curable by physic, though it makes much work for the doctors, if not for the undertakers. It is that Wear and Tear of the living machine, mental and corporeal, which results from over-strenuous labours or exertions, conducted in anxiety of mind, and in bad air. It bears some analogy to the state of a ship, which, though still sea worthy, exhibits the effects of a tempestuous voyage, and indicates the propriety of re-caulking the seams, and overhauling the rigging. It might be compared to the condition of the wheels of a carriage, when the tyres begin to moderate their close embrace of the wood-work, and require turning. Lastly, it bears no very remote similitude to the strings of a harp, when they get relaxed by a long series of vibrations, and demand bracing up. Now the only antidote to the Wear and Tear system, is a change of air, rural relaxation, and bodily exercise. The physical effects of travelling is most perceptible in the state of our corporeal feelings. If they were previously in a state of morbid acuteness, as they generally are in ill health, they are rendered less sensible. The eye which was before annoyed by a strong light, soon becomes capable of bearing it without inconvenience; and so of hearing, and the other senses. In short, the morbid sensibility of the nervous system, generally is obtunded or reduced. This is brought about by more regular and free exposure to all atmospheric impressions and changes than before, and that under a condition of body, from exercise, which renders these impressions quite harmless. The next effect of travelling among the mountains, is its influence on the organs of digestion. The appetite is not only increased, but the powers of digestion and assimilation are greatly augmented. A man may eat and drink things while travelling, which would make him quite ill, in cooped-up life. We have alluded in a former number of our Rambles, to the still greater effects of travelling, in the influence

* This subject is delightfully handled by Dr. James Johnson, in his little work, entitled—*Change of Air; or the Diary of a Philosopher in pursuit of Health, &c.* The kindness of a friend has enabled us just to take a peep at the volume.

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which it exerts on the blood—its moral effects are no less important.

We are quite aware that the accommodations for travellers in this colony are none of the best, but we trust the day is not far distant when we shall find such improved, and places properly *set apart* for those who take excursions. What on earth is there to prevent that delightfully pleasant little fishing village on the shores of Hottentot's Holland, from becoming the Brighton or Worthing of the Cape? But more of this on a future occasion. We had almost forgotten, a second time, that we are still at the Hot-Baths of Caledon.

Again, these Baths, and the village, require *patronage*. We do not like the word, but we use it for want of a better. The history of the term *patronage* would be amusing, especially as connected with the historical records of this colony. In looking over the columns of the Cape Gazette, we find a "newly invented plough" exhibited "under *the patronage*," &c. The *English Spelling-books* and *Reading made Easy*, are "used under *patronage* of the School Commission." The "organ at Stellenbosch plays choice music under the *patronage*," &c. Mr. Villet shews "a species of the monkey tribe to the public, through the *patronage* of His Majesty's Fiscal." Mr. de Lima, "under *patronage* of the authorities, is tolerated to teach the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, Malay, Malabar, and *other* oriental languages,—also, French, German, Spanish, and Dutch!"—"Mr. Schwartz having been favourably reported to His Excellency the Governor, is *patronized* by him to perform the operations of corn-cutting." In a word, arithmetic, mathematical science, play-acting, the distribution of bibles and tracts, the selling of pincushions, and horse-racing, are all under *patronage*.

What we mean is, that the Baths should be so provided as to afford all the accommodations of an inn; and the village present a few lodging-houses, in which all persons may be received who are able to pay their way. As it is, the *patronage* of a somebody, must procure a covert for your head, and provisions for your body. There may be a prejudice against you, and then as the people of this colony herd their sentiments together, woe be to your comforts, and farewell as to accommodation. A good English Hotel at Caledon, would supersede all these evils, and introduce a necessary reform in the village. The presence and constant residence of a magistrate of *mind*, would also promote the good of the place. We do not mean one who should reside in the suburbs, but on the spot. He should be an educated man, and command the respect and confidence of all classes and complexions, by his firmness and *decision* of character. He should be a man of public spirit, and watch over the interests of man, woman, and child. Such an one would prove a tower of strength to religion, and be the life's-blood of the village school. He would circulate books, and institute a library. He would attend to the *just* distribution of the *water*, and better the condition of the *wines*. He would moreover protect the inhabitants from the *high prices* at present charged for "execrable stuff." He would secure to the people a *constant* and a *wholesome* supply of bread and meat. The distribution of these in the way of sale, would not, under his jurisdiction, depend on the *humour* and *favour* of *monopolists*. He would keep the roads in good order, and take especial care that the Church-yard, and *paths leading to the Church*, should not be corrupted by weeds; the gardens would be made, by his *example*, to exhibit proofs of industry and civilization. Under his inspection and advice, there would be no more running about and *interceding* for a potatoe, a cabbage, or a spoon-full of milk. The Prison would be under his constant inspection, and he would take care to prevent its being, as in former days, the Bastile in miniature. In a word, he would be to Caledon, what an admirable and deeply-lamented friend of ours was to the inhabitants of Dhuboy, in India. Let the magistrates of the colony read as follows:

"Address of the Inhabitants of Dhuboy, to the English Magistrate, *James Forbes*, on the morning of his final departure:

"Alla! Thou conferrest power and greatness on the sons of men, according to Thy pleasure: by Thee the nations of the earth are created; their kings and rulers are ordained by Thee!

"Dhuboy, famed among the cities of the East, was happy when this English Sindar resided in her darbar: his disposition towards the inhabitants was with the best consideration. He afforded shelter to all, whether they were rich or poor; he delivered them from trouble, and restored them to comfort. ALL CASTS WHO LOOKED UP TO HIM, OBTAINED REDRESS, WITHOUT DISTINCTION AND WITHOUT PRICE. When he took the poor by the hand, he made them rich: under his protection the people were happy, and reposed on the bed of comfort. When he superintended the garden, each gardener performed his duty; rills of water flowed to every flower. So EQUAL WAS HIS JUSTICE, that the tiger and the kid might drink at the same fountain. Under his administration, the rich dared not oppress the poor, for his eyes were open on the great and small!

"Alas! if our protector forsakes us, we shall be disconsolate as a widow; we shall mourn the loss of a father, and weep as for the death of a mother! Alla! in Thy mercy restore him to us!"*

STEAM, AND ITS APPLICATION TO THE ARTS OF WAR.

"Steam will govern the world next, and shake it too before its empire is established."—(*Southey.*)

SOCIETY has its critical periods, and its climacterics; no change, no development can take place at such seasons without inducing some peculiar and accompanying danger; and at all seasons it is liable more or less to its influenzas and its plagues. This is one of its grand climacterics. A new principle, "*a novum organum* has been introduced;" the most powerful that has ever been wielded by man. It was first *Mitrum* that governed the world, and then *Nitrum*, both have had their day; gunpowder as well as the triple crown.

Our attention has been directed to this subject by the perusal of the following notice from a London paper of February last.

ARMED STEAMERS.

"The large steam vessels which are now in progress of building, in Sheerness, Chatham, and Woolwich dock-yards, are to carry two bomb cannons, mounted on pivots, so as to swivel and command an extensive range without altering the course of the vessel. This will enable a steam vessel to be put in the best possible position, relatively to an enemy's armed vessel, so as to protect the paddle wheels free from shot. One cannon is to be so situated on the aft part of the deck, as to range entirely over the arc of the stern, and as far forward as the paddle boxes will permit. The other is to be mounted before the wheels, and will command an arc on each side, from the bow to the forepart of the casing of the wheels; the latter prominence will, however, interrupt much of the service of this piece of ordnance. The calibre of the cannon is ten inches, and the weight upwards of 84 cwt."

We may observe in this instance,

* The Address was composed in the Hindoo language, translated into Persian, and written on paper spotted with silver, and flowered with gold.

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as well as in many others, how, in the order of Providence, all things have their due time appointed. Our country was at one time threatened with an invasion of gun-boats, and—(alarmed shall we say, or amused?) with tales of rafts that were to work their way by wheels from the ports of France; and of balloons that, by means of condensed gas, were to transport armies across the channel through the air. But, if steam navigation had been brought to its present state only half a generation sooner, or even half that term, the conquest of England would have been attempted as well as designed, and the battle must have been fought on British shores. By a series of merciful interpositions, which no rightly constituted mind can review without gratitude and awe, our country was preserved in national independence through a long eventful struggle. No English woman, let us never forget, saw the smoke of an enemy's camp; and while every other country in Europe was overrun by invasion, England alone never felt the hand of the spoiler.

Relative to the arts, inventions, or the application of such by the British, as means of national attack or defence, it has been said, that other nations may adopt the same means; but it must be observed, that every invention turns not to the account of those who the best know how to use it, and the advantage which each nation derives from it, is in exact proportion to previous acquirements. Thus, while the spear, the arrow, and the sling, will serve every purpose of marshalled savages, England is preparing engines, which, on the first occasion that calls her steam artillery into action, will be as much superior to the ordinary cannon, as this was to the strings of the Genoese bowmen on the day of Crecy. Thus too, while the Indian canoe is still ignorant of top-gallant-sails, the most enlightened of Europeans have begun to discard the uncertain impulse of the winds, and have succeeded to and fro against the elements, from the Thames to Table Bay and the Indus, by means of imprisoned vapour.

Again, as long as other nations are not so well provided with ships and steam-engines as Britain is, her superiority must be increased in a tremendous ratio. By the certain steerage of vessels which mock the winds, and run against the tides, no harbour, no river is secure. Coasts may be molested, and cities ravaged with comparative impunity. The whole art of maratime warfare, appears about to undergo a change.* The steam inventions appear at an epocha where little is left to England to be performed at sea. But the old nations may revive, and the still more new rivals may start up into naval existence. America may prepare her fleets, and the young Republic, flushed with the hope of youth, will be more pliant to novelty than her elders of Europe. It is probable, should war break out (which may Heaven avert!) from the United States, the first great expedition, winged and armed by steam, will steer to meet the navy of her mother country. Do we fear such a conflict? No, not even with anxiety. The same qualities whereby we have won in the old mode of warfare, will again, we hope and trust, win it in the new. Bring into battle what weapons you may, it is, under God's good Providence, by the sinewy arm, and the heart of proof, that the victory must be decided.

THE POKER CLUB.

A Comparative Apology for His Majesty King PHARAOH, *with some reference to* MOSES, *Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society of* 1500 B. C.

WE are indebted to a friend, for a copy of the following address delivered at a late meeting of the Society, at its Room in *Mustard-and-Pepper-street:*

GENTLEMEN,—It is a remarkable fact, that the further we are removing from ancient times, the better we are becoming acquainted with the events connected with the history of such times. Thus, if we look to the history of Cromwell, we find this man was really a military commander of some distinction; and doubtless, when a century or so has gone by, Bonaparte will be acknowledged to have been a person of considerable ability. But my business on the present occasion, is to prosecute some inquiry into a few of the peculiarities of Pharaoh's history. "In these days of modern philanthropy," it is surely not amiss to direct some attention to the Anti-Slavery Societies of former ages; and my reasons for a specific enquiry on the present occasion, are simply as follow:—

Having often heard Pharaoh censured for enslaving the Hebrews—having often heard the expressions, "Egyptian slavery," "Egyptian bondage," "Egyptian oppression," as well as "Egyptian darkness," it came into my mind a few days since, to examine what kind of bondage the Hebrews were held in, and what excuses Pharaoh could have made to himself for such a course towards that people.

The result of my inquiry was rather surprising to myself; and led me to make some remarks on the case under the above title.

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I do not mean to justify the conduct of Pharaoh towards Israel. My apology is not absolute, but comparative. I only object to the practice of representing the slavery of Israel as the *hardest* ever endured; and of Pharaoh as the most unjustifiable of all slave-holders. It is not correct. And the people of every country where slavery is tolerated, and especially slave-holders, would do well to borrow their proverbs respecting slavery and oppression, from a different quarter than ancient Egypt.

If I am not mistaken, these two facts can be fully made out, from the Hebrew account of their bondage;—first, that it was not so hard as several kinds of modern slavery; and secondly, that Pharaoh not only had more plausible, but better reasons for his course, than many modern slave-holders have. In proof of the first, I adduce the following facts:—

1st. The Hebrews were allowed to live separate to themselves, and retain their own manners, customs, and religion. Exod. ix, 26. They formed a community by themselves. Their slavery was rather *political* than personal. They were held as *public*, not as *private property*. The labour exacted from them was for the *benefit of the state*, rather than of individuals. Exod. i. 9-14.

2. They were not *bought and sold*, transferred from hand to hand, and removed from place to place, as caprice or profit might dictate. They formed family connexions as they pleased, which were not broken in upon. The education and management of their own

* The more this subject is contemplated, we shall come to the positive conclusion, that a short period must introduce an incalculable change into the art of war, by the application of this power, not merely to propel ships, but to lance projectiles. The first use of steam artillery, will probably be in fixed batteries, as was that of the usual artillery. But, as knowledge progresses with accumulated velocity, the improvements of steam artillery will march most rapidly. We often complain of the laziness of the human mind in South Africa; but an extraordinary instance of this laziness is, the tardy application of gun-locks to cannon at *home*. Gun-locks have been applied to muskets for some centuries, in every country where gun-powder is known, and to place them on the touch-hole of a cannon, would have been no great effort of genius. Yet, 20 years have hardly elapsed, since that improvement took place, and in the single navy of Great Britain.

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children were left to themselves; and all the endearments of the *domestic circle*, were untouched; the temporary attempt to destroy their male children excepted, which I shall notice presently.

3. They remained where they were first settled, in the *best part* of the land of Egypt. Genes. xlvii. 4-11. Exod. ix. 26.

4. They not only were allowed to retain the property which *they* brought into Egypt, but greatly increased it during their stay. Genes. xv. 14; Exod. xii. 38.

5 They lived well by their own confession;—so much so, that they afterwards lamented the loss of their good living; and had almost returned to slavery for the sake of it. Exod. xvi. 3; Num. xi. 4-6.

6. They were made to labour; but their great increase is against the notion that their labour was so very oppressive as some suppose. Exod. i. 9-14. Experience proves that oppressive labour, especially on the part of females, operates against a great increase. But the increase of the Hebrews while in Egypt I think unparalleled.

7. It does not appear that they were shut out from any of the common modes of improvement and education. The various works performed—as spinning, weaving, and embroidery; working in wood and iron; in gold, silver, and brass; even to the cutting and setting of diamonds, with many other things connected with the erecting of the tabernacle—prove a very considerable knowledge of the ornamental, as well as useful, arts. Exod. xxxv—xxxix. Num. vii. The direction to *write* parts of their law upon their door-posts and on their gates, Duet. xi. 18-20, seems to imply that the *great mass* of the slave population, if not all, could *read and write*. The notice of writing the names of officers Num. xi. 26, of writing the law on pillars, Duet. xxvii. 3, of writing a copy of the law upon stones, Joshua viii. 32, of the king's writing out a copy of the law for his own use, Duet. xvii. 18, agree with the opinion that *reading and writing* were common among the people.

8. The attempt to destroy their male children was the darkest feature in the case. We shall have occasion to refer to this again, in noticing Pharaoh's excuses and reasons. In this place I must notice, that the whole facts of the case favour the opinion that the number destroyed must have been very small. The first attempt to effect it totally failed. The attempt to drown them, appears to have lasted but a short time. It was not, we may infer, in operation at the birth of Aaron; as nothing is said about a difficulty in saving him. Moses was but three years younger, Exod. vii. 7. It was in force at his birth. Exod. ii. 2 3. At three months old he was cast out, but was immediately rescued and adopted by the daughter of Pharaoh. No other case is particularly mentioned. From Acts vii. 20, it seems probable some others were cast out. In all probability, the same sympathy which led Pharaoh's daughter to save and adopt Moses, led her to prevail on her father to abandon the cruel practice. We can indeed hardly conceive of her indulging the full tide of female and maternal kindness for the infant Moses, and not make an effort to save others from the watery grave from which she had rescued him. That the practice was abandoned—that but few were destroyed—I think nearly certain, from the fact that there were 600,000 men contemporaries with Moses when they left Egypt, and that the number of Israelites immediately after leaving Egypt, Exod. xii. 27, compared with their number on entering, Gen. xlvi. 27, only about 215 years before, shews that they doubled, in less than every fifteen years—an unusal increase. The above statement, I think, proves that Egyptian slavery was much milder than the slavery which has been often practised since, and is now practised by many who *profess* Christianity.

The following facts, drawn from the Hebrew records, will shew, I think, that Pharaoh had what he probably thought *good reasons* for holding that people in bondage;—reasons, which at least will bear comparison with what pass for good reasons now:—

1. The Hebrews were received into Egypt at a time of unexampled scarcity, when likely to perish; and were, with their flocks and herds, supported free of cost, Genesis xlv. 10-11; while the Egyptians, who raised the grain laid up in store, Genes. xli. 34-35, had to sell their flocks, herds, and even themselves, for food for their families. Genes. xlvii. 15-24. While the obligation of Pharaoh to Joseph for his foresight and ability is fully admitted, it is thought that some bounds ought to be set to the returns made to him, and especially to his whole kindred. His being made prime minister, the cordial welcome given to his family in their distress,—giving them as a residence the best district in Egypt, Genes. xlvii. 11—supporting them from the public store for about six years, (what they carried to Canaan cost them nothing, as Joseph returned their money, Genes. xlii. 25. xliv. 1,)—and their prospect of a *free trade* with Egypt with Joseph prime minister there, might with some reason be thought a pretty liberal reward. Not many good deeds get better pay.

2. At the end of the famine, instead of returning to Canaan, as might naturally have been expected, the Hebrews continued to occupy the land of Goshen. Joseph never forgot that he was a *Hebrew*, or lost any just and proper opportunity of advancing the interests of his own kindred. While Egypt owed much to him in many respects, various things were so managed, perhaps accidentally, that the Hebrews had decidedly the advantage, as to wealth, ease, and the means of improvement, over the Egyptians. The close of the famine found the Egyptians without money, flocks or herds, or even personal freedom, Genes. xlvii. 12-26, and under an engagement to give Pharaoh one fifth part of all their produce.

On the other hand, the Israelites were full handed, had lost nothing, were in possession of the best part of Egypt, and had under their management the cattle of Pharaoh, Genes. xlvii. 6, and as all the cattle of the Egyptians had come into Pharaoh's hands, the Hebrews no doubt received a good portion of Pharaoh's fifth, in payment for managing them for him.

They had full employment, of the very kind they preferred, Gen. xlvi. 33-34; no wonder therefore they were willing to have remained where they were.

Joseph continued to direct the affairs of Egypt for about seventy years after the famine; and we may well suppose, that with the advantages which the Hebrews enjoyed over the Egyptians, they must, as to comfort, wealth, and improvement, have been greatly in advance. This may not have been much noticed at first; but it could not but excite notice at the time of Joseph's death, or soon afterwards.

A King that ascended the throne after the death of Joseph, saw how things were proceeding, and had as much zeal about the interests of his Egyptian kindred as Joseph had for his Hebrew. The case was, however, one of peculiar difficulty. Things had gone on so long, that it was not easy to make a change; yet many things might naturally have led Pharaoh to think a change absolutely necessary. Judging from the Hebrew records, I think it likely that Pharaoh saw, or thought he did, that one of three or four things must take place.

Either, 1st, he must expel the Hebrews; or, 2, he must amalgamate them with the Egyptians, so as to form a promiscuous people; or, 3, see his own people made slaves in their own country by the Hebrews; or 4, prevent that by making slaves of them.

To accomplish the first, might have been no easy matter. It would, in all probability, have led to war. The Hebrews would have most likely called in the aid of the Edomites, or some other of their kin, and the ruin of Egypt might have followed; or if effected, where could the Hebrews have gone? They had been absent from Canaan about one hundred years; and there was little probability that the Canaanites would allow them to return. They would have most likely roved about on the borders of Egypt, and made inroads for plunder.

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As to blending them with the Egyptians, and forming them to the same manners, customs, and religion, this was still more difficult than the other.

Nothing is harder than to *change the religion* and habits of a people. Israel had now been in Egypt above a hundred years. Joseph had married an Egyptian. Yet the original prejudices of both nations, as well as their religious principles, were nearly, if not fully, as much at variance as at the first. Gen. xliii. 32. Exod. viii. 26. Scarcely any inter-marriages took place; and as to religion, the one was an abomination to the other. To think of force was idle. Their prejudices, religion, as well as their complexions, *(the Egyptians were Africans, black;* the Hebrews, from Mesopotamia, *fair;)* made the thing hopeless. To expect Pharaoh to sit down and contemplate a progress of things that tended directly, as he might naturally suppose, to a struggle, and threatened the loss of his throne, and the slavery of his people, is to expect more than was likely. The only alternative, Pharaoh might easily suppose, was to prevent this by adopting a new policy towards that people. He might easily persuade himself, that it was but fair that Israel should make some return for all they had received for above one hundred years. He may have thought he was justified in gradually employing the Hebrews in building cities and in field labour; while he raised the military character of the Egyptians, and made such preparations as would enable him to suppress any opposition to his plans.

The conduct of Israel to the Shechemites, Gen. xxxiv. 25-27, and their late attempt to plunder the inhabitants of Gath, I Chron. vii. 20-23, might make him feel justified in providing against similar treatment. If this state of things did not justify his conduct, Pharaoh might think it came very near to do it. He still found them increase; and more rapidly than when leading the easy life of shepherds. Under apprehension of the scenes that might follow a great increase of their numbers, soured as they were by his change of policy towards them, he was wrought up to the cruel purpose of destroying their male children. The thing was cruel; but, while it cannot be too strongly condemned, we ought in all reason to recollect, that the exposing of infants has been done by many nations. The polished Greeks and Romans, until Christianity put a stop to it, often exposed their *own* children. The same is done now by Pagan nations in the East. Pharaoh was a Pagan, and his conduct towards the infants of Israel was not worse than others have observed towards their own. There is a tribe in Hindostan who for ages have destroyed their female children, and, if I am rightly informed, do it now.

Moses did what was right, and acted by Divine direction: this need not, however, prevent us from reflecting how Pharaoh, a Pagan, would naturally view his conduct. Moses was saved from death by the daughter of Pharaoh: he was educated at Court, and in the very best manner. Soon after he was grown up, he was found *interfering* with the *policy* of the *government* towards the Hebrews. He fled, and remained abroad till the death of the king. But the new king was hardly seated on the throne, before the Reformer re-appeared, and, being joined by the leading men among the Hebrews, presented himself at Court, and demanded that the slave population should be allowed to go three days' journey into the wilderness, to sacrifice. The man, the time, the manner, as well as the demand, were all likely to offend His Most Gracious Majesty King Pharaoh. It is not needful to go over what took place at the several interviews. Pharaoh, pressed by the plagues, tried to compound the matter. At one time he offered to let the men slaves go, detaining the women and children as hostages for their return. He proposed that they should sacrifice and keep the feast in the land. While Moses readily complied with Pharaoh's request to remove the plagues, he abated not one whit of his first demand; but rather rose than fell in it. He declared that they must take their families, their flocks and herds, with them, that they would not leave *one hoof* behind. It did not admit of a doubt, that they had no intention of returning to slavery. They were for being *free*, they took the liberty of judging in this matter for themselves. Might not Pharaoh have feared that Moses had in view to keep them for awhile in the wilderness,—provide them with arms,—train them to military service,—and then return to Egypt with his six hundred thousand slaves transformed into warriors, breathing vengeance for their supposed wrongs? And may not a mistaken notion of his own safety have urged him to resist the demand?

Or, admitting that Moses intended to lead them to Canaan, might not Pharaoh have really concluded that the scheme was little short of madness? To attempt with a nation of slaves, without arms, without any experience in war, without provisions, to cross the desert and attempt to dispossess the seven nations of Canaan, amounting to perhaps ten times their number; a warlike people, well armed, with a country filled with towers and cities "walled up to heaven!" was there ever such an attempt? A man in Moses' situation, educated in expectation of a throne, might be willing to attempt any thing rather than live in obscurity. Ought Pharaoh to let a people under his authority be led on such an enthusiastic errand? Might he not think it was his *duty* in *kindness* to them, to keep them where they were, —and to give them enough to eat, and wear, and *do?* And might he not think that all their *talk about being free*, and complaining about their work, was produced by the *intermeddling* of *Moses* and *Aaron*? It really appears to me that he might happen to take up notions of that kind; and feel not a *little* provoked at Moses and Aaron, for spreading *discontent* among his slaves.

But there were still other difficulties. The Hebrews formed the great body of labourers in his kingdom. Moses insisted on taking them all off on the same day. What a state of things this was calculated to produce in his kingdom! Would it not ruin it? And would it not ruin the Hebrews? They had been raised in slavery—and were *unfit* for self-government. He had found it necessary to employ overseers, and even to call in the *aid* of the scourge to overcome their idle habits. For a people with such habits, to be turned free *all at once!* Might not Pharaoh think it would ruin them?—that they could not govern themselves?—that they would starve? and think that kindness to them would forbid turning them loose, as Moses demanded?

But we have no reason to think that Pharaoh was *wholly* without regard to the *value of property*.

The Hebrews, as his labourers and artificers, were very valuable property. There were 600,000 labouring men, besides the women and children. From their doubling in less than fifteen years, there must have been a great many children. It will be a moderate calculation, to suppose that the men above the age of twenty, formed one-fourth of the whole. There were then 240,000 in all. Estimate these at three hundred *dollars*,* it amounts to 720,000,000 *dollars:* not to mention their cattle, and other property, which were very valuable. Now is it to be wondered at, that Pharaoh felt reluctant to lose so much property? Nothing was said about *buying* their freedom. He was required to give all up,—not to bear a *part* of the loss, and they the rest—he was to bear the *whole!* we can easily conceive how Pharaoh might have persuaded himself, that to lose so much property, and be deprived of all his labourers, —and have to set his own people to all the hard work in the city, and in the field, to which they were not accustomed, was really *rather too much.*

He might very possibly have thought, that if it was wrong at first to enslave the Hebrews, *he* at least was not to blame for it: that it was done long before he was born; that he found them in slavery and held them *as property;* that the whole habits of the Egyptians were such now, that the evil of slavery was a *necessary* evil; that they could not do without it; and that it was hard to make him pay for the faults of his forefathers; and to give up what he had received as property by inheritance.

There is another point deserving notice. Natural and personal rights were not then so well understood as now. Perhaps few, if any, then maintained the doctrine, that personal "liberty is an unalienable right," which no man has a warrant either to take or withhold from us, under the plea of a right of property. Less was given to Pharaoh, as to knowledge, than to us, and less was therefore to be expected.

As to the supposition that the miracles wrought made Pharaoh altogether inexcusable in refusing to comply with the demand, I admit it But is it not *equally* true that those plagues, while they prove God's displeasure against Pharaoh and the Egyptians for enslaving Israel, go directly to prove the general truth, that all who enslave others, or hold them forcibly, do what is *offensive* to God? Pharaoh may have persuaded himself that Moses wrought his miracles by magic. Pharaoh was an ignorant Pagan. *We* believe *God* wrought the miracles; and the general truth is plain—*God hates oppression.*

To conclude my apology, I repeat that I fully believe that Pharaoh did wrong in enslaving Israel—in persevering in it; and that, however plausible his excuses, they availed nothing. *The thing was wrong.* He only added sin to sin, and made matters worse by his delay. The event proved that it would have been better for Egypt never to have enslaved Israel. It would have been better to have given up his state at any one time that could be named; for not only did they go out, but they *spoiled* the Egyptians; and the attempt to force them back, involved the whole army, with Pharaoh at its head, in ruin.

All this is admitted. Yet I say, Egyptian slavery was not so hard as some *other* cases of slavery;—and Pharaoh's excuses are, I think, better than what have satisfied, and now satisfy, many.

* Spanish dollars.

AN ALMOST PARALLEL CASE.

The Temperance Society perfectly in order at its late Meeting at the Commercial Exchange.

The London papers of a recent date report the particulars of a very interesting meeting, entitled "*The Labourer's Friend Society.*" Lord Morpeth presided, and was supported by many noblemen and clergymen, and among the latter, many of the Bishops. In the course of Lord Kenyon's speech, a person in the body of the room here rose amidst loud cries of "Chair," "Hear him," and great confusion.

The Noble CHAIRMAN said that the arrangements which had been made by the Committee were that the resolutions should be first disposed of, and the meeting addressed by the gentlemen to whom they were intrusted; and that after the business of the day had been thus disposed of, any individual should be at liberty to address the meeting—(hear, hear).

The individual still continued to persist in his vociferations, and demanded to know if the meeting was a public one, as, if so, he had a right to speak.

Lord MORPETH said that the meeting had been called by the friends of the Society, and that he was sure he spoke the sentiments of the great majority of the meeting when he requested the gentleman would allow the business of the day to be proceeded in according to the arrangements which had been made—(loud cheers).

After silence had been partially restored, the resolution was put by the Chairman, and was carried without a dissentient voice.

The Noble Chairman then rose to put another question, but the same individual who had before disturbed the harmony of the meeting, again rose, and considerable confusion prevailed. Loud cries of "Police" ensued, and, after many conciliatory attempts by Lord Mor-

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peth proving ineffectual, he was removed from the room, and the resolution was then put and carried unanimously.

LITERATURE.

NIMROD ON THE HORSE.

We had guessed this book—*Remarks on the Condition of Hunters, the Choice of Horses, and their Management, by Nimrod*, to be a work designed wholly for the Tallyo's. We have been greatly mistaken; it is really a useful book, and affords abundance of 'good entertainment."

On the subject of the horse, who is there so unobservant as not to see how identified this quadruped is, with all that relates to human life? "The very name is familiar, and endeared even to infancy." (We are using the language of *The Bystander*, a gentlemen to whom this Journal is under very considerable obligations.)—"The child begins with a rocking-horse; the boy to a poney; the youth a hackney; and the man advances to a hunter. The imperial diadem of Persia was acquired for Darius, by a horse. Bucephalus is said, in history, to have been the peculiar care of Alexander the Great, who built a town to his memory. Homer, in his sublime Iliad, consigns to everlasting fame the white horses of Rhesus, and the immortal steeds of Achilles. All history attests the solicitude of mankind, from the Prince down to the Arabian robber, about the breeding, rearing, and value of the horse," nor indeed, as Nimrod very justly observes, has the subject been considered beneath the notice of inspiration itself; for grand and sublime as have been the allusions to him by ancient and modern authors, they all fall short of, and are lost in the majestic language applied to him by Job (chap. 99.) "He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he (for joy) that it is the sound of the trumpet." The horse has also given birth to many beautiful similies Juvenal compares a degenerate person of quality, to a broken-down race horse; and Tibullus elegantly introduces an old worn-out racer, to shew the transition of all human glory. The tongue of an empty-pated fellow has been humourously compared to a race-horse, has going faster for the less weight it carries.

The writer before us, has given us an alarming catalogue of the diseases of the horse: these he has been pleased to term "the curses on good horse flesh," without perhaps taking into consideration how many of these have been conduced by carelessness, wantonness, cruelty, and brutality. It is true, the author alludes to the sufferings of horses as *necessarily* connected with the introduction of *moral evil* in the world: still he has not alluded to those sufferings which are connected with man's dominion over the brute creation. The following is his language, and it is well expressed:

"It is the idea of mortality that apologises for *our* sorrows, and renders the present condition of humanity, in the smallest degree intelligible. The sufferings of animals must ever remain a paradox; but here I had better put a finger on my lip—for I believe we are told God gives no account of his conduct to us children of men. However, that they are not exempt from the *general curse* is too apparent to admit of cavil. Virgil speaks of the moaning of cattle in a state of nature; and thus says St. Paul: "For we know that the whole creation groaneth in pain together until now."

Among the first natural tormentors of horses, Nimrod reckons the fly. This is introduced to expose the *misconceived notion of a summer's run giving rest to a horse.* Let us adopt his own words:

"I am not going to descant upon every species of the fly, from the gnat which plays in the sun beam to the pestiferous *zimb** which depopulates countries, and whose distant hum strikes terror into the rhinocerous and elephant, and makes them coat themselves in mail to resist him: but simply of those well-known insects which so unceasingly annoy our horses and cattle in hot weather in this country. Now we all remember (indeed we can never forget it) the hot summer of 1826. Hot as one of its most oppressive days was, I could not persuade myself to remain in the house; and on the ninth of July, when the sun was at its height, walked down to one of my meadows, in which there were a brood mare, two two-years olds, and two yearling colts. There was water—a running brook—in the meadow, and there was also plenty of shade. But where did I find these suffering animals? Did I find them in the shade, *sub tegmine fagi?* No; the æstrus was there. Did I find them in the water? No; the blood-suckers were there also.—I found them crowded together in the middle of the field; at one time rubbing each other's heads together; to get rid of the smaller flies from their ears and eyes—the latter highly inflamed; then stamping their feet with violence against the ground; then walking a sort of figure not very unlike that of a modern quadrille; and lastly—all patience under their suffering being exhausted—galloping from one end of the field to the other as hard as their legs could carry them. Let me ask you, reader, do you call this rest?"

And all these sufferings, the author might have added, are greatly aggravated by the ingenious devices of man's cruelty. Partaking as the animal creation does in the woes of fallen humanity, it must not be forgotten, that the irrational creatures have a claim upon us, as they are the care of Providence. The Universal Parent exercises a tender concern for the lowest of the brute creation, provides for them, and resents the cruelty and injustice which are offered them. "He feeds the ravens." "The young lions ask their meat from God." "He careth for oxen." "A sparrow falleth not to the ground without our heavenly Father."

"He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart."

The dumb ass spake, and reproved the cruelty and madness of the prophet. The tender care and compassion of Divine Providence over the lower race of creatures is affectingly manifested in the provisions of the Jewish law—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again." "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam setting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, &c." Nathan's story of the ewe lamb presents an interesting picture of kindness to the animal race.

In reference to legislative interference, a proportion of the British Parliament did itself immortal honour, with Lord Erskine at its head, by the introduction of a Bill—*Against cruelty to Animals.* It commences "Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to subdue to the dominion, use, and comfort of man, the strength and faculties of many useful animals, and to provide others for his food, and whereas the abuse of that dominion, by cruel and oppressive treatment of such animals, is not only highly unjust and immoral, but most pernicious in its example, having an evident tendency to harden the heart against the natural feelings of humanity," &c. Then follows the Bill itself, the enactments of which, are in perfect accordance with the *just rights* of the animal creation.

The introduction of *Steam* will be, doubtless, a great relief to the *groanings of the Horse.* In this colony, such remedial measures are not, we suspect, very near at hand. This noble animal must therefore be still in bondage (in reference to Cape Town,) to the tyranny of his *Sunday* taskmaster, whose whole of pleasurable life consists in *racing* to and from Wynberg, and the half-way house: or else be doomed to the daily drag of a single four-wheeled affair, with all the

* The *Zimb* of Bruce, a native of Abyssinia.

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et ceteras of the family! We conclude these remarks with Mr. *E. L. Bulwer's* last effusion, entitled,—

STANZAS TO MY HORSE.

Come forth, my brave steed! the sun shines on the vale,
And the morning is bearing its balm on the gale,
Come forth, my brave steed, and brush off as we pass,
With the hoofs of thy speed, the bright dew from the grass.

Let the lover go warble his strains to the fair—
I regard not his rapture, and heed not his care;
But now, as we bound o'er the mountain and lea,
I will weave, my brave steed, a wild measure to thee.

Away and away! I exult in the glow
Which is breathing its pride to my cheek, as we go;
And blythely my spirit springs forth—as the air
Which is waving the mane of thy dark flowing hair.

Hail! thou gladness of heart! and thou freshness of soul!
Which have never come o'er me in pleasure's controul—
Which the dance and the revel, the bowl and the board,
Tho' they flush'd and they fever'd, could never afford.

To the splendour of solitude speed we along,
Thro' the silence but broke by the wild linnet's song;
Not a sight to the eye—not a sound to the ear—
To tell us that sin and that sorrow are near.

Away—and away—and away then we pass,
The blind mole shall not hear thy light hoof on the grass;
And the time which is flying, whilst I am with thee,
Seems swift as thyself—as we bound o'er the lea.

A Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden; or an Account of the most valuable Fruit and Vegetables cultivated, in Great Britain, &c. By George Lindley, C.M.H.S. Edited by John Lindley, F.R.S., &c. Longman, Rees & Co. London, 1831.

This most practical work is well worthy the attention of our landed proprietors at the Cape. Such a book as this, with the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, Mr. Louden's admirable publications, and a few others of equal import, should be attached to our newly-formed *Agricultural Society.* The publication under present notice, is evidently the production of a man of a strong and philosophical turn of mind; for, although its object is only to describe the valuable Fruit and Vegetables of Great Brtiain, which it does in such a minute, accurate, and detailed manner, that the merest child could scarcely mistake the Fruit described, it possesses much higher claims on our approbation—which, however, are modestly embodied, in a long introduction, in an account of the most general and practical principles of Vegetable physiology. These principles are not stated in a separate and independent form, but are introduced merely as illustrative of the necessity of adhering closely to the most approved modes of cultivation pointed out in the work. The necessity of cultivating gardening upon proper principles, indeed, cannot be stated in detail in stronger terms than in the language of this author:

"All our fruits, without exception, (says he,) have been so much ameliorated by one circumstance or another, that they no longer bear any resemblance in respect of quality to their original. Who, for instance, would recognise the wild parent of the Coe's, or Green Gage Plum, in the savage Sloe, or that of the Ribston and Golden Pippin Apples in the worthless and acid Crab? or what resemblance can now be traced between the delicious Buerré Pears, whose flesh is so succulent, rich, and melting, and that hard, stony, astringent fruit, which even birds and animals refused to eat? Yet these are undoubted cases of improvement resulting from time and skill, patiently and constantly in action."

Were our great ancestor to look back into this world and find that some of the dearest objects of his solicitude had degenerated into worthless crabs, and that they had again been reclaimed by the care and attention of his sons, his astonishment would indeed be great. But Adam required not the aid of vain philosophy, for the Fruit of Paradise was perfect. In these degenerate days, however, "knowledge is power," a truth which our ancestors would not rightly appreciate.

Vegetable physiology is a subject but ill understood among practical gardeners, although there is no one more deserving their attention, or that would better reward them. All that the practical gardener cares about is the simple fact, that such is the result of putting a plant in a particular kind of earth, or of transplanting it at a particular season;—the character of the plant or the principles upon which the result may depend form no part of his knowledge. Works, however, of the description of the present, together with the rapid march of knowledge, must soon diffuse more extensively among our working gardeners the great principles upon which their art is founded; and we cannot see why they should not, with this knowledge, become all but as happy as their great ancestor in Paradise. As mere matter of knowledge, the details of Vegetable physiology are most curious and interesting, of which we may give the following from the introduction as an example:

"Evaporation takes place in plants to an inconceivable degree in certain circumstances. It is known by the experiments of Dr. Hales, that a Sunflower plant will lose as much as 1 lb. 14 oz. by perspiration in twelve hours, and that in general "in equal surfaces and equal times a man would perspire 1-50th, the plant 1-165th or as 50: 15;" and that taking all things into account, a Sunflower perspires 17 times more than a man. The same most accurate observer found that a Cabbage perspired in 12 hours 1 lb 9 oz.; a Paradise stock in a pot 11 oz.; and a Lemon plant 8 oz. Guettard states that he found Cornus Mascula perspire twice its own weight in a day, and Mr. Knight has remarked a Vine in a hot day losing moisture with such rapidity, that a glass placed under one of its leaves was speedily covered with dew, and in half an hour the perspiration was running off the glass. In damp or wet weather this evaporation is least; in hot weather it is greatest. This loss has all to be supplied by the moisture introduced into the system by the spangioles, and hence if the spangioles are destroyed, and evaporation takes place before they can be replaced, a plant must necessarily die."

The great object of the work, however, is to describe all the varieties of Fruits and Vegetables in Great Britain, in such a manner that no one can mistake them, and to point out the modes of cultivation applicable to each—likewise, the comparative value of each kind of Fruit—the aspects that it requires—the different names under which it is known in England and elsewhere—the books in which a faithful figure may be found—the purposes for which it is best adapted—and the seasons when it is in the greatest perfection. Mr. Lindley has done all this, so far as we have gone into his work, in a most able and satisfactory manner.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

PORT LOUIS, 1832.

SIR,—I have occasionally obtained a sight of your Journal, and I rejoice with a few others in this Island, that the state of society at the Cape, (the advanced and civilized state of society at the Cape,) enables you with others of your compeers, to advocate the cause of oppressed humanity, without "fearing what man can do." This is not the case in this * * * * island * * * * * *

It was my lot some few years distant, to reside in the West Indies—Jamaica. In the course of a little tour on a certain occasion with Mr. Hunter, son of the late Dr. Henry Hunter, a clergyman of distinction in London, we saw much that oppressed our spirits. On one occasion, a poor creature had died of the wounds inflicted on his body by a merciless overseer—a native, I regret to say, of the village of Pennycuick, near Edinburgh. Poor *Jos*, (that was the name of the slave,) was a remarkably intelligent creature, and seized with avidity, though well stricken in years, every thing relative to the freedom of the human family.

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The governess of a newly-arrived overseer from England, had brought with her a pin-cushion, on which was represented an African scene of punishment,—and the words, "*Am I not a man and a brother?*" The wife of poor *Jos* introduced this cushion to the notice of her husband, and *Jos* used to *sow* that daily toil, which others *reaped*, exclaiming continually, "Am I not a man and a brother?" The repetition of these words greatly annoyed the overseer, who, because *Jos* would not desist, eventually flogged poor *Jos*, which punishment caused his death: his children being witnesses of his dissolution. The charge made against him was that of *impertinence*. The relation of this circumstance greatly affected our spirits;—we parted—(death parted us)—but not till my lamented friend had presented me with the following effusion of his lofty soul, which faithfully describes the particulars of the case.

I am, Sir,
Yours gratefully,
EDINBURGENSIS.

THE OPPRESSED SET FREE.

The bleeding slave was bound,
And the task-man o'er him stood,
Whose lash sent forth its hollow sound,
Midst groans, and tears, and blood.

By ——— thus laid low,
God! 'tis an aged slave,
Whom the villain strives by ev'ry blow
To scourge back from the grave.

His hoary hairs are stain'd,
With his blood that gushes fresh;
And the bonds with which his limbs are chain'd,
Enter into his flesh!

"Oh, spare me! master, spare!
This flesh which thou hast torn;
And the sinews which the scourges tear,
In thy service have been worn!

"Master! my words were wrong,
Thy just resentment smother,
I had forgot the *gory thong*—
When I said I was thy *brother!*

"Hear me! my master, hear!"
And he spake with trembling breath,
"Oh, pity my last and aged tear—
Your slave is sick to death!"

His sons are forc'd to stand
Around their dying sire,
Till beneath the *licenc'd* tyrants' hand,
The fainting slave expire.

And did their silent prayer,
Their hearts' deep bursting groan,
Not peal up through their dark despair,
Before the Eternal's Throne?

ENGLAND! the God whose hand,
Avengeth not amiss;
Upon thy proud and guilty land
Will lay his scourge for this!

"BROTHER! thy drooping head
Raise, ere thy spirit go;
Hark! to the far-off sounds of dread,
Which paralyse thy foe!

"Rapid from SHORE to SHORE,
Deepening upon the wind,
Comes pealing with *triumphant power*
The THUNDER of the MIND.

"Where'er a tyrant's felt,
Mark, how the lightnings play!
And, quick as thought, each chain they melt
Fast from the Slave away."

The Slave rais'd up his head,
Nor did his spirit go,
Till it heard the *coming* sounds of dread,
That paralys'd his foe!

Peal on thou MORAL STORM!
Lightnings dash down the chain!
That none who bear man's God-like form,
Shall e'er be Slaves again!

SCIENCE.

BORING FOR WATER.

UNDER the superintendence of a Committee of scientific gentlemen, experiments have lately been making in the Fort, for perforating the soil to the living water, by the process of boring. We believe, the Funds expended, have been provided by the Asiatic Society. The first attempts were, we understand, necessarily unsuccessful,—because the precaution of *tubing* was omitted. This indispensable precaution has, we believe, been observed, in a later attempt, which unfortunately, however, has been interrupted, by the breaking of the boring rod. Skill and money cannot be devoted to an undertaking, of which the successful issue would be more conducive to the prosperity of India.

We think it therefore right, to re-publish from the *Times*, as connected with the subject, the following advertisement to which chance has directed our notice.

The art of *tapping* the earth, and extracting from its hidden recesses, a perennial gush of water, has now in England attained maturity. It would be an reproach, therefore, to the British Government and community, if the benefits of this useful art were not generally introduced into these Provinces. We would suggest that the authorities at home should send out some recruits for the corps of Sappers and Miners, expert in all the details of the process and use of the necessary implements and machinery. We would also suggest that the Agricultural Society should devote part of its funds, and encourage contributions, for the special purpose of introducing the practice of the art in question. We would recommend the Society to indent for several sets of the most approved machinery and implements applicable to the purpose.

We learn with much satisfaction, that active preparations are in progress, for effecting a settlement, for 20 years, of the land-revenue in the Western Provinces,—as a preliminary to a fixed settlement. It is in those provinces that the vivifying art referred to would confer the greatest blessings, and we doubt not, but that even as a pecuniary speculation. the purchase of apparatus, and the hire of a gang of expert borers, would yield a liberal profit.—*(Calcutta Magazine.)*

Boring the Earth to the Main Spring for Water.—John Goode, 14, St. Swithin's Lane, sole inventor and patentee for boring the earth for water, begs leave most respectfully to inform the nobility, gentry, and the public in general, that he has INVENTED, in addition to his former plan, a METHOD whereby he is enabled to PROCURE double the quantity of WATER, at the same expense. J. G. undertakes to find a supply of water in any situation, and if it does not succeed, he makes no charge. This invaluable discovery, from the pureness of the water, and the enormous expense it saves by working engines, &c. for the benefit and comfort of mankind, of greater value than any discovery since the creation. The cost of a well boring will not be more than what has been charged by the water companies for the supply of water for one year. The process of the invention is making rapid strides, by J. G. sending tools, with a label on each tool, stating how they are to be used, to every quarter of the globe, so that the most inexperienced person may use them. References to wells bored, where the engines may be seen constantly at work:—Mr. George Smart, saw mills, York road, Lambeth; Mr. Taylor, wool scribbler, Cowper-street, City-road; Mr. Kirk, dyer, Osborn-place, Whitechapel; and a number of others, too numerous to be mentioned in an advertisement, which may be seen by applying for prospectuses as above. Tools for exportation. Persons going to foreign parts cannot lay their money out better than by taking a set of tools with them. J. G. has likewise invented a machine which will raise water to a great height where the water lies much below the surface. The said machine will require no attendance. Particulars as above.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ANIMAL KINGDOM.—I. REPTILES.

ALL the serpents live on animal substances, and digest slowly in consequence of the weakness of their membraneous stomach. Accordingly they eat but seldom, especially during the season of cold; one repast suffices them for many weeks, and they never drink, for their thick and scaly skin permits transpiration with great difficulty

In our European climates they pass the winter in a state of lethargy. In the rigorous months, while overwhelmed in this death-like sleep, they remain concealed in holes in the earth, coiled up, and many of them entwined together, until tney are awakened by the genial temperature of the returning spring, and reanimating influence of the sun.

At this time they change their epidermis, for these animals undergo a moulting every year, from the effect of which the most external of their teguments dries up, splits, detaches into strips, or even comes off in a single piece, preserving the form of the body.

The serpents very seldom attack man without provocation; on the contrary, they usually appear to dread his presence. Although cunning, they are timid and fearful, apparently mild in their manners, and patient or quiescent to excess.

Their spontaneous movement from one place to another is rather slow, in consequence of their complete want of limbs; but by rolling on themselves, the head being elevated above the ground, and the body let go suddenly, after the manner of a spring, they can dart occasionally a considerable distance, and with much force, from the place which they occupied with their circumvolutions.

Twisted round a tree, the boa, or the pythons of enormous length and prodigious force, await, in ambuscade the arrival of its fated victim, which it immediately envelopes in its tortuous folds, and strangles in its murderous embrace. The smaller serpents climb up trees in search of birds which they devour even on the nest.

It has been almost universally believed that by certain special emanations, by the fear which they inspire, or even by a sort of magnetic or magic power, the serpents can stupify and fascinate the prey which they are desirous to obtain. Pliny attributed this kind of *asphyxia*, to a nauseous vapour proceeding from these animals; an opinion which seems to receive confirmation from the facility with which, by the assistance of smell alone, the negroes and native Indians can discover serpents in the savannahs of America. Count de Lacépède seems inclined to adopt this notion in his History of Serpents.

P. Kalm assures us, that being fixedly regarded by a serpent hissing, and darting its forked tongue out of its mouth, the squirrels are, as it were, constrained to fall from the summit of the trees into the mouth of the reptile, which swallows them up. According to the report of many travellers, one would think that by the effect of some charm, the durissus and boiquira, those redoubtable rulers of the teppes

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of America, possess the power of forcing their prey to fall in their mouths. At their aspect, it is said that hares, rats, frogs and other reptiles seem petrified with terror, and far from attempting to fly, will precipitate themselves upon the fate which awaits them. Even at a sufficient distance for escape, they are paralyzed by the sight of their tremendous foe, and deprived of all their faculties in a manner that appears wholly supernatural.

ORNITHOLOGY.

We alluded in our last Number, to Alexander Wilson, the Scottish weaver, whose name is of deserved celebrity for his work on American Ornithology. The following is an extract from one of the volumes,—on the *Habits of the Mocking Bird.*

The plumage of the mocking bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost all the species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush, or half-grown tree, in the dawn of a dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music, to which that of all the others seem a mere accompaniment. Neither is the strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various other birds, are bold and full, varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables; generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour, or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail glistening white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recal his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill; each striving to produce his utmost effect: so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him; but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates: or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings, and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog and mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the bluebird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens; amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the killdeer, blue jay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover with astonishment that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo; and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable melody.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

TOUR IN HOLLAND.

(Family Library, No. 23.)

THE following passage gives an account of one of the most useful institutions in the world,—an institution which keeps Holland almost entirely free from paupers. There can be no doubt, that if such a system were introduced into Ireland, of course with modifications, it would produce the most beneficial effects:—

The beneficent society and the charitable and disinterested subscribers to the agricultural establishment of Frederick's-oord, is another proof of the active benevolence and humanity which distinguish the people of Holland. It is no speculation founded on the remotest chance of profit, but solely on that of relieving the distresses of their unfortunate fellow-subjects. Of this small canton or district (which *oord* signifies) Mr. Jacob, the Comptroller of Corn Returns, has collected a detailed and most interesting account from the published reports of its progress and condition. This benevolent institution, whose object is to lessen the burden of pauperism, and improve the moral habits of the juvenile portion of it, is indebted for its origin and successful progress to the intelligence, the zeal and indefatigable benevolence of General Van den Bosch. This officer, when in Java, purchased an estate, and made the pursuit of agriculture his study. A Chinese mandarin with a number of emigrants from that country settled by chance near him. The General soon observed that, with all his labour and care, the crops of his Chinese neighbour greatly exceeded his own; he therefore took lessons of the mandarin, and such was the successful result, that, when he returned to Europe, the Estate, which had cost him twenty-five thousand rix-dollars, he sold for one hundred and fifty thousand.

The General, on his return to his native country, published a little tract on the practicability of instituting a general pauper establishment in the kingdom of the Netherlands. It happened that the king was in 1817 occupied with a plan for bringing into productive tillage an extensive waste of heath land between Maestricht and Breda. The attention of his Majesty was drawn to that of the General. A society was set on foot at the Hague, for the intended experiment, under the patronage of the king, of which Prince Frederick, his second son, was nominated president for life. Twenty thousand individuals became members, and their contributions amounted to seventy thousand florins, or £5,833 sterling.

The first operation was to purchase an estate near the town of Steenwyk, on the confines of Friesland, Overyssel, and Drenthe, consisting of about one thousand three hundred English acres, together with two thousand six hundred acres of heath land, for which the society paid the sum of fifty-six thousand florins, or about £4,666. The river *Aa*, or *Au*, which runs through it, was made navigable for boats into the Zuyder Zee. Buildings for fifty-two families, to consist of six to eight individuals each, a storehouse, a school, and a spinning-house, were speedily erected.

All these operations were commenced early in September, 1818, and ere the 10th of November following, fifty two indigent families sent by the communes entered upon their new habitations. To each family was granted seven morgen or fourteen acres of land. The whole outfit of each family, made on a minute estimation, was one thousand seven hundred florins, or £141 13s. sterling, which was to be repaid to the society in sixteen years, while the annual rent, with which the colonists were to be charged, was settled to be equal to the interest of the outfit; and such was the success of this small establishment, that, after a few years' experience, it was found that the annual excess of produce over subsistence, of each fifty-two families established at Frederick's-oord, amounted to one hundred gilders or florins, or £8. 6s. 8d. sterling.

Loans were now raised for extending the system, to be advanced by the king in his individual character, or by the government, or by the communes, or charitable corporations, or by individuals, each loan limited to five thousand one hundred gilders, or £425 sterling, the exact outfit of three families; the advantage of thus grouping them together was, that two of them were to consist of six paupers each, and the third of six orphans or foundlings, not under six years of age, with a married couple, or a woman only, to take charge of the children. For every such sum the contributors had the privilege of sending three such families.

Sixty guilders were to be paid back yearly to the contributors, for the maintenance of each child, which in the orphan and poor-houses was found to cost nearly double; and it is reported that these twelve paupers do more than maintain themselves.

The first principle of this society is, that no colonist shall, even for the shortest period, be unemployed; and with this view they are under the inspection of the different officers, who exercise their respective duties with the strictness of military precision. General van den Bosch, as superior director, superintended in person the whole Establishment. A sub-director presided over one hundred families; a quarter master over twenty-four families a section-master over twelve, who was required to be a practical agriculturist. 'Thus the whole mechanism,' says Mr. Jacob, 'resembles that of an army divided into sections, companies, battallions, and brigades.' They were employed in various kinds of labour, as the preparation of lime from shells, making of bricks, building dwellings, barns, &c. but the greater portion is employed in field labour; the chief

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implements are the spade and the hoe, at which they soon become sufficiently expert. Every kind of labour is performed by the piece, nothing by the day. The women are employed in spinning and weaving. The amount of their earnings is regularly kept, and a card given which procures at the public store food and other articles at fixed prices. The labour with spades of six individuals in digging fourteen acres, and repeating the operation when required, the sowing, and harvesting, may be supposed to occupy but a certain portion of the fifty-two weeks; the rest is chiefly employed in preparing the composts for manure, and on this, in fact, the success of the colony almost wholly depends.

WOMEN.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

Independently of the brilliant exceptions which burst out in the shape of authoresses in either of the countries now under consideration, it must be confessed that, in everything truly valuable, Englishwomen present an average very much superior to the rival nation. In many of the frivolous attainments, indeed, they may not be so accomplished; nor are they so dexterous in the quackery which shows off trifles to the best advantage, and makes the worse appear the better cause. More beauty they have, but not the art of parading it; more understanding, but not the skill of making a display; more knowledge, but not the cunning to whip it up into froth. It is a necessary consequence, that women should be superior in mental endowments, where the men are superior, and where a business and a pleasure of those men, a task performed by duty and by love, is to improve the sex whom they honor

The instruction which is generally bestowed, in points of French education, materially consists of personal more than mental acquirements; dancing, drawing, music, manners, are attended to—literature, history, serious occupations, are neglected. To captivate, rather than to attach, is the evident end to which all study is directed. The reverse of this is English education, for the embellishments hold the second rank, and the principal care is directed to the things which give the greatest value to the mind.

An English and a French woman are, in fact, destined to different functions in the system of society—to move in different orbits, to illumine different spheres. The element of the one is modest retirement—the end and object of her existence is to be a valued wife and mother. The ambition of the other is to shine like a meteor—to attract all eyes, and some hearts—and if she aspires to be a wife, it is that she may enjoy the freedoms of matrimony. To be a mother is little among her wishes, for children, without adding to beauty, take up much of the time which else had been devoted to pleasing. A single word most magically designates the essence of the British fair, and that word is MATRON. In all the dictionaries of both languages there is not one so opposite to the nature of a French woman

Every nation has its own ideas of happiness, and Paris is said by the French to be the paradise of women. To those who make the happiness of the sex consist in the free indulgence of every wish, and every wish to be of vanity, this opinion may seem true; but what is woman in such an elysium as this would be? A doll to carry silks and jewels—a puppet to be dangled by coxcomb children—an idol for licentious adoration—reverenced to-day, discarded to-morrow—always justled out of her true place by sensuality or by contempt—admired, but not respected—desired, but not esteemed—ruling by fashion, not by affection—imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex which she would govern—never more than half a mother, or than half a wife. These, surely, are not the enjoyments of which an English female would compose her life; she craves something better than all this. As a wife, she would partake the cares and cheer the anxiety of her husband—she would divide his labours by her domestic diligence, and spread cheerfulness around him. For his sake she would share in the decent refinements of the world, but without being vain of them, for she places all her pride, all her joy, all her happiness, in the merited approbation of the man whom she honors. As a mother she is the affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children whom she had tended from their infancy, training them up to thought and virtue, to meditation and benevolence—addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to be men and women in their turn. If there be upon earth a true and Christian paradise for females, an elysium of virtue and reason, it is Britain, and there it is that the sex has attained in every point the highest station yet reached by women upon earth.—*(Chenevix.)*

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER'S ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY.

EXTRACTS.

The clergy which shall be fitted to maintain its position, and to secure respect amidst a population such as this, must be a clergy of no ordinary attainments or character. It must not be a clergy resting on established privileges or ancient usage. It must not be a clergy, contented with a decent mediocrity of character, anxious only to avoid offence, willing to swim with the stream, and endeavouring rather to repress than to satisfy inquiry. It must, on the contrary, be a clergy which shall daily vindicate its claims by the benefits it confers on every portion of society. It must be a clergy capable of inspiring respect by the sanctity of its character, and capable of compelling respect by the soundness of its wisdom. It must be not merely a clergy dignified by the learning of schools, but fraught with the learning which commends itself to every man's understanding by its practical usefulness. It must be not merely a clergy respectable in point of morals, but a clergy venerable from peculiar holiness and purity. It must be not merely a clergy fitted to move among the laity with decency, but a clergy habitually raised above the laity by the spirituality of its feelings, and the sanctity of its habits—a clergy which lives above the people committed to its charge, and forms, as it were, the medium between them and heaven.

Such should be the clergy of the Established Church, and such must the clergy of the Established Church be found, if they are to retain, in a time of political convulsion, their hold on the affections of the people; and thus it is that by being true to their own principles, they may save their own privileges, and make them the means of preservation to the country at large.

* * * *

The religion that will stand in a day of political tempest, must be a religion built upon a rock; a religion that shall rest on nothing but what is firm, and strong, and, like the word of God, unbending. It must not be a religion upheld so much by its union with the state; resting its claims for support on the patronage of the great, and the rich, or even of the learned. It must not be a religion claiming to be obeyed on account of its tendency to promote public peace and order; for in such a day as that all distant claims like these, would be insufficient to command attention for a moment. It must be a religion which commends itself to every man's conscience; a religion which shall show that the forms by which it is invested, and the means by which it is maintained, are merely accessories; its ornaments, not its essence; means which may be desirable but which are not indispensable; and means which it is justified in using, by their obvious necessity. It must be a religion too, which shall speak as from God; which shall require nothing more than He requires, but which shall require that absolutely and positively, as His due. It must be a religion likewise, which shall have adapted itself carefully to every condition of men. Which shall have entwined itself round the heart of the child with the association of his early home; which shall have caught the wandering affections of the youth, and drawn them to the worthiest and the surest object of pursuit; which shall have accompanied man through all the trials of his course; and in prosperity and adversity, in sorrow and in joy, shall have proved, that it held within itself the real substance of his happiness.

* * * *

Let us remember that the channel which separates our country from the continent of Europe, has marked us out as a specific people. We are distinct; it is our privilege to be distinct; and we have suffered whenever we have allowed this natural distinction to be merged in conformity with the politics or the morals of other countries. The constitutional character of our sovereigns differs from that of other monarchs. The individual who fills the throne, will gain nothing by imitating or adopting the usages of foreign courts. A peculiar line seems marked out for him to fill; less brilliant perhaps, but more beneficial; less calculated to feed the vanity, but no less capable of satisfying the honest ambition of a patriotic and enlightened mind. Other sovereigns may possess a power less checked, less modified than his, but none wield a sceptre, round which the moral influence of public opinion is more amply bound, or which possesses more extensive means of doing good.

In the same way, our clergy, our people have each a separate and peculiar character to maintain; a character which they inherit from their forefathers—a character endeared by associations of respect and affection—and a character which it is their interest as well as their duty to support.

Let these, then, be to each the points round which they rally. Let the clergy be what the Church of England intends them to be; men who have duly weighed the nature of the office they undertake; who have felt the vows which they contracted at the time of their ordination; and who labour to exhibit in their lives and conversation, that holy and devout spirit which breathes through the Liturgy.

Let the people be, what the English people profess to be, a Christian people and a Protestant people. Let them remember the sobermindedness and firmness which distinguished their ancestors; Let them remember that the nation's character assumes to be free from the violent and irregular sensibilities of some, as well as from the apathy and languor of others of their neighbours; let them remember that temperance and moderation have been the noblest features in our past political struggles; and that of all weaknesses, rash and inconsiderate imitation of others is the most deplorable and the most pernicious.

THE REGENERATION AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

By DE SISMONDI.

(From Dr. Lardner's Cyclopedia, No. 27.)

When Charles VIII. entered Naples with his victorious army, on the 22d of February, 1495, and overthrew the ancient system of Italian politics, he gave the signals for all the calamities which afterwards precipitated the peninsula under the yoke of the transalpine nations. The Italians continued to regard themselves as the first people in Europe, but they had almost every where lost their liberty: of the five republics which they could still reckon, four were narrow aristocracies. When Napoleon Bonaparte was appointed to the command of the French army in Italy, on the 23d of February, 1796, he began to effect a regeneration which gave to the Italian nation more liberty than it had lost. It is the participation of numbers

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in the government, and not the name of republic as opposed to monarchy, that constitutes liberty: it is, above all, the reign of the laws; publicity in the administration, as well as the tribunals; equality; the removal of all shackles on thought, on education, and on religion. Five millions and a half of inhabitants in the kingdom of Italy were put in possession of a constitution which secured to them all these advantages, with a participation in the legislature and in the vote of taxes. They had recovered the glorious name of Italians; they had a national army, the bravery of which rendered it daily more illustrious. Six millions and a half inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples received institutions less advanced, it is true; but even there the law had succeeded arbitrary power; public and oral evidence had succeeded secret information and the torture; equality, the feudal system; education, instead of retrograding, had been rendered progressive, and thought, as well as religious conscience, had recovered freedom; finally, 2,000,000 of Piedmontese, 500,000 Genoese, 500,000 Parmesans, and 2,500,000 Tuscans and Romans,—in all, 5,500,000 Italians,—were temporarily united to France. They partook of all the privileges of the conquerors: they became with them accustomed to the dominion of the law, to freedom of thought, and to military virtue,—secure that at no very distant period, when their political education should be accomplished, they would again be incorporated in that Italy to the future liberty and glory of which they now directed their every thought.

Such was the work which the French accomplished by twenty years of victory: it was doubtless incomplete, and left much to be desired; but it possessed in itself the principle of greater advancement: it promised to revive Italy, liberty, virtue, and glory. It has been the work of the coalition to destroy all; to place Italy again under the galling yoke of Austria; to take from her, with political liberty, civil and religious freedom, and even freedom of thought; to corrupt her morals; and to heap upon the uttermost degree of humiliation. Italy is unanimous in abhorring this ignominious yoke: Italy, to break it, has done all that could be expected of her. In a struggle between an established government and a nation, the former has all the advantages: it has in its favour rapidity of communication, certainty of information, soldiers, arsenals, fortresses, and finances The people have only their unarmed hands and their masses unaccustomed to act together: nevertheless, in every struggle during these fifteen years in Italy, between the nation and its oppressors, the victory has remained with the people. At Naples, in Sicily, in Piedmont, in the states of the church, at Modena and Parma, unarmed masses have seized the arms of the soldiers; men chosen by the people have taken the places of the despots in their palaces. The Italians, every where victorious over their own tyrants, have, it is true, been every where forced back under the yoke with redoubled cruelty by the league of foreign despots. Attacked before they could have given themselves a government or formed a treasury, arsenals, or an army, by the sovereign of another nation, who reckons not less than 30,000,000 of subjects, they did not attempt a hopeless resistance, which would have deprived them of every chance for the future. Let those who demand more of them begin by doing asmuch themselves.

Italy is crushed; but her heart still beats with the love of liberty, virtue, and glory: she is chained and covered with blood; but she still knows her strength and her future destiny: she is insulted by those for whom she has opened the way to every improvement; but she feels that she is formed to take the lead again: and Europe will know no repose till the nation which, in the dark ages, lighted the torch of civilisation with that of liberty, shall be enabled herself to enjoy the light which she created.

Slave Population.—By the official returns from our colonies, it appears that the decrease in our slave population, for the last ten years, amounted to upwards of 15,000.

A NEW VIEW OF LORD BYRON'S CHARACTER.

(From a Letter of Captain Medwyn in the Literary Gazette.)

Byron, like the poet in the Symposium, was only great in his moments of inspiration; he was else an ordinary mortal. His conversation was frivolous and obscene; his letters slovenly in the extreme, and teeming with vanity, persiflage, and calembourg. His life, according to Mr. Moore, and if we except his devotion to Greece, was marked by few noble or generous actions; and yet we have 1600 quarto pages about one who had renounced his country, who was a libertine in love, and an ingrate in friendship. He was, as he confessed himself, a true disciple of La Rochefoucald—self-interest, the primum mobili, the main-spring of his actions; his common maxim and constant observation was, that "Every body hates every body."

Among the most blameable of his actions, of which Mr. Moore could not have been ignorant, was his conduct to the mother of Allegra. That person, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, a young, beautiful, interesting, and highly educated girl, was abandoned by him, and supported by Shelly, who paid her pension at Florence. He tore from the mother the unfortunate fruit of this amour, and would have willingly made her over to a stranger; he left this lovely child, on quitting Romagna, to the care or carelessness of strangers; and, a thing never heard of before even among Italians, immured an infant in a convent. Her fate might have been foreseen. He desired she should be brought up a Catholic--a strange mode of proving his own religion, or of shewing his affection for her. He complained at Pisa of the child's temper—she repaid him with her mother's just hate, and could never suffer his caresses. Poor Clara! And yet, when I met her at Pisa, after the child's and Shelly's death, he talked of irs being dangerous for them to meet, and—but she abhorred him too much. In his will he made no provision for her. Francisca, who has been called his Fernarina, who had thrown herself into the Leagune in the fervour of her passion for him, he mercilessly thrust out of the house. The Countess Guiccioli could not fix his inconstant mind; he made her miserable by his low intrigues and infidelities at Pisa, if not at Genoa, and went to Greece principally to shake off the connexion that was become irksome to him. Of Lady Byron I shall not speak. The real cause of their separation is only positively known to two persons, and probably will ever remain a secret, though the abominable calumniating reports that have gone abroad concerning it are all foreign from the truth. According to Lord Byron's own account, it was not Dr. Lushington, but another lawyer, (whom he suspected to be the author of the critique in the Edinburgh Review,) who, when his separation cause was before the Chancellor, made some unwarrantable allusions respecting him. I have seen Byron, more than once, in a whiteness of fury on this topic, and heard him vow, that if ever he came to England, he would call to account that personage, whose name I shall not mention. His daughter Ada he disinherited.

Byron's words had almost always a double meaning; the smile that played about his mouth was generally out of harmony with the rest of his features—in his most serious moments there was a laughing devil in his eye. The great object of his panegyric, whom he flattered for twenty years, was made the subject of one of his most virulent and sanglante satires—I speak of Mr. Rogers, and refer to Mr. Barry and Lady B. for the verses. Shelly became unpopular. Though, in private, Byron could not refuse his admiration to his talents and virtues (of the first of which he made no small use), he had the meanness, in his preface to Marino Faliero, formally to disown any acquaintance with him; and, during the burning of his body on the sea shore (my description of which was taken verbatim from Mr. Trelawney, an eye-witness), swam off to his yacht, such was his sensibility; A few more words for Mr. Moore. The conflagration of the autograph Memoirs was a fine piece of charlatanism. The reason of their transfer from Mr. Murray to Mr. Longman, and from Mr. Longman back to Mr. Murray, needs no comment. Mr. Moore cannot deny that the substance of them is incorporated in his work, itself confusedly full of extracts from these very Memoirs. In fact they were any thing but captivating, worth absolutely nothing (I am not speaking of what they fetched or might fetch;) and would have scarcely filled 200 pages, such as we have a specimen of in the flaming and feverish journal kept at Ravenna. Well might they be committed to the flames, as it was their fate, instead of being quietly inured, to rise again from their ashes in the shape of five octavos, or two prodigious quartos, phœnix-plumed like one of Mr. Moore's angles—a rara avis, destined, instead of £2000, to produce £6000. Poor Mr. Murray! But John Bull is the most gullable of all animals, and takes for gosple-truth every puff in every newspaper, though glaringly and barefacedly the production of some self-complacent bibliopolist. Mr. Moore's ingenuity in authorship is admirable; and, when I consider the difficulty of the task, it is not the seven years' labour, but the accomplishment, that is miraculous. After all, it should have been called Mr. Murray's Life of Lord Byron; his lordship styled it Messrs. Moore's and Murray's Byron. It is from such materials—from a bookseller, that we are to judge of a great poet—from the Lintott of this age? Where is Lord Byron's Journal in Switzerland? where his Letter to Mrs. Leigh? His correspondence with Lady Melbourne on the subject of his marriage? With Messrs. Hobhouse, Shelley, D. Kinnaird, Scrope, Davis, &c. &c.? but more than all, with his early, his only friend, as he once confessed, Lord Clare? Where are his papers left with Mr. Barry, that Mr. Hobhouse recommended that banker not to give up—(perhaps Mr. Hobhouse has some new illustrations, some dissertations on Lord Byron in embryo of his own)? Why have we not the relation of his voyage to Greece, and correspondence with Mr. Trelawney, who accompanied him, and was at Missolonghi a few hours after his deccase? And yet Mr. Moore tells us that only one person to whom he applied refused him information! These were the genuine sources from which a Life of Lord Byron should have been drawn; not from his communication with the publisher.

He owned that he had not the faculty of describing any thing that he had not seen; he might, with a certain latitude (with some exceptions), have almost said, any thing that he had not done. When he rushed into the cabin with the question, "How does a man feel who has just come from the commission of a murder?" he had probably been brooding over some scene like that of the dungeon-visit in the Corsair, and was endeavouring in vain to screw up his imagination to the sticking-place! It may be said, indeed, that all his characters were impersonifications of himself; occasionally over-drawn and overcoloured, it is true, or with the oscuro predominating over the chiaro; yet still bearing in their general outlines some distinguishing likeness to the original. It is from them that the mind of Byron should have been analysed: he might have been thus dissected, nerve from nerve; and such anatomy we looked for from his biographer. If we open Childe Harold, the Corsair, the Giaour, but, more than all, that Casti production, Don Juan, we are reminded of the author in every page. The subjects, too, that he chose always have some relation to the type of that which was within him.

A PENITENTIARY IN AMERICA.

The following is an extract from the Journal of a Tour in the States of

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New York, &c. by James Fowler. The author appears to be a man of discernment, and his views are entirely practical. There is a great variety of information, both of a curious and amusing character, acattered over the pages of this volume. The subjoined is an account of an excellent institution established with a view of forming a *Penitentiary*. It is well worthy the attention of the magistracy of this colony, in as much as it points out the true ends of punishment, viz:—REFORMATION.

"About six o'clock I applied at the door for admittance, which was granted on my paying twenty-five cents, and one of the keepers commissioned to conduct me over the establishment. We first visited the cells, which the convicts leave at half-past five in the morning. These gloomy abodes are about seven or eight feet long, by four feet wide, and perhaps about seven feet in height. They are lighted from windows in the roof of the passage into which they open through ponderous iron-doors. All the furniture which they contain is a hammock, which is let down in the day-time, a stool, and a Bible upon a shellf in one of the corners. From these we passed on to the work-shops, where the convicts were busily employed in their avocations; tailoring, shoemaking, weaving, machine, button, cabinet-making, &c. coopering, and smith's work in general. These various manufactures, besides what are requisite for the prison, are furnished to all the principal stores in Auburn, and sent to different parts of the State. My guide afterwards conducted me to the cooking apartment, where some of the convicts were engaged in preparing the morning's repast for the rest, and which I presently saw arranged with great neatness in the general eating room; it consisted of coffee, Indian corn bread, and boiled fish. At half-past six they were summoned by a bell to partake of it, upon which occasion I had a good opportunity of observing some of the most striking characteristics of the system. The convicts were arranged in separate corps, 'moving in a single file, with a slow lock step, and erect postare, keeping exact time, with their faces inclined towards their keepers (that they may detect conversation, of which none is ever permitted) all giving to the spectator somewhat similar sensations to those excited by a military funeral.' In a short time all were seated at the different tables, in the most orderly and regular manner, and, upon a singal being given by the keepers, with one simultaneous movement commenced their meal. Had I not witnessed the scene, I should have supposed it morally impossible for such a number of individuals to be assembled together, for such a purpose, with so little noise and confusion. It was very interesting, though at the same time a very painful and humiliating spectacle, and various were the reflections which hurried across my mind whilst looking round upon these imprisoned victims of crime, of almost every grade and malignancy. Some appeared calm and resigned, or sensible of the guilt and degradation of their situation; others displayed an entire indifference to their fate, whilst in a few I marked the black impressions of obdurate cruelty, ferocity, and revenge, demonstrating but too plainly the justice of the doom which had overtaken them.

"Breakfast concluded (and there did not appear, on the part of the Keepers, the smallest disposition to hurry over the ceremony; all were allowed sufficient time, and materials too, for a hearty repast) the prisoners rose again in like order, and were forthwith marched back again to their different workshops and employments: here, the guide informed me, they were kept until twelve o'clock, when they were again summoned to dinner, after which they resume their labour till six, when their daily toil is done; they are then marched off to their separate cells, each carrying his supper with him, and eating alone, if not in darkness, his last cheerless meal. There is a chapel within the prison, which the prisoners regularly attend every sabbath; a Sunday school has also been established: and in the hospital every attention is paid to such as require it.

"The severity of the punishment here exercised consists in preventing every kind of intercourse of one convict with another; whether at their work or at their meals, they are compelled to observe the most absolute and uniform silence; not the slightest attempt at communication would escape notice, and every offender against this tenacious and positive requirement is punished by flogging—an alternative, however, rarely needed. I observed the young and old, and every description of character, mixed indiscriminately together, but from which, with the restrictions imposed, no evil consequences can possibly arise. A decided majority, upon leaving the prison, have become reformed and useful members of society. It is altogether conducted upon an admirable principle, and reflects the highest credit upon the projectors and the country; affording at the same time, an exalted contrast, when compared with *our* miserable receptacles for this class of society; *in them* if *reformation* take place, it is by miracle; *here* frequent, and *the end and object of the institution.*"

A PICTURE OF THE PRIVATIONS OF A SCOTTISH STUDENT.

Alexander Adam, an eminent grammarian and writer on Roman antiquities, was born at Coats of Burgie, in the parish of Rafford, and county of Moray, about the month of June, 1741. His father, John Adam, rented one of those small farms which were formerly so common in the north of Scotland. In his earlier years, like many children of his own class, and even of a class, higher removed above poverty, he occasionally tended his father's cattle. Being destined by his parents, poor as they were, for a learned profession, he was kept at the parish school till he was thought fit to come forward as an exhibitioner, or, as it is called in Scotland, a bursar, at the University of Aberdeen.—He made this attempt, but failed, from the alleged inferiority of his acquirements, and was requested by the judges to go back and study for another year at school. This incident did not mortify the young student, but only stimulated him to fresh exertions. He was prevented, however, from renewing his attempt at Aberdeen, by the representations of the Rev. Mr. Watson, a minister at Edinburgh, and a relation of his mother, who induced him to try his fortune in the metropolis. He removed thither early in the year 1758, but, it appears, without any assured means of supporting himself during the progress of his studies. For a considerable time, while attending the classes at the College, the only means of subsistence he enjoyed consisted of the small sum of one guinea per quarter, which he derived from Mr. Alan Macconnochie, (afterwards Lord Meadowbank), for assisting him in the capacity of a tutor. The details of his system of life at this period, as given by his biographer, Mr. Henderson, are painfully interesting. "He lodged in a small room at Restalrig, in the north-eastern suburb; and for this accommodation he paid four pence a-week. All his meals, except dinner, uniformly consisted of oat-meal made into porridge, together with small beer, of which he only allowed himself half a bottle at a time. When he wished to dine, he purchased a penny-loaf at the nearest baker's shop; and if the day was fair, he would despatch his meals in a walk to the Meadows or Hope Park, which is adjoining to the southern part of the city; but if the weather was foul, he had recourse to some long and lonely stair, which he would climb, eating his dinner at every step. By this means all expense for cookery was avoided, and he wasted neither coal nor candles; for, when he was chill, he used to run till his blood began to glow, and his evening studies were always prosecuted under the roof of some one or other of his acquaintance." There are many instances, we believe, among Scottish students, of the most rigid self-denial, crowned at length by splendid success; but there is certainly no case known in which the self-denial was so chastened, and the triumph so grand, as that of Dr. Adam. Ere he had yet reached his twenty-first year, he was employed as a teacher in George Watson's Hospital at Edinburgh, an institution designed for the support and education of a certain number of boys. In 1761, when he was exactly twenty, he stood a trial for the situation of head teacher in this establishment, and was successful. In this place he is said to have continued for about three years; during which period, besides discharging the duties of his office, he was anxiously engaged in cultivating an intimacy with the classics—reading with great care, and in a critical manner, the works of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Cicero, and Livy. At the same time he began to make a collection of books connected with the studies which he afterwards prosecuted with so much success. His views were now directed towards the Church, and it is said that he was on the eve of being licensed as a preacher of the gospel, when suddenly a prospect opened before him of becoming assistant, with the prospect of being eventually the successor, of Mr. Matheson, rector of the High School. It would appear that his pretensions were fortified on this occasion by the influence of Mr. Kincaid, provost of Edinburgh, whose son he had for some time attended as tutor. It was not till 1771 that the increased infirmities of Mr. Matheson threw the whole of this charge into the hands of Mr. Adam: the retired rector was then permitted to draw the whole of the salary given by the town, (about £30) besides £20 given by Mr Adam out of the school fees, the remainder furnishing as scanty provision for the man who performed the duty.'

DISCIPLINE AND CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

"WITH respect to the modes of enforcing discipline in our standing armies, we would willingly draw a veil over them, which no hand should be permitted to raise till it should be lifted on the system recently introduced. There is no gratification in describing such punishments, as picketting, riding the wooden horse, flogging, til the wretched criminal almost died under the lash, or any other of the barbarous inflictions which our English soldiers owed to the tyranny of their German masters. Far moresatisfactory is it to learn, that the wisdom and good feeling of later times have laboured to infuse among soldiers a sense of HONOUR, which renders *one hundred* lashes more painful to a prisoner now than a *thousand* were to his precursor in crime. May the humane, yet politic, system be persevered in.—(*Glegg's Military Commanders.*)

THE CAT-O'-NINE TAILS.

This destructive instrument, so vile an implement of degradation, must have been the studied invention of a cold, malignant heart, existing in the bosom of one who lived and feasted upon the woes and miseries of others—who delighted in inflicting torture, and erected the triumph of his vengeance upon the fall and ruin of others. It must have been his glory to oppress; his pride to goad; his delight to tantalize and make unhappy. Could any but a cruel and despotic mind have devised such an effectual means of degrading and debasing human nature as the cat-o'-nine-tails? If the author had arisen from the dark abyss of despair—where there is every thing that awful retribution can devise to punish unrepented iniquity—he could not have contrived a more corresponding instrument. It never could have been the invention or offspring of a man who had one spark of humanity—one jot of love for his fellow-creatures—one thought, but that on

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which to feed his vindictive spirit. Dire malignity must have been the creed of its inventor. Its inefficacy has been proved beyond disputation, and stands unrefuted; yet, do we not hear daily the cries from our ranks? The press had advocated its abolition; so has the protestation of practical military men. The monstrous and cruel absurdity of the system loudly calls for abolition, and the substitution of a more humane code of punishments, that will degrade and oppress less, and consequently will not destroy our national pride. Let us ask the advocates of the debasing system (should there be any) one simple question;—Can they point out a solitary instance, for these last fifty years, where flogging has elicited that which this mode of punishment is intended to elicit? The answer is,—they cannot.

(*John Shipp.*)

A SOLDIER DISGRACED.

On Friday morning last, the third battalion of the First Regiment of Grenadier Guards mustered at the usual place in the the King's-mews Barracks, at Charing-cross, when a private belonging to the battalion, named Cooke, was brought out from his place of confinement to hear the minutes of a Court Martial read over which had been held upon him. Cooke, it appeared, was a very bad character. He had only lately come out of Brixton House of Correction, where he had been confined a twelvemonth for desertion; he had also been punished for other offences. The present charge against him was for stealing one of his comrade's clothes and selling them, for which offence he was found guilty, and sentenced by the Court to be drummed out of the regiment as a disgrace to the Army. The drum-major immediately stripped the lace and buttons from his jacket, and he was marched to the barrack gates, the drummers and fifers at the same time playing the "Rogue's march," and ejected for ever as unworthy the name of a British soldier. The sentence appeared to give great satisfaction to the whole battalion. Cooke was one of the worst characters in the regiment.—*Morning Herald, 20th Feb.* 1832.

A NEWSPAPER EXPOSE! OR, MATTERS LEARNT BY INFERENCE.

In that celebrated collection of jokes, formed by the late immortal Mr. Joseph Miller, deceased, we are told of a capital expedient hit upon by the host of a tavern near the Royal Exchange, to quicken the operations of certain sluggish readers, who pored daily over his papers for an unconscionable length of time, to the utter discomposure of all the other quidnuncs in the room, who were anxious for a peep at those 'best public instructors,' as Lord Chancellor Brougham once thought proper to style them:—he stuck over the fire-place this brief but significant notice, 'Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's paper.' His hint had the desired effect; the dilatory were shamed into expedition; and the broadsheets ever after circulated from box to box with most delightful rapidity.

This occurred more than half a century ago, when newspapers appeared only thrice a week, and were not one-fourth of their present enormous size—a size, moreover, which is daily encreasing, and has already grown 'out of all reasonable cess.' Even while I am writing, the prospectus of a new journal is laid before me, which, by way of recommendation, we are told will be printed with a small type, and be 'twice the size of the Times.' Mercy on us! how in the name of patience, is any one to become acquainted with even a tithe of its contents? To peruse the whole would occupy the most ready reader 'from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve; and, as few people are either able or willing to divide the whole of their days to such a purpose, the chances are that some of its most captivating articles will be overlooked and unperused.

Permit me therefore, Mr. Editor, to offer a few hints, by attending to which, they who have but little time to spare, may become acquainted with the contents of a newspaper, without undergoing the labours of perusing it; and understand what is going on in the world, just as well as those patient drudges who 'prey on garbage,' by wading through every thing they meet with. I am an old hand at these matters, Mr. Omnibus, having for twenty years past looked into every paper every morning, from the Times and Chronicle down to the Ledger and Advertiser; and I shall now endeavour to atone in some measure for this reprehensible waste of time, by imparting to the novice in newspaper-reading a few rules, which will enable him, with unerring sagacity, to comprehend, by a glance at the first line of a paragraph, the exact purport of the whole.

For instance, when you find it stated that 'Last week, as a man was ploughing in a field at Hounslow,'—you need not trouble yourself to proceed, for be assured that he either turns up a sword much corroded by rust—a skeleton, which fell to pieces the moment it was exposed to the air—or an urn, brimful of Roman coins. By the by, 'tis surprising that virtuosi find the last-mentioned articles so scarce, for it really seems as if no clod-hopper ever stuck a spade into the earth, without discovering two or three bushels of them.

'There is now in the garden of Mr. Jones, of Enfield,'—This terminates, to a moral certainty, with an account of a gooseberry nine inches in circumference—a pear-tree blossoming in December—or some equally important horticultural phenomenon, which you of course must feel highly grateful to the editor for communicating.

'Last week, a man in the employ of Mr. Simpkins, of Watling-street, undertook, for a trifling wager,'—read no farther, or you will be sickened with the information that some cannibal has devoured six pounds of candles, a like quantity of yellow soap, a raw leg of pork, and half a dozen rats; washing down the savory meal with a gallon of Calvert and Co.'s double X.

'On Monday, as the Liverpool Mail was descending a hill'—You may at once perceive that this is introductory to the horses taking fright, the coach being upset, several passengers dangerously hurt, and the guard killed on the spot, having a wife and twelve small children to lament his untimely end.—N. B. No blame whatever attributable to the coachman, who is a remarkably careful driver.

'A young woman employed in the spinning factory of Mr. Snooks, inadvertently going too near the machinery,'—her clothes, of course, became entangled, she is drawn in, and nearly torn to pieces, surviving about half an hour after being extricated.

'Yesterday morning, an elegantly-attired female was observed pensively loitering along the bank of the Regent's Canal,'—Any one may perceive with half an eye the catastrophe which this interesting commencement is destined to produce. The lady throws herself into the water, and being dragged out, walks sullenly off, refusing to divulge either her name, or the cause of the 'rash act.' Or, as a more tragical wind-up, we are told that 'the vital-spark was extinct,' and the body lies at the bone-house to be owned,—of course, in a state of pregnancy. Mem. It is observable, that on these occasions every drab becomes 'an interesting female,' and all the ladies are 'elegantly attired.' 'One would surely not look frightful when one's dead,' is, I am aware, a sentiment common to all female minds; yet, methinks, 'tis a sad needless piece of extravagance, thus to be dressed all in their best when on the point of plunging into a muddy pool.

'An affecting instance of the precarious tenure of human life, occurred yesterday in this town. Mr. Smith retired to bed, after eating a very hearty supper of pork-chops,'—Of course, next morning he is found "a slovenly unhandsome corpse." Verdict, apoplexy.

These specimens may suffice to shew the nature of my proposed plan, and I therefore refrain from adducing farther instances, although nothing would be more easy than to select half a hundred of those every-day paragraphs, the end of which may as infallibly be inferred from the beginning, as the catastrophe of a modern comedy from the opening of the first act. There are, however, certain others, which scarcely any experience will enable the quidnunc to be on his guard against, and by which the most wary are often entrapped. I allude to those deceitful articles which decoy you into their vortex by hanging out false colours; those specimens of the puff oblique, the reader of which, while he fancies that he is about to enjoy an interesting anecdote of Lord Grey, or Queen Adelaide, or some other distinguished character, suddenly discovers, to his great chagrin, that he has been seduced into the perusal of a dissertation upon a brilliant jet blacking, patronised by the most polished society, or a sauce of so piquant a flavour, that it would incite a man to devour his own father. A few examples of the kind are annexed, which I have obtained from a distinguished manufacturer of such things:—

'ANECDOTE.—'Are you going out, Sir George,' said the accomplished and beautiful Countess of Skeggs to her husband, on seeing him pull on his gloves. 'No, my love,' replied the Earl, 'but I am about to make use of Rowland and Son's Macassar oil, for preventing baldness; and I am compelled to put on my gloves first, or the palms of my hands would in a few moments be thickly covered with hair.' N. B. This inestimable oil is sold in bottles at 4s. 6d. each, and may be had,' &c.

'A REMARKABLE FACT.—Just before Prince Leopold left England to assume the throne of Belgium, he chanced to join a tea and-turn-out party at Lady Lydia Limber's. The conversation naturally turned upon the important public events in which the Prince was about to be engaged, when on a sudden he exclaimed, ''Pon my soul, Lady Lydia, your Hyson is remarkably fine!'—'Yes, your Highness,' replied her Ladyship, and the reason is, that I purchased it at the shop lately opened by the Genuine Tea Company, Wapping Wall, where nothing but the real article is ever sold, and where purchasers may depend upon being well supplied. N. B. A green door, and two Chinese in the window.'

MR. HAZLITT in one of his essays on Shakspeare, says, that he does not in all his author's plays remember a more exquisite passage than one which occurs in the 3d Act of Macbeth, where the guilty Thane makes the following pathetic reflection, after having accomplished his brutal purpose:—

"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done its worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther."

It must be allowed that these lines are poetically beautiful, yet the concluding assertion is not literally true. Macbeth in his agitation seems to have forgotten the beings called body-snatchers or resurrection-men, who doubtless removed the corse of Duncan, since it is an indisputable fact that hundreds of graves are annually disturbed for this purpose. Nothing is better calculated to prevent so unpleasant a proceeding, than the Patent Iron Coffin, manufactured by Dismal and Dull, Monument Yard, who will be happy to bury any of their friends on the shortest notice.

'SINGULAR OCCURENCE.—A certain wealthy gentleman, who accumulated his immense fortune by speculating in schemes and shares, had occasion a few days ago to sell out a few thousands from the funds, but on signing his name at the Bank for that purpose, he was charged by the

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Clerk with being an impostor, and carried before the Lord Mayor for an attempt at forgery. It however appeared, that when the gentleman invested the money, he was unable to write his name, and therefore merely made his mark; but on the present occasion he wrote a beautiful hand, having taken six lessons at 2s. 6d. each, of Mr. Martinus Scriberus, who will undertake, by a method peculiar to himself, to convert the vilest scrawl into a fine running hand in the space of half an hour.'

To guard against such specious impostors as these, no fixed rules can be laid down: in fact nothing but long and incessant practice in the profitable occupation of Newspaper reading, will impart the requisite skill; but with another common species of humbug, there will be less difficulty. I mean those valuable morsels, composed either of sheer lies or sheer nonsense, or both, which editors are wont to compose on the spur of the moment, to fill up a vacant corner, or to have the pleasure next day of contradicting them. Of these, three specimens shall suffice:—

"There is now living near Leicester, an old woman named Winifred Jenkins, whose age is generally supposed to be about 350 years, but as the parish register goes no farther back than 1506, her precise age cannot be ascertained. She hears and sees remarkably well, has lately cut a new set of teeth, and last week ran in a smock-race, out-stripping all her competitors She perfectly remembers the battle of Bosworth Field, and helped to strip the killed and wounded as they lay on the ground."

"INVALUABLE RECIPE.—A correspondent informs us that the following has been found an infallible remedy for the Cholera Morbus. Mix fifty grains of arsenic with a bottle of Glen-Dronach whiskey, and take a wine-glass full every night and morning. In a short time, the complaint will be entirely removed—also, the patient."

"HORRIBLE AND APPALLING OCCURRENCE.—The play at Covent Garden on Monday was the 'Gamester,' and the customary period for the termination of the piece having elapsed, without the usual attendant bustle, the check-takers were at length induced to enquire into the cause, when, horrible to relate, the whole of the audience were found stone dead from the tremendously heart-rending effects of Miss Kemble's performance. Even the box-keepers and fruit-women lay insensible in the lobbies, and were not recovered without much difficulty. The lights were all extinguished; and it is remarkable that every watch in the theatre had stopped at the same moment, viz. three minutes before ten,—supposed to have been caused by Mrs. Beverley's scream of agony at her husband's death. The musicians in the orchestra, as having been most exposed to the influence, were found converted into petrifactions—fiddles and all."

I pass now to a consideration of the eloquent style in which the editors are accustomed to convey their sentiments upon the various subjects which fall under their notice, although I often wonder how they manage to express them at all, or how they contrive to exist three days, when I reflect upon the violent and contending emotions to which they are continually exposed. At one moment we find them overwhelmed with grief for the death of a dowager, and at the next convulsed with mirth at the antics of a comedian; now filled with rage at the oppressions of some tyrant, and anon with horror at the ravages of a tempest, which they literally "shudder to communicate." By way of experiment, I will attempt an outline of the style in which an accomplished newspaper genius would describe the latter event,—giving merely the leading expressions, and leaving the reader's imagination to supply the deficiencies:—

"The storm at Barnet on Saturday night was tremendous. Towards evening—gale of wind—truly appalling—stack of chimneys—aged couple in bed—beam providentially fell across—damage beggars description—houses partially unroofed—recollection of the oldest inhabitant."

This last embellishment is never omitted, though I don't see that it proves much. Old men have proverbially weak memories, as well as 'most weak hams,' and there may consequently have been a hurricane ten times as terrific, a fortnight before, without their recollecting a syllable of the matter.—Now let me endeavour to give an imitation of their dramatic 'criticisms,' premising that, with the exception of frantic religious disputants, there are no writers upon the face of the earth so utterly void of common sense, and so completely unacquainted with the subject they pretend to meddle with, as the majority of those 'gentlemen of the press' who pen articles upon the Theatres.

'Last night, that never-failing votary of mirth, Charles Mathews, took his benefit at Old Drury. The doors were beseiged at an early hour, and on being thrown open, the house was filled almost to suffocation by an overflowing audience. Harley, who is in himself a host, was greeted on his entree in the most gratifying manner, the house rising en masse, and testifying by repeated cheers their satisfaction at the manner in which he had catered for the amusement of a generous and enlightened public, by bringing into action the elite of the corps dramatique. The coup dœil presented by the *tout ensemble* at this moment was peculiarly imposing. In the course of the evening some pathetic passages from the works of our immortal Bard, Mr. Moncrieff, were recited by the British Melpomene, Mrs. Harlowe, and apparently with very great effect, for we remarked that the boxes were all in tiers, and the pit extremely low, during the delivery. It is whispered that negociations are on foot for the performance of a new comedy, from the elegant and successful pen of Mr. Grigg:—Green Room report speaks highly of its merits.'

What say you, reader? Is not this something like the style of those twaddling articles which, month after month, and season after season, you have seen in the Newspapers, dignified with the title of criticisms on the drama? Twenty years have I taken note of them, and do most powerfully aver, that for one such article which rises above the character of this imitation, there are at least twenty which, if possible, sink below it. They would seem to be composed in general by vulgar men-milliners, or barbers out of employ.

But it is time to bring this paper to a close, lest I become as insufferably tedious as the subject of my remarks. I shall, therefore, merely solicit the reader's attention for two minutes longer, while I advert slightly to the elegant style in which editors of newspapers are wont to express their sentiments, and the novel unhackneied quotations with which they generally illustrate them. Thus, when a balloon goes up, we are always assured it majestically ascended, bearing with it its aerial voyagers. A felon is never simply condemned to be hanged, but to undergo the awful sentence of the law; and is not, as of old, turned off, but launched into eternity, a victim to the offended laws of his country; while his accomplices are not transported, but expatriated—a much prettier word, and not equivocal. People formerly died; now they pay the debt of nature, or terminate their mortal career. A house takes fire, and is burned; next morning we learn that it ignited, and fell a prey to the devouring element, which raged with unexampled fury, threatening destruction to the whole neighbourhood. Pick-pockets are always light-fingered gentry; deserted children are little innocents; soldiers and sailors, are gallant sons of Mars and Neptune; lawyers, gentlemen of the long robe; clerks, gentlemen holding official situations; bagmen, commercial travellers; day-labourers, operatives; mechanics, the productive classes; watchmen, guardians of the night; and ——, ladies of easy virtue. People at one time lacked money, but now it is nothing more than a scarcity of circulating medium. Vinegar is pyroligneous acid. In former days things rotted; but now they are in a state of decomposition. A boy bitten by a cat, is attacked by one of the feline species in a rabid state, and the part instead of being cut out, simply undergoes excision. Days of rejoicing are invariably ushered in with the ringing of bells. A beast who gets drunk daily, is said to sacrifice to the rosy god. At public dinners the tables groan under every delicacy of the season. A man who is shipwrecked, falls a prey to the infuriated waves, and sinks to rise no more. An old woman is missed from her home, and forthwith the neighbourhood is in a frightful state of excitement. During thunder-storms, it is no longer lightning, but a corruscation of electric fluid, which does all the mischief. Every petty assault is a diabolical outrage, and every petty thief an atrocious miscreant. Then, as I have before remarked, their quotations are so apt—so delightfully novel:—let but an actor succeed in a new character, and we are assured it was a palpable hit; he dances, and, lo! he moves upon the light fantastic toe; he re-appears after an illness, and 'Richard's himself again;' he quits the stage, and it is sadly to be feared that we ne'er shall look upon his like again. He retires into the country—of course to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*. Another of the company takes a theatre, and immediately there ensues a dreadful note of preparation; things go wrong, and they immediately suspect there's something rotten in the state of Denmark; or style the report a weak invention of the enemy; he gets into prison, and we are told that he is in durance vile; he dies there, and is deposited in the tomb of all the Capulets.

'Something too much of this,' as the gentry in question would remark; and you, Mr. Editor, are doubtless impatient for me to conclude, 'thinking my prattle to be tedious.' Therefore,

'Imagine I have said farewell already,'

OLD PARR.

SELECT NOTICES.

Colours.—The ancients did not posseas the secret of oil painting, which was invented by John of Bruges, but their colouring is beautiful and durable. Ours fades considerably in the course of a century. This is said to be the fault of the Dutch, who adulterate the chemical compositions required; or perhaps of the Indians, who are as great cheats as themselves. It is said that M. Colbert did every thing in his power, but without effect, to procure better materials. The evil, it seems, is general; for the colours in Italy are as bad as our own.—— *Present Number of Steam Engines.*—It appears that the number of steam engines in action in this country, may be reckoned at 10,000; and one with another, each may be estimated to be equal in power to 20 horses; that each horse will do the work of six men, and that consequently the acting powers of our steam engines are equal in effect to 200,000 horses, or 1,200,000 men. This calculation having been made several years ago, it may be readily believed that the number is now much greater.——*Sharp Retort of a Quaker.*—A Quaker being evidence on a trial, was asked by one of the magistrates, who had been a carpenter, why he would not take off his hat? "It is a privilege," said the witness, "we, as Quakers, are allowed."—"If I had it in my power," said the angry justice, "I would have your hat nailed to your head."—"I thought," returned the Friend, "that thou hadst giving over the trade of driving nails."—— *Recipe for a Sore Throat.*—Take a glass of olive oil, and half a glass of spirits of turpentine, mix them together, and rub the throat externally, wearing flannels round it at the same time. It proves most effectual when applied early. Sweet oil will answer the purpose equally well.——*Rome.*—Some one telling the famous Jerome Bignon, that Rome was the seat of

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faith; "That is true," said he; "but then faith is like some people, who are never to be found at home."——*Great Eaters.*—Theodoret relates, that a woman of Syria was in the habit of eating thirty fowls a-day without being satisfied. A person named Phagon, in presence of the Emperor Aurelian, is said to have devoured a boar, a sheep, and a pig. The Emperor Claudius Albinus eat, one morning at breakfast, five hundred figs, a hundred peaches, ten melons, a hundred becaficos, forty oysters, and a large quantity of raisins. The emperor Maximian became so fat in consequence of excessive eating, that his wife's bracelets only served him for rings.——*Cure for a Pain in the Ear.*—Put a small clove of garlic, steeped for a few minutes in warm salad oil, into the ear; it must be rolled up in muslin or thin linen. In a short time the garlic will be reduced to a pulp, and having accomplished its object, should be replaced with cotton, to prevent the air giving cold.——*Running for the Plate.*—A bell was formerly the prize ran for; hence the expression of "bearing away the bell."—Subsequently, a silver cup was given to the winner, which was the origin of the word "Plate;" a word still used even when money only is given.——*A Rum-un.*—Who was the orator born without hands, who delivered a speech that has been reduced to print, and who, although he never could have a son or daughter, may have left a large progeny behind him? Do you give it up? —Balaam's ass.——*Conscience.*—Mr. A———, who always indulges himself in speaking unceremoniously to persons of the highest rank, said, the other day, to a certain Marquis, "What answer can you give to the populace who so justly complain of your endeavours to trample on their rights?"—"None," said the Marquis, "I clothe myself in the mantle of my conscience." "Then your Lordship wears very *light clothing this cold weather*," rejoined the other.——*Rats.* —There are no rats in the district of Buchan, in Scotland, and if they are brought thither they do not live. There are no serpents nor venomous insects in the Orkneys; and in the isle of Guernsey, there are no serpents, toads, or spiders.——*How to keep away Moths.*—To prevent moths from attacking woollen clothes, or worms from destroying books, place in the drawers or corners of the shelves, some of the roots or blades of the sweet flag. *Economy.*—A gentleman who had remarked how magnificently a friend of his lived upon a small income, observed, that with such slender means, to make so respectable a figure was much to his credit. "Yes," replied a gentlemen, "and to the credit of all his tradesmen."——The returns to Parliament state the total expenditure of the military and naval departments for 1829, at £18,458,774, and for 1830, at £16,746,074. The estimated expenditure for last year, 1831, was £17,252,963.——*Wonders never Cease.*—It is announced that excellent wrapping paper may be had from shavings boiled in mineral alkali—100 lbs. of wood and 12 lbs. of alkali producing a ream of paper!——*Snuff-taking.*—Voltaire once remarked, "They talk of men subduing their passions; attempt only to draw a man from taking snuff, who has been accustomed to it!"——*Medicine.*—Medicine has been defined to be the art or science of amusing a sick man with frivolous speculations about his disorder, and of temperising ingeniously till nature either kills or cures him.——*Cure of Lock Jaw.*—A cure of this affection, hitherto supposed impracticable, has been performed on a horse, by simply using the muriate of soda, or common table salt, with severe bleeding. The horse took about 5½ pounds.——A scientific publication, printed in Paris, gives the following receipt for dyeing the eye-brows: —Sulphor of lead, two ounces, quick lime, pulverized, one ounce. A camel's hair brush slightly dipped in this is to be rubbed over the eye-brows, and they are then to be combed with a fine comb. To dye the hair a fine black colour, it is to be combed regularly every day with the following solution:—Nitrate of silver, one drachm; distilled rose water, eight ounces. The composition is to be well mixed in a mortar.——*Residences of Great Men.*—Visitors to Rotterdam have the mortification, on enquiry for the house which was so long the residence of Erasmus, to find that it has been converted into a *gin-shop*.

New Church Bells.—Another Church Bell of glass has been cast in Sweden: its diameter is 6 feet, and its tone is said to be, beyond comparison, finer than that of any bell-metal.—*Athenæum.*

London Missionary Society.—In consequence of the resolution of several branch associations of the London Missionary Society, to withdraw their support if any slave-proprietor held office in the Society,—Alers Hankey, Esq. banker, has been induced to tender his resignation as the Treasurer of the Society.

MR. RICHARD LANDER.

WE rejoice to find that Lord Goderich and the Government's countenance of Mr. Lander, has not been confined to honorary distinction. That enterprising and singularly deserving traveller, has been appointed to a situation in the Customs, sufficient to enable him to pass the remainder of his days in comfort and respectability.

NEW ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC.

THE beautiful simplicity of uncivilized life has been often the theme of a certain description of men. Kotzebue is one of such, and that good man Captain Beechey, led away by hear say evidence, would be almost inclined to follow in his steps. Now comes out an interesting fact of a very recent date.

Capt. Warden, of the American service, has just published an account of a group of six newly-discovered islands he fell in with in 1830, on his return from New Zealand to Manilla. He has given them the name of Westerfield. The inhabitants are *black*, of good stature, and robust, and their manners *apparently* pacific. They had no arms, were quite primitive in their habits, fancied their own group of islands the whole world, from one of which they imagined Captain Warden must have come; they evinced a desire for thieving, and the Captain having sent some of his crew on shore, they attacked the party, in number 21, and killed all but five, who regained the ship. He gave the island the name of Massacre Island, on account of this carnage. Six months afterwards, in September, he visited the islands, and found that one of the party supposed to be massacred still survived, who came off shore and joined the ship. This sailor stated that all the islands are under the control of one chief, who issues his orders to the chiefs of the islands, who have under them inferior chiefs. All children but those of the chiefs are murdered, and the natives act with the extremest jealousy to their wives, killing them on the slightest suspicion. The sailor, whose name is Leonard Shaw, says that the natives have not the slightest notion of a Divine Being, and that his escape from the fate of the other sailors, was owing to his concealment at first, and his then instructing them in little arts of civilization.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE LATE MR. FALLOWS, ASTRONOMER ROYAL.

(From the Transactions of the Royal Society.)

The Reverend Fearon Fallows was a distinguished cotemporary of Sir John Herschel at Cambridge, and throughout his life an ardent cultivator of astronomical science. In the year 1821 he was appointed Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope, to which place he immediately proceeded, though provided only with a small transit and an altitude and azimuth instrument, a clock, and a few other absolutely necessary appendages of an observatory. In the course of the two following years he completed a catalogue of 273 southern stars, which was published in our Transactions for 1824. The delays which subsequently took place in the building of the observatory, which was not completed before 1828, and the want of those capital instruments which were required to put it into complete operation, although they did not interrupt or check either the industry of his research or the accuracy of his observations, yet by making them necessarily imperfect, deprived them of a very considerable part of their value.

When the mural circle at last arrived, and when he at length imagined himself in possession of the means of effecting the great object of his ambition, by making the catalogues of the stars of the southern hemisphere rival, in accuracy and completeness, those of the northern, he found new difficulties meeting him in the derangements occasioned in so large an instrument, by embarking, disembarking, and fixing it, thus producing errors which were nearly irremediable in the absence of the original maker, or of any superior artist. In the midst of these harassing discouragements he was attacked by severe illness, and at the same time deprived of his assistant by a similar cause, yet even under these afflictions he continued true to his duty; and in a letter to one of his friends a short time before his death, he describes himself as being carried daily in a blanket by his servants from his sick room to the observatory for the purpose of winding up his clocks and chronometers. His disease at last assumed the form of an incurable dropsy, and he died a short time before his intended embarkation for England, whither at last he had reluctantly consented to return, when his recovery at the Cape was pronounced to be hopeless.

In the course of the year 1829 he made, in conjunction with Captain Ronald and Mr. Johnstone, a very complete series of pendulum observations, which were published in our Transactions for the year 1830: and the Lords of the Admiralty are in possession of a very extensive series of astronomical observations made during the last seven years of his life, which it is to be hoped that, before long, they will couse to be given to the public.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY OF THE COLONY.

WE invite the attention of the friends of science in this Colony, to an Advertisement on the Wrapper of the present Publication. This *first collection* of the Geology and Mineralogy of Southern Africa, the labour of many years, we should be sorry to find deposited elsewhere than the Cape. It would be a rare acquisition to the South African Institution. The varieties are very great, and among the twelve hundred specimens there is scarcely a duplicate. Should this Collection not find a purchaser, we understand it is the intention of the proprietor to forward it to London.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

THE Press of the Colony, has presented during the last month, many interesting documents.

THE ADVERTISER.

The *sallies* of the Editor which are occasionally brought to our notice, are perfectly delightful. We allude especially to his prowess of the 16th and 19th of May. We wonder by what peculiar felicity he is enabled to desert the trammels of custom, to break the spell by which others feel themselves bound, and to maintain a career so perfectly uncontrolled and independent. On

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ordinary topics, his conceptions are generally luminious, but in the two papers in question, he has placed his ideas in such a flood of light, that they illuminate all around them. Without the least affectation of frivolous ornaments, without quitting his argument in pursuit of imagery, his imagination becomes the perfect handmaid of his reason, ready at every moment to spread her canvas and present her pencil. But what pleases us most, and affords us the highest satisfaction is, to find such talents enlisted on the right side of man's *common interests*, irrespective of colour or rank. His last *sortie* in question, like the rapid burning of the mountain grass, has broke out upon and consumed the wretched foe. Yes, by his natural expression of triumphant indignation, the enemy has been laid prostrate by the force of his arguments, and trampled in the dust, This is our *verdict, on public* grounds alone.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN.

We shall make no remark or "argumentation" on the following interesting *goods and chattel* paragraph, extracted from this paper of the 4th ultimo, beyond observing, that it is written in reference to slaves—and requesting the attention of the two illustrious subscribers to the Cape Literary Gazette,—the Lords Brougham and Goderich, to its contents.

"Every one must be considered the best protector or guardian of his own *goods* and property; and no one but himself knows properly to set a value upon and *appraise* his *goods*. The fact itself indeed, to see another appointed over *my goods* in order to protect them, supposes an incapability in myself, whether on account of convicted guilt, or ill or bad use of my right or property. But all these incapabilities may never be presumed, but must be proved."

TABLE BAY FREE.

A Free Port has at length been granted to the colony. This is a distinguished boon, and was anticipated by the Advertiser, August 8th, 1826, in the following language. "A Free Port will follow in the train of the general measures of ministers on the subject of Trade and Commerce." On this subject says the learned *Bystander*, in his "Cursory Remarks" published in 1827.—"It is on the resort of the vessels of all nations to her harbours, for the supplies required in lengthened voyages, that the Cape must depend: to that she must be indebted for her wealth and consideration; by that she will be enabled to find means for her actual wants; and by that she will be provided with the power of acquiring a share in the indulgences of polished life."

MR. W. H———'S LAST.

A gentleman remarking in reference to a late trial at the Supreme Court, that the *subordinates* in office were any thing but *civil* to the public,—Mr. H. observed, "how could it be otherwise, there was a *criminal* case before their masters."

A STRANGE IDEA RESPECTING THE PROTECTOR.

Jacob in his late examination before the Supreme Court, was asked if he had made any complaint to the Protecter of Slaves in Cape Town, of ill-treatment, and whether he had obtained redress:—he replied, "Yes, *he gave me satisfaction, because he did not beat me, but let me go home.*"

PROGRESS OF CONNUBIAL BLESSEDNESS AT THE PAARL.

Extract of a letter. "Cupid is very busy here with the young folks. A great many instances of marriages between the ages of 60 and 62 might be enumerated, but I shall just mention two or three which discover the peculiar march of the tender passion. Mr. J. H. Retief aged 70, has been united in wedlock to Miss Villiers, aged 24. —Mr. J. Fischer, aged 75, to a young lady under 30.—and Mr. Wolfaard, aged 83, to a blooming young widow. The lads of the village are in great despair, whilst the fair sex are all on the *qui vive.*"

PROSPERITY OF THE FRONTIER.

Extract of a Letter dated Graham's Town, 16th May.—This part of the colony is fast improving, (no thanks, however, to our ridiculous Newspaper,) and every one appears well satisfied with the prospect before him. Trade is daily increasing; houses building; and money not so scarce as formerly. The country is looking beautiful—grass a foot high, the cattle fat, the "vallies shouting for joy," and every thing else as joyous. Good fat mutton and beef three farthings per pound at the butchers. The grazier obtains it for *nothing*, as the hide and fat realize more than the live animals. There is also good beef to be bought at a half-penny per pound. A Commercial Hall is building, the Government has granted the ground in the principal street, and the cash supplies are all ready. Our neighbours, the Caffers, are sometimes a little troublesome. This we must expect, just as much as such things occurred once in England and Scotland's border countries. But civilization in Cafferland is making great progress, and the Missionaries, "through evil and good report," are clearing the way for the reign of peace in these glorious lands. You may laugh at the idea, but I have no doubt of an ultimate chain of safe communication from Graham's Town to Mozambique, Sofala, and *Ophir!*"

NOTIONS OF A FREE PORT.

An old lady in Cape Town, on hearing the news of a Free Port, exclaimed, with all the economical notions of a Joseph Hume,—"I rejoice at this; no more taxes; we can now all do as we like, and shan't require Governors and Judges any longer!"

SUSPENSE.

During the administration of the late Lieut.-Governor, and when the old System was falling to pieces in all directions, and new creations taking place, a great deal of anxiety prevailed, owing to the *closeness* of those measures, and delay respecting them, in which was involved the question of the *daily-bread* of many an individual. The writer, during these times of change, often met Mr. ———, and as often observed the changes of decay in his countenance and gait. He was the victim of that suspense which generally gnaws and cankers into the frame. We are told in a work lately published by an eye-witness (Mr. Wakefield,) that "*Suspense* is sufficient to plough fixed lines and furrows in the face of a man of five-and twenty—sufficient to bleach the grey to a perfect white. Of all the conditions to which the heart is subject, Suspense is the one that is most terrible."

ORNITHOLOGICAL SENSIBILITIES.

When the columns of black smoke first issued from the Steam Engine on the shores of Rogge Bay, the marine birds screamed a deafening scream, and fled in the wildest consternation. Nor did they return to their haunts, till more than a week had elapsed. We learn this anecdote from an old fisherman near the spot.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The following gentlemen have been elected to serve in Committee for the ensuing year:

W. WILBERFORCE BIRD,
Dr. MURRAY,
J. MARSHALL,
G. SANFORD,
J. D. WATT,
R. COOPER,
W. HAWKINS, H. E. I. C.
H. CLOETE,
F. COLLISON,
W. LAWSON, Auditor.
G. SANFORD, Treasurer.

Extract from the recently published Report of the late Committee:

"In drawing this Report to a close, your Committee hopes it may not appear presumptuous slightly to hint, that the Public Library, by the circulation of the most practical, popular, and scientific publications, in every art and in every science, *may have* most materially aided and assisted in the improvments of a Colony now progressing with a giant's stride.—That the breweries, the distilleries, the powers of the steam engine,—all tending to diminish labour where it is so valuable, and to increase demand and supply *may* owe much of their advancement to the knowledge and scientific intelligence conveyed through the pages of this intellectual institution.

"Political Economy—the fashionable study of the day, *may have* discovered in the Library, additional matter for the exercise of its important influence. Nor ought the opportunities for study, which are here afforded to the schools and the college, to be held of little estimation.

"The Committee concludes, by repeating the observation of an eminent Roman Orator and Philosopher,—

"That those, who by their instrumentality cause two blades of corn to grow, where one grew before, are amongst the greatest benefactors to mankind."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a long letter from *Crito*, which is inadmissible from its vulgar style, and the presumptuous insinuations which it contains. He considers the greater part of the South African Press to be under the influence of a party, and has had the audacity to charge US with being *retained* by "The Missionary Society." He alludes to what he is pleased to term our "frequent reference to morbid subjects, in order to create morbid sensibilities." He then proceeds to offer a few words of compliment! Very sincere, no doubt. He concludes, as we guessed he would, with the use of those ready-made bottled-up terms—cant, ravings, fanaticism, enthusiasm, and a few other *isms*. The *moral* of his letter is, the mild system of slavery here, compared with the misery of the English peasantry. We thank him most heartily for one reference. He asks—"Who are such slaves as the English field-labourers, especially during the harvest season, when they are worked like horses?" Now, how mistaken are some men! What is there, in all ancient pastoral life, more joyous and enlivening than a modern British harvest-home? Even an ordinary reaping day, full as it may seem of images of *labour*, would furnish matter for an eclogue. Suppose the poet to take a sketch of the field about breakfast-time: the reapers stretched along upon the thick grass by the side of a shady hedge; boys gathering nuts in the bushes; fine brunettes pouring out the foaming ale, or handing round the milk-white curds in wooden bowls; and all present full of mirth, entertaining each other with lays of rustic minstrelsy. Rising well refreshed, and bending their merry brown faces in rows over their bright sickles, a troop of British reapers appear altogether as poetical as the most idle knot of shepherds ever beheld in Arcadia.

M. M. is under consideration.

We trust our Poetical Correspondent will continue to favour us, *according to promise.*

Owing to some mystery which is to us, at present, a *profound secret*, the second part of "Anti-Masonic Conventions," has been abstracted from our *locked-up box*. To what elf, sprite, or kelpie, this affair is imputable, we know not. Our old friends, the *brownies*, are free from suspicion. These *genii* are never given to "picking and stealing." On the contrary, they often perform useful services.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 7. Vol. II.] CAPE TOWN: MONDAY, JULY 2, 1832. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* / *per Annum.*

A PUBLIC TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF AN INDIAN SCHOLAR.

When the illustrious dead are gathered into one common tomb, all national distinctions fade away, and they seem to be connected to us by a closer union than laws or governments, or even *Church Ordinances* can produce. But before we come to the immediate particulars under present review, we intend propounding a few questions. Comparisons are said to be odious; we shall, nevertheless, run the risk of giving offence somewhere, by asking how it comes to pass that there is so little of original *genius* at the Cape of Good Hope;—that, in fact, there is no *talent;*—that every thing around us wears the face of mediocrity; that surrounded as we are with *personable* appearances, our youth exhibit no precosity of intellect, but, on the contrary, are just content to pass through life in the same way as the mere plodders before them?

Observe the Cape youthful reader—you seldom discover the boy take up a book of real profit when opportunity calls him to its perusal. The volumes to amend the heart, refine the manners, and exalt the taste, are discarded. In his selection of books, and examination of them, he is a mere butterfly, roving from volume to volume in idle playfulness. In one sense, the *bee* and the *bear* teach him a lesson; the former takes care to *collect* the honey, the other to *ransack*, overturn, and partake of the combs. We apprehend this waste of time of which we complain, this desultory method of becoming acquainted with books, and men, and things, arises in a great measure from the fear *of differing from the mode.* The claims made upon the conformity of each individual by the generality, are very extensive. There is scarcely an office, or an act of life, however retired, for which there is not prescribed *Cape mode.* In an enlarged sense, the Cape mankind perform the great functions of their being simultaneously, as an army goes through its evolutions; and herd their opinions as they do their processions,—whenever a man dressed in black, with streamers of crape at his tail, politely invites you to march two by two to the church-yard.

The old proverb—"birds of a feather flock together," is a philosophical axiom. Men love every thing that is like themselves, and in general hate what is different. Among cannibals it must be a heinous sin against the mode, to abstain from dining off a man's leg or arm, and to prefer a slice of bread-fruit, or the chine of a wild boar. Anthropophagites hate singularity like other people. But the truth is, it is not until society has reached a certain point, that it is *ripe* for free institutions. It is not until men are resolved to hear both sides of a question, and *read* both sides of a question, that they are fitted for the *Jury System,* or to sit in the country's *Legislation.* It is not until they are determined to judge and think for themselves,—independently of *Jacobus* this, or *Daantje* that, that they become fitted to exercise their rights as free citizens. But the want of *talent* in our Cape youth—

"Aye! there's the rub."

We find no fault with our schools, for nobody can be taught faster than he can learn; the speed of the best horseman must be limited to the power of his horse. It is true, that we have no right, as yet, to expect abundance of *fruit* from the pupils in our seminaries of instruction; still we ought to look for the dawnings of intellect, the buds and blossoms of talent or genius. The absence of these must be accounted for on some principle or other; the why and the wherefore is, perhaps, the temptations of surrounding circumstances—the facilities afforded of entering society in an unfledged state—before the *mind* is matured so as to know any thing of *itself.*—The foolish whims and caprices of over-indulgent parents, and the little self-denial, patience, and perseverance, the boy is called to practice: Hence, there is no *disciplined* course of study, no quiet retired contemplation of intellectual subjects—no "pale cast of thought," intimating a connection between the scholar and the "midnight lamp." The news of the day, the wretched stuff of the *Zuid-Afrikaan,* the marchings on the parade, the mock-heroic and jaw-work of the theatre, the *fragrance* of segars, the *music* of billiard-balls, the small-talk of the tea-table, the dash of a *ride-out,* the enchantments of the *rix-dollar* scenes at the public sales, the *playing* clubs, the *singing* clubs, the *lottery* clubs, the *shews* of every kind, whether at the quarterly cattle fair, or at the Philanthropic, or the Lutheran Church—all, all,—and very many others, rule, captivate, and gain the ascendancy over, and distract the mind.

These are plain, uncourtly sayings, but they are offered in the spirit of one of old, who made a necessary distinction between duplicity and faithfulness.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend,
But the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

We now direct our attention to the primary object of this article—to notice the public tribute of respect recently paid to the memory of a much-valued and deeply lamented genius—a native of India.

In the first volume of the *Cape Literary Gazette,* (page 118,) there are some beautiful lines on the Abolition of Suttee, by HENRY DEROZIO.

There are, we feel assured, many of our readers who share our feelings of sincere concern at the premature death of the amiable author, an accomplished Indian scholar. When we look but a few brief years (says the Indian back

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Gazette,) and remember the intelligent and animated East Indian boy that gave such undubitable promise of something more than common-place talent;—when we reflect on the formidable disadvantages he had to contend with, and the elasticity and success with which he bore up against them, even so as to "make for himself a name," our regret for departed genius, is mingled with admiration at its buoyant energy. Destined to terminate his short, but bright career, when others are but commencing theirs; he, nevertheless, lived long enough to acquire a reputation that is not likely to perish, and that is honourably associated with the literature, and the moral, social, and political improvement of his countrymen."

Mr. Derozio began to write poetical effusions at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and most of these, as they were written, were originally published in the India Gazette. They evinced a vigour of thought, an originality of conception, a play of fancy, and a delicacy of tone which occasioned the more surprize when the reader came to know that the author was an East Indian boy, whose peregrinations had never extended beyond the limits of Bengal; and whose Alma Mater had been a Calcutta school. At length, in 1827, he published a volume of poems, which attracted even the notice, and excited the applause of even a portion of the London press. Ever since, his name has been before the public, either as a contributor to various literary works, or the able and independent editor of a newspaper. Of a diligent and active turn, he was not a youth that could sit down content to eat the bread of idleness; nor had he any false fastidiousness as to the sphere in which he could usefully exert his talents, provided the opportunity for their beneficial exercise offered itself. Accordingly, our youthful poet became a teacher at the Hindoo college. It certainly, one would imagine, was not the situation a young and ardent mind like his would choose, had he a variety of choice. This, however, he had not—and he accordingly entered with alacrity and zeal upon his new duties.

Mr. Derozio's next publication was "The Fakeer of Jungheera"—a work that gave still further proofs of genius, and evinced an extraordinary command of language, and an acute perception of the beauties of nature, and the idealities which form for the poet a world of his own. Of felicity in the thought, no less than in the expression of that sympathy which the poetical mind holds with the world, visible and invisible, some verses entitled "a Walk by Moonlight," published two or three weeks before his death, furnish an example—for instance:

* * *

The moon stood silent in the sky,
And look'd upon our earth;
The clouds divided, passed by,
In homage to her worth.

There was a dance among the leaves
Hymning her influence—
That low breathed minstrelsy which binds
The soul to thought intense.

* * *

How vague are all the mysteries
Which binds us to our earth;
How far they send into the heart
Their tones of early mirth!

How lovely are the phantoms dim
Which bless that better sight,
That man enjoys when proud he stands
In his own spirit's light;

When, like a thing that is not our's,
This earthliness goes by,
And we *behold* the spiritualness
Of all that cannot die.

'Tis then we understand the voice
Which in the night wind sings;
And feel the mystic melody
Played on the forests strings, &c.

* * *

That the interest which he took in the progress of his pupils, was as deep as it was generous and independent of all selfish motives, is sufficiently evident, were there no other proof of it than the beautiful sonnet addressed to the students of the Hindoo College, which he published in the Bengal Annual for 1831.

Expanding, like the petals of young flowers;
I watch the gentle opening of your minds.
And the sweet loosening of the spell that binds
Your intellectual energies and powers.
That stretch (like young birds in soft summer hours)
Their wings to try their strengh, O how the winds
Of circumstance, and freshening April showers
Of early knowledge, and unnumbered kinds
Of new perceptions shed their influence;
And how you worship Truth omnipotence!
What joyance rains upon me, when I see
Fame, in the mirror of futurity,
Weaving the chaplets you are yet to gain,
And then I feel I have not lived in vain.

The high estimation in which Mr. Derozio was held, will be best discovered when we mention to our readers that a public meeting was held at Calcutta in Dec. last, for the purpose of taking steps for the erection, by subscription, of a monument to his memory. The meeting was most numerously and respectably attended; Mr. J. W. Ricketts in the Chair. Among those present, several Hindoo gentlemen are said to have taken an active part in the proceedings.

We cannot perhaps conclude this article better than by bringing before the reader the lines which Mr. Derozio wrote in imitation of Byron's celebrated opening ones to the "Bride of Abydos"—and which now are fraught with solemn reflections.

Know ye the land where the fountain is springing,
Whose waters give life, and whose flow never ends;
Where Cherub and Seraph, in concert, are singing
The hymn that in odour and incense ascends?
Know ye the land where the sun cannot shine?
Where his light would be darkened by glory divine;
Where the fields are all fair, and the flow'ret's young blossom
Never fades while sweetness each breath they perfume;
Where sighs are ne'er heard, and where tears are ne'er shed
From hearts that might elsewhere have broken and bled;
Where grief is unfelt, where its name is unknown,
Where the music of gladness is heard in each tone;
Where melody vibrates from harps of pure gold,
Far brighter than mortal's weak eye can behold;
Where the harpers are robed in a mantle of light,
More dazzling than diamonds, than silver more white;
Where rays from a rainbow of emerald beam,
Where truth is no name, and where bliss is no dream?
'Tis the seat of our GOD! 'tis the land of the blest—
The kingdom of glory—the region of rest—
The boon that to man shall hereafter be given—
'Tis Love's hallowed empire—'tis Heaven! 'tis Heaven!

THE LATE COLONEL GORDON.

We have been solicited by a respectable publishing House in London, to request of our correspondents any information relative to Col. Gordon, an officer formerly holding office at the Cape of Good Hope. Madame Gordon, *née Nicollet*, as she signs herself in reference to a publication *intended* for the press some years since, says,—"My husband, Col. Gordon, was a man who was generally known, and had an extensive correspondence with literary men in all countries. His numerous maps, journals, and drawings on the Cape, would fill half-a-dozen folio volumes, but I regret to say his journal of 1774 is missing."

This journal is the object of present inquiry, and we shall feel obliged by any communication on the subject, from our readers in town or country.

We may remark, as a clue to future investigation, that Col. Gordon accompanied Lieut. Paterson in his travels into the interior of this Colony; and Lieut. Paterson, in his narrative of those travels, (page 3,) says,—"I was particularly fortunate in meeting with a gentleman, Col. Gordon, who had travelled in that country some years before (about 1774), and was lately returned from Holland, as second in command, and appointed to succeed Col. du Phren, who was then commander in Chief. Col. Gordon is a gentleman of extensive information in most branches of natural history; and, I believe, is the only person who has any considerable knowledge of that country, being acquainted with the interior parts for near 1,500 miles from the Cape. He had acquired the

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language of the Hottentots; which, together with his perfect acquaintance with Dutch, gave him an advantage over most other travellers."

At the close of 1804, the Colonel's manuscripts were offered to the French government, with whom his widow endeavoured to stipulate that one of her sons, then an ensign in the army, should be made a Lieut.-Colonel; and the other, who serving in the navy as a Lieutenant, should be promoted to the rank of Post Captain. But Bonaparte's officers were not so formed. Denon took a kind interest in the affair. Col. Gordon is said to have discovered the great Orange River. It was, at least undescribed in the maps previously to his visit. The drawings among the manuscripts already in possession of his family, amount to 400.

LITERATURE.

Eugene Aram. 3 vols. By the Author of *Pelham, Devereux,* &c. 1832.

We may apply to many of the novel writers, the fabricators of adventures, what Lord Bacon says when he regrets that philosophers, ignorant of real business, chose to write about legislation, instead of statesmen, whose proper office it was.—"They make," says he, "imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths." But we are free to confess there is an exception in the present case. Mr. Bulwer has hit upon a striking historical fact to work upon, and well has it aroused the most quiescent feelings, and excited a very general interest. Eugene Aram appears to us to be the very best of Mr. Bulwer's productions. It has not a particle of his characteristic affectation, hence his style is clear, expressive, and frequently beautiful—more beautiful for being perfectly natural. But we have our regrets. We are sorry at the occasional use of low, vulgar slang expressions. The introduction of Dame Darkmans, as one of the characters in the piece, has induced the author to bring forth his political views. The old crone is a sort of second Meg Merilies. The corporal and his cat deserve to be turned out of the history, and the psalm-quoting Publican is, we think, extremely unnatural. Then, again, in the religious views of the author we take no part. The following observations upon the wonderful facility with which the human mind acquiesces in the decrees of Providence, however afflicting, breathe a fine, as well as a true tone of christian philosophy. But Mr. Bulwer has contrived, nevertheless, in the construction of the passage, to keep out of view all reference to the consolations of christian *hope*, in bearing the mind up in this state of trial.

"In our estimate of the ills of life, we never sufficiently take into our consideration the wonderful elasticity of our moral frame, the unlooked for, the startling facility with which the human mind accommodates itself to all change of circumstance, making an object, and even a joy, from the hardest and seemingly the least redeemed conditions of fate. The man who watched the spider in his cell, may have taken, at least, as much interest in the watch, as when engaged in the most ardent and ambitious objects of his former life; and he was but a type of his brethren; all in similar circumstances would have found some similar occupation. Let any man look over his past life, let him recall not *moments*, not *hours* of agony, for to them custom lends not her blessed magic; but let him single out some *lengthened* period of physical or moral endurance; in hastily reverting to it, it may seem at first, I grant, altogether wretched; a series of days marked with the black stone,—the clouds without a star;—but let him look more closely, it was not so during the time of suffering; a thousand little things in the bustle of life dormant and unheeded, *then* started forth into notice, and became to him objects of interest or diversion; the dreary present, once made familiar, glided away from him, not less than if it had been all happiness; his mind dwelt not on the dull intervals, but the stepping-stone it had created and placed at each; and by that moral dreaming, which for ever goes on within man's secret heart, he lived as little in the immediate world before him, as in the most sanguine period of his youth, or the most scheming of his maturity."

Of *Eugene Aram* we have gleaned the following particulars of a man whose name is unhappily associated with a deed of blood as extraordinary in its details as any recorded in our calendar of crime. In the year 1745, being then an Usher, and deeply engaged in the study of Chaldee, Hebrew, Arabic, and the Celtic dialects, for the formation of a Lexicon, he abruptly turned over a still darker page in human knowledge, and the brow that learning might have made illustrious, was stamped ignominious for ever with the brand of Cain. To obtain a trifling property, he concerted with an accomplice, and with his own hand effected, the violent death of one Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. For fourteen years nearly the secret slept with the victim in the earth of St. Robert's Cave, and the manner of its discovery would appear a striking example of the Divine Justice, even amongst those marvels narrated in that curious old volume, alluded to in The Fortunes of Nigel, under its quaint title of "God's Revenge Against Murther."

The accidental digging up of a skeleton, and the unwary and emphatic declaration of Aram's accomplice, that it could not be that of Clarke, betraying a guilty knowledge of the true bones, he was wrought to a confession of their deposit. The learned homicide was seized and arraigned; and a trial of uncommon interest was wound up by a defence as memorable as the tragedy itself for eloquence and ingenuity;—too ingenious for innocence, and eloquent enough to do credit even to that long premeditation which the interval between the deed and its discovery had afforded.

The following is the remarkable defence of Aram on his trial.

"My Lord,

"I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar, and and at this time, to attempt a defence, incapable and uninstructed as I am to speak: since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with I know not what expectancy, I labour not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity; for, having never seen a Court but this, being wholly unacquainted with law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it exceeds my hope if I shall be able to speak at all.

"I have heard, my lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest crime, with an enormity I am altogether incapable of; a fact, to the commission of which there goes far more insensibility of heart, more profligacy of morals, than ever fell to my lot; and nothing possibly could have admitted a presumption of this nature but a depravity not inferior to that imputed to me. However, as I stand indicted at your lordship's bar, and have heard what is called evidence adduced in support of such a charge, I very humbly solicit your lordship's patience, and beg the hearing of this respectable audience, while I, single and unskilful, destitute of friends, and unassisted by counsel, say something, perhaps like argument, in my defence. I shall consume but little of your lordship's time: what I have to say will be short; and this brevity, probably, will be the best part of it: however, it is offered with all possible regard and the greatest submission to your lordship's consideration, and that of this honourable Court.

"First, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life contradicts every particular of the indictment: yet had I never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no schemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's person or property; my days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious; and I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unseasonable, but at least, deserving some attention; because, my lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single diviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy precipitately and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind is never corrupted at once; villainy is always progressive, and declines from right, step after step, till every regard of probity

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is lost, and every sense of all moral obligation totally perishes.

"Again, my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to health; for, but a little space before, I had been confined to my bed, and suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me, indeed—yet slowly, and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches; and, so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could, then, a person in this condition take any thing into his head so unlikely, so extravagant? I, past the vigour of my age, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact; without interest, without power, without motive, without means.

"Besides, it must needs occur to every one that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of but when its springs are laid open; it appears that it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real or some imaginary want: yet I lay not under the influence of any of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistently with both truth and modesty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this.

"In the second place, the disappearance of Clarke is suggested as an argument of his being dead; but the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort from such a circumstance, are too obvious and too notorious to require instances; yet, superseding many, permit to produce a very recent one, and that afforded by this castle.

"In June, 1757, William Thompson, for all the vigilance of this place, in open day light, and double ironed, made his escape; and, notwithstanding an immediate inquiry set on foot, the strictest search, and all advertisement, was never seen or heard of since. If then Thompson got off unseen, through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clarke, when none of them opposed him? But what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson?

"Permit me next, my lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said, (which, perhaps, is saying very far,) that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible, indeed, it may; but is there any certain known criterion which incontestably distinguishes the sex in human bones. Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

"The place of their depositum, too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for, of all places in the world, none could have mentioned any one wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones than a hermitage, except he should point out a church yard; hermitages, in time past, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too: and it has scarce, or never, been heard of, but that every cell now known contains, or contained, these relics of humanity; some mutilated, and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary Sanctity, and here the hermit or the anchoress hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed when living.

"All the time, my lord, I am sensible this is known to your lordship, and many in the Court, better than to me; but it seems necessary to my case that others, who have not at all, perhaps, adverted to things of this nature, and may have concern in my trial, should be made acquainted with it. Suffer me then, my lord, to produce a few of many evidences that these cells were used as repositories of the dead, and to enumerate a few in which human bones have been found, as it happened in this question; lest, to some, that accident might seem extraordinary, and, consequently, occasion prejudice.

"1. The bones, as was supposed, of the Saxon Saint, Dubritius, were discovered buried in his cell at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

"2. The bones, thought to be those of the anchoress Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain interred for several centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukely.

"3. But my own country, nay almost this neighbourhood, supplies another instance; for in January, 1747, were found, by Mr. Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentlemen, the bones, in part, of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholm, near Hatfield. They were believed to be those of William of Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

"4. In February, 1744, part of Woburn Abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpse appeared, even with the flesh on, and which bore cutting with a knife; though it is certain this had lain above two hundred years, and how much longer is doubtful; for this abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538 or 1539. What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

"Farther, my lord:—it is not yet out of living memory that at a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriot baronet who does that borough the honour to represent it in parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at his head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

"About the same time, and in another field, almost close to this borough, was discovered also, in searching for gravel, another human skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

"Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of these in question may appear more singular and extraordinary? whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, in commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones; and our present allotments for rest for the departed are but of some centuries.

"Another particular seems not to claim a little of your lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell: and in the cell in question was found but one; agreeable, in this, to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon. But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some labourer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clarke's as this My lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth hath concealed, and chance exposed? And might not a place where bones lay be mentioned by person by chance as well as found by a labourer by chance? Or is it more criminal accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?

"Here too is a human skull produced, which is fractured; but was this the cause, or was it the consequence of death? was it owing to violence, or was it the effect of natural decay? If it was violence, was that violence before or after death? My lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William, lord archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in this cathedral, and the bones of the skull were found broken; yet certainly he died by no violence offered to him alive that could occasion the fracture there.

"Let it be considered, my lord, that upon the dissolution of religious houses, and the commencement of the Reformation, the ravages of those times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken up, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished; and it ceased about the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I entreat your lordship, suffer not the violence, the depredations, and the iniquities of those times, to be imputed to this.

"Moreover, what gentlemen here is ignorant that Knaresborough had a castle, which, though now a ruin, was once considerable both for its strength and garrison? All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of the parliament; at which siege, in sallies, conflicts, flights, pursuits, many fell in all the places round it, and where they fell, were buried; for every place, my lord, is burial earth in war; and many, questionless, of these rest yet unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover.

"I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and the integrity of this place, to impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done—what nature may have taken off, and piety interred—or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

"As to the circumstances that have been raked together, I have nothing to observe but that all circumstances whatever are precarious, and have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible; even the strongest have failed. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability, yet they are but probability still. Why need I name to your lordship the two Harrisons recorded by Dr. Howel, who both suffered upon circumstances because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affair of Jacques de Moulin, under King Charles II. related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? and why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocently, though convicted upon positive evidence; and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith incautiously admitted king's evidence; who, to screen himself, equally accused Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dun; the first of whom, in 1749, was executed at Winchester; and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of Gosport hospital?

"Now, my lord, having endeavoured to show that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time; that no rational inference can be drawn that a person is dead who suddenly disappears; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of a recluse; that the proofs of this are well authenticated; that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, have mangled or buried the dead; the conclusion remains, perhaps, no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, at last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candour, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship; and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

THERE is a very interesting book lately published, entitled the "Village

* Aram was hung in chains in Knaresborough Forest, 1759.

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Blacksmith," in "a Memoir of the Life of Samuel Hick." The Book Societies and Lending Libraries should not fail to procure the Work.

The author thus commences with the history of his hero,—no fictitious character, by the bye, not the imaginary hero of the novelist, or the *beau ideal* of the *romancer*, but a well known village blacksmith, of Micklefield, in Yorkshire.

"Samuel Hick, the subject of the present memoir, was in the moral world, what some of the precious stones are in the mineral kingdom, a portion of which lie scattered along the eastern coast of the island, and particularly of Yorkshire, his own county;—a man that might have escaped the notice of a multitude of watering-place visitors, like the pebbles immediately under their eye; one who, to pursue the simile, was likely to be picked up by the curious, in actual pursuit of such specimens, and thus,—though slighted and trodden under foot, like the encrusted gem, by persons of opposite taste, to be preserved from being for ever buried in the dust, as a thing of nought in the sand, after the opportunities of knowing his real value—when above the surface, had been permitted to pass unobserved and unimproved;—one of those characters, in short, that could only be discovered when sought after, or forced upon the senses by his own personal appearance, in the peculiarities by which he was distinguished—who was ever secure of his price when found—but who would, nevertheless, be placed by a virtuoso, rather among the more curious and singularly formed, than among the richest and rarer specimens in his collection."—pp. 1, 2.

The following instance of benevolence, (among many others,) would do credit to the wealthy squire of a country village.

"Hick was an utter stranger to the feeling of giving 'grudgingly.' His was, in poetic language, a 'burning charity;' like concealed fire, constantly enlarging, till it actually tears away the surface of the earth, to let loose the imprisoned flame It only wanted an object on which to expend itself; and, as he rarely gave with discretion, the first applicant generally faired most bountifully. He was returning from the pit one day with a load of coals: a little girl seeing him pass the door, ran towards him, and asked him for a piece of coal, stating that her mother was confined, and the family without fire. He stopped the horse, went into the house, made inquiry into their circumstances, found the tale of the child correct, brought the cart to the door, and poured down the whole of the load, free of cost. Having no money upon him to pay for an additional load, and being apprehensive of a lecture at home for the *abundance* of his charity, he returned to the coal-pit where he knew he had credit for twenty times the quantity, re-filled his cart, and returned home with his soul humming its way up to heaven, like the lark breasting the morning breeze, and gladdening the inhabitants below with its first song.

"To him it was of no importance what was the nature of the want; if it *were* a *want*, it was sure to be met by him with the first object calculated to supply it, to which he had any legal claim; and met too with the freedom and sudden gush of a fountain breaking from the side of a hill, giving forth its streams till its sources are exhausted by its impetuosity. Of this, his conduct to some soldiers on a march, during the late war, affords, perhaps, as fine a specimen as can be selected. It was what is termed a 'forced march,' and in the height of summer. The regiment being on its way to the south, a party halted at Micklefield early in the morning; the village inn could but accommodate a small portion of them, and the remainder took their seats on the heaps of stones by the side of the road. Samuel, as usual, was up early; and, sallying out of the house, he had presented to his view these veterans in arms. A thrill of loyalty was felt in his bosom, as every thing connected with his king, to whom he was passionately attached, was calculated to produce. He instantly returned to the house, placed before the men the whole contents of the buttery, pantry, and cellar—bread, cheese, milk, butter, meat, and beer went, and he himself in the midst of the men, as happy as a king living in the hearts of his subjects. Though in the very hey-day of enjoyment, he looked with tenderness upon the men, who were about to take the field, and dismissed them with his blessing. But he had part of the reckoning still to pay with his partner. Martha came down stairs, and, after engaging in other domestic concerns, proceeded to the buttery, to skim the milk for breakfast. All had disappeared. Inquiry was made: and when she found how the things had been disposed of, she chided him, saying, 'You might have taken the cream off before you gave it to them.' Samuel replied, 'Bless thee, *bairn*, (child) it would do them more good with the cream on.'"—pp. 105, 107.

PRESENT STATE OF JAVA.

Skizzen von der Insel Java, &c.—Sketches of the Island of Java and its various Inhabitants. By J. J. X. Pfyffer, of Neucck. Parts I. and II., with coloured plates. Schaffhausen, 1829. Hurter: London, Ackermann.

THE fall of the United States of Holland brought about the transfer of Java and its dependencies to Great Britain; and, as a celebrated writer has admirably observed,* "the old monopoly vanished: ancient secrets were divulged; day succeeded to night; Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles was placed at the head of the Batavian Society; naturalists, such as Horsfield, laboured in its service; a fresh spirit was infused into its proceedings; * * * English research prevailed, and with this loftier views, a more intimate acquaintance with the state of science in Europe, and a tenor of conduct far more befitting the character of a learned institution. Raffles and Horsfield have alone done as much as one half the members of that Society before them." It is impossible for us to quote this passage without expressing our fervent desire that the learned and scientific of all countries would imitate the example of this eminent reviewer, and award to the labours of their contemporaries that measure of justice which is their honest desert, but which, on too many an occasion, a sinister reference to complexion of country, to party, or station in life, unjustly denies or withholds.

Since Holland has recovered her eastern possessions, her government has evinced a laudable anxiety to encourage the pursuits of science throughout the colonies, but particularly in those east of the Cape. Indeed, we cannot advert to this subject without a feeling of respect and admiration for what has been already undertaken and achieved. Temminck, Blume, and others, have thrown an interesting light on the state and splendid operations of nature within those regions; and the gentleman whose pages we are about to open has afforded us an attractive foretaste of what we may expect from the remaining portions of a work which is chiefly devoted to the physiognomy of our own kind, and the state of society under the same sky. From his earliest years he entertained an earnest longing to visit the ever-verdant archipelago of the Indies; and accident accomplished the fruition of his wishes.

* M. Depping.

We can only infer, from one or two very sensible observations, that this accident partook of the nature of some personal calamity: the detail he has left unexplained. A run of six months and five days from the Texel, was attended by no incidents more memorable than the capture of an albatross above sixteen feet in breadth, and of several sharks—a female specimen of which measured eleven feet and a quarter in length, and contained more than forty living young, each of them being one foot and a half long. Among them was a live fish, which from its shape appeared to belong to some other species, and on this account naturally excited the traveller's curiosity. Though pieces of clothing, ropes, lumps of flesh, and other nauseous substances—but, worst of all, though the body of an old woman had been thrown overboard the preceding day—the sailors fell to work on the shark with voracious avidity, and committed huge fragments of it to the boiler, in their anxiety, as they alleged, to secure a meal of fresh meat. Col. Pfyffer reached the Straits of Sundah in October 1819, and anchored in the roadstead of Batavia two days afterwards. His service under the colonial government of the island lasted until the month of September 1827, when, in spite of the brilliant prospects which the future held out to him, his feverish longing to revisit his paternal soil extinguished all personal considerations, and he embarked for Europe. We hope that it may not have fallen to the lot of any of our readers to have experienced the wretched state of mind which the colonel describes to be consequent upon dreams of home under a stranger sky; and at all events, we trust that the melancholy picture he has sketched is of exaggerated dimensions.

It is time, however, that we turned to his sketches of the island of Java. These begin with some topographical notices.

The island is fertile and beautiful; and its soil yields almost every thing which the cultivator can desire. By the side of tropical plants are found most European vegetables, and various fruits of more temperate zones; these are sure to succeed where proper attention is paid to the relative qualities of soil and climate. Mountains and valleys, hills and dales, coast exposure, and inland shades, offer inexhaustible variety. From recent computation, the population would appear to exceed five millions, whereas in 1774, Thunberg states it at 2,029,915 souls. Immense lines of forest, districts where the supply of water is scanty, extensive tracts which are uncultured or insalubrious (such as the Djampan on the Wynkoopers Baai), and a variety of diseases engendered by miasma, are, to my mind, very satisfactory reasons why the population is not greater. Alluding to the difficulties which the Dutch East-Indian government have had to encounter in obtaining the annual census, Col. Pfyffer remarks, that "the princes or other great lords strive as much as possible to increase the number of their households, and endeavour to avoid making any return of births; for they are apprehensive of the interference of the government, who allow them no greater number of servants than their rank or necessities require, because such followers are not liable to military service excepting in cases of great emergency, and are exempted from removal and public labour. The limit which this regulation prescribes to the aggrandisement of the Javanese nobility, produces a salutary effect both in an economical and a moral point of view. The careless, indolent life which was led by an over numerous retinue of dependents; the favouritism exercised by their masters; the career of violence and mischief in which they were consequently enabled to indulge with impunity, and the overbearing pride and recklessness of their deportment, rendered this class of individuals the scourge and refuse of their fellow-countrymen. Another motive for concealment, or sending in a false return, may, I think, be

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traced to the priesthood, who had in view either to increase the numbers of their vassals, or were impelled by religious prejudices; for they were accustomed to urge in justification that passage in the Koran, which calls down the punishment inflicted on *Radja Dawûd* (King David) on the heads of such as number their people. * * * /

"The eastern portion of Java is the seat of two native governments; that of the Susuhunan, or emperor of Surakarta, and that of the sultan of Djocjokarta. Though the power of both has been considerably curtailed, and they are mainly dependent upon the Dutch authorities, their influence is still of so formidable a nature, that the intervention of a single warlike and able individual would speedily enable them to re-assert their independence; and, from their superior numbers, combined with the pernicious character of their climate, to extirpate their European masters. So long as these two kingdoms are permitted to exist, the possession of Java by the Dutch must be fraught with insecurity. Fanaticism, jealously, and inextinguishable hatred, lurk in the dismal recesses of the island, and the native omits no opportunity which offers of sowing distrust and contempt of Europeans, who are called *Orang Capir*, pagans or infidels. It is not the love of liberty,—that lofty feeling which the Divinity has imprinted in generous souls!—which calls them to arms, and has been the mainspring of the existing war, but ambition and religious enthusiasm."

The machinery of government appears to be conducted much after the fashion of that of our own possessions, by division into provinces and districts (*dessa* or *tjutak*); the one being administered by residents, and the other by responsible *employés*, to whom secretaries, superintendents of plantations, collectors of customs, warehouse-keepers, &c. are subordinate.

The three principal towns of Java are Batavia, Samarang, and Surabaya; and in describing the first of these spots, the traveller quotes an instance, which the reader may add to a million of others, that the march (we had almost said the ravages) of intellect in these our days, is not yet forced enough to teach governments or individuals, that where they may take care of the pence, the pounds will not always take care of themselves. "Though Batavia," he remarks, "is said by persons acquainted with the subject, to have become much healthier of late years, a fatal scourge appeared in the year 1827, which arose from a penny-wise and pound-foolish desire of economy. On a spot where frequently not a single drop of rain will fall for months together, nor the hurly-burly of horses and carriages finds a moment's interregnum in the day-time, the watering of the streets twice during the four-and-twenty hours was a perfect blessing, and of singular advantage to the health of the inhabitants. This useful custom was abandoned; and, as a natural consequence, the state is the gainer of a few score pounds a year, while Batavia is losing its tenants, and is shorn of one of its chief recommendations. At present, the salubrity of the site has enticed all respectable persons to take up their residence at Weltevreden, Koningsplein, or Meester Cornelis, about 6 miles beyond the city, where you may ride for several miles amidst elegant country-seats, built in the English or Italian style. * * Few Europeans reside in Batavia, excepting those who are directly concerned in shipping."

Having disposed of his topographical notanda, Colonel Pfyffer affords us an instructive sketch of the natural productions of Java. Amongst the rest, he reports, "that many districts are untenantable, owing to the numbers of tigers by which they are infested, and this in spite of a reward of sixteen gulden (twenty-seven shillings) for the capture of a royal, and seven (twelve shillings) for that of a spotted tiger. "The rhinoceros," he says, "is, when wounded, an extremely dangerous enemy; and the power and courage he displays are not to be described. In spite of his seemingly unwieldy bulk, he is quick and perilous in his motions; tearing up trees by their roots, and destroying every thing that falls in his way, in order to get at the sportsman who has assailed or wounded him. Even the Javanese, though in general a good marksman, and familiar with his habits, is afraid of hunting this animal. The *kalong*, or gigantic bat, which is also called the flying fox, on account of its breast and tail, is preferred for its flesh to most other winged creatures. It has hooks on its wings, by means of which it suspends itself to the branches of fruit-trees in the night-time; but when day-light appears, it flies back to its sequestered haunts. In the environs of Ankol, about three or four miles from Batavia, lies an immense and impervious forest, which is the customary resort of this predatory animal, When they roam about at dusk, in quest of prey, they associate by thousands, and obscure the sky for several minutes. Peacocks abound in the island; but are generally found in solitary mountainous districts, where their neighbour, the tiger, amuses himself with hunting them."

Among the author's notices of the vegetable kingdom, we have been unable to discover any novelty; and from those of the mineral riches of Java, we have only to note, that "there is an abundance of iron mines, which, from the plentiful supply of wood, and its consequent cheapness, afford powerful inducements to the establishing of smelting works." After rendering a short account of the measures, weights, and coins of the island, he commences with the more immediate object of his sketches, its inhabitants; and as it will be for the interest of the reader, that we should profit by the remaining portions of his instructive and entertaining book, we feel justified in foregoing any comment of our own on the brief extracts we proceed to lay before him.

"The children of Java are well grown, strong, and nimble; qualities which I conceive to arise from their being brought up in the open air. They are washed in cold water on the very day of their birth, and the practice is continued until they are able to run alone and follow their own inclination for bathing. From thenceforward they lead a sort of amphibious life, and take far greater pleasure in water than on dry land; indeed, whenever the heat is most overpowering, both children and grown-up persons jump into the water, or else lustrate one another from head to foot out of a hollowed cocoa nut. * * * The child is suffered to amuse itself without restraint, even in the most dangerous sports. I have been often frightened at the sight of three or four boys, (mere urchins, scarcely able to set one foot before the other,) mount the back of a horse or buffalo, and gallop about, as if both they and their bearer were 'daft.' The latter of these animals greets their familiarity with so much temper, and becomes so fondly attached to them, that he is their surest defence against the attacks of the tiger, and has on several occasions saved many an infant life. In the year 1825, a little boy, belonging to the district of Kuningen, in the province of Cheribon, was assailed by a tiger, and had received several severe wounds, when a resolute buffalo rushed forward to protect his favourite against the savage animal Though the tiger usually overpowers him in open ground, by adroitly leaping behind his enemy's neck and applying to it his powerful claws and jaws without let or hindrance, on the present occasion the cause of innocence triumphed, and the blood-thirsty creature was so effectually maimed by the sharp horns of the faithful buffalo, that he fell down dead while attempting to make his escape." Of the Javenese peasant, he observes: "The condition of the lower classes cannot fail, at first sight, to appear in the highest degree hard and insupportable to a stranger; the slavish submission of the inferior to his superior makes a melancholy impression upon the mind of a European. The Javenese does not receive the commands of his *radehn* (or noble master,) or *orang besar* (superior,) in an erect posture, but in the lowliest attitude he can devise; stooping down, sitting with his legs crossed and his body bent forwards. Whilst the order is giving, he frequently repeats the expressions, *N'ja nun!* or *nun!* (yes, my lord and master,) though he uses *tuan* (master) when addressed by a European. Without rising from the ground, or even casting his eyes upwards, he now and then brings his hands together by the tip of the fingers, and raises them to his head, in token of his entire submissiveness. * * *

The next subject is the *rongin*, *bedoio*, or dancing girl. "Her songs are impromtu, and suited to her auditory. In the twinkling of an eye she selects the preferable points of her admirer's exterior; an arch smile lights up her features; she extols his handsome figure, his noble bearing, his eyes, feet, and dress, and sums up her eulogy with a seductive and apparently artless portraiture of his liberality and munificence. These girls also recite national ballads, of which the substance is derived from the legendary recollection of their ancient rulers. Many of these ballads are perfect facsimiles of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and constitute a portion of Javenese mythography. * * * Amongst others, the summit of a mountain, being shaped like a boat, it is termed *Gunong prâhve*, or the mountain of the ship; and tradition records it as having been the resting-place of Noah, the *nely's* (or prophets's) ark after the deluge had subsided."

The plates accompanying these sketches are admirably characteristic, and both designed and executed with considerable talent.

NATURAL HISTORY.

SURROUNDED as we are in this interesting part of the world, with the immense displays of Creative goodness, it is to be lamented that our researches or inquiries are not oftener in exercise respecting these things; that there is an apparent want of inclination to render such pursuits subservient, not only to the interests of Science, but to the purposes of commercial profit. In the list of the *Class Mammalia*,—the *Order Rodentia*, of this Colony the *Mole*, occupies immense tracts of land, and might, we think, be turned to good account in the *profit* alluded to. In every part of the Sand Flats, says Mr. Burchell, I observed innumerable mole-hills, and my foot very often sunk into their burrows. For this reason, it is very unpleasant, if not dangerous, to ride on horseback in such places as persons are liable to be thrown, by the feet of their horses unexpectedly sinking into these holes. The animal which make these hillocks, is a very large kind of Mole Rat, nearly as big as a rabbit, with a very soft, downy, ash-coloured fur, having, in appearance at least, neither eyes, ears, nor tail. It is peculiar to this colony, and is called *Zand Mol*, (Sand Mole.)

From the great softness of the fur,

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and the abundance of skins that might be obtained, it might possibly constitute an article of value for colonial trade, or for exportation, and it is surprising that no speculative person has hitherto attempted to convert these skins to some useful purpose.

Respecting the peculiar habits of the *Mole*, we subjoin an extract from an excellent little work which has just appeared, entitled—Gleanings in Natural History, with Local Recollections, by Ed. Jesse, Esq. Deputy Surveyor of His Majesty's Parks, 8vo. pp. 331. Murray, 1832. It is well when His Majesty's Government, or a Colonial Government, bestow appointments on *useful* civil servants, such as Mr. Jesse. He seems to us to be one who feels disposed, and labours to leave the world better than he found it, and belongs in no sense to that (unfortunately numerous) class of men who are merely satisfied with the performance of legal honesty, or bare-weight public duty—who seldom give a particle that is not in the bond.

Moreover, as to his Book the author writes as a mere amateur, and we like his work the better, for the absence of that *systematic method*, which many of the Naturalists adopt, for the *negligé* dress in which it appears. His book will be read with delight by every person who knows how to value true simplicity of mind, exalted by an earnest devotional temperament, which always directs its inquiries from nature to nature's God. Again, he confines his remarks, in a great measure, to matters which fell within his own observation; although he does not hesitate occasionally to borrow a confirmatory fact or illustration from other authorities.

THE MOLE.

——'Tread softly, that the blind mole may not
'Hear a foot fall; *we now are near his cell.*'
Shakspeare.

The mole-hills which we see in fields and meadows, are thrown up by the mole probably during its search for food. Little was known of the natural history of this animal, till a French naturalist, M. St. Hilaire, published lately some interesting particulars respecting it. The mole forms several under-ground passages; and the way she proceeds in doing this is as follows:—she first makes a *run* in various directions, by undermining the ground, and unites this and several others at one point, making, however, some of them larger than the others. M. St. Hilaire says she finishes by arranging them with the most perfect symmetry, plastering the sides with great care; and when completed, it may be called her *encampment*. In the centre of these works she establishes herself, and appropriates a separate place to the reception of her young, which is in some respects differently constructed from her own. In order to render the respective habitations which she and her young occupy not liable to be injured by the rain, she makes them almost even with the ground, and higher up than the runs, which serve as drains, or channels, to carry off the water. She makes choice of the place of her abode with the greatest care, sometimes constructing it at the foot of a wall, or near a hedge or a tree, where it has the less chance of being broken in. This abode is sometimes protected by having a quantity of earth thrown over it, especially in light soils, where I have seen a mound almost large enough to fill a wheelbarrow. Sometimes, however, no earth is thrown up over the habitation. This precaution of the mole is very necessary, to prevent the places she has chosen for retreats for herself and her young, from being trampled in. When a mole has occasion to make her run through a gateway, I have observed that she generally carries it as near as possible to the gate-post, where it is less likely to be injured. Some runs are so near the surface, that I have seen the ground crack during the animal's progress in working them. The bed for the young is composed of the blades of wheat, with which the mole forms a sort of mattress. Four hundred and two of them were counted in one nest, and all so fresh in appearance, that they had been probably collected by this little animal in the course of two or three days. This shows not only her extraordinary industry, but the great depredation she must commit.

The mole is never known to work for food near the place which she has fixed upon for her abode. She labours to procure it about two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, and then returns to her home or resting-place, which is so constructed, that she is instantly made aware of any danger. This effect is produced by forming the upper runs in a sort of circle, so as to communicate a vibration when anything passes over them. The mole then takes alarm, and escapes by one of her *safety* runs.

The mole is not often seen on the surface of the earth. I once, however, caught one, and turned it loose upon a lawn, the turf of which was on a bed of strong gravel, and particularly hard and dry. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the mole contrived to bury itself almost in an instant, working into the earth by means of her snout and fins (for they can hardly be called feet) so fast, that the ground seemed to yield to her mere pressure.

The power of smelling in the mole is very acute; and it is supposed that this sense serves to direct her in the search of her food. She hunts after beetles and worms, which last she pursues eagerly, but not always successfully; for the earth-worm is aware of its danger, and quick in escaping from it. Her search for prey taking place in the morning and evening, when birds are more generally on their feed, must be the means of contributing greatly to their subsistence by driving worms to the surface of the earth, and furnishes another striking proof that the 'fowls of the air' have their food provided by an almighty and superintending Providence in a variety of ways.

Le Court, who assisted M. St. Hilaire in his observations, and who appears to have been a sort of philosophical mole-catcher, was surprised when the naturalist expressed a doubt as to the mole seeing. He informed him that, in swimming rivers, they habitually guide themselves by their sight; but, in order to satisfy M. St. Hilaire on this point, he contrived the following experiment with him:—They made two openings in a dry tiled drain, at one of which several moles were successively introduced. Le Court took his stand at the other. If he stood quite still, the mole soon came out and escaped; but if, at the moment in which she showed herself at the hole, he moved only his thumb, she stopped and turned back. By repeating this as often as she re-appeared, the mole was kept imprisoned in the drain.

There has been a very general idea amongst our mole-catchers, that if the smallest drop of blood is taken from a mole, it occasions instant death. Le Court seems to account for this opinion in speaking of the fights which take place between the male moles, by saying, that if one is ever so slightly wounded in a vein near the ear, the wound is mortal.

In order to ascertain the rate at which a mole moved, he put in practice the following curious experiment:—He placed some slight sticks, with a little flag at the top of them, in the run of a mole, which he had previously ascertained by tracing it to be of considerable length, and along which the mole passed and re-passed four times a day in search of food. These sticks were placed at certain intervals in the run, so that if the mole touched them, the flag would instantly show it. He then introduced a horn at one extremity of the run, and blowing it loudly frightened the animal; and she then went along the run at such a rate, moving the flags in her passage, that Le Court and his friends, who were stationed at intervals along the run to assist in the observation, considered that she went as fast as a horse could trot at its greatest speed.

Hunger in the mole is thought to be a more violent feeling than fear; and its appetite is singularly voracious. If it sees a bird near, it quits its hole—approaches as if to attack it; and if the bird pecks it, the mole retires towards its hole, and tempts the bird to follow. She then watches her opportunity—darts upon it—seizes it by the belly, which she tears open, assisting herself for this purpose with her *flaps*, and, thrusting her head into it, devours it. She drinks as greedily as she eats. The mole does not, like the mouse, lay up a store of food, as she preys on worms and various kinds of insects; she will also eat frogs, but will not touch a toad, if ever so hungry. A mole was tried with eggs and oysters, but refused to eat either. They will, however, eat fruit, and, Buffon says, acorns. If two moles are shut up together without food, the strongest will devour the weakest, even to the bones, nothing but the skin is left, which they never eat, and which, when one has killed the other, is always seen to be ripped up along the belly. It was found that ten or twelve hours was the longest time they could live without food. This fact seems to prove that the mole is not torpid in frosty weather, which Linnæus asserted she was. It is known that, in such seasons, worms, ants, and the larvæ of cock-chaffers and beetles penetrate deep into the ground. It is probable, therefore, that the runs of the mole made in search of food are regulated, as to their depth, by the habits of the grubs on which she feeds. One would suppose, from the texture of its fur, which is particularly short and thick, that the mole is not very susceptible of cold. Indeed, its whole formation is admirably adapted to its mode of life.

It has been said that the mole, when the ground which it frequents is flooded, will climb up trees. This, however, seems to be unnecessary, as I have seen it swim with perfect ease, which indeed Le Court had also observed.

A HISTORY OF THE "HUMBUG" FAMILY.

Discovered among the Papers of a deceased Antiquary.

[Communicated by a Correspondent.]

IT is extraordinary that, although both the continental and English press groan with the immense number of "Memoirs" they have put forth, mostly relating to some individual member of my family, none of them have thought proper to give the public an authentic account of its progress. Perhaps the gigantic nature of the subject prevented them. Perhaps they had not materials. It is left to me, then, to perform this arduous task, and I take it upon me with the full consciousness of that great responsibility which rests with so important an undertaking.

The antiquity of my family may be ascertained at the Herald's College; not a name there, which boasts of its purity and high descent, but springs from that illustrious race, from which I have the honour to be descended. We have become a mighty people, and increase far beyond the bounds of Mr. Malthus's powers of calculation, while a bond of social brotherhood binds us, like the Freemasons, into one society.

Our first chroniclers were the Egyptian priests,

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the worshippers of Isis and Osiris, and the other branches of that respectable family. To them we are indebted for the pyramids, formed with incredible labour by many millions of people, for the laudable purpose of keeping our name in remembrance by posterity. In them are preserved the mummies of those immortal kings, who conferred so much honour on our race. To them also are we indebted for the language of hieroglyphics, which long remained one of the unknown tongues, and for the science of astrology,—that noble study which told, by the unerring record in the heavens, the destiny of man.

The next who immortalized our name were the Greek "Rhapsodists." Jupiter was the supreme "Humbug" of his day, and through him we claim relationship with the whole of the dramatis personæ of the Grecian mythology, the Dryads and the Oceanides, the Cyclops and the Giants, the Satyrs, *et hoc genus omne*. That was a glorious time for our reign. We had temples erected to our honour; we had oracles, whose responses were considered sacred; we had offerings, and sacrifice and oblations: we thrived well. But the historians have recorded the greatness of our house. "The great kings" were decidedly great Humbugs from Nimrod to Xerxes, and those of Assyria and Persia are scarcely less so than those of Greece. Philip of Macedon did honour to the name (Demosthenes himself is our authority for the relationship), and his celebrated son, Alexander the Great, we have reason to boast of for the beneficial effects which followed from the millions he sacrificod. Those splendid orators, archons, and philosophers, whose "talents" proceeded from a foreign treasury, swell the list of great names to whom we bear kindred.

With the Romans we also flourished; from Romulus and Remus to the twelve Cæsars; and from them to the Palæologi of the Lower Empire; the Augurs, the Haruspices, and the Vestal Virgins, were our relations. We lay claim to Titus Livius, of Padua, for chronicling prodigies, and to Ovid for writing metamorphoses.

With the barbarians we have always been highly esteemed. Our ancestors, Alaric, Nadir Shah, Zenghis Khan, and Attila, are of honourable and respected memory, and yet nothing to compare with that exalted Humbug Mahomet.

With the introduction of Christianity our name fell into some disrepute, but it soon afterwards acquired favour again. The fathers of the church have mentioned some of our race with great respect, indeed they have always been eminent for their piety. An immortal inhabitant of the Thebaid, whose name unfortunately has escaped me, acquired fame in this world, and beatitude in the next, by living all his life upon the perpendicular—standing upright upon a column; and another sainted individual walked, after decapitation, with his head under his arm.

In all religions the name of my family has been conspicuous; whether of Juggernaut or of Woden, of Vishnu or of Belus, or of either of the thousand and one different forms of worship which are, or have been in practice; Druids, Brahmins, Dervishes, Popes, and the rest. Those who were most honoured for their voluntary sufferings, whether the devotee, who measured with the length of his body the way to his idol; or the worshipper of the Koran, who walked barefooted to the sacred minarets of Mecca; or the Catholic monk, who disciplines himself with a rope's end, have ever been my nearest and dearest relatives.

I claim the highest alliances. Almost every king, from Nebuchadnezzar, who was the first royal botanist that found out the qualities of *grass*, to Louis Philippe, who has been equally succesful in discovering the properties of *birch*; has the French throne has been the most constantly honoured by my kinsmen. The whole race of Bourbons are my cousins, consequently our beloved Ferdinand of Spain is especially dear to us. Miguel of Portugal, the Autrocrat of all the Russias, the King of Holland, and the Pope of Rome, have frequently acknowledged the relationship. But the most celebrated of the name remains unmentioned. Napoleon was the greatest "Humbug" that ever existed. Instance his projected invasion of England, his attempt to destroy our commerce, his bulletins; the glorious emanations of his extraordinary genius. I am justly proud of my connection *by blood* with so distinguished an individual.

Although, in empires and in kingdoms, my family has obtained the greatest honour and reputation, in free states it has been frequently in as high estimation. Those great men who governed the free cities of Italy during the middle ages, by their mild paternal sway, and the gentle spirit of their government, made the citizens boast of their freedom. It is impossible to give the names of all that great family who existed in those times of liberty and equality; we will only mention the Doges of Venice and the Popes of Rome. The Venetian government inculcated that spirit of patriotism for which the members of my family have always been distinguished. The public operations of the Council of Three; the liberality of opinion allowed by the officers of St. Mark: the political importance possessed by the people, even by the poorest fisherman of the Lagunes; and the uncontrolled authority of the chief of the state, even in his marriage with the Adriatic, prove incontestably the power which my relations had in the government. The sway of the Roman pontiffs was at one time more partaking of the nature of the family name, than it does at present. It was they who instituted the Crusades, the most important warfare that was ever undertaken, and attended, of course, with all the beneficial results that were expected It was they who found out the value of relics—the true cross has through them been miraculously divided into as many chips as would set the Tiber on fire. It was to them we are indebted for plenary indulgences;—fortunate discovery, that for the sacrifice of a little loose coin we might sin *ad libitum*, with pardon on earth, and paradise in heaven! Those were comfortable times to live in. It is much to be regretted that we cannot get rid of an unfortunate creditor, or a troublesome acquaintance, with those methods of dispatch which were then in practice. We have changed the name of defendant for that of prisoner, and the office of the confessor for Jack Ketch. "What a falling off is here, my countrymen." Liberty and the march of intellect were better understood in the times of my ancestors; a man might then not only do what he liked with his own, which is not allowed to my cousin of Newcastle, but might also do what he pleased with what did *not* belong to him.

The mode in which my family have been treated in this country, I find to be exceedingly flattering. We have given many kings to the British throne. I need but mention a few, John—(though he has done our name some injury, by signing Magna Charta,) Richard the Second and Third, Henry the Eighth, Charles the Second, and—but I shall say nothing of the George's. It is to be remarked that crowned heads distinguished by epithets, are almost always of our family. Frederic of Prussia, and Peter of Russia we have much reason to boast of. Louis *le Grand*, and Louis *le Desiré*;—their most sacred and most catholic majesties;—he of the *celestial* empire, and he of the *sublime* porte, the king of the seven white elephants, and the pacha of three tails; with numerous other potentates, whose titles are equally distinguished, and equally deserved; I am proud to say are all of the blood of the "Humbugs."

But it is to our character for literature and science that our fame will endure for ever. Who were the professors of the Eleusinian mysteries, and those of Bacchus, and the Aphroditè? Who were the philosophers? The Epicureans, the Stoics, the Cynics, and the other sects which sprung up at Athens? Who was Diogenes? and who was Epicurus? Gentle reader, with due deference to classical authority, with few exceptions, they are all of the glorious race of "Humbugs." Who discovered the atomic theory, the philosopher's stone, the universal panacea, and the transmigration of souls? Who were the alchymists, the astrologers, and the magicians? To whom are we indebted for the metallic tractors, the vital air, and the universal rubber? Who were Van Helmont, Friar Bacon, the prophet Nixon, and Johanna Southcote, and last, not least, who is the illustrious St. John Long? The same, the same! Has not my family discovered a remedy for every disease under the sun? Have they not formed joint stock companies which would enrich all who joined them? Did they not fish up chests of plate at Vigo Bay, and sacks of pearls at the Ladrones? and did they not send home cargoes of the precious metals from the watery mines of South America? Did they not lend loans at an excellent interest to every independent state as large as a potatoe-garden? Who can forget the immense profits which were realized by the Tlalpuaxhua, the Real del Monte, and the Rio de la Plata shares? by the loans to Guatamala, Buenos Ayres, Peru, Chili, Columbia, and Mexico? Who formed the washing-company, the milk-company? Who made the Thames tunnel? The same, the same! Have I not reason to be proud of my family?

Literary eminence has been in their hands for many generations, from the author of the "Koran," to that of "Satan, a poem." Indeed, my talented relations seem very frequently to monopolize the favour of the public. They have even gone so far as to create royal societies, and to institute clubs. Biographers are of my kith and kin. Boswell and Croker are my cousins german. Political economists are generally bound to me by nearer ties: Macculoch and Malthus are almost brothers. The managers of theatres, if you will ask the actors; the editors, if you will ask their contributors; and the critics, if you will ask the authors, are, nearly or distantly, related to me. You may judge of the first by the bill of performance; if it speaks of "overflows," a sure sign; the next, by the frequent mention of their "principles;" the third, by an appearance of honest indignation for the degraded state of literature; if they have these signs, they have a right to quarter the family arms. The poets of the day to whom I claim kindred, are numerous and select, but it is impossible to name them all; and the rest would quarrel with me if I were only to mention a few. On the church my family has conferred many shining ornaments.

* * * * *

As statesman they have been equally illustrious. There is scarcely one who has had the direction of affairs, or who has been in the enjoyment of office, with whom I cannot claim relationship. To my ancestors are we indebted for the blessings of the national debt, tithes, sinecures, pensions, rotten boroughs, and taxes, and for the glory we achieved in the war with America. Their descendants opposed the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—they opposed Catholic Emancipation, and they are now laudably engaged in opposing Reform. I have lost many great men, but there are many remaining to keep up the honour of the family name. While we can boast of such statesmen as Londonderry and Wharncliffe, such legislators as Hardinge and Peel, and such orators as Hunt and Wetherell, let us not despair. The members of my family may always be known in parliament by a superior patriotism, and a more frequent announcement of disinterestedness. They are above petty motives, they are superior to low desires. They undertake office for the good of their country, and dislike leaving their places, for fear the country might be a loser by the change. Indeed they are always

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patriots, always virtuous, and always disinterested.

But there are others of my relations whom it would seem invidious to pass over. These begin life as the oracles of Select Vestries, are particularly partial to parish money, and patronize periodical feasting, as long as it continues at the expense of other people. They become members of corporations, and, as they have lately done at Bristol, shew themselves in a time of danger, with the same alacrity as at the time of dinner. To Sir Claudius Hunter and Sir Peter Laurie I am proud to claim relationship.

Few are aware how many of our public architects are of that distinguished race from which I am descended. Our ancestors lived in their dwellings of wood till they caught fire; but we, in this age of improvement, are enabled to live in our neat fabrics of lath and plaster till they fall down. Look at the villas of the Regent's Park!—are the mansions of Inigo Jones to be compared to them? View the modern churches—are not these pretty buildings far superior to the heathenish structures of Sir Christopher Wren? And why are these so—but because Mr. Nash and Sir Geoffrey Wyatville are my first cousins.

The medical practitioners have acknowledged the relationship by the extreme avidity with which they have undertaken to relieve the public from all fear of the Cholera. They have instituted Boards of Health, and introduced many other plans which sufficiently shew their anxiety to do honour to the race from which they sprung. Another very imaginative race of men, more familiarly known as auctioneers, I feel flattered in being related to. Many members of this respectable community have the happy art of transforming things apparently worthless to articles of extraordinary value. They seem to possess the philosopher's stone, and turn all that's brass, except their own countenances, into gold. Give them a ruinous building, of which the rats and the winds are the only inmates, and it will rise in a night, like the palace of Aladdin, into a splendid family mansion, replete with every convenience. But we have understood that the new properties vanish immediately they come into the possession of the purchaser, and are no more heard of. The art of painting things in their brightest colours was first discovered by one of my ancestors. The lawyers, again, from time immemorial, have been known as an illustrious branch of the "Humbugs." They are the same now as they ever were. They shew the same happy facility of defending either side of a cause, the same dexterity in leading their clients through the mazes of the law, till they have completely incapacitated them for any further arbitration. They possess the same love of justice, and the same ideas of its value.

I am happy to say that my family is now in a very flourishing state. I never read an advertisement, or a speech in parliament, but I am confident as to the source in which it originated. Every declaration of a member at the hustings is full of the family sentiments. All prospectuses, designs, proposals, manifestoes, proceed from the same source. Those interesting pieces of information in our public prints, commonly called "Puffs," are manufactured on the same principles; and Rowland's Macassar claims its full share of public notice, as well as the last fashionable novel. When the Russian talks of freedom, the Italian of patriotism, the Frenchman of sentiment, the Portuguese of glory, the Dutchman of taste, the German of religion, the Scotsman of modesty, and the Irishman of metaphysics; and when an Englishman prefers French *politesse*, and a *coutelette á la Maintenon*, to British hospitality and roast beef, there cannot be a doubt in the world that they belong to my ancient and respectable family—they are all "Humbugs."

W*.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

VARIETIES IN HUMAN FOOD.

[*From a Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, &c. By John Murray, F. S. A., &c.*]

Our real wants are few, but luxury has made them innumerable, and almost every thing that moves on earth, in the sea, or air, has been put in requisition, and devoured by that omnivorous animal, MAN; and though animal and vegetable life chiefly contributes to his support, we are informed by Humboldt that he discovered a tribe in South America, the Ottomaques, who subsisted partially on a species of magnesian and aluminous earth; and we find, according to Spix and Martius, that the natives of the river St. Francisco also eat earth: the soil there contains nitre; and boys and girls may be seen to eat the whitewash of the walls, and sometimes wood, cloth, and charcoal.

In South America, indeed, according to the same authorities, nothing in the shape of life comes wrong to them, for they eat serpents, lizards, and ounces; and Humboldt has seen children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes, and cranch them up. The negro children are as fond of a bit of rock-salt as those of England are of sugar-candy. The mere *catalogue raisonne* of substances used as articles of food or luxuries would occupy a volume.

Cannibals, or anthropophagi, devour human flesh. At Esmeraldi their delicate morceau is a roasted monkey. Puppies, on the Missouri and Mississipi, are choice food. Horse flesh in Arabia; elephant's flesh in India; camel's flesh in Egypt. The pariahs of Hindostan, attracted by the smell of putrid carrion, rush in crowds to dispute the mass of corruption with the dogs, vultures, and kites. The wild Bushmen generally devour their food raw. The natives of the Kurulean islands are very partial to bear's liver. The Chinese are not scrupulous in their choice; cats, dogs, rats, serpents, all are pressed into their *cuisine*.

Mr. Dobell, in his Travels in Siberia and China, says, "the Chinese eat frogs, cats, dogs, and rats: they are washed and prepared, as if they were the most delicate food; and their rice is always washed a dozen times, before it is boiled." The Kamtschadales use the fat of seals for oil and butter, and are often compelled to live on fish-oil, but they form it into a paste with saw-dust, or rasped fibres of indigenous plants. When the Indians of Asia or America take long journeys, and are likely to be destitute of provisions, they mix the juice of tobacco with powdered shells in the form of small balls; and this dissolving in the mouth allays the sensation of hunger. The negroes in the interior of Africa often subsist entirely on gum arabic; and we are informed by Hasselquist, that a caravan of Abyssinians, on their journey to Cairo, subsisted for two months on gum arabic. The crew of a vessel, also, destitute of provisions, were supported on gum senegal, of which article the cargo consisted.

The Calmucks subsist on *raw* flesh, and they are *ugly*: this is rather alarming to those who follow their example, and eat their meat *rare*, as it is termed, or half cooked, a few degrees removed from *brind*. An Esquimeaux dines on a whale or a walrus: and occasionally their dinner consists of an *old sack*, made of fish skins. We were told that, some years ago, when gas was unknown as a source of illumination, Russian sailors, at Leith, made no scruple to dip their sop, or morsal, into the train oil of the lamps. The Solan goose or gannet is sometimes cooked in Scotland, notwithstanding its effluvium is so overpowering that the process cannot be risked in an ordinary kitchen, but must be conducted either in an outhouse, or in the open air. Veal must be *blanched*.

The following is rather an odd bill of fare: one of the outposts of the French army, engaged in the taking of Algiers, killed two snakes and a lion, which were duly sent to the floating *Restaurant*, on the following day. The *Carte du Jour* presents the following items, in consequence of this supply: "filet de lion, sauté dans sa glace, matelotte de serpens, boa a la tartare, fraise de lion a la poulette, pieds de lion farcis, lion fraisé aux petits pois, &c." "We defy any one," says the author of Transalpine Memoirs, "to ascertain the real state of the Italian or French composées of the cuisine. At an inn, on the route from Sienna to Acquapendente, a *turkey*, whose neck was wrung towards evening, was served up, disguised as *bouille*, boiled beef, as a stew of turkey, and as a quarter of roast lamb." Very, of the Palais Royal, a celebrated Restaurateur, sports, if we remember right, upwards of 300 dishes on his *Carte du Jour;* a carte of this kind, containing 150 dishes, being put into the hands of a Londoner, he immediately returned it, saying, it must be a mistake, it was a *bill of lading*.

The natives of Tonquin, according to Dampier, give their friends arrack, in which snakes and scorpions have been infused. The Lotophagi lived on the lotus, while the Ophisophagie, and the Troglodites lived on serpents. The Kalmuc Tartars also feed on snakes, &c.; and the Syrians eat crocodiles. In the annals of Tacitus, we read of a man at Colonia Agrippina, whose favourite dish, like that of De la Lande, was spiders. Bear's paws, birds' nests, and sea-slug, are dainty bits; raw is esteemed superior to roast mutton, by the natives of Thibet. The inhabitants of Cochin-China prefer rotten eggs to fresh, so much so, that putrid eggs are rated thirty per cent. higher than fresh ones. Dampier tells us, that "the Indians of the Bashee Islands eat the bodies of locusts," and he, too, relished this species of food. The Tonquineze also feed on locusts, which are either fresh or pickled, sometimes broiled on coals. The inhabitants of Madagascar not only eat them, but prefer them to the finest fish. Rein-deer, and a kind of meal formed of pounded fish, are used in Lapland and Iceland; brind, still quivering with life, in Abyssinia; in Australia a good fat grub would be preferred to every thing

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else; and in the West Indies a large caterpillar, found on the palm, is esteemed a luxury; while the edible nest of the Java swallow (hirundo edulis) is so rich a dainty, that the auxiliary ingredients of the dish will cost about 15*l*. In the Levant, the locust (gryllus cristata) is sold in the market as a chief article of diet.

In all these things the continent of Europe is not a whit behind the rest of the world, and displays feats which may well excite our "special wonder." Passing over such dainties as *sawer craut, olla podrida, caviar,* &c., France dresses up frogs and snails, con amore. *Frogeries,* and even *Viperies,* are necessary adjuncts to the mansions of the noblesse. The quantities of frogs we have seen in some of the markets on the continent, have excited in us the utmost surprise: in the market of Auxerre we had the curiosity to inquire the price of snails (helix promatia,) and found them rated at three francs (2s. 6d.) per 100; not long ago, indeed, seven snails were charged a franc at an inn in Germany. In Italy we have been served up the *pholas, echinus, sepia,* &., while "mine host" at Terracina asks his guest whether he prefers the eel of the hedge or that of the river. The astronomer de la Lande was remarkably fond of spiders, and would chuckle them up *sans ceremonie* whenever they came in his way; and a young lady, too, had a particular predilection in that way.

We conceive, however, that Great Britain in these excellencies far transcends her continental neighbours: not to mention the "braxy" of Scotland, which is putrid mutton, the sheep having died of the rot, it is notorious that game and venison are seldom relished till it is "high," or, in honest and faithful language, till it is a mass of putrefaction, and disengaging in abundance one of the most septic poisons the chemist knows of; in numerous cases it is a mass of life and motion, the offspring of putridity. Mr. Hunter, however, says that "boiled and roasted, and even *putrid* meat, is easier of digestion than raw;" so that these would-be epicures, who take their food after the manner of Abyssinians, do violence to this precept, while they who take *putrid* (in common parlance *high)* game, as *intenerated* (as it is called) meat, *i. e.* on the verge of putrefaction, are but a step removed. It is truly astonishing what the respiratory organs of some individuals can withstand. We remember having been once at an inn in Derbyshire, in what is commonly termed the "commercial room," when a dinner was brought in for a "traveller" about four hours later than we should select for that meal; *game* was one of the dishes, and so horrid was it putrescence, that, had we not thrown up the window and made our escape, we should certainly have fallen a victim—at least temporarily; but the experiments of Dupuytren, Chausier, and Thenard, are quite conclusive.

Though we know not that the monstroussized liver of the goose. an effect of disease, has yet found its way into the English *cuisine;* all the rack and the ingenuity of cruelty and torture have been exhausted, to supply the cravings of a depraved and degraded appetite, and one which human nature might well be ashamed of: the bull may be no longer "baited" for this purpose, but pigs are still whipped to death; lobsters are boiled alive; cod are crimped; and eels are skinned, writhing in agony; not to mention geese, which are duly nailed to the floor by their webbed feet, that they may repose and fatten; turkeys are crammed, and finally bled to death under the tongue; hares are hunted, and die in fevered inflammation, or, it may be, duly inoculated with the poison of hydrophobia, from dogs excited to madness by the chase. Now all these practised cruelties, though they may blanch the cod-fish, or tinge the lobster with ruby, excite inflammatory action in the animal suffering them, and inflamed surfaces evolve morbid or poisonous matter.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

WHEN Judge Robinson was on the bench, a dispute took place between him and Mr. Curran, on some point connected with a case then before the court. During the altercation, his lordship indulged in some sarcastic remark on the embarrassed circumstances of the young lawyer. The latter feeling indignant at the personality of the allusion, addressed him in the following words.

"My lord, when the person who is invested with the dignity of the judgment-seat, lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the conflict, that he seeks to resume it; it is in vain that he seeks to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned."

Judge R.—"If you say another word, Sir, I'll commit you."

Mr. C.—"If your lordship should do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting, that I am not the worst thing your lordship has committed." Here this caustic dialogue ended.

Mr. Curran, it appears, being personally unknown to Mr. Abernethy, had visited him several times, without having had an opportunity of fully explaining the nature of his disorder. At length, he went with a full determination to obtain a hearing, and began his tale accordingly Scarcely had he commenced, before he was interrupted as usual; but instead of being intimidated, he fixed his dark piercing eye on the doctor, and thus addressed him:

"Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas; but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I am resolved, sir, not to leave this room until you satisfy me by doing so."

Struck by his manner and intepidity, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back in his chair, and, assuming the posture of a most indefatigable listener, exclaimed in a tone of half surprise and half humour,—"Oh, very well, sir, I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole, your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure; go on." On hearing this, Mr. Curran, not in the least disconcerted, assumed a grave countenance, and proceeded as follows:

"My name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, being a native of Newmarket, County of Cork, in the year 1750. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman of small fortune, in that neighbourhood, obtained my entrance into one of the Protestant Free Schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble sphere of a sizer."

In this manner, Mr. Curran continued for several minutes, giving to his astonished hearer a true, but irresistibly laughable account of his "birth, parentage, and education," as desired, until he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Mr. Abernethy's attention to his gifted patient, was, from that hour to the close of his life, assiduous, unremitting, and devoted.

SHAMPOOING IN INDIA.

THE comfort derived from the pressure of the hands on the limbs, by a clever shampooer, is alone to be estimated by those who have experienced the benefits derived from this luxurious habit, in a climate where such indulgences are needed to assist in creating a free circulation of the blood, which is very seldom induced by exercise, as in more northern latitudes. Persons of rank are shampooed by their servants, during the *hours of sleep,* whether it be by day or night; and if through any accidental circumstance the pressure is discontinued, even for a few seconds only, the sleep is immediately broken: such is the power of habit.

MONKEYS.

THE husbandman, whose land is in the vicinity of a forest, and the abode of monkeys, (in India,) secures safety to his crops, by planting a patch of ground with that species of grain which these animals are known to prefer. Here they assemble as appetite calls, and feast themselves upon their own allotment; and as if they appreciated the hospitality of the landlord, not a blade is broken, or a seed destroyed in the fields of corn to the right and left of their plantation. But woe to the farmer who neglects this provision: his fields will not only be visited by the marauders, but their vengeance will be displayed in the wasteful destruction of his cultivation.—*(Mrs. Hassan Ali.)*

THE MONKEYS AND THE ALLIGATOR.

IN the neighbourhood of Muttra is an immense jungle or forest, where monkeys abound in great numbers and variety. Near a village bordering this forest, is a large natural lake which is said to abound with every sort of fish and alligators. On the banks of this lake are many trees, some of which branch out a great distance over the water. On these trees monkeys of a large description, called Lungoor

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gambol from spray to spray in happy amusement: sometimes they crowd in numbers on one branch, by which means their weight nearly brings the end of the bough to the surface of the water; on which occasion it is by no means unusual for one or more of their numbers to be lessened.

Whether the monkeys told their thoughts or not, my informant did not say, but the retailers of the story assert, that the oldest monkey was aware that his missing brethren had been seized by an alligator from the branch of the tree, whilst they were enjoying their amusement. This old monkey, it would seem, resolved on revenging the injury done to his tribe, and formed a plan of retaliating on the common enemy of his race.

The monkeys were observed by the villagers, for many successive days, actively occupied in collecting the fibrous bark of certain trees, which they were converting into a thick rope. The novelty of this employment surprised the peasants and induced them to watch daily for the result. When the rope was completed, from sixty to seventy of the strongest monkeys conveyed it to the tree: having formed a noose at one end with the nicest care, the other end was secured by them to the overhanging arm of the tree. This ready, they commenced their former gambols, jumping about and crowding on the same branch which had been so fatal to many of their brethren.

The alligator, unconscious of the stratagem thus prepared to secure him, sprang from the water as the branch descended, but instead of catching the monkey he expected, he was himself caught in the noose; and the monkeys moving away rather precipitately, the alligator was drawn considerably above the surface of the water. The more he struggled the firmer he was held by the noose; and here was his skeleton to be seem many years after, suspended from the tree over the water, until time and the changes of season released the blanched bones from their exalted situation, to consign them to their more natural element in the lake below.

(Ib.)

THE COLONIES.

The improvements in our Colonies constitute a topic, which, as it regards the literature of the mother country, may strictly be said to be new. While we have, from time to time, been admiring and wondering over the grand schemes of other nations for their internal improvement, we have been entirely unaware that undertakings of far greater magnitude have been going on in our own colonies, than the most splendid in Europe, since the abdication of Buonaparte;—undertakings which are not to be surpassed even by those of the United States.

A college, not inferior to any seminary in the United States in point of edificial grandeur, has been recently erected in the small island of Guernsey. The whole continent, within the same period, cannot present the establishment of any institution for the benefit of the people equally superb. This was effected on the means of an ancient endowment by Sir John Colborne, the late governor.

In Nova Scotia, under the patronage of Lord Dalhousie, another college, upon a large scale, has also been established. By a bequest of a Mr. M'Gill, the means for establishing a third college of princely magnifience, in Montreal, have been provided. And for Upper Canada a truly royal endowment has been procured from the crown by Archdeacon Strachan of York, in that province, for a university, upon a scale worthy of the ancient founders of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The expense for the building of this college is not estimated at much less than that of King's College, London.

Since September, 1824, a Roman Catholic church has been erected in Montreal, which, for magnitude, has not a parallel in all the ecclesiastical structures raised in Christendom since the denunciation of the Jesuits. It is calculated to contain ten thousands persons; is adorned with six lofty towers, three on each side, and the two on the west front will, when finished, be nearly as high as those of Westminster Abbey. The eastern window at the high altar is sixty-four feet in height: that of York Minster is, we believe, not more than seventy-two. In point of ornament and curious carving, such as adorn the cathedrals of the old countries, it is certainly interior; but in distant effect, from its situation and its towers, it is equal to any of them.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS.

The population is a fraction more than 20,000 souls, and the annual consumption of ardent spirits is from 80 to 90 thousand gallons, which gives the proportion of Four Gallons to each individual being, whether free or bond, man, woman, or infant at the breast! Shall we wonder, says the Hobart Town Courier, that distress should prevail in our colony after this, compared to which a good or a bad crop in the ensuing harvest is but as straw scattered before the wind! Shall we wonder at the Sheriff's and Court of Requests' executions for debt, or at the 200 cases of unparalleled distress with which the present three-fold accumulated term of the Supreme Court, covers the walls of the Registrar's office?

AGRICULTURAL SUFFERING.

It is with much regret we announce the direful effects of the last week's morning frosts on almost all the farms in the central and loftier parts of the interior. Whole fields of many acres of wheat, just opening into bloom, have been completely destroyed, and the unfortunate owners are now mowing them down for hay. Indeed, it is only in the more sterile and unproductive parts that the crop has at all, and that partially, escaped. In our little annual for the present year, we have devoted some pains to the consideration of this drawback on the prosperity of the agricultural settler in this Island. and of the best means of obviating and preventing it. In all low and fertile situations where the incumbent frosty vapour is apt to settle and where the stalks and blades are most juicy and luxuriant, the destruction is certain; while the stronger fibres and hardier culm of the poorer soils, in some measure withstand it.—*(Hobart Town Courier, 1st Jan. 1832.)*

CHRISTIANITY NOT A RELIGION OF WORDS AND CEREMONIES.

(An Extract from the Christian Observer, March, 1832.)

It is recorded of the Honourable Robert Royle, that he never mentioned the Divine name without taking off his hat. This was very well in *him*, because this act of external or manual reverence was not belied, but supported, by his general habits. But many a copyist might uncover his head—and do nothing better. It is indeed told of Dr. John Campbell (the statistical writer) that he never passed by a church without removing also *his* hat, but he never went into one, and he was a regular devotee to wine.

Christianity cannot be a religion of words and ceremonies. But Romanism *can* be; and I have often wondered that Protestants of serious and sagacious minds, should not be aware how nearly they symbolize with their opponents in verbal devotion. Among the Papists every thing is rubbed over with the varnish of their religion. Among the ships captured, I think, at Trafalgar, were the Santissima Trinidada, and the Salvador del mundo. If these nominalists discern a cluster of islets, they are called the virgin islands; if a single island, it becomes Trinidad. In coasting along a new continent, they double a cape, and name it Spirito Santo. They build a town and term it valparaiso. The neighbouring bay is distinguished by the appellation of conception. Some of the rivers are canonized under the patronage and names of favourite saints; and vera cruz is seen to designate some promising colony

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The Latin chivalry is consecrated after a like fashion. There are the orders of St. BENTO D' AVIS, St JOACHIM, our own St. GEORGE.—I wish we were *well rid of him*, and of a thousand other demi-gods and deified heroes, successors of the *dii minores* of the heathen world;—and lastly, the Gallican order of St. ESPRIT, which is, indeed, the climax of this polluted and profane system. As to the emblem of the cross, and the I. H. S. usually attached to it, they are crowded thickly over the whole machinery of mystic Babylon. They are embroidered on the Pope's slipper, to apologize for the kissing of his toe; and they blaze in vast proportions in his basilicas and monastic establishments I doubt not that they are stamped upon every rack, thumbscrew, manacle, and stiletto in the inquisition; and shew themselves, in short, in every nook and corner where the evil genius of antichrist rears its dark and sanguinary shrines. The names of several of our own colleges are relics of the self-same system. In both Universities we have TRINITY, JESUS, MAGDALEN, and CORPUS CHRISTI; at Oxford, ALL-SOULS and CHRIST-CHURCH; and at Cambridge, CHRIST'S and EMMANUEL * These appellations have been supposed by surface theorists, to indicate "the piety of our ancestors." It would be nearer the truth to call it fraud and ungodliness. The feudal mottoes of several ancient families originated in the same periods, and from similar causes. ESPERANCE EN DIEU is combined with the heraldic splendour of the Percies. Lord Waterford displays NIL NISI CRUCE; Lord Lucan, SPES MEA CHRISTUS; the Wellesleys, PORRO, UNUM EST NECESSARIUM; and Lord Glengall, the plain English of GOD BE MY GUIDE. With these devotional mottoes, and of which there are numerous other examples, their present possessors have no concern further than as having found them on their family escutcheons.† They appear on the superb equipages which crowd nightly to the doors of the Opera house and of St. James's-street, as well as at some fashionable chapel on Sundays.

SAYINGS IN CONVERSATION.

"Did you see the abuse of you in a scurrilous Sunday paper lastweek?" said A. "No, and I never care for such things," replied L.; "for though a calf's tongue may be rough, it is but a calf's tongue after all."

"X. is so very close," it was observed, "he will squabble about a single farthing." "Well," remarked W., "I have always thought that the less one squabbles about the better."

"That fellow ****," said W., "with his princely fortune, is so over-burdened with wealth that he does not know how to spend it." "Yes," remarked J., "he is evidently living in a state of great pecuniary embarrassment."—"Waiter, snuff the candles," exclaimed the same witty person; "these wicks are fort nights."

"How do you think Lacy has done the Devil, at Covent Garden?" asked one of a coterie assembled as usual at the Garrick after the play. "Why," replied the punster, "he has done like a very Greek—by shewing himself to be quite a Lacy-demonian."

* Emmanuel College was, however, founded in 1584, by Sir Walter Mildmay; who, I believe, placed the Chapel north and south, from disrelish of the customs of the papal founders. The buildings are erected upon the site of a Dominican convent. Queen Elizabeth said to Sir Walter, "I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation." "No, madam; far be it from me to countenance any thing contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof." (Fuller's History of Cambridge, 1655, p. 147.) The acorn vegetated luxuriantly, and produced from the young stem of its oak Bishops Hall and Bedel; Chaderton, one of king James's translators; Preston, Cudworth, Culverwell, Marshall, and Wallace the geometrician; all these in its first seventy years.

† It is observable that the Duke of Wellington's motto is changed into *Virtutis fortuna comes*. The text, *But one thing is needful.* is retained by Marquis Wellesley, Lords Cowley and Maryborough; and I believe, by Mr. P. T. L. Pole. Their family name, in my remembrance, was *Wesley*. Charles Wesley, brother of the founder of Methodism, declining to become the heir of a name sake in Ireland—Mr. Garret Wesley—the property once intended for him, was inherited by the first Earl of Mornington, grandfather of the Duke of Wellington. The original name, coupled with the original motto, may create a smile, and call forth some unavailing wishes.

To the Editor, &c.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I was tormented to death last night with the tooth-ache; the only momentary cessation of pain I experienced was while I composed the following conundrums, and laughed thereat.

What street in London puts you in mind of a tooth which has pained you for any length of time? *Long Acre!*

When should you apply a *sovereign* remedy to your tooth? When it is *a-king!*

By what ejaculatory exclamation would you declare that your tooth pained you? It aches *by gum!*

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him *hold his jaw!*

To what town in Poland should you go to have it extracted? *Pultusk!*

Which of your teeth are like a mantua-maker's fingers and thumb when she is cutting out a dress? *In-cisors!*

When do your teeth usurp the functions of the tongue? When they are *chattering!*

Why is it, then, not to be wondered at that your teeth cause frequent disturbances in your mouth? Because they often make there *more than one row!*

But the con. which gave me the greatest delight, and after the making whereof I was so satisfied with myself, as to have well-nigh fallen asleep and forgotten my pain, was the following highly-classical conception:

When does an aching tooth put you in mind of Paris, with his bow and arrow, giving Achilles his mortal wound? *When it shoots in the Temple!* Ha! ha! ha!

20th March, 1832. G. N. BROWNE.

ORIGINAL SPECIMEN OF A VALENTINE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I was yesterday very much surprised, on putting on a a pair of lambswool stockings, to find a small hole in the heel of one of them darned with brown silk; I, of course, wondered much at this phenomenon; and for the whole day, and the greater part of last night, I was racking my brains to discover what my laundress could mean by such a freak. The enclosed Valentine, which I received this morning, explained the mystery; and as it may perhaps amuse some of your readers, I take the liberty of sending you the original, as received.

I am, &c.

G. N. BOURNE.

Feberrey 14.

my dare friend, i hav ben a long tim a tacked too u but nevver dust diskover the tender pinching, as the french call it, in my brest for u—however this is *lip* yare and laddies may say what they lick, I am detarmined no longar to keep the sickrat in my buzzum, for when I am allone I mourn my fat as the tender turkeydove duz her lost Mat and whips micelf at such a rat that I fair my grif will bring me to my graf before my Tim—My murther his Now out! and farther is not near so I seize the hopportunitea to teacup my Pin to scratch these fue lines to you, and O! my Deer my Hart Doe jump as i duz so—i Get on slowly as I hav only a Still pin which sleeps threw the paper every minuet—i Hav no other pin but a quill and no pinnife sept farther's racer which is locked up in the Tickhaddy

U may wunder hoo your Crossponder is like, I ham a tal gal my fetters are good tho pitied with the small poghckes, I ham allso considered a sharp gal for my Edge witch is nintin i Ham allso A very good skoldhard at buck noleg and i Ham very fond of Reading Bucks sept that i cant get not none to read sept the Tims noozs pepper witch Bob the pot boy brings actionally with the Bear sept when we get Hale at the Hintermidyat shopes

i duz love to see men lick u with grate wisecurs Hit givs them the grand marital luck of han Off fie Sir Hand ho! if u wood cut mee hof a bite of your ear!! i Wood put hit in a Lowc at and keep hit for your sack

Hi Ho i size wen i Thinks you nose not hoo I Ham and Hit duz not biccum a moddast Gal to speck out too plainlie But praps u Will find Mee howt wen I tell u *that yore Lam's ool stockings No 3 ad a littel ole in the ele last Wick witch is now mendead with brown silk!!* Now gess me howt if you can

hopping fat will Won day bring huz tugeither I must konklude this Hepistol but before it goes Hoff I will finish with a spech witch I urd at the Theehater last nit made by the Hairyone of the Play to her Bo

When wee shall be untied at the oly Halter in the
Bonds of Highmen New Flowers of weeded Loov
Will Shout up bellow hour feet evry day
Hall the Hills of life will be made smooth
And We shall see nothing but, a pye nest,
before us.

JULIA ——

if you wish to send a handsaw to this letter if you *put it in the toe off one off your stockings goin to the wash, your julia* will get it

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

AT a distance of ten miles from Baku, on the Caspian, is a place called Ateschjah, or the abode of fire. As we approached it, we distinctly traced a sulphurous smell, which became perfectly unbearable when we were close upon it. The smell spreads over a circuit of six or seven hundred yards, and in the centre of the Ateschjah, when the weather is dry, a long flame, of a bluish white colour, the intensity of which increases during the night, is seen to rise.

At some distance from the fire, but on the same sulphurous soil, Indians of the Gheber religion, or fire-worshippers, have erected little dwellings of stone. The earth enclosed between the walls is covered over with a bed of white clay, a foot thick; but openings, closed with a plug, are left here and there. When an inhabitant wants a fire for his kitchen, or a light during the evening, he raises up one of these plugs, holds a lighted brand before the opening, and the flame immediately shews itself. Whatever may be the dimension of the aperture, the flame possesses the same diameter, but its height and heat increase in proportion as it has greater room to play. If we hold our hand before the current of air which exhales from it, after the flame has been put out, without shutting the hole, a great heat is felt; the skin reddens and puffs up; and the same effects are produced as in sulphurous vapour-baths.

During the night, and in order to obtain a light which may reach to the height of the

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objects at which the people are working, they make small holes in the ground, and insert reeds, the interior of which has been previously steeped in lime water: in this way, whenever they wish, they produce a current of inflammable air, which affords a flame six inches high, with a bright and equable light. The poor Indian weavers, who inhabit the place, light both sides of their looms by this means, nor have they any further trouble in procuring and renewing their light. Every other fire is useless to them, for the heat of this one is so great that it forces them to keep the door and windows open. It is extremely dangerous to light a wood fire in any other spot; indeed, lamentable accidents have already occurred from the sudden inflammation of the aërial fluid. This gas is also portable; the Ghebers send bottles of it into distant provinces of Persia, and the contents retain their inflammability for whole months afterwards; of which advantage is taken by the priests to work upon the superstition of their followers. The inhabitants of Ateschjah keep lime ovens to consume the bodies of their relations after death. This sulphuretted hydrogen vapour, or inflammable gas, the artificial production and use of which is spreading all over Europe, has been for centuries furnished by nature to the natives of these countries. Travellers have for ages gazed at this phenomenon, without thinking it possible for man to imitate it; or bethinking them of taking a leaf out of Nature's lexicon!

Besides this, there is another in the environs of Baku which seems to be purely meteoric. After the warm showers of October and November, and when the evening is hot, all the country appears to be in flames. The fire frequently rolls along the mountains in enormous masses, and with incredible swiftness. Sometimes it remains motionless. In the autumn also, when the moon shines bright, a light of brilliant blue colour illumines all the western horizon: the mountains of Soghtoku is often resplendent with similar fires; but they do not extend into the plain. If, on the contrary, the night is dark, innumerable jets of flame, sometimes insulated, sometimes in large masses, cover the low parts of the country, and in this case the mountains are involved in darkness. This fire is not incandescent; and if you should find yourself in the midst of what has the appearance of devouring flames, you will not experience the slightest sensation of warmth: even hay and reeds remain uninjured. One traveller observed, that during these fantastical conflagrations, the empty tube of his barometer appeared on fire; and he consequently inferred that this phenomenon is probably of an electrical nature.

This small district seems every way calculated as an asylum for the remnant of the unfortunate disciples of Zoroaster. Indeed, were we ourselves as well supplied with natural fire, and surrounded by the magnificent spectacle of these igneous wonders, we might be in some danger of becoming Ghebers in our own persons, and boast ourselves of that

"Impious race,
Those slaves of fire, who, morn and even,
Hail there Creator's dwelling place
Among the living lights of heaven!"

(*Harkness.*)

PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who *love thee*,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those *who hate thee*,
If any such there be,
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 't is denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way:
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer!
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

(*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*)

A College for Working Men established.—It is understood, that part of Mr. Owen's Plan for Removing the Causes of Ignorance and Poverty, is the providing of working men with habitations in a building, where a great number may reside together. The experiment, we believe, will shortly commence in the Bazaar in Gray's-inn-lane, which is to be bought by the association set on foot by Mr. Owen. Not only are the immates, however, to live under one roof, but to work together, and for their own benefit alone, without the intervention of a master, while a farm is to be taken in the country, which the children of the cooperators are to cultivate, as a pleasant relaxation from the fatigues of study! The whole might be set down for a benevolent day dream, but that the subscriptions of the public are requested.

SELECT NOTICES.

In Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for March, (a new periodical of great ability,) there is a sentence which explains the planter's hostility to the Missionaries, and indeed the actual anomalous condition of slavery in the West Indies; the rebellion, observes the writer, was not the work of any one class of Missionaries, further than this, that they have contributed to enlighten the minds of the Blacks, and that EVERY STEP IN KNOWLEDGE UNFITS MAN FOR SLAVERY.——*The Lady Chapel, St. Saviour's, Southwark.*—This elegant design of early pointed architecture, as a precious relic of antiquity, has been preserved from the demolition of the purse-proud shopkeeping mob of St. Saviour's parish, Southwark. Happy are we to find, that their barbarous proposal to raze it to the ground, has been counteracted by the manly, laudable spirit of the intelligent portion of the parish, who by their successful resistence to an odious spoilation, have rescued the character of the country from eternal shame.——*Dutch Costume.*—The females residing in the dominions of the *wisest King of the Continent*, have adopted a national costume. The idea was first suggested in the "Euphrosine," a periodical journal, which is conducted by a coterie of women at Amsterdam. The dresses are wholly Dutch; and are of course, extremely tasteful. The dress consists of a tunic of silk, or any other material, striped red and blue, and corsage velvet.——*Electricity.*—An Italian savant has obtained from the common magnet a spark similar to that of electricity. This discovery may possibly lead to some important results with reference to the needle and the Aurora Borealis.——*Fiddling to purpose.*—Paganinni acknowledges to have cleared £22,000 by his visit to England, "*notwithstanding our state of suffering.*"——*The English Language.*—Clubs have been recently formed in all parts of Germany, for the purpose of promoting the diffusion of English literature. Most of the British popular works are already printed there in a very cheap form.——*St. Simonians.*—This sect is making rapid progress in France, and is indeed but another name for the worshippers of the Goddess of Reason, set up during the period of the former Revolution, is about it is said to dispense with the necessity of the marriage ceremony altogether. [*This is nothing new. In ten thousand instances this sacred institution has been dispensed with during the last fourteen years at the Cape of Good Hope,—the Presbyterian Colony of the Cape of Good Hope!*]——*The Landers.*—The audience given by the King, at Windsor, is said to have been most kind, intellectual, and interesting. His Majesty (whom God preserve!) continued his enquiries relating to the river Niger, for a length of time, and took notes of the conversation. Many branches of the Royal family were, on this occasion, present. The Landers are extremely popular in England, and their amiable *Methodism* is more than tolerated.——*Lady Hester.*—Lady Hester Stanhope still resides at the monastry of Abra, in Syria. She may be regarded as the virtual Queen of Palmyra. Her usual dress is that of a Prince of the Bedouin Arabs, of the most splendid description. She receives no English travellers, but to foreigners she is exceedingly hospitable. Her religion is said to be Mahomedan! She lives wholly in the oriental manner, surrounded by a vast number of slaves. She is the niece of William Pitt, and grand-daughter of the great Lord Chatham.——*The Fathers of the Church.*—The most eloquent of such was St. John, surnamed by his eloquence "Chrysostom," who was archbishop of Constantinople about the latter end of the fourth century, (398.) By his wisdom and prodigious eloquence, he converted a dissipated and luxurious capital, into a general temple of religious devotion. When he preached, the theatres and circus was abandoned. His works are numerous; his treatise on the priesthood is a noble and eloquent production.——*Burnet's History of his own times.*—In the Lansdown Library there is a copy of his work, with remarks on the margin in the hand-writing of Swift. We select one or two specimens, p. 163, Burnet, (speaking of the *Paradise Lost*) "It was indeed the *beautifullest and perfectest* poem that ever was writ, at least in *our* language." *Swift.* "A mistake! for it was *in English.*"—p. 227. "It seems, that the French made no great account of their prisoners, for they released 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crowns" *Swift.* "What!" ten shillings a piece! by much too dear for a Dutchman!"——*The Philanthropic Cotton Manufacturer.*—When Watson, the Bishop of Landaff, published his immortal work the "Apology for the Bible in 1796, the deservedly celebrated David Dale, of New Lanark, asked and obtained permission to print 3000 copies at his own expence to distribute among his own workmen, which were distributed accordingly.——*The late Archdeacon Daubeny.*—This celebrated controversialist, although a bigoted ultra in church affairs, was nevertheless sound at heart. He was an early riser, and usually passed the "hour of prime" in his garden, where he was wont to sing the morning hymn. His maxim through life was, that "he could not be idle," and would "not be useless," that he must work as long as he could, and wished "to die in his harness." In this respect his wishes was gratified; he continued busy till the last, and died after a few hours illness at the age of four score.——*Military Flogging.*—This subject has been recently brought before the House of Commons. Sir John Hobhouse declared that his feelings were as yet unchanged by office, and that this foul and revolting stain upon the armies of England, would be of no lengthened existence.——*Leigh Hunt.*—With no regard for his principles either political or religious, we lament his misfortunes as a man of talent. Many of his poems are extremely beautiful, and his "*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*," is a work of great merit and amusement, in spite of all the opposition of the Byron devotees towards its disparagement. To relieve Hunt from his difficulties, it is intended to publish in a handsome volume, price one guinea, a collection of his poems, revised by himself, with notes and additions. The plan has been sanctioned by the following

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list of celebrated names, Lords Dover, Gower, Holland, Mulgrave, and Russell. Messrs. Swinburne, Bulwer, Hawkins, Macauly, Sheil, Barnes, Bowrig, Thos. Campbell, Thos. Pringle, Coleridge, Coulson, Cunningham, Godwin, Hogg, Hood, D'Israeli, Jerdan, Knowles, Lamb, Landor, Luttrell, Ritchie, Southey, Turner, Rogers, Roscoe, and Wordsworth ——From the last census it appears that the population of England, Scotland, and Wales, is 16,537,398. Now the average of deaths in proportion to the population, as ascertained by the returns for England, is as one in fifty-four annually; or, in other words, the total of the burials is about 306,433 in a year, or about 840 in a day. The number of those who have been said to have died of the cholera in the last four months, and we may now add of cases "anywise resembling," is only 1,927, or a little more than the total amount of two days deaths througout the country. And it must be recollected that the large proportion of those who have died of cholera were persons who from their state of body and habits of life would have fallen victims to other diseases. In some few instances, where the returns from that and other causes, during the same months have been procured, and compared with the returns of mortality of previous years, it turns out that there is no additional mortality in consequence of the cholera. Why is not the precise increase or diminution, as it may be, of of the mortality speciged or regular set forth in the tabular returns of the board of health.—— *Fortune's Favourites.*—There some men who are fortune's favourites, and who, like cats, light for ever on their legs. Wilkes was one of these didappers, whom, if you had striped naked, and thrown over Weaminster Bridge, you might have met on the next day, with a bag-wig on his head, a sword by his side, a laced coat upon his back, and money in his pocket.——*How to turn the Brain.*—Nothing is so likely to turn the brain as intense application directed to one of six things: the quadrature of the circle; the multiplication of the cube; the perpetual motion; the philosophers stone; the judicial astrology; and magic. ——*Remedy for the S ing of a Wasp.*— Press the pipe of a key upon the part stung, for a minute or two, when the pain will cease, and the swelling disappear.——*Tailing a Lawyer.*—Oglander, in his Memoirs of the Isle of Wight, wri-ten in 1700, gives the following record:—I have heard, and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore was there no lawyer nor attorney in the Wight, but in Sir George Cary's time. 1588, an attorney coming to settle there was, by his command, and with a pound of candles hanging at his breech, lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted out of the island.——*Transport of Edifices.*—In May last, M. Gregori alluded to a circumstance mentioned in a late number of the "Journal des Artistes," of a rock of granite, forty-two feet long and twenty-seven high, having been transported from the Bay of Finland to St. Petersburgh, to serve as a pedestal to a statue of Peter the Great. He stated that a much more remarkable fact had occurred at Crescentino in 1776, when a common mason, named Serra, succeeded in transporting a brick belfry, which he had contrived to cut from its base without injuring the walls, from one church to another, at a considerable distance. Wile it was being moved a man inside rang the bells. A model of the machine employed in the transport was deposited in the library of the Institute.——*A Counsel's opinion of the folly of going to Law.*—Mr.——— being in company one day, after he had retired from practice, the glorious uncertainty of the law became the subject of conversation. He was appealed to for his opinion; when he laconically observed, "If any man was to claim the *coat* upon my back, and threaten me with a law suit in case of a refusal to give it him, he certainly should have it, lest in *defending* my coat, I should find out, too late, that I was deprived of my waistcoat also!"——*An Agreeable Antagonist.*—We are never so well pleased with an antagonist, as when he makes an objection to which we are provided with a good answer.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT of the COLONY.

("Evil-disposed or ignorant Persons")

(Vide Ordinance No. 90.)

MUCH of our duty as public journalists consists, in gathering up the Fragments of history, and despositing them in our archives. On the 8th ultimo (thanks to His Excellency the Governor in Council,) the old *Cape Gazette*, became the most spirited Journal in the colony, and in answer to the prayers of a church-going people, delivered His Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, from the

"Conspiracy and rebellion"

of the "evil disposed or ignorant" of the community, and happily restored that public confidence in the Goverment, which in some small degree had been probably shaken.*

The moral of the story is as follows. His Majesty the King in Council having determined to dispense a larger measure of justice to his greatly-injured subjects in this colony, who are at present held in Slavery, many holders of such Slaves (considering them in no other light that of "goods and chattels,"—bought and sold at public sale, along with tables and chairs, horses, oxen, and pigs, at the pleasure of the slave-master,) became highly incensed at this humane interference of the Sovereign, and led on by certain persons in Cape Town, positively defied the King's Prerogative, They subscribed to and published a manifesto, in which they declared, that should the contemplated Ordinance of the Governor appear, they would resist "the due execution of the laws." Hence the timely appearance of Ordinance No. 90. The names of the "evil-disposed or ignorant persons" who followed "a line of conduct so injurous and dangerous to themselves and the community" are thus alphabetically arranged.

KOEBERG.

Blankenberg, J. H.	Meyburgh, H. J.
Breda, J. A. van	Mostert, H. H.
Breda, A. J. van	Mostert, N. G.
Bredenkamp, J. F.	Mostert, T.
Cloete, R.	Mostert, N.
Dryer, J. A., Fz.	Mostert, J. N.
Dryer, T., Fz.	Mostert, J. G.
Dryer, F., Fz.	Neethling, P. W.
Dryer, M., Fz.	Neethling, K.
Dryer, Jan, Tz.	Neethling, H. L.
Helsdingen, J. G. van	Nicker, P. A. de
Heyns, A.	Niekerk, H. A. van
Heyns, C., Nz.	Niekerk, H. A. van, jun.
Kock, J. G. de	Niekerk, H. van, Hz.
Kotze, J. J. sen.	Niekerk, W. A. van
Kotze, P.	Niekerk, A. B. W. van
Kotze, C.	Ras, J. C.
Kotze, J. J. jun.	Retief, F.
Kotze, D. G.	Roux, P. J.
Laubscher, J. A.	Schoor, J. van
Laubscher, E.	Schoor, J. F. van
Laubscher, Mr.	Scabord, Petrus, Pz.
Laubscher, J. N.	Scabord, Jacobus
Laubscher, N. H.	Smit, T.
Lombaard, S. S.	Sittert, P. H. van
Louw, A. J., Jz.	Sittert, L. van
Louw, J. A., Jz.	Sittert, L. P. van
Louw, J., Az.	Sittert, A. J. van
Louw, J. G.	Sittert, H. van
Louw, A. J., Az.	Spuy, D. J. van der
Louw, G.	Spuy, Sz. S. J. van der
Louw, J. W.	Spuy, Sz. M. J. van der
Louw, P., Az.	Spuy, Mz. S. J. van der
Louw, J. G.	Spuy, S. J. van der
Louw, J. R.	Spuy, Melt van der
Louw, P.	Theunissen, J. H.
Louw, D. R.	Theunissen, D.
Louw, J. W.	Truter, W. A.
Louw, J. G.	Uys, Fred. Ferd., Jz.
Malan, Steph.	Uys, Joh. Jac.
Meyburgh, A. J.	Vlaming, F. de
Meyburgh, A. P.	Vlaming, T. de
Meyburgh, Melt	Waal, C. de
Meyburgh, A. W.	

STELLENBOSCH DISTRICT.

Adendorf, J. C.	Malherbe, J. P.
Adendorf, C. M.	Malherbe, J.
Bernhardie, F. J.	Niekerk, A. van
Bernhardie, H.	Nierop, F. van
Blerk, J. P. van	Nieuwoudt, J.
Beyers, H. P.	Piekard, Jan
Brink, C., Jz.	Plessis, P. W. du
Brink, D.	Plessis, D. F. du
Brink, C., Cz.	Pree, J. J. du
Brink, A., Cz.	Pree, J. H. du
Brink, F. G. J., Cz.	Pepler, A. J.
Cilliers, J. D.	Pepler, P. F.
Ellewee, H. B. van	Pepler, H. L.
Esterhuisen, Herm.	Pepler, J. P.
Esterhuisen, H. Geo.	Pepler, A. J.
Fick, C. C.	Retief, F.

* Thankful as we are for the interference of good government, (in *mercy* to the disaffected,) yet we do really think, too much has been made of this ridiculous affair. Gascons are Gascons all the world over, and the African is well known to be well versed in the school of boasting. It is true, that in the list of names we discover certain Field-Cornets (unworthy their post,) sundry Heemraden or recently such, (more shame to the Kirk,) and a few persons cornected with official station or the *Pension List*, (which latter requires weeding,) yet the majority are an extremely unlettered herd, some of whom being scarcely able to make an intelligent use of pen and ink. Many are also very young,—the farmers boys, who were induced to a treasonable act, by their advisers. It is extremely hard that the Cape should suffer, from the threatenings of individuals so ignorant and obscure; that our liberties should seem affected by the conduct of such persons—but we check ourselves—

"Laws are made for the *bad* not for the *good*."

The truth is, Ordinance No. 90 was called for—the conduct of the *malecontents* had closed up the avenues (or attempted to do so,) of our public improvement. Such intemperate people are like those Africans, who, as Mungo Park tells us, let down a crate or wicker trap, upon themselves and the lions they were attempting to ensnare, when every soul was doomed to death by his own folly. To none other than the "evil disposed" is the new law applicable. The persons are happily a very small minority, for we must not forget that among the subscribers to "dangerous opinions" in the list above, there are none from the village of Stellenbosch, none from Klapmuts, Moddergat, Hottentots Holland, Earste River, or Malmsbury. Then again, look at the loyal inhabitants of Tulbagh, Worcester, Caledon, Swellendam, George, Uitenhage, &c.

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Fick, C. C., jun.	Retief, P. G.
Gildenhuis, F. L.	Retief, E. C.
Haupt, P. W.	Retief, J. H.
Haupt, J., Jz.	Retief, P. E.
Haupt, C. A., Jz.	Retief, W. P.
Haupt, C. A., Cz.	Retief, P. J.
Hiebner, A. P.	Retief, Wz. W. P.
Heugh, C.	Roos. P. F.
Hartog, P.	Russouw, F. D.
Hermans, S. P.	Roux, Dz. P.
Hassner, J. F.	Roux, A.
Hauman, J. S.	Roux, A. S.
Hauman, G. C.	Stiglingh, M. A.
Hendriksen, J.	Toit, J. du
Hugo, G. J.	Toit, Pz. P. J. du
Hugo, P. F.	Toit, J. S. du
Hugo, D.	Toit, E. du
Hugo, J. F.	Toit, D. F. du
Hugo, D. G.	Toit, D. P. du
Hugo, J. S.	Toit, A. F. du
Hugo, J. G.	Toit, E. S. du
Hugo, P. J.	Toit, A. du
Jordaan, J.	Toit, G. J. du
Joubert, G. J.	Toit, G. J. du
Klerk, D. J.	Toit, D. du
Kriel, J. B. S.	Villiers, D. C. de
Kriel, J. P.	Villiers, J. de
Krige, W. A. Jz.	Villiers, P. J. de
Louw, W. J.	Villiers, J. J. de
Louw, A. J.	Villiers, J. de
Louw, P. J. A.	Villiers, A. Bz. J. P. de
Louw, P. J. A.	Villiers, J. D. D. de
Leroex, J. J.	Villiers, P. de, Jz.
Leroex, J. J.	Villiers, J. J de
Leroex, D. M.	Villiers, P H. de
Leroex, P.	Villiers, A. Bz., A. C. de
Lotter, J. C.	Villiers, D. E de
Lotter, M.	Villiers, Jz., J. D. L. de
Lotter, G.	Villiers, P. F. de
Marais, D. F.	Villiers, Dz., J. D. de
Marais, Jac.	Villiers, J. C. de
Marais, C.	Villiers, Jz., J. C. de
Marais, P.	Villiers, Jz., J. J de
Marais, A P.	Villiers, H. J. de
Marais, P. P.	Villiers, P. D. de
Marais, W. J.	Villiers, J. P. de
Marais, W. A.	Villiers, P. M. de
Marais, S. J.	Ville, Jean de, sen.
Marais, J. S.	Ville, Jean D. de
Marais, J. S.	Ville, J. B. de
Marais, D. D.	Vos, P. de
Marais, P. J.	Wet, J. P. de
Marais, J. S.	Wet, J. A. P. de
Minnaar, J. P.	Wet, F. C de
Minnaar, P. A.	Wet, F. G. de
Minnaar, J. P.	Wet, F. W. de
Moll, H. J.	Wet, J. P. de
Merwe, C. L. van der	Walpot, J. L.
Merwe, P. van der	Walpot, J. C.
Malherbe, P. J. sen.	Wolvaart, G. J.
Malherbe, S.	Wolvaart, H. C.
Malherbe, W. D.	Wolvaart, G. Sz., G. S.

THE CAPE ASPERSED.

THE false representations of the *South African* as it respects the state of this improving British Colony, have travelled abroad, and the Editor of the *Hobart's Town* paper has very sillily given a place in his columns to the following paragraph.

Dec. 1831. The prospects of the Settlers at the Cape of Good Hope were of the most gloomy description. An *intelligent writer* [oh! oh!] in the "South African" says:—"The colony is now like a bankrupt, at the mercy of his creditors; our certificate of Rehabilitation would be a House of Assembly [nimmer! nimmer!] until that or something like it, is granted, it would be folly to recommence the world. Long and dear bought experience must now convince us, that to be wisely governed by gentlemen at seven thousand miles distant, is impossible."—*Pshaw!*

LECTURES ON SCIENCE.

A series of lectures on Science is announced for delivery at an early period, to take place in the Meeting Room of the South African Institution. Tickets of admission for individuals Rds. 15. For families Rds. 20, The lecturer is not named, but we presume the gentleman who is to explain "the causes of observable movements" is Dr. McCartney. The subscription list will no doubt be filled up for the sake of the Institution, but we think the situation highly objectionable, and will prevent *the people* from any participation in the benefit of the lectures. The Commercial Room with its comfortable fires, lighted lamps, and other accommodations, are perhaps better adapted to the convenience of the inhabitants. To be sure Looyer's-plein may suit a select number of persons who have carriages. Who else would adventure to the far distant situation of the intended place of lecture through the cold, rainy, dark winter nights of the present season?

"WE POOR FARMERS."

Extract from a traveller's Note Book of 1832, *(April and May.)*

"I have just returned from my pleasant trip to Graham's Town and the frontier My residence at the Cape has been during a course of very many years, and often has it been my lot to witness in past times fluctuations in business and colonial distress. I record it in my journal of this year, that I have never beheld things in general wear a more promising aspect. It was not my *good fortune* to be born in Great Britain, but I am thankful for the privileges of a British subject. I mention this, in case it should be asserted that I am *partial* in my regards, when I state from conviction, that our present prosperity is to be attributed to the presence of the British Merchants and British Settlers (whether lay or otherwise) in the Cape Colony. * * * During one of my sojourns in the course of my late tour, I was amazingly surprised one evening at a farm house in the *Long Kloef*, (George,) on witnessing the evening return-home of immense flocks of Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and poultry of every description. The whole of these as they passed in regimental order before me, so excited my wonder as to lead me to exclaim to the worthy farmer, "My good friend! for what market are all these creatures intended?" "Market!" replied the farmer, "no market at all. Now, Mynheer, you see for yourself what we poor farmers in the country are obliged to put up with,—we have nothing else to eat!!"

THE SOUTH AFRICAN INSTITUTION,

18th June.—The Anniversary Meeting,

Mr. VON LUDWIG, in the Chair.

THE Report detailed the proceedings of the past year, which was ordered to be printed A reference having been made in the Report to the publication of the *Quarterly Journal of the Society*, for the support of which an ample subscription patronage was provided by the public, we may remark the singularity of the circumstance, that although six numbers have been published only No. 3, of 1830, had reached London in April, 1832. After distinct notices of the various articles in No. 3, *The Philosophical Magazine* of London says "On the whole we cannot but deem the South African Journal a very useful work, and it has our warmest wishes for its success. We would suggest, *however*, that the occasional introduction of *condensed* views, (such as Dr. Smith must be fully competent to furnish,) of some of the important researches and *reforms* of science proceeding in Europe, and detailed in our Scientific Journals and Transactions of Societies, would considerably augment its utility to the investigators of nature at the Cape, by tending to preserve them from the *errors* and inconveniences which to some extent are inseparable from the centres of scientific knowledge in Europe."

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

Patron, His Excellency the Governor; *President*, Rev. Geo. Hough, A.M.; *Treasurer*, Hamilton Ross, Esq.; *Secretary*, Rev. E. Judge, A.M.

The Annual Report has been just published. The number of Books sold and distributed since the last Report, appear to be as follows:

Bibles, ...	72
Testaments, ...	40
Common Prayer, . .	96
Books and Tracts, . .	617
Total . .	825

Number of *Children* in connection with the Society, 242. *Subscribers* in Cape Town, 20—Port Elizabeth, 7. Annual *Receipts*, 1831 2, Rds. 1247 : 6 : 5; *Payments*, Rds. 1117 : 2 : 5. Balance in hand, Rds. 130 : 4.

"The Committee trust through the persevering endeavours of the Society, "the children of our poorer countrymen in Town, and such of the Free Black and Slave population" as regularly attend the Society's schools, "may be *retained*, and attached to the solemn Ritual of our National Zion, and her sacrifices of Adoration and Prayer."

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"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

An Australian paper, by the late arrivals, says, "among the natives there are the usual multitude of Jacky's, Bobby's, Tommy's, and Jemmy's:—

"All men exceedingly remarkable at times,"

as well as the more grotesque appellations of Needle, Potatoe, Spider, Harlequin, Cobbler, Dandy, with Monday's, Friday's, and Saturday's, whose *fair* spouses have adopted the gentler names of

Jenny, Nanny, Peggy, Molly,
Sophy, Susy, Kate, and Polly."

We beat the Australians hollow in our selection of names. Whatever be the condition of the slaves at the Cape, it must be acknowledged in justice to their *owners*, that dignified names are invariably awarded to their "goods and chattels." For example we have among the males

Adam, Abel, Andrew, and Amos,
David, Solomon, Peter and Paul,
Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and Thomas,
Abraham, Benjamin, Gideon, and Saul.
Aaron, Absalom, Felix, and Matthew,
Ephraim, Esau, Mark, Luke and John,
Philip—Simon, Job, and Bartholomew,
Simeon, Enoch, Zaccheus,—Sampson.
Apollos, Cornelius, Joshua, and Gabriel,
Gideon, Jephthah, *Joab*, and *Joel*,
John, Joseph, Josias, and Ishmael,
Michael—Jonas, and famed Daniel.*
Achilles, Cupid-O, and Alexander,
Telemachus, Adonis, and Hector;
Jupiter, Mars, and Lysander,
Cæsar, Hercules, and Mentor.

(THE FAIR SEX.)

[Orient Pearls at random strung,]
Eve, Esther, Rachel, Deborah,
Hagar, Dorcas, Martha, and Mary;
Leah, Elizabeth, Anna, Rebekha,
Susannah, and Lydia, and Sarah.
Charlotte and *Rosa*, *Diana*—Sabina,
Thedosia, Gertrude, Margaritta and *Flora*;
Juliana and Lucy, *Lucretia*—Paulina,
Rosamond, Agatha, and Clara.

* At Mauritius it appears that they are very unbiblical in their appellations. The slaves are named from their personal defects. Hence a squint eye, a lame leg, a humped-back, a low-stature, a fat or a meagre appearance, decides the question of a name!

DR. ANDREW SMITH, AND THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY.

A very general pleasure is abroad, on the safe return of Dr. Smith and his party from *Port Natal*. The journey to Natal occupied, it appears, ten weeks after leaving Graham's Town. This lengthened period is accounted for on the score of the numerous rivers in a swollen state. The Doctor is, we believe, the first scientific traveller who has encountered this journey, and we rejoice that such enterprise and decision of character, is amply repaid in the great accession to Natural History—Zoology—Ornithology—Geology—Botany—Geography, and a physiological acquaintance with numerous wandering tribes. From all the accounts which we have seen, we find Dr. Smith giving the clearest testimony of the beauty, salubrity, and immense resources of the countries through which he passed, as suited to civilized man. There is also the advantage of an unfailing supply of labour from the fragments of the broken tribes who every where flock to the white man for food and protection.

THE CLUBS OF CAPE TOWN.

The Chasse Ennui Club celebrated its first anniversary dinner at Mallison's Hotel, on the 4th of June; Henry Saundby and Alex. Chiappini, Esqrs. Chair and Croupier The meeting is understood to have been one of the most interesting and intellectual description. Dr. Henry Macartney enraptured the audience by his various unpremeditated bursts of eloquence; and upon this occasion the native genuine humour of England flowed in upon the meeting, as a living brook unstained and pure. This is just as it should be; it is heartless work when it is reluctantly forced to play through artificial *pipes* and conductors.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CLUB.

This Club is said to be composed of a large number of subscribers, many of whom are very respectable; we allude to several Merchants, gentlemen connected with India, and the Commissariat, Barrack, and Engineer departments. The others, are various grades of clerks in the civil service, and several dealers in wines, &c. &c. The accommodations afforded by Mr. Solomon to this Society, are of the most liberal kind.

THE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

(March of the Gridiron.)

The first meeting, composed of two-and-thirty members, sat down at George's on the 9th ultimo; and, with the powerful aid of the worthy landlord, and Dr. H. Macartney, proved

'The *feast* of reason, and the *flow* of soul.'

The Chairs were well filled by Hamilton Ross and W. Hawkins, Esqrs. This Club is composed principally of Merchants of the most respectable description. We trust none of our readers will profane this Institution, by imagining a collection of greasy citizens devouring beef-steaks, whom common voracity draws together, and common satiety will disperse. On that despicable tenure, the flies of our (unfortunately) contiguous shambles, would be a Beef-Steak Club. Beef is, indeed, the grosser ligament of the union, its outward and tangible sign. But an ethereal spirit, an intellectual sympathy from the happy and flourishing state of the Cape is there, to draw and cement kindred hearts to each other. It is the carnival of the soul; is *free trade*, i. e. unfettered commerce, not in verbose tortuous mazes of disquisition, but in all sorts of gladnesses, extracted from all sorts of things; a voyage of the spirits, with Dr. M'C. at the helm, bound no where, with liberty to touch every where, and bringing home from every point of the compass a large cargo of heart-stirring hilarity—undisturbed by one moment's spleen, or acerbity, or wounded self-love.

OUR VISITORS FROM INDIA.

It is not perhaps generally understood, how large a tide of wealth flows in upon the Cape, by the arrival of British visitors from India. At all times constituting a most influential class of inhabitants, the present highly respectable influx of guests from India, must prove of great importance to our trading and commercial interests. Nor must we forget to appreciate the support and countenance which these distinguished residents afford to our Public Library, our Commercial Exchange, the Press, our Literary and other British establishments. The following is a list of the gentlemen and families from India at present at the Cape, producing by such presence in favour of the colony, (say in twelve months,) upwards of Twenty Thousand Pounds Sterling.

Allen, Mr. B. C. S.
Burroughs, Capt., B. A.
Burgoyne, Mr. M., M. S.
Bracken, Mr., B. N. I. and family.
Bruce, Mr., M. C. C. and family.
Bayley, C. Mr., B. C, S.
Bayley, G. Mr., B. C. S.
Colquhoun, Sir R. Bart., B. N. I. and family.
Cotton, Major, K. S. and family.
Campbell, Mr. J., B. C. S. and family.
Cartwright, Mr., B. C. S. and family.
Cruikshanks, Mr., B. N. I. (Qry.)
Dwyer, Capt., B. N. I.
Dumurgue, Mr., M. C. S.
D'Oyly; Sir C. Bart., B. C. S. and family.
Fitzgerald, Capt., B. C. and family.
Gordon, Major, M. I. and family.
Gordon, Mr. E., M. C. S. and family.
Griffith, Major, B. A. and family.
Haliday, Dr., B M. S. and family.
Kennedy, Col., B. N. I.
Kerr, Mr., M. N. I.
Knyvett, Mr., B. N. I.
Lindsay, Mr., M. C.
McDonell, Mr. Æ., M. C. S. and family.
Majoribanks, Capt. C. S. and family.
McDowell, Dr. B. M. S. and family.
Nepean, Mr., B. C. S.
Nicholson, Dr., B. M. S.
Noton, G. Mr.,
Nisbet, Mr., M, C. S. and family.
Poole, Capt., M. N. I.
Prendergrast, Col. M. M. S. and family.
Parlby, Major, B. A.
Smith, Mr., 62d N. I.
Smyth, Capt., B. C.
Squires, Capt., K. S. and family.
Whistler, Mr., M. A.
Wathen, Mr., B. C. S.

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The College of Surgeons,
The Geographical Society,
The Royal Asiatic Society,
The Linnean Society, &c.

The necessity of representing in a reformed Parliament the *intelligence* as well as the property of the country, has been admitted in the most express terms by Earl Grey and the rest of the Cabinet; and the safety of such a measure is not likely to be denied by those who have expressed so much anxiety respecting the character of the constituency of the House of Commons.

In former times the intelligence of the age was concentrated in our universities; but during the rapid progress of knowledge new institutions have sprung up, and by their vast and increasing influence the intellectual strength of the nation has been developed and organized. The parent institutions are no longer the sole depositaries of science; and much of the genius of the age now adorns those gifted associations which owe their existence and their permanence to individual liberality. The modern establishments for the promotion of literature, science, and the fine arts, bear the same relation to the venerable institutions of our colleges, as the great manufacturing towns bear to some of our ancient though still flourishing burghs; and the same arguments which are employed for giving representatives to the seats of our national industry may be used, for giving them to the chartered associations of our literature and science.

A proposal was made in the House of Lords by an influential Scottish nobleman (the Earl of Haddington) to give one representative to the University of Edinburgh. The difficulty of finding a sufficiently extended constituency was urged as an objection to this very reasonable suggestion; but the difficulty might be completely removed by uniting to the University the Royal Society of Edinburgh and that of the Scottish Antiquaries In like manner the Royal Irish Academy might be united to the constituency of the University of Dublin — (*Journal of Science.*)

A PEEP AT ST. HELENA.

Extracted from the Two Days' Tour of an Officer.

About four hours before daylight we were quite close to the south-east point of St. Helena, where stand the two high mountains called Diana's and Cuckoo Peak. It was not light enough to perceive more than their dark towering heads frowning grandly above us; the sides appeared rugged and precipitous to a degree. Just off the Point, and a little way from the land, are two small rocks, the one called the Pillar, or Isle of Hercules, and the other the Island of St. George. We had soon passed these, and at daylight were under Sugarloaf Hill; after a communication with a detached battery planted just beneath it, we continued towards the harbour. It would be impossible to convey by description an idea of the rugged exterior of this island—a cluster of spiral mountains, some running to considerable heights, and all presenting towards the sea a rugged inaccessible front, rising nearly perpendicularly from it, with not the least appearance of verdure, tree, or habitation. As Napoleon must be foremost in the thoughts of all who now visit St. Helena, it would be no great effort of the imagination to fancy it the mighty mausoleum of a mighty hero, erected purposely in the waste of waters—another pyramid in another desert. As the day broke cloudily over it, and its peaks reared their dark heads like gigantic columns, the surf murmuring hoarsely at their bases, I could not view it with any other feelings. As the sun rose, we perceived Ladder Hill, and passing Munden's Point, a projecting part of the rock, having a battery upon it commanding the landing-place, came suddenly in view of James Town, a lively-looking city, situated in a valley, between Mount Rupert and Ladder Hill. The houses are light-coloured and neatly built, ascending from the sea towards the head of a valley, and have the appearance from the roadstead of the fanciful arrangement of a Chinese picture. On the west, about 600 feet above it, stands Ladder Hill; its summit is covered with houses, and its bosom with lines of extensive fortification, commanding most effectually all the approaches from seaward; a very excellent winding road from the city leads up to it. On the east side of the town is Rupert's Hill, unadorned and barren. I landed about ten o'clock, and after a walk of ten minutes, through a line of pupul trees, the outward side of the road being planted with cannon, I passed a drawbridge, and entered a gate which opened into a neat square, the church standing nearly opposite, and forming the end of the principal street, which leads directly from the centre of the square. Opposite the church is a very pretty garden, railed in, having for one side the back part of the castle—it runs to the base of Rupert's Hill; there are many rare and familiar plants in it. On the left hand of the gate, on entering, is the castle, and on the right stands an hotel, the board of which intimates that it was the only one at St. Helena. I took up my abode in it. I set out immediately and visited, in the first place, all the shops in the colony; I was surprised at their numbers, and confounded at their dearness. Every shopkeeper keeps a miscellaneous depôt, in which may be found the goods of every country, particularly of China. They are so greatly beyond the proportion of buyers in the colony, both in numbers and prices, that were it not for the continual visits of ships homeward bound from India, they could not exist; and even as it is, they are obliged to add other occupations to their legitimate one of storekeeper. They are usually employed by ships to lay in their provisions and stock, which they purchase from the farmers, and calling themselves ship agents, charge a most exorbitant price for every thing. A sheep of the Cape of Good Hope cost 3*l.* 10*s.*; a fowl 5*s.*; a duck 7*s.*; 5*l.* was the price asked for a milch goat; a bag of potatoes, containing one cwt. a guinea. The last article is the growth of the island; it is a thin-skinned, pale, and waxy vegetable, although of very good flavour. When a number of passengers arrive at the same period, these agents entertain them at their houses as boarders, at a charge, I believe, of thirty shillings a-day. Their houses are very good and comfortable—their servants are generally slaves; for though considerably ameliorated of late years, the custom is still in force here. I was struck with some advertisements upon that subject. I observed through the city, for example,—"Wanted, for sale, a girl or woman."—"Strayed away, Mr. Scott's Margaret." I was doubtful whether this last alluded to an animal of the brute or human race; I was assured, however, it was one of the latter that had strayed from her fold.

If appearance may be considered a criterion of health, St. Helena must be one of the most healthy spots in the world. The male part of the population look hale and florid as English residents, and the soldiers, in looks, dress, and smartness, might vie with any corps in the United Kingdom; they receive a ration of salt meat, rice, vegetables, and Cape wine; spirits have long been discontinued, and, indeed, the duty is so high upon the better quality of spirits that it is never sold on the island, and the inferior description is totally prohibited. This conduces amazingly to health. The children of the Europeans are the most rosy and pretty little creatures I have seen for years, and the females appeared to me all beautiful. I know not whether being so long unaccustomed to rosy cheeks, with nearly four months of no fair cheeks at all, may have contributed to throw additional charms over these St. Helena Helens, but I am not willing to deduct one single beauty from them on that account, and must still think them really what they seemed to be. So notoriously healthy, however, is this island, that out of 5000, the present population, the average deaths in the year may be safely rated under fifty, and most of them old people and infants, who die everywhere.

The town is the quietest I have ever seen in my life; no carriages or bustle of any description; nothing broke its quiet during my stay but the church bells, and nothing varied its uniformity but the procession of a funeral, an old man who had died in his 75th year, a respectable inhabitant: he was attended by almost everybody in the place, arranged two by two, decently dressed in mourning, the clergyman leading the party all through the town, from the church to the burial-ground, its extreme length. This is the common custom, and befitting the isolated inhabitants of so remote a spot; every one must be deeply interested in the lot of his neighbour; they should feel but as one family. There was something beyond the common feeling for a departed brother in the mourning followers of the old man; three days before, he had a son, a farmer, who had not been long in the island, and who had succeeded to his father in the charge of the plantation. He went out in the morning to collect the eggs of the sea fowl, who lay them in the most precipitous parts of the rocks; they are esteemed as food resembling very much in flavour the eggs of the plover He ventured to a spot where he could proceed no farther, it was too narrow to turn—the footing was slight—he made an effort, and was dashed to pieces; he fell 600 feet without interruption. The accident was told to his old father, who just heard it and died. The son left a widow and three children, for whom a subscription-list was filling up very quickly and liberally.

Towards the upper part the valley becomes much compressed. The houses, although occupied by the lower order, are very neat, and there appears not the least filth about them. Here are the barracks, the hospital, and a new public garden; a brewery is also established, in which beer is made from imported malt and hops; it is pretty good, and sold in the canteens. The dark people in the place are Africans, and their offspring by Europeans. A number of Chinese were engaged some years ago as labourers and mechanics, for a certain time; their mode of employment and price of labour was fixed by the government; their engagements expired some time ago, and they are now free; many have returned to their own country—the number now scarcely exceeds 120, it was formerly nearly 600. The garrison consists of about 800 men, artillery and infantry; the officers of the first service are of late years educated at the Company's academy at Addiscombe, and scientific pursuits have been very much encouraged in the island, by the establishment of an observatory, and the introduction to it of many philosophical and scientific works and instruments.—*United Service Journal.*

AN APOLOGUE.

There was once, a certain planet revolving between the orbits of Venus and Mars; a goodly planet, and originally fair to look upon; but the inhabitants of which had been struck with a deadly pestilence, for which they could devise no remedy. The disease was a sort of moral cholera; it paralysed the whole spiritual frame; none of the stimuli which once affected it were now of any avail: it had eyes, and saw not; ears, and heard not; its appetite for what was once its proper nourishment was gone; and though the effects of the

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malady were sometimes slow and chronic, they were sure in the end, unless impeded by an invisible energy, to be fatal.

But this invisible energy at length interposed, and a specific was provided. The earliest intimation of this wonder-working catholicon was given soon after the disease first broke out; but further particulars were from time to time added, till, somewhere towards two thousand years ago the whole was complete, and the principle Donor of the prescription, having pity on a race of beings perishing under so awful a visitation, directed that it should be every where made known; and those who had themselves freely received and been healed were enjoined, by their love and gratitude for so great a blessing, to endeavour to convey it to others.

For a time they did so: but those who came after them began to grow indifferent; so that, had not the same unseen energy still prevailed, this invaluable remedy, or rather the prescription for it, had been well nigh lost. Nor was this all; for, instead of being liberally supplied without restriction as the Donor intended, it began to be doled out drop by drop, and by a most unaccountable fancy a law passed, that in future the prescription and the directions for using the medicine should be written in a learned language—that is to say, Latin,—so that, as to any practical benefit, the great majority of persons might almost as well have never heard of the remedy; and in point of fact they at length began to think that it was no concern of theirs to have the receipt in their possession, or the remedy in their own hands; so that gradually the whole management came under the control of a race of shaven-headed physicians, who took their fees and doled out a few drops of the elixir mixed up with sundry deleterious drugs. but took care not to let the genuine receipt, which would have detected their artifice, go out of their own hands If indeed there had been any exclusive skill required in dispensing the remedy, this might have been necessary; but the directions were so plain, and the medicine so safe, that such a usurpation was altogether unjustifiable, and it ended in the most shameful adulteration, peculation, and parsimony of supply; while the generation after generation was perishing for want of this great catholicon. A cart load of hay was known to have been given for a few drops, and a full supply was no where to be procured.

Some fifty years ago a notion had gone abroad, that partly by art and partly by chance all the copies of the receipt had become grievously falsified, so much so that it was doubtful if a genuine bottle of the remedy was to be found in the whole planet; but various skilful persons, particularly one Kennicott, put this question at rest by examining great numbers of samples collected from various quarters, all of which were found to contain the essential ingredients, so that even the worst specimen in the collection exhibited the salutary virtues of the medicine. They found indeed some bottles discoloured; some were not so transparent as others; a little sediment of dust and refuse was found in many, but the catholicon was still in the main unadulterated and useful.

At length a happy thought occurred to a few benevolent persons,—we doubt not through the unseen energy of the original Donor,—that as the pestilence was universal, and the medicine every where applicable, it would be a great benefit to the whole planet, and in true accordance with the will of the Prince, and the directions of the prescription, if they were to unite their efforts to promote the diffusion and application of this wonder-working remedy. It appeared, however, when they came to commence the proceedings, that they entertained considerable differences of opinion respecting the character and mode of its operation; but the chief promoters of the scheme, having themselves experienced its efficacy, determined to apply their minds to the universal distribution of the remedy, even though they could not freely concur in all their opinions respecting its virtues. The only preliminary which they considered necessary for the formation of their benevolent plan was, that they should agree that a formidable disease was every where prevalent, and that this medicine was a specific for it; and they refused not the aid of any persons who would use their efforts and bestow their liberality for promoting so good a design.

They indeed soon found objections made to this scheme. Some thought the medicine would be so cheap that it would be despised; and that the poor, instead of keeping it at home for constant use, would pawn it for gin and whiskey. Others thought they would make an ill use of it, and that they ought only to take it under the superintendence of a regular physician, notwithstanding they might die before a physician arrived, or live in constant danger because this golden medicine was kept out of their reach. Others were afraid the preparation was too strong according to the original receipt, and wish to dilute it, or to leave out a portion of the more active ingredients. Others thought it would be better always to accompany it by a corrective, to prevent any possible mischief which might arise from its solitary use; but they could not agree on any common formula for this supposed corrective, for each had a favourite pill, or powder, or nostrum of his own, and the Latin people aforesaid, with few exceptions, resisted the popular use of it altogether.

At length, however, notwithstanding all these obstacles, the good men whom we have mentioned persisted in their plan, and with so great and good effect that there was scarcely a speck of the planet to which some portion of this elixir of life had not found its way; and the boon was attended with benefits unprecedented, but which we need not here pause to describe. There might be occasional mistakes, and we believe there were, in the management of so vast an enterprise; but as a whole it was worked with great care, and with unspeakable advantage; and what was of the utmost importance, the plan propagated itself, so that the people in distant parts of the planet, where only a few bottles had penetrated, began to form a similar scheme for multiplying the medicine and issuing it from their own doors, till by means of these innumerable laboratories scattered throughout the planet, this universal specific would in the course of a few years have been every where accessible.

Sorry are we however, to say that a few persons who had joined in the original design, began to feel scruples respecting it, and even went so far as to open a new laboratory. They thought, and we fear too truly, that some who distributed the medicine to others had not tried its powers themselves, and could not speak by experience as to its efficacy; but still, as was justly observed, this would not prevent others being benefited, though the donors might perish by their own blindness and obstinacy. Again, they thought that the Latin people ought to have no share in the distribution; though if any of these persons gave up their learned scruple, and others watched them so well that they could not, if they wished, adulterate the medicine or mystify the prescription, we cannot see what evil there could be in using their aid. Again, it was objected that some helped to distribute the medicine who entertained inadequate notions of its value, and of the character and intentions of the Royal Donor. Now it was extremely distressing to every man who duly reverenced the source from which this invaluable treasure was derived, and acknowledged the Donor, as their rightful Prince, that any person should entertain such evil opinions; but as they made no attempt to adulterate his medicine, and would not be allowed by their coadjutors to do so; nay, as they freely permitted a most accurate receipt to be used, to the exclusion of a favorite, falsified, and as they called it "improved" one of their own; it does not seem very clear why a reverence of the Prince should cause their aid, such as it was, and it was little enough, to be accepted, since it was bestowed contrary to their own wrong notions, and redounded to the benefit of all his subjects Indeed, all that they expended to carry on the great laboratory was so much taken from their own little quack shop of adulterated medicines, and thus was to be doubly hailed rather than rejected. Another objection was, that the whole scheme was evil, inasmuch as in applauding the medicine, the unseen Energy of the Donor was forgotten; but this objection was not valid, since those who took the management of the scheme from first to last expressed their strong feeling that it was only this unseen and patent energy, which daily and hourly they implored, that could render the specific of any avail; and they thought it very unfair, that, while in obedience to the orders of their prince, and dependence upon his wonder-working influence, they were distributing his sovereign remedy, they should be told that they were only a label-and bottle manufactory, and were idolizing the mere drugs instead of depending upon the secret influence which gave them their virtue—— *The Interpretation—the Old and New Bible Society.*

THE ROCK OF THE GUAHIBA WOMAN.

Missionaries of the Church of Rome.

The following interesting particulars are extracted from the 5th vol. of Humboldt's Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions.

Before we reached the confluence, Atabo River, a granitic hummock, that rises on the western bank, near the mouth of the Guasacavi, fixed our attention; it is called the *Rock of the Guahiba woman**, or the Rock of the Mother, *Piedra de la Madre.* We inquired the cause of so singular a denomination. Father Zea could not satisfy our curiosity; but some weeks after, another missionary, one of the predecessors of this ecclessiastic, whom we found settled at San Fernando as president of the missions, related to us an event, which I recorded in my journal, and which excited in our minds the most painful feelings. If, in these solitary scenes, man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtue of a savage, and the barbarism of civilized man!

* *Piedra de la Guahiba.*

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In 1797 the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions, which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Indian hut a Guahiba mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of cassava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the Whites and the Negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls *(à la conquista espiritual)*, and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them in the mission as *poitos* or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando in the hope, that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children, who had been snatched away by the priestly missionary; and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children, who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone toward the missions of the Rio Negro, going up Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the Sun, that she was removing farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left hand of the Atapabo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed, and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock *(la Piedra de la Madre)* a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in the country, and with which the alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hand tied behind her back with strong stalks of *macacare*, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

She was there thrown into one of the caravanseras that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests till then believed to be impenetrable separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other path is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother, who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again, she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcades. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising Sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. "What that woman performed," added the missionary, who give us this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season, when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the Sun during whole days appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her away? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a network around the trunks they entwine! How often must she have swam across the rivulets, that run into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during four days? She said, that exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *vachacos*, which climbs the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests." We pressed the missionary to tell us, whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro we learnt, that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Orooноko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

Such is the remembrance annexed to this fatal rock, to the *Piedra de la Madre*. In the relation of my travels I feel no propensity to pause at a picture of individual calamity, of evils which are every where frequent, where there are masters and slaves, civilized Europeans living with people in a state of barbarism, and priests executing the plenitude of arbitrary power on men ignorant and without defence. Historian of the countries through which I passed, I generally confine myself to pointing out what is imperfect, or fatal to humanity, in their civil or religious institutions. If I have dwelt longer on the *Rock of the Guahiba*, it was to display an affecting instance of maternal tenderness in a trace of people so long calumniated; and because I thought some benefit might accrue from publishing a fact, which I had from the monks of St. Francis, and which proves how much the system of the missions calls for the care of the legislator.

TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHEN we reflect on the number of curious monuments consigned to the bed of the ocean, in the course of every naval war, from the earliest times, our conception is greatly raised respecting the multiplicity of lasting memorials which man is leaving of his labours. During our last great struggle with France, thirty two of our ships of the line went to the bottom in the course of twenty two years, besides seven fifty-gun ships, eighty six frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The navies of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period; so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of Great Britain. But the reader must not imagine that the fury of war is more conducive than the peaceful spirit of commercial enterprise to the accumulation of wrecked vessels in the bed of the sea. From an examination of Lloyd's list, from the year 1793 to the commencement of 1829, it appeared, that the number of British vessels alone lost during that period, amounted on an average, to no less than one and a half daily, a greater number than we should have anticipated, although we learn from Moreau's tables, that the number of merchant vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounted to about twenty thousand, having one with another, a mean burden of 120 tons. Out of five hundred and fifty ships of the royal navy, lost to the country during the period above mentioned, only one hundred and sixty were taken or destroyed by the enemy, the rest having either stranded or foundered, or have been burnt by accident: a striking proof, that the dangers of our naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and the other perils of the deep. Millions of dollars and other coins have been sometimes submerged in a single ship. It was a splendid boast that the deeds of the English chivalry, at Agincourt, made Henry's chronicle

> "As rich with praise
> As is the ooze and bottom of the deep
> With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries."
> *(Lyell's Principles of Geology.)*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Honey.—In a Treatise on Bees, recently published by a Scotch gentleman, it is calculated, that the pasture of Scotland would maintain as many bees as would produce on the average 4,000,000 pints of honey, and 1,000,000 lbs. of wax. Three times the amount of each, he considers to be no unreasonable estimate of what the three United Kingdoms would yield. Taking the price of honey at 5s. the pint, and the wax at 1s. 6d., the income arising from the industry of bees alone in England would amount to more than three millions and a half sterling per annum.

Ship's Bottoms.—The great problem which puzzled the mind of the first chemical philosopher of modern times, namely, a suitable covering of metal for ship's bottoms, has at length been solved. Zinc is the metal employed. Sheets of it are steeped in tallow, in which a small portion of verdigris is mixed. It has been found, by practical experiment, that no adhesions of sea-weed, shells &c. take place on the outside of the sheeting.

New Hot Bed.—At a late meeting of the Edinburgh Horticultural Society, a communication was read from Mr. David Dow, stating, that he has found the shellings of corn, the refuse of the manufacture of oatmeal, to answer all the purposes of supplying gradual and permanent heat, in growing exotic plants, for which oak leaves, tan, &c. were heretofore employed.

The Sun Flower.—This plant is now cultivated in the United States of America, on a considerable scale, on account of the very superior oil which it produces. One bushel of the Sun flower, which can be raised at the expence of about one shilling, will yield a gallon of oil, which when made into cake, forms excellent food for cattle.

Flax.—It has been discovered that the hollyhock *(Althæ rosea)* is an excellent substitute for flax. Several individuals have embarked in the manufacture of it.

LACONICS.

[The following brevities are from the forthcoming Number of the "Comic Magazine"; a sort of monthly Figaro, only in a smarter coat, and something dearer. The cuts—eighteen in number—are by far the best part of the bargain. Some of them are excellent, and all are amusing.]—*(Lit. Gaz.)*

— Soldiers are generally considered inconstant Is it from their being accustomed to *cut-lasses?*

— Red-haired men make the best troops, for they always carry their *fire-locks* upon their shoulders.

— It is said, the older we grow, the wiser we get: but is it not more natural to suppose, that the *greater* a person's *ears*, the more *ass* he?

— No man should appear unhappy, on the principle that no good *wight* ever looks *blue*.

— Marriage is designated the *bridle* state: and, indeed, it puts a *curb* upon most persons.

— Clocks that have stopped, by misrepresent-

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ing the time, become paradoxes; they *stand* and *lie* simultaneously.

— Schools for young persons are called pre-*parrot*-ory, because at them every thing is learnt by rote.

— Intercourse is generally a sign of friendship: and, indeed, it is but natural, if you *correspond* with a person, for most persons to think you *like* him.

— A sword is one of the emblems of justice: and it is but *uniform* that, with such a weapon, we should meet *red-dress*.

— The week preceding Easter is most appropriately termed *Passion* Week, insomuch as then even the buns are *cross*.

— Jews generally wear beards, to shew that they are of the tribe of *Hair-on* (Aaron).

MR. JEREMIE'S PAMPHLET.

And now one word to Mr. Jeremie on the question of compensation. 'In every civilized state,' says Mr. Jeremie, 'property actually converted to the purposes of the state, has been actually paid for, at its fair value.' [Page 120.] Man a property! Never will those who were present forget the indignant burst of displeasure when Mr. Burge, a Colonial Barrister, ventured in the House of Commons last winter, to call a slave his master's freehold! The very walls echoed back the angry disclaimer with an emphasis that seemed to share it.—*Westminster Review.*

Opening of King George the Third's Library.—It is pretty generally known that his late Majesty, who, although since his death so universally vilified, yet in his lifetime did *some* things worthy of praise, gave his father's very extensive library to the nation, and that new buildings were preparing for its reception at the British Museum. These buildings are now completed, and the library has been thrown open to the public since the commencement of the present year. It is a most magnificent apartment, three hundred feet long, and thirty-five wide, and fitted up in the highest style of splendour—the ceiling being superbly ornamented, and the floor composed of the most elaborate inlaid work. Four marble pillars, which are employed more for ornament than use, are said alone to have cost an immense sum, and there are several other fittings of the most expensive scagliola. These decorations are all that the public are permitted to see, except the massively-gilt backs of the books. They are indeed—and this is a wonderful stretch of liberality—admitted into the library, and may walk all about it—examine the floor, the ceiling, and the pillars—but the only literary privilege they enjoy, is that of reading the titles of the works, printed in gold upon their backs, through the *wire-guards* by which they are protected from unlicensed hands. A gallery runs round the building, in which this insidious precaution is not taken; but this is carefully closed, like the old library of the Museum, to all but those provided with a trustee's ticket. There needs some more liberal regulation in this department—at any rate, the privilege should be more extended and easier attainable. The new buildings are from designs by Mr. Smirke; and the part already opened, comprises only one half—perhaps not so much of the contemplated additions; but the corresponding wing to George the Third's library (over which, there is a new geological collection, in an apartment of equal extent) appears to be approaching completion.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Commerce and Manufactures at the Antipodes. In a few years it is very likely that New Zealand will become an English colony. Settlers are already established there, who are actively engaged in cultivating hemp and flax, and two detachments of military have been sent from New South Wales for their protection from the natives. Our Australian brethren are progressing very rapidly; they have even begun to cure beef for the English market (some small distance off!) and are setting on foot new manufacturing establishments with astonishing activity, and on a very extensive scale. A new Marine Insurance Company has started at Sydney, with a capital of 150,000*l.*; and the letter writers of that polished Metropolis have been furnished with a great convenience in the shape of a "two-penny post."

COBBETT AND THE SCOTCH.

Antipathies, like comparisons, are "odious," but they are wearing themselves out very fast; and we may yet live to see the day when prejudices of all kinds shall be unfashionable. Fifteen years of peace works wonders. A quarter of a century ago the French were, in the eyes of every enlightened man in England, a "beggarly race of frog-eaters;" now they are our "lively and illustrious neighbours." Having captured their metropolis, and fixed the god of their idolatry upon a pedestal at St. Helena, we exalt the whole nation to the skies; just as the victor at a game of chess vows that his antagonist, though beaten, is one of the best players in the world. We affect liberality till we actually feel it. If we were to pretend to love even the Dutch, no doubt we should succeed in becoming excessively attached after a time. If it be advisable to begin, like Mrs. Malaprop, "with a little aversion," surely a good deal must be infinitely better. Meanwhile personal antipathies flourish here and there very perseveringly in spite of useful-knowledge societies and the march of reason. We heard somebody the other night, discussing the conduct of one of our popular writers, exclaim, with true British feeling—"But what can you expect from a *foreigner?*" "Foreigner!" shouted fifty voices. "Well, a *Scotchman*, it's all the same."

Cobbett, however, is decidedly the best "hater" of his day. He is the great high-priest of them all. His prejudices amount to prodigies; his antipathies take place of all his other attractions. They are generally harmless, and always amusing. To say that Cobbett has no honesty, is nonsense; no man living is so honest in his hatred, while it lasts. The great Dr. Gulliver Johnson shrinks upon this ground into a Lilliputian Boswell beside him. We wish somebody would make a collection of his bitterest and most brilliant essays in this way. Think of that simple, straightforward, and truly descriptive epithet of his, applied to the Quakers—when he called them, "unbaptized, *buttonless* blackguards." It is perfect alike in antipathy and alliteration. It may be a question which Cobbett detests most thoroughly—potatoes or political economists. Some people content themselves with a dash of dislike, or at most a spice or so of scorn and contempt upon such matters; but Cobbett's is direct, downright, undeniable, and unmitigated hatred; and whether it be the practice of ruining kingdoms on the part of a minister, or of drinking tea on the part of the people, it is the same to him; his hatred never wants words to work with—his thunder always roars as astoundingly as if we had never heard it before—and he seems to be in no more danger of exhausting his stores of abuse than Sir William Jones, who could have given the lie in fifty languages, at least. But perhaps the Scotch may claim the honor of having monopolized the larger portion of his detestation—as the story we have to tell will shew.

Cobbett, it seems, the other day was called upon to attend some meeting in the city; and the time not admitting of a journey to Kensington to prepare, he went to a shop in one of the courts in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street to be shaved. Not perceiving the name of Mac-something over the door, he only discovered by the northern accent in which he was requested to be seated, that he was patronizing a Scotchman. It was too late however, to retract, and he sat down, not over disposed to listen to the chit chat of the operator, who, ignorant of the person of his customer, entered at once into some moral reflections upon the Bristol burnings. In the heat of his enthusiasm, he happened to stumble upon the terms, "low rabble." At this the politician started up, of course at the risk of his life, and for a moment looked as if he meant to apply the razor that had just been at his own throat, to that of the operator. "How dare you," he exclaimed, in a tone admirably proportioned to the fury of his look, "how dare you—a selfish soap-suddy Scotchman—a fellow that lives here by sufferance, and takes the bread out of the mouth of the honest British artisan—how dare you in my presence apply such a term as 'rabble' to the people of England?" The operator, all alarm and apology, hinted nevertheless, upon the strength of the weapon with which he was so formidably armed, that he had as good a right to the bread he ate as an English barber; and that among other things, he had suffered for his country. "*Your* country! What country? you don't call *that* a country! But pray let us hear how you have suffered for your country." "Why, I happened to be aboard a Berwick smack when she was taken prisoner by a French privateer, and I remained in a French prison for seven years."—"So much the better," said Cobbett, as he resumed his seat and rubbed his hands, apparently quite appeased. "So much the better; *we saved seven years of your keep.*"

ON THE WANT OF ENCOURAGEMENT IN SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

A good deal of interest is at present excited at home on this subject, and a great portion of the influential press is taken up with discussions on the want of encouragement to men of learning. And if we direct our attention to the question, it is remarkable, that although the bar, the army, the navy, diplomacy, and wealth have proved passports to honour—for instance to the peerage, there is not a single example on record of that dignity being conferred as the reward of scientific or literary talents It may be said, that, though in theory the House of Lords requires the profoundest knowledge of *every description* for the public welfare, yet that experience has shewn the fallacy of such an idea; and upon this ground only can the extraordinary fact be explained, that not one of the men of whose fame that of our mother country is identified, has one been raised to the peerage. Were the legal and constitutional practice of occasionally creating peers *for life* again adopted, the House of Lords would probably be distinguished by having some of the great names of the age among its members. Let the reader judge for himself of the shackles placed on science by the following document. It is the cost of a *charter* granted to the Astronomical Society of London.

CASH PAID, AND TO WHOM.

Hearing.				
Mr. Att.-Gen. and Clerk, .	£6	2	6	
Mr. Sol.-Gen. and Clerk, .	6	2	6	
Report.				
Mr. Att.-Gen. and Clerk, .	12	12	0	
Mr. Sol.-Gen. and Clerk, .	11	11	0	
				36 8 0
Perusal.				
At the above, with Bill, &c.	14	10	0	
Paid for Warrant, ...	1	10	0	
Engrossing Clerk, ...	1	1	0	
Transcript, Messenger, &c.	4	7	6	
				21 8

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Signet Office.						
Fees,			30	10	0	
Gratuity,			3	3	0	
Rec. &c.			1	1	0	
Extra dispatch,			1	11	6	
						36 5 6
Privy Seal Office.						
Fees and Stamp,			30	5	0	
Gratuity,			3	3	0	
Record Keeper,			1	1	0	
Private Seal,			2	0	0	
Extra dispatch,			1	11	6	
						38 0 6
Patent Office.						
Office,			5	17	8	
Stamps,			30	2	0	
Boxes,			1	11	6	
Deputy,			2	2	0	
Hanaper,			14	13	6	
Deputy,			1	1	0	
Receipt,			5	5	0	
Gentlemen of the Chambers,			5	5	0	
Private Seal,			2	2	0	
Sealers,			1	1	0	
Copy for Lord Chancellor,			0	10	6	
Lord Chancellor's Porter,			0	10	6	
Clerk,			1	1	0	
						71 2 8
Secretary of State's Office.						
Passing Charter,			41	4	6	
Extra dispatch,			5	5	0	
						46 9 6
Total paid to Mr. Plasket,						£249 14 8
Cost of Vellum, Paper, Engrossing, &c.						
Messengers, &c paid by Mr. Hoppe,						12 12 0
Case for Counsel, relative to the Charter,						3 5 6
Total paid by Mr. Hoppe,						£265 12 2

SCOTTISH MANNERS.

MANY young ladies of quality were sent to reside with, and be finished off by, the hon. Mrs. Ogilvie, lady of the hon. Patrick Ogilvie of Longmay and Inchmartin. She was supposed to be the best bred women of her time in Scotland, and died in 1753. Her system was rigorous, according to the spirit of the times. The young ladies were taught to sit upright; and the mother of our informant, (one of the said young ladies,) even when advanced to nearly her eightieth year, never permitted her back to touch the chair in sitting.

There is a characteristic anecdote of the husband of this rigorous preceptress. He was a younger brother of the earl of Findlater, who greatly exerted himself in behalf of the union, and who observed upon the rising of the last Scottish parliament "Now, there is an end of an auld sang!"—The younger brother had condescended to trade a little in cattle, which was not then considered derogatory to the dignity of a Scottish gentleman. However, the earl was offended at the measure, and upbraided his brother for it. "Haud your tongue, man!" said the cattle dealer, "Better sell nowte than sell *nations*," pronouncing the last word with peculiar and emphatic breadth.*

THE FOURTH SEASON OF A FASHIONABLE FLIRT.

Time passed on;—and that portion of the year which in the country we call Spring and in London the Season, shone once more upon the earth. Adela Richmond re-commenced her course of gaieties, less pretty but more beautiful than ever, —less admired, but a thousand times more talked of. Lady Germaine now began to think it necessary to plant herself on higher and more ostensible ground. She took care that her daughter's portrait should adorn the walls of Somerset House, and her name be included among those of the beauties noticed by the Court Circular at the Drawing Room. Banishing all remembrance of Sir Burford and her past mortification, she resolved the Adela's fourth season should crown her career with bridal orange-blossom.

And in what, may we venture to inquire, consisted the "course of gaiety" apparently so warmly appreciated by both mother and daughter;—what were their habits, their occupations, their means and measures of enjoyment? To rail for the first four months of the season at the dulness and emptiness of the town;—to fume, fret, and scold for the four ensuing, at balls, or rumours of balls, from which they fancied themselves designedly omitted;—to grumble during the bright days of June at the multiplicity and incompatibility of their engagements;—and amid the fading pleasures of July, to grasp at every dying flower till its leaves were crushed,—to redouble every effort, every matrimonial manœuvre, till disappointment became disgrace.

Nor were the minor cares and occupations of Adela more edifying or more satisfactory. Up till daylight, morning after morning, yet ever hurried away from the ball-room in "the sweet o' the night," lest the grey twilight should prove a dangerous visitation, a revealer of defeatures, a beacon-light to the unwary;—chained to a mid-day couch, day after day, by headache and the apprehension not of personal fatigue, but of a careworn countenance;—all the labours of beauty,—all the cares of designing, ordering, inspecting and altering, ball dress after dress;—all the dread of being surpassed by the addition of a flounce, feather, or spangle, by some mischievous rival;—all the apprehension of appearing either before or behind the fashion,—of offending Lady This by copying some irresistible peculiarity of her costume, of Lady That by flying into a contrary extreme;—all the peevish, trivial, selfish, contemptible vexations and toils of a mere woman of the world, were already gathering round her young head! To attract, to enslave, to form a good connexion, occupied every thought of this immortal and responsible being.

At all events her exertions were crowned with success. Adela,—"the lovely Adela Richmond," —"the fascinating Adela Richmond,"—afforded a theme for universal panegyric. *Whose* eyes were half so blue,—*whose* teeth half so pearly,—*whose* tresses half so redundant? Fair, gracious, piquante, many a prudent father trembled when he saw the fashionable flirt resting upon the arm of his son; many a gentle mother grew uneasy on beholding the worldly-wise beauty engaged in conversation with her daughter. Still, there were enough of the inexperienced, the vain, the hollow, and the frivolous, to applaud—worship—sigh—tremble,—do everything but seek to make the varnished toy their own.—*The Fair of May Fair.*

* Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh.

TRADE OF BALILING.

The trade at the port of Baliling is carried on principally in foreign prows, which visit the island from various places, the Balinese themselves having few prows, and seldom venturing far from their own shores. From the great island of Ceram, at the back of Amboyna, about ten prows came every year. The time of their arrival is in October, and they return in January. They bring nutmegs, tortoise-shell, a kind of medicinal bark, called *masoodji*, very much prized by the natives of Java, and other articles common to the eastern islands. These prows are manned by able-bodied Caffres, brought from the coast of New Guinea, who speak the Malay language in a distinct and clear way, and in a determined kind of tone, as though they had been accustomed to command rather than to obey. Their prows are all tied and pinned together with wooden pins, without an iron nail about them; and when they arrive at Ceram, they pull the whole to pieces, and each man carrying a plank or a beam, they store the prows up in the village till it is time to go to sea again. Between Bali and Java the trade is carried on in Chinese prows, about ten of which are employed, making half-a-dozen voyages a-year. They carry coarse cloths, chintzes, and battic handkerchiefs to Bali, and receive in return dried beef, hides, and tallow, together with a portion of the masoodji bark and nutmegs from Ceram. Their lading generally amounts to 20,000 or 30,000 rupees value; the profit on the cargo from Java yields about ten per cent.; but on the return voyage much more. Besides the Ceram and Chinese prows, Bali is also visited by Bugguese prows, a dozen of which come from Sambawa, twenty from a part of the Celebes, and twenty more from Singapore; the latter are most richly laden, and bring annually about twenty chests of opium to Baliling alone.—*Asiatic Journal.*

THE CAPE COLONY.

THE next subject in order (State of the Nation,) is the Cape of Good Hope—a vineyard, and assuredly, at no distant period, a granary under the most favourable climate in the world. It would be as absurd to judge of the importance of the Cape from what it actually is, as it would be to estimate the value of Virginia and Maryland by what they appear to have been in the time of Charles the Second. The Cape of Good Hope is one of the most important appendages to the British Empire, and we have reason to know that Government is looking towards it with kindlier feelings than heretofore. The Cape is in every respect an infant colony, and may be said to have but recently escaped from the leading-strings or the go-cart.

* * * * The inferior quality of her vineyards is such as it now exists from the absence only of a *due capital* and competition. At present, the wine farmers are unable to manufacture a good article—they are hampered with the mortgage system, and possess no real capital. It is impossible to foresee, how far into the interior of Africa the spirit, activity, and intelligence of British colonists may push the boundary of this promising settlement. But every new colony, and every augmentation of population and culture in those already possessed, necessarily enlarge the market for the reception of British commerce and manufactures. It is in the very nature of the produce of manufactures to increase from year to year, and to become so depreciated in current price by their excess, as to occasion great distress amongst large bodies of men. It is an object of sound policy to encounter this mischief by precautionary measures. But the only measure of this kind is to provide for a proportionate augmentation of consumption. It is under this principle, that no efforts have been spared by our colonial administration to assist the culture and population of our new colonies. The emigrants to the Cape were sent with this view; they were *selected* with this view. Happily the present condition of this colony affords no subject of further remark beyond that of enforcing the necessity of emigration to the Cape. Under the general administration of the colonial department, and the exemplary execution of their duties by the local authorities, no settlement of this great empire affords a more cheerful aspect.—*Edinburgh Magazine.*

SELECT NOTICES.

Disinfecting Powers of high temperatures.—Dr. Henry has ascertained, by direct experiment, that articles of clothing having been worn by individuals suffering under scarlatina, which is well known to be highly infectious, may be rendered disinfecting by exposure during at least one hour to a temperature of not less than 260 degrees of Fahrenheit.——*Materials of Poetry.* —Good sense is the *body* of poetic genius; fancy its *drapery*; motion its *life*; and imagination the *soul* that is every where and in all, and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole. —*Coleridge.*——*Hint for Lovers.*—If a youth is wooingly disposed towards a damsel, as he values his happiness, let him follow my advice: Call on the lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoe fits neatly—if the gloves are clean, and the hair well polished. And I would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement, if he discovered a greasy novel hid

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away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness will ever be avoided by a well-regulated mind, as would be a pestilence. A woman cannot always be what is called dressed, particularly one in middling or humble life, where her duty, and it is consequently to be hoped, her pleasure lies, in superintending and assisting in all domestic matters; but she may be always neat—well appointed. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.—*Mrs. C Hall.*——*Substitute for Tea.*—A patent has been granted to Mr. Richard Abbey, of Walthamstow, Essex, formerly a tea-dealer, "for a new mode of preparing the leaf of a British plant for producing a healthy beverage by infusion." According to the specification, the British plant in question is the hawthorn, from which the leaves may be taken from the month of April to September, inclusive: they are first to be carefully picked and cleansed, then to be well rinsed and drained; and, whilst in the damp state, they are to be put into a common culinary steamer, where they are to be subjected to the action of the vapour until they change from a green to an olive colour; the leaves are then to be taken out, and dried upon a "hot plate well heated," and to be continually stirred up, and turned over, until they are thoroughly dry, in which state they may be prepared for use. When required for that purpose, an infusion is to be made in the same manner as tea, and sugar and cream are to be added, to suit the taste of the drinker.——*A Shaving Clause.*—Brand, in his History of Newcastle, says, that at a meeting of the fraternity of barber-surgeons there, in 1742, (of course long before combination laws were thought of,) one of the resolutions entered upon the minutes was—"That no brother do shave John Robinson till he pays what he owes to Robert Shafto." We can fancy no anathema more terrible, short of papal excommunication.——*A Working Parson.*—The Rev Mr Mattison, formerly Curate of Pattersdale, buried his mother, married and buried his father, christened his wife, and published his own banns of marriage in the church, and he christened and married all his four children, a son and three daughters! He died January 31, 1766, at the age of ninety-six, sixty years of which he had been curate of Pattersdale. Till the last years of his life, his stipend did not exceed twelve pounds, and never reached twenty pounds per annum.—*Guide to the Lakes.*——*Rise and Fall of Water in Wells.*—William Bland, jun. esq., has discovered, by an interesting series of observations, that the water in wells rises and falls periodically. He has observed, that the water in the well of New Place, in the parish of Hartlip, near Sittingbone, Kent, and in thirty-one other places, has almost invariably been of the greatest depth at or about the longest day, and of the least depth at or about the shortest day. He has also noticed, that the regular rising and falling of the springs does not depend on the rains, although they have some influence in producing a greater rise. Another interesting portion of this gentleman's observations, consists of the height of the spring-heads above the level of the sea, which accompanies the rise and fall of the great hills.——*Curious Turkish Custom.*—We next landed at Toosla, (says Dr Walsh, in his account of a visit to Nicœa, published in the "Amulet,") remarkable for the size and excellence of its cherries. Cherries were originally brought by Lucullus, I think, to Rome from this coast, where, after an interval of more than two thousand years, so unchanged is nature, they still retain their primitive excellence. It is one of the odd customs of the Turks, which their contact with Europeans has not yet changed, that any stranger may enter a man's garden, and eat as much as he pleases, provided he takes none away with him. So, availing ourselves of this right, we walked into the first romantic garden we met, to eat such cherries as really surprised me: they were as large as walnuts, and of the most delicious flavour; when coming away, we bought some for sea-store—two oaks for ten paras, that is, five pounds for about three halfpence.——*Ancient Prices.*—In Wilkin's "Leges Saxonæ," as quoted by Dr. Henry, we have prices of various articles in England in the reign of Ethereld, about the year 997, which the learned doctor has calculated with great correctness, in money of the present time:—Price of a man or slave, 2*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.*; a horse, 1*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.*; a mare or colt, 1*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*; an ass or mule, 14*s.* 1*d.*; an ox, 7*s.* 0½*d.*; a cow, 6*s.* 2*d.*; a swine, 1*s.* 10½*d.*; a sheep, 1*s.* 2*d.*; a goat, 4½*d.*——*Contagion.*—Whilst the cholera is said to rage in Sunderland, Wales is the seat of typhus fever, and Sussex of the small pox.——*Cholera.*—The Cholera at Sunderland and Newcastle is but a joke to the malady at Smyrna, where it has attacked as many as five hundred in one night. The greater number of the shops are shut, and the city is almost deserted.——*German Titles.*—An office for the sale of German titles of honour is now open in Paris; a knighthship may be had for 5,000 francs; a countship for 20,000, and a marquisate for 40,000.——*Perpetual Motion.*—One of the Secretaries of the Treasury was lately applied to, to patronise a new discovery of the perpetual motion! The following is his reply:—

London, Oct. 25.

Sir,—I am much obliged to you for communicating your ingenious design, which I fear you will, however, find that the friction on the pivot, as well as the re-action of the air, would, with other difficulties, interfere with your discovery, of the merits of which I do not, however, pretend to be a competent judge.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, T. SPRING RICE.

——*Steam Boat.*—The largest steam boat in the world is one now plying on the river St. Lawrence. It is 189 feet long, and 70 feet broad in the widest part, 12 feet deep in the hold, and draws 7 feet 9 inches of water.——*Old and New Style.*—There is a very general error abroad on this subject, which it may be of consequence to correct. Since the commencement of the present century another day in addition to the prior eleven has been thrown out, so that the difference for all years since 1800 is twelve days.——*Wall Paper.*—A sort of cloth made of cotton wool, pressed by means of calendars into a flat sheet, resembling in colour and appearance a sheet of demy paper, and printed into a variety of suitable patterns, is now getting into use as a substitute for paper, for covering the walls of dwelling-houses.——*A New Light.*—A new inflammable liquid is said to have been just discovered, which establishes that light is not the result of any principle resident in combustible bodies.——*The Moravians.*—The entire number of Moravians in civilised countries, is estimated at 16,000. They support 127 missionaries in foreign lands, at an expense of 40,000 dollars annually. The fruits of their missions have been 33,000 converts!——*New Ordeal.*—Two students at Berlin lately introduced a new method of duelling. To render the chance equal, they went to a patient attacked with the cholera and kissed him. Neither of them having been taken ill after twenty-four hours, the witnesses stated that the matter was ended.——*Eclipses.*—In the next year there will be but two eclipses—both of the sun. The first will take place on February 1st, and will be invisible at Greenwich; the second takes place on July 17th, visible at Greenwich, begins two hours three and a quarter minutes p. m., ends two hours twenty-eight and a half minutes, digits eclipsed one-fifth. On the 5th of May the planet Mercury will appear, like a black spot, to move over the sun's disc.——*Influence of Climate.*—The opinion is as old as Plato, (vide Repub. lib. iv.) that climate exercises an influence over the human dispositions. He gives as examples the inhabitants of Thrace, Scythia, and similar elevated regions, who are extremely irascible and quarrelsome. The climate of Phœnicia and Egypt, he judged, on the same principles, to produce a love of riches; and that of Attica a love of wisdom. How much these must have changed in character, supposing Plato's opinion to have been correct!——*Price of making a Park a Garden.*—Queen Caroline spoke of shutting up St. James's Park, and converting it into a noble garden for the palace of that name. She asked my father what it might probably cost; who replied, "*only three* CROWNS."—*Walpole.*——*Fortunate Impossibility.*—An Italian, who was very poor, and very much addicted to play, used to apostrophise Fortune thus: "Treacherous goddess! Thou canst make me lose, but thou canst not make me pay."——*Infidel Enthusiasm.*—The propagators of infidelity in France previous to the revolution, were so assiduous in spreading it far and wide, that they annually expended £900,000 sterling in purchasing, printing, and distributing deistical and other books, in order to corrupt the minds of the people, and prepare them for desperate measures.——*Agesilaus.*—I was once required to write to the President in favour of one of my friends, who was involved in a troublesome affair. After puzzling for a long time how to make the application, I could remember nothing better than the letter of Agesilaus on a similar occasion. "If Cinias is not guilty, set him at liberty for your own sake; if he is, for mine; but be it as it may, set him at liberty."—*Menage.*——*Literary Entertainments.*——I knew a person who occasionally gave entertainments to authors. His fancy was to place them at table, each according to the size and thickness of the volumes they had published, commencing with the folio authors, and proceeding through the quarto and octavo, down to the duodecimo, each according to his rank—*Ibid.*——*Proof of Nobility.*—A Gascon, in proof of his nobility, asserted that in his father's castle, they used no other fire-wood but the batons of the different Marechals of France of his family.——*Brain of the Elephant.*—His head I had an opportunity of seeing the next day, when I had it opened, and the smallness of the brain is a direct contradiction to the hypothesis that the size of this organ is in proportion to the sagaciousness of the animal.—*Discoveries in Africa.*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By VIVIAN.)

MR. LE BRETON'S PAMPHLET.

PAMPHLETS have been, as they often are, dangerous affairs. There was a time when England had not a *Times*, a *Courier*, a *Globe*, a *Chronicle*, or even a *Spectator*, and yet the restless and indomitable intellect of the British people found momentary organs for the expression of its opinions. The Press swarmed with pamphlets. The history of pamphlets would form a curious history. The collection of the French revolutionary pamphlets now stands by the English tracts* of the age of the haughty Charles the First, as abundant in number, and fierce in passion; rival monuments which exist together, for the astonishment and the instruction of posterity, for whom they reveal so many suppressed secrets in the history of man. But what of all this?—we are to look to

* Most of the thirty thousand English Tracts were collected by the order of Charles the First, and became the gift of George the Third to the National Library. The French collection has been a recent acquisition.

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our own affairs,—and, therefore, here goes to welcome Mr. Le Breton's pamphlet as a proof that the good old doctrine —*As it was in the beginning, now and ever shall be,* is by no means a *dead letter.* It is true, we have been resting on our oars in the Cape Pamphlet world for long while of time. The last of the periodicals worth noticing in our colony of growing intellect, were those by a *By-Stander,* a *Miller,* and a *Fairbairn.* Subsequent to these publications, we have naught before us but the "oblivious pool,"—the *dead sea* of apathy; all hail! therefore, Thomas Le Breton, Esq. author of "*A Letter addressed to the Shareholders of the South African Assurance Company, &c.*"

We are not quite sure that Mr. Le Breton's Letter was called for in the pamphlet shape — the worthy author holds, as we understand, a vast extent of *common* right in the pages of a certain newspaper, and we suspect it would have been a vast saving of the Rix had he occupied his *joint-stock* rights, and left the printing costs of the pamphlet for the benefit of his heirs, administrators, or assigns. But the paper perishes while the pamphlet lives, and moreover as it is the duty of every man to think for himself, it is also one of the privileges of Englishmen freely to address men in office how they like, and when they like, and where they like, when they have grievances to state, or when they conceive errors to exist, which affect the interests of their country, or the particular society to which they may be attached. So much, then, on the side of printing the pamphlet. Now as to its contents—we can afford but little space for observation, beyond recommending its whole 30 pages to the reader. It is written according to our judgment, in a fair, down-right English style; and this is saying much in these days of affected mawkishness. We are by no means anxious to know the *cast of character* referred to in the pamphlet before us. Who "my Afrikander friend" is, pape 4, or "my Dutch friends" are, page 7, or "the hole and corner men" are, page 11, or "the man with a little box and a little book" is, page 15, are matters of secondary consideration.

We learn from the publication, and this we are bound to consider as the *moral* of the whole, that Mr. Le Breton is the successful founder of the Fire and Life Assurance Company at the Cape of Good Hope. Such Companies may be placed among the most useful institutions of modern times, and their increase shews that their value is becoming daily appreciated. But let us come to the summing up of the pamphlet in a business-like way.

1st. We have the probabilities of human life discussed, (page 6) and the gratifying intelligence communicated to life-lovers, that *if a man has rounded 42 in this colony, he may live for ever!*

2d. We have a very satisfactory abstract of the Cash Account, (page 12) from which we find it clearly demonstrated that the Company is not founded on bubble principles. *(Esto perpetua!)*

3d. We have the particulars (page 23.) of Mr. Le Breton resigning the seals of office as Secretary, subsequently to the *Hooge Hof* of Directors refusing him the Insurance of his life. And we have recorded, (page 25,) the liberal conduct of Messrs. Nisbet and Dickson, of the Alliance Company, in effecting this *desideratum* to the satisfaction of the founder of the South African Company.

4th. We have (page 26,) some very pertinent hints on the election of Committees, Directors, &c A reform has been long required on this head at the Cape.

5th. *Grand total*—The Institution

"Has afforded security to the Creditor from the poor but honest Debtor,—it has provided for the Orphan, the Widow, and the Friendless,—it has been the means of securing to the lender monies upon bond,—*it has broken down the accursed walls of personal securities,*—it enables those who are insured to rest comfortably in their beds, knowing that a conflagration will not bring them to ruin,—it has reduced colonial premiums; yet has produced a large profit with magnificent prospects,—and it has kept not only a vast sum of money in this Colony; but, in conjunction with the admirable *Savings' Bank,* it has assisted to revive drooping trade, by causing additional circulation amongst us."—(Pp. 29-30.)

One or two parting words to Mr. Le Breton and Philanthropists, and all founders of useful Societies. One or two words to every man who has the wisdom to plan, the courage to execute, and the resolution to persevere, and who, moreover, possesses an intellect above the *common mode.* It is a surprising passage which a late French author has given us. "That a man of great merit is a kind of public enemy." But be not surprised at this, you have read who suffered the Ostracism at Athens, and what a pretty reason the country fellow offered, why he gave his voice for the banishment of Aristides:—"Because he was every where called The Just." And for what reason the *Ephori* laid a fine on *Agesilaus*:—"Because he possessed, above all other men, the hearts of the *Lacedemonians.*" You have read why the *Ephesians* expelled the best of their citizens:—"If any are determined to *excel their neighbours,* let them find another place to do it." You have read that he who conquered *Hannibal,* saw it necessary to *retire* from Rome, that the merits of others might be more noticed. Yes, Yes, Sirs, such is the cruelly disfigured state of our fallen nature, that men will often acknowledge *small* obligations, but return wonderful malice for such as are extraordinary. Excess of desert is often turned into a kind of demerit. Men will sooner forgive great injuries, than great *services.* (In making this observation, we naturally think of Mr. Fairbairn and certain colonial *ingrates.*) He that built a matchless castle for the Poles, had his eyes put out that he might not build such another!

A LATE CHURCH ORDINANCE.

A writer in the Advertiser *(Complainant.)* appears to have fallen out with the Episcopal regulations of a late Ordinance, which provides that none other than Episcopal bones shall lie in the Church yard of Bathurst: a regulation which seems to say to *Dissenting* bones—

"More manners learn, and at a distance rot."

Now, how differently constituted are some minds. We, for instance, supposing our choice consulted and we were making our Will,—our directions would be according to the following:

Lay me not in the charnel ground,
Where flesh and bones are mangled;
Nor let the sullen death-bell sound,
Nor any chime be jangled.

But lay me 'neath the shady trees,
Where the waving boughs are wreathed;
And let no sound but the sighing breeze
Be o'er my burial breathed.

And let the winter birdie sing
His hymn of Resignation;
Or the full-throated choir of spring
Shout peals of Jubilation.

Let no friend's hand be flimsy-gloved,
No crape-bands *look* repining,
But wear the sunny flowers I loved,
Or ivy, green and shining.

Let not my name on staring stone,
With loud bare lies be worded:
What little good or ill I've done,
Elsewhere is safe recorded.

CAPE BOTANY.

Those interested in transmitting seeds to Europe, will do well to read an interesting communication by Mr. Bowie, our intelligent Cape botanist, in a late number (36,) of the Gardener's Magazine. It is entitled—*Hints on raising the Leguminous Plants of Australia and the Cape of Good Hope from seeds, on acclimmatising them in Europe, and on their native habits.* Much impatience, and even despair, is often manifested by the amateur naturalist, on finding no *immediate* reward crowning his labours with success. But Mr. Bowie tells us, that he found during his residence in England, "many of the Cape seeds only vegetating after being *three years* in the ground." The truth is, few things appear more curious than the fact, that the seeds of various plants and flowers, which have lain dormant in the ground through a succession of *ages,* have been enabled to vegetate, or have been brought into action by the application of some compost or manure, *agreeable to their nature.* In some plants, however,

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germination seems to have a specific and regular term. The following particulars are submitted to the reader—subject, however, to his correction:

A Table of the period in which the following Seeds germinate after being sown:

Wheat,	1 day.
Spinach, Beans, and Mustard,	3 —
Lettuce,	4 —
Melon, Cucumber, and Cress,	5 —
Radish and Beetroot,	6 —
Barley,	7 —
Cabbage,	10 —
Hyssop,	30 —
Parsley,	40 or 50 —
Almond, Chesnut, and Peach,	1 year.
Rose, Hawthorn, and Filbert,	2 —

To encourage the planting system, so greatly needed at the Cape of Good Hope, we may remark in conclusion, that when plants are buried in the ground to a greater depth than is natural to them for their proper growth, they do not vegetate; but they do not therefore die; they retain their power of vegetation to an unlimited period; and when, by any accident, brought so near the surface as to suit their evolution, they begin immediately to grow. This principle—

"Goodness immense" in the Creator,

has been ascertained to be capable of existing in this latent state for above two thousand years unextinguished, and springing again into active vegetation as soon as planted in a *congenial* soil (1). It even remains unimpaired in blighted corn, and will grow from that, as vigorously as from the perfect seed (2). But yet, although thus abiding in vitality in its dormant state for an indefinite length of time, such is its delicacy of existence when once roused into its living action, that it perishes for ever if it be prevented from continuing or nourishing its growth (3). This living principle can subsist in all its reproductive powers in fruit-trees, from one to two centuries (4), and in others from many more (5). Some of the poisons affect the activity of this principle, though they do not destroy it (6).

NOTES.

(1.) At the Royal Institution in 1830, Mr. Houlton produced a bulbous root, which had been discovered in the hand of an Egyptian Mummy, where it had remained above 2,000 years. On exposure to the atmosphere it germinated, and when planted in earth, it grew with great rapidity.—*Journ. Royal Inst. No.* 1.

(2.) Sir Joseph Banks, in 1805, sowed 80 grains of the most *blighted wheat* in pots in a hot-house, and had 72 healthful plants.

(3.) Those who convey seeds from distant countries, should be instructed to keep them dry: for if they receive any damp, sufficient to cause an attempt at vegetation, they then necessarily die, because the process, as they are situated, cannot go on.—*Smith's Introd.* 29.

(4.) An apricot tree, 120 years old, was bearing fruit sufficient for my family, (Life of Kames, vol. 2, p. 73.) Pear-trees, planted in the time of King William the 3d, were, by gradually paring away the old wood and bark, covering the garden walls with new branches and fine fruit in 1807. —*Smith's Introd. p* 29.

(5.) A yew-tree was in existence at Peronne, in 1790, which was mentioned in the original charter for building the church in 634. (*Journ. of Science, No.* 40, *p.* 112.)—The most vital parts of the stem of a tree, are thought to be the innermost layers of the bark, and the outermost layers of the wood.—(*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*)

(6.) Thus sensitive plants lose their power of contracting, if laurel-water, opium, or nux vomica be applied. So they contract from camphor, and do not dilate again.—(*Journal of Science.*)

"WHY NOT"—

(Gentle Shepherd tell me.)

"Why not have a Bishop for the Cape of Good Hope? Why not another for Malta, who might occasionally visit those places in the surrounding countries, where considerable numbers of English Episcopalians reside, without the means of obtaining for their children the primitive *right* of Confirmation. The benefit of such appointments would be incalculable, particularly in regard to ordinary and superintending *native* missionaries; and the *expense* to the mother-country needs not be great, as the senior chaplain might be appointed to the office, which would not require the same *temporal rank and expenditure* which attach to it *at home and in India.* We would respectfully submit the suggestion to our Church Societies, and *especially* to the Most Reverend and Right Reverend Prelates who preside over the province of Canterbury and the see of London.—(From the *Christian Observer*, Appendix to volume 31st, copied *verbatim et literatim.*)

SOUTH AFRICAN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

The Literary Society and South African Institution having formed a *junction*, have taken the above title. The following Gentlemen were elected Office-bearers on the 14th ult.

President,
Hon. Col. BELL, C.B.

Vice Presidents,
Hon. Capt. Stockenstrom.
Hon. Mr. Justice Burton,
Dr. Murray,
Dr. Neethling.

Council,

Mr. von Ludwig,	Dr. Liesching,
Mr. Hertzog,	Dr. Fairbridge,
Major Cloete,	Rev. Mr. Faure,
Mr. W. Liesching,	Hon. J. W. Stoll,
Mr. Borcherds,	Major Michell,
Lieut.-Col. Wade,	Mr. Mackrill.

Secretaries,
Drs. Adamson and Dyce.

Treasurer,
Mr. F. S. Watermeyer.

IMPROMPTU.

By Moses, itinerant Poet and Money Scrivener.

What makes loyalty appear?
The receipt of £500 a-year.
What drives loyalty away?
Just the loss of so much pay.

THE 75th REGIMENT.

The departure of this fine Regiment for the Frontier, is near at hand, and forms a subject of general regret in Cape Town. The officers, in a body, have been great patrons to the most useful of our Literary Institutions; and in a pecuniary point of view, their absence will be a great loss. On the other hand, Graham's Town, and its rising interests, will derive encouraging assistance by the presence of this spirited, handsome, and well-conducted Regiment,

LITERARY NOTICES.

CAPT. J. Lisle Fenwick, H. M. 58th Regt. has in the press, a Work entitled, "Notes of a Voyage from Ceylon to England, with some Remarks on the present state of the Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, the condition of Slaves in those Colonies,—Present State of St. Helena, &c.

DR. Howison's Work on the Cape of Good Hope and its Frontier, is nearly ready for the Press.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

JOURNEYS from Cape Town, to the Great Orange River, the Missionary Stations on the Frontier, with an account of the present state of the Amakosæ Caffers, &c. by A. Steedman, Esq.

M. Douville's Travels in Congo and Southern Africa in the years 1828, 1829, and 1830, are about to appear.

Mr. Greig is preparing the Cape Directory for 1833. It is intended as usual to embrace every object of colonial interest—Statistical, Agricultural, Commercial, and Scientific.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

(An answer required,)

Required a number which, when divided by 4, 5, 4, 5, 4, the remainder shall be 4, 5, 4, 5; and when divided by 4, 5, 4, 5, the remainder shall be 4, 5, 4; and when divided by 4, 5, 4, the remainder shall be 4, 5; and when divided by 4, 5, the remainder shall be 4.

Required also, a certain number which, when added to the lowest quantity required, shall continually produce similar results.

LODGE OFFICERS OF THE LODGE THE HOPE.

(*Commercial Exchange*, 1832.)

C. Burton, Esq. *Master.*
J. Henoch Neethling, Esq. *Past Master.*
Rev. George Hough, M. A. *Chaplain.*
J. B. Ebden, Esq. } *Wardens.*
Jas. Bance, Esq. }
Major Molesworth, } *Deacons.*
W. M. Edye, Esq. }
W. Dickson, Esq. *Treasurer.*
Rob. Cooper, Esq. *Secretary.*
Alex. Thomson, Esq. } *Stewards.*
W. Gadney, Esq. }
George Cadogan, Esq. *Inner Guard.*

Mr. Walker, *Tyler.*

The following are the Fees of the Lodge:

On Initiation, . . .	Rds. 65.
Passing to the second Degree,	— 30.
Raising to the Sublime, .	— 50.

"Every Person initiated into Masonry, must defray the expence thereof, provided it *do* not exceed a guinea and a half."

Every Brother on his Affiliation shall pay 20 Rds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Correspondent has addressed us in reference to the wordy-war of the Cape Newspapers. He suggests "a cessation of hostilities," and recommends PEACE to the belligerents; adopting as his motto the lines from Bloomfield:

"Halt! ye legions, sheath your Steel!
Blood grows precious, shed no more."

A Calculator charges us with being "wholly unfit to become Auditor General, or Chancellor of the Exchequer." We plead our deficiency at once, and pray to be excused from serving such Office. The amount which will accrue to the Cape by the present residence of "Our Indian Visitors," was estimated in our last at too low a rate. Instead of Twenty Thousand Pounds sterling in twelve months, the probability is that the amount will not fall much short of *Thirty Thousand Pounds!*

DEPARTED this life, Thursday, 26th July, JOHN FREDERICK BECK, Esq. late of Long-street, Cape Town. His memory will be choice in the recollections of the writer of this notice, for the many acts of pure and disinterested friendship on the part of the deceased, and for the other inestimable qualities which he possessed.

Printed and published by W. BRIDEKIRK, Heeregracht, Cape Town.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE II.—BY ORLANDO.*

(ON THE FORMATION OF OUR PLANETARY SYSTEM—THE STARS AND THE COMETS.)

GENTLEMEN!—The fourth rotation of our Globe was accompanied by the formation and arrangement of our Planetary System. At this period of our Creation, Moses places the formation of the Sun and Moon, and their association with our Earth; and expresses the Divine order, that they should regulate the illumination of our world, and divide our day into the two natural distinctions of visible light and succeeding darkness, and become the cause of our seasons, and suggest and govern our computations of time.

'And Elohim said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the Heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs and for seasons, and for days, and years; and let them be for lights in the firmament of the Heaven to give light upon the Earth: and it was so.'
Gen. I. ver. XIV. XV.

It has not satisfied some, that the Sun should be supposed not to have existed before our Earth; but why should an anterior subsistence be claimed for it more than ourselves? There is no reason which makes it necessary that the Sun or Moon should have been framed at any other era, rather than at this period. We do not know, and we have no means of knowing, at what point of the ever-flowing eternity of that which is alone eternal,—the Divine subsistence — the creation of our Earth, or any part of the Universe began, nor in what section of it we are living now. All that we can learn explicitly from Revelation is, that nearly 6,000 years have passed since our first ancestor began to be. We are approaching the six thousandth annual revolution of our Globe round the Sun. This is all we possibly know.

But what ever may be the comparative antiquity between our Globe and myriads of radiant Bodies which nightly gem the immense expansion of celestial space between us, in their unaltering stations, the most natural idea, as to those which are linked with us in their concurring revolutions round our grand central luminary—and as to the Sun himself which attracts both them and ourselves—and as to that pleasing Satellite which makes our night so poetical and so beautiful,—is, that they and we had all one coinciding period of existence, and differ little in the chronology of our origin. This fact, at least, which seems to be philosophically certain, that all the bodies which compose our Planetary System must have been placed at one and the same time in that arrangement, and in those positions, in which we now behold them; because all maintain their present stations, and motions, and distances, by their mutual action on each other; neither could be where they are, nor move as they do, nor subsist as we see them, unless they were all co-existing: the presence of each is essential to the system which they constitute—the Sun to them, they to the Sun, and all to each other; and this circumstance is a strong indication that the Sun did not precede the Earth in his formation, but was made just as that was framing, as Moses has narrated. Each of the Planets and the Sun, have, no doubt, their several peculiar uses; but they have also been fabricated with mutual relations, and for common purposes. Our system of animated and vegetable nature could not subsist without the Sun. We could not have our seasons, our daylight, or our years, without him. He, therefore, has been made expressly for us, as well as for the substances and beings that he may contain within himself. He has been equally made for our sister Stars, to whom he is apparently as indispensable as to us. The true chronology of these noble structures seems therefore to be, that the Sun and the Planets were formed while our earth was creating. The Sun and Moon, for their uses to us, as well as for those to themselves and to the bodies that, with us, circle round them: and this the Hebrew author intimates, when he adds—

'And Elohim made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: the stars also.'—Gen. i. ver, 16.

That the Stars here mentioned were the planets of our system, and not the Fixed Stars, seems a just inference, from the fact that, after mentioning them, Moses immediately subjoins

'And Elohim set them in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day, and over the night.'

Now, the Stars which were more particularly set in the firmament with direct relation to our Earth were the Planets, two of whom are connected with our day and night, for Venus and Jupiter alternately become our morning and evening stars, and give a light to our Earth in their transcendant brilliancy, which no fixed star affords.

But for the stars with which we are now connected, are the six Planets distinguished by the names of

Mercury,	Venus,	Mars,
Jupiter,	Saturn,	Uranus.

And those smaller ones, discovered within the present century, and called the Telescopic Planets, because they are not discernible without the aid of a very powerful astronomical instrument; though, perhaps, instead of them, the more ancient one of which they are conjectured to be the wandering fragments, was the primeval one of the

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

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other six. The immense distance which separates the Stars which belong to our System, from the other unmoving ones, that shine in the infinity of space beyond, increases the probability that Moses alluded only to those with which our earth was concerned. Of the creation of the rest, as they form no part of our Cosmogony, but belong to other orders and systems of existence, with which at present no relations, no account is transmitted to us. They are, indeed, the most splendid mysteries of nature. They are known to us only as radiant points; for the most powerful telescopes cannot farther enlarge them; and yet our scientific contemporaries are ascertaining that their number amounts to a multitude, which their predecessors never imagined, and which seems to exceed all our powers of fully exploring. Of these it is remarkable, that they are undergoing changes for which we have no means of accounting, but which display mighty causes to be there in operation. It is one of the wonders of Creation, that any phenomena of bodies at such an immense distance from us, should be perceptible by human sight, that a manifest INFINITY should be made visible to our intellect by immense distances which our eye can survey, and which from what is seen, compel the judgment to perceive and infer an unbounded universality beyond them: for there is nothing in them which denotes that what reaches our sight in them is at the last limits of existing nature. These lofty mansions of being indicate to us that they have the same Creator as ourselves, and are but so many other magnificent scenes of His sovereignty and care. For they display an abiding relation of position, and a similarity of motion and of nature, and there are strong indications of unity of design and creation. The identity of the light, which alike emanates from all, precludes all rational doubt on this interesting question. That our light was His creation, we learn from the Scriptures. This fact justifies us in referring it, in other orbs, to the same origin: and nothing in the Universe shews any marks of any other creative power.

The creation of the Fourth Day, being considered as confined to our own System, embraced the Sun, Moon, and connected Planets, and may be considered as extending to their composition and allocation. Let us briefly recollect the leading circumstances of this important formation.

Of the actual substance of the SUN, so little, satisfactory yet to our judgment, has been discovered, that all which is mentioned concerning it, can rank no higher than conjectures of scientific imagination more or less plausible. The comparative masses of its spacious substance, and of the other Planets have been calculated. Dr. Herschel thought its body to be opaque, with an upper stratum of self-luminous clouds. Black spots, of varying magnitude and form, are continually appearing upon it, and receding; and have led astronomers to discover that the Sun has a rotation round its own axis, which it performs in about 25 days and a half.* These spots are almost always comprised in a particular zone of its surface. His diameter has been estimated to be 886,149 miles. From the faint zodical light, which at times accompanies it, an atmosphere has been ascribed to it. The variety of seasons which it was appointed to produce, is caused by the inclination of the Ecliptic to the equator.

The substance of the MOON is more known to us than that af the brighter Luminary. Its volume is 49 times less than the volume of the Earth There is ground for supposing that all is solid at its surface, for it appears in powerful telescopes, as an arid mass on which some have thought they could perceive the effects, and even the explosions of volcanoes. There are mountains on the surface of the Moon, which rise to the height of nearly two miles; and it has been inferred that it has deep cavities, like the basins of our seas. Caspian lakes have been supposed in it. But it has either no atmosphere, or it is of such extreme rarity as to exceed the nearest vacuum we can produce by our best constructed air pumps; so that no terrestrial animal could breathe alive upon its surface. If, then, it be inhabited, it is not by beings who have bodies like other men, or any of our animated races. The lunar population must be of a far more aërial nature than our present selves, or our most delicate fellow creatures. Only sylphs, spirits, or angels, suit such ethereal medium. It has a great number of invariable spots, which prove that the Moon always presents to us the same hemisphere, and revolves on its axis in a period equal to that of its revolution. Its dark and bright parts have given rise to the idea, that it has seas, islands, and continents; but it is now doubted whether it has any water at all; and it has been supposed that if it had any oceans, the superior attraction of the Earth, especially when in conjunction with the Sun, would draw the aqueous fluid into a deluge over a large part of its surface. The light of the full Moon is at least 300,000 times more feeble than that of the Sun. From this inferiority, the lunar rays, when collected in the most powerful mirrors, produce no sensible effect on the thermometer. Indeed they seem to have a cold-producing agency, according to the experience of practical men, the philosophers have not yet ascertained the fact by their direct experiments. (1.) That they have a peculiar and unsalutary influence on the animal frame, appears to have been actually experienced by some of our countrymen. (2) Other nations declare the same. (3) It has been so often observed in mental derangement, that this malady has been named Lunacy, from the assumed effect; and medical men, experienced in such cases, are perfectly aware that in many there is a visible excitement at the changes of this luminary. Its atmospheric effects have been also asserted. We learn from Plutarch, that the ancients believed the Moon to produce many singular results, which he enumerates. Hence, however beautiful and interesting the moonlight scene of both heaven and earth is felt to be by all, it will be always wise to recollect, that night is our natural season of retirement and repose.

But our System could not be completed to be what it is, without the other PLANETS. These are the six larger ones, and the four Asteroids, which move in circuit round the Sun like ourselves; and the satellites which are found to revolve round the three most distant Planets. The 10 Planets and Asteroids, are always visible, except when immersed in the solar rays. The first five have been known from the remotest antiquity, because they can be observed by the natural eye; but Uranus and the Asteroids remained unknown till the Telescope descried them since the 18th century. Mercury and Venus never recede from the Sun beyond certain limits. The others are elongated from it to all possible angular distances. But the motions of all

* La Place, vol. 1, page 19.

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these bodies are comprehended in a zone of the celestial sphere called the Zodiac; and the breadth of this is divided into two equal parts by the Ecliptic.

MERCURY, so near the Sun, and thence so heated, that Dr. Walsh has not unaptly said, the inhabitants, if any, must be so many animated basaltic Memnons, revolves round its axis as we do, and in the same time. VENUS revolves like our Earth, in somewhat less than a day. Schroeter has inferred from his observations, that it has mountains of a considerable height, and is surrounded by an extensive atmosphere. It may, therefore, have inhabitants more like ourselves than those of the other Planets, but it is much hotter than our globe even in our torrid zone. It surpasses all the celestial orbs in brilliancy. It appears sometimes with horns, like the Moon. MARS, distinguished by the redness of its colour, does not move exactly in the plane of the Ecliptic. It sometimes deviates several degrees from it. It changes its apparent form, and becomes sensibly oval, according to its position with respect to the Sun; which shews that it receives light from this luminary. The splendid orb of JUPITER, though above 20 times larger in diameter than our Globe, yet has received such a far greater acceleration of agency than was appointed to our Planet, that he revolves round himself in less than half our day. His diurnal circuit gives him five hours daylight and five hours night; but his circuit round the Sun is so ample, and his ratio of motion so different from ours, that he takes nearly 12 of our years to complete it. JUPITER was made to be the most brilliant of the planets after Venus, which he sometimes surpasses in brightness, though he is at least five times more remote from us than the Sun. Like Mars and our Globe, his orb is flattened at the Poles. Four small stars or Satellites constantly accompany him, always changing their relative positions. The magnitude of these Moons cannot yet be exactly measured; nor have the several Belts which are observable upon his surface, been as yet accounted for. To his inhabitants the Sun is supposed to appear but as a bright star, giving little or no sensible heat. SATURN, was placed about nine and a half times further from us than the Sun; and made to revolve round its own axis, like Jupiter, in less than half of our day; though his mass is so much greater than ours. His celebrated Ring was found by Herschel to have a similar rotation in nearly the same time. Although so remote from the Sun, both his body and his ring are deemed opaque bodies, illuminated by it. The Ring disappears when the Earth is in its plane, as its thickness is imperceptible, and it becomes also invisible when the Sun is in its plane, and continues so as long as that plane is between the Sun and the Earth. Its several Satellites revolve around it from east to west, in orbits nearly circular. With the orbit of Saturn, our Solar System had been always thought to terminate, till Dr. Herschel, on the 18th March, 1781, discovered a new Planet to be revolving at twice the distance of Jupiter from the Sun. This grand addition to our System was at first named Georgius Sidus, then Herschel, and now more commonly URANUS. Its present diameter is very small. Herschel discovered six Satellites to revolve about it, in orbits nearly circular. Two only have been recognised and fully admitted by other astronomers. The Asteroids, or Telescopic Planets that revolve between Mars and Jupiter, need not be further noticed than to mention their apparent confirmation of the new law which the scientific Bode had suggested. His idea was, that the several planetary orbits have a progression in their magnitude. But this law seemed to be interrupted between Mars and Jupiter. Hence he inferred, that there was a planet wanting in that interval; a bold yet profound conjecture; but this predicted deficiency is now found to be supplied by the four new Asteroids, which occur in the very space where the unexplained vacancy presented a strong objection to the theory. All their orbits conform in dimension to the law in question. Thus the deduction of Bode was ascertained to be one of those predictive anticipations of true science, which if just, are like Newton's inference of the combustibility of the diamond, sure to be verified by the subsequent accessions of our philosophical knowledge. Now, as to COMETS. It may be asked whether they were among the heavenly Bodies that were of a contemporary formation with our Earth. It is a natural inquiry; but we have no materials on which we can satisfactorily reason to any useful conclusion on this point. Although we have now become acquainted with so many, we know but little about them. They participate, like the other Stars, in the movememt of the Heavens; and this combined with the smallness of their parallax, proves that they are not meteors generated in our atmosphere. Their proper motions are extremely complicated. They have a place in every direction; and are not restricted, like other Planets, to move from west to east. Their recurring presence proves that their first existence ascends into unexplored and unrecorded antiquity. Yet from whence they come to us, we as little know as for what purpose. Tycho Brake proved that they were farther from the Earth than the Moon, and were nearly as distant as the Planets. The Comet of 1682 re-appeared in 1759, having in the interval described an orbit like an ellipsis, answering to a revolution of 27,937 days. It will, therefore, re-appear in November, 1835. On the subject of Comets in general, I feel great pleasure in recommending to this meeting an "Essay on Comets," which gained the first of Dr. Fellowes's Prizes in the University of Edinburgh. The work is written by my attached friend David Milne.

The *primitive fluidity* of the Planets is clearly indicated by the compression of their figure, conformably to the laws of the mutual attraction of their molecules. It is also demonstrated by the regular diminution of gravity as we proceed from the Equator to the Poles. This state of primitive fluidity to which we are conducted by astronomical phenomena, is also apparent from those which natural history points out. Such is the deliberate judgment of La Place. Sir Isaac Newton had also, a century before, asserted the primeval fluidity of our Globe. It is thus that Moses first displays it to our view, a moving, liquid, unformed mass. In this state, under the additional action of light, it began its wonderful rotation, and became the regular composition of which it now consists. * * * * * Our Earth is above 90 millions of miles from the Sun; Saturn is above 800 more miles farther off; and the next and most remote that we know, which is connected with us, the Uranus, is twice that mighty distance. The fact is sublime, and vast beyond the power of our words to express, or of our ideas to conceive. Our System occupies an area of 5000 millions of miles, and yet this amazing portion of space is but one small portion of the indescribable Universe. Above 100,000 stars, apparently Suns like ours, shine above us; and to each of these, analogy would lead us to assign a similar appropriation of space. This is indeed a marvellous mystery. It compels us to call Creation an infinite immensity. It aggrandizes the Creator into a sublimity,

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that would render it the most presumptuous folly for us to imagine that He could think of, or care for us, if He had not expressly revealed to us his condescending regard, and His invitation and command that we should attach ourselves to Him. But this awful greatness makes that Revelation the more inestimable to us; for without such a Charter, without such personal authorization for our affectionate adoration and grateful duty, what could our reason suggest to us, while it contemplated a majesty so tremendous, but a tremulous dread and silent despair!

In conclusion, Gentlemen, we are philosophically entitled to say, that this World must have been framed by a transcendant Supernatural Agency; and could not otherwise have become what it is;—neither could it, without the continued aid and co-operation of the same Superhuman Power, remain what it is;—so firm, so unbroken, so undecaying, and so beautiful as we every where discern it to be. For it is a vast complication of multifarious parts—a very artificial arrangement of heterogeneous things, none of whose particles are in their original or natural state; and the whole and every portion—all that is in it or upon it—are in continual motion, action, re-action, and counteraction. Our common reason suggests that what is complicated cannot have been eternal, nor what is full of the most abstruse science in its construction, have been put together but by an highly scientific Mind. So all discordant and artificial combinations, that are always in counteraction with each other, with a constant nisus to separate, could never be kept permanently together but by the unceasing application of the complicating Power, and the continued superintendance of the forming Intelligence. Any other supposition only leaves an effect without a cause.

The difficulty is not lessened by the theory, of a Creation so perfectly formed at first, as to require no after Providence or attention; for this idea, if correctly examined, will be found to be but the assumption of an impossibility, when applied to any complicated structure. A simple atom, which, when once made to exist, cannot cease to be, and cannot alter, except by His Fiat who called it into being. But no complication of particles out of their natural state into an artificial one, can continue in their forced condition without a continued action of the complicating power—and this is the Creating one. The combining energy must continue to combine, or the combination in time will sever. The Creating Power must continue to act as the Conserving Power; and therefore, as a superintending Providence, preserving what it has made, supplying what wears off, supporting what declines, restoring what decays, and adding new means and impulses when new results are to be produced and new purposes accomplished. No words alone create; no words alone can be supposed to preserve. In both cases a power operates. The just inference from these remarks seems to be, that supernatural agency is as necessary to the present subsistence of things, as it was to produce their original formation. Let me caution the younger part of my audience to avoid all absurd prejudices theoretically against this view of things—against miracles, *i.e.* the doctrine of superhuman interference. Creation was a miracle. Its subsistence is not less so. The true idea of a miracle is, that it is an act of Divine Power—an event which the material laws of nature, without the greater law of the Divine Agency could not effect. To describe a miracle as a violation of the laws of nature, is an incorrect and inapplicable definition; for *all the laws of nature are in continual violation and counteraction with each other.* Fire burns, but water extinguishes it. Water is fluid, but cold converts it into a solid, and heat into air. It is the established course of nature, that all its laws should be thus violating each other. It is by such a violation that we roll yearly round the Sun. This is the result of the attractive law continually violating the law of that propulsive force which every Planet has received. These two laws are in constant struggle, each violating the other; neither prevailing. We now go round the Sun with no willing movement; and instead of flying from it as one law urges us to do, and instead of falling into it, to which the other is always drawing us—this mutual violation of each other's law compels our Planet into the elliptical circuit, which is the artificial product of this appointed contest.

I throw out these hints for your consideration, because Sacred History, being the history of the Divine agency in human affairs, cannot but comprise the appearance, and be expected to exhibit the occurrence of such miracles as were necessary to effectuate its objects.

The subjects of the next Lecture are

Creation of Vegetation—Necessity of Light and Air to it—On the Divine Agency in Nature—On the distinction between Light and the Solar Ray.

NOTES.

(1) Dr. Howard has affirmed, that on placing the blackened upper ball of his differential thermometer in the focus of a 13-inch reflecting mirror, opposed to the light of a full moon, the liquor sank in half a minute eight degrees!

(2) Men on board a ship, while lying in the moonlight, with their faces exposed to the beams, often have their muscles distorted, and their mouths drawn awry. Fish hung up all night in the light of the moon, when eaten next day, has occasioned violent sickness. See most of the Voyages round the World.

(3) Mr. Madden mentions, that the Arabs attribute a morbific influence to the moon, and think it causes ophthalmia and catarrh.

POLITICAL PROPHECIES NOT GENERALLY VERIFIED.

"I quit the Camp."—*Burke.*

"I have now done with this House—ruin stares the country in the face, and Revolution is at the door. I have read the history of 40 years which have passed before me, and every page of that history confirms me in the determination I have now taken. I shall no longer hold my place in this House. Let the noble Lords do their dirty work alone."

[The noble Earl Carnarvon having said these words sat down: upon which the Duke of Wellington and his party rose and left the House in a body.]

The above is an extract from the debates in the House of Lords, 17th of May, 1832, and is taken from a London paper. It is no part of our duty in this Journal, to advocate any set of political principles; we may, however, watch the progress of our National History, and contemplate the "signs of the times." We may also draw a few historic parallels, simply with the view of suggesting *reasons for repose* to those whose minds are in a state of distressing anxiety, to such as have not studied *Hayley's* "Triumphs of Temper," and lastly, to justify the heading of the present article.

The year 1707 is conspicuous in the history of our country, for the Union of the two Kingdoms—England and Scotland. The Scots from that æra have unquestionably enjoyed more happiness as a people, and risen to more wealth and consequence as individuals, than they would have attained in their disunited state. Nor has England reason to complain of the Union. Instead of turbulent neighbours, she has gained hardy soldiers, a world of intellect, and a loyal people. Scotland has, since the Union, never been as she was always before, the instrument, often reluctant, but too frequently impelled—the victim of French politics. No—the Union has blended the population of each, into one general country of fraternal emulation, respect, kindness, progression, and prosperity. Scotsmen and Englishmen are now real brothers, and assist-

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ing friends in art, in arms, in science, in commerce, in philanthropy, and in every thing which adorns our common nature, and which distinguishes its political society. Yes, the Union began a new history for both countries, of a grander character than either had known before: and we are now partners in all the honor, fame, and power, which wise government, high moral character, and peaceful consistent conduct, can obtain or impart to either. In one point of view, the great good sense of Scotland is of the highest order. As an *ancient kingdom*, it is readily to be supposed, that it required a strong mastery over the passions to yield with a quiet surrender, her dear-bought privileges, and especially her far-famed *language*. Let us recollect it was the language of a whole country long an independent kingdom, separate in laws, character, and manners. It was not, be it considered, the language of a polyglot family,

"Black, White, and Grey,"——

but the language of a people unmixed with all the ends of the earth, and who really had an indisputable claim to its perpetuity. The language is now no more, but it is connected in the imagination not only with olden time, which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple, than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colors of remembered childhood and domestic affection. And what introduced this portion of change in Scotland? The general introduction of the English language throughout the country—by means of Schools, the *Pulpit*, and the Courts of Justice, and without the aid of those stumbling-blocks—*Translators*. But then all men were *sincere* in their *public capacities;* they were united in carrying into effect the Ordinances of Government. There was but *one opinion* as to the necessity of establishing *one community* of language. They knew its influential importance in cementing the affections of all ranks to Britain and her laws; they put down those rebellious people who stupidly attempted a resistance, (for there were a few such,) and they lived to behold their loyal and praise-worthy efforts crowned for—

"The good, the common good of all the land."

But we have somewhat wandered from our subject. Our business is to advert to those melancholy pictures which are often presented to the public in the shape of political prophecies. The noble Earl of Carnarvon (an extremely worthy man) having presented us with a text, the patriotic Lord Belhaven of 1706, has furnished us with a comment. His lordship, in pleading against the Union of the two kingdoms, in a kind of prophetic, or rather poetic vision, fancied many evils, the very reverse of which have come to pass. The following is a copy of the famous speech of Lord Belhaven in the Scottish Parliament, and which depictures, with most impressing imagery, the evils which he thought would arise from the measure in question being carried.

"Methinks I see a free and independent kingdom, delivering up the great object of dispute among nations, for which the world has ever been fighting, and all Europe is at present engaged in war; the power to manage their own affairs without assistance or controul. I see the present peers of Scotland, whose ancestors have exacted tribute through England, walking like English attorneys in the court of requests; while at home a petty English exciseman shall receive more homage and respect than were ever paid to the greatest of their progenitors. I see the estate of barons, the bold assertors of our liberties in the worst of times, setting a watch upon their lips, and a guard upon their tongues, to avoid the penalties of unknown laws; and the burrows, walking through their desolate streets, drooping under disappointments, and wormed out of the branches of their former trade. I see the honest and industrious tradesman, loaded with new taxes and impositions, disappointed of the equivalent, eating his saltless porridge, and drinking water instead of ale. I see the incurable difficulties of the landed gentry, fettered with the golden chain of equivalents; their daughters petitioning for want of husbands, and their sons for want of employment. But above all, I see our ancient mother Caledonia, like Cæsar, sitting in the midst of our senate, looking mournfully around, covering herself with her royal garment, and breathing out her last words, *And thou too, my son!* while she attends the fatal blow from our hands. Patricide is worse than parricide; to offer violence to our country is worse than to our parents. But shall we whose predecessors have founded our monarchy and transmitted its constitution and its laws entire, to us a free and independent kingdom, shall we be silent when our country is in danger, or betray what our progenitors have so dearly purchased? The English are a great and a glorious nation. Their armies are every where victorious; their navy is the terror of Europe; their commerce encircles the globe, and their capital has become the emporium of the whole earth. But we are obscure, poor, and despised, though once a nation of better account; situated in a remote corner of the world, without alliances, and without a name. What then can prevent us from burying our animosities, and uniting cordially together, since our very existence as a nation is at stake? The enemy is already at our gates! Hannibal is within our gates! Hannibal is at the foot of the throne, which he will soon demolish, seize upon these regalia, and dismiss us never to return to this house again! Where are the Douglases, the Grahams, the Campbells, our peers and chieftains, who vindicated by their swords, from the usurpation of the English Edwards, the independence of their country, which their sons are about to forfeit by a single vote? I see the English constitution remaining firm: the same houses of parliament; the same taxes, customs, and exercise; the same trading companies, laws, and judicatures; whilst ours are either subjected to new regulations, or are annihilated for ever. And for what? that we may be admitted to the honour of paying their old arrears, and presenting a few witnesses to attest the new debts which they may be pleased to contract! Good God! is this an entire surrender? My heart bursts with indignation and grief, at the triumph which the English will obtain to-day, over a fierce and warlike nation, that has struggled to maintain its independence so long! But if England should offer us our own conditions never will I consent to the surrender of our sovereignty; without which, unless the contracting parties remain independent, there is no security different from his who stipulates for the preservation of his property when he becomes a slave."

MISCHIEVOUS PEOPLE.

One characteristic of the English populace—perhaps we ought to say people, for it extends to the middle classes—is their propensity to mischief. The people of most other countries may safely be admitted into parks, gardens, public buildings, and galleries of pictures, and of statues; but in England it is necessary to exclude them, as much as possible, from all such places, because there is no security against the wanton mischief and gross offences which are committed in mere sport. This disgraceful part of the English character (for such it is, and as such all foreigners regard it,) can neither be soon nor easily corrected; but any thing tends to correct it that contributes to give the people a taste for intellectual pleasures—any thing that contributes to their innocent enjoyment—any thing that excites them to wholesome and pleasurable activity of body and mind; and the faster the march of intellect can be made to proceed in this direction, and the farther it goes, the better.

The above is an extract from the last Number (93) of the Quarterly Review, and as far as it regards the existence of mischievous people, we perfectly agree with our cotemporary; well knowing that they are by far a too numerous sect, but we are not persuaded that the remedy suggested will cure the evil; for how does it happen, that with the craving of books,—the march of intellectual pleasures, there is on the part of the public a determined anxiety to destroy, disfigure, or otherwise injure the property of our private as well as our public libraries? There is not, perhaps, a more pestilent class of nuisances to a gentleman's library on the wide surface of the globe, than Book Borrowers:—Look into every private library and behold the delapidated state of such—and this arising from the men and women who *borrow*, but who never *return*. We have known such people justify their conduct on the plea, that the return of their borrowed books has not been solicited; they thus enjoy

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a property not their own, founded on the unsuspecting confidence or treacherous memories of their friends and neighbours. But our present business is not so much with book-borrowers. We have to do with a very numerous class of personages—the subscribers to, and readers of circulating libraries. Than the readers of such (taking proper exceptions,) we know not a more ungrateful race of beings. Just take up the books of a library about six weeks old, and what do you observe?—The books torn and creased in all directions,—broken-backed, lob-sided, or altogether divested of title page, table of contents, frontispiece, and the first and last chapters of the volume. And then who has done all this mischief. *Nobody!* It was so at first. Sometimes, it is true, an honourable reader comes forward and apologises for the loss of, or damage done to a book by his dog, or cat, or servant, or child, and immediately draws his purse-strings to supply the deficiency. But there is another class of book-destroyers,—the marginal note scribblers who have the vanity to record their puerile opinions in books not their own property. The copious digitorial memoranda, which are visible in the books of most of our public libraries, are utterly disgraceful to the writers, and at once a proof of extreme bad taste. Again, we know there are such people in the world as book-*stealers*. A man who would steal a book would make no bones of stealing a sheep provided he were hungry. The worst of it is, some people seem to glory in their book-thefts, as much as the monks of the darker ages used to exult in stealing the relics of a Saint! One more class of incorrigibles and we have done. *Mrs. Negotie Winkel* and her son would ruin you a noble library in a twelve-month or less; not by malice prepense, and aforethought, but just by *dis honestly* lending your books to some score of idlers like themselves, each of whom generously contributes his or her quota towards their disfigurement and eventual destruction. One lady reads your elegantly bound L. E. L. in bed, and of course, leaves a tumulus of tallow in greasy remembrance of her reading habits. A second puts the bride of Ivanhoe and the whole of her attendants into deep mourning, at the very moment she is plighting him her troth, by overturning an ink-stand upon the description.

A third, a toilette reader, abstracts all the advertising sheets of *La Belle Assemblee* and *World of Fashion* for curl paper.—A fourth casts up her accounts in the pages of *Pin Money*, and leaves a scrawl record of the profits arising from the incomings of the coolie earnings. A fifth gives Evelina the benefit of a shower bath before breakfast, by leaving her out for 12 hours upon a garden seat to endure the pitless pelting of the spring showers; until her eyes are so bleared, and her skin so swollen and soddened by the ablution, that she is no more fit to enter genteel company. Not a few of these second-hand book borrowers, do not scruple to feed the hungry heroes and heroines of our works of fiction, by administering to their necessities half the greasy crumbs of their breakfast, tea, and still *richer* supper tables; now and then superadding to their benefactions a cup of tea or coffee.

In conclusion, let it be observed, that second-hand borrowers are the most careless recipients of your favours of any genus of the species, because they know, that the person to whom they are required to return the book, will not read it after them; and they are equally satisfied that whatever mischief they do it, no blame whatever can be attached to them by the owner.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Impressed with a desire to communicate what may be useful in this age of inquiry, when the *faculty* of acquiring knowledge, whereby we may attain to the possession of wisdom, is being so generally cultivated; and as in the present state of society, the press is the grand medium of communication,—I take the liberty to forward for insertion, the following translation in part, of a Latin Work entitled "Principia Rerum Naturalium;" which I think may be acceptable and interesting to many of your readers. If consistent with the plan of your literary work, I will from time to time, as leisure permits, present you with a continuation. I am led to believe, no complete English translation of this work, is at present extant.

Philoctirestos.

PRINCIPIA RERUM NATURALIUM.

(Translated from the Latin,)

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Treats of the Means which lead to true Philosophy, and of the Man who may justly be styled a Philosopher

If the mind be well connected with the organs of the senses, or in other words, if man be truly rational, he is perpetually aspiring after wisdom. The soul is in the desire of being instructed by the senses, and of continually exercising its perception from them, as if separate from itself; and the senses in turn from the mind, to which they present their several objects for contemplation. Thus each performs and contributes to a like common operation, and tends to one ultimate object, the wisdom of the man. For this purpose there exists a continual connexion between the soul and body, and reason being added to the senses, the desire after wisdom becomes the peculiar mark, and characteristic of man; but unless he feels delight in the Knowledge, and embraces whatever lies beyond, or soars above his senses, he is far from being truly rational, nor is there a due connexion between the senses and the soul. The senses, and their various organs, can receive but grossly, and in an imperfect measure, the phenomena of the world. Now, there is no other animal but man who possesses any knowledge beyond that of the mere senses and of their organs disposed in the pia meninx of the brain. They have no power of penetrating further, neither can refer by a defect in the more subtle active power, the objects presented to a higher, or more accurate principle. But truly the wisdom of man cannot be said to differ from theirs, if we choose to refer the objects, or operations of the world upon our senses, to no other principle than what they do, and not to the soul, and to its reason. The desire to know the causes of things, and also to investigate the secret and unknown operations of Nature, is a certain prognostic that we are willing to be wise. For this purpose each one uniformly consults the oracle of the mind, and thence requires his answer; that is, we are eager to acquire deeper wisdom than that proffered us in a superficial manner through the medium of the senses.

But he who wishes to attain the end, must wish likewise to acquire the means. Now, these are the means which more especially lead to knowledge truly philosophical; *Experience, Geometry*, and the *Faculty of Reasoning*. First then let us try whether, and in what manner we have the power, by these three means to arrive at knowledge *a priori*, or to reach, in natural, and physical enquiries, the extremest boundaries of human wisdom.

By philosophy is here understood the knowledge of the mechanism of our world, and of whatever in the world falls under Geometrical government, and laws; and which it is possible to detect by experience, assisted by geometry and reason. Under the goverment of geometry are its three kingdoms, the *Mineral*, the *Vegetable*, and the *Animal*, and, if it be as yet permitted to call it a fourth, the *Elemental*. The mineral kingdom includes every thing in the earth of a hard material, and terrestrial nature, whether it be metallic, stony, or sulphuous; together with every substance, either fixed, or fluid, which cannot be classed as vegetable, or elemental. The Vegetable Kingdom includes every thing which owes its origin to the Mineral, and which serves to adorn the surface of the earth, by increase of growth and vegetation. The Animal Kingdom embraces whatever encreases by growth, but which lives by the possession each one of an individual soul. In the Elemental we comprehend all those bodies, which are of themselves, and by their own nature fluid; in which each particle exults, and flourishes by its own peculiar powers of motion and elasticity. A collected volume of these constitutes an Element, as Air, Æther, and that still more subtle one, which we shall hereafter investigate in the course of our Principia.

Under the government of geometry, and under the mechanical laws of motion, we may be allowed to rank the whole mineral as well as vegetable kingdoms, and indeed the animal too in respect to mechanical organs, muscles, fibres, and membranes; so that anatomically considered, it is both vegetable and organical. But in respect to the soul, and its various faculties, I do not conceive it possible that they can be explained, or comprehended by any of the known laws of motion; such indeed is our present state of ignorance, we know not whether the motions by which the soul operates on the organs of the body, be such as to be reduced to any rule, or law, either singular, or dissimilar with those of mechanism. The elements by which the earth is surrounded, and in which it floats, acknowledge mechanism and its laws to be as it were peculiarly their own; so intimately is mechanism united with the element, as to owe its very existence to them; and indeed the method by which they are moved, and actuated, is mechanism itself, which is thus both conceived and born of the elemental kingdom. Since then the elements of Air, Æther, and whatever is of a still more subtle nature, are naturally, and peculiarly influenced by geometry and mechanism, we have it in our power to elucidate them by the assistance of experience, the known laws of motion, and geometry united. In this first part of our Principia we speak, in part generally, and in part specifically, of the elements, of their progress from the first and most subtle, to the last which is circumfused around the earth; also of the motion of the elemental particles, of their figure, and whatever else may relate to them either as an attribute, or as essential to their nature.

Arduous is the attempt to explain philosophically the hitherto secret operations of elemental nature, far removed, and almost hidden from our view. I must endeavour to place, as it were, before the eyes, those phenomena, which she herself is careful to conceal, and of which she seems most adverse to the investigation. In such an ocean I should not venture to spread my sail, without having experience, and geometry continually present to direct the hand, and watch the helm. With these to assist and direct me, I may hope for a prosperous passage over the trackless deep. These shall be my two stars to guide me in my course, and light me on my way; for of these do we stand most in need in the thick darkness which involves both elemental nature and the human mind.

(To be continued.)

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ON THE CAPE INTELLECT.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I am not offended at the stirring-up system (as you call it) by which you very often provoke some of your readers, because I apprehend that you mean good rather than harm. But when in your last you say our Cape Youth have neither genius nor talent, I think you labour under a mistake; and also in the causes of such deficiency which you enumerate, I think you have overlooked the circumstances, viz:—that many of the evils of which you complain, and *some* of which I admit are but too true, arises from the fact, that it is our misfortune to possess Slave and Hottentot servants. Where Slaves prevail, can we expect much improvement of the mind? Who ever heard of talent in a West Indian, or from a person born in one of the southern states of North America?

A COLONIST.

WITNESSES AND THEIR INTERROGATORS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—It often falls to my lot to witness the distressing outward situation of witnesses who are brought before the Police Court and the Supreme Court, and I have often wished for a situation which should enable me, in my official capacity, to put things on a more equitable footing. I allude to the *naked* appearances which one so often observes, and the meagre gaunt and hungry looks of the poor creatures. In many cases, I am clearly of opinion that a witness is frequently unable to give clear evidence from physical inability.—What I mean, may be illustrated by the following case mentioned by M. Berranger in his Criminal Law of France, and although in his work, *Prisoners* are mentioned, yet it must not be forgotten that many of the *witnesses* in this Colony are comparatively such.

I am, Sir,
A BYE-STANDER.

"You contradict yourself," said the president, addressing one of the prisoners, "in many of your answers." "Sir," answered the unhappy being, "I have undergone so many interrogatories, that I hardly know what I am saying. I have been *au secret!!* This torture I suffered 100 days. For fifty hours I received no food, and thrice in that time I was interrogated. The last time was at mid-night, and I could scarcely stand for hunger. When I was carried back, I asked for bread. It was refused as being beyond the usual hour of distribution. I remained six weeks without change of linen or water to wash in. My wife tried frequently to bring me a few necessary articles:—in vain. My three first interrogatories were succeeded by twenty others. If the scaffold had then been offered me, I should have thought it a mercy. My reason was shattered. When the judge interrogated me, I had lost my recollection. 'You hesitate, said he; 'you contradict yourself; you are agitated—then you are guilty' Now, Mr. President, can you be surprized, if you find some contradictions in my answers." The appearance of the man bore full testimony to the sufferings he described. The crowd shuddered with horror. A loud murmur burst forth, and it was with some difficulty that order could be restored."

PSALMODY — INSTRUMENTS — TUNES — THE ENGLISH EPISCOPAL — THE SCOTTISH — THE LUTHERAN—THE METHODIST—AND INDEPENDENT CONGREGATIONS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I am a lover of music, but it must be in its proper place. I am sorry it should have left the drawing-room and the *hall,* and that it should have *secularized* itself in the church. I think it reflects great discredit on us at the Cape, that for some years past we have failed to countenance the winter concerts; that we have not employed that musical talent around us which is well known to exist in very many quarters. But my present question is—*Church Music.* It was in the course of the 16th century, I think, that the Psalmody of England and the other protestant countries, was brought to the state in which it now remains, and in which it is desirable that it should continue to remain. For this psalmody we are indebted to the reformers of Germany, especially Luther, who was himself an enthusiastic lover of music, and is believed to have composed some of the finest tunes, particularly the 100th psalm, and the hymn of the last Judgment. Our psalm tunes, consisting of prolonged and simple sounds, are admirably adapted for being sung by congregations; and as the effect of this kind of music is much increased by its venerable antiquity, it would be very unfortunate should it yield to the influence of modern innovation: for this reason it is desirable that organists and directors of choirs (presuming such to be necessary,) should confine themselves to the established old tunes, instead of displacing them by the *jigs* of modern composition. Of course, (to be honest,) I allude to the musical ceremonials of the English Episcopal Congregation. Turn we, *secondly,* to the Reformed or Colonial Church. In Cape Town, the singing is conducted with becoming solemnity, (understanding, at the same time, that it is *loud enough* in all conscience.) In the country churches the manner of conducting the psalmody is distressing; and to make matters worse, a foolish fashion has been introduced of annoying the services by the shout of wind-instruments—the sound of *horns.* Such as I recollect hearing at Tulbagh and other places, is a hurly-burly rioting blustering, without meaning or melody, which puts you in fear of the tympanum in your ears, without possessing the power of giving you satisfaction for the affront. I declare, I would just as soon hear the grunting harmony of a thousand hogs, and coupled with the recollection of other instruments which I have heard in some of the churches, I am sure I would give the preference to the squeaking hurdy-gurdy, the scream of a macaw, or even the music of the knife-grinder. This department of the colonial state should be looked after, and the Presbyteries warned on the subject. Thirdly, as it regards St. Andrew's Kirk, I do not contemplate much improvement. At present, the unfortunate leader has it all to himself. Until the *heart* and the *mouth are opened,* there need not be expected much *shewing forth of Praise.* But as this is the work of Omnipotence, (so declared by the Psalmist David,) no worldly reasoning on my part would suffice to break that sullen silence which the folk of Saint Andrew's think it fashionable to preserve. Fourthly, the *Lutherans.*—This congregation, so highly respectable, is famed for the consistency of its solemn and christian manner of praise. One exception must, however, be made—I mean its Annual Festival Day—which brings a crowd of people together—not, I suspect, to * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * but to have their ears tickled with the tumult of mechanical sounds—and to enjoy the delicious gratification of exclaiming when the sounds are over

"Hoe fraai!"

Fifthly, the *Methodists:*—Dear to the writer is the memory of the inestimable John Wesley! Would that the moderns who profess to adopt his principles, possessed his incorruptible simplicity—his heavenly-devotedness—his unequalled zeal. In the humble and densely populated purlieus of Barrack-street, I have heard the simple song of praise conducted with modesty, and certainly well calculated to soothe the "savage breast" Alas! and alack-a-day, fashion (it may be) has taken the congregation by the hand, and led it to a more worldly site. It is enough for me to observe, in reference to the subject under review, that very frequently the *shouting singing* adopted by *certain* members of this congregation is well calculated to

"Split the ears of the groundlings."

Once more, and lastly:—*The Inde-*

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pendents — those who worship in the Chapel, Church-square. What must an infidel or gainsayer think, on hearing, as I have heard at this place, very solemn hymns joyfully performed to some brisk melody. There is a tune called *Job*, which would perhaps be a great favourite, did it not require the first half of the line to be repeated, which is often inconvenient, and generally unmeaning. I have heard this tune sung to Hymn 100, Book ii. of Dr. Watts, in the last verse of which the *repeat* has a most dreadful effect; not worse, however, than in the 1st verse of Hymn 128 of Book i. Yet are such words coolly and complacently sung to the regret, I should think, of the minister, and probably, some of his people. The 92d Psalm of Dr. Watts is not unfrequently sung to *Derby* tune, in which there is an awkward fugue which divides the last lines at the 5th syllable. How distressing to hear the clerk or leader bawl out and reiterate

'Blast them in ever— —'

Instances of this description might easily be multiplied; some of an inexpressibly ludicrous kind. Bath Chapel tune, for instance, sung to Hymn 20, Book i. gives, in the 2d verse, the following repeat:

'Upon a poor *pel*——'

The absurd introduction of fugues has in like manner converted many of our hymns into catches, and it is difficult to acquit the composer in all cases of a facetious design. Catches and glees are, indeed, apparently the model for modern psalmody, and many tunes are literally taken from them. I like a good glee, I confess, and admire Callcott, and Webbe, and Lord Mornington; but I have no wish to hear "The Red-Cross Knights," or "Here in a Cool Grot," performed to sacred words. Viewing the *fugue* with the eye of a *musician*, (I beg pardon, as a *lover of music*,) it is a source of great delight to me; but when I consider its object in Church Music, I cannot but look upon it as entirely out of place. Let music elsewhere be as unlimited as its scope may be, in the church it should absolutely tend to one grand object; it is there essentially a portion of *divine worship*. Its aim is not to create that feeling of delight and admiration, which, viewed as a work of *art*, it might give rise to; it should excite the assembled congregation to devotion, and direct their thoughts from man and all his trickeries, *outward adornings* and *singing powers*, to sincere and humble adoration of our Great God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

DUNDEE.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO IN THE DUNGEONS OF THE INQUISITION OF ROME, IN 1818.

(Extracted from the English MS. of an Italian Exile.)

* * * As the Italians have a naturally lively disposition, and think but little about past and future sorrows, one may not be surprised to see in all places of amusement the appearance at least of true enjoyment. It is for this reason that the Carnival of Rome presents, within the short space of twenty-four hours,* the length of its real duration, more interesting scenes, and greater variety of masks, than the long and wearisome Carnivals of Naples, Milan, and Venice. It may be said, that at that epoch the poorest of the inhabitants will sacrifice any thing to display themselves and their finery in the renowned Strada del Corso. It has been proved that, during that period, the pawnbrokers of Rome lend more money than for the rest of the year. It was at this season of merriment and rejoicing that the anecdote I am about to relate happened to me.

Being solicited by a lady to perform in mask, and assume the character of Cicero, with the promise that she would accompany me in the character and dress of Tulliola, I consented; and having had a mask taken from the bust of the Roman orator, which is preserved in the capitol, and dressed in the style of a Roman consul, I entered into the Corso, accompanied by my supposed daughter. At first, I placed myself under the gate of the Palace Bolognetti, where a great crowd soon collected around me. Clever men were not backward in questioning me about many ancient historical and political events, and I answered in Latin to all their questions. The facility with which I conversed in the language of the great Roman—a facility, indeed, which it had been my early ambition to acquire—excited public attention, and, in a short time, all the Corso spoke of nothing but of the wonderful Cicero of the Palace Bolognetti, and I was almost besieged by the multitude

After having remained more than an hour in that situation, I went to pay a visit to Prince Ghigi, in whose drawing-room a great number of the Roman nobility, and many literary men, had assembled to witness the races of the Barbari. Cicero, of course, was soon attacked on all sides. Prince Ghigi accused me of having flattered Cæsar, and changed my principles on several occasions. These accusations I combated with many historical arguments, and proved that Cicero's integrity and patriotism had remained unstained during that dreadful period of Rome. Every person present tried to guess who was the representative of the Roman orator. Some said, and felt assured, that I was a Professor of the Sapienza; others, that I was one of the *Scriptores* of the Vatican; but the Cavalier Odescalchi said before the company, that he knew but one man who could perform Cicero in a like manner, and that was the Hungarian gentleman who had often delivered extemporaneous Latin poetry before the *Accademia Latina*. Seeing that I was so nearly discovered, I left the Palace Ghigi, but promised that, at night, I would go to the *Festino* of the theatre Alibert.

From thence I walked up and down the Corso, and often spoke in Latin to the numerous English who were seated before the Palace Ruspoli, particularly to a lady who, in my opinion, was one of the finest women I ever beheld She could not understand me; and as I would not speak in any living language, her husband, a captain in the British navy, was my interpreter; I obtained their address, and had afterwards the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with them.

* The Carnival of Rome lasts eight days, but the masks are only permitted to circulate during three hours of each day.

According to my promise, I went to the Festino. There all that Rome contained of talent and genius had assembled to attack, embarras, and overcome, if possible, the living Cicero. For four hours all the most difficult parts of the works of the Roman orator were proposed for my explanation; several of his orations, in which either the beginning or the conclusion are wanting, I was required to complete. Having for many years had the works of this great master, I may say, at my fingers' ends, I was enabled to afford so satisfactory an explanation of them, that my auditors were truly astonished.

About one o'clock in the morning, the Prince of Canino (Lucien Bonaparte), who was present, demanded my opinion relative to the present state of Rome, and inquired what I thought of its civil and criminal laws. Unfortunately for me, in the warmth of discussion, I forgot where I was, and having been questioned how I could speak so precisely on things that had occurred two thousand years after my death, I told them that I had often the opportunity of meeting in the lower regions some of the cleverest inhabitants of Rome, and that lately I had had a long conversation with Cardinal Maury, on the very subject. This was a thunderbolt to the ears of several of the auditors. Such a speech was the greatest blasphemy against the holy order of cardinals; and the Arguses of the Roman Inquisition soon denounced me to Monsignor Pacca, governor of Rome. Orders were immediately given for my arrest as soon as I left the house, and, accordingly, about two o'clock, while I was stepping into a carriage, I was seized by four sbirri. They conducted me into a neighbouring house, where my eyes were bound, and, without speaking a syllable, I was hurried into a coach, and driven off. When I alighted, I found myself in the Monastery of Santa Maria in Minerva, where the Inquisitors of the Holy Office hold their infernal sittings, and where the dungeons are situated in which the accused are kept during the progress of their trial, and until their final sentence is pronounced. The little subterraneous cave in which I was imprisoned was scarcely of sufficient height to allow me to stand upright; it was about six feet wide, and nearly as much in length. The only aperture was a small hole, which looked into a dark corridor, and served to admit the air. A wooden chair, and a pitcher of water, were all the furniture.

It would be impossible to describe what were my feelings and my anxiety during that long night. I had twice in my life been confined, and also condemned to death for political offences, but I had never tenanted a dungeon half so appalling as was that subterranean den.

In the morning, about ten o'clock, two robust friars made their appearance, and informed me that I was to be conducted before the inquisitor, but they wished to tie both my hands. I strongly opposed this act of tyranny, and would not submit. They answered it was indispensable; but I continued in my resolution. When the friars saw that I was determined not to submit they retired; and after about a quarter of an hour returned, and ordered me to follow them. We passed through several dark corridors, ascended by a gloomy stair-case, and arrived at the cell of the Rev. Father Olivieri,* one of the four inquisitors of the holy office of Rome. This inquisitorial attorney-general was a man of about fifty years of age, of dark complexion and high stature, and possessed all the exterior striking features of his tyrannical vocation. His black, fierce-looking eyes, his large mouth and thick lips, inspired a sort of awe mingled with disgust. Next to him was seated a younger monk, ready to transcribe his questions and my answers. The reverend father

* Father Olivieri is still living, and has lately been appointed, by Cardinal Barnetti, the present secretary of state of Gregory XIV., the supreme inquisitor of the arrested Carbonari of the Roman States. There is no appeal from the decisions of his tribunal!!!

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stared at me for a minute or two as if wishing to read into my heart, and then sitting down, began as follows:—

"What is your name, country, profession, and religion?"

"I am Arnuel Tchocha, a native of Buda, in Hungary, by profession a soldier, and a Catholic by birth."

"Why have you been arrested?"

"I do not know."

"Have you not spoken in a public theatre against the holy order of cardinals?"

"I do not remember having committed such an offence."

"Did you not say, last night, while speaking of the present laws of Rome, that you had seen, in hell, Cardinal Maury?"

"Yes, I did, but it was in the warmth of my argumentation; and I never thought that it would be deemed an offence to the holy order of cardinals, especially as I there represented Cicero, who was by no means a good Catholic."

"Can you assign any other motive which might mitigate the rigour of the holy inquisition for your great crime?"

"I do not know of any. Besides," added I, "Cardinal Maury was, during all his life, undoubtedly opposed to the Roman church's infallibility, and to the last moment of his existence he would not abjure this erroneous opinion."

"'Tis true," answered Father Olivieri; "but you know that the holy pontiff, having sent to the dying cardinal his *in articulo mortis* absolution, it is almost an article of faith that Cardinal Maury has been saved from the torments of hell."

"I did not know this," replied I; "and I must confess that, had I been informed of the circumstance, it would not have altered my sentiments."

"Are you the same person who has often delivered extemporaneous Latin poetry in the Latin Academy?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well," the Rev. Father Olivieri then observed, "how can a soldier be so well acquainted with ancient literature and history as to deliver extemporaneous Latin poetry, and to represent, as you have done, the character of Cicero?"

"*Factum infectum fieri nequit*," answered I; "and if I have done it, it is the best proof of what a soldier can do."

"But," replied the inquisitor, taking a paper into his hand, "here is a letter which I have received from the most Rev. Monsignor Pacca, governor of Rome;* he informs me that strong suspicions are entertained that you are not a Hungarian, but that under such a fictitious name is concealed an Italian nobleman, of very dangerous religious and political principles. What can you reply to it?

"My answer will be very short," said I. "You and Monsignor Pacca have been deceived. I have a German passport, and am well known to Prince Kounitz, our ambassador at Rome."

Father Olivieri, on hearing this, seemed much surprised, remained silent for some moments, and then told me, "That I was to return to my dungeon, that he might make his report, and obtain further information."

"To this I replied, by saying, "That if I was to be retained as a prisoner, they should give me better accommodation, and that they should send for my clothes, for I could not remain longer dressed as Cicero." In the meanwhile, I told the inquisitor that I was intimately acquainted with the Cardinals Fontana and Litta,* who were at that epoch the presidents of the tribunal of the holy office of Rome, and that if my just request was not granted, to them I would appeal for redress, and that I was certain to obtain it.

This observation rendered the reverend inquisitor more reasonable; he ordered the two friars to conduct me into the hall, where generally the offenders are kept in custody; he also promised me that I should have my clothes, if I would give a written order to my servant to deliver them to the messenger: this I did directly, and withdrew.

The new prison, in which I was now confined, was a large subterraneous apartment, placed under the court of the Monastery of Santa Maria in Minerva. It was not very dark, for at the top of the ceilings there were several openings, guarded with iron bars; a long wooden bedstead was at one side, upon which ten or twelve persons could have lain; a large black crucifix was suspended at one side of the wall, and several old dirty pious books were fastened with small iron chains to the wooden chairs of the apartment. On the walls were written, or rather engraved with some pointed instrument, some thousand names of the unfortunate victims of inquisitorial despotism, who had been interred alive before me in that dungeon, and, very probably, for no greater offence; among which, I distinguished Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa, the Cavalier d'Arpino, Vincenzo Damiana, Cagliostro, and the celebrated Dominican monk, Fontana Rosa; under this was the following—*Bene est, quia Monachus Monachos odi.* I read also the names of several German, English, and Irish artists, and heretics, and not a few of the French liberals. After having minutely examined my new habitation, I threw myself on the bedstead, and, being extremely fatigued, went to sleep.

About four o'clock I was roused by a friar, who came to bring me some food, and my clothes I thanked him, and requested that he would give me a light, for it was already very dark. This was granted. I ate something, and exchanged the dress of Cicero, which had proved so fatal to me. About twelve o'clock in the night, I heard a very distressing voice, and the cries of a man who certainly was suffering under bodily torture, for now and then I plainly understood that he exclaimed, "Have mercy upon me. I cannot confess what I have not done. Have mercy upon me; I am dying!" This was a very dreadful omen; and I endured the most painful sensation in considering that perhaps a similar treatment was prepared for me.

Next morning the two friars came very early, and conducted me again to the inquisitor Olivieri. As soon as I entered his cell, he told me "that further information had been taken, and that he was fully convinced of my being not a Hungarian. Besides," added he, "Monsignor Pacca has been informed by the Marquis of Fuscaldo, the Neapolitan ambassador at the court of Rome, that you are a very bad subject of his Sicilian Majesty. If it be so, he has demanded you as a prisoner, and in a few days you will be confronted with persons who will identify you."

I was truly alarmed on hearing this, but I did not manifest any exterior apprehension, for I was convinced that before such an epoch my friends would have done all in their power to save me. In this opinion I was not mistaken, for my Tulliola, who had left the theatre a short time before my arrest, not having seen me the next day, began to think that some misfortune had befallen me; and having sent to my lodgings, was informed of my absence, and of the suspicion of my having fallen into the hands of the inquisition. Knowing that I was acquainted with the Austrian ambassador, she therefore immediately called on him, and related her apprehensions concerning me. Prince Kounitz immediately ordered his carriage, and drove to Monsignor Pacca, requesting to know where I was. The governor answered, that he knew nothing at all about my destiny, and that it was possible I had gone out of town. Kounitz was not satisfied with this reply, and remarked, that as I was one of the subjects of the Emperor of Austria, it was his duty to see that I should not be ill-treated and unjustly condemned. Monsignor Pacca repeated that he was quite ignorant of what might have happened to me.

The ambassador called, therefore, on the Cardinal of state, and finding that his eminence had gone to spend the evening at the Palace Ghigi, and there to play at cards with the amiable princess, his favourite lady, the prince soon directed his course to that conversazione, and having met Gonzalvi, called him out, and repeated to him the same questions he had already made to Monsignor Pacca, but received, almost literally, the same answers. To this Kounitz intimated his intention of addressing himself to the pope, if on the next morning I should not be found, or if the cardinal would not let him know where I was detained. Gonzalvi persisted in his being ignorant of my fate, and the Prince withdrew.

Next morning, about eleven o'clock, Prince Kounitz, with all the etiquette of an ambassador, waited on Pius VII., and after having kissed his foot, explained the cause of his extraordinary visit. When the pope heard all that the prince had to say, he suddenly exclaimed—"What? is the Hungarian gentleman arrested? I know him. *Poor Checchino!** and for why?" The prince answered, "That he did not know." "Well," replied the pope, "I will soon know it," and having rang, ordered, to Monsignor Riario, who was his lord in waiting, that Cardinal Gonzalvi should be immediately sent for, and, dispensing with the papal etiquette, desired the prince to take a seat. During the time they were waiting for the secretary of state, Pius VII. spoke very favourably of me; assured Prince Kounitz that he had found in me a true friend while he was confined at Fontainebleau, and that I had often endangered my own welfare to bring him some comfort; the good pope added that he knew me from my infancy, that I was intrinsically good, but that he had always found that I often acted very imprudently.

In a short time Gonzalvi was announced, and when, on entering, the cardinal saw Prince Kounitz sitting by the pope, he soon guessed why he had been called. Pius VII. was a very excellent man, and truly pious, he was also a profound divine, and extremely erudite. Of all the successors of St. Peter, since they have obtained temporal power, he is the only pontiff who has not enriched his family; and although he reigned more than twenty four years, he died very poor, for his charity knew no bounds. The only fault he had, was, that he cared very little about worldly affairs; and it may be said, that though Pius VII. was the nominal pope, it was Cardinal Gonzalvi that reigned uncontrolled.

However, when Pius VII. was determined that any thing should be done, or that any abuse should be abolished, he was the most firm, and the most obstinate man in the world. In the present circumstance he proved his authority,

* This famous personage, after having been for more than five years the greatest hypocrite and tyrant of Rome, was at last denounced as being at the head of a party who wished to overthrow the papal government; and had not Cardinal Pacca, his uncle, obtained his escape from the Roman states, he would have certainly experienced the rigours of the holy office. In his flight, however, he did not forget his own interest, and basely took away with him 100,000 Roman scudi from the coffers of the poor, which were deposited in his hands!

* These two princes of the Roman church, so well known for their wisdom and moderation, had been appointed to this office by Pius VII., when, after his return from exile, he re-established, almost by compulsion of the Dominican monks, the Inquisition of Rome, which the French had abolished. This appointment greatly displeased all the intolerant members of the Sacred College.

* The Abbot Barnabas Chiaromonte, was accustomed to call the writer by this name, which means *little Francis;* and although the one had become a pope, and the other a man of six feet stature, and thirty-five years of age, he still continued the use of this affectionate appellation.

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and, without any observation, demanded from his secretary of state—"What has happened to the Hungarian gentleman, who the other day performed the mask of Cicero, and since that period is missing'" Gonzalvi seeing that the pope knew that it was almost certain that Cicero had been arrested, replied—"Your holiness is well aware that those who sacrilegiously blaspheme against our holy religion are immediately given into the hands of the holy inquisition, and that their apprehension must be kept secret until they are examined and tried. It is for this reason that I could not give a satisfactory answer to the Austrian ambassador. But since your holiness commands me to disclose the secrets of the holy office, I will briefly relate what has been done with the Hungarian gentleman, or rather with the Neapolitan nobleman." Here the cardinal reported all that has already been exposed, and particularly insisted on the instances of the Marquis of Fuscaldo. As soon as Gonzalvi ended his information, the pope said—"Cardinal, it is our will that the prisoner should be directly restored to liberty; and as the Austrian ambassador is so generous as to offer to go to deliver his subject, you will accompany his excellency, and see that my commands are fulfilled without further delay."

It was nearly three o'clock when I heard the footsteps of several persons in the corridor of my prison. I felt a strange sensation, but soon was relieved from my anxiety by my door being opened, and by the appearance of my excellent friend, Prince Kounitz, who, with a smile on his face, requested me to go with him.

To pass from the abode of tyranny, torture, and despair, to the magnificent palace of a generous prince—to escape from the furious hands of the inquisitors to be again restored to my best friends, was but an instant. A few days after this, having taken leave of all those who had known and assisted me, I bade adieu to Rome and to Italy—probably for ever!

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

THERE is great power in the following lines by Bryant, the American Poet. The story of the ballad may be found in the African Repository for April, 1825. The subject of it was a warrior of majestic stature, the brother of Yarradee, King of the Solima nation. He had been taken in battle, and was brought in chains, for sale, to the Rio Pongas, where he was exhibited in the market-place, his ankles still adorned with the massy rings of gold which he wore when he was captured. The refusal of his captor to listen to his offers of ransom, drove him mad, and he died a maniac.

Chained in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground:—
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,—
He was a captive now,—
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Shewed warrior true and brave;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
"My brother is a king;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring;
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands"

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain:
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there,
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
Long kept for sorest need;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife the long, long day
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife will wait the long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain—
At once his eye grew wild—
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

THE LION SERMON.

(From a Periodical Work, published thirty years ago.)

THE discourse to which this singular title is introductory, will be better illustrated by our prefacing it with a short account of the very extraordinary circumstance from which it originated.

We have to record a memorable instance of the interposition of Providence in favour of a man every way worthy of it, and a grateful and pious remembrance of that Divine protection so miraculously afforded.

As long ago as the reigns of king James and Charles the First, lived sir John Gayer, knight, a wealthy citizen of London, and a merchant of the first eminence. To his spirit of commercial adventure he was indebted for his high rank in society, and the opulence which enabled him so honourably to support it.

He was an inhabitant of the ward of Aldgate, and a liberal benefactor to the Church and poor of the parish of St. Catherine Cree, in which he resided.

He had planned a mercantile speculation, the success of which he conceived materially depended upon his personal superintendence. With a view to its execution, he embarked on board a vessel richly laden with his property, and sailed to the coast of Asia.

The different places he visited with his merchandize, and the accidents he encountered in so long and perilous a voyage, have not been transmitted to our times. Probably his papers were destroyed in the great fire of London.

The adventure which forms the present subject is the only one of which we have any distinct account. This gentleman, travelling with a caravan of merchants across the deserts of Arabia, by some unaccountable fatality separated from his companions, and night overtook him before he became sensible of his danger. He in vain endeavoured to gain the caravan; it had advanced too far, and he was enveloped in all the horrors of darkness, in the midst of a dreary and dismal desert. No place of refuge was near, and he seemed the destined prey of the savage animals which he heard roaring for food a short distance from him. In this awful situation, neither his courage, his presence of mind, or his reliance on Heaven forsook him. His own exertions he knew were vain; and he resigned himself, like a true Christian, to the disposal of his God.

He did not make rash vows, which he knew might not be fulfilled without a crime, but actuated by a just sentiment of religion, he fell on his knees, prayed fervently and devoutly, promised that if Heaven would rescue him from impending danger, the whole produce of his merchandize should be given as an offering in benefaction to his native country.

At this moment a lion of tremendous size was approaching him. Death appeared inevitable; but whether it was owing to the prayers of the pious knight, or to the generous nature of the noble animal, the fact was, that the lion, after prowling round him, bristling his shaggy hair, and eyeing him, apparently with fierce intent, suddenly stopped short, turned round and walked quietly away, without offering him the slightest injury.

The knight continued in the same suppliant posture till the morning dawned, when he pursued his journey, and happily came up with his friends, who had considered him for ever lost.

The remainder of his voyage was prosperous; he disposed of his freight to advantage, and reached England with increased wealth.

He was not unmindful of the vow he had made in the desert, but without delay proceeded to carry it into effect. To different charities he distributed considerable alms, but particularly to the poor of his own parish; and among other donations, he bequeathed two hundred pounds to the Church of St. Catherine Cree, to be laid out in the purchase of an Estate, the profits of which were also to be applied to the poor, on condition that a sermon should be occasionally preached in that Church, to commemorate his deliverance from the jaws of the lion.

Wednesday, October 16th, 1805, was the day appointed for the pious celebration of the event thus related. The Church bell of St. Catherine Cree tolled as usual for Divine Service, and when the congregation had assembled, the morning prayers were read.

The lesson for the day was appropriately taken from the sixth chapter of Daniel, where it is recorded, that after the prophet was cast into the lion's den, the Lord shut their mouths, so that they did not hurt him.

The verses of the thirty-fourth psalm, inferring that "those who fear the Lord shall dwell in safety, though hungry lions roar around them," was sung by the charity children. After the service, the rector of the parish pronounced what is aptly called "The Lion Sermon." He took his text from the eighth verse of the Second Epistle of Peter. "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

Upon this subject the preacher descanted with great eloquence, and concluded his admonitory discourse, by representing the virtue, charity, piety, and unshaken constancy of sir John Gayer, as examples every way worthy of imitation. J. T. H.

ROMAN CUSTOMS AT A MODERN BANQUET.

(From Auston Park.)

At a day not very distant a *cheleris*, or invitation, was sent to Dr. Biventer, Mr. Flitt..... and Mr. Trace, requesting the favour of their company at a *Symposium*, or entertainment in

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the classic taste of Rome..... The day came round, and the gentlemen arrived, dressed as for a modern dinner party, and much did it astonish them, when instead of being led into the drawing room, they were conducted to the cold bath ..... At length, the sound of flutes was heard upon the stairs, and sundry dishes were placed upon the table, which was not spread with a table cloth, but only wiped down with a moist sponge. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Rust made his appearance, dressed also in the synthesis and slippers: he bowed to each of the guests as he entered, and took his place on the vacant couch, at the top of the table, with Doctor Biventer on his right hand, and the other gentlemen on his left: the bottom was left open for the convenience of bringing and removing the dishes.

He apologized for the unmannerly intrusion of his archimagirus, or chief cook, who, he said, was French, because that nation, like the ancient Sicilians, were most renowned for their cooks; he found him, however, strangely bigotted to his own customs, although he did not require him to compound any dish which was not mentioned and described in the works of Heraclytus, Glaucus, the Locrensian, or others, and which have been prepared by Mithacus, of Sicily, Apuleius, and many celebrated cooks of antiquity. He trusted that they would excuse that he himself was the carptor, or carver, as he dare not trust any of his servants with it, who had not been trained like the ancient "Gesticulatores," to carve to music. He begged they would taste the "prima mensa," or first course, which was only to give a whet to the appetite. This consisted of acid herbs, sorrel, colewort, eggs fried with honey, sweet wine and oil, and other light dishes. "What have we got here?" said Doctor Biventer, not much relishing any of the already recapitulated articles, while he removed a cover, which stood next him, and thrust both his eyes into a dish which he thought did not appear particularly tempting, any more than the rest. "That, Doctor," said Mr Rust, "is the celebrated cochlerea of Apuleius, being made of snails, stewed in mare's milk."—"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Doctor, turning aside his eyes, with an expression very different from that with which an epicure gloats upon a favourite dish; "Why, then, if I must taste this 'prima mensa,' I'll try the eggs" Of this he managed to get through a small quantity, without much more emotion than might be perceived in an occasional contortion of the muscles of the face. Mr. Flitt took a few leaves of sorrel, and Mr. Trace, by the advice of Mr. Rust, took two or three of the snails, but was, however, obliged to leave them half eaten. Mr. Rust himself could not quite finish some of the same dish which he had put upon his own plate, but set them aside, remarking, that it was not customary to take much of the "prima mensa," but to reserve the appetite for the second course.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Rust tossed off the five cups, which contained rather more than glasses, which he had rejected, with a view of more nearly imitating the "poculæ" of the ancients. No sooner had they passed his lips than they were seen shining through his small grey eyes: and he became rather "ebrius," very talkative, and very communicative. "Ton agathon basileus oinos," said he; wine is the king of all good things. In the mean time, the flutes were performing, and, dish by dish, the table was covered with the "caput cœnæ," or principal course, which Mr. Rust described as followeth:

"That large dish in the middle, which I have made after the example of Vitellius, I name, as he did his, the 'Shield of Minerva' It contains a roasted swan, stuffed with mint, pepper, carraway, and coriander, heightened with nitrum, or rather hartshorn, as I could not procure any modern chemical nearer, and swimming in a gravey of honey and oil; on each side is a peacock, boiled with vinegar, honey, oil, mint, and flour;—that small dish contains two lizards, fried in oil; that is a small 'porcus trojanus,' or trojan boar, stuffed with mutton, beef, anchovies, garlic, sweet wine, and the liver, lites, blood, and brains, of a calf:—this is a hare, stuffed with fennel, pepper, asafœtida, cloves, garlic, and nitrum;—that is an 'isicium,' or tomaculum, of flour, honey, oil, brains of a sow, and sweet wine.—Now, my friends, and worthy guests, you see all the supper, they are the truliest dainty dishes of old, for the enjoyment of which, even Cæsar frequently took an emetic before supper, and always after it, that he might return to the delights of such a table, which might verily be denominated a Sicilian feast. As for me, my friends, I cannot partake of all of these, for I labour under a malady, the which I have already hinted, being, indeed, 'ludus amoris,' the very sport of love; 'Clara me cepit ocellis,' by her glances Clarat caught me; and I guide myself by the rules of Crato, Fernelius Guianerius Mercurialis, Franciscus Bonsuetus, Freitagius Bobrasius, and other learned physicians, that I may not, by diet, increase my complaint; I shall, therefore, confine myself to the lizards, and to this hare, which they all appove, and which, as Martial says, in his epigrum to Gellia, makes merry, and is a merry meat.—he also adds, it will make one fair; if so, I may, perchance, find favour in her eyes; but for you, my friends, all is free—Doctor, will you take the wing of a peacock?"—"Truly, Mr. Rust, I cannot say;—I have some scruple about eating these heathen dishes; they may, for aught I know, have some evil effect upon a Christian clergyman, and work him harm:—I think—Have you any thing cold in the house? for, candidly, I feel almost fainting, what with the bath, and the 'prima mensa' of sorrel, eggs, and snails."—"This swan, I think you would like a piece of the breast; it is finer than a goose: I would have procured, if due time had been given, an 'Avis Afra, or Guinea hen, a Melian crane, a dish of nightingales, and other dainties, but doubt not that you will find these truly praiseworthy, if you can so far overcome prejudice, as to taste them." Doctor Biventer took a piece of the swan, paring away all the hard parts, and avoiding the intolerable seasoning, and gravy; for it really became a serious thing with him, to be kept so long fasting. Mr. Flitt took the wing of a peacock, (not very very unappropriate;) and Mr Trace, notwithstanding Mr. Rust much wished to help him to a lizard, took a slice of the "porcus trojanus;" Mr. Rust, as he said, confined himself to lizard and hare, which he ate as devoutly as if he had been accustomed to such meat from his infancy: but no sooner had the several knives opened the horrible beds of seasoning, with which every dish was full, than the room became almost too much to bear; Dr. Biventer puffed and fanned himself, Mr. Flitt took out his bottle of aromatic vinegar, and Mr. Trace requested permission to withdraw for a few moments, as he said he felt faint. Thus passed away the "caput cœnæ," and then came the "commissatio," or dessert, which consisted of mushrooms, apples, pears, candied asafœtida, and jellies, of vinegar, honey, and oil. The wine was all perfumed with rose and bergamot, and had been suspended in the smoke of the kitchen fire, to give it the flavour of extreme age, like the old Chian and Ambracian, the whole of which was not quite what could have been wished by the guests. The gentlemen took a few of the apples and pears, which were the only simple products of nature upon the table, and poured out plentifully the general consoler, wine, which warmed them, and raised their spirits, which hitherto appeared to be less influenced by the luxuries of a Roman entertainment, than of a plain English one.

ENGLAND BROUGHT TO JUDGMENT.

It is by the empires which England has created, by the degree of civilisation which she has diffused, and the tracts of earth over which she has spread it, that she must be judged by posterity. The only rule for appreciating nations is to compare original means with the ends attained; and in what nation did the latter ever show such an excess above the former as in Britain? The Greeks had greater natural advantages, but used them not so wisely. The Romans did for themselves as much as a people could do; but the rest of mankind felt rather their ambition than their benevolence. Among modern states, not one could be named that has disseminated so much good, and so little evil, as England. Spain and Portugal discovered new seas and lands—England discovered and enlightened them. Germany has not been in a situation favorable to maritime adventures. France, with extensive coasts, and all the power and knowledge which could make her great by sea, has indeed completed voyages of circumnavigation; but she has planted few colonies, and can appeal to no deserts, once unpeopled, to prove that the men who now inhabit them are her offspring. The public monuments of England can bear no comparison with the stupendous edifices which the Romans erected in their conquests. They are surpassed by those of ancient Greece, of modern Italy, and of nations much inferior in the arts of embellishment. Upon the useful establishments which make her present superiority, and so far surpass the conceptions of all other nations, time can more easily lay its pitiless hand than upon hewn stone and brass. The roads, six times as numerous, and incomparably more practicable than in any other country, must leave less traces behind them than the ancient causeway; and, overgrown with grass, their thin beds of loose pebbles may be turned up by the ploughshare. Their present perfection may make their obliteration more easy. The canals which now are thronged with traffic; which, in their ordinary course, are so modest, though so magnificent when any obstacle is to be overcome, may more easily burst their dikes, or be filled up with mud, than those whose boast was architecture, not trade. The subterraneous works of the greatest city of the world, the dwelling of more than a million and a half of men, may lie underground forgotten, and leave no towering arch to strike the eye, like the Appian or the Claudian aqueducts. Envy, too, may pen the history of England, and rival nations gratify their enmity by detraction. Spain may tell how the Catholics have been persecuted, and the library of the Inquisition record the condemnations of the men who were punished for conspiring against the sister-in-law of King Philip. France may charge her civil wars with perfidy; her revolution with cruelty; her policy with intrigue. All nations may lend her their own vices. The United States, indeed, will call her ancient annals theirs, and glory in having had such princes as Edward and Henry; but will they be thus candid on her future story? They must; their own existence will testify against whatever malice they may yet retain. When they behold themselves, and think how they were founded; when they read their own laws and constitution, and reflect from whom they held them, and the spirit which enacted them; when they see, in other regions, other nations freer and happier than natural circumstances would have made them, and find the languages of all to be derived from one source—from the idiom which Shakspeare, Bacon, and Newton spoke, they will be forced to say, 'Had England not been great and generous, these things could not have been.' When the greatest of republics shall allow that Britain was the freest of kingdoms, all will own that no nation of the world ever was so prolific a parent of mighty empires. —*Chenevix.*

EUGENE ARAM.

Mr. Bulwer's Work, entitled as above, and which we noticed in our

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7th Number, seems, according to the public papers, to have excited an immense interest in France, Germany, and America. It has been translated in the languages of the two first. We wish the principles of the book had been better—in such a case it might have been as useful as its extensive circulation. We have gleaned the following additional particulars of Aram.

The recollection of this man is still preserved at Lynn, in Norfolk, at which town he was for some time usher at the grammar school. A small room at the back of the house, in which he slept, was, until these last few years, (when it was pulled down and rebuilt,) mysteriously pointed to by the little urchins as they passed up to bed of a cold, ghost-enticing night, as the chamber in which the "usher, who was hanged for murder," was used to sleep.

The tradition which remains of his character is, that he was "a man of loneliness and mystery," sullen and reserved; that on half-holydays, and when his duties would allow, he strayed, solitary and cheerless, as if to avoid the world, amongst the flat uninteresting marshes which are situated on the opposite side of the river Ouse.

At Lynn the character of Aram was, until his apprehension, unexceptionable; but after that event, circumstances were then called to mind which seemed to indicate a naturally dark character; but whether these were all strictly founded in truth, or magnified suspicions arising from appalling circumstances of the crime of which he was convicted, I am unable to determine. The following, derived from unquestionable authority, having been related by Dr. L., who was a master of the grammer-school at the time, may serve as a sample:—there can be no doubt but that the worthy Dr. himself believed his suspicions well founded, as he used to tremble when he related it. It was customary for the parents of the scholars, on an appointed day, to dine with the master, at which time it was expected they would bring with them the amount of their bills.—It was late at night, after one of such meetings, that Dr. L. was awakened by a noise at his bed-room door; he rose up, and going into the passage which led to the staircase, but which was not in the direct way from Aram's bed room to the ground-floor, he discovered the usher dressed. Having questioned him as to the object of his rising at that unseasonable hour, Aram confusedly answered that he had been taken unwell and been obliged to go down stairs. The Dr then retired, unsuspiciously, to bed. From the combined circumstances of the noise at the door, his great agitation and confusion, and from his being found in the passage, the worthy Dr. in latter years, had no doubt, that, from its being known to Aram that a considerable sum of money was in his bed-room, Aram intended nothing less than to rob him; and no doubt, continued the narrator, he would have murdered me too, if it had been rendered necessary, from my discovering or opposing him.

The spot just at the entrance to the playground, at which Aram was taken into custody by two strange men from Yorkshire, is still remarked, and generally by the young scholar in a tremulous whisper.

EPIGRAM.

(From the Dutch.)

Wist een dwaes, dat hy waer zot.

Could fools but feel their want of sense,
And strive to earn intelligence,
They would be wiser for their pains;
But 'tis the bane of folly ever
To think itself supremely clever,—
And thus the fool a fool remains.

A GENTLEMANLY AVOWAL OF A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

COLERIDGE *versus* IRVING.

[*From Mr. Coleridge on the Constitution of Church and State.*]

AND now, as the conclusion, let me be permitted to add a word or two of Edward Irving himself. That he possesses my unqualified esteem as a man, is only saying, that I know him, and am neither blinded by envy nor bigotry. But my name has been brought into connexion with his, on points that regard his public ministry; and he himself has publicly distinguished me as his friend on public grounds; and in proof of my confidence in his regard, I have not the least apprehension of forfeiting it by a frank declaration of what I think. Well, then! I have no faith in his prophesyings; small sympathy with his fulminations; and in certain peculiarities of his *theological* system, as distinct from his religious principles, I cannot see my way. But I hold withal, and not the less firmly for these discrepancies in our moods and judgments, that EDWARD IRVING possesses more of the spirit and purposes of the first Reformers, that he has more of the Head and Heart, the Life, the Unction, and the genial power of MARTIN LUTHER, than any man now alive; yea, than any man of this and the last century. I see in EDWARD IRVING a minister of Christ after the order of Paul; and if the points, in which I think him either erroneous, or excessive and *out of bounds*, have been at any time a subject of serious regret with me, this regret has arisen principally or altogether from the apprehension of their narrowing the sphere of his influence, from the too great probability that they may furnish occasion or pretext for withholding or withdrawing many from those momentous truths, which the age especially needs, and for the enforcement of which he hath been so highly and especially gifted! Finally, my friend's intellect is too instinct with life, too *potential* to remain stationary; and assuming, as every satisfied believer must be supposed to do, the truth of my own views, I look forward with confident hope to a time when his soul shall have perfected her victory over the dead letter of the senses and its apparitions in the sensuous understanding; when the Halcyon IDEAS shall have alit on the surging sea of his conceptions,

"Which then shall quite forget to rave,
While birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."

MILTON.

AN ATTACK UPON THE CLUBS!

PART THE FIRST.

(From the Monthly Magazine.)

THESE fashionable clubs, springing up, like poisonous toadstools, from the rank soil of luxury, idleness, and sensuality, until they darken the whole metropolis with their pestiferous shade, constitute a positive nuisance, that "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Not only do I deny their utility, both abstractedly and relatively, but I maintain them to be fraught with all sorts of mischief. In a state of semi-civilization and partial knowledge, where the surface of society is broken up into incongruous masses, men of refined manners and cultivated minds may excusably secure themselves, by the companionship of clubs, against the annoyances of vulgarity and ignorance: but in the present state of the metropolis, when education and polished demeanour are so generally diffused, that no person, moving in decent circles, is likely to sit down at table with idiots and blackguards, there can be no valid reason for pushing the system of luxury and exclusiveness—always the besetting sin of the English—to that degree of proud and sullen absurdity by which it is now characterized. What is the ostensible ground for establishing these lay, and much worse than monkish, convents?—Sociableness. Frivolous and false pretext! Nothing on earth can be so pointedly, so thoroughly, so unequivocally unsocial. An enlightened individual, fond of intelligent society, and anxious that his symposium may combine "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," will invite to it as great a variety of talent as he can command, selecting his company from the different professions, from men of literature, from one or other of the legislative bodies, from the court, the camp, the city; in order that the conversation may be varied, lively, and delightful, and that each individual, acquiring while he contributes knowledge, may at least have a chance of learning from his neighbour something with which he was previously unacquainted. Who that has mingled in the world—who that has tasted the "noctes cænas que divûm"—has not felt the ineffable charm resulting from this collision of differently-stored minds? Who has not found that intellectual honey, like that of the bee's, is always the sweetest when it is gathered from many flowers of varying growth, odour, and character?

In proportion as this principle is good, must that upon which our clubs are formed be bad; for it is diametrically opposite. We have military, naval, literary, law, theatrical, travellers', and half a score more, fundamentally exclusive, and confined to a particular class; the manifest tendency of all which is to divide society as much as possible into *castes*, not by any means dissimilar from those of the Hindoos, and not by any means unlikely to terminate in an analogous, though less marked sluggishness of mind, and inaptitude for social advancement. Corporations and companies, established in the first instance for the protection of particular trades and callings, are intelligible in their origin, although they may have degenerated into styes of swinish gormandizing; but what shall be said to professional clubs, which, never having been able to adduce any basis of utility, begin where the others have ended—with this notable exception—that they do not appropriate one pound, one shilling—nay, not one farthing of their surplus revenues to charitable purposes? When, in our rides and drives around London, we behold the numerous and munificent endowments of the City-companies for the support of the poor and aged, we willingly overlook the waste and wassailing in the hall: but what benevolent foundations—what doles to the poor—what assistance to any one portion of the whole human race, except French cooks and pampered menials, emanate from the palaces of club-gluttony at the west end of the town; or what single good of any sort can be urged, as a set-off against their manifest and manifold evils? I pause for a reply.

Would the individual who refused to associate with any but the partners of his own establishment, or the brethren of his own guild, be deemed a polite companionable person—or a shy, sullen, reserved, unaminable churl? Certainly the latter; and as a modern professional or exclusive club is but a collection of such individuals, it must of course deserve a similar character. Its union of one class is a separation from all others; the junction of its members is a dismemberment from the general body of citizens; it is dissocial in its very association. It is a cabal, a caste, a *clique*, a coterie, a junto, a conspiracy, a knot, a pack, a tiche, a gang; any thing, in short, that is close, sullen, selfish, disjunctive, and inhospitable: but if there be in such narrow fellowship, any single element of sociability, why then the monks who planted their convents in the desert of the Thebaid, were sociable beings, and useful members of society. Goldsmith very properly condems the man of talent,

——————"Who narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.',

But as a profession is still narrower than a party, so is it still more culpable to withdraw from

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our fellow-creatures, in order to sequestrate with so paltry a band. There may be an *esprit de corps* in such herding; but there is no spirit of philanthropy—no spirit of humanism. He who sympathizes with the community at large, rather than with a particular class, must surely be the most valuable member of society—the most useful subject—the best informed and pleasantest companion—the most in accordance with the general spirit of the age, which points with a steady and resolute hand at the abolition of all invidious distinctions and classifications: whereas these hateful clubs tend to perpetuate separation, and to establish the most odious and contemptible of all aristocracies—that of the purse and of the stomach. Degradation of head and heart must be the inevitable result of this gastronomical mockery. The *esprit de corps* or corporate attachment that it produces, is not so much the love of one body of men, as the hatred of all others. What collision, what comparison, what enlargement of mind can be expected from the intercourse of persons, all of whom have been similarly educated, and from their youth upwards have been devoted to the same pursuit? If the constant inter-communion of those "whose talk is of bullocks" stamps them with a character of indelible rusticity; if the vulgarians, confined to the narrow civic circle, wear a notorious brand of cockneyism, how can we expect that a convent of fellow-professors shall escape without a congenial stigma of shallow pedantry, technicality, and clubism? No—they will only confirm one another in all the little paltry prejudices and peculiarities; there will be no beneficial friction with the world at large to rub off the angles and asperities of character; and as the bachelor becomes odd, old-fashioned, and churlish, for want of the polishing influences of female society, so will the seclusion from general male companionship entail similar vices upon the professional clubbist. So much for his chances of mental improvement!

A Singular Adventure.

Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a stage coach. He was a young man just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them grey headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow passengers, and determined to ascertain the secret of a long life, and the arts of making old age comfortable; he addressed the one who was apparently the oldest, who told him that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of life. He addressed the second, who astounded him, by saying he had always eaten roast beef and gone to bed *regularly* fuddled, seventy years, adding, that all depends on *regularity*. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office—the fourth by resolutely abstaining from all political or religious controversies; and the fifth by getting to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was less grey, and there was more of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly easy conscience mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. "How," exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it you have thus preserved the freshness of life?"—"It is no great mystery," said the old man, "I have drank water and drank wine—I have eaten meat and vegetables—I have held a public office—I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at midnight, got up at sunrise and at noon—but I ALWAYS PAID PROMPTLY FOR MY NEWSPAPERS"—[We thought it better to tell this "*singular* adventure" before we interpreted it. It is extracted from an American Paper recently received, and is a hint to such of the subscribers as were tardy in payment. It is quite equal to the best days of our lotteries, when the Carrols and Bishes were in their bloom.]—*Athenæum.*

THE ANNUAL WANTS OF BRITAIN.

Of *wheat*, fifteen million quarters are annually consumed in Great Britain. This is about a quarter of wheat to each individual. Of *malt*, twenty-five million bushels are annually used in breweries and distilleries in the United Kingdom; and there are forty-six thousand acres under cultivation with *hops*. Of the quantity of potatoes and other vegetables consumed we have no accounts. Of meat, about one million two hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle, sheep, and pigs, are sold during the year in Smithfield market alone, which is probably about a tenth of the consumption of the whole kingdom. The quantity of *tea* consumed in the United Kingdom, is about thirty million pounds annually. Of *sugar*, nearly four million hundred weights, or about five hundred million lbs. every year; which is a consumption of twenty pounds for every individual, reckoning the population at twenty-five millions; and of *coffee* about twenty million pounds are annually consumed. Of *soap*, one hundred and fourteen million lbs. are consumed; and of *candles*, about a hundred and seventeen million pounds. Of sea-borne *coals* alone, there are about three million chaldron consumed in England and Wales; and it is estimated that, adding the coals of the midland counties, each person of the population consumes a chaldron throughout the kingdom. Of clothing, we annually manufacture about two hundred million lbs. of cotton wool, which produce twelve hundred million yards of calico and various other cotton fabrics, and of these we export about a third; so that eight hundred million yards remain for home consumption, being about thirty yards annually for each person. The woollen manufacture consumes about thirty million lbs. of wool. Of *hides skins* about fifty million are annually tanned and dressed. Of *paper*, about fifty million lbs. are yearly manufactured, which is about two million reams, of five hundred sheets to the ream.

To carry on the commerce of this country with foreign nations, and between distant parts of the United Kingdom, there are twenty thousand ships in constant employ, belonging to our own merchants. To carry on the commerce with ourselves, the total length of our turnpike-roads is twenty five thousand miles, and three thousand miles of canals. To produce food for the inhabitants of the country, we have forty million acres under cultivation. To clothe them we have millions of spindles worked by steam, instead of a few thousand turned by hand, as they were a century ago. The fixed capital of the country insured in fire-offices, that insurance being far short of its real amount, is above five hundred million pounds sterling. The fixed capital uninsured, or not represented by this species of insurance, is perhaps as much. The capital expended in improvement in land, is, we should conceive, equal to the capital which is represented by houses, and furniture, and shipping, and stocks of goods. The public capital of the country expended in roads, canals, docks, harbours, and buildings, is equal to at least half the private capital. All this capital is the accumulated labour of two thousand years, when the civilization of the country first began. The greater portion of it is the accumulated labour of the last four hundred years, when labour and capital, through the partial abolition of slavery, first began to work together with freedom, and therefore with energy and skill.—*Effects of Machinery.*

ENGLISH MANNERS.

(From the Tour of a German Prince.)

But of all offences against English manners which a man can commit, the three following are the greatest:—to put his knife to his mouth instead of his fork; to take up sugar or asparagus with his fingers; or, above all, to spit any where in a room. These are certainly laudable prohibitions, and well-bred people of all countries avoid such practices,—though even on these points manners alter greatly; for Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer who passed himself off for a man of rank, by the single circumstance of his taking up olives with his fork and not with his fingers. The ridiculous thing is the amazing importance which is here attached to them. The last-named crime is so pedantically prescribed in England, that you might seek through all London in vain to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared with great indignation, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach. These things are, I repeat, more than trivial, but the most important rules of behaviour in foreign countries almost always regard trivialities. Had I, for example, to give a few universal rules to a young traveller, I should seriously counsel him thus:—In Naples, treat the people brutally; in Rome, be natural; in Austria, don't talk politics; in France, give yourself no airs; in Germany, a great many, and in England, don't spit. With these rules, the young man would get on very well. What one must justly admire in the well-adapted arrangement of every thing belonging to the economy of life and of all public establishments in England, as well as the systematical rigour with which what has once been determined on is unalterably followed up. In Germany, all good institutions soon fall asleep, and new brooms alone sweep clean; here it is quite otherwise. On the other hand, every thing is not required of the same person, but exactly so much and no more as falls within his department. The treatment of servants is as excellent as their performance of their duties. Each has his prescribed field of activity; in which, however, the strictest and most punctual execution of orders is required of him, and in any case of neglect the master knows whom he has to call to account. At the same time, the servants enjoy a reasonable freedom, and have certain portions of time allotted to them, which their master carefully respects. The whole treatment of the serving classes is much more decorous, and combined with more "égards" than with us; but then they are so entirely excluded from all familiarity, and such profound respect is exacted from them, that they appear to be considered rather as machines than as beings of the same order. This, and their high wages, are no doubt the causes that the servants really possess more external dignity than any other class in England, relatively to their station.—*Science.*

WOMEN.

As the part which women are intended to act in life is different from that which is assigned to men, I am inclined to believe that their mental, as well as bodily, powers are different, and that they are not in general more formed for the labours of the politician, the lawyer, or the mathematician, than for those of the soldier or sailor. But if they have not the close application which is requisite for deep study, they have the quickness of apprehension which often supplies the want of it; and if, notwithstanding some brilliant exceptions, they must yield the palm of literary fame to the other sex, there are triumphs of much higher importance to which they may with strict propriety aspire.

To the woman is committed the care of all that is most valuable in domestic society. She is the guardian of religion, of morals, of man-

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ners, of taste; of all that charms in private life, and is necessary to the happiness of every day. The modest dignity of a virtuous woman can silence the blasphemer, and make the libertine blush. To her particularly belong,

"The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above!"
Mrs. H. More.

From her the indigent expect relief—to her the afflicted apply for consolation. If, as I readily allow, the delicacy of their organs makes females generally unfit for the deep study, as well as the active exertion necessary to form the statesman, the philosopher, or the hero, it is because they are not designed to act in these characters. But, on the other hand, if the superior delicacy of those organs gives them quickness of apprehension, refinement of taste, penetration into character, compassion for the unfortunate,—if, when they are what they ought to be, they have more feeling, more tenderness, more patience, and more humanity, than men in general possess,—it is because Providence intended them to soften the harshness and calm the passions which continually disturb the peace of the world, and to heal the wounds which men too often inflict.—*Pen Tamar.*

THE CANADAS.

As the tide of emigration has set in so strongly towards the Canadas, the following observations upon its laws may be acceptable to some of our readers:—

In the Canadas, the civil and criminal laws of England are in force, generally subject to provincial alterations. The old French law which was in existence previously to the year 1663, is still the law of property, with some exceptions, in Lower Canada. None of the laws enacted in France since that period extended to the colony, unless enregistered there This is the reason why the ordinance of 1763, for the better regulation of trade, is not in force. The criminal laws of England were transplanted into the Colonies by 14 Geo. III. c. 83. and of course none since that period, can become law in the Canadas, unless they are particularly specified and included in their provisions. Properly speaking, the Canadas have no commercial code. Great confusion sometimes arises respecting the decisions, according to the English custom of merchants, and those made under the old French code; and actions at law are frequently settled according to what appears to be the principle of natural justice, rather than according to established precedent. This surely conveys a reflection upon the wisdom of the provincial legislature; but the fact is, that the mercantile community is not sufficiently represented in the House of Assembly for Lower Canada.

Lower Canada is divided into three judicial districts: of Quebec, the Three Rivers, and Montreal, the boundary line being drawn nearly at right angles with the St. Lawrence.

There are but the three courts of justice, the Court of Appeal, the King's Bench, and the Summary Court. The Governor sometimes sits as president of the Court of Appeal; but the chair is more often filled by one of the chief justices. The court is formed by all the members of the executive council.

The Court of King's Bench is divided into a superior and inferior court. The latter has jurisdiction only where the matter in dispute is of the value of ten pounds or under There are a chief justice and three puisne judges at Quebec; the same at Montreal, and a district judge at the Three Rivers. When the superior court is held at this latter place, it is held by one of the chief justices, two puisne judges, and the district judge. The summary courts have jurisdiction over property to the value of one hundred francs, and are held once a month, before a commissioner appointed by the provincial government, on petition from the country inhabitants. Quarter sessions are held regularly before three magistrates, with much the same power as in England, for the punishment of offences against the criminal law; and petty civil cases may be disposed of daily by one or more magistrates. A magistrate is required to have property of the real actual value of 300*l.* and the oaths upon taking office are very strict.

A barrister may act as an attorney and solicitor at the same time, which, as in the United States, appears to have originated in the impossibility of making the profession pay without such an arrangement. Pleadings may be written in either language; and English and Canadian, French, are spoken almost indiscriminately in the Courts. I have observed great and unavoidable confusion in the inferior court of King's Bench; the judges, counsel, solicitors, clients, and witnesses, all talking occasionally at the same time in either language, just as it may happen; and in the midst of the uproar, the Sentorian voice of the officer of the court may be heard, as he endeavours to restore tranquillity by calling out silence! (English) silence! (French) in quick succession. But the proceedings in the superior court are conducted with all the decorum of an English court of justice; and the old jealous British lion, *painted* in the king's arms over the heads of the judges, frowns grimly upon the scene, with a pair of eyebrows sufficient to inspire even ermine dignity itself with awe and veneration. Many of the powers belonging to a court of equity are exercised by the Court of King's Bench under the old French law. It grants injunctions by a process termed a sequestre. It takes care of the property of minors, and appoints curators of the persons and property of lunatics. The law of entail, by a limitation called a "substitution fidei commissaire" is well known in Lower Canada, but seldom acted upon. —*Vigne's Six Months in America.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Return.—Sir Walter Scott has arrived in London, and is now at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart. We regret to learn that this eminent writer and admirable man has not returned with any renewed vigour of constitution, or any chance of gratifying the world with further displays of his genius. He is, indeed, much worse in health than when he set out, and serious apprehensions are entertained of his recovery. In passing down the Rhine, he suffered by another stroke of paralysis in the boat, and had it not been for the presence of mind of his servant in bleeding him, he could not have survived the attack. He has now, we are informed, lost the use of one side, and is not likely to recover it. He has been attended by physicians ever since his return. —*May* 17.

Jeremy Bentham's Will.—This document was proved at Doctor's Commons on Monday. After appointing his executors and disposing of his body, he gives his interest in the *Westminster Review* to Dr. Bowring, with a sum of money for the publication of his (Bentham's) works complete. He divides his books among his friends, according to their subject, adding 100*l* to one set, an organ to another, and so forth. Other books are left to the London University. All his servants are provided for. All his freehold and leasehold property goes to the children of his brother, Sir S. Bentham. He gives rings bearing his effigy, and a portion of his hair, to his especial friends—Lafayette; Jose del Vallé, formerly president of the Republic of Guatemala; M. Van de Weyer, Ambassador from his Belgic Majesty; Jean Baptiste Say, the French political economist; Felix Bodin, member of the Chamber of Deputies; Messrs. Bickersteth, Chadwick, Doane, and Tyrrell, barristers-at-law; Dr. Bowring, Dr. Southwood Smith, Dr. Arnot, General Miller, Mrs. Austin, wife of the Professor of Jurisprudence at the London University, Joseph Parkes, of Birmingham, Albany Fonblanque, Francis Place, John Stuart Mill, the son of the historian of British India, Colonel Thomson, William Tait, of Edinburgh, and George Wheatly, of Whitehaven.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

(From Lord Dover's Life.)

His fondness for his tall regiment of guards is well known; every country bordering upon his own territories was ransacked in search of giants, and upon more than one occasion, he was near going to war, rather than be compelled to give up his acquisitions of this kind. Nor was any class of men, or any profession, sacred from the violence of the Prussian press-gangs. Even priests were actually torn from the altars, as was the case, among others, with the Abbe Bastiani, who was carried off while celebrating mass in a village-church in the north of Italy. He subsequently settled at Berlin, and was admitted into the intimate society of Frederick the Great.* The extraordinary desire of Frederick William to recruit this regiment, seems even to have got the better of the passion of avarice, which, on all other occasions, reigned paramount in his breast; for we find instances recorded, in which he gave great sums for single recruits of a gigantic stature. To one called "*the great Joseph*," who apparently was a monk, he gave 5000 florins for enlisting, and paid 1500 rix dollars to the monastery he belonged to. In the procuring of an Italian, named *Andrea Capra*, the charge was as follows;—1500 rix dollars as bounty money to the recruit himself, and 2000 rix dollars to the persons who discovered and watched him, and to those who carried him off by force from his own country. But the most expensive recruit of all appears to have been an Irishman, named *James Kirkland*, for the procuring of whom the following curious bill was brought in to the King:—

	£.	s.	d.
For the man himself, on condition of his giving up his person, . .	1000	0	0
For the sending of two spies, .	18	18	0
The journey from Ireland to Chester,	30	0	0
From Chester to Ireland . .	25	12	0
The man who accompanied him on the journey, ...	10	10	0
To himself on his arrival, . .	1	18	0
Three years of wages promised him,	60	0	0
To some of his acquaintance in London, *who helped to perswade him,*	18	18	0
A fortnight's allowance, . .	1	8	0
For a *uniform*, shoes, &c. . .	19	6	0
Journey from London to Berlin, .	21	0	0
Post horses from Gravesend to London, and back, ...	6	6	0
To other persons employed in the business,	8	7	0
The 2 soldiers of the guard who assisted,	15	15	0
To some persons for secrecy, .	12	12	0
Expenses at the inn at Gravesend, .	4	13	0
To a justice of peace, . .	6	6	0
To a man who accompanied him, and watched him constantly, . .	3	3	0
For a boat, ...	0	5	0
For letters to Ireland and back, .	2	10	0

Making in all the enormous sum of 1200*l.* 10*s.*! paid for a single recruit.

SELECT NOTICES.

To make Furniture Oil.—Put some alkanet root into a glazed pipkin, with as much linseed oil as will cover it; let it boil moderately, it will become of a strong red colour; let it cool, and it is then fit for use.——*Antipathies.*—Some natural antipathies are extremely singular. Some faint away at the smell of roses. Erasmus, who was born in Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that he could not taste it without a fever. The smell of apples was sufficient with Duchesni, secretary to Francis I, to cause a violent discharge of blood from the nose. And a gentleman, at the Court of Ferdinand, used to bleed copiously at the nose whenever he heard a cat mew.——*Thoughts on*

* Bastiani, after being kidnapped, was placed in a regiment as a private soldier, but as his history excited some curiosity, Prince Frederick took much notice of him, and on his accession to the throne, made Bastiani a canon of the cathedral of Breslau, and a constant companion of his own.

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Sleep.—Sleep suspends our misfortunes, and strengthens us, that we may the better support them when awake. It also refreshes the powers of both body and mind. It contributes to health when we are in sickness. When afflictions press upon us, those moments given up to sleep, are the most happy in our existence.——*To clean Marble.*—Mix up a quantity of very strong soap lees with quick lime, to the consistency of milk, and lay it on the marble you wish to clean, where it may remain 24 or 30 hours. It is afterwards to be cleaned with soap and water, and it will appear as if new.——*An invisible Antagonist.*—A Gascon officer, who was present at a skirmish, fired a pistol at one of the enemy, and afterwards boasted that he had killed him. "That can't be," said another, "for not a man was left on the field." "Poh!" said the Gascon, "don't you see—I must have blown him to atoms.——*Fossil Forest.* -A fossil under-ground forest, about forty feet in thickness, and extending for several miles, has been lately discovered by a pedestrian tourist in the immediate vicinity of Rome. The petrific matter is a calc sinster, and the discoverer of this colossal phenomenon in natural history is of opinion that it has been occasioned by an earthquake, the memory of which is lost—probably long prior to the foundation of Rome. Not less singular than the phenomenon itself, is the circumstance of its having escaped the observation of the scientific for so many ages.—— *Appropriate Music.*—There is a set of music bells in the steeple of St. John's church, Perth, which play one of a series of lively Scottish airs every time the clock strikes. It so happened, one Sunday, at twelve o'clock, just as the minister below happened to use, with peculiar emphasis, the striking scripture metaphor, "Plough up the fallow ground of your hearts," that the music bells, much after the manner of an ochestra on the discharge of a toast at a public dinner, struck up the appropriate air "Corn rigs are bonny," to the infinite edification, and no less amusement, of the audience. ——*How to improve Water for drinking.*—The following plan may be adopted for this purpose:—Let the water, when boiled, be put into a common barrel-churn, where it may be agitated to any degree that may be wished for. In the course of its being thus agitated, it will absorb atmospheric air, and other elastic fluids with which it may come in contact. It will thus become a liquor, safe, pallatable, and wholesome; to be obtained with little trouble and expence; and in its utmost perfection, to the poorest individual.——*Unattackable.*—An officer was defending himself before Sir Sidney Smith, for not having attacked a certain post, because he had considered it *unattackable.* "Sir," said the gallant chief, "that word is not English."——*Polish Exiles.*—Paris contains at this moment several thousand Poles, and it is worthy of remark, that not one of them has been attacked with Cholera.——*Cologne, 20th May* – Numerous Cholera fugitives are constantly arriving from France.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ORANGES.

Of this cheap luxury, those chiefly used in England are from Portugal, Malta. the Barbary coast, and Seville; but by far the greatest number are from Seville, the export from which equals that of all those other places. About forty vessels are yearly freighted with oranges from Seville; each cargo consists of 400 chests, and each chest contains 800 oranges; so that the average number exported from Seville is 12,800,000 oranges; of this number about one-tenth part are bitter. The price paid by the London merchant to the Seville exporter is 120 reals a chest, which is fourpence halfpenny per dozen, or a farthing and a half each; so that if the freight and other expenses be added, one can scarcely expect a good orange under a penny. The cargo of each vessel is generally consigned to about ten persons; so that the trade is a secure one, and, to the grower, sufficiently profitable. The best oranges are allowed to remain long on the tree: the tree blossoms in March; and the choicest fruit still hangs on the tree when the blossom of another crop begins to appear. The Spaniards do not esteem them as thoroughly ripe till then: but in this state they are, of course, unable to bear exportation. The chief part of the export takes place in November and December, and a small number are shipped in January: if the fruit shipped so late as this happens to be long detained on the voyage, the greater part of it arrives in England in a state unfit for use; but, if the voyage be short, this is the finest fruit that comes to the English market. —*Inglis's Spain.*

ON THE CULTURE OF POTATOES.

In the cultivation of the potatoe, it does not seem to be yet settled whether it is necessary that the set should be taken from a large potatoe, or whether that from a small one will answer the same purpose. And yet this seems an easy question to be settled by *experience*, although it is true that the nature of the ground must make a greater difference than the size of the potatoe which is planted. Two rows, one of small and the other of large sets, planted on the same ground, would settle the question. As far as our own experience has gone, we have generally found large sets to answer best, and that one eye, (or two, for fear of accident,) has succeeded quite as well as a whole potatoe. If the small, and almost useless potatoe would answer as well, the saving would be of great importance. The following extract from the Horticultural Register has been sent to us by a correspondent.—Ed.

"Mr. Knight's general rules, as I find them in a letter now before me, are these:—'I obtained from the ash-leaved kidneys last season (a bad one, 1830,) a produce equal to 670 bushels, of 80 lb. each, per statute acre. To obtain these vast crops of the ash-leaved kidney, I always plant whole potatoes, selecting the largest I can raise; and for a very early crop, those ripened early in the preceding summer, and kept dry. I usually plant them on their ends, to stand with the crown-end upward, and place them at four inches' distance, from centre to centre, in the rows; the rows two feet apart, and always pointing north and south. I plant my large potatoes much in the same way, but with wider intervals, according to the height which the stems attain; thus, one which grows a yard high, at six inches' distance from centre to centre, and three feet six inches, or four feet, between the rows, never cutting any potatoe, nor plantings of less weight than a quarter, but generally half a pound. By using such large sets, I get very strong and large plants with widely-extended roots, very early in the summer. The blossoms take away a good deal of sap, which may be better employed in forming potatoes; and whenever a potatoe affords seeds freely, I think it an insuperable objection to it. As a general rule, I think potatoes ought to be planted in rows, distant from each other in proportion to the height of the stem. The height of the stem being full three feet, the rows ought to be about four feet apart and the sets of the very largest varieties planted whole, never to be more distant from centre to centre than six inches. By such mode of planting, the greatest possible quantities of leaf (the organ by which alone blood is made) are exposed to the light." (See Art. VI. signed G. J. T.)—*Horticultural Register*, No. X. p. 441.)

SCIENCE.

TANNING OF LEATHER BY GRAPE MARC.

A MEDICAL man of the neighbourhood of Narbonne has announced that the marc of grapes, after being distilled for the purpose of separating the alcohol, is an important assistant to oak bark, in the tanning process. After preparing skins in the usual manner, he placed them in the pits with the marc, in the place of bark. In thirty-five or forty days the tanning was finished.

The expected advantages are:—1. Shorter time;—2. Reduction of the price of oak bark;—3. A more agreeable odour of the leather than that given by oak bark;—4. Greater strength in the leather.

ZINC SHEATHING.

His majesty's ship Gannet, lately commissioned at Chatham, has been sheathed with sheets of zinc instead of copper, an experiment proposed by Captain Sweney, R. N., who superintended the performance of it. The sheets are of the same size as the copper, but from its brittle nature it was necessary to soften it for the purpose of perforating the holes, the nails also being principally of zinc. The expense is calculated to be about half that of copper.

QUICK COMMUNICATION.

It is the practice with the Admiralty to hold certain communications with the outports daily at one o'clock, by telegraphic despatch. The following is an instance of the wonderful celerity with which these communications are made. Certain instructions relative to the regulation of the time-keepers were lately communicated from the admiralty Office, London, to the telegraph, Portsmouth—and an answer received to them in *one minute.* It is, in fact, scarcely possible to imagine a system more perfect than this system of communication must be.

MACHINERY FOR SCOURING FLOORS.

David Dickinson, Chatham, Connecticut.

A scrubbing-brush is to be worked backwards and forwards by a lever, operating in the manner of a pump-handle. A flat board is to stand upon the floor, and from this is to rise two uprights, to sustain the pin which is the fulcrum of the lever To the lower end of this lever the scrubbing-brush is to be attached by a joint. The board with its appendages, is to be moved about the floor, that the brush may be applied to every part of it, &c. &c. We have seen many machines, some of them white, some yellow, and others black, which worked scrubbing-brushes to admiration: some of them were clever-looking articles, and although unpatented, we should decidedly give them the preference, either for washing, scrubbing, or other useful operations in domestic economy. They may either be hired or purchased, as may be thought most convenient.—*Date of Pat. 10th July*, 1831

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

THE BOOTCHUANA BOY.

The Scotsman Newspaper of July 6th, 1831, mentions the Ordination of the Rev. W. Robertson, by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, presented to one of the Government Churches in this Colony. There is also the following notice in the same article, which possesses considerable interest.

"During his former residence at the Cape, Mr. Robertson adopted an orphan Negro Boy, belonging to the Mantatee tribe of the Bootchuana country, and retained him as a servant. The boy accompanied his master to Scotland, and during his residence in Edinburgh, he attended the Sessional, and latterly the Circus Place School, where he acquitted himself very much to the satisfaction of his teachers, displaying an acuteness and intelligence not a little remarkable. Before setting off with Mr. Robertson for the Cape, he expressed a wish to be baptized; and his knowledge and general conduct being such as fully to warrant a compliance with his request, the solemn and interesting ordinance was dispensed on Friday last by the

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Rev. Dr. Gordon, and thus the Bootchuana Boy returns to his savage countrymen, probably the first of the Mantatee tribe that has ever been admitted to the possession of christian privileges."

The Rev. Mr. Robertson arrived in the Colony towards the end of 1831, and was appointed Minister of Clanwilliam.

A Correspondent thus reports concerning the parties in question, under date Clanwilliam, 14th August, 1832.

"The Bootchuana lad William Lockey, who received a most respectable education, through the means of the Rev. W. Robertson, our District Minister, is about to leave his benefactor for *Kamiesberg*, in the capacity of *Assistant Teacher* to Mr. Edwards, at the Wesleyan Mission Institution. From what I know of him, I entertain the most pleasing anticipations of his well-doing. It is very encouraging to those who take an interest in the education of the coloured tribes, to find so much capability in an African of supposed inferior intellect, and to discover suitable qualifications in this orphan boy to become a teacher in a Public Institution.

It is also extremely disinterested on the part of our Minister to make such a sacrifice as he really does—in parting with this amiable youth."

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PULPIT.

——— The Pulpit, in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar powers,
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
(Cowper.)

Some of these days we intend to pay some very direct attention to the South African Pulpit. At present, we shall just glance at the objects which have engaged the attention of three or four Clergymen during the last month, and all, we believe, on one particular day.

ST. ANDREW'S.

The Rev. Dr. Adamson preached a collection sermon on behalf of the Sunday-school attached to this Kirk. The Preacher dwelt much on the advantages of *Religious Knowledge*, over those attainments which merely exercise the reason, but do not controul or discipline the passions; which sharpen the microscopic faculties of the mind,—leads with a mighty enchantment through the realms of time, but cherishes not the "thoughts that wander through eternity." We thought the following idea of the Reverend Preacher very good—'In truth, the fruits of the *Tree of Knowledge* will only send leanness into the Soul which hath no hungering after the fruits of the *Tree of Life*.'

THE MINISTER OF ST. GEORGE'S.

The inordinate propensity for finery and dress, has been long a growing evil at the Cape. A Christian preacher may, therefore, be well forgiven if he lift up the voice of urgent testimony and warning against this temptation of the Enemy. To see an *immortal* being loading itself with *outside shew*, is a spectacle almost as melancholy as that of a shivering and tattered maniac, picking up gew-gaws and feathers and glittering braveries, and fixing them in his wild locks, and spangling with them his flaunting rags! The Rev. Mr. Hough, the Senior Colonial Chaplain, has, therefore, we think, performed a very essential duty in bringing the subject forward for pulpit remonstrance. As long ago as 1657, when plain preaching was in vogue, Dean Reeve thus addresses a London congregation on the subject of outward adornments.

"The Kings of Egypt were wont to give unto their Queens the tribute of the city *Antilla*, to buy themselves girdles; and how much girdles, gorgets, wimples, cawles, crisping-pins, veils, rails, frontlets, bonnets, bracelets, necklaces, slops, flippers, round-tires, sweet-balls, rings, ear-rings, mufflers, glasses, hoods, lawn, musks, civets, rose-powders, gessamy-butter, complexion-waters, do cost in our day, many a sighing husband doth know by the year's account. What ado there is to spruse up many a woman for streets or markets, banquets or temples! She is not fit to be seen, unless she doth appear half naked; nor to be marked, unless she hath her distinguished patches upon her; she goeth not abroad till she be feathered like a Popin-jay, and doth shine like alabaster: it is the great work of the family to dress her; much chafing and fuming there is before she can be thoroughly tired; her spongings and perfumings, lacings and lickings, clippings and strippings, dentrificings and daubings, — the setting of every hair methodically, and the placing of every beauty spot topically, are so tedious, that it is a wonder that my lady can sit, or the maid stand, till all the scenes of this fantastic comedy be acted through. O these birds of Paradise are bought at a dear rate! The keeping of these Lannerets is very chargeable!"

THE REFORMED CHURCH.

A powerful appeal has been made from this Pulpit by the Rev. Mr. Faure, on behalf of a new Building for a Church, to be placed somewhere near the public school in Long-street. This address seems to have had a beneficial tendency—a handsome subscription being afloat. In various parts of the Colony there is a Church-building spirit, which argues well. In some instances, we know of *family* determinations on this head. In colonizing, upon however small a scale, the vow should be remembered which David vowed unto the Almighty God of Jacob: "I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eye-lids to slumber, neither the temples of my head to take any rest, until I have found out a place for the Temple of the Lord." The chief reason why men in latter times have been worsened by colonization, is, that they have not borne this in mind. It was a tradition among the pions Jews, that wherever ten men of Israel were settled together, a synagogue ought to be built there!

Extract From a Traveller's Letter.

(Addressed to VIVIAN.)

I hope you will continue to give us your monthly notes of Criticism; never mind that your remarks must be occasionally displeasing to some—depend on it, we want more of the stirring-up system. I have ever felt the advantage of it from being early initiated in the rules of a Literary Society, and we used to practise every means in our power, (such were our laws,) except personal insult, to try the temper and understanding of each candidate for admission. Every prejudice, which his profession or situation in life might have led him to cherish, was attacked, and exposed by argument and ridicule. The argument was always ingenuous, and the ridicule sometimes a little severe. This ordeal, however, prevented the aspiration of too numerous candidates. Our Society was always kept weeded, for we kicked out every timid cowardly spirit who could not *stand fire*—nor would come up to *the scratch* when necessity called for it. But to business—

I have been visiting Graham's Town, and am now on my way to the Caffer stations. In Graham's Town are very numerous signs of growing improvement. The Hall for Commerce, Public Meetings, and Assemblies, will be very pretty when finished: the plan combines neatness with elegance, and is of course less ambitious than yours in Cape Town, which lays its foot of occupancy on so much ground. The Methodists are finishing a splendid Chapel—nothing like it on the frontier, and would shame many buildings at the Cape. The zeal of this people is most commendable. Here we find a sect doing what the whole of the District of Uitenhage cannot, or rather will not do. Even the minister's house I observed, as I passed it in Uitenhage, is in a most forlorn condition, and a disgrace to the church authorities. Is this the way they treat their pastor?—

"A man who is to all the country dear."

Graham's Town is a thorough English Community, and has not half the draw-backs which you have in the Cape Colony, of a mixture of Dutch and English; two-thirds of the former, and the proportion of the latter not genuine. I hope we shall some one of these days cut the connection, for what with your parties, prejudices, and opposition, it is no credit to be on any very extraordinary terms of intimacy.

The Slave Guardian at Graham's Town is ordered to Graaff-Reinet—a wise remove, because his residence in Albany has been long an anomaly. It is curious enough, I heard of a silly memorial in the course of my travels from certain *boers*, craving permission to hold slaves, and threatening, if refused, to remove to Port Natal! Their departure (such slavers!) would be a happy 'riddance; it would, at the same time, be unfortunate for Natal, as it would perpetuate the system in that part of Africa.

I discover by your newspapers that Political Philosophy has been superseded at the Cape by Moral Philosophy; and that *Jesuistical* principles on the *expediency of a Lie*, find an advocate in a writer who has had the hardihood to style himself *A Candid Englishman*. I think Mr. Fairbairn should return to his former practice of never mentioning the contemporary Thing in his paper.

How are the rising youths coming on at the Cape? What progress make they in Hebrew, Greek, and *Dutch* Latin?!!! The Cape boys are certainly precocious, a peculiarity of the climate to produce such effect on all living substances. I wish they were of slower growth, when one might expect, at years of maturity, something of sterling oak. The lads of America and New South Wales are famed for the spirit of enterprise:—they subdue the soil, and are not ashamed of the sound of their axe in the forest; or else they adventure on the world of waters. Now, what is the Cape peculiarity? To dance, to *trouw*, and be writing-machines in a government office. I have seen Dr. Smith about his eastern tour. If the concurrent testimony of men of all characters and degrees of information is to be relied on, it must be a fine country. But it appears to be without animal-*man*. He has been cut off, and not there to be seen. The Emperor Nicholas should have made *Chaka* and *Dingaan* Field-Marshals when he subdued the Poles—they would have done the business of depopulation to the *Last Man*."

A CARD.

We beg our respectful compliments to the Editor of the *Advertiser*, and assure him that we have read his thoughts on Slavery of the 1st instant, and differ with him *in toto*. The words of the late Mr. Canning supply a forcible admonition at the present juncture.

"Trust not the masters of slaves in what concerns legislation for slaves. However specious their laws may appear, depend upon it, they must be ineffectual in their operation. It is in the nature of things that they should be so. *Let then the British House of Commons do their part themselves. Let them not delegate the trust of doing it to those who cannot execute that trust fairly.* Let the evil be remedied by an Assembly of freemen, by the Goverment of a free people, and not by the masters of slaves. There is something in the nature of absolute authority, in the relation between master and slaves, which makes despotism in *all* cases, and under *all* circumstances, an incompetent and unsure executor even of its own provisions in favour of the objects of its power."

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LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE III—BY ORLANDO.*

CREATION OF VEGETABLES—NECESSITY OF LIGHT AND AIR TO IT—ON THE DIVINE AGENCY IN NATURE—ON THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN LIGHT AND THE SOLAR RAY.

GENTLEMEN!

I closed my last Lecture with observations on that Divine superintendence and agency which accompany the continued subsistence of our natural world,—because, no other supposition will explain those grand phenomena, which no discernable laws of nature can account for: and because, wherever these act, they only operate as they do, by the energies and qualities derived from the Creating Sovereign, and by the arrangement and co-operating and counteracting positions in which He has placed—and having placed, continues to maintain them. The permanent existence of things as they are, is as great a miracle as their original formation. And I would here observe, that there is so much that is incomprehensible to our finite minds in Creation, as well as in Providence, that it is our duty to obey rather than to cavil—to bend our reason to the Divine Will, and even believe the revealed Testimony with submission and thankfulness, rather than reject its mysterious import. For let us recollect, however much of falsification and of error there may be in the world, there is yet so great a preponderance of truth, that *he who believes indiscriminately will be in the right a thousand times to one oftener than he who doubts indiscriminately. Habitual scepticism implies almost perpetual error. Indeed, either to believe by habit, or to doubt by habit, is the symptom of a feeble or diseased mind. But the former is vastly more congrous to the actual condition of mankind, and to the ordinary course of human affairs,—is more safe, is more reasonable, than the latter.*

But, Gentlemen! to our subject. In no part of our terrestrial abode is a creating mind more visible, than in its VEGETABLE Kingdom; for here we see every where specific combinations producing specific effects, and no other; and with undeviating constancy, and with exactest certainty, each phenomena arising from a peculiar and adapted organization distinct from every other, which invariably produces its suited result, and only that; yet each but the union, different arrangements and quantities of the same common particles. No fancied *tendency* will explain this. The same particles could not tend to be a thousand dissimilar things. No assumed tendency can explain diversity; a tendency to diversity is an impossibility, because, that would be a tendency to be and yet not to be, which may be justly deemed an absurdity. If the particles of Vegetable nature tended to form a rose, the same particles could have no tendency in themselves to compose a lily. All tendency, if such a thing existed, must be uniform; it could not be variable. No presumed tendency can therefore explain the numerous diversities of vegetable organization. All plants are formed of similar component particles, varying only in arrangement and amount; and no particles that tended to form one composition, could tend to form any other. But instead of vegetable nature being only one composition, the Botanist is conversant with from 80,000 to 100,000 species of plants.*

The *Creation of Vegetables* is placed by Moses subsequent to the production of Light and of the Atmosphere; immediately after the waters had receded from the land, and just before the creation and arrangement of the Solar system. The position of Vegetables in the series of creation exactly answers the demands of our present knowledge. Instead of requiring the Sun's light to germinate, seeds and plants, in order to do so, must be sowed and placed in darkness before they begin to vegetate. Solar light is unfriendly to first germination. *Louden* mentions as one of the necessary conditions of germination, that the seed sown *must be defended* from the action of the rays of light. A small heat and moisture first cause the living principle of seeds to begin its operations, but they cannot flower and fruit until they receive the solar beams; nor could they grow without light, air, and moisture. (1)

A portion of oxygen air is essential to vegetation. Hence the previous atmosphere, which contains in it more than that portion, was indispensable, as was also some water on the soil where they were to grow. This exact placing of vegetable formation and first germination, is another test of the authenticity of the Hebrew cosmogony, which random fiction could not have stood.

Gentlemen! According to my mind, no truth in philosophy seems to be now more clearly ascertained, than that light has a distinct existence separate and independent of the Sun. This is a striking confirmation of the Mosaic record; for that expressly distinguishes the existence and operation of light from the solar action upon *it*, and from

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

* *Hersch.* Disc. 136. This is a much larger number than former estimations. *Louden* mentions only 44,000, of which 38,000 had been described. Encyc. Gard. 250.

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that radiation of it which is connected with his beams and presence. By the first sacred Historian, an interval of three days is placed between the luminous creation, and the appearance and position of the Sun and Moon. Light was therefore, operating by its own laws and agencies, *without the Sun*, and independently of his peculiar agency, from the first day to the fourth of our terrestial fabrication. But from the time that the Sun was placed in his central position, and his rays were appointed to act on our Earth, they have been always performing most beneficial operations, essential to the general course of things. (2) They have also been ascertained by Dr. Herschel, to have a power of heating, distinct from their production of light and colour,—an interesting discovery, connected with more consequences and inferences than have yet been noticed. (3)

The glory of Sir Isaac Newton began by his discovering that light was not simple and homogeneous; but that it consisted of seven rays of different colours, and of different and invariable degrees of refrangibility. The same degree of this belonged always to the same colour, and the same colour to the same degree of refrangibility. Red, yellow, and blue, are the primary colours; white light, their compound. An opposing theory to this, has been gradually growing up from the time of Des Cartes, and is now maintained by several men of no small name and powers in science, (4) which considers light to be an undulating vibration of an ethereal medium universally diffused, and not as Newton thought an emanation of *particles* direct from the Sun. (5) La Place perferred the opinion that Light is an emanation from a luminous body! But the newer system comes nearer the Mosaic fact, that light was a distinct production anterior to the Sun; and appears to be gaining ground in philosophical minds. (6) It seems to me most probable, that Light is an ethereal fluid now generally diffused, and pervading all things, and not an emanation from the Sun; but that this luminary has a direct and additional agency upon it, whose effects we daily see.

It may not be impertinent to suggest, that light seems, like heat, to have two states,—active and latent. The active state causes its visible phenomena, and our sensation of day-light. When this subsides, by the Sun's departure, into its latent state, our sense of darkness, or night, is produced. The solar rays again emerging on it, have the power of changing its latent state into its active visibility. Light has also the property of being absorbed by, and I would add, of combining with all substances; (7) with some wholly, which are then black; with others, the most numerous cases, only in part; and then, that portion of them which is not so absorbed, emanates from the substance in the colour which comes from them to our eye. (8) There is another grand operation in the formation of material and inorganic nature, which has only become a subject of peculiar study within the last half century, and with which I think, the yet *unknown* agencies of LIGHT are principally concerned. This is CRYSTALLIZATION. It is that force or agency by which the constituent particles of bodies are united together into certain primitive forms, which all minerals on being properly broken, are found to exhibit, and which become the rule and basis for the formation of the mass. Similar figures are made on the primitive one; and all of these accumulated crystals the substance is composed, and into these it can always, by careful labour, be divided. (9) They have been traced to four fundamental forms; and these have been thought reducible to one constant and primitive original. Like the rest of nature, the crystalline form is perfectly scientific, (10) and Light seems to have been one of the great secondary agents that is used by the great Mechanist of the Universe to produce it.

Let us now direct our attention more exclusively to the principles and nature and chief phenomena of the Vegetable Creation.

Of all vegetables, and especially in the flowers, light seems to be a component part, and the causes of all their lovely colours, and to be essential to their health and vigour. But mere light of one simple and similar kind would not have had this effect. Its beauties arise from its consisting of seven distinct separable, varying, and differently reflecting rays. (11)

Hitherto, only inorganic, brute, and unliving matter, and aërial and ethereal fluids of the same character, had been made: their elementary particles had been combined together by the subordinate operation of those means or laws to which we give the names of cohesion, attraction, gravitation, crystallization, and such like; but all these made only lifeless substances and compelled movement, without any spontaneous power or self-acting principle within them. Every thing was inert, until impelled; and all motion was the effect of external force, ceasing when that ceased, and never proceeding beyond its compulsory impulse, either in direction or degree.

The Deity now proceeded to a new order and principle of Creation—that which is associated more immediately to Himself. This was, to arrange some of the material elements of nature into definite and interesting forms, with a curious internal mechanism, within which a living principle was to abide, spontaneously acting and producing those peculiar and impressive phenomena, which only life can perform. It is this living principle which brings all that possesses it, into a far nearer relation to their Maker, than inert and inorganic matter—for in its lowest form and activity, it is still totally unlike all that is without it, and has a certain degree of assimilation to its Creator, whose essential quality is eternal, unoriginating, and everduring life. All vitality appears to be some communication of the grandest characteristic in Himself, to those things which possess it, and by which they become living beings. Their forms are His special invention and construction—and their principle of life is also His especial and communicated gift.

The CREATION OF VEGETABLES was the formation of living organized beings, with spontaneous internal powers, but without those of locomotivity; without thinking minds, and without any sensitivity discernible by us, and yet endowed with a principle of life that has many striking analogies with that which all animals possess, and which we ourselves enjoy. PLANTS are distinguished for their multiplicity and variety; for that exuberance of imagination and taste which they display, and for that sense of elegance and beauty which their Maker must have had, to have so formed and diversified them. They are entirely the creation of His choice—the inventions of His rich and beautiful fancy. They have been all individually designed; and special thought must have been employed in each. The Vegetable Kingdom expands every where before us an immense portrai-

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ture of the Divine Mind, in its contriving skill profuse imagination, conceiving genius, and exquisite taste; as well as its interesting qualities of the most gracious benignity and the most benevolent munificence. The various flowers we behold awaken these sentiments within us, and compel our reason to make these perceptions and this inference. They are the annual heralds and ever returning pledges to us of His continuing beneficence, of His desire to please and to benefit us; and therefore, of His parental and intellectual amiabilities. The Thunder, the Pestilence, and the Tempest, awe and humble us into dismaying recollections of His tremendous omnipotence and possible visitations, and of our total inability to resist or avert them; but the beauty and benefactions of His Vegetable Creations—remind and assure us of His unforgetting care, of His condescending sympathy, of His paternal attentions. * * * *

[The next Lecture will detail some of the chief principles and properties of the organization and system of the Vegetable Creation.]

NOTES.

(1) M. Leuchs has tried many experiments on the effects of light on plants. His conclusions are—'Solar light favours in them the assimilation of carbonic acid gas—facilitates their verdure, and the formation of their volatile and aromatic principles.—It is essential to florification and fructification. We cannot obtain ripe seeds from plants reared in darkness. They become more lax and watery as the light is lessened.

(2) The rays of solar light, according to Sir David Brewster, possess several remarkable physical properties; they heat, they illuminate; they promote chemical combination; they effect chemical decompositions; they impart magnetism to steel; they alter the colour of bodies; they communicate to plants and flowers their peculiar flowers; and are, in many cases, necessary to the developement of their characteristic qualities.

(3) From his experiments, Dr. Herschel drew the important conclusion, that there were *invisible* rays in the light of the Sun, which had the power of *producing heat*. These results were confirmed by Sir Henry Englefield. (See Brewster's Optics, p. 89.)

(4) Drs. Hooke and Huygens in Newton's life-time, urged the theory which Des Cartes had first suggested. Newton answered them. But Euler and others revived it. Since he wrote, Dufresnal, A. S. Couchy, and Pouillet, have enforced it. Dr. Ure explains its modern shape at some length in his Geology.

(5) In the Newtonian theory, light is supposed to consist of material particles emitted by luminous bodies; and moving through space with a velocity of 192,000 miles in a second. In the undulating theory, an exceedingly thin and elastic medium, called Ether, is supposed to fill all space, and to occupy the intervals between the particles of all material bodies.

(6) Brewster's Optics, p. 135.

(7) One of the most curious properties of bodies is their power of absorbing light. Charcoal is the most absorptive of all. Even the most transparent bodies in nature, air and water, when in sufficient thickness, are capable of absorbing a great quantity of light. (*Ib.* p 127.)

(8) Bodies absorb light in different degrees, in this order:

Charcoal	Black hornblende	Mica
Coal of all kinds	Obsidian	Water
Metals in general	Rock crystal	Air and
Silver	Selenite	Gases
Gold	Glass	

(*Ib. p.* 137.)

(9) Mr. Daniel in his Lectures, proves that these bodies cannot be broken in any way *we please*, but only in certain particular directions.

(10) The crystalline form is in the highest degree geometrical. (Hersch. p. 291.)

(11) Sir D. Brewster has very happily expressed this fact. If the objects of the material world had been illuminated with white light, all the particles of which possessed the same degree of refrangibility, and were equally acted upon by the bodies on which they fall, *all nature would have shone with a leaden hue!* and all the combinations of external objects, and all the features of the human countenance would have exhibited no other variety than that which they possess in a pencil sketch, or a china-ink drawing. (Life of Newton.)

A LATE "BULL" FROM THE POPE *versus* MASKS.

In our last, we gave an extract from the MS. Journal of an Italian Exile. The late papers have announced, that *Masks* are prohibited by a recent "Bull" from the Roman Pontiff.

It is clear that Politics and Pleasure are the true antagonist powers of the social system, as Attraction and Repulsion are of the physical.

The Pope, in consideration of the suspicious political state of the capital of the world, has just let loose the most amusing "Bull" that was ever started, out of Ireland—amusing, however, to those only whom it does not concern—for to those whom it does concern it is—(like the stoning of the frogs)—death. The mad "Bull" in question—for it is nothing less, and the Pope will find it so—relates to the Carnival, and decrees that it shall take place as usual, but *forbids the use of* MASKS. A Carnival without masks! The play of Hamlet without the Prince, was nothing to this. The revellers may disguise themselves in what costumes they please (always except those of the Monastic Orders), but they must, on no account, cover their faces! Why, the Roman Carnival will, for once, be as "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" an affair as a late Slavery Meeting in Cape Town was.

And the order extends to all places, public and private, and to all hours. The poor Romans are interdicted from making themselves happy and ridiculous, even in their own houses: for a mask may cover a conspirator.

The same mandate includes above a score of other directions, almost equally preventive and yet provocative of merriment. Among other refined cruelties, the revellers are forbidden even to fling their accustomed sugar plums at one another—for who knows but each might be some "infernal machine" in masquerade, or convey some incendiary writing—some Swing letter? The penalty for this latter atrocity (of flinging a forbidden sugar plum), is fifteen days imprisonment, and a fine.

As a stretch of papal indulgence, however, the people may scatter very diminutive comfits—of coriander seeds, for example,—*always provided they be purchased by the licensed vender.* But almonds and Pistachio nuts are specially interdicted—they are the "forbidden fruit" of the papal paradise.

Here follow a few more items of this doubly-*marplot* mandate:—"The use of lighted tapers (*moccoletti*) is absolutely interdicted for the present year." (They must amuse themselves in the dark, then. Many of them may not object to this.)

"No one shall dare to frighten, stop, or turn, any of the horses during the race." (By this we may gather, that, under ordinary circumstaces, the above are admitted pleasantries.)

That portion of the decree which affixes the *penalties* in the above cases, is one of the most naive and characteristic bits of composition that we remember to have met with. Thus it expresses itself:—"Those who shall act contrary to the above prescriptions will be subjected to *public flaggellation, fine, imprisonment*, and "EVEN HARD LABOUR." Pray, reader, take the order of these penalties. Whipping at the cart's tail is a trifle—"fine" is decidedly bad—"imprisonment" is the devil—but "hard labour!" How can it have entered into the human conception to have devised such a refined piece of cruelty! An Italian—Roman—condemned to work! "Oh!" (as they say to Mr. Hunt's plebeianisms in the House of Commons,) "Oh!"—must have been the one universal exclamation of Rome, on reading this fatal decree,—which, if it do not cause an immediate revolution in the Papal States, nothing can. Condemn a worshipper of the *dolce far niente* to "hard labour!" The world's at an end!

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

If human ingenuity has been hitherto dormant on the vital point of food for human consumption, it is now presenting us with indications that it will be indolent and inattentive no longer. Experiments are beginning on the long-neglected art of multiplying human food—and even of obtaining it from other vegetable matter, besides the farinaceous grains and roots of nature. A German is stated in a recent publication, to have found out the means of converting *saw-dust into an eatable food.** A medical gentleman near Manchester is making bread from turnips, carrots, parsnips, and beet; and a French miller has ground and worked straw and hay into nutritive bread, not inferior to that which the largest part of Europe's continental multitude subsist on. As it respects saw-dust as an article of food, we have a reminiscence to the point. Some twenty years since, there lived in our native village, one Elliot, a carpenter, and Thorburn, a tailor. They were both men of eccentric habits, and each prided himself on riding a good horse. On one occasion the parties met, and the tailor complimented the other on the good looks of his riding animal; asking him, at the same time, how he managed to keep up such a fine appearance. "O, said the carpenter, 'tis nothing more than mixing *saw-dust* with his oats." The tailor was highly indignant at the supposed sportiveness of his friend, and turned away in anger. But the fact

* *Dry* bones may be converted to nutriment by steam, or by a cheap acid.—Dorcet, Ann. d'Industrie, Feb. 1829.

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was, that Mr. Elliot did for many years unite saw-dust with oats; and, therefore, the German's discovery is not altogether original.* But, trusting as we do in the undiminishable and undecaying property of *plants*—we seem to require little of human ingenuity to find out other resources for the cravings of our nature. Hence we are relieved from the chimerical dread of a super-abundant population of the Earth, respecting which so much has been said and written for the last thirty years. In nature, the law of population has never exceeded that of the productive power of vegetable life, and never will. All that concerns human beings, has been made upon a principle of benevolence. The same principle continues the system, and superintends the working, and will always adapt the provision to the necessity, and supply further assistance, if new exigencies should require it. Cultivated produce has hitherto outran population in every country, and there is every appearance that it will do so. Two laws are visibly in operation in nature; one, that it shall not produce spontaneously—the other, that it shall be always increasable by human labour and skill. Ordinary, but diligent exertions of these, have hitherto abundantly sufficed for all that has been needed. Local distress may arise from temporary reasons and want of intercourse, but never from a failure in the powers of vegetable nature. The great mischief is, that *Man* frequently mars the benevolent intentions of the Divine economy. Restrictions and Corn Laws are sad drawbacks to the happiness of a people, and never will the prosperity of a country become secured, until wise laws and individual equity, cause the Great Supply to be sufficiently shared by all its inhabitants.

The most essential condition in a daily enlarging population, is a sufficiency of that which will support bodily strength, and nourish the vital principle. The simplest food will always do this, in spite of a contrary belief on the part of some of the gross sheep's-tail-fat eaters of this colony. Who is there rightly minded, that does not discover a food, and a course of prudent diet, which is more favourable to the intellectual energies, and the moral sensibilities, than any other? This seems to be the golden mean between deprivation and exuberance.

'Spare fast that with the Gods doth diet,'

was the experience and the encomium of our Milton; and a moderate use of selected and improved articles of sustenance may give the strongest wing to genius, and the sweetest temper to the animal spirits. But let us look a little further into the supplies of Nature, and we shall find the resources adequate to the demand.

Wheaten bread is a desirable enjoyment, but other vegetable food cannot be unpleasant, since our ancestors lived on *barley-cakes;* the Russian still loves his hard *black rye bread;* the Caledonian his gratifying *oatmeal;* and the Hibernian his *potatoes.* Even *acorn*-food is yet palateable to some people, who might have corn if they would cultivate it. Thus Capt. Beechy mentions of the Indians he saw in California, that they cultivate no land; but acorns, which abound, constitute their principal food.* So Desfontaine remarks on the people of the Atlas Mountains between Algiers and Morocco. In New Zealand, the *Fernroot* furnishes a principal part of the food of the common people at some seasons of the year. (Ellis, Polyn. Res.) At various times in Europe, when scanty harvests pressed, the poor have made their bread of fern-roots. Eveleyn notices, that *Burrs and Thistles* have been used for human food. Bruised thistles have been often given to horses in France, who have fattened on them. The Laplanders make bread from one of their *mosses.* In France, in 1817, the continued rains of the preceding summer having prevented the corn from ripening in one of the departments, the people, for several weeks before the next harvest, were reduced to live solely on herbaceous vegetables, as Goat's-beard, Wild Sorrel, Nettles, Thistles, Bean-tops, and leaves of trees; these were chopped up, boiled, and mashed. (Journ. Experim. 1822.) In the scarcity in Ireland in 1818, Nettles and all other herbaceous herbs, with coarsest bran, were resorted to for food. The natives of New Holland are estimated at 3 millions, yet agriculture is unknown among them. The fondness for bulbous-roots by many of our Bushmen and wild tribes on the boundaries of this colony, is well known.

But the number of new things made from vegetables only, in the year 1831, not only amuse as we read of them, but contribute to illustrate the utilities, both for food and convenience, that are yet additionally derivable from them. Thus M. du Chatellier announces that he has discovered the means of so preparing all the leaves of trees and plants, as to make them excellent *Tobacco;* especially the *Nut* and *Vine.* The powder is as sternutatory as the Nicotian, but does not produce the vertigo which tobacco-snuff occasions. (Bull. Un. 1831, p. 342.) So another, with the aid of a little malt, makes what he terms good *Beer* from *Potatoes.* (Ib. 348.) A gentleman of Vienna has found that *Elderberries,* in equal quantities, yield more *Brandy* than the best of Wheat. (Ib. p. 121.) Another disserts on the advantage of feeding *Cattle* of the *Elm, Acacia* without thorns, *Ash,* and *Poplar.* (Ib. p. 224.) Another, by hand-nets with bags, caught from his corn five bushels of *Grasshoppers,* which he boiled. They turned red, and made a delightful repast to his *Pigs.* Another experimenter found that *Sweet Potatoes* would form wort, ferment and make like *Malt,* good wholesome *Beer,* in flavour precisely like ale made from malt. Another raised on light lands, that grew only 327 bushels of potatoes on the acre, 640 bushels on the same space, of *Jerusalem Artichokes,* which the young calves eat with rapidity, and improved upon; so did *Horses,* and *Sheep,* and *Pigs* too, but not till boiled or steamed. (Farm. Jour.) The seeds of *Grapes,* pressed and boiled, furnish a liquid very like that of *Coffee,* and much used for it in Germany. The seeds of the *Yellow Iris,* roasted, are also declared to make excellent COFFEE. The seeds of the *Forest Broom* have the same quality. Lastly, we have heard that the vapour from all baked bread has been collected into an ardent spirit, somewhat resembling gin. Thus there seems to be no end to the valuable matter which vegetables may, by art and labour, be made to yield for human use.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

WE learn from the daily and other Periodical Journals of Europe and America, the great progress of the English Language. In the French and German Courts, English Tutors and Governesses are especially employed, whilst the perusal of English publications is sought after with avidity. In Germany, Clubs have been formed for the express purpose of promoting English conversation and the diffusion of English Literature. The truth is, much of this progress may be attributed to Sir Walter Scott. He has rendered ours, an almost uni-

* We recollect that the country-people, on hearing of Elliot's method of feeding his horse, greatly persecuted him—on the plea of *cruelty to animals!*

* They bake them, and bruise them between two stones into a paste, which will keep dried until the following season.—(Voyage to Pacific.)

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versal language. Indeed, there is no work of high rank in the modern literature of England, which is not reprinted or reprinting For a report of the progress of the English Language in this Colony, we look to the *School Commissions* of Cape Town and those in the villages of the interior. The *laws of the Colony* provide for the publication of such; and periodical reports of every system of proceedings which have matters of public concernment for their object, are of the highest importance. They are a call upon the attention of mankind—to inspect, inquire, and control on the one hand,—to support, aid, and encourage on the other. And we may rest assured, that there is something rotten in every institution or society, which does not welcome inquiry,—that rejects alike, rewards and punishments—that is, public approbation or disapprobation, for which publicity provides. In no department, perhaps, of the colonial administration, does inquiry seem to be more awanting than in that which governs or directs what are called *The Government Schools*. We earnestly recommend that portion of the *respectable* Press which we are yet privileged to enjoy, to call for information on this subject from every quarter.

A KNOWLEDGE OF NATURAL HISTORY IMPORTANT, AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

The plan adopted by several continental nations, particularly the French and the Swedish, of making natural history a branch of education in the public schools, possesses many advantages over the old Gothic system, to which we still cling so pertinaceously on this side of the atlantic. To those young men who are destined to pass a great portion of their lives in regions far removed from their native land, the study of natural history affords intervals of pleasing recreation from the fatigues of professional duty. This study, aided by a knowledge of a few of the modern languages, is the surest passport to the best society. It occupies those idle hours which would otherwise lie heavy on the hands of the young, or incite, perhaps, to dangerous irregularities. It affords exercise to the mind, and frequently adds to the sum of human knowledge. It has also over every other study, this peculiar advantage, that whithersoever fortune may direct our footsteps, materials for it present themselves to our view. The pathless forest, the arid plain, the alpine rock, the desert island, tender by turns their varied and inexhaustible stores, and demand of us only exercise of body as the price at which they will furnish us with food for the mind. Even the boundless waste of ocean, which the common traveller views with an eye of apathy or apprehension, yields to the naturalist a rich harvest of amusement and instruction. A man possessed of a taste for natural history, has it in his power to amass a store of subjects, wherewith he can associate a train of agreeable recollections sufficient to afford him amusement during the remainder of his life; not to mention the pleasure he must feel in sharing his discoveries with those who have the same taste with himself, but who want the opportunity of indulging it.

PRINCIPIA RERUM NATURALIUM.

(Translated from the Latin.)

(BY PHILOCHRESTOS FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE)

Continued from page 358, *Vol.* 2.

EXPERIENCE may be defined to be the knowledge of every thing in the world of Nature, which is capable of being received by the medium of the senses This definition is calculated to embrace every subject - whether elemental, metallic, or chymical, vegetative, or anatomical, where the mode of their sensible influence or action, *à posteriori*, can be determined by any of the faculties adapted to the perception of external objects. They may, indeed, be termed objects of the senses, and phenomena drawn from the great store-house of natural things.

Let it not, however, be imagined that this experience, or knowledge of effects, confined to one man, or even to one age, is sufficient for exploring the hidden paths of nature. No; the experience of many ages is required for success to crown the investigation. Industry must collect their gradual improvement, and thus progressively increase the store; while the vast treasury of nature lies before us, for the observation of phenomena, and elucidation by experiments, of that part of her operations which engages our research.

The sciences have now for some thousand years past been adding to our experience, and they may be said to have reached that point of excellence, when the enquiry into nature's secret and invisible operations, need no longer be deferred. For an infinity of phenomena already known, and the extant documents of so many ages will prove abundantly sufficient for an *à priori* investigation and deduction from the principles of things. We possess a considerable body of experiments, illustrative of the elements of æther, air, fire, and water, and also of the magnet; and if we reckon those which have been made in metallurgy and chemistry, where nearly all the elements are called forth, and employed for the solution, and condensation of bodies, we cannot for a moment doubt that the world at this day is sufficiently enlightened.

It does not appear that there is any occasion for that infinite variety of experiments which some deem necessary to acquire a knowledge of natural things; let them be but important, and bear directly and approximately to the point, and not diverge too obliquely and remotely from our mechanical world, and its powers. For it is to them we must owe our guidance to the first—composed, and to us general principles; thence, by means of geometry, aided by the leading phenomena, which lie in a middle path between the two, we proceed to particulars; then, by a certain concatenation, to the more simple; and thus at last the most simple, to the fountain from which, more and more modified, they have progressively diverged. The remaining mass, which are either further removed from their source, and at the same time from the simple mechanism of the world, or which are merely collateral, and not in the direction of our view, may be safely laid aside as not essential: indeed, they would tend rather to divert the mind into a contrary course, than to lead us in the grand path of our investigation. For a countless variety of phenomena could be mentioned, which are very distant from their origin, and from which no approach to their source can be elicited but through multiplied errors, and intricate wanderings. Nature, branching forth into such a variety of modifications, may be compared with the arteries and veins of the animal body; these, when nearest the common fountain, the heart, possess considerable breadth and magnitude; but are divided, in their course, into lesser and lesser ramifications, and at last into the finer capillary tubes, whose filaments can scarcely be discerned by the minutest observation. Let us then suppose a person ignorant of, and yet desirous to explore, by experiments, the fount and origin of the blood, which flows through these arteries and veins. Surely in such a case he would hardly commence in the smaller vesicles, and there institute a tedious course of dissections, to trace them in their devious progress; in so laborious a pursuit, he would most probably diverge from his track into other arteries and veins, and thus be long perplexed and misled by their numberless intricacies, before the great and regal aorta terminate the search. Nay, by such a plan, a still further source of error, and consequent removal from the heart, might arise in the section through veins into arteries, while pursuing the contrary direction. Nature may be also styled a labyrinth, whose intricacies you are anxious to explore. Fruitless would be the attempt to wander through its meandering turns, and note the dimensions of all its ways; the difficulty would but grow the more inextricable, you would pursue your footsteps in a circle; and recognize the self-same spot, when most elated by the prospect of success. But would you gain with ease, and possibly by the shortest road, the exit of the labyrinth, reject, then, the senseless wish of exploring all its turns; rather plant yourself at any intersection of its paths, strive to ascertain somewhat of its general form from the ways which you have trodden, and thus, in some degree, retrace your steps. When once you have gained the exit, a mere thread can serve to guide you through all the circuitous tracks, and to retrace your errors; but even this, after a time, you may cast aside, and wander fearlessly without it. Then, as if seated on an eminence, and at a glance surveying the scene which lies before you, how would you smile in tracing out its various breaks and contortions, which have baffled the judgment by multiplied and illusive intersections. But let us now return to the phenomena, and leave similitudes for the subject itself. By too great an accumulation of phenomena, and especially of those which are at a distance from their cause, you not only defeat the desire of scrutinizing the occult operations of nature, but plunge yourself more and more as into a labyrinth, where you are perpetually drawn aside from the end in view, and misled into a distant and contrary region. For it is possible that many things of opposite natures may exist from the same first cause; as fire and water, and air which absorbs them both. Thus a confusion arises as well from their contrary and heterogeneous natures, as from their endless variety, and a notion far too diffused and indistinct is presented to the mind. But let not that man wonder, who cannot arrive at the knowledge of mundane things, so as to reason from principles and causes, if he should be importunate, and still desirous after more, and notwithstanding the experience of so many ages, discover that he is nudy aud ignorant, when, probably, by directing his step into a different path, he had become enriched and most enlightened.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC A SUBSTITUTE FOR MEDICINE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I am very much obliged to your Correspondent *Dundee*, on the subject of Church Music and its abuses. I hope all parties will take the hint, and exhibit that reform which is so much required. On the small encouragement given to the musical talent of the Cape, I am also sufficiently aware. Music is of much more importance than some people imagine. Some thirty years ago, a learned German, named *Lichtenthal*, published a work, entitled "The Musical Doctor, or Maladies cured by melody." Of the practicability of the design I have not the least doubt. Apollo was the God of music and medicine, consequently there must be a natural connection between the two. Esculapius, the deity of doctors, was his son, — of

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course, his knowledge of the healing art was based on harmonious principles,—it was the science of *sharps, flats, and naturals* The mysterious alliance which connects them together is still perceptible in their nomenclature. Fevers are generally accompanied by "shakes," almost as prolonged as those of ——; and gout plays upon us "ad libitum," more impressively than Paganini. Our *organs* are as subject to injury, from damp as the best instrument of Hitchcock's manufacture; and the medical practitioner generally *beats time* in his avocations, with as much devotion as the most orthodox professor of harmony. The principal difference is, that we have the "as before" of the former, rather more frequently than the "da capo" of the latter.

Supposing the method of *Lichtenthal* were introduced into this country, I am quite certain it would be attended with the most beneficial effects. Instead of every one running to Doctor this, and Doctor that, they would hasten to Mr C——, who would be held in higher estimation than the whole school of medicine. A fracture might be set to the overture of Der Freischütz, in which the bars would perform the same office as splints; and a wound might be healed by the agency of "Le Philtre," where the chords could very effectually be applied as ligatures. Should the patient be attacked by fever, the paroxysm should be calmed by the gentle application of Mozart; if in a consumption, the frame should be invigorated by the exciting compositions of Spohr. A course of Auber and Rossini might be very advantageously administered in cases of hypochondria; and small quantities of Haydn, the Backs, &c. would cure all minor complaints to which humanity is subject. If there should be any occasion for sleeping draughts, I would recommend "The Dead March in Saul," or "The Battle of Prague," to be taken at bed-time; if a saline mixture should be required, the patient ought, by all means, to take "The Deep, Deep, Sea." Inflammatory attacks might be gradually brought down by an harmonious *diminuendo*, or general debility raised by a skilful *crescendo*. The action of the pulse should be increased by *prestissimo* passages, or lessened under the influence of the *pianissimo adagio*.

We might set at defiance all infectious disorders arising from atmospheric communication, if we could always command an "air" of our own; and the approach of cholera might be prevented by a better method than a *cordon sanitaire*.

If I had to establish a Board of Health, I would divide into districts all large towns, in which one or more of the larger-sized buildings might be set apart for the accommodation of the infected. The apartments should be well ventilated by *wind* instruments. Mr R——, in a "trumpet obligato," might superintend the operations. The patient, at his admittance, should be allowed several bar's rest; if he cannot sleep naturally, a few "minums" from some of our modern *composers* will be found very efficacious. Where any excitement prevails, I particularly recommend the patient to be kept low with solos on the double bass;—"if music is the food of love," no one will deny it to be a very light diet; and, as the order of the day is that *drams* are to be avoided—especially those of the apothecary. The orchestra must always be "instrumental" to a perfect recovery Some of our professors are partial to the use of tonics and diatonics—the former, I am aware, are in general estimation by the faculty; yet I have no doubt, that, if Byrne were to administer them in a bass-viol, the contents of all other phials would be considered "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

That music may be made to produce still more wonderful effects, no one who has read of Orpheus and Arion can for a moment doubt; I trust, therefore, that your fair readers will lay aside all fear of this bugbear of the medical world, while they are possessed of a remedy so easy of application, and "throw physic to the dogs" as only necessary to vulgar people, to whom *Beau monde* is a world unknown.

ANTI-BOLUS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

CROSSMAN'S INTRODUCTION TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION *versus* AN EPISCOPALIAN.

[TRULY attached as we are to *England's* Episcopal Church, we are sorry to find the least countenance given to any publication at variance with her doctrinal articles or the scriptural teachings of her Ushers, Taylors, Leightons, Beveridges, Cecils, Newtons, Sumners, Wilsons, and a thousand other names of "high renown and holy fame." For this reason, and with no view to engender strife or moot religious controversy; we give publicity to the following communication—which having reference to a book—must be considered as a critical notice on its contents.]

SIR,—The followiug Questions and Answers are extracted from "Crossman's Introduction to the Knowledge of the Christian Religion," a book published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and to be found in most of the National Schools. (if not all.) When such doctrines are promulgated so openly, what can we expect but that Popery or Infidelity will prevail. Your readers will perceive that they are directly opposed to the articles of the Church of England, where it is declared "That we are accounted righteous before God only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith and not for our own works or deservings," *and* "that man cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and good works to faith and calling upon God. Wherefore we have no power to do good works acceptable and pleasant to God without the Grace of God preventing us," and they are no less contradictory to the whole tenor of Scripture doctrine.

"Q. Did Christ, by dying for us, obtain only the pardon of Adam's sin?

A. Yes, he obtained pardon for all the sins of mankind, *upon condition that they performed their parts of the new Covenant.*

Q. What is man's part to perform in this new Covenant, or Covenant of Grace?

A. To believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, to hope for Salvation by means of his sacrifice on the cross, to avoid sin, and to live according to his Gospel.

Q. Wherein does this second Covenant differ from the first, as to the mildness and mercy of it?

A. Whereas a perfect and unsinning obedience was expected of our first Parents upon pain of death, *we are only required to use our honest and hearty endeavours to serve God and keep his Commandments.*

Q. What if we fail in our obedience?

A. We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is the propitiation for our sins; and for his sake God will accept of *our sincere repentance and constant care to do better for the time to come.*

Q. How does Baptism reconcile you to God's love and favour?

A. *By washing away the guilt of that sin wherewith we are born.*"

Your insertion of the above will very much oblige a constant reader and sincere friend.

AN EPISCOPALIAN.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

"FANTASIA" *a-la*-HOOD.

THE project of a protegée of Mr. Hood's, put in the new "Comic Annual"—that of turning "Blank Verse into Rhyme"—has excited a considerable quantity of morning, evening, and weekly-Journal celebrity. Every shelf of every publisher in the three kingdoms will bear groaning witness to the amount of rhyme in "blank verse" that has been produced in this most poetical of all ages; but to reverse the picture, and to throw a perfume upon Paradise Lost by adding a very novel set of rhymes to it, is certainly ingenious, and worthy of the most Johnsonian days of England Here is a specimen of this new species of poetry, selected from the "Nocturnal Sketch:"—

"Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads
leads;
And sleepers waking, grumble—'Drat that cat!'
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will."

Another part of the sketch introduces us to some paralytic watchmen that prowl

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"About the street, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, in her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Whether this whimsical scheme could be brought to bear with advantage upon any of our great rhymeless poems, we leave it to a committee of taste, of which Mr. Robert Montgomery should be chairman, to decide. How would it apply to the "Seasons?"—

"Come gentle Spring! etheral hum-drum, come!"

But we shall not speculate upon the point, particularly as, although it seems difficult, it is easy as lying. We are fearful of diminishing the degree of admiration which it has excited among the critics and coteries, were we to publish the whole thirty thousand lines sent to us by a youthful correspondent; who vows that, though he is only nine years old now, he could go on inditing them till he is ninety-nine, without stopping.

Posterity, however, will no doubt excuse us for transcribing some five-and-twenty of these triple-toned lines. Our Juvenile genius is one of Mr Murray's errand-boys; we shall not give his name at present, because, if he were known to be clever, it would be fatal to his character. Aristocratic authors do not like errand-boys to be greater geniuses than themselves; and we scorn to expose him to the jealousy of Lord Leveson Gower. It will be seen that he fancies himself a sort of poetical Jack-the-giant-killer; but if, instead of slaying all the living authors, as he proposes, he should slaughter one half of them only, we shall hold it to be some atonement for his presumption.—"What stuff!" he begins,

"What stuff! at such the divine Nine pine;
And so, I'm sure it's understood, Hood should.
Why, *I* would rhyme so, till John Jones moans, groans,
Frightening to fits Haynes Bayly, gaily daily.
Nothing so easy: though the book Hook shook,
I'd beat it—nor could Mrs. Bray say nay.
I'd crop at once, like flowers, Power's hours,
And cloud with deadly stupors, Cooper's troopers.
And Scott—yes, while a rod of flames lames James,
You'd see before my altar, Walter falter;
Strangling with arms like Biffen's, Wiffen's griffins
Flat at a single stroke I'd floor poor Moore,
And maul, with puns like pokers, Croker's jokers;
Then make, with showers of attic salt, Galt halt;
And while I stop with brambles Campbell's rambles,
Lo! death, with one or two small shots, pots Watts.
I'd burn (in time all dross goes) Roscoe's Moscows,
And shoot, with well-aimed arrows, Barrow's sparrows.
Then, quick despatching Lelta, helter-skelter,
'Midst shouts of "shame," make Mrs. Gore roar more.
Driving to deep dishonoured holes Knowles, Bowles,
I'd give, like other codgers, Rogers podgers,
And put down James and Horace Smith with pith,
Scattering, like deer before the dogs, Hogg's fogs.
No more you'd hear, when 'neath a slab, Crabbe blab;
Nor heed, amidst my guerdons, Jerdan's burdens.
Mistake not, for Trueba's Shebas, Heber's;
I'd make them both, as well as Crowe, go slow;
And knock down topsy-turvey (scurvy!) Hervey.
Poems and prose by L. E. L. sell well.
But mine should of his kindest milk bilk Dilke,
And melt with music's organs Morgan's gorgons,
Then would the author of "Tremaine" gain pain,
While he, the sire of "The Disowned" (stoned) groaned.
Thus leaving to dramatic fools Poole's rules,
And making, seven nights a week, Peake squeak;
I'd crush, great trio! Moreton, Norton, Gorton,
And down fame's hill send Croly roley-poley!"

(Monthly Magazine.)

BISHOPS IN INDIA.

The Memorial of the Committee of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East to the Right Honorable Earl Grey, First Lord Commissioner of His Majesty's Treasury,

Humbly sheweth—that your memorialists have now, for nearly twenty-five years, been engaged in promoting the knowledge of the Christian religion in India, by means of missionaries, catechists, and schoolmasters.

That they have ever been anxious to conduct their proceedings in conformity with the doctrines and discipline of the united Church of England and Ireland.

That before the last renewal of the charter of the East-India Company, they requested the late Rev. Dr. Claudius Buchanan to urge on the public and the legislature the expediency and necessity of a general colonial establishment; in consequence of which he published his work entitled "Colonial Ecclesiastical Establishment," the first edition of which was printed and distributed, by means of your memorialists, among the members of both houses of parliament.

That your memorialists regarded with gratitude and joy the provision made in the new charter granted to the East-India Company, for enabling the crown to constitute a bishopric in India.

That they have now established missionary stations in the presidency of Bengal; in Calcutta, Culna, Burdwan, Buxar, Corruckpore, Benares, Chunar, Allahabad, Agra, Meerut, Kurnaul, and Delhi;—in the presidency of Madras; in Madras, Poonamallee, Pulicat, Mayaveram, Tinnevelly, Cotym, Allipie, Cochin, and Tellicherry;—in the presidency of Bombay; in Bandora near Bombay, and Basseen in the North Concan; in the island of Ceylon: in Cotta, Kandy, Baddagame, and Nellore

That in these stations there are now twenty-eight missionaries, who have received episcopal orders in the united church, and who are labouring to bring the heathen to embrace the Christian faith.

That there are under the charge of the Society's missionaries and catechists, within the diocese of Calcutta, upward of three hundred schools, and nearly twelve thousand scholars.

That the powers of the Bishop of Calcutta having been enlarged on the appointment of Dr. Heber to the see, the missionaries of the society in English orders were licensed by him, received under his episcopal jurisdiction, and summoned to the visitation of his clergy; which course was also pursued by Bishop James and Bishop Turner.

That in consequence of the establishment of episcopacy in India the converts connected with the society have enjoyed the advantage of the rite of confirmation, and its churches have been consecrated, while very great and valuable benefits have resulted from the visits made by the bishops to the stations of the society; their paternal counsels and exhortations, and their judicious instruction, eminently tending to promote the objects of your memorialists, and to strenghthen and confirm the missionaries in their arduous labours.

That there is reason to believe that Bishops Middleton, Heber, and Turner, oppressed by the overwhelming duties of their responsible situation, successively sacrificed their lives in the performance of duties which they were anxious conscientiously to discharge; and not only have the lives of valuable individuals been thus sacrificed, but many and serious inconveniences have arisen from the successive and protracted vacancies in the see, which have been the unavoidable consequence.

That your memorialists, persuaded that it is impracticable for any one bishop duly to superintend so vast a charge, and deeply sensible of the great advantages which their own missionaries bear testimony to having received from the personal visits of the lamented Bishops Heber and Turner, humbly and earnestly beg to represent the urgent importance of appointing more than one bishop to so immense a diocese.

By order of the Committee.

Church Missionary House,
Salisbury Square, March, 1, 1832.

AN ATTACK UPON THE CLUBS!

PART II.

(From the Monthly Magazine.)

It is flagrant that a corporation, or company of any sort, is always ten times more narrow-minded and illiberal than an individual. That which a member, in his personal capacity, would blush to propose, he scruples not to advocate on behalf of his guild. In this respect, corporate morality is about as pure as state policy; names and numbers are presumed to sanction every thing; but can any one become an agent in such dirty work without eventual contamination? Can the individual lend himself to the little cabals, intrigues, and sordid interests of the club, without distorting his own views of right and wrong, and becoming personally, as well as corporately, selfish. A regular clubbist, if he have a friend low down upon the list for admission, will not hesitate, as I am credibly informed, to black-ball all those above him, however unobjectionable, or even unknown, in order to give precedence and immediate election to the favoured party. Is it honourable, is it honest, thus to fix an unmerited stigma upon strangers, from a motive which, however it may be disguised under the veil of friendship, cannot be termed other than corrupt? It may be club-law, and common-law—but it ought not to be the law of gentlemen. These, and the thousand other tortuous finesses and manœuvrings, which the member is accustomed to practise, either for the interest of himself or his brotherhood—together with the gossiping, whispering, and backbiting to which such a system must inevitably give rise—can hardly exercise any very beneficial influence upon the heart of the participants.

But what say you, methinks I hear the reader exclaim, "to the great social advantage to be derived from these assemblages?" I say there is no such advantage—none whatever. If a man can enrol himself in a club for the sake of society, he may, with as good a chance of succeeding in that object, enlist in the army. No individual pretends to an acquaintance with the whole mob of his ballotted brethren, nor with a half, nor even with a tithe. He knows, or desires to see, but a few; and these few, dining at various hours or different tables, and frequenting the club on certain days, he can only hope to meet by some rare and for-

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tunate coincidence. But even if he knew them all, so far as the professional and exclusive clubs are concerned (and they are all, more or less, so,) his chances of pleasant companionship would only be diminished by the enlargement of his acquaintance: not because the *bores* of all sorts, who stand no chance of invitations in general society, invariably take refuge by whole droves in the different clubs—but that, by the very constitution of every such guild, its brethren must necessarily be centrifugal, rather than centripetal. If faith be due to the vulgar adage, that two of a trade can never agree, the dictum must be equally true of a thousand more, especially when thus thrown together to compare in their own minds their respective merits and advancement in their common profession. The success of the few can only have been obtained at the expense of the many; and the rivalship and envy, the heartburning and bitterness, which might have slumbered in the absence of the objects by which those feelings have been provoked, are here awakened and inflamed by their perpetual presence. It is unnecessary, however, to multiply reasons for the unsociableness of these associations, when the fact is susceptible of ocular demonstration. Let the reader cast a passing glance at any of the clubs, about the hour of dinner. He will see a very handsome hotel, and, at various separate tables, he will behold solitary feeders, or small detached parties, discussing their viands and their wines with a becoming gravity and earnestness; but he will find little companionship, little conversation, little intellectual hilarity, or none that might not have been enjoyed just as well, though not perhaps so cheaply, at a tavern. We are speaking of sociableness—not of economy. I admit the latter, but I deny the former.

If the division of the male community into grades and classes be a confessed evil, what shall we say to the wide separation of the sexes which this club-mania is daily and rapidly effecting. As this is unquestionably the most mischievous and monstrous evil of the whole system, I have reserved its exposure for the last. It will be admitted that man and woman were meant for one another, collectively as well as separately. Socially speaking, they are as naturally married to each other, in the aggregate, as are the individual husband and wife; and "whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The beneficial, the civilizing influences, which the sexes mutually impart and receive in society, are best to be appreciated by the deep and instant degradation which Nature, who never suffers her laws to be violated with impunity, has invariably entailed upon their disjunction. For evidence of this fact, it will be only necessary to refer to the monasteries and convents. In the society of man, the softer sex, discarding some portion of its frivolity and inherent weakness, acquires mental corroboration, and is imperceptibly imbued with the best and finest emanations of masculine character. In female society, the lord of the creation, losing the ruggedness, arrogance, and licentious coarseness of his nature, becomes softened, courteous, and refined, chastening himself with feminine graces, while he loses not a fraction of his proper manliness and dignity. Polish is the result of collision, both morally and physically; and man's iron nature is not injured, or unduly nullified, but made more useful and attractive, by coming in contact with the magnet of beauty. Acting at once as a stimulant and a restraint, the social intercourse of the two sexes draws forth and invigorates all the purifying, exalting, and delightful qualities of our common nature; while it tends to suppress, and, not seldom, to eradicate those of an opposite character. From this unrestricted communion flow the graces, the affections, the charms, the sanctities, the charities of life; and as benignant Nature ever blesses the individual who contributes to the advancement of his species, from the same source is derived our purest, most exquisite, and most enduring happiness.

From all this, our epicurean monasteries—I beg pardon—I mean our clubs—are as far removed as the nadir from the zenith. If the bachelor and the misogynist chooses to hide and wallow in these Circean dens of luxury where

"The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbues, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being"—

he may perhaps assert his independence, and claim a right to follow what pursuits he pleases; though this plea I might deny, for no man is altogether independent of others—no man belongs to himself alone, but to the community. Let the uncowled bachelor brethren, nevertheless, betake themselves to their club—let them drink—let them indulge in gross and licentious ribaldry—let them laugh at all the decencies and respectabilities of life, and more especially at marriage—let them wrangle over their sullen game of whist—let them adjourn to the gaming-table, or to the haunts of secret infamy;—all this injures and degrades themselves alone. But I lay it down as a broad, incontrovertible axiom, that no married man has a right to belong to a club, and to become an habitual absentee from his home, indulging in hoggish epicurism, while his wife and family are perhaps keeping Lent that he may afford to feast. What hath he sworn to in his marriage-oath? Merely to maintain his wife, and to make her the mother of his children? No such thing; he hath sworn to forsake all others, and to keep only unto her, until death shall part them. Is it consistent either with the letter or the spirit of this vow that he should deprive her of his society, and make a sort of concubine of his club? Is a virtuous, honourable, and accomplished wife to be treated like an impure Dalilah, into whose house her paramour sneaks in the dark, and skulks away again in the early morning? The little occasional bickerings, from which few married couples are totally exempt, nor unfrequently prove, under the soothing influences of children, and the pleasures of the domestic meal, a renewal and confirmation of love; but *now*, the sullen husband escapes to his still more sullen club; he becomes embittered by feeding upon his own angry heat; a reconciliation is rendered every day more difficult: he begins to hate his home; and his occasional absence is soon made habitual. Meanwhile, the children lose the benefit of the father's presence and example; the father, whose loss is of still more mischievous import, is deprived of all the heart-hallowing influences of his offspring; and the neglected wife, thinking herself justified in seeking from others that society which is denied to her by her husband, is exposed to temptations and dangers, from which she cannot always escape without contamination. To over-rate the conjugal and domestic misery now in actual progress, and all springing from this prolific source, would, I believe, be utterly impossible. How many married couples are there in the middling classes of society, the course of whose alienation and unhappiness might be traced out in the following order?—

HUSBAND. The club—a taste for French cooks, expensive wines, and sensual luxuries—fastidious epicurism—a dislike of the plain meals which he finds at home, although the only ones adapted to his fortune and his station—confirmed absenteeism and clubbism—hatred of the wife who reproaches him for his selfish desertion—late hours—estrangement—profligacy—misery!

WIFE. Natural resentment of neglect—reproaches—altercations—diminution of conjugal affection—dissipation, as a resource against the dullness of home—expensive habits—embarrassment—total alienation of heart—dangerous connections—infidelity—misery! Of this account-current, the items may vary either in quality or sequence, but the alpha and omega will ever be the same. It will begin with the club, and end with misery.

But is it possible, I shall perhaps be asked, that these institutions should spring up and multiply so rapidly, unless they supplied some manifest desideratum in our social system, and were adapted to some prevalent want of our common nature? Certainly not; these foundations are laid in the feelings, or rather in the vices of mankind; but let us put the saddle upon the right horse; let us not attribute them to sociableness, to a love of intellectual improvement, or to professional sympathies, with which they have no relation whatever. The clubs are, simply and solely, founded upon two of the ruling passions of the present day—*videlicet*, selfishness and sensuality—selfishness, the most heartless and intense; sensuality, the most ignoble and grovelling. What are their leading objects? Epicurism, in the least elevated acceptation of that misunderstood word—to place the greatest possible luxury, but more especially the pleasures of the palate, within reach of the lowest possible sum—to combine exclusiveness with voluptuousness—to foster, at the same moment, the love of self and the alienation from others—to remove men from their proper and natural mode of living—to enable five hundred a-year to command the state, and splendour of five thousand—to destory the taste for simple and domestic pleasures—and to substitute a longing for all the expensive and sensual enjoyments that might have gratified an ancient Sybarite. Our injurious and absurd law of promigeniture, which, in the upper classes, limits the privilege, or at least the ability, of maintaining an establishment to one son, together with our costly habits of married life, have imposed upon a large portion of society a compulsory celibacy, with all its demoralizing and heart-withering effects. This, which was already the predominant evil of our social system, the club-mania will immeasurably aggravate and enlarge. Formerly, a young man of moderate income, revolted by the annoyances of bachelorship and a tavern life, took refuge in the comforts of marriage, aspiring, in that state, to nothing beyond a plain, decent, respectable establishment. A modern Sir Epicure Mammon of the clubs, even if he have one or two thousand a-year, exclaims, with the true calculating selfishness of his order—"Zooks! I should be a loser by marrying, and having a house of my own; *here* I have splendid saloons, gorgeous furniture, numerous livery servants, French cooks, rare wines, a handsome library, all the newspapers and periodicals, none of which I could command if I were to commit matrimony, and settle out of reach of my club!" If an heiress offers, indeed—*à la bonne heure*; the same selfishness that has hitherto kept him a bachelor makes him a Benedict; but the code of the club-spoilt Sybarites allows not any alternative between celibacy and a splendid marriage.

The same conviction of their objectionable tendency, which has made me uniformly and sturdily reject all applications to become a member of these societies, has prompted me to record my opinion of them with a sincerity which may savour of harshness. That they may offer some trivial advantage, I will not pretend to deny; but that these are incalculably outweighed by their evils, I hold to be incontrovertible. Their predominance in the capital, their diffusion in the provinces, constitutes one of the very worst features of the times, so far as social manners, domestic happiness, and general morality are concerned. All abuses, however, have, luckily, a disposition to correct themselves. From the multiplication of these clubs, there is a hope that the exclusiveness will out number the excluded, when, according to the English standard of gentility, they must, of course, become vulgar. Formerly, it was deemed a distinction to belong to a club; the time is rapidly approaching when it will be held a mark of superiority and good breeding to have kept carefully aloof from them.

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GREAT BRITAIN.

In whatever manner we are called upon to examine the character and circumstances of the inhabitants of Great Britain, we feel impelled to remark, that they are altogether an exceedingly peculiar people, and that they possess talents and properties possessed by no other nation under heaven—that of the great western republic, who are of British descent, always excepted. Their country is comparatively small, and its climate is inferior to that of any other in the neighbourhood, or in a large portion of Europe; yet under these disadvantages, they have contrived to place themselves at the head of the affairs of nearly the whole world, and to dictate the terms of their bargains with a confidence which certainly no other people has dared to imitate. The whole secret of all this superiority lies in their industrious habits and intelligence. They have also been much indebted to the isolation of their country for the preservation of their national character; and a genealogist might fondly trace their greatness to the happy mixture of Celtic and Gothic blood, and the amalgamation of Saxon simplicity and steadiness of character with the gallant bearing of the Normans. Besides possessing these natural advantages, they have been fortunate in the enjoyment of security of property, since the rise of the middling classes in Henry the seventh's time. If to this we add the possession of inexhaustible stores of mineral products, as iron, lead, tin, and coal, the cause is given of their extraordinary industry and opulence. The fossils which have been of the greatest benefit to the British people, are iron and coal. Without these no nation can be permanently great or independent. The iron of the Mendip Hills, Somersetshire, Derbyshire, North Wales, and Alsten in Cumberland, as well as that used at Carron in Scotland, with the coal of Northumberland, Durham, and Lancashire, have reared a mighty fabric of trade, commerce, and machinery, no where paralleled, and which it would be impossible to supersede.

The whole of England, and some of the counties in Scotland, is but one immense manufactory, sectioned into divisions, and swarming with a population whose innate skill and industry put to shame the perseverance of the ant, or the ingenious labour of the bee. Let us, for example, take a glance at this wonderful human hive. Entering England from the north, we first fall in with the great trading districts on the Tyne, covered with ship-building establishments, soaperies, glass works, potteries, iron foundries, and other works of a similar kind, connected with the coal trade and mines. In Cumberland we find manufactories of ginghams, calicoes, corduroys, and other cotton goods: sail-cloth, carpets, paper, pottery, and glass bottles. The hilly district of Westmoreland, we find, gives employment to the woollen manufactories of Kendal, and other towns in that quarter. In Durham are found extensive foundries and forges, producing anchors, mooring chains, files, edge-tools, sword blades, and all such hardware as is necessary for artificers Yorkshire comes next, and we perceive it has an extraordinary variety of manufactures. The East Riding furnishes wool in large quantities to the weavers of the West Riding, which is without exception the greatest manufacturing district in the world. The manufactures of Leeds, Wakefield, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and places adjacent, comprise broad and narrow cloths of all qualities, shalloons, calimancoes, and flannels, with every kind of woollen goods. From Sheffield, cutlery, printing types, and plated goods, are exported to all parts of the world. The knives of Sheffield have been celebrated for many centuries. West from Yorkshire lies Lancanshire, which is famed for the extent and variety of its manufactures, consisting of silk, cotton, woollen, linen, hats, stockings, pins, needles, nails, watch tools and movements, tobacco and snuff, earthenware, porcelain, paper, and many other articles. In busy scene lies Manchester—a city of cotton-mills and machinery, forming light fabrics of goods intended for the clothing of females, in every part of the globe which can be reached by merchants. Here also is manufactured an inconceivable variety of small wares, as tapes, threads, laces, &c. In the vicinity are situated the establishments for printing and dyeing the calicoes. In this district are also found manufactories of iron and copper, glass, white-lead, lamp-black, vitriolic acid, paints, &c. Liverpool is the great outlet for these products.

Proceeding down into Cheshire, we discover manufactories of silk, cotton, linen, ribbons, thread, buttons, leather, and salt. Shropshire, adjoining, has its coal, iron, and tar works, besides manufactories of garden flower pots, tobacco pipes, china, and queen's ware; also some linen and cotton manufactories. In Montgomeryshire, we find some of the best flannel manufactories in Britain. Let us retrace our steps, and view the centre of England. Here we find the stocking, silk, and lace manufactures of Nottinghamshire; the worsted, woollen, and hat manufactures of Leicestershire; the woollen, linen, cotton, silk, and polished marble manufactures of Derbyshire. The great wonder of England is the Staffordshire potteries, which occupy a central district. For ten square miles the whole land seems a series of volcanoes, as interesting, and a thousand times more profitable than those of Sicily, or the Neapolitan territories. An abundant supply of coal found here, has produced the establishment of these potteries, which give employment to an immense population, and send out Delft goods to every country. Warwickshire falls next under our notice. Here every town is celebrated for manufacturing some particular article. Birmingham is filled with manufactories of hardware, muskets, pistols, and other goods of a similar nature. In Coventry and neighbourhood, not less than sixteen thousand people are employed in making watches, which are reckoned among the best in Britain. Gloves, horn combs, hosiery, flaxen goods, and needles, are a few more of the chief Warwickshire products. Worcester is the great mart of the glove and carpet trade. Gloucestershire has its manufactories of iron, tin-plate, edge-tools, brass-wire, wire-cards, pins, and nails. On the water of Stroud are extensive manufactories of fine scarlet, blue, and black cloths; the best worsted stuffs are made at Cirencester, and stockings at Tewkesbury. In Buckinghamshire, lace and paper are the chief manufactures. In Dunstable, Bedfordshire, straw-plait is the principal source of employment. Kent has the most extensive paper-mills in the world; gunpowder, calicoes, sacking, and hop-bagging, are also made to a great extent, and the various dock yards of Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, &c. employ numerous hands. In the southern county of Berkshire, sacking, paper, cotton, blankets, and copper, are manufactured. In Wiltshire, the finest woollens, flannels, broadcloths, kerseymeres, fustians, and gloves, predominate. Dorsetshire is celebrated for its twines, cordage, sail-cloth, nettings, and shirt-buttons; Somersetshire for its stockings, woollen cloths, coarse linen, ticks, and gloves. The metropolitan districts abound in manufactures, and in London itself almost every kind of goods is made and prepared for exportation. In all the large towns on the sea-coasts round the whole island, ship-building is carried on to a greater or less extent, and which necessarily engages a variety of local manufactures. Such is a superficial glance at the pursuits of industry in England alone (for I find I must leave Scotland to form the subject of another paper); and in these are demonstrated some of the main causes of the true glory and prosperity of the empire.

THE ENGLISH IN ITALY.

[The following somewhat overcharged description of the *economy-mania* of our countrymen, when making the grand tour, is from the pen of a Frenchman. *Of course*, we present the tirade to our readers merely as a *caricature*. How *can* it be otherwise?]

Of all civilized beings, an Englishman, I am convinced, is the least sensitive to the beauties of art,—the greatest slave to habit, the least accessible to external ideas and impressions. Take him at a morning lounge, or at the theatre—in the drawing-room or amidst ruins still you have the same air of sadness and discontent—of sullenness and ennui. This, the principal trait in his character, is indeed the only clue we have for the explanation of contradictions, otherwise unaccountable. It is a common idea, for instance, that, on the Continent, the English pay very dear for every thing. Nothing, however, is more untrue, in Switzerland and Italy at least. A traveler, in either of these countries, meets at every step with Englishmen, and very rich ones too, disputing for hours together on a matter of two francs Frequently indeed they do not rest here,—since, after giving vent to their indignation in a storm of words, they will often inscribe their troubles in pathetic imprecations, verse and prose, in the large registers, wherein travellers are accustomed to enter their names. I have known the heir to one of the highest and richest families in England vituperate, in a dozen very elegant lines, the infamous cow-herd of the Scheideck, "who had charged him an exorbitant price for his luncheon of cheese, black bread, and cream." At Lauterbrunn, I have seen a party of rich Englishmen flatly refuse to pay four francs a head at the table-d'hôte. Two hours afterwards, on my return from the cascades, they were still wrangling on the subject At Venice, I have known four Scotchmen, the poorest of whom had three thousand pounds sterling per annum, on arriving at ten o'clock at night, after a most fatiguing journey, run all over the town, from one inn to the other, in order to obtain an abatement of about twenty sous on the price of their beds for the night; and yet, in all those places, the price was regular and fixed, and such as every one was used to pay. On leaving Milan for Venice and Rome, I happened to have for my fellow-traveller a young Englishman, of otherwise engaging and elegant manners, and, as is mostly the case, extremely rich. As I spoke Italian somewhat less badly than he, the care of the accounts was confided to my keeping. The first evening came, and with it the carte: it was very moderate, and I paid it without a remark. My young English friend kept looking at me with surprise, and nodding and winking, but to little purpose. I guessed what was coming the instant we were alone. "You don't consider," said he, "we could have struck out a couple of francs at the least, with a little firmness." I declared to him once for all, that such was not *my* system. "I am aware," said I, "that it is the custom with your countrymen; but this is the calculation I make. I travel through Italy for my amusement; now there is nothing in this world I so much detest, nothing which more upsets my temper for the time, than a dispute every day with a tavernkeeper, or indeed with any person whatever. And suppose by this I lose two francs a day—that you will say is sixty francs a month—granted—and I am quite willing to sacrifice so much to my daily comfort." I then asked him how it was, that, rich as I knew him to be, and coming from London, he could yet feel annoyed at the moderate expenses of Italy. By degrees he seemed to come round to my opinion. Things now went on very smoothly till we reached Venice; but there he happened to light on some of his English acquaintance; and whenever Englishmen meet each other on their travels, their first question invariably is? "Where do you lodge? how much do you pay? As ill luck would have it, it came out on cross-examination that we were paying twenty sous more than our new acquaintance, and for his own justification my companion was obliged to explain to them my system. I was not present at the discussion, but in the evening I observed he was more pensive and silent than usual. "Tis impossible," exclaimed he at last,

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"that we can go on being made dupes of in this way." "As you please; I willingly resign my office."—"Well, then, from Venice onwards. I take charge of expenses."—"Agreed."—Two days afterwards, at Bassano, the bill is brought. I placed it in the hands of my fellow-traveller. "*Quanto?*" he demanded, with peculiar stress on the last syllable. "*Signor, dieci lire.*" "*E troppo,*" replied my English friend, with an ominous shake of the head—"*Troppo, signor?*" and with it the Italian falls to explaining that it is impossible to keep open inn at a less price. "The houses were very high rented at Bassana—and the taxes grievous;—meat which formerly cost eight sous was now sold for twelve—fruit was beyond all price—vegetables not to be had for money;"—in short, the surprising volubility of the Italian, who proposed going down stairs to fetch him all his bills and invoices for the last twelvemonth, proved too much for my honest Englishman, who would willingly have answered every fresh assertion; but unfortunately he knew scarcely ten words of Italian, and a variety of inarticulate sounds alone testified his displeasure. At last, finding it impossible to make himself understood, "*Bene, bene,*" said he, and the bill was paid. One would think, perhaps, that this *coup-d'essai* satisfied him. By no means. Every evening the same scene was enacted; composed on the part of the landlord, of a whirlwind of arguments, protests, and lamentations, and on the part of the Englishman of three short phrases, "*Quanto?*"—"*é troppo,*"—"*bene,*" which invariably recurred in the same order, and at like intervals.

In all this, I believe, there is more, much more than the love of money. English pride, in the first place, which revolts at the very idea of being over-reached; and then, the necessity of passing away time. To expend little, has become with young Englishmen who travel, a kind of occupation—second point of honor. They recount their prowess one to the other, and hold him greatly in esteem who, at the least possible expence, has traversed the greatest possible number of miles. From whatever source this mania may arise, it is nevertheless extremely general, and may be traced through all their books of voyages and travels. Well, with the exception of a tolerable dose of splenetic rhapsody against France and Frenchmen, the history, nature, precedence, and price of the made dishes and entrées served up to the author, constitute the most interesting portion of the work. To live well, and pay little, seems to be the principal end and purpose of the journey. Just as I was leaving Palermo to explore Sicily, an Englishman, a man of good information and intelligence, was desirous of joining our party. He took an early opportunity of informing me, that two of his friends, who, in the preceding year, had passed many months in Sicily, had, previously to his departure from London, as a special favor, lent him their journal. "This journal is very instructive," added he, "and may be of infinite use to us; will you consult it" I accepted the offer with joy, and two hours afterwards I opened the precious manuscript. The following are extracts:—"1st day—From Palermo to Alicata. Stopped to breakfast at * * * They gave us six eggs, two pounds of bread, and a dozen oranges, for which we paid about one shilling. At Alicata, we had at dinner a small piece of beef, badly cooked, a salad a couple of pullets, by no means of the tenderest. Three shillings, (English). Bed, one shilling, 2nd day—Trapini. In the whole place, only a few eggs, and a little bad meat, could be mustered; they made us however pay the value of three shillings—the same price as yesterday. N.B. Much too dear." And so on to the end of the "Journal."

AN OFFER.

A young Persian, of good family, lately residing at Florence, at the Pacha's expense, was taken by Mr. H——, an English gentleman, to a rout given by Mrs. B——, whose three daughters, from their extreme loveliness, excited a great sensation. The Persian's noble features and magnificent costume did not fail to attract the admiration of these young ladies, whose eyes appeared to beam with additional lustre, when directed towards the stranger. On the following morning, the Persian paid Mr. H—— an unusually early visit, requesting him to go at once to Mrs. B——, and make a proposal for him. "I do not object," said Mr. H——, "although it is not customary to make a proposal in so precipitate a manner; but pray for *which* daughter am I to propose?" "For all *three*," was the reply, "I will give a thousand pounds for each of them, and shall send them, by the very first opportunity, as a present to the Pacha; he is a great admirer of tall, fine women, as they are rarely met with among us, and will without doubt, duly appreciate my handsome present." *(Court Journal.)*

A SUMMARY OF THE MEMBERS OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY—JAN. 1832.

	Members of Convocation.	Members on the Books.
1 University	103	207
2 Balliol	101	257
3 Merton	67	124
4 Exeter	124	299
5 Oriel	144	293
6 Queen's	166	351
7 New	72	157
8 Lincoln	78	141
9 All Souls	69	98
10 Magdalen	123	165
11 Brasennose	234	418
12 Corpus	80	127
13 Christ Church	462	949
14 Trinity	113	259
15 St. John's	117	218
16 Jesus	56	167
17 Wadham	87	217
18 Pembroke	89	189
19 Worcester	88	231
20 St. Mary Hall	30	83
21 Magdalen Hall	48	178
22 New Inn Hall	1	10
23 St. Alban Hall	9	41
24 St. Edmund Hall	51	96
	2522	5274

Matriculations 377
Regent's 196
Determining Bachelor's in Lent 275

NOTES ON MANILLA, AND ITS CIGAR MANUFACTORY.

(From the MSS. of George Bennett, Esq.)

THE city of Manilla disappointed my expectations, and had not that fine imposing appearance and commercial bustle which I had heard described. It is surrounded by strong fortifications The streets are narrow and gloomy, abounding in monastic buildings; the churches had a very heavy appearance, which is to be attributed to their being built (as well as private houses) of very thick walls, which are necessary, on account of the frequent earthquakes. The churches are fitted up in a style of great magnificence; the large cathedral of St. Peter, with its dome, had externally a very heavy appearance, without beauty or symmetry in its architecture; its interior, however is, fitted up in a manner which combined elegance with chasteness of style, being of white and gold mouldings. The altar for the celebration of high mass is tastefully decorated, and surmounted by a canopy of crimson silk.

Near the cathedral (which formed one part of the square) is the residence of the governor, which had a mean appearance, and seemed to have been two private houses united; opposite to it was the Cavildo, or town-hall; and in the centre of the square is a statute of Charles IV. of Bourbon. The new custom-house, a very prominent object in passing up the river Pasig, is an elegant building

The principal portion of the population of Manilla, reside in the suburbs, where are the offices and residences of the merchants, &c. and numerous shops, displaying an infinite variety of articles, principally kept by the Chinese. The suburbs are connected with the city by a bridge constructed of stone thrown across the Pasig; the centre arch of which, however, having been demolished by an earthquake, has since been replaced by one of wood. The streets of the suburbs are wide, but the houses have no symmetry either in their external or internal construction; the walls are built of immense thickness; the rooms are very spacious, and well calculated for the climate; according to the Spanish custom the lower part of the houses is devoted to offices, coach-houses, &c. the upper part only being inhabited by the family. The windows of the houses have fitted into them, instead of glass, small transparent oyster-shells, called *capez*, which do not reflect an unpleasant glare during the heat of the day; the shells are naturally very thin, and peel off into laminæ like talc.

The roads in the vicinity of the city are very good, and on each side are either native habitations neatly constructed of bamboo, and surrounded by gardens, in which the gay flowers of the *Santan*, (ixora Sp) displayed their scarlet tinge, or the road is overshadowed by the towering and waving bamboo.

In the evening, the inhabitants resort in their vehicles to the calçada, where may be seen the fashionables of the city. This public drive is near the city walls, and is in some parts planted on each side with the Persian almond tree. The governor (Don Ricaforte) may also usually be seen enjoying the coolness of the evening on the calçada, in his chariot and four, attended by a body-guard of mestiza (mulatto) cavalry.

The "dark-complexioned" ladies did not exhibit beauty of features, but they have fine forms and a dignified walk; their dress consists of a tunic or *camisa*, made of fine *sinamaya*, or native grass cloth, with coloured figures, and worked with much neatness; around the waist is the *saya*, or under-petticoat, which is usually a piece of cotton cloth of European or home manufacture; over this is the *tapis*, which is a piece of silk or fine cotton, wrapped round the waist, and descending to the ancles, like the *pau* of the females of the Sandwich islands, or the *cambaya* of the Malay females; their hair is of a beautiful shining black, and is permitted sometimes to fall down over the back and shoulders, or is tied in a knot at the back of the head, and ornamented by gold or silver pins; on their feet they wear a small decorated slipper, which just covers the toes, and causes them to shuffle along as they walk. Although the beauty of this class may not be striking, it is impossible to escape the piercing eye of the Spanish European ladies or their descendants, who still retain that fascination of look and manner peculiar to the fair sex of Spain.

The passage from Cavitè to Manilla can be made either in the *gilalo*, or passage-boats, or in the native boats called *bancas*. The former are very large, with outriggers, and sail with rapidity; they contain a medly of the different grades of residents at this place, and afford an opportunity to the foreigner of remarking the native character. Besides passengers, these boats carry merchandize, dried fish, and fruit for sale at the city. The latter are small boats, like canoes, and the passengers sit under a thatched awning, which affords coolness during the heat of the day; they are usually pulled by four or five men, besides a man who is at the stern and steers with a paddle.

In the streets are stalls with fruit, &c. exposed for sale, but those for the favourite native masticatory, the betel, are most numerous; the betel is prepared with chunam, tobacco, &c. ready for use. The red lips and blackened

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teeth of the natives, both male and female, indicates the universal use of this mastic; they regard it as a good stomachic. In most of the shops either the cigar or the betel is offered to customers.

There is a restriction on foreigners visiting the interior without passports, and they are seldom or never granted for any distance:—such is Spanish policy.

On the 22d of July I accompaniod Dr. Keirulf on his professional visit to a friar of rank, at the country-house of his order some distance above the city, near the river Pasig. The governor and suite arrived soon after us, on a visit to the invalid (Padre Carlos), and I had the honour of an introduction. The friar was a well-informed man, and said he could read both English and French works, but could not venture to converse in those languages. I generally found the European friars very polite, but the half-caste padres always a vicious and impudent race.

The banks of the Pasig, beyond the city, were neither enlivened by plantations, nor decorated by villas or gardens. The bamboo most commonly adorned the banks, and occasionally native houses; abundance of the quiapo plant, with its feathered roots, floated with the stream, being brought from the lakes of the interior.

During the time our ship underwent the necessary repairs* we resided on shore, in a house belonging to a good-humoured friar, named Padre Ecclesiastica, who was one of the Dominican order. He was an obliging old man, and had his countenance partially disfigured by a severe cut down the right cheek, received in the revolt of 1822: he informed us that he was left as dead. He stated that he had been taken prisoner about the year 1807, near the straits of St. Bernardin, by the English frigate *Caroline*, when on his passage from San Blas to Manilla, and conveyed to Penang; he spoke highly of his treatment, and evinced a partiality for the English.

One of our midshipmen, when with a watering party at a river in the vicinity of Cavité, was accosted by a native woman, who asked him if he was an Englishman; on his answering in the affirmative, she brought him fruit, bread, and other refreshments; the cause of this could not be ascertained, but the natives appeared partial to the English.

There is a strict injunction on several literary works, and all books are carefully examined previous to being landed; the clandestine introduction of the works of Rousseau and Voltaire, is punishable with death.

At Cavité there is a monastery, where the priests arriving from Spain reside, to study the Indian dialects previous to their being sent into the interior.

Among several fragrant flowers used by the native women in the decoration of their hair, was the *uvaria odorata*, called *hilong hilong;* they also tie them in a corner of their handkerchiefs, which diffuses over them a delightful fragrance.

The guitar is the instrument in most general use among the natives, in imitation of the Spaniards, and they accompany the instrument with their voice in a very agreeable manner; they play the Spanish as well as their native Tagalese airs: the latter were pleasing but mournful. The flute, violin, &c. is also used amongst them.

The *siesta* is usually taken in the afternoon, and is refreshing in a sultry climate; the lost time is regained during the cool nights, when the inhabitants enjoy themselves in the verandahs, or perambulate the streets during the moonlight.

The lower class is buried without any coffin, the body being borne on a bier, with the hands and face exposed. Observing one entering the church at the village of St. Roque, I also entered, being desirous of witnessing the ceremony. The corpse was that of a native female, apparently about fifty years of age; the head was decorated with flowers, a crucifix was in the right hand; the body was placed before the altar, with lighted candles about it, and the mourners, attired in dark coloured cotton cloth covering the head, knelt and prayed for the soul of the deceased. After some time, the body was borne to the grave, stripped of its finery, and wrapped in a mat. The attendant priest chaunted some prayers, sprinkling the body with holy water; all was done in a hurried unimpressive manner, and being speedily concluded, the grave was filled up.

The straw hats manufactured by the natives are very durable; they are usually dyed of a fine black colour, and are sold at from one to twenty-five dollars. Cigar-cases are also made from a fine kind of grass, which grows on the mountains, and which is dyed of various hues.

The vegetable productions, both indigenous and exotic, are very numerous in Manilla. The mango tree bears fruit of an excellent quality and large size, and is in season from March to September. When the natives are desirous of producing a premature bearing, the following method is adopted: heaps of straw or rubbish are placed around the tree and set on fire, having been previously so placed that the smoke could ascend among the branches and leaves, which seems to bring forth the blossoms prematurely; this process is repeated for several successive days, generally taking place in the evening. A premature bearing of this fruit yields a great profit to the owners, one tree producing from 3,000 to 4,000 dollars. The *mabolo* tree *(diospyrus mabolo)* was also abundant: it attains the height of thirty or forty feet, branchy, with ovate, thick, glabrous, entire leaves of a dark green colour; the flowers are small, white, and fragrant; the fruit is large, covered externally with a rough integument of a rose-pink colour, the flesh of which is white, containing from four to eight somewhat semilunar seeds: in taste it is sickly, and has a strong and peculiar odour. The fruit is much eaten among the natives, and is in season during July and the subsequent months. The *santol* tree is also abundant; it attains the height of thirty feet, branchy, with leaves somewhat ovate, thick, entire, distinctly veined, and of a dark green colour. The fruit is about the size of a peach, of a cream colour externally, and the interior contains a glary pulp, covering several semilunar seeds. There is a species of *ficus* found growing on old walls called *isis* by the natives; it bears fruit of a dark red colour, which is eaten. The *manungy*, or *malungy*, is a handsome tree, usually seen growing about the habitations; it attains the height of twenty-five to thirty feet, but is of small circumference; the flowers grow in large clusters, white and fragrant; the fruit is leguminous, attaining the length when mature of a foot to eighteen inches; when young, they are gathered, and boiled as a vegetable. A species of *acacia*, called *camachtli* by the natives, is planted for its shade; it attains the height of thirty or forty feet, but is of small circumference; the branches are spreading and drooping, the leaves trifoliate, the flowers corymbose, with white anthers and a crimson pistil: the capsules are tortous, containing from three to six seeds of a reddish colour, which are eaten by the native children. The *atiz*, or custard apple is also abundant, as well as most of the tropical fruits.

The *cæsalpinia sappan*, the tree from which the sapan wood is produced, is abundant; it is called, in the Tagalo language, *sibaçao;* it sells from five to ten reals a picul (130 lbs.) but a mercantile gentleman informed me that the sapan wood produced on the island was not of good quality.

On the tolling of the vesper bell, all business is suspended; the pedestrians and carriages are retarded in their progress, and the deep hollow tone of the bell, the muttering of prayers, and apparent devotion that prevails among the persons around, produce a solemn effect. The prayers being finished, passengers and equipages again move on, and the bustle is resumed.

Provisions are abundant and cheap at Manilla; beef is sold at 25 lbs. for a dollar.

In the front of some of the houses, palm leaves were placed in various ornamental forms; they had been used in the processions on Palm Sunday, and were placed there as a protection against lightning. The cigar* is a constant companion among all classes at Manilla; among some of the lower orders they were so large as to fill the mouth; one I have in my possession measures six inches in circumference and twelve inches in length, and is neatly bound round with floss silk.

On the 4th of September, Mr. W. Keirulf kindly accompanied me on a visit to the royal cigar manufactory. It is situated at Binondo (in the suburbs of Manilla), and near the church of the same name. We first entered by a stone passage, close to which were the storehouses for the leaf tobacco; from this we passed into a narrow lane walled at one end, having at the other a small lodge and gate, through which persons employed in the manufacture take their departure, having previously undergone a search in the lodge by persons appointed for the purpose to prevent smuggling. On entering this lane, the heavy stone building of the manufactory was before us, and over the entrance-door were the royal arms of Spain. On entering and ascending a staircase, we came to the "receiving hall for cigars," where, on bamboo platforms, were seen the bundles of cigars ready for sale. From this hall we passed into a long room, in which the powerful smell of tobacco, and an incessant clattering of stones informed us we were in the midst of the manufacturers. In this room a great number of women were employed, and the whole number of that sex of all ages employed in the manufactory, was stated to be 4,000. The women were seated at a low table, and employed in rolling the leaf tobacco into cigars, which is effected in the following manner: the leaf is spread on the table, moistened with a little water, and then pasted over; after this it is beaten quite smooth with a round stone; another leaf is then joined to it, and, after undergoing the same process, forms the wrapper of the cigar; the small pieces of tobacco (usually the cuttings of the ends of the cigars, when cut to the requisite lengths), are then placed inside, and being rolled up, the cigar is so far completed. They are then tied into bundles, each bundle containing a certain number, and passed into the hands of other women, who cut a small piece from each end to make them of the requisite length, when they are ready for sale. The quantity of cigars manufactured must be enormous, the principal portion of which is consumed in Manilla and the neighbouring provinces. The quantity exported, a mercantile gentleman informed me, did not amount to more than the value of 100,000 dollars annually. The revenue derived by the government from this monopoly, is stated to amount to 500,000 dollars per annum. Underneath the rooms in which the women are employed, 1,000 male natives are engaged in the manufacture of small paper cigars, named *cigarillos;* they sit at tables, having enclosed before them a quantity of chopped tobacco; the paper (ready cut in the requisite sizes) is at hand for the envelopes; the necessary quantity of tobacco is then taken in one of the pieces of paper,† and rolled up, in which action the two thumbs are principally employed, and they

* Owing to her driving on shore at the island of Rotama.

* Cigars of the best quality are sold at Manilla for eighteen dollars the aroba (25 lbs.), containing about 4,000 cigars.

† By practice the persons employed will take up in the envelope only the quantity of chopped tobacco requisite for the cigar. It has been stated that from 400 to 500 are made by each person in one hour.

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are made with great rapidity. The cigarillos are tied up in bundles of thirty each, which are placed in an envelope on which the royal arms are stamped. The consumption of this kind is local; when this is considered, and that each bundle contains thirty, and that 1,000 men are constantly engaged in making them, and 4,000 women engaged in the manufacture of the cigars, some idea may be formed of the prodigious consumption of tobacco in the Philippine Islands alone.

Attached to the tobacco establishment is a guard, dressed in a blue uniform with red facings, a Chinese-formed hat covered with black horse-hair, and armed with a sword and pistols. These guards are attached to certain districts where the tobacco is grown, and purchased by government from the growers at a fixed price; and likewise—as that article is a government monopoly—to prevent smuggling or illegal sales of it. The principal tobacco districts are those of Cagayan and Gapan. The natives are only permitted to plant tobacco in certain districts appointed by government, and no plantations are permitted except under their direction; and by law every planter is obliged to deliver to the government-agents a list, in which the number of tobacco-plants under cultivation is specified, which number is at the proper season to be delivered, properly cured, to the persons appointed by the government to receive them, under a penalty of imprisonment for every plant missing from the original number stated in the list as having been planted. If, however, by accident, any of the plants should be damaged by insects or any other cause, it is the duty of the planters immediately to report it to the agents who, on proofs being produced to them, erase them from the number previously reported in the list. If the number of plants annually produced should be more than are required by the government, they are destroyed, without any remuneration being made to the cultivator.

THE PAPUAN CHILD.

MR. BENNETT thus writes respecting a female child of Papuan birth:

The Papuan race is so little known, that any thing relating to them cannot fail of being interesting. The Papuans resemble the negro race, and are distributed over a large portion of the globe from the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal, and many parts of the Indian Archipelago, to New Guinea and the New Hebrides group. They have excited much curiosity and been a frequent subject of speculation amongst those who pursue the investigation of the varieties of the human race, and their origin. The questions of, from what part of Africa, and at what time, they emigrated, cannot, in the present state of our knowledge, be satisfactorily answered; our only means of solving those problems is by observing, as far as possible, the coincidences existing between the Polynesian and the African negroes in manners, customs, language, &c.

It is remarkable that but few observations have hitherto been made respecting the Papuan race. In the East-Indian islands, they inhabit generally, and I believe invariably, the mountains of the interior are savage in the extreme; and have little or no intercourse with the other tribes in their vicinity. Hence Europeans have had no opportunity of viewing them in their native state, except occasionally a solitary individual, who has been captured. The islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean, inhabited by this race, have been but very rarely visited, owing to the savage disposition of the inhabitants. From these circumstances, but few facts have been collected which will enable us to form a correct hypothesis concerning their origin. The Papuans are described as a dwarfish, puny race, deficient in mental and physical powers. We are, however, too prone to form hasty general opinions from a few instances. The first view I had of the natives of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides group, led me to form an opinion that they were a diminutive race; but subsequent opportunities of observation corrected the opinion I had too hastily formed; as I observed stout muscular men amongst them, varying in height from five feet to five feet eight inches; while, as regarded colour, some where much darker than others. At Manilla, I had an opportunity of seeing a negro from the mountains in the interior of the Island of Luconia, and his general appearance was very similar to that of the natives of Erromanga: he was a muscular man, and his height was apparently about five feet six or seven inches. As the African tribe vary in general appearance, as well as in manners, customs, language, &c. any analogy that can be drawn between the Papuans and the African race is more likely to lead to the discovery of the particular tribe of Africa whence they originated.

This Papuan child (named Elau,) born of parents leading an unsettled life, and living in a state of the utmost barbarism, where wars are constant, where bloodshed and cannibalism prevail, and who is now receiving instruction in England, cannot fail of exciting much interest amoug those who engage in hypotheses in regard to the question whether savages are capable of mental improvements and civilization.

When adult natives have been brought to this country, experience proves that no benefit has been produced either to themselves or to us, in our commercial intercourse with their countries.

The natural mental powers of this child, although she is young, are excellent; her perception is quick and her memory retentive; she is alive to the minutest circumstance that passes under her notice, and not unfrequently drawn a comparison between her own and other countries she has visited: the sentiments of benevolence and attachment are well developed.

The child will prove a subject of great interest in deciding many disputed points; she will supply at least an opportunity (if she lives) of either confirming or negativing the various hypotheses which have been formed on the subject of education; and it is from the young mind only that we can judge of the future character. I am aware the undertaking is one of some magnitude. I feel a deep responsibility and an interest in the result; but they are lighter when I know her to be possessed of an affectionate disposition, and considerable intellectual powers.

On arriving in England, her attention was much directed towards the steam-boats, and she always distinguished them when at anchor by the "chimney and wheels." Every object called forth her admiration and delight, and there was not one that escaped her notice. She related in England circumstances which occured at Erromanga relating to the destruction of her parents, the native mode of cooking, and other customs, &c. which we had never heard her relate, or were the subjects mentioned before her on board. When orders for finery to deck her person were given in her presence, she desired to have "dress like other ladies," and a savage burst of ecstacy was expressed when she saw herself decked in gay European finery; already had she *instinctively* acquired that love of ornament found among the human race, whether civilized or barbarous, bond or free.

She could not be bribed by niceties; if hungry she readily ate any food, preferring that which was simple. Her disposition is liberal, and she will readily share with others what she has, even when unsolicited.

She retains when brought into society a high spirit of native independence. I took her one evening to the conversazione at the Royal Institution of London; although it was the first time that she had ever entered a large room, splendidly lightly and filled with company, not the slightest degree of fear was manifested; she left me, mingled with the throng, and permitted all who were attracted by her novel appearance to speak to her, and walked about looking at the articles in the room quite unconcerned. When placed on the table, she also appeared destitute of fear, and this feeling was displayed not only in this but in several other subsequent instances. She resided for a short period at the house of a lady in the vicinity of London; one of the daughters (since dead, who was devotedly attached to the child) was singing a simple pathetic ballad, which she executed with such an exquisite feeling and taste as to rivet the attention of the child, who was engaged playing about the room. Elau approached the piano, kept her eyes fixed on the fair songstress during the contiuance of the ballad, and with such effect did it act upon the feelings of the young untutored savage, that the tears tricked down her cheeks, and her countenance remained fixed on the lady until she had concluded.

The child has now been nearly ten months in England, and her disposition has not changed, whilst her mind is increasing in power under the system I have directed to be pursued. Her education will be private, in order to prevent her acquiring the habits sometimes acquired in a public school. To the various arts in which the needle is used her attention will be directed, and her education will be sufficient to make her calculated for a station in society neither beyond her means nor her hopes.

She is now residing at Plymouth, and the lady under whose charge she is placed, and who takes much interest in the orphan stranger, will cultivate her mind, instil into her precepts of moral and religious duty, and suppress thos stubborn and overbearing passions seen so often in children, and enlarge her ideas. The result will be anxiously looked for.

We concur with Mr. Bennett in thinking this experiment likely to lead to interesting results, if it be managed with care and judgment. It is to be regretted that little Elau has totally lost her native tongue; though possibly the retention of a barbarous dialect would be of little service either to herself or to science

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Industry is promoted by the following means:—

By directing education and early habits in a manner that tends to increase bodily strength and reconcile the mind to application and perseverance:

By placing within the reach of the labourer a competent share of those enjoyments which are suitable to his station;

By affording him, at all times, an opportunity of exerting his industry to advantage;

By securing him the free possession and enjoyment of what his industry has gained;

By offering, not only a share of the enjoyments of life, but respectability and an advancement in the scale of society, as a reward for successful industry.—*Hamilton's progress of Society.*

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, IN 1805.

The Landing and Battle of Blueberg, and final Capture of the Colony—Its varied Population—The Ladies—Slaves, &c.

THE following extracts from the Journal of the late Capt. Carmichael, of the 72d Regt. are now permitted to see the light. The author was distinguished for his love of Natural History, including in it the study of mankind. In 1805, the corps to which he belonged was one of those which formed the Expedition against this Colony;

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and from this period, he carefully noted whatever occurred to him that was deserving of remark,—keeping a diary, in which, from time to time, he entered such observations on men, opinions, climate, plants, &c. as might be instructive to others, or amusing to himself. The following particulars are Capt. Carmichael's own words:

The expedition under the command of Sir David Baird, which was destined to act against the Cape of Good Hope, consisted of the 24th 38th, and 83d regiments, commanded by Brigadier-General Beresford; and the 71st, 72d, and 93d, commanded by Brigadier-General Ferguson; three companies of the Royal Artillery under General Yorke; and two squadrons of the 20th Light Dragoons. To this force must be added the 59th regiment, embarked for the East Indies, which was ordered to co-operate with us in the reduction of the Cape. The naval force, commanded by Sir Home Popham, consisting of two 64 gun-ships, and one of 50 guns; two frigates, a sloop of war, and two gun-brigs.

"The expedition sailed from the Cove of Cork on the 2d day of September 1805, and, on the 4th of October, the fleet, amounting to about seventy sail, came to anchor in Funchal Roads, off the Island of Madeira. We weighed anchor again, and directed our course for St. Salvador, on the coast of Brazil, were we arrived on the 12th of November, with the loss of the Britannia Indiaman, and the King George transport, with General Yorke on board, which were wrecked on the shoal called the Racers, off Cape St. Augustine. Leaving St. Salvador on the 26th of November, we made the Cape of Good Hope on the 3d of January, 1806; and, on the evening of the 4th, the whole fleet came to an anchor in the channel, between Robin Island and the Blueberg.

"Early on the morning of the 5th of January, General Beresford's brigade made an attempt to land; but, on approaching the shore, the sea was found to break with such violence, that it was thought prudent to desist. As that part of the coast was known to be subject to a heavy surge, and the situation of the fleet was such as forbade any unnecessary delays, the Diomede, with the transports carrying the 38th regiment and General Beresford, was dispatched to Saldanha Bay, and the whole fleet would have followed next day, had not the Highland Brigade have been fortunate enough to effect a landing about six miles farther to the southward, in Sospiras Bay. The enemy's riflemen appeared lurking among the bushes, and showed a disposition to annoy us; but they were speedily dislodged by a few shots from the gun-brigs that covered our approach. The only serious accident that occurred was the loss of one of our boats, having on board about forty men of the 93d regiment, which was overset on a bank of shore weed, and every soul lost.

"The 7th of January was employed in disembarking the remainder of the troops and the field artillery. Five hundred volunteers from the ships of war and Indiamen were also landed, for the purpose of dragging the guns, a service which they performed with their accustomed enthusiasm. At four o'clock, on the morning of the 8th, we moved from the sand hills along the road that leads over the shoulder of the Blueberg. When we arrived on the crest of the hill, we perceived the enemy drawn up on the other side. Our disposition was soon made. We were formed in echellons of brigades; the left or Highland brigade, being about two hundred yards of the other. In this relative position we advanced, sometimes in line, at others in file from the heads of companies, according to the nature of the ground. We no sooner arrived within the range of the enemy's artillery, than he opened his fire on us from twenty field-pieces, which were advanced considerably in front of his line. The action, on our side, was begun by the grenadiers of the 24th regiment, sent to dislodge a body of mounted riflemen, which occupied a rising ground on our right flank. This duty the grenadiers performed with great intrepidity, but not without serious loss: Capt. Foster being killed on the spot, and fifteen men either killed or wounded.

"The line, in the mean time, continued to advance over a tract of ground where we were buried up to the middle in heath and prickly shrubs. Owing to some misconception of orders, we began firing before we had arrived within killing distance of the enemy; but this error was speedily corrected by the rapidity of our movement, which alarmed him so much, that, by the time we came within a hundred yards of his position, he began to retreat. This he effected in very good order; for, to tell the truth, we were in no condition to molest him. Fresh from the cool bracing climate of Ireland, then cooped up for five months on board of crowded transports, a march of six hours over the scorching sands of Africa, exhausted us to such a degree, that even the exhilarating sight of a flying enemy could not prevent immense numbers from escaping to the rear.

"Our force of every description in this action was about five thousand men; that of the enemy three thousand. The loss was nearly equal, being about three hundred in killed and wounded. After the engagement, we advanced as far as Riet Valley, where we received from the fleet a supply of provisions and water. Next morning we marched on towards Cape Town, and had approached within a few miles of it, when we were met by a flag of truce, demanding a cessation of hostilities for forty-eight hours, in order to arrange terms of capitulation. Sir David Baird returned for answer that they should have six hours only, and that, if the place was not surrendered at the expiration of that period, he would enter it by storm in the course of the night. This menace had the desired effect, and the 59th regiment marched in that evening and took possession of the lines. The rest of the troops lay on their arms, at the mouth of the Salt River, until three o'clock P. M. next day, at which hour the British flag was hoisted on the castle, a royal salute was fired by the ships of war, and the Highland brigade marched to Wynberg.

"We thus, without much difficulty, got possession of the capital, but Janssens was still unsubdued. After the action at Blueberg, he had retired with his whole force to the pass of Hottentot's Holland Kloof, where he designed to establish himself in such a manner as should cut off the communication of Cape Town with the interior. With a view to dislodge him from this stronghold, the Highland brigade and 59th regiment marched on the 12th to Stellenbosch, and were followed, in a few days, by Sir David Baird in person. After some preliiminary overtures between the two generals, a negociation was set on foot, which terminated in the formal cession of the whole colony to the British arms."

"The regiment being ordered to Cape Town, Captain Carmichael has time to describe its remarkable features.

"The first thing which arrests the attention of a stranger, on his arrival in Cape Town, is the wonderful diversity in the features, colour, and costume of the various descriptions of people who crowd the streets. He feels himself amazed at finding himself in a sort of Noah's Ark, where he meets with more varieties of one species than the patriarch had under his charge of the whole animal creation. Here he may see the pure spotless robe of the Hindoo rubbing against the painted kaross of the Caffre and the soot-stained sheepskin of the Hottentot; here the barefooted boor from the snow mountain stares at the polished boots of the London cockney; here he may contrast the crop of the Pennsylvanian with the pendant crown-lock of the Chinese: here the Brazilian may shake hands with the Malay, and the Guinea Negro with his brother from Madagascar. In the midst of this motley group, Europeans of every description, either as traders or prisoners of war, pass in review before him. The geographical position of the colony will account, in some measure, for the concurrence of these heterogeneous elements of population. The peculiar circumstances under which it was originally established, facilitate the emigration of people from all parts of Germany and the north of Europe. The revocation of the Edict of Nantz drove numbers of French Protestant families here for refuge; the practice of discharging soldiers in the settlement, after a certain period of service, few of whom ever returned to Europe; the extensive communication between Europe and India, in the course of which numberless adventurers were induced by hope, or forced by distress, to relinquish their prospects in the east, and settle in the colony; and, finally, the salubrity of the climate, inviting the martyrs to tropical diseases to repair hither for the re establishment of their health: such are the lights of the picture; the shades are furnished from the coasts of Africa and the Indian Archipelago.

"In a society so constructed, the manners must be as varied as the materials of which it is composed; and ages must elapse ere they can amalgamate and assume a national form. This renders the colonists peculiarly prone to adopt the customs of strangers; and as these adoptions are oftener the fruit of caprice than sound judgment, they are apt sometimes to excite a smile. Can there be conceived for iustance, a more awkward or more ludicrous object than a huge boor heaving up his ponderous shoulders in imitation of a Parisian, twisting his neck, and drawling out "Ilk wit neit," whilst his utmost endeavours cannot throw the corresponding expression into a countenance where the muscles are so deeply imbedded in blubber, that even the convulsions of death could not produce any visible derangement of features.

"No difference of ranks exists at the Cape; and, if the population be not occasionally reinforced from Europe, the distinction of colour will soon vanish. The intermixture of African with European blood can already be traced in some of the first-rate families of the colony; the hue of the skin and the lineaments of the countenance unequivocally betraying their origin. The abolition of the slave trade, and the facility with which the poorest inhabitant can, by ordinary activity and perseverance, obtain a competency, will accelerate this union, and it is probable that before two centuries shall have elapsed, all the colours will be blended in one.

"The complexion of the Cape ladies is, in general, fair, perhaps too fair. It is of that sickly delicate tint which indicates exclusion from the air and light. It is altogether deficient in the lively bloom which gentle exercise and exposure to the elements diffuse over the cheeks of the British fair. Great care is taken, while young and single, of their figures; they are accordingly then light and elegant in their form; but they are no sooner married than they begin to neglect their persons, and, by indulging in the pleasures of the table, acquire a degree of obesity that renders them objects of disgust. The habit of using vegetable acids as seasoning to every article of food, soon destroys the teeth. So universal, indeed, is this defect, that a fine set of teeth never enters as an item into the catalogue of female beauty; and the total neglect of the brush renders such as they have offensive to the sight of any person of delicacy.

"Almost every private house in Cape Town is open for the accommodation of such strangers as have occasion to take lodgings for any time in the town. This custom supersedes the use of taverns; but, as it was originally the offspring of poverty and necessity, it will fall into disuse in proportion as the inhabitants become more opulent. The town may at present be aptly compared to a large inn on a well-frequented road. The same incessant routine of arrivals and departures; the same chaotic medley of characters; and the same insatiable thirst of gain, and disregard of reputation in the manner of acquiring it, are characteristic of both.

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"I happened, some days ago, to step into one of the Venduties, or public sales, in Cape Town, where, among other *articles*, I saw three or four slaves set up to sale. This was altogether a new sight to me. I could not without pain remark the anxiety with which those poor creatures regarded the persons who were bidding for them. It seemed as if they wished to trace the character of their future master in the lineaments of his countenance, and showed indications of joy or fear, according to the opinion they had formed of his disposition.

"Among the terrible reactions produced by the slave trade, none is perhaps more merited or more evident than the dissoluteness of morals and ferocity of disposition which it creates among the people who are concerned in it. The cold-blooded calculator of profit and loss, the prime agent in this unhallowed traffic, feels its influence but in a remote and subordinate degree. It is when we cast a view on those who are placed immediately within the sphere of its action, that we perceive its deteriorating effects; their morals, their temper, their air, and their very features confessing its malignant influence. The softer sex, more especially, are transformed by it into cruel tyrants. When you mix in female society, you look in vain for that cheerful play of features which indicates a sweet disposition; in vain you listen for that harmonious tone of voice which is mellowed by the habit of associating with one's equals.

"The slaves at the Cape are composed of more various races than are to be met with in any other part of the world where the traffic in human flesh is sanctioned. The coast of Guinea, Mosambique, Madagascar, Malacca, and the islands of the east, have contributed in their turn to supply the colony; and from the intermixture of this heterogeneous group, aided by a dash of European and Hottentot blood, a mongrel race has sprung up, which exhibits an astonishing diversity of feature as well as of disposition. Of all the unadulterated race of slaves, the Malay bears the most marked character. He is cunning, active, and intelligent; but, at the same time, implacably revengeful.

"Before the British got possession of the colony, slaves convicted of capital crimes were sometimes put to the torture, because an acknowledgment of guilt, either voluntary or compulsive, was necessary to authorise the magistrate to pass sentence of death on the criminal But this inhuman practice has been abolished by the British government, and the sentence of death is executed now without any preliminary cruelties. The place of execution is at the base of the Lion's Rump, facing the Amsterdam Battery. Three pillars, erected in the form of a triangle, support as many beams placed across them, and from these beams the criminals are suspended. It was probably to a gallows of this construction that allusion is made in Schiller's play of the Robbers, in which somebody says, 'Maurice, beware of the beast that has got three legs.'"

THE IRON COLLAR.

"By the rood, Father, I mark not the drift of thy speech. Is not the deed merciful? Nay, is it not reasonable?"

This question was put by a man, apparently about the mid-day of life, who, leaning on an iron-pointed staff, his cap half pulled across his brow, his lips suddenly compressed, and his eye fixed steadfastly upon another's face, seemed as if he would snatch an answer from the simple look of him he had so earnestly addressed. The monk—for it was a son of the church from whom the speaker waited for counsel—was unmoved by the energy of the question, and with his still, passionless eye, glanced at a man, standing submissively apart, yet evidently not without a violent effort, feigning composure, nay indifference. There were three actors in the scene. The first was the master of the anxious wretch, whose fate was about to be decided. A bold open-featured man, with, it would seem, his heart in his eyes, a man of good worldly substance and of cheerful mind: a strong contrast to the monk, whose mealy features told more of the chime and the wassail-bowl, than of holy thoughts and nocturnal meditations: and, in truth, the monk was one of those who—and it were done with all secrecy—would change the rib of a canonized saint, for the fat body of a capon. He seemed expressly made to eat, drink, move slowly, talk gravely, and wear a grey gown: he fulfilled his ordinance. The third man was a slave. He looked wan and shrunk; he had a restless eye, and his lip moved with ill suppressed emotion, as he cast a side-long look at the priest. He bore about his neck the badge of his condition—an iron collar.

The speaker, vainly waiting for the answer of the monk, repeated his questions—"Is not the deed merciful? Is it not reasonable?"

The priest replied with another question, put in a tone of seeming wonder—"Why, Sir, what hath urged thee to this business? Take off the iron collar of the villain? Why, when didst thou first dream of this? Tell me the history of this strange matter?"

"I know not, Father, if it be not a thought sent from Heaven itself. It hath been with me since last spring. I was abroad early, and all things about me seemed living with a new life: the young corn shot up freshly and strongly—the air quickened the blood about my heart—all things looked of a brighter colour to me; the birds were singing in the sky and on the boughs, and I saw the hand of God working in the trees"—

"A goodly matin meditation. Well, what didst thou see next?"

"Looking round, I saw the iron collar of my serf."

"Aye, thy *lawful bondman*. Well?"

"From that moment doubts possessed me,—and I did think it but a fitting deed to take that iron badge away."

"Then thou hadst no other communion?—By my order, I did look for some angelic descent,—thou hadst no divine intelligence, then?"

"None,—but my own thoughts—none but"—

"Have a care, son—lest in the idleness of thy mind thou dost take its wanderings for high behests. I see nothing in these meditations that should call on thee to remove the badge. Why shouldst thou object to place upon thy slave that mark of which *law and custom* have given thee warranty?"

"Aye,—but in truth, Father, I begin to doubt—nay, and I date my doubt from the time of which I have spoken—the mercy, the reason of that custom; it is on this that I would have thee resolve me?"

"Speedily. And answer, my son,—se shalt thou profit. Since thou hast possessed thy lands, have they not been tilled by serfs, each with his iron collar?"

"Aye,—and for many a day before us, Father."

"Hath the earth proved stubborn and unfertile? Hath not the seed burst in the ground, though cast there by collared villains? Hath not the green blade shot up—hath it not ripened in the sun, been cut down in its fulness, and returned thee seed a hundred fold, though reaped by serfs with iron collars? Hath not all this happened?"

"Even so."

"They who take thy swine to mast—wear they not the badge?"

"Aye!"

"And yet the hogs stray not—but fatten; and when killed, are nourishing and toothsome—though tended, killed, cooked, and served by men with iron collars?"

"All this is true."

"Then wherefore move the collar?"

"Act of mere justice to him who bears it. Thy arguments are subtle, Father, but to my mind, selfish and tyrannic. I will remove the badge from his neck, and from the necks of all my bondmen."

On this, the speaker departed with his serf,—and the monk went his way, loudly prophecying the sudden dissolution of the social fabric, from the instant that the "lower orders" were relieved from iron collars.

This legend is somewhat old, but there may be curious people who even now may fit it with an application. J. D.

COBBETT ON CHURCH-GOING.

My practice always is *to go to church*, which I always do in the country, and never in town, because here, not only am I not offended by the sight of vanity and ostentation, but I have a very good opportunity of making an estimate of the *condition of the people*—(*July 12th*, 1832.)

THE EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER.

BEFORE this meets the public eye, the commercial expedition for Central Africa will have sailed from Liverpool As a jealous secrecy has (perhaps with great propriety) been preserved concerning it, we have not much to add to the accounts we have already laid before our readers. The equipment consists of the Quorra, a steam vessel of 200 tons, and another steamer of less burthen, which are expected to ascend the river as high as Boussa. Thence boats, and overland excursions, may convey our enterprising countrymen to places whither they may desire to go.

As we have formerly mentioned, this is simply a mercantile speculation, though, in unison with the enlightened spirit of the times, it purposes to combine objects of greater and more general interest. The leading feature is to introduce British manufactures into regions hitherto unknown to the civillised world; and, with traffic, to diffuse improvement of every kind of which the natives may be found susceptible. The vessels are accordingly laden with articles most acceptable to the African population; and returns of African produce are anticipated by the shippers to remunerate them even in the first instance

As we have also stated, government has nothing to do with the outfit of this expedition. Lieut. William Allen, of the Royal Navy, proceeds with it; but without rank or command, as a passenger, instructed to make surveys and observations, for which we learn he is well qualified by his scientific attainments.

Richard Lander, to whom we owe this grand geographical discovery, may, of course, be considered as the head of the party which he accompanies in his third voyage to Africa. With him is associated Mr. Laird, jun., of Liverpool, as supercargo. Mr. Laird, we understand, is an able engineer, and otherwise intelligent and well informed. Messrs. Briggs and Harris are the master and surgeon; and we presume the surgeon to be a sufficient naturalist, and especially a botanist, competent to investigate the very important branches connected with these sciences, either for philosophical or commercial results.

Altogether, we have fervent hopes respecting this design, and most heartily do we wish it success. We had almost forgot to notice that the travellers carry with them a number of copies of an address, prepared in Arabic by M. Salamé, and intended to explain the subjects of their visit to the native chiefs and kings. These are on all kinds of coloured paper; and, being adorned with pictures of the two steamboats, are likely enough to be regarded not merely as ambassadorial lettters, but as beautiful specimens of the fine arts by the sovereigns to whom they are presented.—*Lit. Gazette.*

Punishment.—A doctor and a poet quarrelled; an indifferent person was referred to to settle the dispute,—the latter made the following reply:

'You're faulty both, do penance for your crimes:
Bard, take his physic—doctor, read his rhymes.'

Laconism.—'Never apologise for shewing feeling my friend. Remember that when you do so, you apologise for truth.—(*Conturint Fleming.*)

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SELECT NOTICES.

Our Colonies.—The *claims* of our Colonies must be regarded. They must be freed from the burden of unjust and impolitic restrictions; but they must be taught to respect the *rights* of their *coloured peasantry*, and to depend upon their own *honest* and sagaciously supplied *industry*, not upon bounties and restrictions for support.—(*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for July.*)——*Slavery.*—The question of slavery is *not* one of pounds, shillings, and pence. If any person has a claim for compensation, it is the slave who has been over-wrought and under paid. What the holder may lose now he formerly made in exorbitant profits. Let the Planters open, as the Mexicans did, an account of debtor and creditor with the Slaves, for their respective prices, and allow them to work themselves free. As to their other sources of loss, rational retrenchment, and exchanging a gambling speculation for the rearing of more marketable produce, will soon remedy them all. (*ib*)——*Botany.*—The East India Company have presented to the Linnæan Society their magnificent Herbarium, amounting at least to 70,000 specimens——*The Church.*—On the authority of several respectable periodicals, we learn that many young men of family and fortune yet at the Universities, hesitate to take Ordination, and several Clergymen are mentioned as having seceded from the Episcopal Church.——*Toads* are so numerous in the island of Jersey, that they have furnished a nick name (*Crapaud*) for its inhabitants; while in Guernsey, not a toad is to be found, though they have frequently been imported.

Signs of the Times.—The latest London papers state that the Duke of Sussex's last Conversazione, given at his apartments in Kensington Palace, was more numerously attended by men of eminence, than any other similar meeting since the days of Sir Joseph Banks. More than a dozen members of the Episcopal Bench, including the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, were present.—*The Bench* — A late Judge, eminent on the Northern Circuit, having been extremely annoyed by the slovenly manner in which the Court was kept during the assizes, at length observed to the Sheriff's officers—"There has been so much noise and confusion in Court, that I could not hear a single word of the three last cases I decided."—(*John Bull.*)——*New Club.*—A new Club, (the Conservative) has been formed in London, which is to consist of a thousand members. Altogether, the incomes of 700 of the members are said to amount to upwards of seven millions annually. The leading men of this Club are the Dukes Cumberland, Gloucester, and Wellington. Among the London resident members of the Clubs are six East India Directors, a large number of West India Proprietors, three Bank Directors, and several Ship-owners.——*The Pyramids out-done.*—Herodotus mentions a bridge which was built of polished stone, adorned with the most curious sculpture, and its length *five miles*. This bridge, of which no vestige now remains, must have been the most admirable work of antiquity.——*Heidelberg Gazette.*—This paper states that above 83,000 Poles have been ordered to Siberia, that they have been deprived of their names, and designated by numbers only. The wives of a great many of the most respectable Poles have been distributed among the Russian soldiers.——*The Earl of Fife.*—The personal effects of this nobleman have been seized and sold for a debt of £425. Among the few books in possession of the Earl, were Tom Paine's works, which sold for 22*s.*——*Heidelberg, 14th May.*—Within these few days, ten large vessels have passed this place, full of Swabian families emigrating to America. They are well provided with every thing for the voyage. It is estimated that the number of German emigrants this spring, is 20,000.

Bermingham Railway.—The proposed railway from London to Birmingham, for the completion of which a bill is at present before Parliament, will be 112½ miles in length. There will be ten tunnels; but, with the exception of two, none of them will exceed a third of a mile—a distance which a railway coach will shoot in somewhat less than a minute. The entire cost will not exceed 2,400,000*l.*; the returns calculated will amount to 671,000*l.* The shares subscribed for, on which a deposit of five per cent. has been paid, amount to 1,900,000. The entire distance to Birmingham will be accomplished in five hours and a half; it now occupies twelve hours.

The Moravians.—According to a late statement of the Moravians, the total number of the brethren scattered over the earth, amounts to no more than about 16,000; nevertheless, they keep up 127 missionary establishments among the heathen, at an expense of not more than 9,000*l* per annum.

Mortality among the Great.—Within the last month (June) or six weeks, a remarkable number of eminent men have been taken from the circles of the living—Cuvier, Remusath, Perier, Lamarque, in France; Sir William Grant, Sir James Mackintosh, Jeremy Bentham, and Charles Butler, Esq., in England.

Horticulture.—The practice which is adopted at the Botanical Garden in Geneva, might be imitated with great advantage amongst ourselves. De Candolle has introduced the custom of distributing presents of plants and shrubs among two or three hundred of his fellow citizens every year, and has, in this simple way, excited a degree of attention on their parts to the general culture of their gardens, which has been attended with the most beneficial effects.

New Manufacture.—A new and beautiful manufacture has just been produced at Halifax. It is a damask, of which the ground-work is silk, and the figure is worsted. The effect is almost as good as that of silk damask wholly, yet the price is not more than one half.

Cast-Iron Roofs.—Sheet-iron coverings are now universally made use of in all new buildings in Petersburg, Moscow, &c. In case of fire no harm can happen to such a house from sparks falling on the roof. The sheets are painted on both sides once, and when fixed on the roof a second coat is given. The common is red, but green paint, it is said, will stand twice the time. Small bits or ears are introduced into the tops to nail them to the laths. The cost is about 3*d.* per foot.

Anchors.—The cost of anchors for the public service is immense: to supply the navy once only, requires a sum above 500,000*l.* Each first-rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent. of metal is wasted in the forging; and the cost of such an anchor is 400*l.*

Query.—Is it more disagreeable to have no appetite for your dinner, or no dinner for your appetite?

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

THE COLLOQUISTS.

A. and *B.*

A. Do you not think many are deterred from paying attention to Botany, by the Greek and Latin terms?

B. A few feeble minds may: but every man, woman, and child, hourly uses words emerging from languages far more abstruse and obscure, than the classical. A common gardener, with a little practice from a bare catalogue, will shortly remember the botanic terms as if they were English. The greatest stumbling-block is that of scientific arrangers, so often and so capriciously changing the names. I confess also, that the definitions in Natural History are sad barriers to the study of nature. Every object must be defined forsooth, by a definition. And what is the consequence? There is a description of twenty lines to explain a definition of as many words.

A. In reference to the *languages*, it affords me great pleasure that my eldest son makes such progress at the College. He learns his lessons surprisingly well. It is quite wonderful to discover his acquaintance with so many languages: I do believe he has at least some ten or a dozen grammars or catechisms.

B. So much the worse, friend *A.* Education, remember, is not a *recollection of words.*

THE OAK AND THE THISTLE.

On our way to Kirk last Sunday, we were much struck with a beautiful spring of bubbling water, which had arisen through many a stony obstacle, and was displaying itself in front of the *Lutheran Church.* This object supplied many reflections arising from scriptural recollections. It was to us a sort of third miracle; the two former being as follows: When the ground of St. George's Church was consecrated by the Bishop of Calcutta in 1829, an oak tree on the spot, paid his Lordship and the Episcopal Church a compliment by throwing out a branch with *white* leaves. This honour in favour of lawn sleeves we witnessed with our own eyes. At the same time, when the Presbyterian Kirk (St. Andrew's) was founded, the *thistles* in all the neighbourhoods of the town, bloomed two months earlier than the accustomed period. They were also more abundant and of taller growth than our botanists ever remembered. We have, by-the-bye, a little more to tell of the thistle. The late Rev. Mr. Lambert, the senior fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, during a tour in Scotland, amused himself by endeavouring to ascertain what particular species of thistle was the prototype of the national emblem. He found the inhabitants not at all agreed on this point; and that the thistle of the seal of the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, that of the national insignia, and that of the Order of the Thistle, were apparently all different thistles; while such botanists as Mr. Lambert had opportunities of consulting on the subject could furnish no satisfactory historical clue respecting the species. The curiosity of Mr. Lambert hereupon began to subside, when it was once more excited by a bill from a silversmith, sent to his lodgings with some articles he had ordered, on the head of which bill a thistle, unlike the other thistles he had seen, was engraved as an ornament. On paying his bill, he remarked to the silversmith the dissimilarity of his thistle to those he had seen adopted in other places. The silversmith professed himself regardless of what others had adopted, maintaining that his (the *Cnicus acaúlis*) was the true Scottish thistle; and that it was proved to be so by the following narrative:—"At the time," said the silversmith, "that the Danes invaded Scotland, it was not the practice to commence an attack by night; but of this clandestine mode the Danes on one occasion resolved to avail themselves; and, to insure success, went

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barefoot. By this means they had approached unperceived near to the Scottish camp, when a Dane, having his naked feet pricked by a thistle which he trod upon, instinctively uttered an ejaculation; and thus sounded an alarm to the Scottish soldiers, who instantly rose as one man, and slew the Danes with a great slaughter: and in commemoration of this signal service of *Cnicus acaúlis*, it was adopted into our national insignia," Soon after the king's visit to Scotland, some seeds were presented to the botanic garden at Bury St. Edmunds by a relation of the Bishop of London, who received them as seeds of the identical thistle, or kind of thistle, carried in the processions that attended on His Majesty in Scotland: these developed *Onopòrdum Acánthium*.

A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

FREE and slave labour are equally owned by the capitalist.

Where the labourer is not held as capital, the capitalist pays for labour only.

Where the labourer is held as capital, the capitalist not only pays a much higher price for an equal quantity of labour, but also for waste, negligence, and theft, on the part of the labourer.

Capital is thus sunk, which ought to be reproduced.

As the supply of slave-labour does not rise and fall with the wants of the capitalist, like that of free labour, he employs his occasional surplus on works which could be better done by brute labour or machinery.

By rejecting brute labour, he refuses facilities for convertible husbandry, and for improving the labour of his slaves by giving them animal food.

By rejecting machinery, he declines the most direct and complete method of saving labour.

Thus, again, capital is sunk which ought to be reproduced.

In order to make up for this loss of capital to slave owners, bounties and prohibitions are granted in their behalf by government; the waste committed by certain capitalists abroad, being thus paid for out of the earnings of those at home.

Sugar being the production especially protected, every thing is sacrificed by planters to the growth of sugar. The land is exhausted by perpetual cropping, the least possible portion of it is tilled for food, the slaves are worn out by overwork, and their numbers decrease in proportion to the scantiness of their food, and the oppressiveness of their toil.

When the soil is so far exhausted as to place its owner out of reach of the sugar-bounties, more food is raised, less toil is inflicted, and the slave population increases.

Legislative protection, therefore, not only taxes the people at home, but promotes ruin, misery, and death, in the protected colonies.

A free trade in sugar would banish slavery altogether, since competition must induce an economy of labour and capital; *i. e.*, a substitution of free for slave labour.

Let us see, then, what is the responsibility of the legislature in this matter.

The slave system inflicts an incalculable amount of human suffering, for the sake of making a wholesale waste of labour and capital.

Since the slave system is only supported by legislative protection, the legislature is responsible for the misery caused by direct infliction, and for the injury indirectly occasioned by the waste of labour and capital.

LATE ARRIVALS.

(NEW BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.)

I. *A Queer Book, by the Ettrick Shepherd*, 8vo.—We are sorry for Mr. Hogg in this instance. The book is simply a re-publication of odd things which we have read before in Blackwood. The author is gifted with an extraordinary fancy, but in the present instance there is a deal of rank nonsense.——II. *The Alhambra, by Geoffrey Crayon*, 2 *vols.* 8vo.—These are not the volumes we expected from the pen of the American Addison They will be very soon forgotten by every body who reads them. —III. *Gould's Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains.* Beautiful, beautiful—The glory of the British press.——IV *Kotzebue.* *by the English Opium Eater*, 8vo—The language in which it is written is very beautiful; the plot is deep laid,—in fact, it is intricate —— V. *Contarini Fleming*, 4 *vols.*—These volumes are said to have been written by Mr. D'Israeli, Jun. They are a sort of auto-biographical sketch between fact and fiction, in which we cannot always ascertain the boundaries where the one ceases, and the other begins. The work must not be judged of hastily. We confess that in looking it over, our opinion of its merits have frequently varied. "How delightful!" we have sometimes exclaimed "What fine thoughts!" Then, again, we have found reason to cry out—"How ridiculous!—what trash!"——VI. *The Radical, by the author of the Member.* 8vo.—Lord Chancellor Brougham is not to be sneered into insignificancy by John Galt, the novel writer. We used to think pretty well of Mr. Galt; his Scottish novels were indeed most interesting. Ever since he wrote that wretched affair *Lawrie Todd*, and took to politics, he has been a twaddler. The "*Radical*" before us is a poor creature, accountable to Mr. Galt for all the nonsense he utters. ——VII *Tait's Magazine.*— Mr. Tait, there is much ability in many parts of your new periodical; but we are sorry for your politics. "The King a superfluity in the Constitution!" Avaunt thee!——VIII. *Domestic Manners of the Americans, by Mrs. Trollope* 2 *vols.*—There are those who hate every thing American, and would dissever the ties of amity and mutual respect between the two countries. We are by no means in love with American Republicanism, yet, in fairness, we must admit that the system in *that* surprisingly improving country works well. Mrs. Trollope's book has been puffed to the skies by the Quarterly Review and similar publications. We envy not the Quarterly the castigation which he has drawn down on himself and his ally by a "Yankee" reviewer. The Fanny Wright alluded to by Trollope, is the Mary Woolstoncroft of America, a goddess of reason, lecturer of moral philosophy, a *mother*, says the Quarterly, and *not a wife*, and would-be founder of a new sect.

"We, *Americans*, as they call us here, have received another scurrilous attack in the Quarterly Review, as you will see, and doubtless hear—as it must be likely to make some little talk. One Mrs. Trollope.....has found it convenient to make an excursion of two or three years through our country, and has had the *cleverness* to make a *clever* book, 2 vols. on 'The Domestic Manners of the Americans.' The long fasting of the Quarterly having created a most voracious appetite of this particular kind, had prepared them well to pounce on the offer of such prey. And here is their first sentence: 'This is exactly the title-page we had long wished to see.'

"And who do you imagine this Mrs. Trollope is, that is in such high credit and authority with the Quarterly, and into whose fellowship and sympathies they have so cordially entered? A companion and fellow-labourer with Fanny Wright. And such are the kennels into which the Quarterly Reviewers stoop to descend, that they may rake up and gather materials for abusing a community, which they have resolved, in despite of all evidence, and pledged themselves, to hate and persecute.

"And really what apology can be found for such an ungracious assault, sustained by such authority, at this particular juncture? It would seem at first glance to be wanton; a mere love of dealing in scandal; a malice, or at least an ill humour, so highly charged with unhappy ingredients, as to be utterly blind to reputation in the choice and employment of the instruments of its gratification. For surely, nothing could have been more unworthy, or more disreputable, than the selection of such authority."

IX. *Six Months in America, by G. T. Vigne, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn*, 2 *vols.* 8vo—A work which puts forth, as we imagine, no exaggerated accounts of *American freedom*, but a plain and simple statement of matters that came under the author's observation.——X. *History of the Peninsular War, by R. Southey, Esq. LL.D.*—The third and last volume, with details of British valour and heroism. The book ends with the words LAUS DEO, after the manner usual amongst our old monkish chroniclers. But it is much to be lamented, that the writer who can command these words so freely, and who has introduced the name of the Deity in almost every page of his voluminous work, should occasionally have indulged in language which breathes very little of that 'good will' of which he speaks, towards those men who have differed with him in political views. For instance—"impious," "accursed," "savage," "ferocious," "sinister," "self interested," "nefarious," "mischievous," "factious," "seditious," "rancorous."

POETRY.

THE following impromptu lines by Coleridge, have been kindly presented to us in the handwriting of their Author.—ED.

GOD OMNIPRESENT.

My Maker! of thy Power the trace
In every creature's form and face,
The wond'ring Soul surveys!
Thy wisdom, infinite above
Seraphic thought, a Father's love
As infinite displays.

Thou mad'st, then fillest, Earth and Air,
Yet didst the lisper, Man, declare
The whole Earth's voice and mind!
O! let us still with heedful heart,
Lord! even as Thou all present art,
Thy presence know and find!

Then come what will of weal or woe,
Joy's bosom-spring shall steady flow:
For tho' 'tis Heaven thy Self to see,
Where but Thy *Shadow falls, Grief cannot be!*

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Sunday, 19*th June*, 1814.

CORRESPONDENCE.

'*A Friend without Guile*,' is thanked by *Orlando* for the favour of his interesting communication. As the *Lectures on Natural Philosophy* now in progress are intended (at the request of several talented individuals) to form, when completed, a small pocket volume, with notes, additions, and emendations; the one or two typographical errors which have been *kindly* pointed out, will of course meet with correction. *Orlando* will be most thankful for any assistance in the way of criticism or otherwise, which may be transmitted to him through the publisher of the *Literary Gazette*,—trusting, at the same time, that the spirit of fairness and candour, similar to the one now under acknowledgment, may accompany such communication.

Hannah is *not* original. It is the production of James Montgomery, and was published in his Wanderer of Switzerland some years since.

"*Some additional particulars*" in reference to a late public dinner, are not in unison with the objects of this Journal.

So far from the Lectures on Natural Philosophy by *Orlando*, being an emanation from *The South African College*, we can assure *An Inquirer* that no single communication has appeared in this Journal from the source suspected. This explanation is due to several of our valuable contributors—apart from the "Wisdom of the Schools."

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LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE IV.—BY ORLANDO.*

[OUTLINES OF SOME OF THE CHIEF PRINCIPLES AND PROPERTIES OF THE ORGANIZATION AND SYSTEM OF THE VEGETABLE CREATION.]

GENTLEMEN!—The command for the rise of the Vegetable Kingdom presents them to us in the three natural divisions of — the GRASSES, the HERBS, and the TREES: and it extended to ordain their appearing with their reproductive powers for the formation of their seeds and fruits, in order to provide for their perpetuation on earth in an unfailing succession, without any new creation. (1) Let us review some of the main features that were selected and adopted to mark and constitute the system for that peculiar order of living things, which the vegetable tribes display.

All vegetables, in every region, and of all sorts, from the most minute to the most towering, possess, in common with all animals and with the human race—organization; an interior power of progressive growth; a principle of life with many phenomena that resemble irratibility, excitability, and susceptibility; and a self reproductive and multiplying faculty. In these qualities, they are distinguished from inorganic and earthly matter, and from all fluids and gases; and by these are raised high in the scale of being above them. In these they resemble all animated nature, and our prouder selves. We may dislike such a relationship; but to this extent our bodily frame and functions establish a natural kinship between us. They are very humble cousins, but we cannot destroy the organical and living affinity, nor escape the closing assimilation. We decline and die as they do: and they sicken, fade, decay, and die, like every human being. There is also another analogy. Their substance nourishes us, and ours not unfrequently becomes a part of theirs. They can feed on us, as we more continually and universally do on them. All living nature is linked together by actual connection, if not by perceivable sympathies.

An organized being is a peculiar conception and fabrication of the Divine Mind. And vegetables have been caused to be organized beings of definite figures, diversified from each other into distinct classes and species. To form a correct idea of what an organized being is, you may observe, that in human mechanism we have an imitation and an analogy of vegetable and animal organization, which enables us more fully to understand it, and to perceive how it has originated. Neither watches, cotton mills, nor steam-engines grow; they must be made by human hands, under the direction of a designing thought and will; and this mode of their fabrication discovers to us how all similar things, whose forming agents we have not seen at work, and therefore, how all natural organizations, whose principles of construction are the same, and of which they are in perfect similitude, must have been made.

All mechanism, from the pair of tongs, or the snuffers, to the windmill, the ship, and the manufacturing machines, consist of pieces or particles of matter, taken out of their natural and preceding state, and put into a peculiar arrangement in due relation to each other; so that, from this specific combination, the action of the completed thing may produce the effect intended by its planning, adjusting, and commanding maker. Recollect, Gentlemen! that the plant and the animal, and the human being are, in their structure, material machines. They are so many mechanized substances, consisting of parts that have been put together from some other state into designed and adapted arrangements; and by their artificial and special construction, they each possess and exert powers which thence arise, and produce the phenomena which it was intended to effect. Nothing but human workmanship and skill will account for human mechanism. No metal in the mine could by any chance move itself into the wheels and springs, and parts and adjustment which constitute a watch, or an organ; and begin marking time or playing a melody. So nothing but Divine agency and intelligence will explain the manner in which the inert particles of things become combined originally into vegetable or animal organizations; because all other known agencies are known to be utterly incompetent to such effects. In neither human or Divine mechanisms do the parts of which they consist, tend in themselves to be what they are, or to do what they do. Iron has no tendency to be a hammer or a chain; nor brass to be in a clock or cannon, or in a telescope, or in a piano-forte. So none of the particles that constitute plants have any natural tendency to be a carnation, an apple, or an acorn, nor to form animal flesh, to be wings, feathers, feet, or fins. But to our more immediate subject.

Without affirming a plant to be a real animal, as some of the Grecian philosophers imagined, (2) we shall best understand its true nature and construction, by considering it as an animal in the principle of its systematic form; but without being sentient or intelligent; and differing also in one

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

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essential point in the matter of its composition. They are distinguished also by another general peculiarity in their material nature. Animal bodies seem, by some interior though yet unknown process, to produce lime, (3) —plants never; but these, as their appropriate function, appear to generate carbon instead. (4) The absence of any intellectual quality makes their principle of life to be very dissimilar to, or at least very distinct from, that of animals. (5)

Most vegetables have an upright body with vessels ascending and communicating with each other, as in us, but with *sap* instead of *blood;* with *wooden fibres* instead of *bones;* with *pith* instead of *brain* and *nerve;* with *bark* or *rind* instead of *skin* or *hide.* (6) Their leaves imbibe air, as we breathe it, and also light and moisture; and in their continual motion answer the purposes of our respiration and exercise. They also imbibe and expire an aërial fluid, as we do, though with this difference -that they emit oxygen gas, under the influence of the solar rays, while animals absorb and retain it. They require food as we do, but their roots are their mouths. They have not, like quadrupeds, a particular stomach and arrangements for its digestion; but like some of the lower animals, they have a power of assimilating and converting what they take into their own substance, without these functions. (7) But all vegetables are fixed in their place of growth; they have no locomotive power. Where they are born they live and die. * * * The seed contains the embryo plant in the little corculum, which all, on being carefully opened, display. It is familiarly called the heart of the walnut—the little figure at one end of all nuts and kernels. Vessels extend from this to the substance in which it lies, which has received the name of Cotyledon. If this be single, as in the grasses and corn, it is a mono-cotyledon seed and plant; if, as in the larger herbs and trees it consists of two lobes, they are called di-cotyledons; if no such are discernable at all, they are termed acotyledon plants, which in some, and perhaps in most countries, are the most numerous. All plants consist of two substances, vessels and cellular tissue. In general language, what is not one, may be deemed the other. * * * Nothing is more curious in nature than the persevering efforts made by the living principle in plants to force their radicle downwards; whatever efforts are made to give it another direction, are constantly baffled by the growing power, which knows where its nutrition lies, and will go nightly to seek it. No animal can display a more persisting volition. Earth is not so essential to vegetable growth as moisture; for even trees will grow in water only. (8) Earth is but the bed in which the vegetable nutriment is best prepared and presented to the absorbing roots. This is now stated to be an oxyde of carbon or humic acid, made by a chemical union with the water, and which forms that humous or soil that most occasions or promotes vegetation. (9) When the plant develops in the befitting soil, the roots nourish it from below, and the leaves above contribute also their auxiliary supplies. (10) Buds emerge in due time from the stem or branches, each of which may be considered as a new vegetable, growing from its parent, but living in unseperating union with it, yet only in close association, for it seeks its own independent nurture by its distinct, though strictly combined root (11) Plants with few and small leaves depend chiefly on the soil. Those with many and large ones, more on the atmosphere. But some can find nutriment and grow, even from animals. Thus certain cryptogamic plants have been found vegetating on living wasps in the West Indies. (12) This curious fact has been noticed elsewhere. They will even grow in the stomach of living animals; for several instances of this have occurred, in which the force of vegetation has prevailed over the animal's digestive power; at least in those who were entirely carnivorous. (13) Warmth and moisture usually commence the process of germination as soon as they concur to the seed; but if the due means for the further nutriment do not accompany the growth, the process stops, and the plant soon dies The main fluid in vegetables is the sap. It is really the blood of the plant, by which the whole body is nourished, and from which the peculiar secretions are made.

Light represses the evolution of the seed, but is essential to the production of the florification and fruit; yet, as if to shew us that all things are but what they are, specifically organized and actuated to be, and never are the chance productions of blind necessity, there is one which has been so formed, as to flower *only* in the dark—-the night-flowering Cereus. But all such exceptions in nature are never casual, but always arise from a peculiarity of structure, which is adapted to cause the particular result, and which is always constant in the species in which it occurs.—Plants grow most in the night; at noon, all increase is suspended. Between morning and noon. aud evening, it is but small. But flowers advance more in the day, and especially in the meridian light and heat.

It is not merely in their principles and analogies of construction, nutrition and growth, that plants resemble animals; but the creating Hand has linked and established the affinity between them, by causing some vegetables to produce animal products, and to be as it were, the animals whose peculiar properties they imitate. Thus their living principle in peculiar and adapted organizations, can imitate the *bee*, the *cow*, and the *sheep;* for the Myrica Pennsylvanica yields an annual supply of vegetable *wax;* (14) the Palo de Vaca, in South America, gives a copious emission of actual *milk;* (15) and another tree, in Guayaquil, produces a fine *wool;* (16) while one in China secretes a *Tallow*, like animal *fat.* (17) The Tillandria of Buenos Ayres, resembles another element, in becoming a kind of vegetable fountain, for it yields on incision, a copious quantity of pure water. (18) They have even some relations, yet unexplored, with the mineral kingdom; for they not only form the carbon they contain, but some have been found to have copper particles, and several to secrete flint, and likewise sulphur, as in our common corn. We may add iron and gold also, for both of these metals have been found in vegetables, and more especially the former Thus all the departments of Nature have been made with mutual associations; the material causes and references of which we have not yet explored.

The *food* of plants peculiarly distinguishes them from animals. While these subsist only on what has been organic matter, vegetables derive their nourishment from that which is inorganic, as mere earths, salts, water, or the gases. The particles of these become arranged in them, by the agency of their living principle, into organized substances, and by this mysterious process are fitted for animal nutrition. The vessels of vegetables are so fine in their radicles and leaves, and in the smaller plants that the particles which they im-

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bibe must be in the most attenuated state. They are injured like animals, by too great supply of what they feed on; and hence many plants decline or perish on too rich a soil. Each will grow only on that kind of ground which suits its organs or appointed functions. The kindred nature of all plants is surprisingly shown by the power and effect of their growing and fructifying when GRAFTED on each other—one organization attaching to that of another, and feeding on its sap. The Ancients took some pleasure in these experiments, for Plutarch saw and notices, in a garden on the Cephissus, an olive upon a juniper, a peach upon a myrtle, pears upon an oak, apples on a plane tree, and mulberries upon a fig. In Hollaud, a rose was grafted on an orange tree; and in our times, carnations have been engrafted on fennel, and a peach upon a mulberry. Such facts prove the absolute similarity in nature of the different classes of the vegetable kingdom. Their general system and principle of life are the same. It is the specific and purposed variation of their organization, which, from material elements, causes the specific diversities of their products to appear. No result is a random accident.

Plants have been manifestly designed and framed on the principle of *improvability*. I trust that this observation will not be thrown away, for it is of great importance to our Settlers in this colony. This faculty in plants to improve, is truly wonderful—it is one of the greatest distinctions of man. Animals have it to a certain degree, but very limited, and apparently far less than vegetables. Very agreeable, but surprising transformations have arisen from this property. The rose is the product of cultivation. The original plant, from which all our beautiful varieties have proceeded, is considered by Botanists, to be the common wild brier. Our Plums are the cultivated descendants of the sloe; the peach and nectarines, of the common almond tree; filberts are the improvments of the wild hazle; the delicious apples, whose species may now be reckoned by hundreds, are the cultivated successors of the small austere crabs and wildings, which swine will scarcely eat; the original pear is a petty fruit—hard and crude. Our corn was once in a state very like grass; our cauliflowers, cabbages, and other domestic vegetables, are the artificial products of human skill and of vegetable improvability.

It is this undiminishable and undecaying property in plants, which may rescue our country from that chimerical dread of a superabundant population of the Earth, under which we have been labouring for the last thirty years, until Mr. Sadler's tables, calculations, and reasonings, have at last rescued us from it. A great mistake has been prevailing on this subject. The true law of nature was misconceived. Partial effects were taken to be the general rule, and the real agency greatly overrated; and thereby an imaginary law has been assumed, which has never operated as was alleged. In nature, the law of population has never exceeded that of the productive power, and never will. Cultivated produce has hitherto outrun population in every country, and there is every appearance that it will always do so. Ordinary, but diligent exertions have hitherto abundantly sufficed for all that has been needed. (19) The vast abundance of seeds which an animating causality is every where producing in many plants, is another specimen that this energy, and the obedient organization in which it is subsisting, have been both formed with a capacity of enlarging into a productability, whose limits we cannot fix, (20) and into a magnitude that sounds romantic. (21) In the alimentary plants, the great care for providing an ever succeeding sufficiency of human subsistence is manifested in all regions. In some, the same tree which affords it, bears the produce of different seasons on its branches. (22) This phenomena is occasionally, though imperfectly, manifested in Great Britain, and on her common trees; thereby indicating such extraordinary successions of produce, by increasing skill and cultivation. In this wonderful colony, whenever this skill and this industry shall be put forth, it would seem that all-bountiful Nature hath in store for such exertions—"good measure, pressing down, and running over." But the fact has been, that nature has always, under the smallest exertion of human thought and labour, produced so much more than society has wanted, in her vegetable food, that no art has been less studied, until lately, than that of agriculture, and none so little improved. No stimulus has been great enough to urge mankind to watch, and try, and pursue it with the diligence and scrutinizing judgment, which have so highly advanced the mechanic arts, and effected such wonders in the sciences. Even still many tribes chuse to be content with nature's spontaneous produce, which is always scanty, as if to *compel* our *industry* to exert itself; although the living principle implanted in vegetation is quite ready to answer any demands that may be made on its productive powers, by any augmentation of human population. It only requires that human art and industry should be increased in this branch of our necessities, as much as they are in the less essential one of our luxuries; and then its supplies will never be inferior to the need. This hath hitherto always occurred in some degree. *Want* has *stimulated* the *mind*, in our northen climates; and the superiority of the population, sustenance, and comfort, is visible to every observer. Enlarging numbers only magnify the effect; for mankind seem to thrive and civilize in proportion as they multiply; and, by a recurrent action, to multiply again in proportion as they civilize and prosper.

Gentlemen! I have, as I am aware, merged into the subject of Political Economy—but this great question seemed to require some slight reference in the course of our present discussion. It is, perhaps, entirely owing to the neglect of this important study, that we advance so feebly in this colony. Hence the supplies of Nature are limited, there is a chain put upon human industry by monopolies of every description, by the adoption of slave labour instead of free, and by that greedy *dog-and-the manger* system which allows a very large number of the farmers to occupy immense tracts of the best lands, without the possibility on their parts, of bringing such into extensive use: and, indeed, did the possibilty exist, the love of monopoly and of a *fixed price*, would induce many I fear, to supply the market with no more than would *keep up* the old prices. But, gentlemen, we leave the *particulars* of this branch of science for the present, and in conclusion, observe as the *moral* of this evening's lecture—that no population that will *think*, and *labour*, however numerous, can ever starve from continued want, under the present system of vegetable nature. The Great Author may chuse, through his atmospherical agencies, to disappoint, by occasional vicissitudes, the expectations of his intelligent creatures, when they are forgetting the primal Cause and Giver of all that they are enjoying—but these are only temporary and partial corrections. Away, then, with all the dread and spectres of human starvation from multiplied population. Let Religion improve and guide our social spirit; let wisdom characterize our Laws, and integrity conduct their administration: let enlightened policy and sound moral principle superintend, and regulate, and assist the distribution, and individual acquisition and application of what nature will always

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sufficiently produce generally for all; let reasonable diligence and care have always the means of obtaining what is fairly needed; and let Nations have intercourse with each other as unrestricted as the public welfare will allow; and let *us*, as colonists, no longer *covet our neighbour*—whether Hottentot, Bushman, or Caffre,—but rather let us work with our own hands, assisted by our sons and daughters. And lastly, let due recollections of the Great Benefactor of All, accompany these provisions with our daily life; and no portion of mankind will ever find that they are overpassing the productivity of nature, nor will ever be destroyed by its defective supply. Dryden exclaims of himself,—

'I live a rent-charge upon Providence;'

So do we all—but if we duly *feel* this truth, and conduct ourselves conformably to the impression, we shall find that it is such a rent-charge as will never be left in arrear, but be always punctually and munificently discharged. Such has been my personal experience, without any native, peculiar, or other advantages, beyond those which are common to us all. Such, I hope, will be yours; and such your verdict, my young friends, when youth shall have advanced to manhood, maturity, or old age.

NOTES.

(1) Gen. ch. I. ver. 2.
(2) Plutarch remarks, that Plato, Anaxagoras, and Democritus, thought vegetables to be earthly animals.
(3) Dr. Macculloch.
(4) *Ib.*
(5) Haller.
(6) Linnæus thought the *pith* to be the seat of life and source of vegetation.
(7) Smith. Sir J.
(8) Du Hamel reared in water, plants of the horse-chesnut and almond to some considerable size, and an oak till it was eight years old.
(9) Dr. Sprengel.
(10) That the leaves nourish the bark appears from Mr. Knight's experiments; when he reduced the number of leaves in a shoot, the bark became shrivelled and dry. Phil. Trans. 1801.
(11) M. Poiteau remarks, that a tree or plant is not a simple individual. It is an union of universally independent plants, arising each from a bud. He shews that the woody fibres are the roots of the buds.
(12) Mr. Ricord, in Guadalope, saw many wasps laden with these parasitical excrescences, which had taken root on their sternum.
(13) Thus of three Gneiss pebbles taken out of a cod's stomach, on one, a plant of the fucus kind, of a deep green was found, growing in active vegetation and nearly two feet long; on the other, a plant two-thirds shorter was growing; and another was attached to it about three inches long.
(14) Humboldt mentions a Palm, the trunk of which was covered with vegetable wax, which the natives of S. America employed for their tapers.
(15) Humboldt found this wonderful tree in Venezula, and Lockart met with many in Carraccas. Smith saw it on the river Demerary. Humboldt describes it as a handsome tree, resembling the broad leaved Star-apple. The milk flows from the tree copiously at sun-rise, when the natives take their bowls to the tree to milk it.
(16) Ceibo Wool is the product of a very high and tufted tree. Its filiments are so fine, that the natives think it cannot be spun, and only use it to fill mattresses. (Ulloa's Voy. to New Spain.)
(17) This has been lately introduced in the Mauritius and successfully cultivated. The tallow obtained from it is stated to be equal to that which is melted from our Cape sheep.
(18) It is a genus of Hexand. Monog. like an aloe. It yields a quantity of pure water, so good, that the woodmen of the forests never take any with them. (Andrew's Journey.)
(19) Thus Humboldt found the natural produce of Wheat in different countries, with all the carelessness of their indifferent cultivation to be—In Germany and Poland, 5 or 6 for 1; in Hungary, 8 or 10; and La Plata 12; in North Mexico 16; in the equinoxial Mexico 24; in New Grenada, 25; and in fertile years 35. So in Greece, it is 12 for 1, and on the best soils, even 15 or 18.
On Cape Wheat, 50 grains produced 4.074, or 80 for one!
(20) The two stamina of the Orchides fecundate 8000 seeds; and the five of the Tobacco 900. Mr. Hobson found that a plant of the common Malva Sylvatica, yielded in one summer 200,000 seeds. It has been computed, that if all the successive seeds of a single fern, of one peculiar sort where to germinate without obstacle, this species would in 20 years cover the whole globe. —(Bull Univ. 1829. p. 438.)
(21) Man, improving on nature, produces cabbages, and turnips of *half a hundred weight*, and apples of one pound and a half. (*Louden*, 263.) We also read of a strawberry 7 inches round, a lettuce weighing 4½ lbs.—a bunch of grapes weighing 15 lbs.—a mushroom about a yard round—and a pear of 2 lbs weight—a black currant 2½ inches round—a gooseberry 3½ inches—a melon weighing 18 lbs.—a cauliflower nearly 16 lbs.
(22) The Bread Fruit tree in *Tahiti*, produces three and sometimes four crops a year, and many hundreds of fruit at a time. (Ellis.)

RURAL RIDES.

A VISIT TO, AND SKETCH OF, "SIR LOWRY'S PASS,"

HOTTENTOT'S HOLLAND.

"One of the pleasantest things in the world," says Hazlitt—poor Hazlitt!—"is going a journey; but I like to go by myself." To the first declaration we subscribe *simpliciter;* to the second we beg leave to enter our protest, or at least to propound some exceptions. In all pedestrian or equestrian excursions, from the time that our first sire and his consort

'Through Eden took their solitary way,'

down to the time when Wordsworth, dear delightful Wordsworth, and his philosophic Pedlar, paced the dales of Westmoreland,

'With no appendage but a staff,
The prized memorial of relinquish'd toils,'

the company of a friend has been held to impart a delightful zest to all rural wanderings, reveries, and adventures. *It is not good for Man to be alone.* Man is essentially a social animal; and, in travelling, he does not surely change his nature. To stop and chat, and wonder at the ravages of time,—to bivouac or *uitspan* by the way,—to compare notes on the varying phases of men and things,—to moralize in concert by the side of some ravine, and suggest hydraulic plans for raising up the water courses at its base,—to devise ways and means for creating roads o'er beds of sand,—to wish for the sylvan bower in the desert,—the little inn by the way side,—rural cottages and rosy children,—the smithy,—the church, and the school. To travel thus in social joy and union, and with reflected pleasure, is well worth, even for one day's journey, all the secret lofty imaginations which the heart of man poetical, bound on solitary inquest, can conceive. But are these awakenings of the inner man—the overflowing of the *divinus afflatus*—necessarily excluded by such companionship? Certainly not. No two friends travelling together are always cheek by jowl, or talking incessantly. Gibbon studied Horace while marching with the Hampshire militia. Byron and Hobhouse, we are told, were sometimes a mile asunder when in Greece; and even Dr. Johnson and his bride, sought devious and different tracts while journeying to the altar. Each wanderer has leisure to pursue unmolested the current of his own thoughts; pauses and intervals of expressive silence will intervene, while either is "i'the vein;" and these self communings over—the spirit of romance being exercised—both resume their wont and friendly converse. But we must not moralize too largely. The architect who would erect a huge portico to a small structure, would justly be proscribed by the Dilettanti Society, and we are reminded of the similitude. To the question then. Gentle reader! your are taking a journey with us to visit the improvements at Hottentot's Holland Kloof—now called, and with a great deal of propriety too,

SIR LOWRY'S PASS.

And all this introductory matter has been suggested by a recent travel to this grand display of British Colonial Enterprise. This Kloof has figured for some two or three half centuries past as the stupendous portal to the interior of the Cape Colony. It has been famous in *the chapter of accidents*, and heart-breaking to the farmer and traveller. Just think for a moment, sirs, that when the Rev. Mr. La Trobe visited this Colony in 1815, twenty-four oxen were unable to draw the worthy gentleman and suite over this

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terrific mountain pass. It was with difficulty that fifty-four oxen accomplished the business of dragging a couple of loaded wagons! Now, how easy and pleasant is the task! Half-a-dozen being able to accomplish the business. From an intimate acquaintance with this Pass in 1825 and 1827, as well as the one contiguous, (the Great Hawe Hoek,) our visit on the present occasion did most agreeably excite our admiration, wonder, and gratitude. We are totally unable to express all the delight we felt in crossing to and fro these now agreeable mountain passes, and the pleasure we experienced in witnessing the *heavy laden* traveller enjoy a similar, but more chastened triumph with ourselves. The task of more minute description is left to a kind correspondent who has been pleased to favour us with some of the localities of Sir Lowry's Pass. Before we transcribe these, we must indulge after our favourite manner in a few reflections.

During our visit to this Pass, and contemplating our passage through the stupendous rocks, we thought of Hannibal, and his alleged method of making roads by decomposing rocks with vinegar. It has been very sagely observed that the story cannot be true, because it would have required a whole ocean of acid. To get rid of the difficulty, it has been conjectured that the vinegar implied the *posca*, or drink given to the soldiers, to animate them in their labour. The excellent author of *Theron and Aspasio*, (Hervey,) conjectures, (and with much propriety, we think,) that *perseverance* was the vinegar which assisted Hannibal in his famous march from the Rhone to the Alps. But let us just glance at the page of history, in reference to this subject. It may be the means of awakening the dormant susceptibilities of some of our Cape students.

According to Livy, Hannibal was obstructed in his road by a huge rock, which he had no means of avoiding ("per quam unam via esse poterat," says Livy.) He therefore cut down trees, laid them in heaps on and about the rock, and set them on fire, that the rock might either split into fragments, or be more easily broken by the soldiers' tools. Pliny, knowing a common property of acids, informs us,* that vinegar will *break* (i. e. decompose) rocks, which have been tried in vain by an antecedent fire; and Livy† observes that the vinegar *was so used* by Hannibal's soldiers, while the rock was red hot. In short, this was the common process, before these massess were blasted by gunpowder, a material then unknown. Thus the wonder turns out to be only a puerile exaggeration of a very simple and usual process, where there was no other means of avoiding rocky impediments. It has, however, had the effect of exciting much curiosity concerning the road which Hannibal really used when he effected his passage. Livy says,* that the subtle Carthaginian took a circuitous route to the Alps, because he wished to avoid collision with the Romans before he came into Italy; and under this impression, perhaps, the Roman historian has made the direction of his march to be from Lyons (*Lugdunum*) to Vienne (*Vienna*), thence to Valence (*Jalentia*), Luc en dois (*Lucas Augusta*), Gap (*Vapincum*), Briançon (*Brigantio*), and Turin (*Augusta Taurinorum*).

The main point, the particular road by which Hannibal passed the *Alps* themselves, has been ascertained by two Oxonians [Henry L. Wickham, Esq and the Rev. I. Cramer of Ch Ch.]

The claims of the little St. Bernard to the distinction of being the road of Hannibal are set forth in a manner so clear and so convincing, that we feel as sure of the fact, as we do of the existence of Hannibal himself.

Leaving the general question to be debated by our Cape *literati*, we proceed to notice more particularly the triumphs of British Perseverance at the Cape of Good Hope, in the formation of

"SIR LOWRY'S PASS," HOTTENTOT'S HOLLAND.

(By a Correspondent.)

The recent operations of the colonial government in forming a new line of road over this hitherto *almost* inaccessible barrier, independent of its incalculable advantages in a commercial point of view, have so completely exposed the stratification, that the geologist will have little difficulty in ascertaining the nature of the materials composing this magnificent range of primitive hills, which extend from the southern extremity of False Bay, to their junction with the Tulbagh, Twenty-four Rivers, and Cedar Mountain ridges, on the western border of the Cape of Good Hope peninsula.

Sir Lowry's Pass† is situated about an hour's ride from the village of Somerset, and nearly equi-distant with the shores of Fish-hook Bay, a small inlet of the sea, connected with False Bay, and skirting the base of the mountains on the right hand side of the road in the direction of Cape Hanglip. The length of the Pass, measuring from the temporary toll house near the bottom of the Kloof, to the summit of the mountain, may be estimated at two miles and a half, the whole distance acquiring a gradual and easy ascent, from the scientific design and arrangement of the engineer‡ entrusted with this gigantic undertaking.

In a geological point of view, this formidable boundary or line of demorcation between the Cape isthmus and the interior, affords no *extensive* degree of interest, (at least as far as my superficial researches have enabled me to ascertain.) It is composed of similar materials with most of the primitive chain of mountains intersecting the Colony, and from the base to the summit displays an uninterrupted arrangement of quartose sandstone; differing, however, in colour and density, in proportion as the oxide of iron, which predominates throughout the lower strata, becomes more diffuse in its approach towards the upper. The secondary or inferior elevations appear to be formed of the same components, only in a more advanced stage of partial decomposition and mechanical division, as the excavations on the line of road fully demonstrate—strata of gravel or loose siliceous pebbles and alluvial earth, interspersed with occasional groups of crystallized quartz, and in some places an unctious or plaster kind of clay, constitute the lower formation of the road; while the upper portions are worked (with prodigious labour) through ponderous masses of compact and indurated sandstone, until the excavations terminate on the summit of the mountain. The descent on the other side of the ridge, to the margin of the Steenbrassen River, is a continuation of this new and interesting road. At or near this place, it forms a junction with the old and disused one; and from thence, with occasional improvements, on the southern side of the little estate of Grietjesgat,* it winds its circuitous course through a region of rocks and siliceous debris, until the Palmiet River arrests its course, and affords to the eye of the traveller a striking illustration of a different line of territory. At the summit of the "Pass," and in a most romantic and picturesque situation, stands the new toll-house, "hewn out of the solid rock;" or, in other words, built with materials from the mountain. The prospect from this eminence is exceedingly beautiful: it affords a complete panoramic view of the Cape Isthmus, and the whole extent of the southern promontory; while, on a clear and cloudless day, the intervening villages of Simon's Bay, Muizenberg, Wynberg, Rondebosch, the detached habitations dispersed over the Cape Downs, and the adjacent Hamlet of Somerset, are all distinctly visible, and fill up the distant and variegated outline of this interesting landscape.

From the condensed and continual moist state of the atmosphere on the summits of these Alpine regions, their surfaces are always covered with vegetation, and afford an extensive field for botanical research. During the winter solstice they are for the most part covered with snow and hail, and the adjacent plains deluged with water, but the spring and summer months are salubrious and refreshing; and, in a medical point of view, I know of no similar situation within the Colony, (except the Kamies Mountains in Namaqualand,) more conducive to health, or the gradual recovery of convalescents. Were there suitable conveniencies and accommodations in the the neighbourhood of Palmiet River, this site would afford an eligible half-way house on their way to Caledon; and (with due deference to the Cape faculty,) I would venture to affirm that, in nine cases out of ten, it would be of more essential service for them to remain and take moderate exercise among the rocks and valleys of this temperate and healthy neighbourhood, than become martyrs to the suffocating influence of a Stellenbosch atmosphere, or the debilitating effect of the warm baths of Caledon.† G.

TEA, COFFEE, AND CHICOREE.

In the absence of *good tea* at the Cape, and we appeal to the ladies if this be not the case, we are glad to find a stir among the *coffee* dealers. We recollect the discussions of old on this subject at the Commercial Exchange,—some gentlemen pleading for *tea*

> 'The cups
> That cheer but not inebriate;'

others for *coffee*, as a cheap alimentary infusion—an agreeable tonic, and an exhilirating beverage. Then we had the *interregnum*, till *Mr. Hind* took the field, and proclaimed his superior *reform* coffee, and grinding skill. This produced a happy rivalry, — hence *Mr. Hudd*, assisted with his poet lau-

* L. xxiii. 1.
† L. xxi. c. 37, p. 257; Ed. Elzev.

* L. xxi. 31.
† Named after our present Governor Sir Lowry Cole, and under whose auspices this national and important work has been accomplished.
‡ Our present indefatigable Surveyor-General, Major Michell.

* The property of W. F. Venables, Esq.
† Beneficial, however, in chronic and rheumatic affections.

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reate, rose up and tuned the lyre, in praise of coffee; then followed Mr. Ingram, and lastly in the *list*, and *cloathed* in the *befitting* language of recommendation, comes

The Messieurs James *Carfrae*,
With their "much approved *Chicoree*,
A great improvement to *Coffee*."

Now, what is this chicoree?* As the inquiry is pretty general, we shall endeavour to throw some light on the subject. Chicoree is a powder which is put into coffee before boiling, and a great deal has been said of its amazing virtues. The truth is, however, that this powder, which is made from the dried and roasted root of the cultivated *dandelion!!!* is only used in coffee-houses and other places of public entertainment in France, for the purpose of *adulteration*, as the addition of a tea-spoonfull of it to an ounce of *coffee*, will give as much colour and flavour, as the addition of half an ounce of genuine coffee. The cost of the chicoree is something under 3d per pound in France, but in England, where it is recommended to be mixed with coffee, to correct its alleged heating properties, it has been modestly advertised at half-a-crown. So much for

Chicoree, which, by-the-bye, acts *Medicinally*.

We shall now proceed to furnish our readers with some miscellaneous particulars respecting

COFFEE.

Coffee was first discovered by a goat-herd of Arabia Felix, towards the middle of the 17th century. Coffee soon found its way into Europe, and wherever it was introduced, it invariably caused much dispute. The grain of coffee, like the celebrated horse of Troy, was associated on all sides with thousands of enemies as to our health, as paralysis, nervous attacks, consumption, imbecility, and every other affliction. The decoction, however, gained an ascendancy over all its enemies;—the following quaint old reprint was generally circulated in 1660:

"The quality of this drink is cold and dry; and though it be a drier, yet it neither *heats* nor *inflames* more than *hot posset*.

"It so closeth the orifice of the stomach, and fortifies the heat within, that it's very good to help digestion; and therefore of great use to be taken about three or four o'clock after noon, as well as in the morning.

"It much quickens the *spirits*, and makes the heart *lightsome*

"It is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it, and take in the steam that way.

"It suppresseth fumes exceedingly, and, therefore, good against the *head-ache;* and will very much stop any *defluxion of rheums* that distil from the *head* upon the *stomach*, and so prevent and help *consumptions*. and the *cough of the lungs*.

"It is excellent to prevent and cure the *dropsy*, *gout*, and *scurvy*.

"It is a most excellent remedy against the *spleen, hypochondriac minds*, and the like.

"It will prevent *drowsiness*, and make one fit for business, if one have occasion to *watch;* and, therefore, you are not to drink of it *after supper*, unless you intend to be *watchful*, for it will hinder sleep for three or four hours."

As it regards the making of coffee, it seems to be as little understood in this colony in general, as it is in England and Scotland. You are asked to take coffee—you accept the offer, and the consequence is you are forced (the urbanity of your manners force you) to swallow a tepid and muddy decoction, or else a cup of snuff-coloured liquid, 'weak as water, and cool as a zephyr,' distinguished only by a slight bitterness of flavour, indicating that the berry had been roasted to a cinder, and then pulverizes at a single heat, and that *boiling water* was an article of which the household lived in the profoundest ignorance. We shall offer a few particulars as to the *method* of manufacturing good coffee from the best authorities.

"Nothing requires more attention," says Dr. Mosely, than the *roasting of coffee;* and the strength and agreeable flavour of the beverage especially depend on this operation. The general method often deprives coffee of all its qualities. Bernier, when at Grand Cairo, where coffee is commonly drank, was assured that there were only two men in that large city who were capable of preparing this beverage in high perfection.

If coffee is not sufficiently roasted, it loses its virtue, and overloads the stomach; if it is too much roasted, it turns sour, insipid, and of a disagreeable burnt flavour; it then likewise heats the body, and acts as an astringent.

As soon as coffee is roasted it should be covered up. *Be careful to mark this.* Without this precaution it loses its strength, its volabile quality, and fragrant odour, which are among its essential recommendations. Again, the *grinding of coffee* is an operation which has considerable influence on its properties. The berries should never be ground before they are *entirely cold*, their substance being rendered viscous or clammy by the action of the heat. It is also desirable that coffee should not be ground till the moment before it is required for use. The powder should not, however, be too fine; for in this case, it is more apt to deposit in the vessels in which it is served at table, and consequently liable to be less pure than if the coffee was coarsely ground. A French writer of considerable distinction, observes that the usual mode of roasting and grinding coffee, is not the best: he asserts that the grain, when bruised in a mortar, will preserve its *aroma* much longer than when ground in a mill.

Once more: the infusion of coffee is not less worthy of attention than the roasting, &c. and it has the same influence upon the perfection of this delicious beverage.

When the coffee is sufficiently roasted, it should be allowed to cool before it is ground, otherwise still retaining the heat from roasting, the hard substances becoming clammy by the action of the fire, will choke up the grooves of the mill, and thus the powder will not pass through. Now come we to the *making*. The forms of coffee-pots are *too numerous to mention*. They are generally (we believe) made of tin, glazed earthenware, or china, and sometimes of silver. The general shape is, however, large at the bottom, and narrow towards the top. The proportions for making coffee by infusion, are usually one pint *of water to two ounces and a half of coffee*. We believe the recipes for making good coffee are as numerous as tinctures for the tooth-ache. We will not venture, therefore, to advise farther on this subject. We invite, however, for the sake of our friends, any communication respecting these particulars. As to the cultivation of coffee, be it remembered, that all land within the extent of 5 degrees crossed by the line, is suitable for the cultivation of coffee, except land composed of hard and cold clay, or light and sandy ground on a bed of marl. The leaves of the coffee planted in such soils, turn yellow, and the tree perishes or is barren. It requires, in preference, a new and free soil, a little elevated, where coolness and the rains moderate the excessive heat of the torrid zone, which would overpower the plant, if exposed to all its violence.

In commerce, coffee is distinguished by the names of the countries in which it is cultivated. Thus there are *Moka* coffee; Bourbon coffee; Martinique; Cayenne coffee, and St. Domingo. The quantity of coffee consumed in Europe is very great. Humboldt estimates it at nearly an hundred and twenty millions of pounds. Since the

* A "wholesome and nutricious root, so highly esteemed *in* Holland, and *on* the Continent!!!"—(See Advertisement in the Papers.)

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time when this estimate was made, a vast increase has been experienced in the use of coffee in England.

REASONS FOR REPOSE.

"Do you not think the signs of the times in Europe somewhat awful?" said a friend of ours the other day—"have you no fear lest you should have rejoiced too soon, in common with the people of England, over those measures of a sweeping nature which the government of the country has introduced?" Our answer was, we think, one of moderation, to the exclusion of all vain boasting. But our thoughts, in solitude, were directed more closely to the subject; and, taking up a volume by the late Rev. R. Cecil, we derived considerable confidence from the following passage, which we did not fail to apply to the case in question.

"Like a man who is told that the foundation of his house is in danger, I call for the key of the vaults on which my dwelling stands. I light a candle, walk down stairs, and pass very deliberately through the arches: I examine *very particularly the arch suspected;* and after having satisfied myself that the foundation remains perfectly safe, I walk up again, lock the door, hang up the key, put out the candle, and quietly go about my business; saying as I go—"*They may raise an alarm, but I find* ALL *is* SAFE."

From this perusal we took up several of the recently-arrived publications of the periodical press of Great Britain; and as safe-guards, we endeavoured to take advice from those publications which we have always understood to be conducted by men of sound religious principle. Their differences in matters of Church Government was not a point then in question.—What say they as it respects the late public measures of the two Houses of Parliament? They are agreed in their verdict:—we refer to *The Christian Observer*, conducted by Members of the Established Church of England; to *The Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, supported by Members of the Established Church of Scotland; and *The Eclectic Review*, in connection with the Orthodox Dissenters. We conclude these plain remarks by an extract from the latter.

It is feared by some persons, for whose judgement and superior attainments we have an unfeigned deference, that the influence of the Crown will, by the restoration of the representative principle, be so far deprived of its salutary preponderance in the House of Commons, as to render any steady system of government impracticable. In apology for entertaining a different opinion, or rather for cherishing a different expectation, we beg leave to remark, that neither history nor experience warrants the apprehension, and that for contingent evils there will probably be found contingent remedies. We have almost been led, indeed, to adopt it as an axiom, deduced from the strange turns of affairs for the past 20 years, that what is expected never takes place. Premising this, we may perhaps venture to disclose our own expectations, which nevertheless are theoretically checked by the overruling persuasion that the precise contrary is very possible. We expect, then, as the result of passing the Reform Bill, we shall continue to have, at least for some years to come, a popular ministry, during which the influence of the Crown must of course maintain its preponderance. We expect an executive government stronger by reason of the withdrawment of the oligarchical counter-force. We expect, that, in the new House of Commons, there will be a larger number of members *directly* connected with the Aristocracy, partly consisting of the new county members, partly of men of family and substantial wealth chosen by the larger towns. We expect that fewer adventurers of desperate fortune will disgrace the legislature; and that, in consequence of the diminished expense attending elections, gentlemen who have shrunk from ruining their estates and beggaring their children for the honour of a contested seat, will consent to be put in nomination by their friends and neighbours. We expect a more religious House of Commons. We expect what Lord Wynford forebodes,—the abolition of slavery; what Lord Henley recommends, —a reform of the Church; what Europe hopes for, —a continuance of peace; what England needs, —an honest, statesman-like revision of the various branches of our domestic administration. We expect that the people, feeling confidence in the integrity of the Government, in the patriotism of their sovereign, and in the *bonâ fide* character of the representation, will exhibit more patience and subordination under any evils that may yet continue to press upon them, and any hardships not proceeding from wrongs. We expect all this, if the Reform Bill be but received by the nation in a right spirit, (the spirit pointed out by Mr. Douglas in his admirable pamphlet on 'the Prospects of Britain,') as 'knowing that every blessing, if not held as coming from God, will in the end prove a calamity.' Our trust is not in men, nor in measures, but in Him who works by both, and overrules both for the welfare of those whom he designs to save and deigns to bless.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ON NOVEL READING.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—No person possessing the least particle of the spirit of philanthropy, can but admire your remarks* on the apparent intellectual deficiencies of the *Youth* of this Colony. There may be persons who cannot perceive any harm in a novel or a romance; but experience teaches us that there is a tendency in novel-reading to affect and deterioate the mind; and no determined novel reader ever arrives at that state of intellectual knowledge, which we find those possess whose reading has been confined to sober facts.

It is a fact, that Man will not be satisfied with the opinion of his fellow Man, till he has, from actual experience, discovered it himself; else, how can we account for the infatuation of the drunkard? He has constantly heard, that a habit of drinking once contracted, cannot be left off; but still he is not convinced till experience, painful experience, assures him of the fact; and in most cases, he falls a victim to its influence;—the youthful novel-reader, hears from those who have been satiated with this class of publications, what tendency it has to contract the mind, and cause a distaste for higher and nobler enjoyments; but this has no effect upon him, he commences a tale, and proceeds from volume to volume, till his mind becomes so infatuated, that, in the language of a celebrated writer, "the novel-reader requires his tale as the drunkard does his potion."

It is painful to behold the young reader engaged in works which cannot but create in his mind ideas of the world that can never be realized. How often does the man whose mind, when young, has been corrupted with pleasing tales of fiction, and whose knowledge of the human heart, has been derived from such sources, find, when he comes in contact with his fellow men, that what was pictured to his imagination, has no real existence in actual life.

It was my intention to have enlarged upon this subject, but a work written by a celebrated author, has lately come under my observation, that contains ideas so nearly corresponding with what I could wish to say, that I cannot but avail myself of a quotation from it, in hopes that it may have some effect upon that class of persons for which it was originally intended,—the Youth.

"I object to a course of novel-reading, *as it produces an undue excitement in the mind.* The design of the novel-writer is to interest and inflame the passions; and this design is generally accomplished by giving that position to incidents and characters, which shall fill the imagination, and excite the deepest feeling of the heart.

"The evil of this excitement must be apparent. Where it is indulged, the relish for sober pleasures and rational pursuits is lost; the understanding and the judgment are enslaved to an inflated imagination, and *ennui*, the inseparable companion of violent emotion, sheds its destructive mildew on all the soul. The habitual novel reader feeds on essences and liquors, rather than on a temperate and wholesome diet.

"And if the observation is to be applied to *youth*, the case is aggravated. In youth, the fancy wants restraint, and the understanding cultivation; a course of novel reading at this period, must be as perilous as the administration of stimulants, where there is every symptoms of fever.

"My principal objection to novel reading, is *its immoral tendency.* This charge, though a most serious one, is, I fear, to be applied to nearly all the books which pass under the name of novel. In making this assertion, however, I am taking the New Testament as the standard of morality; and by this standard, although there will be no comparison in the shades of guilt, few will escape condemnation. What are we to say of works which fritter away the distinctions between right and wrong; and deceive the unwary into the paths of vice, by surrounding them with the way-marks of virtue? What are we to say of works which

* See Literary Gazette, No. 7, vol. 2.

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treat with contempt those admirable qualities industry, frugality, and prudence; while they squander their praises on extravagance, carelessness, and folly? What are we to say of works which alienate the heart from domestic and retired duties—which convert every quiet home into a prison-house—and make the best of parents appear either ridiculous or tyrannical? What are we to say of works which are polluted by luscious description of sensual pleasures, lascivious inuendoes, and infidel bon mots; and which, almost uniformly, make love a passion wholly irresistible? What are we to say of works which justify not only the inordinate desires of the corrupted mind, but pride, vanity, revenge, ambition, and hatred; of works which, in some instances, become the apologists of drunkenness, gambling, duelling, swearing, lying, and suicide?"

I sincerely hope that the *youth*, who are, or ought to be, the pride of our Colony, will give ear to the admonitions of those who are so deeply interested in their welfare; and maniest it, by a perusal of those works which are calculated to render them ornaments of society.

A Well-wisher to the Youth of this Colony.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Various attempts have been made by Commentators to explain the Dial of Ahaz, none of which appear to be satisfactory.

If you judge the following endeavour to illustrate this subject sufficiently interesting, I shall be obliged by your inserting it in your valuable Miscellany.

H. O.

THE DIAL OF AHAZ.

ii. Kings, c. xx. v. 8.

The first idea of a Dial was derived from the shadow of a pillar erected perpendicularly to the horizon; the placing of the Gnomon parallel to the earth's axis being invented at a later period, and when the knowledge of the sphere was farther advanced. The Babylonian Dial was of this construction, and served as a model to the Greeks and Romans.

It is probable that Homer alludes to a Dial of this description in the Odyssey, Lib. xv. v. 402, when he remarks of the island Syria, one of the Cyclades, "that there are the Tropics of the Sun."

The plane of the Babylonian Dial was parallel to the horizon; and the Gnomon, instead of being parallel to the axis of the earth, was perpendicular to the horizon. The tropics, the equator, and other parallels of declination, were projected upon it, and the shadow of the vortex or pole of the Gnomon traced the parallel for the given day. The hours of the day were not only noted by letters of the alphabet, pointing out the time from sun-rise, but also by the *length* of the Gnomon. Hence the origin of the expression among the Greeks, "What shade is it?"

Several passages occur in the Greek writers, in which the hour of the day is shewn by the *length* of the shadow. It will be sufficient to adduce one from Aristophanes, Eccles. v. 648, which may be thus translated: "you will take care to go neatly dressed to supper, when the shadow shall be *ten feet long*." As the Dial of Ahaz was in all probability a copy of that at Babylon, and the same language was used to ascertain the hour of the day, the expression of Hezekiah, if referred to the extension of the shadow, and not to its angular motion, will appear extremely natural; and the obscurity, which for a long period has involved this subject, will be removed.

"It is," said he, "a light thing for the shadow *to go down* ten degrees, but let the shadow return backward." By the expression "to go down," may be understood "to be lengthened," which is the exact meaning of the Hebrew word. We may therefore have imagined Hezekiah to have said, "It is a light thing for the shadow *to go down*, i. e. *to be lengthened* ten degrees, but let it return backward, i. e. let it be shortened." On this supposition the event must have taken place toward the evening. A sudden extension of the shadow would indeed, even in this case, be miraculous; but as the shadow lengthens very fast toward the evening, its extension would not be so surprising, as the diminution of its length, or its returning backward.

That by the word degrees we must understand equal spaces, probably feet, will appear from the following consideration.

When the Gnomon is parallel to the earth's axis, its shadow coincides with the hour lines; but when the Gnomon is perpendicular to the horizon, no set of hour lines can be drawn with which its shadow can uniformly coincide; hence it is evident that the *length* of the shadow was necessarily adapted for shewing the hour of the day; the lengthening or shortening of which was naturally expressed by certain equal parts, probably feet, which in the scriptural account are called degrees.

The following Table, omitting fractional parts, shews the length of the shadow of the Gnomon of six feet for the latitude of Babylon (32o 30'N.) when the sun is in the tropics and the equator.

It will be necessary to observe, that the day was anciently divided into twelve equal parts from sun-rise to sun-set. At Babylon the longest day contained about fourteen of our hours, which divided into twelve parts, allows seventy minutes for each of their hours when the sun is in the tropic of Cancer.

The shortest day in the latitude of Babylon contains ten of our hours, which allows fifty minutes for each of their hours, when the sun is in the tropic of Capricorn.

The length of an hour when the sun is in the equator, is evidently the same on every latitude, i. e. sixty minutes.

The sun was on the meridian at six o'clock according to the ancient notation.

TABLE.

Morning Hours.	Evening Hours.	Hour = to 70'	Hour = to 60'	Hour = to 50'
	XII.	Sun rises.	Sun rises.	Sun rises.
1.	XI.	24	28	39
II.	X.	10	13	17
III.	IX.	6	8	13
IV.	VIII.	3	6	11
V.	VII.	2	5	10
NOON. VI.		1	4	9
		Sun in the tropic of Cancer, . .	Sun in the Equator, ...	Sun in the tropic of Capricorn, .

Explanation.—When the sun is in the equator, the length of the shadow at

1 hour after sun-rise, . . = 28 feet.
2 hours do. . . . = 13 „
6 hours after sun-rise, or noon, = 4 „
8 hours after sun-rise, . . = 6 „ &c.

In a note to the third volume of the Travels of Anacharsis, a table is given

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from Palladius Rutilius, of the lengths of the shadow of a similar Dial for January, which are nearly the same as those which are given in the table above for the tropic of Capricorn, with the exception of that for the hours of I and XI, which is evidently incorrectly copied, the length being only twenty-nine feet instead of thirty-nine.

The learned author of Anacharsis is mistaken in supposing that the Dial mentioned by Rutilius was adapted to the climate of Rome; for when the sun is in Capricorn, the length of the shadow at noon is about fifteen feet in that latitude instead of nine. According to the table above, it appears to have been constructed for the latitude of Babylon.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ASTRONOMY.

To the Members of the Poker Club.

GENTLEMEN!—I have read with pleasure the third lecture of *Orlando*, and fully agree with him "that light has a distinct existence separate and independent of the sun;" but that it has properties still to be developed, which I shall endeavour to shew.

With light was created an inherent *propelling power*,—hence the growth of the vegetable kingdom, and, by analogy, set this world in motion on its axis. And as a strong corroboration of this assertion, the obliquity of the Poles preserve the same angle during the annual course round the sun. This earth, and the rest of the planets, must have rolled forward each on their axis in parallel lines; but for the formation of, and the controlling power contained within the sun, directing the whole in the course of their respective orbits.

The light here spoken of having its existence before the formation of the sun, and being equally diffused throughout the whole universe, must in some way have been affected by such formation; and the only reasonable conclusion to be adopted is, that a co-mingling of the solar rays with *light*, produced heat. What we call night to our earth, is but the *repose* of the co-mingled solar rays and *light*,—the latter is ever exerting the *propelling* power not on our globe alone, but on the whole solar system.

By way of illustration:—Permit light to enter a darkened apartment, through a small aperture in a shutter, and you will see thousands of atoms having motion on their axis, and forming orbits round the continuous line of light.

That the sun is but an apparent fixed star in the firmament, in common with the others, I have no doubt; and that, on their formation, the *propelling power* of light gave to each motion on the axis: and as the sun is the centre and controlling power of planets in his system, so is this *great central light*—(the Divine Spirit of God)—the *propelling and controlling power* over all the stars or suns of other systems unknown to us (except by analogy), whose motion in their orbits being equal and alike round the common centre of the universe, present to the naked eye an apparent fixed station in the firmament of heaven. May not the extremes of the easterly and westerly variation of the compass be caused by such a motion of the sun in its orbit, at once fixing the *period* of such revolution round the *central light* and *propelling and final controlling power?*

The gradual disappearance and re-appearance of certain fixed stars after a long lapse of time, go far to confirm the theory of the Philosophy of Astronomy.

W. M.

LITERATURE.

GRAND JURIES.

An Inquiry into the Use and Abuse of Grand Juries; with reference to their Adjudicating on Cases which have undergone previous Investigation before a Magistrate. By PETER LAURIE, *Esq., B.C.L.* London: 1832.

WHAT is the reason that the Press of this Colony has been silent on the Jury System of modern introduction among us? Does it *work well?*—aye or no; we leave the question to be decided by competent witnesses; only stipulating that they *tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.*

But of Grand Juries—what of these? The author before us thinks as we do—or rather, we think as he does;—and we do really believe that many of his objections may be fairly applied to many of our *un-read* colonists; who, from the length of their purses, from slave and other property, are constituted *Judges* of *Law* and *Equity*. Now, we dare say these remarks will cause such personages to pout, kick, and flounce. But as Col. Napier justly observes—history would be an "old almanack," if, out of respect to persons and things, errors having a palpable influence upon public events were suppressed"

Mr. Laurie, the author of "An Inquiry," &c. is a man who appears to pay a proper regard to the institutions of his country: he—

Readily avows his admiration of that constitution to which we owe our greatness—that constitution which the Roman historian conceived but the ideal creation of European enthusiasm—which legislators have studied and tried in vain to imitate, and which has conferred on us "the prerogative of teaching nations how to live."

Without daring, however, to tie up our hands from re-adjusting, from time to time the various branches of our constitution to those changes which will continue to roll upon us till the circumstances of human society shall become more quiescent, he with the same readiness admits the fact, with respect to the constitution generally, that—

As in many instances its provisions have outlived its necessities, so in others it has been found inadequate to the new and increasing wants and opinions of the world, it is, indeed, impossible to fix an unalterable standard for what must unavoidably be ever fluctuating; and, it would be as impolitic to insist upon our being governed by those laws which our ancestors found sufficient, as absurd to assert that the laws against forgery, and the exportation of machinery, would have been necessary to them.

He limits his remedies to the actual faults to be cured, and opposes the taking-down system with all his might. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, he questions even the fact whether any of our rights and liberties rest on revolutions or violent innovations of any kind as their foundation. In the very outset of his inquiry, he observes:—

Our most valuable institutions have been handed down to us unaltered in principle and from the earliest times, and our Courts of Parliament and Justice may be said to have been modelled by the hand of Alfred. It is worthy of remark, also, that the struggles of by-gone days were not commenced to favour innovation, but to procure the restitution of ancient rights; the contest being for the maintenance or recovery of an ancient "inheritance," and not for any fresh acquisitions. It was no new code that was wrung from the tyrant John, but a recognition of the laws enacted two centuries before. Thrones and dynasties have passed away, but the customs and privileges of our ancestors have escaped unscathed either by the flames of civil warfare, or by the riots of commotion. The wars of the Plantagenets, the contests of the Roses, the tyranny of the Stuarts, and the tumultuous rule of the Commonwealth, have never materially affected the leading features of the ancient Constitution of Britain, nor has the pressure of despotism, the frenzy of democracy, party spirit, nor popular insurrection, been ever able to wean the attachment of the people from their old rights and franchises.

It is in this spirit that the author approaches the subject of Grand Juries, as these institutions are presently administered in England, so that, in intention at least, he cannot be called a rash innovator. Indeed, the diffidence with which he ventures to say a word on the subject he has chosen to consider, is enough to save him from all suspicion of the kind, for he very modestly says, he will be perfectly satisfied with the fate of his labours, though they should be thought to have no other merit than that of attracting superior talent to an examination of the subject.

With all his diffidence, however, the author is still a keen observer of the advantages and disadvantages of the institution he ventures to examine, and, on an examination of facts and cases, shewing how it has been working of late years, he ventures to denounce it as one of those rotten branches of the constitution which ought to be lopped off. The institution of Grand Juries is not known in Scotland, the duties they are deputed to discharge being in this end of the kingdom, devolved on the Lord Advocate. The Inquiry before us, therefore, cannot so vitally interest Scotchmen as Englishmen. The institutions in question, however, being part and parcel of the constitution which binds Scotland and England together, the question of their usefulness ought to excite the attention of every one who would have the country rid of useless expense. For the sake of their very pockets, therefore, our countrymen are interested in knowing the fact that whatever advantages the country may have derived from Grand Juries in former times, the author of this Inquiry, an admirer of the principles of the British constitution, after weighing calmly and dispassionately all

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that can be said in favour of their usefulness at the present day, comes to the conclusion, not only that their utility may be impeached, but that they may fairly be represented as anomolous in theory, unnecessary in practice, impediments to justice, and prejudicial to the public interest.

PRINCIPIA RERUM NATURALIUM.

(Translated from the Latin.)

BY PHILOCHRESTOS.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

(Continued from Page 373, No. 10, Vol. 2)

In this our present state of ignorance we can only derive knowledge through experience; not merely our own experience, and that of our own age, but the experience of the whole literary world, and of many ages: for after we have obtained an acquaintance with whatever the learned world has hitherto discovered, we are likewise individually enabled, in this age of experiment, to superadd new experience of our own, and thus continually to become more enlightened. I affirm, therefore, that at this day we are made wise only by means of experience; nor can we approach wisdom through any other path. It is impossible to receive knowledge immediately from the soul; but man attains it through the mediate organs and senses. The first fountain of science springs from these sources, and it is by means of the connexion existing between these, and the faculties of reason and judgment, that we acquire a perception of objects: that is, it is only by means of experience impressed on the organs, and transmitted from thence to the mind, that we are capable of becoming wise. The means, therefore, of all our wisdom rest on experience; without which the human race would be barbarous, merely animal, and irrational. Suppose a person, destitute of education, left wholly to himself with wild beasts and apes, or advancing to manhood without the society of any animal, what kind of brute would he be? What intelligence would he enjoy from nature? What would be the operation of his faculties, or mind, on the organs of his body, or, at a riper age, what would be the operation of the organs of his body on his mind? Man is made and formed, and distinguished from the brutes, by education alone; in the process of which, the organs that mediate between the mind and the body, being brought into exercise, are, as it were, cultivated and fashioned; and exercise so arranges the elements enclosed in the small membranes and organs, as to enable the most subtile tremors and motions to pass and repass over them, and opens, as it were, those secret and intricate avenues which lead to the most subtile and active substance of our nature: it is by means of this that the oracles of the august mind are issued and disclosed. All the sciences we possess, we have received from experience. By experience we know how to discharge the duties of a citizen, and to live with others in moral society; we learn to be prudent, we learn to be philosophers. By experience we acquire the arts of war and fortification; we learn to train soldiers in such a method, that each individual, of himself conjointly with the battalion, and the battalion with each individual, is enabled to stand secure against the attack of the enemy. We learn by experience to construct ships, to build houses, to cultivate fields and gardens; which arts first originated from the sense of their necessity, and being thence practised, attained perfection through the experience of ages. Let us instance the sciences of metallurgy and chemistry. Metallurgy commenced by the experience of many ages before the flood, and was continued until it attained the point of perfection which it at present possesses; which is such, that it is now fully understood how the hardest rocks can be penetrated; how shafts of different kinds can be worked through mountains themselves, a passage made to the bowels of the earth, and her metallic veins opened and explored; how laboratories and furnaces should be constructed for the purpose of extracting and smelting the better part of the ore, and how the metal is afterwards to be forged and refined, with many other arts which relate to the separation of the vein, and the formation of the metal itself. These arts are all owing to that great instructress experience, who seems to have been more ingenious in regard to this art, and more desirous of learning it, because it produces silver and gold, or riches, to which all things are obedient; which procure subsistence and honors for their possessors, and which, upon that account, so greatly interest all mortal minds. It is also hereby known what that most extensive science chemistry is, or the art of separating metals, and all the productions of vegetative nature, and extracting them from the ore, both by the dry and the humid method. How sulphur, spirits, oils, and liquids of various kinds, may be elicited by means of fire or a menstruum; how the lighter parts, and likewise the heavier, and metallic substances, may be dissolved by the menstruum, rendered liquid, and driven to the bottom or top; how the flame and fire are to be tempered, and to what degree of heat a body capable of being subdued by it should be subjected; or how a slow fire devours substances, or a stronger and fiercer descends deeper into their pores, or how it penetrates and divides their inmost and abstruse principles, and separates them into parts. But this entire science is the offspring of experiment. We are indebted to experience for all our knowledge, and experience itself is indebted to the senses, by means of which objects are subjected to the ratiocination of the mind, and thus we are finally enabled to acquire wisdom. In proportion, therefore, as the supply of experience is more abundant, and as it is better disposed and distributed through the organs; in proportion as the mediate organs are more exact in their harmony, and better adapted in their figure; and in proportion as a more exalted path is thrown open to the most subtile principles of things by series and continuity, in the same proportion may man become more wise. But, gracious God! what is our wisdom? truly, such as what is finite is to what is infinite; it is, therefore, as it respects infinite wisdom, nothing.

The reason why we are to acquire knowledge by means of experiments, and to investigate the nature of objects and set them in a distinct point of view, by subjecting them to the operation of the reasoning faculty, is, because we have an active and most subtile principle and soul, to which the subjects of our enquiry can be submitted; whereby we are enabled, through the comparison and series of many phenomena, to form a judgment respecting them; and, by considering their equations, similitudes, analogies, and analyses, to discover their causes by a course of geometrical and rational investigation. Man is distinguished from brutes by reason alone; in other respects we are mere animals, and organized forms; our senses are similar to those of brutes, and we have an interior texture not unlike theirs; our sole distinction consists in that invisible or reasoning faculty, that more subtile active principle, which enables us to consider objects more deeply than they can, and consequently to perceive things with more distinctness. It cannot be denied but that there is a connection between the organs of the senses and the soul, and that the affections of the organs of the senses can be in a moment transmitted to the soul by means of that connection; it is equally certain that those affections thus pass out of a more gross medium into a more subtile one, and that these mediums are contiguous, and succeed each other in order. For if the affection impressed on the organs be instantly perceived in the soul, and if the organs of the senses be of a grosser substance than the soul, it follows, that all perception passes out of a grosser into a more refined medium, by means of the connection existing between them, or through something contiguous, and thus arrives at that most active principle, which is the primary and ultimate constituent of man. We can form no idea how this perception is experienced in the soul, but by comparing it with the elements. For there exists a first and a most subtile element, and others that are successively more gross; there is air, ether, and others. If the particles of a grosser element should by any means be excited, either individually or collectively, so as to experience either an undulation or a tremulation, or any other kind of modification, such modification would pass out of

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this grosser medium into a more subtile one. If these mediums were in such close contiguity and connection as to form together one volume, then the motion arising in the grosser element or medium would be more sensibly felt in the more subtile one. The tremulation of one particle, or of its superficies, in the grosser medium, might cause an undulation among the particles, or in the volume, of the more subtile medium; and if mediums and elements of a still more subtile nature were present and intermixed, the same affection which was tremulous in the first, and undulatory in the second, might cause a local motion among the particles of the third. It follows from hence that when a motion passes from a grosser medium into one that it is more subtile, it becomes successively more sensible; and if more sensible, then more distinct. We are distinguished, therefore, from brutes by this circumstance, that their perceptions do not penetrate to so subtile a medium as they do in man, but that they stop, as it were, in the midway, where perception is less distinct. Let us suppose the organs of the senses to be mechanical, and formed according to the mechanism of the motions existing in the elements; let us suppose that there are membranes which are acted upon either by the air, or the undulating ether; let us suppose, also, that these membranes are of different kinds, either more gross or more subtile; and let us suppose that the brain has a hard meninx, a soft one, and one more subtile still; (for it is observable that all things, both in the vegetable and animal kingdom, branch out into ramifications, which become more and more subtile, till they arrive at the highest degree of fineness, as is the case with the muscles, with the nerves, with the veins, with the membranes;) if, therefore, a motion arise in a grosser membrane, and pass into one that is more subtile, the effect will be exactly the same as in passing from a more gross into a more subtile medium. If the mediums, or the membranes, be so contiguous, and connected together, that a motion impressed on that which is more gross can be instantly perceived in that which is more subtile, then the least motion in the more gross becomes greater, and of a higher kind, in the more subtile, and consequently more sensible and distinct. That the membranes perceive, is a very common form of speech among anatomists. But let us leave these subjects, from which we only mean to infer that we ought to be instructed by the senses, and that it is only by means of the experience conveyed from them to the mind that we are able to acquire knowledge and wisdom.

(To be continued.)

THE BRITISH SETTLERS AT THE CAPE; *Or, "Life in the Wilds."*

Miss Martineau, in her new Work entitled—Illustrations of Political Economy—has presented to us the following little graphic tale characteristic of a rising village at the Cape, which had at one time suffered great distress. The moral of the story is—that *labour* can effect great things; and that it should be encouraged, economized, and rewarded.

'One fine evening, about the beginning of February,—that is, near the end of summer at the Cape,—a very extraordinary sight was seen by our settlers. The boys who were climbing trees for fruit perceived it first, and made such haste down from their perches, and shouted the news so loudly in their way home, that in a few minutes every one was out at the door, and all formed in a body to go and meet the new arrival. This arrival was no other than a loaded waggon, drawn by eight oxen; a scanty team at the Cape, where they sometimes harness twelve or sixteen.

'There was a momentary anxiety about what this waggon might be, and to whom it might belong; for it did now and then happen that a new band of settlers, or a travelling party from Cape Town, passed through the village, and requested such hospitality as it would, in the present case, have been inconvenient or impossible to grant. The young eyes of the party, however, presently discovered that the driver of the team was their friend Richard the labourer, their messenger to Cape Town, of whom they spoke every day, but whom they little expected to see back again so soon. It was Richard assuredly. They could tell the crack of his whip from that of any other driver. The captain waved his cap above his head and cheered; every man and boy in the settlement cheered; the mothers held up their babies in the air, and the little ones struggled and crowed for joy. The oxen quickened their pace at the noise, and Richard stood up in front of the waggon, and shaded his eyes with his cap from the setting sun, that he might see who was who in the little crowd, and whether his old mother had come out to meet him. He was here presently, leaning on the captain's arm, and then he returned the cheer with might and main. A load of anxiety was removed from his mind at that moment. He had left his companions in a destitute state, without shelter, or arms, or provision beyond the present day. He had not received any tidings of them: it was impossible he should; and a hundred times during his journey home, he had pictured to himself the settlement as he might find it. Sometimes he fancied it deserted by all who had strength to betake themselves to the distant village: sometimes he imagined it wasted by famine, and desolated by wild beasts or more savage men. At such times, he thought how little probable it was that one so infirm as his mother should survive the least of the hardships that all were liable to; and though he confided in the captain's parting promise to take care of her, he scarcely expected to meet her again. Now, he had seen her with his own eyes; and he saw also, that the general appearance of the throng before him was healthful and gladsome, and his heart overflowed with joy.

'"God bless you, God bless you all!" he cried, as he pushed his way through the crowd which had outstripped his mother and the captain.

'"Let him go; do not stop him," exclaimed several who saw his eagerness to be at his mother's side: and they turned away and patted the oxen, and admired the waggon, till embrace was received, and the blessing given and Richard at liberty to greet each friend in turn.

'"Tell me first," said he in a low voice to Mr. Stone, "are all safe? Have all lived through such a time as you must have had of it?"

'"All but one. We have lost George Prest. We coud ill spare him; but it was God's will.'

'Richard looked for George's father, who appeared to be making acquaintance with the oxen, but had only turned away to hide the tears which he could not check. Richard wrung his hand in silence, and was not disposed for some time to go on with his tale or his questions.

'The first thing he wanted to know was, where and how his friends were living.

'"You shall see presently," said the captain. And as they turned round the foot of the hill, he did see a scene which astonished him. Part of the slope before him, rich with summer verdure, was inclosed with a rude fence, within which two full-grown and three young antelopes were grazing. In another paddock were the grey mare and her foal. Across the sparkling stream at the bottom of the slope lay the trunk of a tree which served as a foot-bridge. On the other side, at some little distance, was the wood, in its richest beauty. Golden oranges shone among the dark green leaves, and vines were trained from one stem to another. On the outskirts of the wood were the dwellings, overshadowed by the oaks and chestnuts which formed their corner posts. Plastered with clay, and rudely thatched, they might have been taken for the huts of the natives, but for their superior size, and for certain appearances round them which are not usual among uncivilized people. A handmill, made of stones, was placed under cover beside one of the dwellings; a sort of work-bench was set up under one of the trees, where lay the implements of various employments which had been going on when the arrival of the waggon had called every one from his work. The materials for straw-plaiting were scattered in the porch, and fishing-nets lay on the bank of the stream to dry. The whole was canopied over with the bluest of summer skies. Dark mountions rose behind.

'"We are just in time to shew you our village before sunset," said the captain, observing how the last level rays were glittering on the stream.

'"And is this our home?" said Richard, in quiet astonishment. "Is this the bare, ruined place I left five months ago? Who has helped you? Your own hands can never have done all this."

'"Nature,—or He who made nature,—has given us the means," replied the captain: "and our own hands have done the rest. Well-directed labour is all we have had to depend on."

'"Wonderful!" cried Richard. "The fields are tilled——"

'"By simple, individual labour. There can be little combination in tillage on a small scale, where different kinds of work must succeed each other, instead of being carried on at the same time."

'"These houses and so many utensil ——"

'"Are the produce of a division of labour as extensive as our resources would allow."

'"There must have been wise direction as well as industrious toil."

'"Yes," said Mr. Stone, smiling, "we have been as fortunate in our unproductive as in our productive labourers.

DEMERARA.

We must make room for another extract from the same work: it will require no comment.

'"I have always wondered," said Mary, "why there was no sugar grown in Africa, or in any part of South America but the little angle we inhabit. So it might be anywhere within that line."

'"Anywhere (as far as climate is concerned) within thirty degrees of the equator. There are duties which prohibit the English from purchasing sugar from China, New Holland, the Indian Archipelago, Arabia, Mexico, and all South America, but our little corner here; and from Africa none is to be had either. The slave trade has been like a plague in Africa."

'"Well, but you have passed over Hindostan."

'"The trade is not absolutely prohibited there; but it is restricted and limited by high duties."

'"What remains then?"

'"Only our corner of the world, and a tiny territory it is, to be protected at the expense of such vast tracts—only the West India Islands, and a slip of the continent."

'"But surely it is a hardship on the inhabitants of these other countries, to be prevented supplying the British with sugar."

'"It is a hardship to all parties in turn:—to the British, that the price is artificially raised, and the quantity limited; to the inhabitants of these vast tracts, they are kept out of the market; to the west India planters; but most of all, to the slaves."

'"To the planters? Why, I thought it was for their sakes that the monopoly was ordered."

'"So it is; but they suffer far more than they gain by it. The cultivation of sugar is at present a forced cultivation, attended with expense

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and hazard, and only to be maintained by a monopoly price, both high and permanent.

'"Look at Mitchelson's plantation, and see whether its aspect is that of a thriving property! A miserable hoe, used by men and women with the whip at their backs, the only instrument used in turning up the soil, while there are such things in the world as drill ploughs and cattle! A soil exhausted more and more every year! A population decreasing every year, in a land and climate most favourable to increase! Are these signs of prosperity? Yet all these are the consequence of a monopoly which tempts to the production of sugar at all hazards, and at every cost."

'"I see how all these evils would disappear, brother, if the trade were free; but could the proprietors stand the shock? Could they go through the transition?"

'"O yes; if they chose to set about it properly, living on their own estates, and making use of modern improvements in the management of the land. if the soil were improved to the extent it might be, the West Indies might compete with any country in the world. The planter would estimate his property by the condition of his land, and not by the number of slaves. He would command a certain average return from the effective labour he would then employ, instead of the capricious and fluctuating profits he now derives from a species of labour which it is as impolitic as guilty to employ; and, as the demand for sugar would continually increase, after the effects of free competition had once been felt, there would be no fear of a decline of trade. A soil and climate like this are sufficient warrants that the West Indies may trade in sugar to the end of the world, if a fair chance is given by an open trade."

'"Then if economy became necessary, there would be no slaves; for it is pretty clear that slave labour is dear."

'"Slavery can only exist where men are scarce in proportion to land; and as the population would by this time have increased, and be increasing, slavery would have died out. At present, land is abundant, fertile, and cheap in Demerara, and labour decreases every year: so that slaves are valuable, and their prospect of emancipation but distant. But in my estate, as I have told you, the land is by far less fertile, labour more abundant, and slavery wearing out. My exertions will be directed towards improveing my land, and increasing the supply of labour; by which I shall gain the double advantage of procuring labour cheap, and hastening the work or emancipation, I hope no new monopoly will be proposed, which should tempt me to change my plan, and aid and abet slavery." pp. 96—99.

Assuredly, when political econome comes to be better understood, ther will be no such thing under a civilized Government, as slavery. We cordially thank the Author for her illustration of this truth.

NATURAL HISTORY.

INSECTS.

We have just received and looked over a new number of the *Animal Kingdom* of Cuvier, translated by Griffith and others. It treats of insects, a class of the creation that, more, perhaps, than any other, is calculated to excite our attention, from the wonderful varieties which it comprehends, and the astonish ing minuteness of anatomical mechanism which it discloses. In both these points it surpasses every other. The number of species which have been already observed, exceeds 20,000, and it is not too much to say that, taking the species indigenous to Asia, Africa, and America into consideration, there are at least as many more of which we have, as yet, no adequate description. Travellers too often content themselves with collecting only those insects which appear to them most remarkable for the singularity of their forms, and the beauty of their colours. Hence it happens that their catalogues are very scanty, and their specimens still more limited.

To the multitude, insects are uninteresting, because they are generally so small. But to all persons who have a moment for reflection, this very minuteness of conformation is the very feature of all others that renders them so attractive. 'Infinity,' observes Mr. Griffith, 'exists in small as well as in great things, and the insignificance of an atom, the imparting to it, under such minute dimensions, so many organs, capable of a variety of sensations, is a greater marvel than the production of those colossal animals on which we look with terror and astonishment. "Wherefore," asks another writer, —one of the most philosophical observers of nature—"should we fear to bestow too much praise on the works of the Supreme Being? A machine is the more admirable, and does the greater honour to its inventor, in proportion as it is simple in relation to its destined object, though complex as to the number and variety of its parts. The union and concurrence of so many different and necessary pieces to the production of one given end, impress us with a high idea of the genius of the mechanist. He who has formed those animated machines which we term *insects*, has assuredly admitted no unnecessary parts into their composition. Notwithstanding their minuteness, they cannot fail to excite our admiration in a much greater degree than larger animals, when we consider that there are many more component parts in their body, than in the enormous living masses of the elephant or the whale. In the production of the butterfly, and of every insects which undergoes a true metamorphosis, *the equivalent at least of two animals is produced.*"

What a theme for meditation is suggested by these few remarks! In every insect that undergoes a complete transformation, there must be, in fact, the germ of one animal contained in the perfect body of another. Thus in the lion-ant we have the four winged fly, and the beautiful butterfly in the mean-looking, crawling caterpillar. What is the use of all these insects and transformations? we have heard a thousand times asked. What good do they produce? Is it not, we ask in return, a sufficient good if they remind us even for a moment of the power and ever active presence of the Omnipotent? Supposing we were told that this object alone was the only one which the Creator had in view, when He peopled the air, the water, and the earth with insects, would it not be an adequate object for the display of such varied and miraculous power? He has intended us for Himself: but He knew that, placed in a world in which the multitude would have to labour for their maintenance, we might too often give up all our thoughs to the occupations which existence renders nescessary, and He has in consequence strown our path every where with objects—like so many fire-flies—which may at every moment of the brilliant day or the winter night, speak to us of Him! No person has ever yet asked the *use* of an insect, who has paid the slightest attention to its wonderful structure? for besides the unknown, or rather unnoticed part which may be assigned to it in carrying on the necessary operations of nature, it is in itself one of the letters in that divine alphabet which the Deity has framed for his favourite creature man, to enable him to read, if he have but the will to read, the precious volume which is here unfolded for his perusal.

These provisions of nature, and others which might be mentioned, afford indisputable proof of a system established from the creation, and ought constantly to lead our thoughts to that Eternal Intelligence by which it was ordained. How justly may we not exclaim with Cowper,

"These are thy glorious works, thou source of good,
How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
Thine, and unheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair."

The parasite order of insects, though highly interesting in a scientific point of view, do not furnish us with many ideas of an agreeable nature. We shall therefore pass them by altogether, suggesting only to the attention of the reader the exhibition of the "WONDERFUL FLEAS," which we read in the London papers, now open in Regent Street. One of these well disciplined tiny animals draws up a bucket from a well; another is harnessed to the model of a man of war of 120 guns, with sails, &c., four hundred times its own weight, which it draws after it without any difficulty; while others are engaged in carrying upon their backs effigies of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, and in combating with swords in regular warfare. Mr. Griffith mentions a flea of middling size that has been seen to draw a silver cannon supported on two little wheels, which was charged with powder and let off, aparently without giving the insect the slightest alarm. Hook has recorded the labours of an English artist, who constructed an ivory coach for six horses, holding four persons, having two lackeys behind, and a coachman on the box, with a dog between his legs, which was drawn by a single flea! M. Latreille, remarking on such works of art, asks why such delicacy and fineness of labour should not be devoted to subjects of greater utility? We quite coincide in the answer which Mr. Griffith has given to this question. We shall add to it his very sensible observations upon the insects in question.

'If every work of man was to be measured by its *direct* utility, some of the noblest productions of art and genius might be undervalued and despised. The exercise of human ingenuity is in itself laudable, and though it be employed on an object of no direct utility, it may, and not unfrequently does, lead to the most useful discoveries and inventions. The man employed on such a task as we have described, was at all events improving himself in his art, and increasing the delicacy of his tact, and the accuracy of his vision. Better to be so employed than in fabricating engines of destruction, or mingling in scenes of dissipation, vice and folly.'

In studying so small an animal as the flea, many subjects of admiration present themselves to our mind. What prodigious force of muscle must not that be which enables this insect to raise itself thirty times its height! How singular the structure of that tube with which it sucks our blood! Nature, with her usual wisdom and foresight, has given this animal a compressed form, which enables it to insinuate itself with more facility between the hairs of animals, and conceal itself there. She has encased its body in a sort of armour, by enveloping it in a firm and elastic skin, capable of resisting the pressure of our fingers.

It is not necessary to enter into any detail here, of all the means which have been prescribed for the destruction of these troublesome insects. Some recommend the placing in apartments plants of a powerful and penetrating odour, such as savoury, wormwood, &c. or acid plants, such as *persicaria*, or vegetables with glutinous leaves, and branches of the alder. Others have recourse to a mercucial unguent, to boiling water, into which simple mercury has been put, and which is scattered through

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out the chamber. Some prescribe the vapour of sulphur. The inhabitants of Dalecarlia, place in their habitations a hare's skin. These insects take refuge there, and are then easily destroyed by fire or water.

We often murmur against Nature, and consider fleas and other vermin as a spot which soils the beautiful picture which she presents to our eyes. But let us be reasonable, and admire the wisdom of her designs, in having chosen the sensation of pain as a *sentinel* to give us warning of the consequences of our vices, or the irregularity of our habits. We should conform ourselves to her views. *Cleanliness* without fastidiousness should be observed in our dwellings. If, towards the end of autumn, and the commencement of spring, the different articles of furniture that we use, were exposed to a heat of sufficient strength, the sources of our inconveniences would be speedily destroyed, at all events we should cease to calumniate Nature, even if we had not sufficient gratitude to study and admire her. But a small number of the species of the flea is as yet known; but it is probable that if the fleas of different animals were examined with a little more attention, that several others might be discovered.'

SCIENCE.

ECONOMY OF MANUFACTURES.

Tanning, Bleaching, &c.

THE use of machinery and its advantages are perspicuously pointed out in a little volume entitled "On the Economy of Machinery and Manufacturers, by Charles Babbage, Esq A.M." &c. We have not space enough in this Journal to devote all the attention we could wish to the interesting contents before us. We can only afford a single extract. It has been the successful endeavour of those persons to whom we are indebted for many of the modern improvements, to abridge as much as possible the time which nature would require to complete certain processes. In tanning and bleaching a very considerable saving of time has thus been effected.

'The process of tanning will furnish us with a striking illustration of the power of machinery in accelerating certain processes in which natural operations have a principal effect. The object of this art is to combine a certain principle called *tanning*, with every particle of the skin to be tanned. This in the ordinary process is accomplished by allowing the skins to soak in pits containing a solution of tanning matter; they remain in the pits, six, twelve, or eighteen months, and in some instances, if the hides are very thick, they are exposed to the operation for two years, or even during a longer period. This length of time is apparently required in order to allow the tanning matter to penetrate the interior of a thick hide. The improved process consists in soaking the hides with the solution of tan in close vessels, and then exhausting the air. The consequence of this is to withdraw any air which might be contained in the pores of the hides, and to employ the pressure of the atmosphere to aid capillory attraction, in forcing the tan into the interior of the skins. The effect of the additional force thus brought into action, can be equal only to one atmosphere, but a further improvement has been made: the vessel containing the hides, is, after exhaustation, filled up with a solution of tan; a small additional quantity is then injected with a forcing pump By these means any degree of pressure may be given which the containing vessel is capable of supporting; and it has been found that by employing such a method, the thickest hides may be tanned in six weeks or two months.

'The same process of injection might be employed to impregnate timber with tar, or any other substance adapted to preserve it from decay; and if it were not too expensive, the deal floor of houses might thus be impregnated with alumine or other substances, which would render them much less liable to be accidentally set on fire. Some idea of the quantity of matter which can be injected into wood, by a great pressure, may be formed from considering the fact stated by Mr. Scoresby respecting an accident which occurred to a boat of one of our whaling ships. The line of the harpoon being fastened to it, the whale, in this instance, dived directly down, and carried the boat along with him. On returning to the surface the animal was killed, but the boat instead of rising was found suspended beneath the whale by the rope of the harpoon; and on drawing it up, every part of the wood was found to be so completely saturated with water, as to sink immediately to the bottom.

'The operation of bleaching linen in the open air, is one for which considerable time is necessary; and although it does not require much labour, yet, from the risk of danger and of robbery, from long exposure, a mode of shortening the process was highly desirable. The method now practised, although not mechanical, is such a remarkable instance of the application of science to the practical purposes of manufactures, that in mentioning the advantages derived from shortening natural operations, it would have been scarcely pardonable to have omitted all allusion to the beautiful application of chlorine, in combination with lime, to the art of bleaching'—pp. 30—32.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

HOPES, FEARS, AND PROSPECTS OF FRANCE.

Whatever benefits the revolution may have conferred, or may yet have in store, in other matters, its influence on literary taste has not been favourable. The productions of the day seem rather to have become more ephemeral, their aim less dignified, their manner more heatrical and exaggerated than before. Nothing wears an aspect of permanency; nothing seems to address itself to posterity, or to have any higher object in view than that of amusing, exciting, astonishing—if any thing could astonish—the present generation. Every thing seems hurried up with the coarse rapidity of scenes for the theatre; the temples and fairy grots, and gloomy caves, are only made to be viewed under the glitter of gas, and after attracting for a few weeks, to be washed out and superseded by some newer but not more substantial pageant. Periods of perplexity and change, in fact, are not those in which men labour for eternity; in the suspense, the all-engrossing interests of the present, the future, like the past, is scarcely thought of. Let us eat and drink, is then the watchword of literature, for to-morrow we die. For the creation of those enduring works, which appeal, not to the present century, but to all, there must be confidence, tranquillity of mind, sequestration from the anxieties, and struggles, and shifts of party. There must be one clear, decided, overruling bar of public opinion to appeal to, not an endless babble of conflicting judicatories. There must be a morality fixed and immutable, based in religion, felt in its beneficent effects, not a morality of economy and expediency, always vacillating with the last theory. There must be some general recognition of religious principles, binding mankind into one, supplying some stay and leaning place, in this incessant motion of all things around, and harmonizing all those discords of society which are at present obtruded in such jarring tones upon the general ear.

Is this to be found in France as the feature of the national mind? We fear not, and the literature of the day bears traces sufficiently evident of the chaos of opinion which prevails. Its most salient and characteristic feature is its aimlessness, its contradictory nature. It is not a professedly infidel literature, like that of the 18th century, possessing a certain grandeur even from the unity, the combination with which it accomplished its evil work; nor is it one of general faith and positive convictions, like those of the 16th and 17th. In truth, it seems to have no general aim. The efforts, like the opinions of its members, contradict each other; seldom indeed is any one long consistent even with himself. No commanding tone is heard above the rest, but only a babylonish gibbering among the workmen, all labouring away, as one would think, with much seeming energy on the edifice of social and moral improvement, but in truth doing little or nothing to advance the work. The royalist, the republican, the middleman, each presses forward, anxious to make his own block the corner stone of the building; while the St. Simonian ever protests that all their attempts will crumble to pieces, because they build on the old foundations, however they may attempt to vary the superstructure; that society must be reconstructed from its very elements, that there must be a new heaven as well as a new earth, and that he, the disciple of St. Simon, is the man to give us both.

* * * *

The picture at present exhibited of the state of society is, in France, not encouraging—but we fear it is true. It is only one of the numerous features that indicated a deep rooted moral disease, manifesting itself in this and in many other forms. The prospects of literature, while such a condition of society prevails, are gloomy enough. A vast mass of talent and genius is at work, but with little concert, with scarcely any sense of the real dignity of literature, toiling for their daily bread, or the scarcely nobler wages of daily popularity. Even the better spirits seem to feel the evil influence of the times. Their productions want that sterling force, that real grandeur, that reference to the future more than to the present, which always stamps with the seal of immortality the productions of the highest order of genius. When is a better order of things to commence? When will men, after sweeping away goverunments and institutions, as unsuited to the temper of the times, and reconstructing all, as they think, on a basis more consistent with the general happiness, learn, in its full practical extent and comprehensiveness, the truth, how little all this can do to relieve misery, to place society on a firmer basis, to reconcile the governor and the governed, unless they can *first* cultivate a principle within, which produces a true equality, makes all physical evils comparatively light, and cements the classes of society, not by the coarse and iron links of a worldly expediency, but by the invisible yet adamantine chain of an eternal and immutable obligation? Already, we should say, the want of the cementing principle of society is felt. Nothing but this feeling of destitution, this growing conviction how little is to be effected for human happiness in its widest bearing by the steam processess of political machinery, could account here for the notice which the wild visions of the St. Simonians (on which we propose by and bye to speak more at length) have already attracted in France. They see the evil plainly; they have even a dim conception of the remedy; but pride, folly, enthusiasm, self-interest, licentiousness, artifice, mingle with and prevent their views; and the result is an insane, impious, and impracticable dream. This moral anarchy, however, cannot last for ever. The mind cannot always live on doubts and negatives, nor be whirled round without end in the eddies of political commotion. The swell must at last

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subside; the great land-marks of society and morals, sooner or later, re-appear. This consummation may be promoted, though it cannot be produced, by co-operation. If men can combine for evil, they can do so also for good; returning from the field in which they have battled so long, and where so many have fallen unprofitably, the better spirits of literature may warn others back from the fatal conflict. They may lend their aid to strengthen the growing conviction, that happiness is more from within and from above, than from without and from beneath, and that the first step to true and rational freedom lies in the cultivation of the heart and of the affections, more than in the exercise of barren intellect, or the industrious manufacture of constitutions. Then might we hope that Europe, now shaken like the still vext Bermoothes, might find a breathing time; then might we expect that the stream of literature, which always runs side by side with the course of society, and reflects on its surface every volcanic movement that troubles the waves of the other, subsiding into tranquillity, again might roll down its single current calmly to the ocean, through scenes of domestic peace and fertility, instead of hurrying in a thousand petty channels, through blasted heath and rocky defiles, and wasting its waters unprofitably on parched and desolate sands.—(*Foreign Quarterly.*)

On an ALLEGED CASE of SPECIAL MANIFESTATION of DIVINE DISPLEASURE.

To the Editor of the Christian Observer.

I TAKE the liberty of sending you the particulers of a very extraordinary case, which occurred in my native village; but fearing that the authenticity of it may be doubted by many of your numerous readers, I beg leave to assure them, that it is an *indubitable* fact. The parties involved in the following relation have for many years lived near my father's residence; and he has been in the habit of seeing them often, and has been perfectly acquainted with the circumstances. But not only might *his* testimony, but likewise that of the family, the principal inhabitants of Baltonsborough, and all the surrounding villages, be adduced in confirmation of the truth of the relation; the case in question being of so singular a nature, that it obtained great notoriety throughout the surrounding country. This case has already been brought before the public, in the Lancet, by a Mr. Hoare, a very respectable surgeon living at Warminster, in Wiltshire; but I have sent it to you, as I consider the narrative to be more suitable for a religious than a medical publication. It may possibly benefit the cause of religion in these days of infidelity and scepticism, by its affording a striking manifestation of the Divine displeasure, against a presumptuous and ungrateful individual; and confirming the truth of a superintending Providence, which overrules the affairs of men.

Toward the latter end of the year 1831, died, a farmer Higgins, an inhabitant of Baltonsborough, near Glastonbury, in Somersethire; some of the peculiar incidents of whose life are worthy of being recorded, and handed down to future generations, as an example of the Divine displeasure against hasty and inconsiderate resolutions, and violent imprecations against the arrangements of the Omnipotent will. From the time of his marriage, which took place in the year 1793, Higgins became extremely anxious for a son; but his wife presenting him with three daughters in succession, and no son, he became very disconsolate, and even enraged at his repeated disappointment, and vowed, with an oath of imprecation, that should his next child be a daughter he would never speak to her. Before the birth of his fourth child he impiously repeated the same solemn vow: the child however, to his inexpressible joy, proved to be a boy; but the father's satisfaction was but of short continuance, for this long wished-for and much-desired son, was destined by Providence to be to him the cause of years of remorse and pungent sorrow. Farmer Higgins, indeed, *very soon* had reason to repent of making such a rash vow; for the child, as soon as it began to take notice of surrounding objects, was observed to avoid him, and never could be induced, even for a moment, to remain in his arms. As the boy advanced in years, and the time of articulation arrived, his shyness towards his father became more and more apparent; and it was soon observed, that whilst he conversed freely with his mother and sisters, he never addressed a word to his father, or *uttered a syllable in his presence.* At first this shyness was thought to be accidental, as his father was much from home; but when the boy had gained the full powers of speech, and still observed a constant and marked silence towards him, it became but too evident that farmer Higgins was destined never to hold any conversation with his son.

The afflicted parent would often entreat him to speak to and converse with him, but neither entreaties, threats, nor promises were of the least avail; he even promised him the half of what he possessed, would he but converse or even speak to him, but it was all to no purpose.

The mother also often admonished and desired him to oblige his father by talking to him; but his reply invariably was, "No, mother, do you not think I would talk to father if I could? Whenever father approaches, my voice begins to falter, and before he comes within hearing, the power of speaking entirely fails me." It is a very remarkable part of this young man's history, that the inability of speaking, applied to all other males* as well as the father; and this very singular feature in his life continued for thirty-five years, up to the period of farmer Higgins's death. Immediately after this occurrence he began to converse with all around, both males as well as females, taking upon himself the ordering and arrangement connected with his father's funeral, and he still continues to enjoy the *full* powers of speech. He was always a kind and dutiful child to his father, and cheerfully obeyed all his commands; but it was observed that at his death he evinced great apathy, exhibiting no signs of distress or sorrow. He was fifteen years of age when he was first made acquainted with his father's vow, but it produced on him no perceptible effect.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN WILLOT EASTMENT,

Wincanton, Somersetshire.

Surgeon, M. R. C. S.

* Since I drew up the above statement, a second report of this case, by Mr. Hoare, has appeared in the Lancet (for April 7 1832), accompanied with a letter, in corroboration of the principal fact, from Dr. Colston, a very respectable clergyman living in the parish adjoining Baltonsborough. Dr. C., however, states, that Eli Higgins, the young man in question, did a few years since speak to *two* different gentlemen. As soon as I read the above letter, I desired my father to call on the individual; and he acknowledged, when the names of the persons mentioned in the Lancet were stated to him, that he did on one occasion say a few words to them: but he is totally unable to account for this exception, as he always felt distressed at being unable to converse like other young men. I have ascertained the truth of this singular exception, from a wish not to state any thing more in reference to the above case, than what is perfectly correct. J. W. E.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A GERMAN MERCHANT.

LATE one evening, a packet of letters, just arrived by the English mail, was handed to Mynheer Von Kapell, a merchant of Hamburgh His head clerk awaited, as usual, for any orders which might arise from their contents; and was not a little surprised to observe the brow of his wealthy employer suddenly clouded; again and again he perused the letter he held, at last audibly giving vent to his feelings—

"Donder and blitzen!" he burst forth, "but this *is* a shock, who would have thought it? The house of Bennett and Ford to be shaken thus! What is to be done?"

"Bennett and Ford failed!" cried the astonished clerk.

"Failed! not so bad as that; but they are in deep distress, and have suffered a heavy loss; but read, good Yansen! and let me have your advice."

The clerk read as follows:—

"*London, August 21st.*

"Most respected friend,

"Yours of the 5th inst. came safe to hand, and will meet prompt attention. We have to inform you, with deep regret, that the son of the trust-worthy cashier of this long established house has absconded, taking with him bills accepted by our firm to a large amount, as per margin; and a considerable sum in cash. We have been able to trace the misguided young man to a ship bound for Holland, and we think it probable he may visit Hamburgh, (where our name is so well known and, we trust, so highly respected) for the purpose of converting these bills into cash. He is a tall, handsome youth, about five feet eleven inches, with dark hair and eyes; speaks French and German well, and was dressed in deep mourning, in consequence of the recent death of his mother. If you should be able to find him, we have to request you will use your utmost endeavours to regain possession of the bills named in the margin; but, as we have a high respect for the father of the unfortunate young man, we will further thank you to procure for him a passage on board the first vessel sailing for Batavia, paying the expence of his voyage, and giving him the sum of two hundred louis d'or, which you will place to our account current, on condition that he does not attempt to revisit England till he receives permission so to do.

"We are, most respected friend,

"Your obedient Servants,

"BENNETT, FORD, AND CO."

"Mynheer Von Kapell."

"My life on't," said Yansen, "'tis the very lad I saw this day, walking up and down in front of the Exchange, who appeared half out of his wits; looking anxiously for some particular object, yet shunning general observation: his person answers the description."

"That's fortunate," said the merchant, "you must devote the morrow to searching for him; bring him to me if possible, and I'll do my utmost to serve my excellent frinds, Bennett and Ford of London."

Early next morning, Yansen went to the Exchange, and kept an anxious watch for many hours in vain; he was returning hopeless, when he saw the identical youth coming out of the door of a Jew money-changer: he brushed hastily past him, exclaiming, "The unconscionable scoundrel! seventy per cent. for bills on the best house in England!"

Yansen approached him. "Young Gentleman, said he, in a very mild tone, "you appear to have met with some disappointment from that griping wretch Levi. If you have any business to transact, my house is close by; I shall be happy to treat with you."

"Willingly," replied the youth, "the sooner the better. I must leave Hamburgh at day break."

The clerk led him to the house of the merchant, and entered it by a small side door, desiring the young man to be seated, whilst he gave some directions. In a few minutes he reappeared, bringing Von Kapell with him. The worthy Hamburgher having no talent for a roundabout way of doing business, said bluntly, "So Mynheer! we are well met; it will be useless to attempt disguise with me; look at this!" and he put into his hand the letter he had the night before received.

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Overwhelmed with consternation, the young man fell at his feet.

"Oh Heaven!" he cried, "I am lost for ever—my father, my indulgent, my honourable father, is heart-broken and disgraced by my villany. My mother!" Here he became nearly inaudible, and hid his face in his hands. "You," he continued, "are spared all participation in the agony your wretched son is suffering."

"Boy, Boy!" said the merchant, raising him, and quite melted at this show of penitence, "listen to me! are the bills safe? if so, you may still hope."

"They are," eagerly exclaimed the youth; "how fortunate that I did not listen to the offers of that rapacious Jew. Here, Sir, take them, I implore you," pulling from his breast a large pocket-book; "they are untouched. Spare but my life, and I will yet atone—Oh, spare me from a shameful death."

There was a pause, broken at last by Yansen's saying significantly to his employer, "as per margin."

The merchant turned to the unhappy young man. "Take heart," said he, "'Wenn die noth ist amgröszten die hülfe ist am nächsten.'* There's an old German proverb for you. Sit down, and hear what I have to say. I think myself not a little fortunate in so soon being able to fulfil the wishes of my English correspondents; your natural alarm did not suffer you to finish their letter; you will perceive how generously they mean to act; their house's credit saved, they intend not to punish you. Read, read; and Yansen, order some eatables, and a bottle or two of my old Heidelberg hock, trouble always makes me thirsty—three glasses, my good Yansen.

Again the young Englishman hid his face, and sighed convulsively, "I do not deserve this lenity. My excellent father! this is a tribute to your virtue."

Von Kapell left his guest's reflections undisturbed, 'till a servant entered, who placed refreshments on a well polished oak table; when she retired he resumed,

"And now, what tempted you to play the ——runaway;" swallowing the term he had intended to use. "Was it the dicing table?"

"Spare me, most kind and worthy Sir, I intreat you! To my father I will make full confession of all my faults; but he must be the first to know the origin of my crimes."

"Well, well, take another glass of wine; you shall stay in my house till we can find a passage for you. It was but last night my good ship the Christine sailed for Batavia, and ——"

"Under favour," interrupted Yansen, "she has not yet left the harbour; the wind blew too fresh for her to venture on crossing the sand-banks at night, and it is now only shifting round a point or two."

"You are lucky, youngster;" quickly added the merchant, "the Christine has noble accommodations; you shall aboard this evening. Put these in the chest, good Yansen," handing him the bills, "and count me out the two hundred louis d'or the boy is to have. Come, man! finish your meal, for I see," and he, regarding a vane on the gable of an opposite house, "you have no time to lose."

The meal was finished—the money given—the worthy merchant adding as much good advice as the brief space would permit. The Briton was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, promised amendment, and returned the warm grasp of Von Kapell, unable to speak for his tears. Yansen accompanied him on board, gave the owner's most particular charge to the skipper, to pay his passenger every attention on the voyage. The vessel cleared the harbour—was in a few hours out of sight—and the next morning, Mynheer Von Kapell wrote to London a full account of the transaction, returning the bills he had so fortunately recovered.

* When things are at the worst they must mend.

In less than a fortnight the following letter reached the good old German:—

"Sir

"We have to inform you, that we never lost the bills sent in your last favour, every one of which is fabricated, and our acceptance forged. Our cashier has no son, nor has he lost a wife. We are sincerely grieved that your friendly feeling towards our house should have led you to listen to so palpable a cheat.

"We remain, with great respect,
"Yours,
"BENNETT, FORD, & Co."

"P. S. If you should ever hear again of the person you have, at your own expense, sent to Batavia, we shall be glad to know."

* * * * * * * * *

What can be said of the good old German's feelings, but that they may "be more easily conceived than described?"

H.

PHILANTHROPIC INTELLIGENCE FROM THE WEST INDIES.

1. *Resolutions of the Black Freeholders of Kingston.*

"*Kingston, April* 16, 1832.

"At a meeting of the black freeholders and other inhabitants of the city of Kingston, held at the house of Miss Woolery, in Church Street, it was unanimously resolved, that Mr. D. R. Lee be called to the chair.

"Resolved 1st.—*That we, the black inhabitants of the city, are loyally attached to our gracious and beloved Sovereign William the Fourth.*

"Resolved 2d—*That we are desirous, by legal means, to secure to all classes of his Majesty's subjects in this island the blessings of the Free Constitution of Great Britain.*

"Resolved 3d.—*That we are not, as has been insinuated, inimical to the amelioration and ultimate emancipation of our brethren in slavery.*

"Resolved 4th.—*That we are not, as has been stated, at variance on material questions with our coloured brethren. On the contrary, we are ready to co-operate with them, and all liberal and just men, in every effort which may be legally and constitutionally made for the welfare of all classes in the island.*

"Resolved 5th.—That we respect the rights of private property not less than we desire the welfare of our brethren in slavery, and, *whilst looking forward to the ultimate emancipation of the slaves, pursuant to the resolution of Parliament and of his Majesty's Government, we do not forget that the best redress for evil is always to be found in the melioration of law, supported by the liberal feeling of all classes of the community.*

"Resolved 6th.—*That not having exercised the right of the elective franchise, by means of a general dissolution of the House of Assembly, which would have enabled us to give an opinion on the choice of the popular branch of our legislature, we cannot be considered as represented by the legislators by whose laws we are governed.*

"Resolved 7th.—*That in pursuance of the foregoing sentiments, we will cordially join our liberal-minded brethren, of every complexion, in any Petition or Memorial to his Majesty, or his Government, for the final settlement of the question of slavery, so that the peace and security of the island may at once be established on a permanent basis.*

"Resolved 8th.—That the above Resolutions be published in the Times, Atlas, and Examiner, London Newspapers, and Kingston Daily Papers, and Watchman twice.

"DAVID ROBERT LEE, *Chairman.*

2. The following Document is no less important. It embodies the sentiments of the respectable and wealthy *free black and coloured inhabitants of Trinidad*, on the measures of reform, of his Majesty's Government, with a view to the extinction of slavery. It appeared in the Royal Gazette of Trinidad, of April 14, 1832, with this preface:—

TRINIDAD.

"The public will peruse, with much satisfaction, the address from his Majesty's free subjects of African descent to his Excellency the Governor, which we now publish for general information. The sentiments which have been expressed by so numerous and respectable a portion of the community are highly creditable to their good sense and integrity, and will be duly appreciated by all who are well-wishers to the true interests of this valuable colony.

"*To His Excellency Sir Lewis Grant, C. H. Governor, &c. &c. &c.*

"SIR,—We are charged by the persons whose signatures are affixed to the enclosed expression of their sentiments upon a late public event, to transmit the same to your Excellency, and we have now the honour of performing that duty,

"Remaining, with all due consideration and respect, Your Excellency's very obedient and humble Servants,

(Signed) J. W. HOBSON, A. RADIX, LEWIS LEBRE, Jun. J. EDWARDS.

"*March* 29, 1832.

"*To His Excellency Sir Lewis Grant, Governor and Commander-in-chief, &c. &c. &c.*

"SIR,

"*May it please Your Excellency,*

"We, his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do feel it a duty incumbent upon us to convey to your Excellency, for ourselves, and on behalf *of all our fellow subjects of African descent, our unanimous opinion upon certain circumstances arising out of the promulgation of the Order in Council of the 2nd of November last.*

"We should have limited ourselves to the strict observance of that line of conduct which we have hitherto pursued, as dutiful and obedient subjects of the King, and have consequently abstained from any interference whatever with the opinions and proceedings of a public meeting, held on the 6th January last, at which we declined assisting, but for *one* of its resolutions on the subject of *allegiance* to the crown of Great Britain.

"Considering that this resolution has been ushered into publicity in a form at once solemn and imposing,—that it will be rapidly transmitted, through the medium of the daily papers, to every quarter of the world, and officially conveyed to the Throne, the Peers, and Commons' House of Parliament of Great Britain, in the name of the whole inhabitants of Trinidad,—it becomes our duty, as a part of these inhabitants, to express our unequivocal dissent from its declared objects.

"With reference to a protest against the late Order in Council of the 2nd of November last, tendered to your Excellency by the illustrious Board of Cabildo, purporting to be on behalf of 'all the inhabitants of this colony,' and published in the Port of Spain Gazette, we beg leave respectfully to state to your Excellency that no individual of *African descent* has been admitted into that body, and consequently we do not recognise it as the genuine organ of the *political opinions* of our numerous class.

"Under these circumstances, we now declare to your Excellency that the attachment which we feel to the Throne and Government of Great Britain (originating in some of us from natural affection, in others from adoption, and in all confirmed and fostered by a grateful remembrance of its liberality,) is unalterable; and that, in the ardour of these sentiments, we deprecate a dissolution of the ties which bind us to the mother country, as the greatest calamity that could possibly befal ourselves and our posterity.

"Faithful to the engagements which we have contracted by nature and from compact, we glory in the title of *British subjects. We hold it to be an enviable distinction among the nations of the*

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earth, and are always prepared cheerfully to fulfil every duty which that character imposes upon us, either in obedience to the ORDINANCES *of our King, or in defence of his crown and dignity.*

"Humbly praying your Excellency to transmit to our gracious Sovereign these loyal sentiments of his faithful subjects,

"We have the honour to subscribe ourselves, with the most perfect consideration and respect,

"Your Excellency's most dutiful and obedient humble servants.

"*Port of Spain, March* 26, 1832."

"*Government-House, Trinidad, April* 8, 1832.

'GENTLEMEN,—I had the honour to receive the Address which accompanied your letter of the 26th ultimo, and which was signed by upwards of 400 persons.

"It was my duty, as well as a gratifying task to me, to do early justice to the spirit of good feeling and loyalty which pervaded that address. I accordingly availed myself of the opportunity which immediately offered after its receipt, to transmit it to the Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, with the resquest that it might be laid before his Majesty.

"I did not fail, in my Despatch which enclosed your address, to point out the circumstances which, on this particular occasion, elicited from you, and those whom you represent, your declaration of attachment to his Majesty's Person and Government; and I have no doubt that your proceedings, and the laudable motives which gave rise to them, will be duly appreciated by his Majesty's Government.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
your most obedient Servant,
(Signed) LEWIS GRANT.

To JOHN WELCH HOBSON,
ANTONIE RADIX,
LEWIS LEBRE, Jun.
JOHN EDWARDS,
} ESQUIRES.

3. A similar address has been presented by the *free black and coloured inhabitants of New Providence, in the Bahamas,* to Sir James Carmichael Smyth, the Governor, declaring that, "if all classes of the free inhabitants are to be admitted into the calculation, the extraordinary contumacy of the late House of Assembly, with respect to the several recommendations of his Majesty's Government, are far from being in unison with the general feeling of the population;" and though that House did profess an intention, under another Governor, of "entering on a consideration of the rights still withheld from the people of colour, and the further amelioration of the condition of the slaves, yet the pledge is far too vague and inexplicit to be entitled to any confidence, when emanating from persons whose conduct and conversation, particularly with respect to the slave question, continue even to this hour in open and avowed variance with all such professions."

They therefore highly approve of the dissolution of this contumacious Assembly, and they tender their thanks to the Governor "for continuing to the colony the central schools, which afford the pleasing prospect that the rising generation, among the poorer classes, though abandoned by their guardians, to ignorance, and idleness, and vice, have happily found a cherishing source of protection in your Excellency's parental solicitude and care."

The reply of the Governor to this address is not a little remarkable:

"The little difficulties, he says, and the opposition I have met with, were, almost as a matter of course, to be expected. I arrived amongst you at a moment when the mother country (which has so long been solely engrossed by the events of the late stupendous war) was beginning to be steadily directed towards the details of our colonial system and policy. It was not in human nature that gentlemen who have passed their lives in the West Indies should at once get rid of those notions, respecting difference of colour, which we, in Europe, look upon as prejudice; nor that, accustomed from their infancy to see slaves governed principally by coercion, they should immediately be aware of the propriety of restraining the power of the master, and the policy and necessity of a more liberal and humane slave code. You, gentlemen, who have risen above the narrow notions and prejudices by which you are surrounded, I honour and respect. I do not, however, blame other gentlemen for not seeing things exactly in the same point of view that we do. I shall receive every convert with pleasure; and, as the more these subjects are discussed, the more readily and rapidly truth and justice must prevail, I anticipate with much satisfaction, that as the foolish agitation and excitement of the present moment gradually subside, so will the opposition to the views and to the recommendations of the truly paternal government of his Majesty cease equally.

"With respect to myself, I can safely assert that no man can be more truly anxious than I am for the peace, happiness, and prosperity of these islands. My best and unceasing efforts will always be directed to advance your interests. Most sincerely do I hope that when we come to have another House of Assembly, gentlemen will be chosen as members, who will see the justice and the policy of at once removing all degrading and harassing distinctions from the free coloured inhabitants; and of adopting the enactments of his Majesty's Order in Council of the 2nd November, as the slave law of the colony. The future tranquillity of these islands will then be established upon a durable and substantial foundation. Nothing short of these arrangements can lead to any satisfactory result."

DEGREES.

DUTCH AND GERMAN LL. D's.

One should suppose that justice was one of the simplest ideas in nature, but how complicated must it appear when we travel from the *Tractatus Tractatuum* down to the latest publications on all sorts of law? Little ought to be our surprize, when we find that German and Dutch *magnificent* professors, as they call themselves, and who in general are only schoolmasters, are the numerous and principal writers on the laws ecclesiastical, civil, and of nature, and of nations. A Bynkershoek, a Huberus, a Vattel, a Hubner, a Schlegel, a Busch, a Heineccius, a Grotius, or Pufendorf, are men who have written to serve a particular private personal, or otherwise some public political purpose. Had the wife of Grotius published her opinions upon some certain subjects, said a reader of lectures upon the Roman and civil law in one of our own universities, she would have been of a different opinion. It is well known that in foreign universities that whosoever takes a degree, (and degrees are mostly taken in law,) print and publish theses, which they make or are made for them. Nothing can be more ridiculous, when it as notorious that a *thesis may be bought, as well as burghers briefs and false passes, for one or a few rix-dollars,* than to see such things dressed up with all the professorial pedantry of learning, and the authors as theatrically antiquated as if they appeared in trunk-hose, jackboots, slashed doublets, great slouched hats and feathers, ruffs or bands.—(*Marriott.*)

HYMN OF THE BRITISH PEASANT.

For the pride of our fields, for our garden-deck'd land,
For our valleys and rivers, the work of thy hand,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God!

For the fragrance of morn, for the lark's early song,
That bids us from slumber awake and be strong;
For the dews, for the clouds, for the day's varied sight,
We praise thee, we bless thee, the Fountain of Light.

For the sweets of our toil, for the oak's covert shade,
'Neath whose breathings at noontide our banquet is laid;
For the strength of our limbs, for our cheek's joyous glow,
We praise thee, who crownest the sweat of our brow.

For evening's calm hour, when labour is done,
For the fond little crowds, from each cottage that run,
For their greetings of love, when around us they come,
We praise thee, we bless thee, who giv'st us our home.

For our Sabbaths and Churches, thy Spirit's abode,
Where the old and the young swell the chorus to God;
For each holy transport that kindles us there,
We praise thee, we bless thee, the quickener of prayer.

For the promise of Spring, for thy Summer's proud state,
For the glories of harvest, for Autumn's rich weight;
For the wood fires of Winter, so gladdening and clear,
We praise thee, we bless thee, who rulest the year.

For the kind British hearts, ever joying to give,
For the friends of the poor, amid whom we live,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God!

(Chambers.)

IMPORTANCE OF A PENNY.

From the birth of Christ till Christmas Day, 1815, one penny let out at simple interest, at 5 per cent. per annum, would only amount to 7*s.*7¾*d.*; at compound interest, to £122,774,235,714,481,746,358,966,996,740,755,491:9:6. Supposing the value of a solid inch of gold to be £38:16:6, and this immense sum condensed into a globe, its diameter will be 6,193,604 miles, 2 furlongs, 106 yards, 1 foot, 6 inches and a fraction, which would exceed in magnitude all the planets in the solar system. Supposing the earth solid gold, it would not discharge the interest of the above debt one day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Nemo will observe, we have already anticipated his remarks on *Sir Lowry's Pass* in our present Number.

It is impossible to expatiate sufficiently on the immense advantages of good Roads to a country. Expeditious locomotion, to the commercial world, is equivalent to capital: and such is the vast importance of economy of time here, that no extra expense is considered as too great to accomplish the utmost speeds. We have this practically illustrated in the preference which British Society at home gives to a complicated machinery put into motion at an enormous expense, to travelling by the winds of heaven which cost nothing. The fact is, time gained is equal to money: and we conceive, the patriotism that suggested, the wisdom that planned, and the courage that executed *Sir Lowry's Pass* at Hottentot's Holland, did at once grant relief to the country farmers equal to each man's amount of annual taxation.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 12. Vol. II.] CAPE TOWN: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1832. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* / *per Annum.*

BIOGRAPHY.

The Rev. F. Fallows, A. M. F. R. S. &c. &c. late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and of the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope.

Few studies are so pleasing, so instructive, and so necessary, as the study of Biography. From the obliquities of errant genius, we may learn to trace the straight path of undeviating wisdom, from the failure of the unprincipled, we may learn the necessity of a true and invigorating faith; and by dwelling on the example of those who have climbed "the steep whence Fame's proud temple shines afar," we may be led to follow in their steps. Who is there that does not rise from the perusal of a *Nero,* with a soul inflamed with hatred of oppression? Who is there that can read of the virtues of a *Howard,* nor be conscious of an inward satisfaction that he claims with the philanthropist a common origin? And when we turn from the history of such men as these, to the lowly, modest worth that has adorned the private dwellings of humble life, or to the beings who have shone in literature and science, and tracking out for themselves an untrodden path to the loftier citadels of human estimation, a different but not less delightful view is opened to our contemplation.

Perhaps of all the publications of modern times, there are none of greater interest than the two little volumes entitled—*The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,* by the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Should another volume appear, some notice of the late Mr. Fallows will doubtless enrich the work: for we think, that after the perusal of the following biographical sketch of our late lamented Astronomer Royal, his name will be handed down to posterity, along with those illustrious men who, under the most unpropitious circumstances, have possessed themselves of the highest acquirements in science and literature, in spite of every disadvantage of birth.

Fearon Fallows was born, July 4, 1789, at Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, and his early years were spent in following his father's occupation, that of a weaver, with no further time or opportunity for education than could be afforded by the ordinary intervals of labour. Fortunately, his father was himself a man of considerable information and studious habits, and devoted these leisure moments to the education of his child, who thus became early acquainted with the principles of arithmetic and geometry, subjects in which he chiefly delighted. When a mere boy, a mathematical book was his constant companion at the loom; and this taste was encouraged by the kindness of many persons in the vicinity, who supplied him with books, and such assistance in his studies as they were competent to give. His father having become parish clerk at the neighbouring church of Bridekirk, the extraordinary acquirements of the young mathematician became known to the Rev. Mr. Hervey,* vicar of that parish; and by the advice and recommendation of this gentleman, Mr. Fallows was engaged as an assistant by Mr. Temple, at that time head-master of Plumbland school. On the death of Mr. Temple in 1808, Mr. Hervey further exerted himself to obtain for Mr. Fallows the patronage of some gentlemen of fortune and interest, in order that he might be enabled to go to the University. In this purpose he was successful; and in 1809, Mr. Fallows commenced residence as a student of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Whatever difficulties might have previously embarrassed Mr. Fallows' career were now dissipated. At St. John's, honourably distinguished (perhaps above all other colleges) for attention to the education and interests of unfriended merit, he found every assistance which could be desired,—kind friends, most able instructors, and an unlimited power of consulting books. His progress was, accordingly, rapid and successful, though directed, as was to be expected, in the line of the older English geometers, with whom he was already familiar, rather than according to the continental mathematicians. In 1813, he proceeded bachelor of arts, and was third, Sir John Herschel being senior wrangler.

Shortly after taking his degree, as there was no fellowship open at St. John's to which Mr. Fallows was eligible, he removed to Benet College, as mathematical lecturer; but was gladly recalled to his own college in 1815, when a fellowship became vacant. Here he resided for some years; and when His Majesty's Government had resolved upon establishing an Observatory of the highest class at the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Fallows was selected as the person best qualified to direct the future establishment.

The few months which intervened between the time of his appointment and his removal to the Cape, were spent by Mr. Fallows in the public and private observatories of the country, in the workshops of the most celebrated artists, in the calculation of special tables, and in devising the best and simplest means of making, registering, and reducing astronomical observations.

* A descendant of the admirable Rector of Weston Flavel—the author of *Theron and Aspasio, &c. &c.*

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On the 1st Jan. 1821, he married Miss Mary Anne Hervey, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. A. Hervey, vicar of Bridekirk, and embarked on the 4th May following. Mr. Fallows arrived at the Cape on the 12th of August, 1821.

His first undertaking was an approximate catalogue of 275 principal stars, published in the Phil. Trans. 1824. From the description of the instruments employed, it will be seen that they were of a very humble description, viz., a portable transit of only twenty inches focal length, and a very indifferent altitude and azimuth instrument by Ramsden, ill-divided, and unstable in its adjustments, being indeed originally constructed as an equatorial. It is probable that the length of time which must necessarily elapse between the design and completion of a first-rate Observatory, in a foreign station, was not fully taken into account, either by the Government or the astronomer; otherwise the temporary instruments would, doubtless, have been of a very different class. The plan of the Observatory was received by Mr. Fallows in the latter part of 1825, and he immediately proceeded to carry it into effect. A site was selected about three miles from Cape Town, and Mr. Fallows lived in a tent on the spot, to determine the lines of the building, and to superintend the workmen. The foundations were dug out before the clerk of the works arrived to relieve him from this task.

In the beginning of 1829, the transit and mural circle were fixed in their places, and we might now have anticipated a season of enjoyment for the Cape astronomer; but, for some cause hitherto unexplained, the circle, to which he had looked forward with pride and exultation, proved for a long time a source of bitter uneasiness. Some part of this must, doubtless, be attributed to the shattered state of the observer's health; but the fact, that "the index error of two opposite microscopes was ever variable at different parts of the instrument, while with three microscopes, at 120° distance from each other, or with the whole six, the index error was nearly constant," was sufficiently startling to harass a person of less sanguine and zealous temper. Finally, Mr. Fallows was of opinion that some permanent injury had been received by the circle and axis, from a fall which the package received whilst it was removing from the hold of the ship at the time of landing; but that the mean of the six microscopes might be fully depended upon; since high and low stars, when observed directly and by reflexion, gave the same position of the horizontal point. Before he had come to this conclusion, which seems to have been some time in the middle of 1830, sickness deprived him of the services of his assistant, Capt. Ronald; and Mr. Fallows was left, unaided, to do the best he might with a transit and mural circle. He was relieved from this difficulty by the affection and intelligence of Mrs. Fallows, who offered to undertake the circle observations while he was engaged with the transit. A very little instruction sufficed to render her perfectly competent for this task; and the Cape astronomer had, like Hevelius, the pleasure of finding his best assistant in the partner of his affections. Some of his letters, written at this time, express a strong hope and confidence that he should at length be able to justify the high expectations which had been formed of the Observatory, and that his work would bear a comparison in accuracy, though not in extent, with that of any other establishment.

But the labours of the Observatory were too much for a constitution already much enfeebled by previous illness. He had suffered very severely from a *coup de soleil* soon after his arrival at the Cape, while fixing the small transit; and, besides some less serious complaints, experienced a dangerous attack of scarlet fever in the summer of 1830, from which he seems never to have fully recovered. In the beginning of 1831, his health was visibly impaired, but he could not be induced to leave the Observatory before the equinox. Towards the end of March, he became incapable of struggling any longer with the disease, and went to Simon's Town; but it was now too late, and he breathed his last on the 25th July, 1831, in the forty-third years of his age.*

To those who were acquainted with Mr. Fallows, it is unnecessary to dwell upon the integrity and simplicity of his character, or the depth and clearness of his understanding: as an astronomer, he had few rivals. Perfectly acquainted with the practical and scientific departments of astronomy, he carried into the Observatory the same straightforward zeal and honesty which were the distinctive features of his private character; and if his life had been spared, would unquestionably have realized the most sanguine expectations of his friends and admirers.

Mr. Fallows did not leave his observations completely prepared for publication, but so nearly as to require very little additional labour. His wish was to have had them printed under his own eye, after they had been examined and approved of by competent judges in England; for which purpose, examined copies were transmitted by him to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. They consist of about 3000 transit, and several hundred circle observations, with six microscopes, and some series with the invariable pendulum. The instrumental errors are ascertained, and the current reductions computed, so that there will be no difficulty in presenting the results, though not perhaps in the independent manner proposed by the observer. It is to be hoped that these observations and reductions will be speedily published, by the order of the founders and patrons of the Cape Observatory; and we are confident, that they will be found in every way worthy of Mr. Fallows and of the country which committed this important and magnificent establishment to his charge.*

In the absence of the *South African Quarterly Journal of Science*, or any similar publication at the Cape, we feel it our duty to give publicity to the following interesting particulars relative to

LOCKED JAW.

A case of this disease occurred very lately on board a ship on her voyage to Calcutta from England, in which, as the plan of treatment that was used, proved eminently successful, it is important that the same should be made as generally known as possible, considering that this complaint is one of very frequent occurrence, and that it almost always proves fatal, under the modes of practice usually recommended and adopted. I therefore present the account of the case, as given by the medical gentleman who suggested the treatment, together with

* It cannot be concealed, for biography, like history, as we quoted in our last Number, must not be "a dead almanack;" that the Colonial Government of 1827 did, by its series of petty meannesses, greatly annoy and injure the mind and body of the Astronomer Royal.

* In Number 16, page 197, of this Journal, there is an interesting Reminiscence of Mr. Fallows. It describes his attachment to certain publications of popular as well practical interest; —viz: Huber on Bees and Ants, Bewick on Birds, and the illustrious Bunyan.

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his remarks, for publication in the Cape Literary Gazette, if considered fitting; and I would say, that of all the numerous remedies I have ever seen, or heard of being tried for the cure of this dreadful affliction, none appears to me so scientific and rational, and at the same time so likely to prove generally successful, as the one that was here employed. The *instantaneous* remission of the Tetanic symptoms which was obtained on the division of the nerve, strongly impresses us with a conviction, that the same happy result will attend the operation in other cases; and leads us to wonder, that the principle upon which it is founded, should have been so seldom acted upon in the same simple manner, and that this operation itself should have been little more indeed than cursorily spoken of.

The idea of *amputating a limb* for the removal of local irritation confined to a small spot, which has been so repeatedly done in this disease without success, and but too often to the acceleration of the death of the patient, from the great additional shock it gives to the system, strikes us now as quite shocking and barbarous; and the operation of excising the wounded part, which is proposed with the same view, must be not only inefficient, but generally impracticable and injurious, from the nature of the parts concerned; for how can tranverse incisions be made with propriety among the numerous nervous filaments, and the membraneous parts about the hands and feet, (where the wounds which give rise to Tetanus are generally situated;) or do otherwise than add both to the local and constitutional irritation, and aggravate the disease?

Those surgeons who have seen most of Tetanus, generally discourage the practice of these operations, from the want of success that has attended them; and the authors who speak of amputation, reason upon its ill success in this manner: "That although the general spasms are the consequence of the local affection, the constitution when it has been once excited, will continue the disease through its career, whether the original cause be removed or not." This reasoning, however, appears to be quite incorrect; and indeed it is disproved by the present case, from the marked relief given to the Tetanic Spasms, the moment that the local cause of irritation was cut off; and, although the general symptoms did not *entirely* cease till a couple of days after the operation, there cannot be a doubt that the cure is attributable to the division of the nerve, and not to the other means employed; and it is certainly unreasonable to suppose that when the primary, and still continuing local cause of irritation is removed, the constitutional excitement, which proceeded therefrom, will not also be relieved.

Mr. Wardrop's cases of wounded nerves, related in Med. Chir. Transactions; and the following observations regarding Tetanus, made by Dr. Pinnock, in the American Journal of Medical Science, No. 3, are of much interest, and tend to confirm what I have adduced: "My attention," says he, "has been forcibly directed to the astonishing effects which are produced by the application of cupping glasses in arresting Tetanic symptoms:—even where decided Opisthotonos has been exhibited, we have witnessed a subsidence of the symptoms, by means of pressure thus applied. I therefore venture to propose it as one of the means of combating that teriffic disease Traumatic Tetanus. This variety of Tetanus appears to be occasioned by the injury sustained by the sentient extremities of the nerves of the wounded part. It has occurred to me, therefore, that if these wounded and irritated nervous extremities could be paralized, the general spasmodic action which is produced by the local irritation, would be arrested. Would not pressure by weights or ligatures, or the application of exhausted cups over the wound, or in its immediate vicinity," *(how clumsy the means!)* "paralize the sentient extremities of the wounded nerves, and thus suspend, and perhaps remedy, the general spasmodic action? If the constitutional symptoms should be arrested, as a security against their return, before the cup over the wound is removed, an incision so extensive as effectually to remove the wounded portion of the nerves, ought to be made."

I agree with Dr. Murray, that his having had early recourse to the operation, very probably led to its more certain success, than if it had been long delayed, as the nerve, from its enlarged size, seemed to have already become much affected, and the disease was probably propagating itself to the general nervous system through the medium of it; but I think it is quite clear, from the immediate effect obtained from the operation, that it should never be omitted in any case in which it is practicable, and that it holds out a good chance of success even in the very latest stages of the disease; besides, it possesses this great advantage, that there need be no hesitation or delay in having recourse *to it*, on the first appearance of Traumatic Trismus, although one would naturally both hesitate and delay long, before trying such a desperate remedy as amputation.

It is obvious that the surgeon is required to be perfectly acquainted with the situation and distribution of the different nerves of the body, in order to know exactly what nerve or nerves supply the wounded part, and be able to cut down upon the branch or branches affected, in the most eligible and proper place, as much will depend upon his skill and dexterity; and that it may frequently be necessary to divide more than one, where the injury is extensive. As it appeared in this instance, that the nerve re-united in the course of two or three days, so as to restore the sensibility of the part, and thus to re-establish its communication with the general nervous system in that time, it may in some instances become a question, in the event of the Tetanic symptoms returning afterwards, whether it would not be advisable to remove a small portion of the nerve; but, as a precedent, it is rather to be considered a fortunate circumstance that this was not done in the "*Pattison*" case.

In directing the attention of the Profession to the *local remedy* which was employed in this instance with so much success, it is on no account to be understood that other remedial means are to be neglected; on the contrary, in each separate case the practitioner must consider what general plan of cure is indicated by the symptoms, and adapt it to the constitution and habits of the individual; and whether bleeding, purgatives, opium, tobacco, the warm or cold bath, mercurials, stimulants, *Galvanism*, or any combination of these be deemed necessary, whatever is indicated as proper to be done, ought to be carried into effect with decision and promptitude.

I would further add, that it has occurred to me, from the best consideration I have been able to give to the Pathology of another disease no less dreadful than Tetanus, and which, from its almost invariable fatality, ranks equally amongst the *Opprobria Medicorum*, that this same simple operation promises to prove in it also, a remedy of superior value to any other that has yet been tried—I mean *Hydrophobia*, in which the modes of treatment at present in use, are as multifarious, opposite, uncertain, and empirical, as in Tetanus.

I apprehend, however, that I have already intruded too much upon the patience of your general readers, and I purpose therefore giving my ideas on this subject elsewhere. J. M.

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CASE OF TETANUS,

Following a punctured Wound in the Foot, cured by division of the Posterior Tibial Nerve.

I was a Passenger in the ship "James Pattison," from England to Calcutta; when in the Channel, three days after leaving Portsmouth, at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 15*th August* last, the Surgeon of the ship (Mr. D. Leslie) came and reported to me that Mr. Wm. Pile, one of the Midshipmen, Æt. 15, had trod upon a rusty nail the preceding evening about 9 o'clock, which penetrated the left foot between the Metatarsal bones of the great toe and the adjoining one; and that symptoms of locked-jaw had made their appearance. The patient had kept his watch after the accident during the night, which was cold; and the wound had been very painful. When he was seen in the morning, at 8 A. M. he complained of a stiffness about his Jaw and Throat, which had increased very much since that time,—his countenance was anxious, and his lips appeared swollen, and rather livid. A poultice to the wound was the only treatment that had been employed. On consultation, the following draught was agreed to be given, R Pulv. Camph. dr. ½, Tinct Opii m LXX, Syrup: Simpl. oz; m. S. S. and, as the jaws were nearly closed, and great difficulty found to get them opened to the extent of a quarter of an inch, a piece of wood of this thickness was inserted between the teeth. Half an hour after taking the draught he was visited again, but no beneficial effect had resulted from the opiate. The Tetanic symptoms were rather increased,—the spasms had partially extended to the muscles of the neck, and the piece of wood was deeply indented by the teeth—the limb was cold, and he said "it was dead, excepting at the site of the wound which was painful; and that he had little power of moving it." His pulse was 120, and what may be called irritable; and his situation altogether seemed to be one of great danger. He was ordered to be carried to one of the best cabins, and after considering all the different modes of treatment that have usually been recommended and employed in Tetanus, and finding how undecidedly they were all spoken of, as to affording hopes of cure, I proposed to Mr. Leslie the division of the Posterior Tibial Nerve, (by which the injured part was supplied,) as a remedy that held out a good prospect of success, from its effectually cutting off the communication between the source of irritation and the brain, at the same time that it was an operation easily performed, and unattended with danger or deformity. I proposed also, that the original wound should be dilated and cauterized. My proposal being agreed to, so soon as the necessary preparations could be made, the operation was performed. A straight incision, an inch and a half in length, was made through the integuments and the aponeurotic fascia, about an inch posteriorly to the Malleolus internus, which laid bare the sheath of the vessels; and, on dissecting deeper, I easily found the Nerve in its usual position. By an Aneurism Needle I separated and raised the Nerve, so that I might divide it with greater facility and expedition. When brought thus into view, it appeared to be so remarkably large, (being nearly twice the usual size,) though of the natural colour, that a doubt was expressed by Mr. Leslie about its being the Nerve. To satisfy him on this point, I requested the patient to extend his foot, which he did with difficulty, and in an imperfect manner, as he said he had nearly lost the power of moving it; but he did it sufficiently to shew the difference between the Nerve and a tendon, as it did not become tense in this action. The Nerve was then rapidly divided by a single cut of the Scalpel, which gave acute pain; and although he could not articulate distinctly before, on account of the closed state of his jaws, *he immediately opened his mouth with an exclamation;* and, on looking at his countenance, I was astonished at the striking change in it for the better. I asked him how he felt, and he said, "He was already much better, and that his leg had come to life again."—He expressed at the same time a great inclination to go to stool. There was scarcely any hæorrhage from the wounds, which was then simply dressed, by bringing the edges together by adhesive plaster, with lint and a bandage over it. We next dilated the original wound made by the rusty nail, which also gave (rather unexpectedly) great pain, but did not cauterize it as proposed, as the symptoms had already yielded—a poultice sprinkled with laudanum was applied over it. His bowels were then copiously moved, and on being placed in bed, without any additional opiate, he fell into a sound sleep, which lasted without interruption for four hours, and he awoke very much relieved from all his former disagreeable sensations. His jaws still however felt rather stiff, but, by a strong exertion, he could open them nearly to the full extent. The excessive pain in the original wound, of which he complained previously to the operation, had now entirely ceased, and the motion of the limb was quite restored. It was found, on examination, that the heel and sole of the foot were quite benumbed, but the sense of feeling in the upper part was not affected. At night he got the following powder, Pulv. Opii gr. ij.. ——Camph. scr. i. m.

August 16*th*. Slept indifferently during the night—complained still of the stiffness of the jaws and neck, and to a greater degree than the preceding evening. He had also pain and tightness across the chest, with headache. I was very sea-sick, and in bed by this time, and unable to make more minute inquiries about the symptoms; but I recommended V. S. and another opiate to be given. He was bled accordingly to the extent of twelve ounces, which induced syncope and gave great relief; and he got the same opiate as last night, after which he slept a good deal during the day. His bowels were naturally opened, and the opiate was repeated at bed time.

August 17*th*. The opiate of last night appeared to produce considerable excitement for some time after it was administered, but this was followed by sound sleep—the stiffness of the jaws and neck, and tightness across the chest, have nearly altogether disappeared. He complains of a good deal of numbness in the leg and foot.—Pulse 80, and natural, tongue clean, bowels regular. Repet. Pulv. h. s.

August 18*th*. The Tetanic symptoms have entirely disappeared, the numbness of the leg is gone off, and he complains of pain in it, extending from the knee downwards—the parts in the site of the operation are very tender, and extremely painful on pressure—the original wound continues to be poulticed, and looks healthy—The opiate powder to be repeated in half the quantity.

From this date, no unfavorable symptoms appeared—the wound in the sole of the foot healed in a few days—that of the operation did not unite by first intention, and did not heal till about a fortnight after—the sense of feeling began to return in the sole of the foot on the third day after the operation, and is now natural in most places, but there is still, up to this date, an entire want of sensation in the little toe, and heel. He complained for some time of not being able to perform the action of separating the toes so easily as formerly, but that no longer exists, and he finds no inconveniece whatever in walking, and in the performance of all his regular duties:—In fact, he is quite well.

REMARKS.

I have thought the above case worthy of notice, from the result of the usual modes of treatment pursued in this disease, as given by our best authors, having been so generally unsuccessful. Hennen, whose experience in it must have been great during the Peninsular War, says, "Happy should I be if I could afford any thing satisfactory on this complaint; but, in truth, my observations have tended more to shew me what I could not trust to, than what I could place the smallest reliance on, when the disease was once fully formed;" and, he further adds, "I have never been fortunate enough to cure a case of acute symptomatic Tetanus." I think it important to notice that he mentions, that in one case, he found, on dissection, the nerve connected with the injury *thickened*, seeing this appearance was so remarkable in the instance I have here recited. The lengthened account of Tetanus in Cooper's Surgical Dictionary, which I consulted at the time, rather bewildered me as to the treatment to be followed, and only shewed the great difficulty to ascertain, amongst numerous discordant accounts, what practice seemed to have been attended with the least *ill success*. "Nothing," as he says, "is a more certain proof of our not being acquainted with any effectual method of treating a disease, than the multiplicity of remedies recommended, which are as opposite as possible in their effects." I decided upon following the indication which seemed to me the most rational, and not to adopt any plan, or to use any remedies proposed, on empirical principles, seeing how unavailing they had mostly all been. I am only aware of one case of Tetanus in which the communication was cut off between the wounded part and the sensorium, *by a suitable division of the nerves supplying the part*. It is one adduced by Baron Larry, and as in that instance the operation was followed by a similar result to the present, I am surprized that the hint never seems to have been taken from it, and followed up by others. Amputation has frequently been performed with the same view; but has seldom succeeded, probably from its having been too long delayed; and I would ask why such a severe and *maiming* operation should ever have been thought of, or persisted in, when the same object can be so much more readily and scientifically attained *by a simple incision?*

We are told that when the disease invades very quickly, the danger is always greater, than when it comes on at a more distant period from the receipt of the injury. In this case its attack was very early, and the progress of the symptoms rapid; and I have no doubt that it would soon have run its course to a fatal termination, if it had been left to the sanative powers of nature alone, or treated in the usual manner; but very little time was lost in having recourse to the operation, that proved a remedy of immediate and effectual power, after the disease had decidedly formed; and I think it may have been of the greatest consequence that it was resorted to so soon after Trismus appeared.

JOHN MURRAY, M D.
Assist. Surgeon, Hon. E. I. C. Service.
Cape of Good Hope, 24th October, 1832.

EMIGRATION.

It cannot be denied that this colony, abounding with every other blessing, suffers exceedingly from the paucity of agricultural as well as all other description of servants; and the great mystery is, that nothing is done to remedy the evil to an extent equal to the demand. Disposed as we are, to sympathize with our enterprising settlers on the frontier, as it respects their deprivations on this head, we lament to find the Graham's Town Journal tempted in its remedial suggestions, to abridge the liberty of that class of His Majesty's coloured subjects who have but lately been delivered from the *house of bondage.**

* Aristotle, in that very book where he establishes the grand principles of a free government, is not ashamed to assert, that the Greeks were destined, by nature, to rule the other nations of the earth; and founds this right on their superior genius and civilization!

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As it regards emigration, we think the tide will scarcely flow much longer in favour of Australia; and we trust, the press will do its duty in favour of our more interesting Cape Colony. Let the following descriptive account of the state of things in New South Wales lead the reader to be thankful that his lot is cast in this country, that he enjoys "a goodly heritage."

PENAL COLONIES.

(From the Foreign Quarterly Review.)

The morals of the colony of New South Wales are of an exceedingly depraved description. It is so far from being a country where men begin a new life and enter upon a fresh course with resolutions of amendment, that the testimony of all respectable men examined on the subject unites in asserting that the habits of the freed men, even of those who have acquired property and have families, are of the most dissipated character. Of the emancipists, to whom grants of land have been made and who are often wealthy, very few, not more it is said than half a dozen, can be selected whose lives are not of a vicious description, who do not indulge in dishonest practices of one sort or another, and who have not risen to wealth by fostering and practising some species of villany. These men procure convicts to be assigned to them, who become members of the families, and assist them in carrying on their various frauds. In Sydney the grog shops are very numerous, and grog shops are receiving houses. A constant trade in stolen goods, is going on between Sydney and the remotest parts of the colony, and even between Sydney and this country. The convicts in remote settlements have no means generally of indulging in licentiousness, but they see constantly before them the *freed* labourer who has, and they burn to enjoy similar privileges: and should their place of occupation be too remote from a theatre of indulgence, they get a week of holiday at Sydney, where they arrive in numbers, and, for the time they stay, wallow in every species of debauchery. In such a state of society the public standard of morality must necessarily fall to a very low degree. The leaven spreads from the corrupted part into the whole mass. Just as the slang of London thieves is become the classical language of Sydney, so do necessarily a familiarity with crime, hatred to law, and contempt for virtue, make their way into the minds and hearts of those who are untainted with actual crime. So far from a reformation being even begun in New South Wales, it would seem that roguery had been carried a degree beyond even the perfection it has reached here. Property is very insecure in Sydney, and the most extraordinary robberies take place. Mr. James Walker, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, says, "the colony has a curious effect upon the most practised thieves in this country; one of the most experienced thieves in London has *something to learn* when he comes out there; probably he would be robbed the first night he came into his hut." (913) This was the answer given by an experienced settler to the question, whether he thought any considerable degree of reformation took place among the convicts residing at a distance from Sydney. It is nearly impossible that it should be otherwise. The master can only punish his servant by travelling with him some twenty or thirty miles to a police magistrate, by which he loses his own time, the labour of his servant, perhaps for months, if he is condemned to a road gang, and after his return has little advantage from his services. Unwillingness to work for a master who has been the cause of his punishment is a difficult feeling to counteract. The convict has the game in his own hands: he either does no work, wounds himself, falls sick, or perhaps, and it is not uncommon, spoils either the materials entrusted to him, or the tools which have been put into his hands.

The number of executions in New South Wales in the year 1830 exceeded the whole number of executions in England and Wales, in the same year; which, taking the proportion of the populations of the countries, makes capital punishments upwards of three hundred and twenty-five times as frequent as in the mother country. This horrid fact is pretty well, of itself, an answer to all argument drawn from the idea of reformation. But direct testimony is abundant. Major M'Arthur, the son of one of the wealthiest and most extensive settlers in the colony, and to whom it owes so much for its present progress in production and commerce, states, "It is painful to know that those whose sentences have expired, or to whom pardons have been granted, seldom or ever incline to reform, even when they have acquired property." Intoxication and fraud are habitual to them; and hardly six persons can be named throughout the colony, who, being educated men, and having been transported for felonies, have afterwards become sober, moral, and industrious members of the community. Crime is of constant occurrence, and so completely organized, that cattle are carried off from the settlers in large numbers, and slaughtered for the traders in Sydney, who contract with the commissariat. It is not, therefore, the vicious habits alone of the town which are to be dreaded, but the effects that are communicated and felt throughout the country. The agricultural labourer is encouraged to plunder his master, by finding a ready sale for the property he steals, and whenever his occupations call him to the towns, he sees and yields himself to the vicious habits around him. He returns intoxicated and unsettled to his employer's farm, and incites his comrades to the same sensual indulgences, with equal disregard of the risk and consequences. To these causes the present vitiated and disorganized state of the convicts in New South Wales is chiefly attributable; and the extent of the evil may be in some degree estimated, when it is stated *that the expense of the police establishment amounts to more* than £20,000 per annum for a population of 40,000 souls.—(Rep. App. No. 6, p. 142.)

The white slave trade is even worse than the black; we planted an impure population on an innocent shore; we have inculcated our impurities, propagated poison. Sydney is a Upas tree of crime, and we have spent millions in aggravating its noxiousness. Let the evil cease. Ages will take place before that unhappy land is purified from the contaminating dregs of our civilized crowds, but let us not renew the mischief from day to day, aggravating and perhaps perpetuating the most horrid enormities. The Australian colonies have been born in sin, and many ages must elapse before the stain is wiped out. Were the infant in the cradle, as is but too often the case, to fester with the diseases inherited from its debauched parents, it would be an apt illustration of the brilliant invention which transplanted crime into a soil yet better adapted than our own for its vigorous increase and continuation.

A REMINISCENCE OF AN ENGLISH WINTER.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th of January, 18—, the velocity coach had reached within a few stages of Liverpool from the metropolis. She was the quickest coach on the road, travelling at the rate of nine miles and a half in the hour, including stoppages. The weather had been raw and chilly, but it now appeared inclined to frost.—The travellers, who were four outside and three in, besides the guard and driver, began to wrap themselves up in additional coats and handkerchiefs. A slight snow came on, which lasted for about half an hour, and after it had ceased the frost became most intense.—I'll tell thee what, John, said the guard to the driver, this is going to be one o' t' hardest frosts we ever had. I think it be, indeed, replied the driver. It's very cold, very; said a very fat Yorkshire clothier, who sat behind the driver. You're right there, said his neighbour, a thin traveller in the worsted line. I wish I had a glass of brandy, said the next, a jolly rubicund person, whom Nature seemed to have designed for a publican, though he was only a sinner, in the shape of the manager of a strolling company. I would rather have a pipe, said the fourth, also sitting in the same row—a gruff sea-captain. At the end of the next stage the manager had his glass, and the captain his pipe, but worsted and cloth took nothing. About the middle of the stage following, the three insides (being of one family) got out and left the coach at a house by the road side, to which they belonged. The outsides were offered inside births till other insides came; but they all refused, on the ground of the cold which they would endure if compelled to turn out.

I'll tell thee what, John said the guard, as they arrived at the end of the stage, I never felt such a night as this is. I wish we may all get safe to Liverpool. Hoot, Hoot! said the driver, *I's* warrant us safe enough. The sea-captain employed himself before the coach set off again, in wrapping straw about his legs; an example speedily followed by the whole party. The guard asked if any one had particularly tight boots—because, he observed, your feet will swell, and nobody knows how you will get the boots off. It happened, however, that nobody had boots on but the guard himself. Be so good as waken that stout gentleman, said the guard; that gentleman with the nightcap on. There's nothing so dangerous as sleeping in frosty weather.—Egad I always like my bed best in frosty weather, observed the manager.—But not to sleep upon deck, growled the captain. The old clothier had put on a nightcap under his hat, and was sncring away as if already in a snug warm bed at Manchester. He was roused, and the worsted traveller undertook to keep him alive by the aid of his snuff-box. I'll trouble you for a pinch, Sir, said the driver. I believe I shall go to sleep myself if I don't take care. To whoo—to whoo—tereng—tereng—tereng, went the horn of the guard, who thought perhaps that was the most effectual way of preventing slumber. An I'll take one too, said the captain, till I can get a pipe—for I'll be *blowed* if I know whether my nose be on my face. He took a pinch, and sneezed loudly. I was going to ask for one, said the manager, but I do not know how I could feel it—for I have just lost the use of my right hand finger and thumb. Put them in your mouth said the sailor. If your's was wide enough, said the manager, I'd leap down your throat and stay there till we get to Manchester. O—o—oh! au! au! ya—a—a—au! said or rather uttered the clothier, spreading out his arms, and evidently desirous of once more slumbering. Take another pinch, exclaimed the traveller. The old clother did so and sneezed so powerfully, that he had like to have blown all the snuff out of the box.—for some time the coach proceeded in solemn silence, till the guard again blew, and set all the tongues a-going, but not quite with the celerity of the former conversation. The manager called for brandy whenever an opportunity of drinking a glass was offered to him, and the captain had his pipe. Mr. Thompson the worsted traveller thought it was not half so cold as the others imagined, and the clothier abused him for his opinion, and gave him as a proof of the state of the atmosphere that his (the clothier's) nightcap was frozen on his head, and that his whiskers were adhering to his shirt collar. Some slight and sleepy argument took place on the subject; but the truth of the matter was, that Mr. Thompson's extreme cold had already passed, and he was not wise enough to perceive that he could not possibly feel so intensely as before, because he was becoming benumbed.—About this time the horses suddenly stopped, and stood unmoved in the middle

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of the road. This aroused all parties. The guard got down and went to the heads of the fore-horses.

Guard.—Here's a man lying, but whether he's drunk or dead there's no seeing. Here he flapped his arms together to put something like circulation into his frame, but he succeeded so badly, that at length he concluded with the remark that both his legs and his arms were dead, and they must just do their work as well as they could without feeling. He seized the body as well as he could and laid it at the bottom of his own seat, and the driver gave a gentle flourish—as it were a mere wave of his whip, and off went the horses once more. But little curiosity was excited by this body.—Every one seemed to be too much absorbed in himself to pay any attention to what was going on around, and in a few minutes even the guard seemed to have forgotten the intended object of his humanity. All was now silent, save now and then the guard himself giving some faint notes from his horn, as if the music like that of the postillion's horn in the Baron Munchausen had stuck fast with the frost, and would come out of its own accord as soon as the frost should cease. A thought struck the guard that all were going to sleep, and he rubbed his eyes, as well as he could feel them, and shouted out—gentlemen, I'm afraid you are all going to sleep. Don't go to sleep I pray you, gentlemen; don't go to —ya—a—a—au! sleep. Its a —— oh dear!—ya—a—a—au!—very bad thing in frosty weather. And straight he fell sound asleep himself.

The gate about ten miles from Liverpool was wide open, and the coach went past without any stoppage, though it was usual there to water the horses. The man who was standing at the door of the gate house with his pails ready, observed that the cold weather would keep them from thirst, and he thought John the driver was wise in not giving them water in such an inclement season. He shut the door and went to bed.

The coach arrived at the Bull's-head at 11 o'clock at night. The waiter rushed out as usual and opened the coach door. There was no one inside. He shut the door again, and all was silent. Where was the driver? The drunken scoundrels, said he—the guard and he have had no passengers, and after making beasts of themselves, have fallen off the coach and let the horses bring it in of their own accord as it did once before. But he would bring a light and call his master—for the rascals must be trounced. He brought a light and his master, and there appeared the figures of guard and driver, and of the four passengers, sitting on the coach, but still all was silent. The waiter mounted the driver's box. There he was with the whip in his hand in the act of giving the last faint flourish after the man was found on the road.—The captain had his pipe in his mouth, and was holding it with his left hand, while he appeared to have been pressing the tobacco down with the fore finger of the right. The manager had a phial to his head which he had had filled with brandy, but it was now emptied, and he was just in the attitude in which he swallowed the *last* drop.—The worsted man—his last yarn spun out—was turning towards the clothier with his snuff box in his hand, just offering a pinch to the old boy, who was fixed in the position of sneezing, the petrifaction of sternutation. The guard (poor fellow) had his horn to his lips, and his cheeks were distended, as if at the very last he had been exerting himself to avert danger from the company. They were all stiff and irrecoverably dead. The man they had picked up had been apparently intoxicated, and had fallen in the middle of the road, and slept to drink no more. They were all buried in one grave, and old people are yet living who date their recollection of the severest frost they ever knew to what they denominate "the night of the Velocity."

DIVINES OF THE CAPE.—No. I.

(EXTRACTS FROM THEIR PUBLISHED WRITINGS.)

On the Duty of submission to Lawful Authority.

REV. GEO. HOUGH, M. A.

ACCORDING to the Politics of the Gospel, (if we may so express ourselves,) form the greatest security to all temporal jurisdiction, and are the most effectual means of rendering every man, within the bounds of his proper station and duty, useful to society and to Government. They recommend us to cultivate a principle of obedience to our legitimate rulers, under what class or denomination soever of constituted authority they be ranked, whether Kings, supreme,—or Governors, or Officers, or Magistrates. We are repeatedly and earnestly called upon to consider Government as the Ordinance or appointment of God, and the effect of His superintending Providence for the peace and benefit of mankind; and persons in sufficient and legal authority as His deputies; nor let the "presumptuous and self-willed," who "resist the power," suffer themselves to be deluded by the belief, that if they happen to escape the visitation of human justice, they are likewise secure from the Divine. The day will come, if not in this world, yet in another, when "the Lord shall render unto every man according to his deeds;" and, "he that hath done evil" in any department of life, or sphere of his duty, "shall receive for the evil that he hath done." By St. Paul, "every soul" is required to "be subject to the higher powers:" because, as he informs us, "there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God."

The Condition and Circumstances of a British Soldier. (By the same.)

ADDRESSED TO THE MILITARY.

IT might be demonstrated, that the condition and circumstances of a British Soldier, as such, are so far from impairing his natural advantages, or from placing him below the standard of comforts enjoyed by the great majority of his fellow-countrymen and subjects, that now, for a period of thirty years, more and more effectual provision has been made for *your* benefit than is, or in the existing state of things than can be furnished for any other class of English citizens. No soldier need be poor or cheerless. You are better off than the great bodies of men engaged in manufacturing or in agricultural employments: better off, perhaps, than two thirds of the whole English population: and incomparably better paid, better fed, better clothed, better lodged, and more humanely and beneficially treated, than any other Military Service of Europe.

Calvinism and Puritanism.

REV. E. J. BURROW, D. D.

IT would be deemed invidious, perhaps, and deserving of your strong displeasure, to point out, in the pages of history, the lamentable effects which have already ensued in this country, from the influence of Calvinistic doctrines and Puritanical separation.

The Past and the Future. (Ib.)

THE past is the mirror in which we are anxiously to observe the future. Little did the first Puritans, some of whom may be deserved to be ranked with the greatest ornaments of the Christian Church, little did they expect that their exhortations would even finally produce regicide and anarchy, blasphemy and murder; and would place the sovereign power of Church and State into the hands of a crafty designing hypocrite.

Criminal Virtue. (Ib.)

THERE is no virtue, which, if carried to an extreme, does not border on, or actually become a vice.

Baptismal Regeneration. (Ib.)

I believe that I am not asserting too much, when I affirm, that if Baptismal Regeneration is proved to be doctrine of our Liturgy, Offices, and Articles, then all that has been said of the Calvinistic tendency of the latter, must be deemed unsatisfactory and groundless. It will, I suppose, be admitted, that we may look for consistency between our Confessions of Faith and the Common Prayer Book If, therefore, the office for Baptism distinctly and solemnly declares that children are thereby regenerated, the Articles must be interpreted as to convey the same truth.

Opponents to the above Doctrine. (Ib.)

It seems almost unnecessary to prove, that the tenets of those writers to whom I have before referred, and whose works are most esteemed by the Evangelic Party, are uniformly and expressly opposed to the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.

Evangelical Doctrine.

REV. H. OKES, D. D.

THE necessity of more fully asserting the doctrine of the atonement, and of pointing out the value of Christ's sacrifice, was, perhaps, never more apparent than at the present period. To the neglect and obloquy with which this doctrine has been for a long time attended, may with some justice be attributed to the prevalence of deistical sentiments, and the fatal effects of which they have been productive. To preach Christ crucified, becomes the most important duty of the Christian Minister.

The Sabbath Day. (Ib.)

NEXT to idolatry, no sin is more reprobated than the violating the Sabbath Day. The day was blessed and sanctioned by the Almighty, previously to the institution of the ceremonial law under Moses. The observation of it, as a sacred day, was then renewed by a positive command.

The Christian Faith.

REV. J. ADAMSON, D. D.

WE echo the voice of triumph, when we find men holding the faith of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and rejoicing in its progress. We seek that every man, lofty, intellectual, and virtuous as he may be, should have it among the attributes which grace him. Being so, he is our brother, otherwise he is nothing. His mind is then to us a temple, in which God is not and cannot be. We care not for its symmetry or splendour. It may be to other men a storehouse of exhaustless wealth: we see in it, in its riches or its graces only a source of temptation to them. We seek that the Spirit should in his time, shake down its gates, that the King of Glory may enter and be the Ruler of its wealth We pray that all which in his mind, station, graces, affection, or influence of man opposes him, may fall prostrate as the world's idolatries and their glorious shrines and idols sink in ruin, by that moral earthquake, which our faith spread in its first diverging shock amid men's associations, when there came out Zion the Deliverer.

The efficacy of Christian Belief.

REV. J. PHILIP, D. D.

FROM the hour we believe in Christ, and feel the transforming efficacy of his sacrifice, death ceases to be any longer of a penal nature, and the curse is changed into a blessing. The things of time are now estimated in the light of Divine Truth; the glories of eternity are placed against the wealth and honor of the world: the fulness of joy which is in the presence of God, is contrasted with the momen-

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tary gratifications of sense; and the favour of God is valued above the friendship of the world.

The Schoolmaster abroad.

Before the days of Christ, the schoolmaster was to be found in the houses of the noble and of the great; but it was Christ who first sent the schoolmaster *abroad*, and it is Christianity which keeps him abroad.

Mahommedan Slave Proprietors.

REV. WM. WRIGHT, M.A.

I have already alluded to the noble example of giving freedom to their slaves, set by the Mohammedan proprietors at the Cape of Good Hope. I have also stated that the slaves of this persuasion have been at all times regularly married, although their marriages are not sanctioned by law. It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that in those laudable customs they are but obeying the precepts of their Prophet That extraordinary man having either imbibed much of the spirit of these sentiments, (although but imperfectly acquainted with the Scriptures of the New Testament,) or at least, having adopted them in his political wisdom, of which he possessed no small share, has fully sanctioned both the compulsory manumission principle, and the rights of marriage in the case of the slave, and has made them the subject of special rules.

The word "Methodist" Explained.

REV. W. J. SHREWSBURY.

THE name "Methodist" is perfectly harmless; though many are accustomed to associate with it a train of dismal ideas of heresy, schism, and rebellion; yea, the name has now become the most honorable appellation in the world, next to that of christian; but it is no longer confined to the people whose it is *by right*, but it is commonly applied to every man who "lives soberly, and godly, and righteously, in this present evil world." Every Church-of-England man, *who by the aid of grace tries to observe his baptismal vow*, is to all intents and purposes a Methodist; for, according to the true original application of the term, a Methodist is nothing more than *an improved Churchman*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I should not venture to trouble you with the following Observations on the Era of our Saviour's Crucifixion, if any Chronological Table already published, were found to harmonize with the account given by the Evangelists. The most approved Chronological Table is, probably, that of Dr. Doddridge, or that usually annexed to the quarto edition of the Bible, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, called the "Index to the Bible." Each of these, on the authority of Sir Isaac Newton, assigns the crucifixion of our Saviour to the 4746th year of the Julian Period, A. D. 33, at which period our Saviour must have been in his 37th year. Dr. Doddridge, in his Notes, states that St. John began to baptize in the 15th year of Tiberius, A. D. 26, reckoning from the time he was associated with Augustus, and supposes that our Saviour was baptized in the year following, when he "was thirty years of age and some odd months;" but, according to his Chronological Table, our Saviour was baptized A. D. 29, in the 33d year of his age, and the 15th of Tiberius, reckoning from the death of Augustus. Both Dr. Doddridge and the Bible Index make an interval of *four* years between the baptism of John, and the first Passover of our Saviour, which they place A. D. 30, when our Saviour was in his 34th year. But there appears to be no authority from the Scriptures for so long an interval. I shall endeavour to shew from the Scripture account of the Passover, that our Saviour could not have been crucified in the year assigned by Sir Isaac Newton.

How far these Observations may be suited to your Publication, I must leave you to determine.

H. O.—S. T. P.

Cape Town, Nov. 1832.

ON THE ERA OF THE CRUCIFIXION, AND ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT, ACCORDING TO THE PREDICTION OF THE PROPHET DANIEL.

Many Commentators, from misunderstanding the meaning of the word "Passover," as applied by St. John, have supposed that our Saviour ate the Paschal Lamb a day *before* the other Jews, and that he was crucified on the day when the Paschal Lamb was slain. It is probable that this is the foundation of the assumption of Sir Isaac Newton, who says in his Observations on Prophecy, (Book i. ch. 11th, pp. 144 and 168,) "I take it for granted, that the Passover was on Friday, the 15th day of the month Nisan," (i. e. on the day when the Paschal Lamb was slain,) "the great feast of the Passover, on Saturday, the 15th of Nisan, and the resurrection on the day following." Sir Isaac Newton having made this assumption, proceeded to determine the year of our Saviour's crucifixion, by calculating the time of the Paschal Full Moon for several successive years. According to his computation, the 14th of Nisan fell on a Friday, in the 4766th year of the Julian Period, April 3. He supposes that Jesus was crucified on the same day that the Paschal Lamb was eaten. But if what he has assumed be erroneous, his calculation cannot determine the year in which Christ suffered. I shall proceed by shewing, on the authority of the Scriptures, that the *Thursday* on which our Saviour ate the last Supper with his Disciples, was the day of the Paschal Full Moon, when the Paschal Lamb was killed; that in the year of our Lord's crucifixion, the 14th of Nisan fell, not on *Friday*, but on *Thursday*, and consequently, that our Saviour ate the Passover on the *legal* day, and was crucified on the day AFTER the Passover. The Paschal Lamb was killed on the fourteenth day of the first month, "between the two evenings," (Exodus, chap. xii. 6, marginal reading,) i. e. between three o'clock in the afternoon, and six o'clock. This day is named "the first day of unleavened bread." St. Mark says, "And the first day of unleavened bread, when they *killed the Passover*, his disciples said unto him, where wilt thou that we go and prepare, that thou mayest eat the Passover?" (Mark, ch. xiv. v. 12.) In St. Luke we read, "Then came the day of unleavened bread, when the *Passover must be killed*. And he sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the Passover, that we may eat." (Luke xxii. v. 7, 8.) That by the expression in these passages of "killing and eating the Passover," we must understand, killing and eating the Paschal Lamb, is evident from the words of our Saviour: "And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve disciples with him, and he said unto them, 'With desire, I have desired to *eat this Passover* with you *before* I suffer.'" (Luke xxii. v. 14, 15.) These passages of the Evangelists, fully prove that our Saviour ate the *Paschal Lamb* with his disciples, nor can we perceive any just reason to suppose that he did not eat it on the *legal* day, and on the same day with the other Jews. But the day on which he ate it, was on the day preceding his crucifixion, i. e. on the *Thursday*. The Paschal Full Moon must, therefore, have fallen, in the year of our Saviour's Passion, on *Thursday*, and not on Friday.

In support of the opinion that our Saviour did not eat the Passover with his disciples on the legal day, several passages have been quoted from St. John. The first is that which occurs in chap. xiii. in which our Saviour is represented as washing his disciples feet, but the argument deduced from this passage cannot be applied, for the supper here mentioned, is the same with that at Bethany, and has no reference to the last supper. The next passage occurs in St. John, ch. xviii. 28, according to which, the Jews, having led Jesus from Caiaphus to the Hall of Judgment, the Evangelist informs us, that they "themselves went not into the Judgment Hall, lest they should be defiled; *but that they might eat the Passover*." A third passage occurs in the chapter following, ch. xix. v. 14: "And it was the *preparation of the Passover, and about the sixth hour*." But as Dr. Lightfoot observes, these expressions respecting the Passover do not refer to the Paschal Lamb. By the *preparation* mentioned in St. John, are intended, the *sacrifices* made by fire for a burnt-offering, on the day *after* the Paschal Lamb had been slain. This OFFERING, which was made the day after the Paschal Lamb had been eaten, is also called the PASSOVER, as will appear by comparing Deuteronomy, chap. xvi. 2, and Numbers, chap. xxviii. 17. In Deuteronomy we read, "Thou shalt sacrifice the *Passover* unto the Lord thy God, of the *Flock* and of the *Herd*, seven days shalt thou eat unleavened bread." In the book of Numbers we read, "And in the *fourteenth* day of the first Month in the *Passover* of the Lord, and in the *fifteenth* day of this Month is the *Feast*. Seven days shall uncleaned bread be eaten. In the first day (i. e. on the fifteenth of the first month) shall be a holy Convocation, ye shall do no manner of work therein, but ye shall offer a *sacrifice* made by fire, for a burnt offering unto the Lord; two young *bullocks*, and one *ram*, and seven *lambs* of the first year." Thus it is evident from these passages, that Moses applies in the book of Deuteronomy, the word *Passover* to the sacrifice of the *flocks* and of the *herds*, i. e. as appears from the book of Numbers, to the sacrifice of the two *bullocks*, the *ram*, and the seven *lambs*. On the *fourteenth* day of the month Nisan, which is also called Abib, the Paschal lamb was slain; this was the day of the Paschal Full Moon. On the *fifteenth* day, the day on which our Saviour was crucified, was the *feast*, the day on which they were commanded to have an *holy convocation*, and to offer the *burnt-offering*. It was that they might not incapacitate themselves by any defilement, for eating of the *burnt-offering*, which, both by Moses and St. John, is called the *Passover*, that the priests and elders would not enter into the house of Pilate, who was a heathen.

Having thus shewn that our Saviour ate the Paschal Lamb on the *legal* day, and that he suffered on the day *after* the Passover, we must in the next place endeavour to determine the year, and the day of the month on which he suffered.

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Mr. Benson, from historical evidence, concludes in his work on the Chronology of Christ, that our Saviour was born in the 4709th year of the Julian Period. The same year is determined by Ferguson, in his Astronomy, (p. 394,) from the circumstance of Josephus having mentioned, (book xvii. ch. 8,) that there was an eclipse of the Moon at the time of Herod's last illness, "which eclipse, (says Ferguson,) appears by our Astronomical Tables, to have been in the year of the Julian Period 4710, March 13, at 3 hours past midnight. Now, as our Saviour must have been born some months *before* Herod's death, since, in the interval, he was carried into Egypt, the latest time in which we can fix the true era of his birth, is about the end of the 4709th year of the Julian Period." If we reckon thirty years from this period, it will bring us to the year J. P. 4739, which year coincides with the 15th year of Tiberius, reckoning from the year in which he was associated in the empire with Augustus, which event took place in the year A. D. 12, according to the best Chronologists. This account agrees with that of St. Luke, who refers the fifteenth year of Tiberius, and the time when Jesus himself was about thirty years of age, *to the same year*.

If we admit that our Saviour entered upon his public ministry immediately after his baptism, and that he was present at Jerusalem at the four following Passovers, his last Passover will fall A. D. 30, J. P. 4743, when he was between thirty-three and thirty-four years of age. But did the 14th of Nisan, i. e. the day on which the Paschal Lamb was slain, fall, in this year, on a Thursday? Mr. Ferguson, (p. 326 and 396,) without any reference to the crucifixion of our Saviour, has calculated that the Passover, A. D. 30, happened April 6th, at 25' 2" after eight in the evening, which day is proved by his Tables to have been on a *Thursday*, (p. 404.) We may therefore conclude, with some degree of confidence, that this was the year in which our Saviour suffered; that he ate the Passover with his disciples *Thursday*, April 6th; that he was crucified *Friday*, April 7th; that he rose from the dead, *Sunday*, April 9th, and ascended into Heaven, *Thursday*, May 18th.

It may be further remarked, that A. D. 30, J. P. 4743, the year in which Christ was crucified, coincides exactly with the middle year of the last of the seventy weeks mentioned by Daniel (ch. ix. 25-27,) for if we subtract 69 weeks of years, and 4 years, i. e. 487 years from 4743, the remainder will be J. P. 4256, or the year 457 before Christ, according to the vulgar era; in which year a commission was given to Ezra, by Artaxerxes Longimanus, to restore and re-build Jerusalem, (Ezra, ch. vii. 11.)

According to the Prophet Daniel, Messiah was to be cut off after seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks, i. e. after 483 years, and in "the midst" of the last week he was to cause the sacrifice to cease. If, by "the midst," we are to understand the *middle year* of the last week, which appears to be the natural meaning, the year decided for the crucifixion of Christ presents a most satisfactory and exact completion of the Prophecy of Daniel.

To illustrate the preceding observations, a short Chronological Table is annexed; from the inspection of which it will appear that our Saviour was baptized, according to St. Luke's account, when he was about thirty years of age, and in the 15th year of Tiberius; that, agreeably to the opinions of the most celebrated Harmonists and Commentators, he was present at four Passovers, and that the *Thursday* on which he ate the Passover with his disciples, being the day of the Paschal Full Moon, was the *legal* day. Moreover, the expression of St. John respecting the eating of the Passover, in reference to the offerings that were made on the day after the Paschal Lamb had been slain, has been shewn to be supported by the authority of Moses.

Thus the statements of the Sacred Writers harmonize with each other, without any forced interpretation or gratuitous assertion; the dates of our Saviour's birth, baptism, and crucifixion, are in unison with the relations they have given, and the year and day assigned for the last Supper of our Lord, correspond with astronomical calculation.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

Julian Period.	Vulgar Era. B.C.	True Year of C.	Year of Tiberius.	The Son of Man goeth as it is written of him! Matt. xxvi. 24.
4256	457			From this year the 70 weeks, or 490 years of Daniel are computed. (Ezra vii. 8.)
4709	5			True year of birth of J. C. towards the end.
4710	4	1		J. C. completes his first year.
4711	3	2		Herod dies after the birth of Christ. (Matt. ii.)
4712	2	3		
4713	1	4		Jesus born, Dec. 25th, according to Vulgar Era.
	A.D.			
4714	1	5		V. Era commences from the circumcision.
4721	8	12		Jesus questions the Doctors. (Luke ii. 42.)
4725	12	16	I.	Tiberius co-partner with Augustus.
4728	15	19	IV.	Augustus dies, Aug. 19.
4739	26	30	XV.	John baptizes, (Luke iii.) Jesus baptized. Last week of Daniel commences. (Dan. ix. 27.)
4740	27	31	XVI.	1 First Passover.
4741	28	32	XVII.	2 Second Passover.
4742	29	33	XVIII.	3 Third Passover.
4743	30	34	XIX.	4 Fourth Passover. Christ crucified in the middle year of the last week.
4744	31	35	XX.	5 Fifth year of Daniel's last week.
4745	32	36	XXI.	6 Sixth year.
4746	33	37	XXII.	7 Last year of Daniel's seventy weeks. 457 *pl.* 33=490 yrs. and 4746—4256=490 years.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—It was delightful to me upon my arrival here, to find a Work in vogue so instructive as that of your valuable Miscellany; but, Sir, without derogating from its merits, may I suggest to your Correspondents, that somewhat of that light entertainment we meet with in your co-temporary Literary Gazette of England, is very gratifying; and, to a man of business, when his avocations are finished, or after the man of leisure has been perusing with study the depth of thought shewn by some of your abstruse metaphysical inquiries, I repeat, Mr. Editor, how delightful it must be to either to meet with something light,—some trait of character, for instance, such as, from its simplicity and delicacy of expression, I have taken the liberty of forwarding for insertion.

COLLATOR.

Cape Town, 17th Nov.

THE WIFE.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of the man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependance, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comfort and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sun-shine, will, when the hardy plank is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its carressing tendrills, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature; tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children; if you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And indeed I have often observed that a married man falling into adversity, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessity of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearment, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home of which he is the monarch; whereas the single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion for want of an inhabitant. There is in every woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad day-light of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams and blazes, in the dark and solemn hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is! No man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her, through the fiery trials of the world!!

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ON COFFEE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—As there appears in the Literary Gazette an invitation for any information on the subject of Coffee, I beg leave to offer a few remarks. In the first place, be careful that your water boils, which done, pour one pint to two or three ounces of *Mocha Coffee*, and let it stand by the side of the fire for about five minutes, so as to extract the essence of the berry; when the grounds are settled, pour it into the vessel you intend to bring to table; let your milk be boiled, and fill the cups three parts with coffee, and the remainder with milk; if loaf sugar be used the better. By following these directions, you will have a cup of most delicious coffee.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
C. HIND, No. 8, Plein-street.
13*th Nov.* 1832.

PRINCIPIA RERUM NATURALIUM.

(Translated from the Latin.)

BY PHILOCHRESTOS, FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

(Continued from Page 395, *Vol.* 2.)

I have said before, that man is formed by education and exercise, and that the organs that mediate between the senses and the mind, are fashioned by continual culture, without which culture and exercise, those organs would be closed, and then man would be like a brute. The slowness of man's progress from infancy to manhood, contribute in a most important and essential manner, to the forming and opening of such organs or motions in the most subtile membranes; besides the construction of the brain itself. For we do not grow up in less than fifteen or twenty years, or more, whilst the larger, more robust, and muscular animals, arrive at maturity in between three and five years; and during the time of adolescence, our organs are yielding and soft. like wax, which enables them to receive the natural and simple motion of the elementary world, and to accommodate it to themselves in a gradual and orderly manner, so that the vestiges and elements, or figures and diversities, of the motions they are exposed to, whilst they acquire hardness, can be fashioned in them. The reason is, because whilst the surrounding parts are fitted to each other, and increase in size, they grow hard by degrees. If, therefore, during this interval, the parts, which as yet are weak, tender, and easily affected, be agitated by perpetual and long-continued motions, their tender texture being thus constantly moved and agitated for a long time, and always acquiring finer during its growth and expansion, is rendered pliant and yielding to the innumerable different motions of this description. But on the other hand, if an animal arrive sooner at maturity, and its parts be interchangeably arranged before they are accustomed to such motions, they must be rendered more rigid, and become in a manner callous; whence the more subtile parts, and those which approximate to the most simple, afterwards yield with difficulty to the motions impressed on them, and afford no passage through them but what is gross and obscure, as if the impressed motion had to pass through a thick coat; for the greater rigidity and thickness of the coat of the organs and membranes, renders them less obedient to subtile tremors. In proportion, therefore, as an animal is longer in arriving at maturity and the full tension of its parts, the passage to its most subtile principles or organs may be rendered more open, and the coats of its membranes and parts will be thinner, more obedient to the motions impressed on them, and branching out into more numerous ramifications; consequently, the animal itself will become more perfect, provided the means capable of perfecting him be employed; which consist, as was said before, in perpetually calling his parts and faculties into use, cultivation, and motion, by means of education.

But although we acquire wisdom by experience alone, it does not therefore follow that they are the wisest who are the most experienced, or who retain a great deal in their memory; but I affirm, that they are capable of becoming wise, and that experience is the medium which leads to wisdom. For experience, considered merely by itself, is science, and not wisdom; it is the threshold and entrance by which wisdom may be approached. He is only in the first degree of wisdom, who is possessed of scientific knowledge, and is merely skilled in experiment; for such a person is only acquainted with what is posterior, and is ignorant of what is prior; thus his wisdom does not extend beyond the organs of the senses, and is unconnected with reason; when, nevertheless, true wisdom embraces both. In the state of ignorance in which we live, experiment is a kind of phantom, a mere effigy, which simulates the appearance of wisdom. At this day, they are reputed the most wise, who are most experienced, or most versed in experiment, by making a display of which they are immediately regarded as persons of acute judgment and refined perception; and the more so, if they are possessed of eloquence and an harmonious series and connection of language; and still more so, if they know how to tickle and captivate the ears of their auditors, by a sweetness and melody of voice and accent. But they alone arrive at the goal of true wisdom, who not only possess the greatest store of experience, but have also their organs so formed and disposed, from the senses even to the soul, by means of exercise, and so well and closely connected and arranged, that they can adduce from their treasures of experience whenever there is occasion, such instances, and such only, as are adapted to the present case and opportunity; by the similitude, analysis, and comparison of which, they are enabled to reason distinctly, and to arrive even at the causes of the subject of inquiry, or at the things antecedent and prior to it, by a chain of argument. But experience taken by itself, as was said before, is not wisdom. A painter who is possessed of colours and dyes, and can draw lines with them, is not therefore master of his profession; nor is a mere manufacturer of instruments capable, on that account, of touching the strings of the harp with harmony and skill. He who possesses an ostentatious number of books, is not necessarily a man of learning, nor does he, for that reason, deserve the laurel crown, for his wit may very probably be of the dullest and grossest kind. Or, to consider the matter nearer and more interiorly, the historian who has turned over a multitude of books, and has learnt from them the fates and vicissitudes of former ages, and the lives and exploits of all the heroes, is not on that account wise, and worthy of being raised to the chair of state; that is, he is not, from that circumstance alone, an able member of the commonwealth, and more deserving than others to be seated at the helm. He ought to have the events and transactions of former times so arranged, by means of his organs and the various chambers of his memory, as to be able, on every occurrence, to refer to such historical circumstances as are most similar and analagous to the case in hand, and these, and no others ought, as if spontaneously, to offer themselves to his recollection. Nor is he even then wise, unless he has previously penetrated, by means of a national philosophy, into the causes and principles of things, in order that he may afterwards be able to reason respecting present subjects, from causes and principles, or from reason and *à*

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priori, and to form more certain conclusions by means of a connected chain of inferences; and, having his counsels derived from such a source, that he may always be able, by the timely adoption of proper measures, to provide for the welfare of the state.

Hence it follows, that he who retains all the natural experience of the world laid up in the store-house of memory, is not on that account a philosopher, and capable of knowing the causes of things, and of reasoning *à priori*; to do which he must know how to digest all things analytically, by means of geometry and rational philosophy; and must possess the faculty of reasoning philosophically, which consists in the situation and figure of the organs, as connected with the rational faculty, by continual cultivation and use. It is thus that a man may first become a philosopher, may be enabled to penetrate into the causes of things, and afterwards, from causes, to speak by means of experience or experiment.

Hitherto we have treated of the first medium leading to philosophical wisdom, or the knowledge of the mechanic or organic world: we now proceed to the next.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THIS veteran publication is now in the hundredth year of its monthly career The symptoms of old age appear in some late exhibitions of querulous captiousness. He is very indignant at the late Parliamentary measures, and tirades with some vehemence against Byronism, Calvinism, and many other *isms*. In a review of *A Clergyman's Recreation or Sacred Thoughts in Verse*, we find in the old "*Gentleman's*" last, as follows:

"The reading world has been so long accustomed to feast, like children, on the "hot spiced ginger-bread all hot," of Byron's Banditti-Muse, and lounge over the witty but profligate pages of Don Juan, or the more decorous but not less enervating, "Loves of the Angels," and other intellectual *bijouterie* of *Little* Moore, that an author, whose harp resounds only to the songs of Zion, must expect to find himself unheeded by a multitude that is devoted to vanity."

Now, this critique is all well enough, but in the very next page there is a review of *Select Christian Authors with introductory Essays*. And we find tolerable good proof that Byron and Moore do *not* possess that general suffrage which the Reviewer had just before attributed to them.

Upwards of sixty-one volumes in prose and verse have appeared, being a selection of approved christian authors. "So large a reprint speaks highly for the present age." These are the Reviewer's own words. To these volumes we find the following contributors as introductory Essayists: Chalmers, Gordon, Wilberforce, Daniel, Wilson, Erskine, Foster, Simeon, Young, Brown, Andrew Thomson, James Montgomery, Wardlow, J. P. Smith, and Watson.

As it respects *Calvinism*, "so convinced are the Bishops," observes the Gentleman's Magazine, (page 337, Sept.) "of its irrational blasphemies, palpable absurdities, and pernicious effects, that they will not ordain, nor the Divinity Professors in our Univerities grant certificate, (or we believe) allow the attendance at their lectures or candidates for holy orders, who do not abjure Calvinism!! Calvin was in fact, no more than an unblushing impostor." One more *ism* from the same gentlemanly authority, and we have done. "*Presbyterianism* was a Jesuistical stratagem of John Calvin, intended to place society completely under the denomination of a republic of priests. For the *effectuation* of this pernicious scheme, John Knox infuriately advocated sacrilege! felony!! persecution!!! and even assassination!!!!"

MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES.

A new Volume, the third, has just appeared, and is by no means devoid of interest. The Duchess is a warm admirer of the character of the late Mr. Fox. She relates the following anecdote of that extraordinary man:*

Amongst the creditors of Mr. Fox, was one possessed of a bill of exchange, signed by him, which he could not get cashed.

This man called on Mr. Fox regularly three times a week, to demand the three hundred guineas due to him. The valet of the honourable debtor answered as regularly, that the master had no money, and the creditor retired in despair, for he was really in need. At length one morning he arrived, determined on forcing through all impediments, and speaking to Mr. Fox himself. The valet gave him the accustomed answer, but the creditor, who heard in an adjoining room the clinking of coin, took his resolution, hastily gained an opposite door, opened it, and found himself in the very presence of Mr. Fox, who was counting and ranging before him in rouleaus several hundred guineas. He did not exhibit the slightest embarrasment on perceiving his creditor, and listened with perfect composure to his opening observation:

"It appears, Sir, that no impossibility obstructs the payment of my bill. I am rejoiced to find you in so much better circumstances than your valet represented."

"You are under a mistake, my dear Sir, said Mr. Fox, I have not ten guineas at my own disposal. You must wait a luckier chance."

"You are certainly jesting, Sir."

And the creditor pointed with his eye and his finger to the sum of eight hundred guineas spread upon the table before him; it was sufficiently visible, partly in bank notes and partly in gold.

"This money is not mine," said Mr. Fox, "it is destined this very morning, before noon, to liquidate a debt of honour, a sacred debt."

"And yet, Sir, I doubt whether the claims you are about to satisfy are of as long standing as mine. Consider that you have been more than three years indebted to me for this sum which I advanced to you without interest."

"Oh!" answered Mr. Fox, smiling, "the creditor I am about to satisfy cannot certainly dispute with you the priority of claim, for I have been his debtor a few hours only——But," added he with more seriousness, "it is a debt of honour, and you know such debts cannot be deferred beyond four and twenty hours."

The creditor did not understand the meaning of a debt of honour in the acceptation of the gay world, till Mr. Fox explained it.

"I lost last night this sum of eight hundred guineas to Sheridan upon the simple security of my honour. If any accident should befal me before I had paid it what resource would he have? You have at least my bill, my signature; and my family would not fail to redeem it."

The honest man listened to the man of the world with a troubled countenance.

"So," said he at length, "the name of Charles Fox attached to this bill of exchange is the reason that same Charles Fox refuses to cancel the debt? Well then!" added he, tearing the paper to pieces, "now my debt is also a debt of honour, for I have no longer your security for its payment, and I have the advantage of priority over the creditor of last night."

Mr. Fox had witnessed the man's proceeding with an astonishment that may be easily conceived, his was a nature promptly susceptible of the impressions inspired by generosity and confidence. This creditor had judged him aright; he took three hundred guineas from the table, and presenting them, said—

"I thank you for your reliance upon me: here is your money. Sheridan must wait for the completion of his. Adieu, once more I thank you for trusting to my honour."

* Not altogether new to many of our readers, but very important to those who are ignorant of *the law of honour* in this colony.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

RECEIPTS FOR IMPROVING THE MEMORY. Several writers on Mnemonics have given medical precepts for strengthening the memory. Wholesome air is accounted a great requisite; exercise in delightful places is recommended; bathing the feet in decoctions of camomile; eating particular meats, as the brains of sparrows, hares, and rabbits; and a breakfast consisting of twelve raisins, without drink of any kind. Frequent prayer, and the daily habit of combing the hair backward, while fasting, are very beneficial to memory. The supper should be larger than the dinner—(which we should think very necessary, if the dinner consisted of sparrows' brains, and the breakfast of a dozen raisins);—meals should be taken at regular seasons, and the patient or student,—whichever we may consider him,—should be careful to shut his chamber window at bed-time, and to avoid sleeping under the moon beams. One writer recommends the refraining from too much sleep, from sleeping in the day-time, or 'upon the noddle of the head.' Various medicaments are prescribed; among others, the shavings of ivory taken in a little wine in the morning, and a grain of white frankincense in a draught of some liquid, at bed time, &c. It is good to anoint the back part of the head with oil of mustard-seed, or to apply to it a plaster made of certain flowers, leaves, and spices. Very much more has been said on the subject, than we have room to quote; but one prescription, as likely, perhaps, to be efficient, as any that have been recorded, is Dr. Johnson's, who recommended a kick on the shins. A more gentle nature might have prescribed a more agreeable and not less powerful remedy for a bad memory; but, this, like other complaints, will probably require different treatment, according to the constitution of the patient.—(*Calcutta Literary Gazette*)

UTILITY OF DULLNESS.—Dull, timid, and weak men are, as it were, the cement of society. The mortar which serves to connect and bind together the more valuable parts of the great

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fabric. They are, like their supposed prototype, an indispensable part of a superstructure; a sort strifling negative series of particles, which, however worthless in themselves, cannot be done without.—They are the seasoning of society—somewhat liberally springled, to be sure. They give a *gout* and flavour to the social circle, which even attic salt cannot impart. Paradoxical as it may appear, they are the finest possible breaks in the continuity of mere liveliness, and converse would actually become *tame* without them.—A dull uniformity would prevail; and we all know by experience, that nothing palls so much as unvaried sprightliness, unshaded mirth, and unrelieved brilliancy. Deathlike dullness itself is not so tiresome and fatiguing. When a boy, I have often made fireworks:—once in compounding a set of squibs I forgot to mix up with positives of saltpetre and gunpowder the negative of pounded charcoal; and in firing them off, each consisted of but one explosion, bright no doubt, but transient also and dangerous withal; while the squibs which were rightly mixed up were both bright, sparkling too, and much more lasting;—besides they did not scorch me. Dull men are then, to Society what charcoal is to squibs.—[We extract this from a very agreeable volume, composed of short pieces in verse and prose, called the *Chameleon*.]

"*A little Learning is a dangerous Thing*."—Then make it greater. No learning at all is surely the most dangerous thing in the world; and it is fortunate that, in this country at least, it is a danger which cannot possibly exist. After all, learning is acquired knowledge, and nothing else. A man who can read his Bible has a little learning; a man who can only plough or dig, has less; a man who can only break stones on the road, less still, but he has some. The savages in one of the islands in the South Sea, stood with great reverence round a sailor who had lighted a fire to boil some water in a saucepan; but as soon as the water began to boil, they ran away in an agony of terror. Compared with the savages, there is no boy in Europe, of the age of ten years, who may not be called learned. He has acquired a certain quantity of practical knowledge in physics; and, as this knowledge is more than instinct, it is learning; learning which differs in degree only from that which enables a chemist to separate the simple metals from soda or potash.

The geographer Malte Brun remarks, that in many cities of the United States, that which is called a mob scarcely exists. Now it will be found that in these cities education has been unstintedly bestowed upon all classes, down to the very lowest.—*(Penny Magazine.)*

THE VALUE OF A PENNY.

It is an old saying, that, "a pin a day is a groat a year," by which homely expression some wise man has intended to teach thoughtless people the value of small savings. We shall endeavour to show the value of a somewhat higher article, though a much despised one,—we mean a penny.

Pennies, like minutes, are often thrown away because people do not know what to do with them. Those who are economists of time, and all the great men on record have been so, take care of the minutes, for they know that a few minutes well applied each day will make hours in the course of a week, and days in the course of a year; and in the course of a long life they will make enough of time, if well employed, in which a man may by perseverance have accomplished some work, useful to his fellow-creatures, and honourable to himself.

Large fortunes, when gained honestly, are rarely required in any other way than by small savings at first; and savings can only be made by habits of industry and temperance. A saving man, therefore, while he is adding to the general stock of wealth, is setting an example of those virtues on which the very existence and happiness of society depend. There are saving people who are misers, and have no one good quality for which we can like them. These are not the kind of people of whom we are speaking; but we may remark that a miser, though a disagreeable fellow while alive, is a very useful person when dead. He has been compared to a tree, which, while it is growing, can be applied to no use, but at last furnishes timber for houses and domestic utensils. But a miser is infinitely more useful than a spendthrift, a mere consumer and waster, who, after he has spent all his own money, tries to spend that of other people.

Suppose a young man, just beginning to work for himself, could save one penny a day; and we believe there are few unmarried young workmen who could not do this. At the end of a year he would have 1*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.*, which he could safely deposit in a savings' bank, where it would lie safely with some small addition for interest, till he might want it. After five years' savings, at the rate of a penny a day, he would have between 8 and 9*l.*, which it is very possible he might find some opportunity of laying out to such advantage as to establish the foundation of his future fortune. Who has not had the opportunity of feeling some time in his life how advantageously he could have laid out such a sum of money, and how readily such a sum might have been saved by keeping all the pennies and sixpences that had been thrown away? Such a sum as 8*l.* or 9*l.* would enable a man to emigrate to Canada, where he might, by persevering industry, acquire enough to purchase a piece of land; and, if blessed with moderate length of life, he might be the happy cultivator of his own estate.

Eight pounds would enable a mechanic, who had acquired a good character for sobriety and skill, to furnish himself on credit with goods and tools to five or six times the amount of his capital; and this might form the foundation of his future fortune.

It often happens that a clever and industrious man may have the opportunity of bettering his condition by removing to another place, or accepting some situation of trust; but the want of a little money to carry him from one place to another, the want of a better suit of clothes, or some difficulty of that kind, often stands in the way. Eight pounds would conquer all these obstacles.

It may be said that five years is too long a time to look forward to. We think not. Britain is full of examples of men who have risen from beginnings hardly more than the savings of a penny, through a long course of persevering industry, to wealth and respectability. And we believe there is hardly a condition, however low, from which a young man of good principles and unceasing industry may not elevate himself.

But suppose the penny only saved during one year; at the end of it the young man finds he has got 1*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* Will he squander this at the ale-house, or in idle dissipation, after having had the virtue to resist temptation all through the year? We think not. This 1*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* may perform a number of useful offices. It may purchase some necessary implement, some good substantial article of dress, some useful books, or if well laid out, some useful instruction in the branch of industry which is his calling. It may relieve him in sickness, it may contribute to the comfort of an aged father, it may assist the young man in paying back some part of that boundless debt which he owes to the care and tender anxiety of a mother, who has lived long enough to feel the want of a son's solicitude. Finally, however disposed of at the end of the year, if well disposed of, the penny saved will be a source of genuine satisfaction. The saving of it during the year has been a daily repetition of a virtuous act, which near the end of the year we have little doubt will be confirmed into a virtuous habit.

Suppose a dozen young men, who are fond of reading, were to contribute a penny a week to a common stock: at the end of the year they would have 2*l.* 12*s.* This sum judiciously laid out, would purchase at least twelve volumes of really useful books, varying in price from three to four shillings, besides allowing some small sum for the person who took care of them and kept the accounts. Another year's saving would add another twelve volumes; and in five years the library might contain sixty volumes, including a few useful books of reference, such as dictionaries, maps, &c.—an amount of books, if well chosen, quite as much as any one of them would be able to study well in his leisure hours.

But suppose the number of contributors were doubled or trebled, the annual income would then amount to 5*l.* 4*s.*, or 7*l.* 16*s.*, for which sum they could certainly procure as many useful books as they could possibly want. There might be some difficulty in the choice of books, as it is not always easy to know what are good and what are bad. Do you intend doing so? At present we will merely suggest what *classes* of books might gradually find admission into such a library. There are now good practical and cheap treatises on the principles of many of the branches of industry which are followed by mechanics—such as books on the elements of geometry and measuring of surfaces and solids; on arithmetic; on chemistry, and its application to the useful arts, &c, lives of persons distinguished for industry and knowledge; descriptions of foreign countries, compiled from the best travels; maps on a pretty large scale, both of the heaven and of different parts of the earth: such books as these, with an English dictionary, a gazetteer, and some periodical work, would form a uselul library, such as in a few years might be got together.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the good things that a penny will purchase; and as to all the bad things, they are not worth enumerating. But there is one which we cannot omit mentioning. A penny will buy a pennyworth of brandy or wine, and a man may spend it daily without thinking himself the worse for it. But as every penny saved tends to give a man the habit of saving pennies, so every penny spent in liquor, tends to cause him to spend more. Thus the saver of the penny may at the end of the year be a healthy reputable person, and confirmed economist with 1*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* in his pocket: the spender may be an unhealthy, ill-looking, worthless fellow; a confirmed drinker, with nothing in his pocket except unpaid bills.

We wish it were in our power to impress strongly on the working people of every kingdom, how much happiness they may have at their command by small savings. They are by far the most numerous part of the community; and it is by their condition that the real prosperity of the country should be estimated; not by the few who live in affluence and splendour. Hard as the condition of the working classes often is, are they not yet aware that by industry, frugality, and a judicious combination of their small resources, they can do more to make themselves happy, than anybody else can do for them? *(Ib.)*

DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

The great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and therby made himself a better and a happier man:—

Temperance.	Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.
Silence. . .	Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
Order. . . .	Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
Resolution. .	Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

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Frugality. . Make no expense, but do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry. . . Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

Sincerity. . . Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice. . . . Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation. Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness. . Suffer no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Tranquillity. Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

Humility. . Imitate Jesus Christ.

The same great man likewise drew up the following plan for the regular employment of his time; examining himself each morning and evening as to what he had to do, what he had done, or left undone; by which practice he was better able to improve his future conduct:—

Morning. *Hours.*

To question, What good shall I do today?

6 Rise, wash, and address Almighty God! contrive the day's business, and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study; and breakfast.
7
8
9
10 Work.
11
12
1 Read or look over my accounts
2 and dine.
3
4
5 Work.
6
7

Evening. *Hours.*

The question, What good have I done today? what have I left undone which I ought to have done?

8 Put things in their places; amusement;
9 supper; examination
10 of the day; address the Almighty.
11
12
1
2 Sleep.
3
4
5

A steady perseverance in *some plan* for the arrangement of our time, adapted to circumstances, cannot fail improving our general conduct in life, and rendering us better members of society, and better Christians.

WONDERFUL ROBERT WALKER.

Wonderful Robert Walker, as he is still called in the district of the country where he resided, was curate of Seathwaite, in Cumberland, during two thirds of last century. The fullest account that has appeared of Mr. Walker is that given in the notes to his series of sonnets entitled "The River Doddon," by Mr. Wordsworth. From this memoir it appears that Walker was born in the parish of Seathwaite, in 1709; that, being of delicate constitution, it was determined by his parents, whose youngest child he was, to breed him a scholar; and that accordingly he was taught the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic by the clergyman of the parish, who also officiated as schoolmaster. He afterwards contrived to acquire a knowledge of the classics; and becoming in this manner qualified for taking holy orders, was ordained, and appointed to the curacy of his native parish, which was at this time (about the year 1735,) of the value of five pounds per annum. On obtaining possession of this living, Walker married,—his wife bringing him what he calls himself, in one of his letters, a fortune of forty pounds. About twenty years after Walker's entrance upon his living, we find its value, according to his own statement, increased only to the amount in all of seventeen pounds ten shillings. At a subsequent period it received a further augmentation, to what amount is not stated; but it was not considerable. Before this Mr. Walker had declined to accept the adjoining curacy of Ulpha, to be held, as proposed by the bishop, in conjunction with that of Seathwaite, considering, as he says himself, that the annexation "would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." Yet at this time he had a family of eight or nine children. One of his sons he afterwards maintained at the college of Dublin till he was ready for taking holy orders. He was, like his predecessors in the same cure, schoolmaster as well as clergyman of his parish; but "he made no charge," says his biographer, "for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased." His hospitality to his parishioners every Sunday was literally without limitation; he kept a plentiful table for all who chose to come. Economical as he was, no act of his life was chargeable with any thing in the least degree savouring of avarice; on the contrary, many parts of his conduct displayed what in any station would have been deemed extraordinary disinterestedness and generosity. Finally, at his death, in 1802, he actually left behind him no less a sum than two thousand pounds.

There is in all this, as Mr. Wordsworth remarks, something so extraordinary as to make some explanatory details necessary. These we shall give in his own words:—"And to begin," says he, "with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the alter, the communion-table was his desk; and like Shenstone's school-mistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Entrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs he acted in his rustic neighbourhood as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c. with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours, at all times considerable, at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this part of the country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden, also, was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance: with this pastoral occupation he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own, which was less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required, was performed by himself. He also assisted his neighbours in haymaking and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service, he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with the present of a haycock, or a fleece, less as a recompence for this particular service, than as a general acknowledgment. The sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scriptures, and family prayers. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in works of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a newspaper, or sometimes with a magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given, was there known; in the latter part of his life indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remained a few years ago neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisting of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in fat. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were, perhaps, produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and the cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried for winter provision; the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes. By these various resources this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family; not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life, but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society."

All this is a striking example of what assiduity and perseverance will do in any pursuit. But with all his industry of another description, Mr. Walker did not find it impossible to nourish and exercise also his mental powers. "It might have been concluded," his biographer proceeds, "that no one could thus, as it were, have converted his body into a machine of industry for the humblest uses, and kept his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and when to the direct cultivation of the mind so small a portion of time was allotted? But in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled; his conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office; the poor and needy 'he never sent empty away'; the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale; the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness, which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues sel-

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dom separated in his own conscience from religious obligations."

What may be deemed out of character, we may merely add, in some of the occupations in which this excellent clergyman was wont to employ himself, ought to be judged of with a reference both to the times in which he was born and grew up, and to the simple and sequestered population among whom it was his lot to pass his life. "Had he lived," says Mr. Wordsworth justly, "at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely different effects."

FREE TRADE.

The whole increase of British tonnage from 1821-2-3 to 1830-1, is 605,523.* Of this increase there has been in

Northern Europe	284,877
Southern Europe	64,193
United States of America	35,324
To these we may add, for the Foreign West Indies, and Continental Colonies	22,235
With the inconsiderable exception of our possessions in the Mediterranean, the whole of this is strictly foreign trade, in the sense of the North-American reviewer; and the *total increase*, on an average of the last two years, *of British shipping employed in foreign trade, since the adoption of "the new system," is*	†406,929
Now let us take the countries with which our trade is chiefly with our own possessions, as	
Asia†	30,684
Africa	43,095
British Northern Colonies	101,128
British West Indies	14,296
Channel Islands	28,435
Increase upon the trade with our own possessions	§217,638
	624,267
Deduct, decrease upon whale fishery,	18,744
Total increase of British shipping in foreign and colonial trade	605,523

The whole increase of foreign tonnage from 1821-2-3 to 1830-1, is ¶333,913. Of this increase there has been in

Northern Europe	241,723
Southern Europe	19,250
United States of America	67,841
To these we may add, for the Foreign West Indies, and Continental Colonies	3,486
Asia	119
Channel Islands	1,528
	333,947
Deduct, decrease upon Africa	34
	333,913

* 1821-2-3 1,668,106
1830-1 2,273,629
being an increase of 605,523

† 1821-2-3 836,599
1830 1 1,243,228
being an increase of 406,629

‡ Our trade with China is a foreign trade, and so are other branches of trade with Asia and Africa; but we are content to exclude them from the foreign account, partly as inconsiderable, and partly as being, in a great measure, independent of the new arrangements.

§ 1821-2 3 778,088
1830-1 995,726
being an increase of 217,638

¶ 1821-2-3 482,801
1830-1 816,714
being an increase of 333,913

WAR! WAR!

The "Press" may take courage from the fact, that the freest nations have ever been the most warlike, and the most sedulous and unremitting in the organization and maintenance of a competent armed force.—(*United Service Journal*)

AN EXTRACT FROM CAMPBELL'S LAST LAY.

——— We hold the Rights of Man too dear,
To bless ourselves, with lonely freedom blest;
But could we hope, with sole and selfish breast,
To breathe untroubled Freedom's atmosphere.
Suppose we wished it? England could not stand
A lone oasis in the desert ground
Of Europe's Slavery—from the waste around
Oppression's fiery blast and whirling sand
Would reach and scathe us! No; it may not be,
BRITANNIA and the WORLD, conjointly, must be free!

Laconism.—The martinet always values the soldier most for that dullness which classes him nearest the mere animal machine.

Decision of Character.—Sir Charles seems to quibble, and dally, and palliate, and temporize. It is better in politics to decide badly, but to decide, than to vacillate. The one course ensures the statesman the respect of mankind, the other its derision.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE AMERICAN MOCKING BIRD.

THE Mocking bird (Turdus polyglótus) seems to be the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and, besides the fullness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle. Pennant tells us that he heard a caged one, in England, imitate the mewing of a cat and the creaking of a sign in high winds. The Hon. Daines Barrington says, his pipe comes the nearest to our nightingale, of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far excels Pennant and Barrington as the bird excels his fellow-songsters. Wilson tells that the ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tone of the woodthrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods, on a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor, for the others seem merely as inferior accompaniments. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally expressed with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour, for at an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his wings and his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music, and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstacy, he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; he bounds aloft, as Bartram says, with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recal his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill; each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with great accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary, and of the red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose to injure his song. His imitations of the brown thrush are often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their night excursions, know that the moon is rising the instant they begin to hear his delightful solo.

Age of Sheep.—The age of sheep may be known by examining the front teeth. They are eight in number, and appear during the first year, all of a small size. In the second year, the two middle ones fall out, and their place is supplied by two new teeth, which are easily distinguished by being of a larger size. In the third year two other small teeth, one from each side, drop out and are replaced by two large ones; so that there are now four large teeth in the middle, and two pointed ones on each side. In the fourth year the large teeth are six in number, and only two small ones remain one at each end of the range. In the fifth year the remaining small teeth are lost, and the whole front teeth are large. In the sixth year the whole begin to be worn, and in the seventh, sometimes sooner, some fall out or are broken.

*** From the 'Mountain Shepherd's Manual,' a useful little tract on the nature, diseases, and management of sheep, being Number 24 of the 'Farmer's Series,' published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

SELECT NOTICES.

Philanthropists.—The Morning Chronicle of the 11th of August last, states that the great penitence exhibited by Cook the murderer of Mr. Paas, has been brought about by the impressions made on his mind, by the religious visits of Miss Owston and Miss Payne.——*Dissolution of Partnership.*—The great *Novel* publishers, Colburn and Bentley, are about to separate. The former has taken most extensive and splendid premises in Regent-street.——*Cheap Literature.*—Upwards of one hundred and thirty thousand copies of the Penny Magazine find a ready circulation——*Mode of extirpating stumps of Trees*—For the method described by Sir John Jamison, and inserted in the Mechanics' Magazine, June 9th, the large gold medal of the Society of Arts has been awarded.——*Specific against Rats and Mice.*—It is a fact not generally known, that tar rubbed on the holes of these vermin, will immediately banish them. When it becomes dry it must be renewed.——*Streets of Sydney*—The Calcutta Literary Gazette of July says, that the streets of Sydney were in such woeful condition, that the authorities were obliged to receive the Governor on stilts.——*Poland.*—A monthly periodical entitled *Polonia*, is in the course of publication, by "The Literary Association of the Friends of Poland." Numbers one and two have appeared.

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——*Douville's Travels in Central Africa.*—The Foreign Quarterly for August, considers this publication to be a splendid imposition.——*Alledged Impiety.*—The Genevese, says the United Service Journal, do not uncover on entering, even their fine Cathedral of St. Peter's, the interior of which is sufficiently *grave and gothic* to create devotional feeling!——*The Press.*—The same Journal describes the Press as the Fourth Estate of the Realm.——*Cleopatra's Needle.*—Suggestions have been published for a mode of bringing to England the Obelisk at Alexandria, called Cleopatra's Needle.——*St. Simonism.*—Dr. Bretschneider, one of the most independent thinkers and celebrated divines in Germany, has recently published a new work, in which he regards the doctrines of St. Simonism, as a phantom that menaces alike, all liberty, civil, religious, and scientific——*Pompeii.*—Professor John has discovered another buried town near Pompeii. Seven human skeletons were found in one of the buildings.——*The Harvest.*—The late harvest in Britain, seems to have been of the most abundant description.——*Camphor.*—This drug in all its forms, is so much in request in Europe, that many druggists are selling it at an advauced profit of 200 per cent.——*Coffee.*—Strong coffee by its warm aromatic quality, is calculated to give tone and vigour to the stomach; while for occasional cramp or spasms in that organ, strong ginger is often found an effectual remedy.——*Ceylon.*—The natives of Ceylon as yet employ no paper; they write on thin leaves of the Ola, and are obliged to make use of an iron pen, which they support in a notch cut in the thumb nail of the left hand, allowed to grow for that purpose; a literary man is discovered by such a mark.——*Scriptural Illustrations.*—Capt. Skinner of the 31st Regt. informs us in his excursions in India, two interesting volumes just published, that almost every domestic custom of the country is a scriptural illustration.——*Physiology.*—The greatest physical strength of man is developed between the age of 30 and 35; and the greatest mental powers between the age of 45 and 50.——*Travels.*—After an interval of eleven years, the expedition by the Americans to explore the stony mountains, and the country to the west of that chain to the ocean, has returned. The party proceeded 20 miles up St. Peter's river, and discovered lead mines of great importance. They visited the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Frozen Ocean, and passed into Asia. In the vicinity of the Columbia they were overtaken by a storm, which confined them in huts nine months. The snow lay 14 feet deep, and want compelled them to kill 41 of their pack horses. Among the various discoveries which have been made, are extensive strata of salt, alum, iron, copper, gold, and silver. *Deaths of the last quarter, on the Continent.*—Baron Cuiver, Aamarque, Marron, (the celebrated Pastor of the Reformed Church, Paris,) Count Chaptal, Portal, (the physician,) Brué, Geographer, (of Cholera,) Champollion, *Goethe*, the far-famed Von Goethe, Westermeyer, Bishop of Magdeburg (a celebrated preacher) Koch, (another popular clergyman of the same city,) Von Weber Hegel (of Berlin,) the Duke of Reichstadt, (Napoleon's son,) Count Julias von Sodon, Shmaby, Wilmsen, Korner, Von Schmidt, Huber, of Geneva, (celebrated for his work on Bees and Ants,) Simond, (the traveller.)——*In Britain.*—Jeremy Bentham, Sir James Mackintosh, Rev. C. Colton, Dr. Walsh, Sir W. Grant, Chas. Butler, Earl of Scarborough, Clementini, John Bigland, Princess of Saxe Weimar, Lord Henniker, David Power, Anna Maria Porter, Lord Rendlesham, Earl of Donoughmore. Sir Jas. Macdonald, Duchess of Manchester, Lord Amesbury, Sir Jas. Hall, John Taylor, Sir John Carr, Sir John Tyrell, Lord Dillon, Lady Hannah Ellice, (sister to Earl Grey,) Dr. Curtis, of Cholera, (Catholic Primate of Ireland,) Admiral Pellew, and the Rev. Dr. Adam Clark, (of Cholera.)

TABLE of the GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

STATES.	*Capitals.*	Population of Capitals.	Superficies in square miles	Population.	Contingent to the Diet.	Revenue.
						florins.
Austria	Vienna	238,177	12,056 0	28,299,709	94,822	162,000,000
Prussia	Berlin	178,861	5,133 77	10,224,350	79,234	65,000,000
Bavaria	Munich	65,800	1,427·00	3,525,413	35,600	20,000,000
Wurtemburg	Stuttgart	23,694	366·50	1,395,462	13,955	16,000,000
Baden	Carlsruhe	13.727	272 59	1,003,633	10,000	5,500,000
Hesse Darmstadt	Darmstadt	11,320	2·12	619,499	6,195	3,500,000
Hohenzollern	Hechinen	2,600	204.59	14,820	145	80,000
Lichtenstein	Vaduz	1,300	2 45	5,545	55	19,000
Hohenzollen Sigmarengen		3,000	18 25	35,560	356	330,000
Hesse Homberg	Homberg	2,700	7·84	19,870	200	180,000
Frankfort	Frankfort	40,485	4·87	47,855	475	800,000
Kingdom of Saxony	Dresden	55,715	352·22	1,192,646	12,000	13,500,000
Saxe Gotha	Gotha	12,400	54·22	183,682	1,859	1,500,000
Saxe Coburg	Cobourg	7,746	26·39	80,612	800	425,000
Saxe Meinengen	Meinengen	4,120	20·29	54,600	544	350,000
Hildburghausen		2,503	11·08	29,706	297	200,000
Palatinate of Reuss	Elder branch	6,195	6·86	22,255	223	130,000
Ditto	Junior branch		20·60	52,201	522	420,000
Hesse Cassel	Cassel	18,500	201.58	532,072	5,679	4,000,000
Luxembourgh	Luxembourg				2,556	
Nassau	Wiesbaden	5,300	104·62	302,769	3,028	1,557,000
Saxe Weimar	Weimar	9,000	67.32	201,000	2,000	1,500,000
Anhalt Dessau		9,220	17.00	52,647	529	510,000
Ditto, Bemberg		4,844	16.00	37,046	370	450,000
Cœthen	Cœthen	5,074	15.00	32,454	324	230,000
Schwazbourg Sonderhausen		4,500	20.40	53,957	539	220,000
Ditto, Rudolstadt		3,922	16.50	45,127	451	275,000
Hanover	Hanover	17,522	701.29	1,305,350	13,000	9,450,000
Brunswick	Brunswick	29,934	71.74	249,527	2,496	1,800,000
Waldeck	Anslen	1,048	21.68	51,877	519	400,000
Schambourg Lippe		2,060	10.10	23,111	230	215,000
Lippe Detmold		2,369	20.50	69,062	691	466,000
Holstein					3 600	
Mecklenbourg Schewerin		8,505	219.59	358,378	3,580	1,800,000
Ditto, Strelitz		4,408	35 95	71.769	781	450,000
Oldenbourg		5.222	123.06	217,760	2,170	1,200,000
Lubec		25,526	5.45	40,650	407	400,000
Bremen		37,725	2 58	48,432	485	420,000
Hamburgh		106,000	6.00	123,643	1,298	1,200,000
38 States.						

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

As our readers readily enough know, the *Literary Society* is merged into that of the *Scientific Institution*, and bears the title at the heading of the present article. Formerly, we believe, the *Literary Society* did hold interesting and well attended meetings, and the papers read fully demonstrated the literary talent of many of its members. We suspect the *fall* of the *Literary Society* to have arisen from the suicidal nature of one of its own laws. A gentleman on one occasion, produced a spirited paper on *The Crusades;* in the course of his reading there was some allusion to the pretensions of the Church of Rome. He was called to order,—*Infallibility* carried the day, and the reader silenced. There was evidently in the Society the fear of free discussion. Wherever, and whenever, the freedom of criticism is not tolerated farewell to manly thought, and national improvement. It was amid general emotion and discussion, (let it be remembered,) that in the 16th century, its moral and intellectual movements converged into that great result, which we call the Reformation; a conventional term, by which we generalize and abbreviate those numerous and extensive changes and improvements which, in civil as well as in religious affairs, began then to interest the public thought, and to pervade human life. But let by-gones be by-gones, our present notice is, *The South African Literary and Scientific Institution.*

This distinctive appellation carries a swell with it, it must be confessed, for the Cape; hence we feel it our duty to make a few enquiries as to the doings of the Institution, so that its title may be completely borne out. We do so from the best motives, because mind, as well as body, has a certain *vis inertiæ*, and moves only as it is acted upon by impul-

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ses from without. And we want the Institution to learn (as we do all our Societies at the Cape,) that "the soul's joy," as the poet observes, "lies in *doing*," not in being hushed and calmed down to tranquillity. As far as the *Museum* of the Institution is concerned, we believe nothing can be better managed. Who does not exclaim as he enters it, and on beholding the wonderful displays of Creative Goodness—Beautiful! Wonderful! Surprising! And then the taste and skill of Mr. Verreaux, the superintendant, how excellent! In the scientific departments of the Institution, its members may be fairly congratulated in the well-known ability of its Secretaries, the Doctors Adamson, Smith, and Dyce. Moreover, as a Benefactor of matchless and unwearied zeal, how much the Institution is indebted to Mr. Von Ludwig! Now come we to the *Literary* department. What has besn doing here for many a month past? In truth we know not. Among the Members we discover no less than *twenty* names to which *degrees* are attached. Now, as these are never given away, or bestowed, except in cases of decided merit, we are certain that talent and genius must dwell in the midst thereof. All that is required seemingly is, that it be no longer hid under a bushel, that it be put forth and be seen

"Like a city that is set on an hill."

We observe also among the *members of Council* many *natives* of the colony. Surely they will oblige us with some exhibitions of *native* talent. And here we have *a-by-the-bye*. How does it happen that we have no *native poets*, no *native philosophers*, no *native geologists*, no *native astronomers*, no *native travellers*, no *native botanists*, no *native schoolmasters*. Let the question stand over for discussion. Then again, what has become of the highly patronized *South African Quarterly Journal?* What are the Council about in this matter? It cannot be for want of supplies, for long ago the Committee of the Public Library liberally granted the use, the unrestricted use, of its books, and journals, for either extract or review. And we recommend, as local subject-matter, a catalogue *raisoneé* of all the birds, beasts, fishes, and geological specimens in the Museum. Let the *Council* or Committee of the Institution, resuscitate the Journal forthwith. Let a *sole Editor* be appointed, because in literary *publications* we dislike Committees of Management. These generally ruin the independence of a work. They cut, carve, add, delete, and transpose at their pleasure, till every feature of originality or individuality is expunged, and nothing remains but the most woeful common-place The illustrious third and fourth rate class of brains, succeed uniformly in reducing every thing to their own level.

THE POPULATION OF CAPE TOWN.

We suspect that we are a good deal in the dark as it regards the actual state of our population in Cape Town. We think it at all times considerably under-rated, and that a new Census would prove a desideratum of no small importance at the present moment. Some months since, a tall gentleman in black, did perform house visitations for the purpose of *summing up*, but we know in a great many instances, he was imposed upon; and that, too, in a most wanton manner. The work must be performed by several hands—an Argus-eyed troop. On the score of *public health*, we ought to know more of our growing population. We seldom discover any new dwellings for the poor—the coloured population; hence the present domiciles in the alleys and cellars of Cape Town must present an extremely crowded number of inmates.

In forming the late and interesting Census of Great Britain, we find it ordered by act of Parliament, that on the morning of a certain day, *all* the parish officers are to proceed to the various habitations in their districts with papers, on which questions are *printed*, for the purpose of being answered by the owners of the houses. There is a penalty either for a refusal to answer, or, for a false answer, of not less than 40*s.* and not more than £5.*

Again,—a Census of the people philosophically conducted, is a truly great and magnificent object of inquiry;—and who can tell the light its varied details will ultimately throw on the whole frame work of society? From its high and lofty places, downward through all its gradations, to the lowest shades of poverty and vice, what a singularly curious and interwoven fabric! Who at the present moment can form even a conjectural notion of the social edifice? What are its workings, and the springs which give it life; what the causes which makes its entire structure exhibit at one time all the fair and florid forms of health, and in another all the unhappy characteristics of vicissitude and decay;—which in one season beams with hope, while tranquillity and joy are found within its borders, but at another exhibits a feverish anxiety,—dark and unkindly suspicions rising angrily against its best benefactors, and destroying the very hand that is raised to comfort and support it? Such is human society; and to illustrate its nature completely, is the final object the political arithmetician has in view.

After these brief observations, we humbly move, that His Excellency the Governor in Council would be pleased to direct a new and complete census of the population of the Cape of Good Hope, and that the Civil Commissioners, or some other supernumeries, (provided such be not slave-holders,) be ordered to commence this important work without delay.

ARRIVALS DURING THE LAST MONTH.

THE *Musquito* family from Port Natal, Mosambique, and Rio de la Plata, arrived on the 10th, and took up their old quarters in the *Heeregracht*.† They seem in no sense to have become more civilized, but apply the *lancet* with as much savage dexterity as ever.

2.

The *Crickets*, "full of mirth," but in smaller numbers than before, made known their arrival as early as the 1st November.

3

The first grand serenade of the *Frogs* for the season, took place on the evening of the 14th ultimo, at the family seat *Frogmore*,—Castle ditch. The weather was on this occasion *piping hot*.

4.

The *Swallows*, a well-known family all over the world, alighted here at 3 o'clock on the 5th ultimo. Their late residence unknown.‡

5.

A good deal of sensation took place in *all the month* of November, by the unexpected arrival of an immense body of winged and other *Ants*.‡ In a great many instances they took possession of the best houses, and were greatly annoying to the proprietors. Various methods of ejectment were resorted to.

POETICAL APATHY AT THE CAPE.

We have often wondered at the absence of poetical talent at the Cape, and cannot account for it, that the *Press* never, or very seldom exhibits any talent in this department. Our surprise is naturally heightened, when we consider that a large part of the existence of a human being, consists in *thought* and *sentiment*. The truth is, all the delight of our being, lies in *imagination*. Now this faculty is described as empty, because it is supposed to be a shadow, and not a reality. It is not a reality, if the meaning of that word be confined to *matter;* but if whatever exists, if spirit and intellect can be reality, it *is* a reality. Now, as our readers know very well, we seldom attempt any thing in the shape of versification; but, as Col. Leach observes in the preface to the "Sketches of the Life of an Old Soldier,"—"as it is the fashion now-a-day for every body to write, I don't see why I may not try my hand at it, as well as the rest of them." Now, then, for three *Irregulars:*

THE DELUGE.

A wide-swelling ocean of waters once strove,
The tops of the Alps and the Andes above.
There are marks on the mountains, and proofs in the vale,
And in Sacred Books we have read the sad tale;
The deep-bosomed surge o'er the Table would roar,
When all o'er the Cape was a sea without shore

'Twas a wideswelling ocean of waters so rare,
To which our Atlantic we cannot compare;
Our modern Pacific is but a parched pool,
When we think of this ocean so broad and so full;
From East to far West was as one liquid motion,
And our planet wheeled round a vast globular ocean.

From out of itself, arose this ocean's shore,
When the day of its proud exaltation was o'er:
The hour when it conquer'd its neighbour, the earth;
The time when it brought cold death's sadness for mirth;
When its wide-sweeping surge was aspiring to heaven,
And each wave, like a sea, o'er the Himlayan's driven.

But these mountains majestic in form and sublime,
Are not the first boast of these waters of time;
The useful and grand of the animal world,
From their high-sought retreats by the deluge were hurled,
Nor bold soaring wing, nor fell courage could save,
The Eagle and Lion float dead on the wave.

The vegetive kingdom sunk under its power,
For the great forests yielded in that awful hour;
The strong rooted oak, like a sapling was cast,
And Lebanon's cedars came down with the blast;
The waves played the sweet bowers of Eden among,
And knowledge and life swept the tempest along.

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* The comparative account of the late Census has just been published by Mr Rickman, price 10*s.* It embraces the four Returns of the Population of Great Britain in 1801, 1811, 1821, and 1831.

† The exertions of Baron Lorentz have contributed very considerably to lessen the Musquito evils of Cape Town, during the last three years.

‡ Naturalists do not appear, as yet, to have cleared up this mystery. A pair of swallows of the flock which arrived on the 5th ult. took up their old abode at the Public Library building. They were keen in their search for the fountain which last year played in the plot of ground, which is now occupied as Free Mason's Hall. Perhaps the most curious document in the Harleim Miscellany, vol II, page 578, is the ingenious attempt of a writer to prove that the swallow winters in the Moon.

‡ We should like to receive some information on the subject of Ants. We apprehend the reason for their appearance during the last month, after an absence of some 4 or 5 years, is, that finding their companies below the foundations of the buildings too numerous, they are attempting the relief of the communities to which they are attached, by throwing off their swarms.

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The world e'en as now was then given in marriage,
But the flow of its mirth met a fatal *miscarriage;*
This its parties made sad, and its companies broke,
And old age and gay youth fell at once with the stroke;
For thousands on thousands—the greatest of slaughters—
Sunk mid blackness and darkness, and tumult of waters.
Yet a judgment more awful shall visit the world,
When the Sun from his throne in the firmament's hurled—
When the voice of Omnipotence darkens the heaven,
And the stars shall evanish by vast whirlwinds driven;
When this globe, all in flames, one volcano shall raise,
And earth with its oceans depart in the blaze.

Recollections of the late Miss O—, of Castle-street, Cape Town.

Oh! there was One—on earth awhile
She dwelt;—but transient as a smile
That turns into a tear,
Her beauteous image passed us by;
She came, like a splendour from the sky,
She seemed as dazzling to the eye—
As prompt to disappear.
Mild in her undissembling mien,
Were modest beauty,—meekness seen,
And lips that loved the truth;
The dimpled cheek, the glance sublime,
Which hailed Eternity through Time—
And shewed a mind disposed to climb
Above the joys of youth.
The loveliest star of evening's train,
Sets early in the western main,
And leaves the world in night:
The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen—in brighter beams is lost;
Thus sank Her form on *ocean's coast*,
Thus sprang Her soul to light.

Thoughts suggested at the close of the Year.

Oh! Time is like a river, gliding
Away—away!
And its liquid bosom hiding
Joys bright as day;
And with its restless current wearing
Man's heart to clay;
And life's best hopes, like sea-weeds, bearin
Away—away!
And life is like a dew-drop, smiling
For one short hour;
With fair and glitt'ring show beguiling,
Yet sun and shower
O'er its frail essence each prevailing,
Shorten its stay;
Tremulous, restless, and exhaling,
Away—away!

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

The following is copied from the Annual Report of the Astronomical Society of London:

'Mr. Henderson (a gentleman known to you all, as one of the most active and enlightened cultivators of Astronomy in this country, and one to whom this Society has, upon many occasions, thankfully acknowledged its obligations), has been appointed His Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape. That this gentleman, treading in his predecessor's path, and with better health, and under better auspices, may reap the rich harvest which Mr. Fallows could only commence, is the confident wish and hope of those by whom his merit, zeal, and modesty, are appreciated.'

The same Report concludes thus:

The Council cannot omit this opportunity of again * bringing before the Society the very able assistance which has been, from time to time, afforded them by the voluntary labours of this gentleman. Bound to the Society by no conventional engagement (for Mr. Henderson has but very recently become a Fellow of the Society,) he was always ready to aid and assist in any investigations that might be required. And although the Council cannot but lament, in common with the Society, the partial separation of so active a member, yet they are well aware that the powerful resources of his mind will be more efficiently called into action, and will reflect more honour on his name and nation in the new sphere in which he is about to engage.

Previous to his departure for the Cape, Mr. Henderson made arrangements for observing Mars at his opposition in November next: and requested Mr. Baily to select the stars proper to be observed with that planet. This has been done; and the Council have directed that the same shall be printed and circulated amongst different observers, in order that the greatest advantage may be taken of the favourable opportunities now afforded for determining the parallax of that planet. Arrangements had been previously made with Mr. Fallows for observing the parallax of the moon; and the stars proper for that purpose are now distinguished by an asterisk in the annual list of the moonculminating stars: and as, in all probability, a proper selection of stars will be made and published in future, for the subsequent oppositions of Mars, and the inferior conjunctions of of Venus, there is now every reason to hope that, with the co-operation of active astronomers, the parallaxes of these respective bodies will soon be determined with the greatest accuracy.

* At the anniversary in 1830, the Society presented Mr. Henderson with a copy of its Memoirs, as a small token of their sense of his services.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

Mr. Fairbairn is *up*, and we are heartily glad of it, for it would be unpardonable when all the world is RISING, to differ from the *mode*. Mr. F. has announced a Course of Lectures *on some curious branches of Natural Science*. Mr. Fairbairn is a *writer* of deserved reputation, yet there is something more searching and soul-stirring in the impulse of oral communication. We cannot shut our ears as we shut our books; we cannot escape from the appeal of him who addresses us with forcible speech and living conviction. It is thus, we are told, that when Cicero pleaded before Cæsar for Ligarius, the conqueror of the world was troubled, and changed colour again and again, till at length the scroll prepared for the condemnation of the patriot, fell from his hand. Sudden and irresistible conviction is chiefly the offspring of living speech. Hence the immense advantages of the pulpit. We may arm ourselves against the arguments of an author; but the strength of reasoning in him who addresses us takes us unawares. Besides, inestimable as books are, a book is, after all, an abstraction. It is but imperfectly that we feel that a real man addresses us in it, and that what he delivers is the entire and deep-wrought sentiment of a being of flesh and blood like ourselves, a being who claims our attention, and is entitled to our deference. The living human voice constrains us to weigh what is said, shoots through us like a stroke of electricity, will not away from our memory, and haunts our very dreams.

We apprehend from the Prospectus of Mr. Fairbairn, that his details will be in every sense curious and replete with novel information.

Whether Mr. F. will investigate the theory of apparitions we know not,—but it is next to impossible, we think, to illustrate the manner in which the affections of the mind act upon the body without some inquiry into the reality of spectral impressions—nay, into the world of unseen spirits around us.—

"Millions of spiritual creatures
Walk the earth, unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake." *(Milton.)*

We confess there is one department of natural phenomena we could wish discussed—the *mirage*. It was this illusion that led the *Arniston* transport, to destruction off our Cape *L'Agullas*, in 1815, when upwards of 340 of the crew and passengers perished. A spectre-ship led the captain to believe that a place of safe anchorage was at hand—hence the wreck and ruin which followed. We have witnessed this illusion ourselves more than once. It is said that some of the inhabitants of *Mauritius* can discern in the air the ships which are destined for Port Louis two or three days before their actual arrival! This may be accounted for on the principles of refraction. It is a fact at the present day, that when a ship is wrecked upon the shores of Wales and the North of Scotland, it is affirmed by the inhabitants that its *apparition* previously visiting the spot, has most commonly been seen. Numbers of these spectre-ships hover about the coasts in winter, their impassive sails shivering and straining in the tempest, and their decks manned with the spirits of those whom destiny is hurrying through the ocean to destruction. It would be vain to tell these superstitious people that planks, masts, iron bolts, and cordage can have no soul; they *believe*, but cannot analyze their notions; and therefore suppose that the word *ship* denotes a being which, while it continues whole, has some kind of spirit attached to it; and this they imagine goes before it to the place of shipwreck. In the same belief is also involved another impossibility—(unless it be a relic of that ancient Grecian opinion, which taught that man was a three-fold being—a spirit—the spirit's aërial vehicle—and the body;) for if the men's spirits were on board the spectre-ship, their bodies would be tenantless in the real wooden tenement. An opinion nearly a-kin to this was entertained by the learned Earl of Roscommon, and countenanced by Dr. Johnson. In fact, there is so much of mystery in our life's being, that the germs of *superstition*, (call it so if we will,) are indestructible. Where there are indefinable fears, and incomprehensible forebodings, as is the case with our mysterious natures, a multiplicity of illusions are naturally indigenous to the heart of man.

OUR FAREWELL FOR 1832.

With many thanks, and all manner of good wishes, we bid farewell to our Subscribers, Correspondents, and Friends in the language of Mrs. Hemans.

WRITTEN FOR ONE OF THE GERMAN MELODIES, SUNG BY THE HERMANNS.—Dec. 31.

Day is past!
Stars have set their watch at last;
Founts, that through the deep woods flow,
Make sweet sound, unheard till now;
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good Night!

Go to rest!
Sleep sit dove-light on thy breast!
If within that secret cell
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight!
Good Night!

Joy be thine!
Kind looks o'er thy slumber shine!
Go, and in the spirit-land
Meet thy home's long-parted band,
Be their eyes all love and light—
Good Night!

Peace to all!
Dreams of Heaven on mourners fall!
Exile, o'er thy couch may gleams
Pass from thine own mountain streams!
Bard, away to worlds more bright!
Good Night!

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THE

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

Literary Gazette.

Vol. III.

——— Reading—like a skilful gardener, turns up the soil of the mind, and deposits the seeds of thought, leaving to reflection and study, as to the airs and dews of heaven, the office of fructifying and maturing the future plants. *(Southey.)*

CAPE TOWN:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. BRIDEKIRK, GAZETTE OFFICE, CHURCH-STREET.

1833.

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TO

THE HONORABLE J. W. STOLL,

MEMBER OF COUNCIL,

TREASURER AND ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL,

&c. &c.

THIS THIRD VOLUME OF

The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

IS DEDICATED,

WITH THE

UNFEIGNED RESPECT OF

THE EDITOR.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 1. Vol. III.] CAPE TOWN: TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1833. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* / *per Annum.*

LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE V.—BY ORLANDO.*

[INFERENCES FROM PRECEDING FACTS—NO SPONTANEOUS PRODUCTION OF PLANTS—THEIR RE-PRODUCTIVE SYSTEM—BRIEF REVIEW OF THE USES OF PLANTS IN THE SYSTEM OF CREATION—ACTIONS AND PHENOMENA OF THEIR LIVING PRINCIPLE.]

THE more fully we know, and the more justly we think on the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms, we shall be better prepared to comprehend the principles and the history of Providential dealings with the human race. This world is manifestly not our world only. We are linked in it with innumerable fellow-beings of very varying kinds and qualities. They are co-tenants with us of our common Earth. We cannot live in it without their association and services. Do not, therefore, think me tedious if I particularize a few more facts on this curious subject, in addition to those of the last lecture.

From all the circumstances, thus far enumerated, we may infer, (and this is worthy the attention of our agriculturists,) that the vegetable classes have been created upon a system of improvability, and also of an indefinite productiveness, which can be increased to the utmost extent of any probable human demands upon it.

That the application of human skill, care, and diligence, to educe these beneficial results, has been made the *condition* of their appearing.

That human welfare and comfort have been a principal object of the Creator, in designing and producing His Vegetable World, though it has been also made subservient to animal subsistence; and these are peculiarly connected with the cultivation of it. Animal food tends to the *animal habits* of hunting and pasturage; both of which, though pleasing to many, as occasional employment, yet, when made the character and chief pursuits of a tribe, or nation, or district, tend to *animalize*, brutalize, and devilize our nature, and arrest our social progress. Ancient Scythia, the modern Tartars and Arabs, the North American Indians, the people of Port Natal, and our frontier Boers, those especially of Beaufort, (*a*) are commentaries on this principle. Agriculture and gardening, and their consequential occupations, accustom the human mind to the quiet, patient, contented, domestic, social, and civilizing habits, on which human happiness and improvement mainly depend. * * * It would be well for us in our daily intercourse with one another, to recollect that peculiar goodness, liberality and kindness in the Divine Mind towards His human race—that desire not only to bless and do us good, but the desire to please, to interest and amuse us with the most innocent, continual, accessible, and gratifying enjoyments. For plants peculiarly address themselves to three of our most acute senses—the taste, the smell, and the sight; while the ear is also soothed by the whispering of the branches, (*b*) and the touch by the softness of the verdant and floral foilage, and of most of the fruits. We see that the consolidated wood supplies us with numerous conveniences of private and public use; and from plants has arisen that most needful and comfortable of all things—the grateful warmth and use of our domestic fires. Even in this respect, we may perceive, that there has been a benevolent foresight, and provision especially exerted in order that this daily comfort might continue to accrue to us, after our diffusing populations should have levelled the forests which supplied the fuel. Buried in the earth just deep enough to remain *unknown* till *wanted*, that primeval vegetation, which was overwhelmed and uprooted by the deluge, has, during its long sepulture become converted into bituminous COAL, sufficient to yield us fire for all our purposes, though every wood should be consumed, and mankind last for more ages than they are likely to continue. (*c*) In this beneficial supply of a mineral so valuable, we have an instance of a great destruction, directed by a prospective benevolence, to prepare and produce for a future age, one of the kindness addition to human comfort. What a demonstration of the most deliberative goodness presiding amid the most awful displeasure!

Once more, in reference to the

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

(*a*) What a deplorable picture is before us of the state of the cattle Boers and their slaves in this district. The account is drawn up by the Boers themselves, and will be found in a paper, entitled *The Zuid Afrikaan*, No. 133, 1832. We think this document will cause some considerable interest in the Commons House of Parliament.

(*b*) Sweetly the whispering leaves and waving pine,
Melodious sound among the mountain rills.
(Idyll.)

(*c*) Coal has been hitherto found most extensively in the British islands: the next in importance is near Liege. It is also in Hungary, Silesia, Bohemia, Upper Syria, and France. It has also been discovered in America in various parts; and also in China, the Birman empire, Great Tartary, and New South Wales. "It is probable," says Dr. Macculloch, "that nothing is yet wanting in many other parts of the world, but knowledge, industry, wealth, and the stimulous of want, to prove that it is a far more common substance than it has hitherto appeared to be." Thus it is almost every where made and kept ready to come to human knowledge and use in each country, as soon as it shall be wanted.

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philanthrophy of the Divine Creator, if our mere subsistence had been alone His object, we find that grass, hay, straw, acorns, and saw-dust, would have answered that purpose. What the savage lives upon in full strength and activity, every child of man could subsist on; and be as happy as all the animated tribes *appear* to be. *(d)* But he has not so dealt with us. We never act towards each other, in our kindest moments, with that inventive, forseeing, and persevering benevolence, which has been exerted by our Maker in the formation of His Vegetable System; and His benefaction is still in all regions re-produced at every vernal and autumnal season.

The system established for the perpetuated existence of vegetation upon earth, is another surprising invention of Divine Intelligence. We have now got rid of the unfounded and unphilosophical supposition of spontaneous generation. This was one of the dreams of ignorant times, when any absurdity was welcomed by some, that they might not believe in a Creative Power. Malpighi and Redi, and others since, have satisfactorily proved that both plants and animals arise from organized parents. *(e)* Earth produces no plant whatever, in any country, unless a seed or some vegetable germ be first deposited within it. On this point, Nature is constant. But you may fairly ask, how, then, is vegetation found on places that are known to have originally had none, and that are not likely to have been visited, by what would bring them? How, for instance, could the frozen soil of New Shetland, amid the ice-rocks of the antarctic, obtain the lichens, the only vegetable formed, or perhaps growable upon it? How have the Coral Islands of the Pacific, formed in the bosom of the waves by the petty animalculæ that construct them, derived their fine cocoa-nut trees, and beautiful forests? How can the new Volcanic Islands *(f)* that have just emerged from the shallow bottom of the Sicilian Sea, ever acquire, as it will do, a productive vegetation? These questions are reasonable, and we can find some facts that will satisfactorily answer them.

The clouds ever floating above us, not only bring us occasionally meteoric stones, hail, and *epidemics*, but also vegetable seeds, and the very Lichens that would commence the new reign of vegetation on the black rocks of the South Polar Isles. A phenomena which occurred in Persia, would have had this result. *(g)* Dust and sands, heavier than many seeds, are borne by the winds and clouds for several hundred miles across the atmosphere, falling on the earth and seas as they pass along. *(h)* The Crypogamia and many other of the grass seeds, are not more weighty than matter of this sort, which the ærial movements thus transport. *(i)* The sea, and its tides and currents convey large bodies for even thousands of miles. *(j)* The winds carry over the seeds of large trees, *(k)* and disperse new vegetations with an extraordinary rapidity, and to an extent which, anterior to experience, we should not have expected. *(l)*

Birds also, largely diffuse them. Many of these tenants of the trees and air live on fruits and berries. They digest the pulp, but pass the seeds unimpaired; and thus heavy organizations of future trees, are planted in the most distant and unexpected situations. *(m)* The *Thrush*, that delightful British songster propagates the parasitical Mistletoe of the Druids. and our Evelyn of revered memory attributes the existence of England's oak forests, and the Navy of Britain to the labours of the *Squirrel*. Waves, winds, birds, &c. fully explain, the vegetations of every coral and volcanic island. *(n)*

The amazing muscular power, and vital energy of birds, to sustain their flights in their migrations, for distances that astonish us, will account for the plantations of the most distant isles and continents. *(o)* Even insects people inland ponds and streams with fish, *(p)* and are often themselves carried by the winds to great distances. From all these facts, no individual of right judgment can have any difficulty of perceiving how the most remote and unvisited regions have derived their varied vegetation.

But, Gentlemen! without detaining you much longer on these points, I shall conclude the present lecture by a brief review of the uses of Plants in the system of creation. Without vegetation, none of the animals we know, but those that live on water or air, could have continued in existence; for neither man or animal can subsist on any thing in the mineral kingdom, until vegetation, by first making it vegetable substance, has prepared it for a future conversion into their own. Hence the justness of the Mosaic account in placing the creation of plants before that of animals. Vegetation could have remained without

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(d) A LAPLANDER will go 30 miles through swamps and rocks; take *a draught of milk*, sleep in his wet clothes, and rise the next morning *as fresh* as when he began his journey

(e) Malpighi's important remarks and reasoning, addressed to the Royal Society of London from Bologna, 1681, are on the anatomy of plants—the vegetation seeds—of plants that grow on others—on roots, and on gall nuts. He considers seeds as the eggs of plants, "e materno ovario delapsa. and requiring the fosterin, bosom of the Great Mother Earth"

(f) The Sandwich Islands of the Pacific, have thus originated. They are all volcanic emissions.

(g) In the beginning of 1828, a vegetable matter fell suddenly from the sky in Persia, and covered the ground to a great extent. Cattle, and particularly sheep, eat it; and some bread was made from it. It was submitted to the inspection of M. Desfontaines, who found it to be a species of Lichens, which the wind had transported from its native place.

(h) Mr. Forbes when 600 miles from the coast of Africa, found his sails covered with a brownish sand. The wind had blown all night N. E. The nearest land to the wind was the coast of Africa, between Cape Verd and the River Gambia.

(i) Capt. Beechey found volcanic dust that had descended copiously on his ship in the Atlantic, 700 miles from the spot where the irruption was afterwards ascertained to have happened. If one wind blow such things towards the sea, another would disperse them over deserts and continents.

(j) Dr. Walker says in his letter to Lord Kames, "I have found seeds drop accidently into the sea in the West Indies, cast ashore on the *Hebrides* The sea and rivers waft more seeds than sails."

(k) Some of the Ash and Plane have heavy seeds, but they are supplied with wings. *(Ib.)*

(l) "I have seen plantations of Holly, Yew, White Beam, Mountain Ash, Hawthorn, and Juniper, on inaccessible precipices, and impending cliffs, formed by the birds, which excelled in beauty the plantations of man!" *(Ib.)*

(m) The Erigeron Canadense was received from Canada about 100 years ago into the Paris Garden. It is *now spread* as a wild plant over France, Holland, Germany, and Italy, even to Sicily; and to such a degree in the South of England, that it is now enumerated in the English list of indigenous plants.—*Ib.*

(n) Mr. Ellis. in his admirable Poleynisian Researches, remarks, that all the coral islands of the Pacific, have an opening left in them by their wise and indefatigable insect masons. The constant current which passes the opening, deposits on the ends of the reef fragments of coral, seaweed, and drift-wood, till in time, they rise above the surface of the water. Seeds borne thither by the winds or waves, find a soil on which they can germinate. Decaying vegetation increases the mould, and by this process, these fairy islands are formed.

(o) The two pigeons which flew from London to Antwerp, in July, 1830, passed 186 miles in 5½ hours, which was nearly 34 miles an hour.—(*Brussels Pap. July 24th.*) Of two pigeons, that in January, 1831, flew from London to Liskeard in Cornwall, one went in 6 hours; the other 6¾. The quails whose wings are so small, cross the Mediterranean. Faber saw a little wagtail in the middle of its route over the Northern ocean, from Denmark to Iceland.

(p) The great river beetle, which lives habitually on eggs of fish, climbs sometimes in the evening on the reeds high enough for flight, and then takes wing. One was caught in its flight, and being put into water, it emitted the eggs with which it was gorged. These eggs produce fish of various sorts.—*Gill's Tech. Rep.*

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animals, but these, unless their food had been ready for them, would, under their present economy of being, have soon disappeared. *(q)*

While most of our plants thus form the sustenance of the animal kingdom, other classes of them were made and meant to be its natural medicines and secret physicians. For this purpose, those which thus benefit, are universally dispersed. We may regard many of these as useless weeds, yet they are silently spread amid all vegetation, to be every where ready for the general benefit. Brutes often need them as much as ourselves, and are repeatedly seen at particular times to select and crop the herbs that they do not use for food, but, to which some recollected experience, or unexplainable perception, or instinct, leads them for their resulting efficiences. But to man, plants have been in all ages, the natural, and the earliest, and the most universal physicians. Vegetable medicines constituted the physic of our ancestors, as they still are of all nations, who do not make European science their predominating guide. *(r)*

When we consider that vegetation carpets all the surface of our Globe; and that its shrubs and forests still occupy the largest portions of its superficial extent; and when we find that it is universally, by day and night, streaming from its verdure—from every leaf, fruit, and flower—an aërial fluid of some sort or other, and in the lower regions of the atmosphere, immediately over our heads, and mixing in the gaseous strata of it which we breathe, we shall then perceive that it must be hourly causing the most important effects, additions, and changes in the air which we inhale, and must be a very essential and active agent on the vitality, functions, and powers, of our material frame. The atmosphere could not be what it is, in that portion of its expanse which rests immediately on our inhabited surface, unless vegetation was around us. The powerful effects of its presence we feel in various parts, in the diseases which it occasions; and from these we may form some notion of its extensive influence in a minor degree, both for good and for ill, in every other locality. *(s)* That it has constantly an exciting, and exhilirating and salubrious effect, we all experience when we pass from our pent-up town into a plant-abounding district. Strength and spirits arise within us, as we reach the abode and diffusion of the Vegetable Kingdom

Nor does vegetation exercise a less important influence on the great pabulum of life and mind—the beauteous and indispensable LIGHT, Here, again, the universality of the diffusion of the Botanical species attests the magnitude of the effect, to which the attention of Science has not been sufficiently drawn. But let us consider, that it has been a general law to all vegetable nature, that the colour of its leaves and blades shall be *green* all over the world. The consequence is, that for the months which elapse from the first opening of the vernal foliage until its autumnal decline, (I speak now more particularly of England,) half of every year, the plants and trees are absorbing all the light which falls on the surface of the earth which they occupy, and return only one-seventh part of it, and that consisting alone of one particular ray; of the seven colours or rays of light, the red, the blue, the yellow, the orange, the indigo, and the violet portions of it, six-sevenths of its whole component substance are subtracted from it, and from the air, and from our respiration of it; and we have, and use, and imbibe only the green particles of it, out of all that vegetables receive. Thus, during Spring and Summer, the green ray of light is that, amid which we are peculiarly living, when beyond the atmosphere of cities. For six months this predominates in nature; while the other and larger portion of all light that falls on plants, is buried in the vegetable mechanism that imbibe it; from them descending through their vessels into roots, and from these issuing into the earth, and being there disposed of in some manner which we have yet neither studied nor explored. *(t)*

In Autumn, a new action in light begins; the green ray is no longer transmitted by the trees. As the principle of life withdraws from their foliage into the vessels of the branches and stem, a different process ensues. The verdant light is then absorbed instead of being reflected; and those mixtures of the other rays, which constitutes the brown and yellow colours of the fading leaves, are emitted instead. When the leaves have all fallen, that effect ceases, and during all winter, the trees absorb none of that light which their foliage thus imbibed and modified; and ight must, therefore, have a very different action upon human kind at this season, compared with that which it exerts at every other.

The flowers, likewise, while they are blossoming, retain and emit other portions of the rays; and the fruits in their season effect for the time being, other changes also. *(u)*

Another very important action on the aërial fluids in our atmosphere, is that which plants exert in their leaves and flowers, on the Electricity which appears to be every where about us. Spines of herbs and shrubs attract it. *(v)* All plants are found to do so. *(w)*

In fact, every herb and tree are all day long effusing oxygen light; emitting the green ray, transmitting into the earth both the electric and luminous fluids which they have imbibed, and drawing up into themselves, from the earth, the diluted particles which respectively nourish them.

But, besides, these uses of vegetation, in the economy of our wonderful-

(q) The insects which live and have their being on the Oak, amount to hundreds of species. It nourishes ferns, lichens, mosses, &c. It furnishes its apples, gall nuts, leaves, and saw dust. Some are attacked by small fungi, which break their surface, admit moisture and facilitate decay. The leaves decomposing from a vegetable earth, and the worm seizes on them as his portion, and having fed upon part, draws the remainder into the earth.

(r) On this topic, Mr. Lindsay's Introduction to the Natural System of Botany, will be found very valuable. Under the head of the Properties of Plants, he gives ample, yet condensed notices of their medical uses. Decandolle's "Essai sur les Proprietes Medicales des Plantes," which he has much consulted, will be an useful companion Mr. Lindsay deserves great credit for so ably composing his Natural System of the Vegetable Creation. The Linnean classification and Nomenclature, are very ingenious and useful; but the Natural System will always be most philosophical.

(s) These are well known in our tropical countries amid their luxuriant vegetations; and in all marshy districts; and especially in the malaria produced by moisture occurring to decayed vegetation, which is more fatal, when sea and fresh water combine to overflow it.

(t) The effect of light in causing the green colour of plants, is evidenced by the whiteness of those which grow in darkness. Red and white tulips retain their floral colours also so reared; but in this case their leaves are not green but white.—*Smith.*

(u) The continual perspiration of plants is also adding increasing streams of vaporous fluids of some sort or other to the atmosphere. Hales found the great sun-flower to perspire 17 times as fast as the ordinary insensible perspiration of the human skin. The Cornelian Cherry evaporates from its leaves in 24 hours, nearly twice the weight of the whole shrub.—*Du Hamel.*

(v) We owe to Saussure the discovery, that thorns, and vegetable points, produce electricity.

(w) On approaching a small piece of black wax, after rubbing it to a red poppy, laid lightly on my table, each leaf of the corolla moved to it, and waved up and down as the wax passed over it. —*Turner.*

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ly-constructed world as food and medicine, and as powerful agencies in our atmosphere and light, it is also every where contributing to the comfort and convenience of man in his domestic and social life, according as his skill and diligence discover its applicable uses, and invent the means of making them advantageous to himself Hence the innumerable improvements in all the arts and manufactures which human ingenuity has appropriated, and which are daily increasing. It will be sufficient here to notice only a few, as specimens of what thus abound. It is an exuberant topic, on which, your reading, or the information which you may derive from adapted conversation, will in time give you an enlarged and very gratifying knowledge.

Thus the *Sago Palm-tree*, on the Orinoco, supplies the Guanacas with all they need. They live in it, and upon it, with scarcely a possibility of exhausting its supplies. *(x)* The *Banana*, is as bountiful a friend to myriads of our fellow-beings in the East, both in its produce, and its power of rapid multiplication. *(y)* The *Canadian Birch Tree*, in its mere bark, is a valuable supply of conveniences to the Indian nation. *(z)* The *Bread Fruit Tree*, has a bark from which the Tahitians make several varieties of native cloth. Of the trunk, they build their canoes and houses, and their articles of furniture, and extract a valuable resin; and they live upon its abundant fruit. Their *Cocoa Nut Tree*, is still more serviceable for the conveniences as well as food, which it profusely yields. (1) The *hemp*, *flax*, and *cotton* plants are known to all.

Enumerations of this sort, might be made from all the regions of the globe; but a few more illustrations of the uses of the Vegetable Kingdom, will suffice. We have a familiar one in the Sunflower, presented by nature; (2) and a curious one, extractible from the Moss-crop plant, by human ingenuity. (3) * * * Nothing is useless in vegetable nature. Even the thistle we despise and eradicate; (4) the Dandelion, which we ridicule; (5) the Nettle, which we dislike; (6) and the Rush we undervalue; (7) are all convertible into beneficial uses. They have all, in some age or other, contributed to human comfort or convenience. The most intellectual of our arts, which gives to ideal beauty a visible form, is greatly indebted to botanical productions for some of those pleasing colours which embody its perceptions. From them also, many valuable dyes are obtained. (8) Even the vegetation of the marshes, though unfit for alimentary herbs, or for habitation, become serviceable by the *Turf* which it produces, and is always renewing, as it is removed, for domestic comfort. (9) The maratime also assists some portions of mankind with food and medicine, and materials for manufacture. (10) The Lichens, likewise, extend similar utilities to society. (11) The Fungi though deleterious when unwisely applied, yet have properties that are available to medical skill; (12) while Ferns are not less auxiliary to our use and comfort. (13) Such benefits and beauties have made Botany an interesting study, even to nations where we least expect to find any of the paths of science either esteemed or pursued. (14) * * It is another expressive indication of the forseeing and provident benevolence of the Great Originator, that He has made the most useful trees and plants transferable from one region to another. It is from this property in them, that we now produce many of our valued trees and flowers, and most gratifying luxuries of fruits and herbs. (15) What pleases in one climate, is transplanted into another, and successfully naturalized there

With all these facts in our recollection, let me just notice a few of the properties of that living principle which all vegetables appear to possess. Thus, as if the *living principle* of a plant knew its own nature, and what every part of the organic frame it animates, needs, it distributes and conveys daily and hourly to its stem, its bark, wood, leaves, roots, branches, flowers, and fruits, through their several vascularities, precisely that kind and portion of the fluids it imbibes or secretes, which each ought to receive. Accomplishing all these actions, the *living principle* remains with all these powers in its organized frame, during the period that has been prescribed to it: and leaves its temporary abode and all animal life, when that period has been fulfilled Beyond this departure, we cannot trace it. The plant is *forsaken* by *it*, and dissolves into its material atoms; but the *principle of life* was not there, and, therefore, must be disposed of, distinct from them according to those laws, which the Creator appointed to attend its earthly death, when He first fixed the laws and place of its living existence.

Besides these general actions, particular plants exert particular agencies. The stamina of the common Barberry, always contract if any insect or strange body touch them In dry soils, plants invariably shoot out towards those parts from which they can derive the most nourishment. Cucumbers and Melons stretch out in long branches. If any of these, in shooting out, approach near a stone, they do not go on and touch it, but they *stop short* before they reach it, and then wind round it. The Mimosas and other sensitive plants are well known to possess an exquisite susceptibility. Again, a great number of leaves follow the sun in its course. For instance, a clover-field. The stately annual Sun-flower, after following the sun all day returns after sunset to the East. The Daisy and the Tulip, close and open their flowers every evening and morning. The former, if the day be cold, remains closed. The nightly closing of leaves, is called by Linnæus, the Sleep of Plants. This phenomena is another analogy to the animal nature. Many

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(x) Its quantity of nutritious food is prodigious. One tree in its fifteenth year furnishes 600 lbs. of sago. A single acre of land, will support 435 sago palms, which will produce every year 120,500 lbs. of sago.—*Crawford.*

(y) Humboldt calculates that 1000 square feet of Banana plants, will produce 4,000 of its nutritive food; while the same space would only grow 33 lbs of wheat, and 99 lbs. of Potatoes. Of the Banana tribe, the gigantic leaves of some species are applied to many domestic purposes. They thatch the Indian cottages; are a natural table cloth, and a material for basket making; and yield a most valuable flax, from which some of the finest muslins are made. The juice of one kind is made for dying.

(z) Their canoes are made by this bark, and all sorts of small cups and dishes. It burns like pitch. It splits into threads; will serve for twine, may be written upon in pencil. Stuck on a pole, it lights them while they fish of a night.—*Head.*

(1) Of its trunk their spears are made; the rafters, wall plates, and pillars, for their houses; their fences and various instruments. It is also their fuel. Of its leaves they form screens and several kinds of baskets, and plait for bonnets. Of its fibrous parts attached to the bark, they work jackets, coats, bags, and even shirts. Besides milk, and abundant edible food, it also supplies a copious oil. The larger shells of the nut, holding a quart, are used for bottles, and the smaller for cups and drinking vessels; and the fibres of its husk, are made into cordage.—*Ellis.*

(2) Its leaves are a pleasing fodder to cattle; its flowers assemble the bees; and its profuse seeds are invaluable food for pigs, sheep and poultry. It also produces an invaluable oil.

(3) Mr. Holliwell, near Todmeston, has manufactured a beautiful russet cloth, and also yarn for stockings, from the wool produced by the Moss Crop Plant, found on his Estate.

(4) Two kinds of this plant were formerly boiled and eaten as artichokes; its leaves as salad and greens. Its young stalks, peeled and soaked, are excellent.

(5) The leaves of the Dandelion, in early spring, afford a very good ingredient in salads.

(6) Its roots may be used with advantage in calculous complaints, scurvy, gout, and jaundice. The young shoots of spring are anti-scorbutic. It fattens hens. Ropes, paper, and cloth, have been made from it. A Treatise, by Francus and Dreschler, have been written on its virtues. The former recommends it as a wholesome and agreeable pot-herb: the latter, as a good substitute for hops in preserving beer.

(7) The common Rush furnishes seats for chairs, and pith for candle-wicks. In Japan, it forms floor mats, &c.

(8) Lichens furnish important dyes. Blue colour may be extracted from the straw of Buck Wheat. Myrtle Berries furnish a beautiful blue dye for cloth, while it affords food for sheep, and materials for tanning.

(9) M. Dau's valuable Essay on Turf, is recommended to the attention of the reader.

(10) The beautiful Alaria Esculenta, forms a part of the simple fair of the poorer classes of Ireland, Scotland, Iceland, Denmark, and the Faroe Islands But it is in the manufacture of Kelp for the glass-maker and soap-boiler, that the Algæ take their place among the most useful vegetables.

(11) For instance, the far-famed Iceland-Moss.

(12) Fungi salted, are eaten by the Russians without danger. Vinegar also, takes from some their ill effects. One variety is used in the N. E. parts of Asia for its intoxicating effects.

(13) Capillaire is prepared from ferns. Its leaves are a tonic in India. Two kinds have been employed in the manufacture of beer; and one as a substitute for tea.

(14) In no country out of Europe is Botany in such honour as China and Japan. It has been cultivated there above a thousand years. Siedbold, gives a list of 10 Japenese books on Botany, with coloured figures, one written in 1650; two in 1697; others in 1797, 1800, 1808. 1816, 1824.

(15) Thus the Horse Chesnut was a native of Mount Pindus, in Arcadia. The Peach has come from Persia. The Potatoe originated from South America. It grows wild in Chili and Peru. Rye and Wheat were first imported from Tartary and Siberia, where they are yet indigenous Asparagus, from Asia. Cresses, from Crete. Cauliflowers, from Cyprus. Chervil, from Italy. Cabbage and Lettuce, from Holland. Fennel, from the Canaries. Garlic, from the East. Gourds, from Astrachan. Horse-radish, from China. Kidney Beans, from the East Indies. Lentil, from France. Rice, from Ethiopia. Shalot, from Siberia Tobacco, from America. Sugar, from India and Arabia; brought from Egypt into Sicily and Spain; by Spain, planted in the Canary Islands and Madeiras; thence carried to St. Domingo, Hispaniola, the Brazils, and Mauritius. Elder Tree, from Persia.

So as to Flowers. The Jessamine, from the E. Indies. Tulip, from Cappadocia Lily, from Syria. Tube Rose, from Java and Ceylon. Carnation and Pink, from Italy.

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plants close their flowers and others droop their leaves when the light departs, as if to take their sleep; and expand them in the morning, at various hours according to their species. But this does not depend upon the sun; it is more like the roosting of fowls.

It is also one of the laws on which the Vegetable organization has been constructed, that its *living principle* shall be separable from it, and shall depart from it, just as in man and brute. Here again, specific ordainment visibly appears. Each has its *appointed* period of duration peculiar to its species, and dies when that has been reached. Thus, some are only annuals, and do not survive the year; others are biennials, or grow up in one year, and die in the next; while others, are perennials, or last for many years, reviving every spring.

Gentlemen! I have detained you this evening much longer than I had intended—but the subject is fascinating. Well is it said in the Reformed Confession of our Colonial Church, that creation is "a most beautiful Book." Happy they whose tastes are directed to study its pages. And happy were it, if more attention to the cultivation of gardens were more generally relished in this colony, than is the case.

A Garden to the virtuous, is a paradise still extant, a paradise unlost.—*Young.*

The name Eden, signifies pleasure; and the idea of pleasure is inseparable from that of a garden, where man still seeks after lost happiness; and where, perhaps, a good man finds the nearest resemblance of it, which this world affords.

(*Bishop Horne.*)

HOLIDAYS.

HAIL! all hail! the inspiring HOLIDAY!
The flight from all the strife and tumult of the world!
Let not the Cynic look with jaundiced eye
On those enlivening hours, which, like the bursts
Of sun-shine on the way worn pilgrim's head,
Dispel the mental gloom. They are the salt
Of this our short existence: they beguile
The rugged road of life: they often brace
Anew the slacken'd nerves, refresh the brain,
Rouse up the spirits, and revive the heart!
Let him not look with stern, reproving glance
On the snatch'd joys of those poor prisoners,
Whom the harsh gaoler, BUSINESS, in his gripe
Fastens but too securely. Man is bound
By artificial ties, where cities rear
Their large circumference; but how he longs
To quit them for a season; how he strives
Like some imprisoned bird that droops within
Its bars, to leave engirting ties behind,
And feel the breeze of heaven upon his cheek,
The uncontaminated breeze; and rove
In flowery fields and garden groves—
A joyous denizon of earth. To him
How grand the mountain's hoary brow,—how sweet!
How doubly sweet are sunny vales! how wave
The wanton woods, and charming bubbling brooks,
Responsive to the song of morn and eve.
He sees a million beauties, which the sons
Of LEISURE miss; for they, with heedless step,
And vacant eye, stroll oft among the works—
The miracles of God—unimpress'd
By all they see, and undelighted too
At the soft sounds that ever are abroad;—
The hum of bee, the whisp'ring of the breeze,
The rush of wings, the leap of sportive fish,
The wild-bird's plaint, the music of the leaf,
The sounds of rural Nature all abroad. **

In looking over a number of manuscript papers, sundry notes presented themselves—the

"Relics o' a friend that's gone."

The following have been put into shape from these stores, being an oral communication by the late Mr. JAMES HALLIDAY, Surgeon of the H. E I. C. Ship *Waterloo*, to the Editor of this Journal. He was to us an almost brother; our companionship was continued for a series of happy years. Frequent and pleasant were our journeyings together through many lands,—and as well by sea. These times are gone by, *but they have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is mournfully sweet.* The memory of our friend is dear to very many in Annandale, Dumfriesshire. His remains lie buried in the church-yard of Johnston, the pastoral village of his birth. Our readers will, we feel convinced, excuse this humble tribute at the shrine of friendship.

As to the subject of the following article, although much has been written respecting Buonaparte, a vast deal remains to be said. Many ocular witnesses have not yet opened their *porte feuilles,* or taken up the pen to retrace their recollections. Before we can have a complete history of the extraordinary man who ruled France, it is necessary to amass those materials which are wanting, and fill up the existing vacua. As contributors to such in some humble degree, we proceed to publish

AN ADVENTURE AT ST. HELENA.

——— "Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth:—to-day—'tis what?"
H. K. WHITE.

IT was just on the eve of that season when the French emperor, with his numerous armed myrmidons, set out from his capital, in order to watch the movements of the allied armies, then occupying important posts in various parts of Flanders, that our ship weighed anchor: and a brisk wind carrying her out to sea, deprived us of an acquaintance with the particulars of the bloody strife at Waterloo till the following year. It was not, indeed, till we had arrived at Canton, that we *heard* that a war had actually been commenced; but of its results we could learn nothing—but were doomed to be tortured by a thousand reports, all equally absurd, but all testifying that a blow had been somewhere struck. The tale remained to be fully told, and the victorious issue of British valour and perseverence to be developed, till the lofty foe-man of our country should meet our wondering gaze, a captive on the island of St. Helena; and we there should learn the particulars of the battle of Waterloo, the capitulation of Paris, the *déchéance* of Napoleon, and the subsequent reinstatement of the Bourbons.

St. Helena, the refreshing place between one world and another, of which an old writer says, "placed in the crystalline centre of the hemisphere, lies a small isle of pearl of the sea," is situated in latitude 16° south of the line, and in 6 degrees west longitude. An immense sea rolls between it and every other land, except the small unpeopled island of Ascension, which lies 800 miles to the north of it. On making safe anchorage in the roads, we soon discovered the changes in an island hitherto open to every visitor. Cannon were placed around it, from whence some shots were fired at us, ere we understood the alteration which had taken place in its government, since we last touched there. Encamped bands of soldiers were everywhere seen; the shipping was more numerous than we had before witnessed, and an admiral's flag was flying at the mast of one of a larger description than was usual on this station. Several boats, from the shipping and the shore, soon hovered around us; whose crews communicated to us the wonderful news of the day, the state of the island, and the regulations then in force. These all appeared strange, and particularly those which ordained, that nothing but the most urgent necessity would be received as a plea for landing on the island, and this only to the superior officers. As we were likely to remain three or four days, to take in water, &c., I was so fortunate as to obtain permission to go ashore with our first officer, N——, in order to visit my friend, captain R——, of the 53d regiment. At the usual landing place, we effected a footing, and soon found ourselves in James' Town. It hardly deserves the name of a town, being rather a deep ravine, or ditch. At the mouth it is extremely narrow, scarcely 400 yards in breadth; it then becomes narrower, till it ends in a point, about a mile and a half from the sea, bounded on each side by almost perpendicular cliffs, called Rupert's and Ladder Hill. I slept at the house of captain R——, and when awoke in the morning, was alarmed at the singularly stupendous rocks which hung over my head, and seemed ready at each passing wind to form a cairn for my burying place. Cannon were placed in front of the town, and the soldiers who guarded them lived in little houses cut out of the solid rock. These, with the numerous forts, formed a singular appearance, and seemed to bid defiance to the most vigorous attacks from without. It appears to have been a generally received opinion in England, that it was impossible to effect a landing on the island by surprise, and that there are only one or two landing places. The fact, however, is, that although the coast on all sides is well fenced by rocks of immense magnitude, and cliffs rising to the height of from 500 to more than 1200 feet above the sea, the island can be entered by various inlets, as well as by many singular ravines, of which there are no less than twelve from whence Buonaparte might have escaped, unless particularly guarded; but as no vessel can approach in *any direction* without being descried at the distance of sixty miles, it would have been useless in him to attempt to escape, considering the shipping which were ever on the watch. Captain R—— furnished horses for N—— and myself, to take an excursion, without which it would have been impossible to have done so, from the heat of the weather, and the craggy nature of the country. We set off for the British camp, about five miles distant from James' Town, after taking an early dinner with our friend. We had literally to climb a steep zig-zag Ben Lomond kind of hill, which gave us no favourable idea of the fertility of the island, for nought is seen around but wild sterility. The road has been cut in the solid rock—a work of Herculean labour. To travel here on horseback would be dangerous, if not presumptuous, were not the sides of the road secured by a parapet wall. Even in its present condition it is a giddy height, and amply sufficient to terrify those who exercise too much of their gazing conceptions, in looking down upon the inhabitants of James' Town in their grave below. We found the appearance of things much changed, after having ascended for about a mile. Rural images presented themselves: nature peeped forth in gay luxuriance; and the scenery of pastoral life became everywhere visible. Many pleasant country-seats diversified the view, whilst our

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toils were rewarded by the simple notes of many a passing herdsman. Every thing appeared uncommonly fruitful; the corn rich in prospect, and potatoes high in stem: most species of fruit are said to abound here, with vegetables of every description. The scenery is enlivened by a variety of fine springs and currents. We pushed on our steeds, and arrived at Hutt's Gate, the residence of general Bertrand, and were introduced to its master and his lady. Our reception was extremely flattering. A refreshment was immediately placed before us, with an invitation to make some stay. Madame Bertrand was extremely voluble, and is a most interesting little woman. Her son, Henry, she delighted to praise; showed us his picture set in diamonds, and declared it to be the "very image of the king of Rome." The conduct of general Bertrand is understood to have been extremely consistent since his residence in the island; most people spoke of him with respect. We left our kind Frenchman and his lady, and soon afterward reached the English camp, which is half a mile from Longwood, the residence of Buonaparte. The camp was in a most beautiful situation, which in it included a complete view of Longwood and the adjacent country. The officers at the camp were full of complaints, and appeared, as did the soldiers in general, to be extremely discontented with their situation. Nor is it surprising that they should be so, for unless the mind be enabled to retire within itself — to live on its own stores—to concentrate its hopes on an infinite good—to extend, by the aid of contemplation, the range of its ideas, retirement like this will become a *durance vile*, instead of a "blest seclusion from a jarring world." After gazing on Longwood, with the faint hope of seeing the captive at a distance, through the "loop-holes of retreat," we sauntered about the camp, and passed the sentinels. We were alone, and unobserved. A sudden thought arose in our minds, as to the possibility of gaining Buonaparte's mansion, and seeing his person. We hesitated not a moment—we resolved; and reckless of consequences, set off at full speed, each by a different route, to avoid suspicion. It was my lot to strike into an obscure, unfrequented, and, I believe, unknown path Hedges and ditches were trifling obstructions in the way—curiosity and zeal conquered these and others by which I was assailed. A large field of potatoes favoured my stolen visit, by obscuring the one half of my person. I gained Longwood, and rushed unheedingly into a door, which was open, at the back of the house. I found myself in a small uncomfortable looking room, and in the presence of a middle-aged man and a youth. I conceived the former to be the valet, or some other domestic in the family, his dress corresponding with that of persons of this description. I was mistaken; it was the count Las Cases and his son. Discovering my agitation, which had gained upon me by the heat of the weather, the race I had run, and the situation in which I then stood, he very politely handed me a chair; when, after a little breathing, I told him my tale, and that the professed object of my visit was to behold general Buonaparte. "Sir," said he, in correct English, "your object is good, and your curiosity is laudable. To see the *emperor*, of whom the whole world has heard, is, I repeat laudable, and I pledge myself to gratify you." Las Cases then requested me to wait till it should be the time of the "emperor's" evening ride, which, he added, would soon arrive. Whilst seated, I observed various English mechanics passing and re-passing, who eyed me with attention. I feared lest my abode within should be too daring, and induce a misconstruction of my views. I observed to the count, that I would walk out in search of my friend N——, and wait the appearance of the emperor. N—— was at the stables, in close conversation with captain Poppleton, whose tent was pitched adjoining them, and who saw Buonaparte every hour, reported him to the admiral, and was responsible for his person. The captain never dreamed but that we were in possession of a pass from the admiral, or he certainly would have questioned our object. He is an officer of pleasing manners, and treated us with much civility. We partook of the cheer his tent afforded. The story of Buonaparte's escape from his boundaries, and the firing of the guard, is an idle tale. The fact is, Napoleon being an expert cavalry rider, and captain P. only an infantry officer, and little accustomed to equestrian manœuvres, the latter had been left far behind his companion, in one of his airings. Buonaparte, it seems, enjoyed most heartily the triumph of galloping away from his keeper, who could only bear the jog-trot of his Rosinante. Buonaparte had really exceeded the length of his chain, made some romantic and chivalric leaps in his progress, and had climbed some dreadful steeps. Captain P. was highly incensed at his conduct, and made a report to the admiral. The unlucky evil-doer was not allowed to ride out with the captain for some time, and he was assured by a rough message from the admiral, that if he ever transgressed in such a way again, the sentinels had orders to level him to the earth. During our conversation with the captain, an Irishman at work very near us, was talking and muttering to himself in a very humorous manner; and cursing his hard fate, in being shut up in such a place. The green hills of his native isle, with all their soft and endearing associations, seemed to awaken in his breast the most lively emotions. He made it appear that he had been actually trepanned in the island. Longwood comprises 1500 acres of fine land, and is a beautiful plain, elevated 2000 feet above the sea. The wood has been long since cut down, and fields of corn and grass occupy its place. The view is extensive, and the sea prospect most enchanting. The whole presents a fine scope for contemplation.

The shadows of evening were creeping upon us, when Buonaparte's coachman appeared with his helpers, at the stables; put four horses to the carriage of his master, and drove up to the front of the house. Soon after Napoleon appeared himself, and was followed to the garden opposite, by a numerous train of living monstrosities. Having halted and formed a circle, we beheld Buonaparte and Las Cases in earnest conversation. The former bowed most politely to us, and Las Cases approached, and begged to introduce us to the Emperor. We were received with marked attention, placed on each side of his person, standing uncovered with the whole of his followers. Madame Montholon was the only female in the party. I confess I felt somewhat awed at the first interview with such a man, and I confess a degree of respect towards him gained upon me, especially as I viewed his countenance, and could not observe "the face of villany" in all the stern reality of life, nor mark the "living lineaments of hatred." My mind, too, was crowded with the most lively and powerful association of ideas, connected with the personage whose arm now touched mine. The shaking of empires to their foundations by a nod—the creation of kings out of nothing—the ruling the destiny of half the world—all these floated in my busy recollection. Buonaparte was in high good humour; and after our names and professions were duly announced by Las Cases, he directed his discourse with great ease, but majesty of deportment, to N——, as chief officer of the ——. The conversation, on the part of Buonaparte, was in French; Las Cases became our interpreter: the former needed none, for he comprehended our answers with much felicity. Some of his questions were doubtless very silly, but I think in the main they discovered him to be a man of very superior discernment. When any were asked of a trifling nature, it was easy to discover a decided absence of mind, and a total inattention as to the reply. Certainly there was a good deal of this in his conversation, and I think his volubility in many instances may be compared to the little bells the Chinese hang round their temples, which are under no direction but that of the wind, every breeze of which sets them in motion, and causes them to give forth rude, inarticulate, and unmeaning sounds. In spite, however, of all our antipathies to the man, he appeared to have many intellectual distinctions—to possess one original and supernatural faculty: the faculty of developing a subject by a single glance of the mind, and detecting at once the very point on which it depends. No matter what the question: though it were ten times more knotty than the "gnarled oak;" the lightning of heaven is scarcely more rapid, or more resistless, than was his astonishing penetration: nor did the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort. On the contrary, it was easy as vision. I am persuaded that his eye did not fly over a landscape, and take in its various objects with more promptitude and facility, than his mind embraced and analyzed the most complicated subjects. I regret my inability to record all the judicious observations which I heard him make. His mental operations were too rapid for the memory to retain. His judgment on men and things appeared to be instantaneously formed. The *coup d'ail* of the military engineer, or the quick and sure tact of the medical practitioner, in marking the diagnostics of disease, bear some analogy to the conclusions of a Buonaparte. Hence it has been said of him, that the first burst of his mind was always grand. It is impossible for me to notice one third of the infinite variety of topics which he entered into, and asked questions upon. Not that he needed instruction, or was a novice in human affairs, for he was evidently master of all the subjects brought under his view. O, that with all the advantages derived from the high pinnacle on which he was placed, he had learned the art *greatly how to live!* The following is a selection of the subjects which formed the conversation between Buonaparte and N——. What our cargo was; length of the voyage; what teas we had on boar , and what description of silk; the quantity of men necessary for the ship, and expenses of their maintenance; what guns, provision, and weight, she carried properties of the sea; ship building in its different classes; convoy and navigation; Chinese opinion of England, and her naval power; the Chinese character, customs, manners, laws, religion, and population; battle of Waterloo, and lord Wellington; sir John Moore, and the Spanish war, &c Questions in connexion with these subjects were demanded with great eagerness; but it was evident, that Buonaparte was well conversant with them, from the detection of several errors which had been unintentionally made. For instance in the following particular:—

Buonaparte. What number of Frenchmen reside at Canton?

N——. One.

Buonaparte. What is the occupation of Monsieur;

N——. Cook to the factory of the East India Company.

Buonaparte. Are there no others?

N——. Not any.

Buonaparte. What then has become of the two French missionaries, who long resided there?

N——. I beg your pardon, these persons still reside at Canton. I had forgotten them.

Buonaparte. So I thought.

Much anxiety was displayed in questions about the Chinese. He wondered at the policy of governments in fostering ignorance and monopoly; said he thought it would be proper to pull down the holds of prejudice, suspicion, and covetousness; but observed, "I only think so—the subject is new to me—it is worth attention." He asked what the Chinese thought of the British naval power? We replied, they thought very greatly of it. "Ah, indeed,"

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said he, "and so do I!" Respecting teas we enjoyed a hearty laugh, Buonaparte excepted. "I have been informed," said he, "that there is much imposition practised on your Company, by the Chinese, in the article of tea. That they first of all derive for themselves the virtues of the tea, dry it up, and sell it to the Company. *You* may not think so; but what do you know about the secrets of their trade? your are strangers without, *not within the gates*." He inquired if we had heard of the battle of Waterloo, with as much *sang froid* as if he had not been involved in its ruin. He praised lord Wellington—commended the courage of the conflicting armies, and intimated very intelligibly, that Wellington was the only general equal to himself. "In prudence," said he, "he is my superior" He adverted to the war in Spain, in terms of regret. He declared sir John Moore to be the bravest general the English ever had; spoke of the immense difficulties he had encountered, and the glorious death he died. Buonaparte made many observations on the bravery and character of the British cavalry; ridiculed their many appendages, and assured us with great gravity, that they were by no means equal to the French. No censure was implied by this on the gallantry of the former, but against the bad management of their horses, and the generally bad constructed curb of their reins. After close questioning N——— on points connected with his profession as a sailor, during which he displayed a prodigious nautical science, he turned quickly round on his right heel, and addressed me, looking me full in the face at the same time. I hardly expected to escape a keen examination, after what I had heard pass between N——— and himself; yet I felt somewhat confident that there would be a falling off in his ability, when the study of the healing art should be discussed. Buonaparte commenced with inquiries (as he had done with N———) as to my name, country, education, and connexions. On learning that I was from Scotland, he paid a handsome tribute to the Scottish character, and observed to Las Cases, "*Ils s'élèvent au-dessus des hommes.*"

He asked the name of my native town or village, on hearing which, he said to Las Cases, "*C'est l'endroit où naquirent Rogerson et Halliday, fameux médecins à la cour Russe.*" He demanded the name of the University I attended. On telling him Edinburgh, he observed, "*Edinburgh est la pauvreté, Edinburgh est la pauvreté.*"* My age was also a subject of his inquiry, and being informed, he expressed great surprise at my youth, and at my being a practitioner at so early a period And yet I have understood, that the period of activity was always marked out by him at no great advance in life When he was asked to employ any one whom he did not sufficiently know, he was accustomed to say, "*Quel age avez-vous?*" If the age of the petitioner exceeded forty, Napoleon dismissed him with this remark, "*Son adolescence est passé*" Buonaparte was anxious to know, if I had heard of any anvances in the science of medicine and surgery. The performance of bleeding occupied most of his attention: he whished to know whether it was most advisable to bleed in his vein or the artery, and whether the circulating fluid was best lessened by the application of the lancet, cupping glasses, or the leech. He considered the instruments in use for opening a vein not quite suited to the purpose, and suggested hints for their improvement I was asked. how I should proceed in certain cases which he enumerated, and whether I thought well of vomits Blistering, plasters, and the pulse were next under review. The Chinese physicians were noticed by Buonaparte as remarkable in particular cases, and in tracing pulsation in every part of the human body. Throughout the whole of the conversation I had an opportunity of beholding his countenance, with which I was much prepossessed, and which I can never forget. His person was truly interesting, and he carried his figure to the best advantage. His manners were those of a gentleman, and extremely winning. Upon the whole, I think, I never saw his equal for natural shape, and perfectability of human countenance. I should conceive the latter a fine specimen of the Roman cast, and to be a perfect model of the plastic hand of nature. In vain I looked for the "murderer," the "monster," the "villain," the "wretch," the "assassin,"* in the place, which is generally said to be an index of the mind. This rule will not hold good with respect to Buonaparte. In the face of Buonaparte you saw nothing of the interior organization—nothing in the muscles from which the peculiar charater could be read: all without was interesting and engaging; but it is to be feared, all within was far from being correct. Perhaps it would hardly be fair to apply Montgomery's description of the Giant King to Buonaparte, when after speaking of the calm and awful grace of his countenance, he adds,

"But direst cruelty, by guile represt,
Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast;
In silence brooding, like the secret power
That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour"

I confess myself entirely ignorant of the physiognomical system of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim; therefore, I cannot determine if there were any propensity discoverable in the cranium of this singular man. I should imagine, however, that if the system be true, a little attention would have traced the organ of combativeness, as well as that of covetousness, but as I must be understood to place little reliance on external observation, by means of craniological science, I abandon this idea as superficial. During our interview with Napoleon, he took a prodigious quantity of snuff, from a box made of exquisite tortoise-shell, mounted with silver Medallions, with the heads of the king of Rome, Maria Louisa, and Julius Cæsar His dress was the same as he is usually described to have worn He had a singular aversion to red clothes Captain Poppleton indulged him on his first arrival in the island, by putting on a dress not *militaire* We began to fear, as the time drew on, that the gates of James' Town would be shut; we therefore showed symptoms of uneasiness; and had not long to experience this. Buonaparte, with his hawk's ey , understood our looks, politely wished us good evening, and retired The party followed him to the house: the ride was countermanded, and the carriage, which had been waiting above an hour, was driven back to the stable yard. We made great haste to the town, where we arrived in perfect safety; spent the evening with captain R——, and retired for the night. My mind was so completely absorbed in reviewing the occurrences of the day, and reflecting upon my interview with one of so rare a kind, that sleep never visited my pillow till morning. Nor were his generous followers in captivity less the object of my wonder and respect. I hope I shall be sufficiently understood: I am not about to defend the general conduct of such men; but I feel myself bound to separate the iron from the clay, and to admire that part of their conduct which displayed so much disinterested friendship, in becoming exiles from their homes and from polished society, to dwell in comparative solitude with a decayed and fallen master. The world has to boast of few examples of decided friendship, and the observation of the Roman poet is, alas! too just respecting human nature.

"Nulla fieldes unquam miseros eligit amicos."

Human friendship is precarious—the world is full of ingratitude; but here we behold men whom we have been taught to despise, exhibiting a nobleness of soul nearly equal to any instances of gratitude upon record. How often among us who rejoice that French principles are discarded, do we behold a contrary conduct; and when earthly comforts, grandeur, and glory, exhibit their fragility and become extinct, witness the flight of professed friends, who only followed in our train when prosperity was at its zenith. But without multiplying reflections, I have only to add to this plain narrative of facts, that we spent a Sunday in St. Helena, which was religiously observed by the people of the town. One thing I should notice as singular in the island:—servants, or rather slaves, are let out to hire, like horses: this remains to be explained. In the course of the following day, we were on board: by this time, the news of our visit to the state prisoner had reached the admiral. He was highly offended,—our captain having pledged himself that none of the crew should visit Longwood. No blame could, however, be attached to our worthy commander, except that he had forgotten to make us acquainted with the injunction. An arrest was at hand for N———and myself, when our ship weighed anchor, and bore us away to England's happy shores, which we reached on the 24th of April, 1816.

* In allusion, probably, to the number of public buildings in Edinburgh, then abandoned for want of funds.

* Terms applied to him by the *Times*.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

THE London papers of September notice several interviews on the part of His Majesty, and his Royal Brother, the Duke of Sussex. The primary object of these meetings are understood to be the claims, the just claims, of His Royal Highness, in behalf of his son and daughter.

By the law of England, a descendant of George the Second, even after he has arrived at man's estate, is precluded from selecting a wife after his own heart: he must marry only whom the king, or the council in certain cases may approve; and hence he is, in fact, limited in his choice within the circle of those often very ugly, and generally very ill-educated princesses, who abound in the small states of Germany. The policy of the country has for some time required that the king should be a Protestant. Hence, a prince of our royal family should keep clear of any connexions, which might eventually place the crown upon the head of any of our own nobility—a policy dictated by the prudent desire of avoiding the renewal of those civil wars, which have stained with the best blood of England so many pages of our history. Hence he must marry not a Protestant, but a foreign Protestant, and in order to preserve the dignity of the throne, this foreign Protestant must be a princess.

Such is the rule. One of the results of it has been, that, ever since the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne of England's realms, we have seen seated upon it, as the consorts of our kings, women generally of a mean order of intellect, and almost uniformly ignorant of the interests of the British empire—women inferior in every accomplishment of mind and person, to hundreds

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of our native nobility, anxious to enrich their foreign connexions.

But this is not all. The restriction imposed by law upon the descendants of the second George, with respect to their choice in marriage, has been openly avowed as their apology for courses of profligacy the most licentious, of debauchery the most shameless, that ever disgraced any family—even among those that have worn the crowns of nations.

But leaving these considerations for the present, let us turn to the Duke of Sussex. It was the fate—perhaps the misfortune of this illustrious person—to feel in a peculiar manner the severity of the law, by which he, as a descendant of George the Second, was precluded from choosing for his wife, the woman whom his heart preferred. He was nineteen years of age when, being on his travels, he happened to become acquainted, at Rome, with Lady Dunmore and her two daughters, one of whom, Lady Augusta Murray, from her brilliant beauty and accomplishments, attracted his particular attention. What does he do? Does he encompass her with panders to his appetite, and endeavour through their agency to seduce her from the protection of her parent? If he had adopted that line of conduct, it would not have been without precedents in his own family. Did he attempt to render the mother an accomplice in the ruin of her daughter? Had he done even that, he would not have been the first prince of his house to have perpetrated so iniquitous a crime. No; he knew well all the obstacles which the law placed between him and the woman to whom he surrendered his affections; those obstacles he deliberately reviewed, and he took, what undoubtedly must have appeared to him to be, the most conscientious means of overcoming them. Without communicating his intentions to Lady Dunmore, he, after an acquaintance of four months, which fully impressed his mind with the young lady's endearing qualities, offered her his hand with his heart, in the most honourable manner. Lady Augusta at first refused the alliance thus tendered, considering that it was one that might lower him in the estimation of the world, and deprive him of his royal privileges; but his entreaties overcame her resolution, and "we were married," he says, in a letter addressed to the late Lord Erskine, "at Rome, in the month of April, 1793, according to the rites of the English Church." The Duke was undoubtedly a minor, according to the rules of common law, when he contracted this marriage; and it is therefore material to observe, that in the letter which he acknowledges his marriage to Lord Erskine, and still calls Lady Augusta his wife, is dated the 30th of January, 1798, when he was upwards of twenty-five years of age. The ordinary rule is, that an act done during minority, if recognised after the minority expires, becomes binding on the party so recognising it. It is clear, at all events, that the Duke, when he had arrived at an age which, according to the ordinary and reasonable law of mankind, would have authorised him to incur obligations upon his own responsibility, did every thing in his power to confirm the marriage which took place while he was a minor. These are the words of the Prince himself:

"'In the month of December, 1792, being on my travels, I got acquainted at Rome with Lady Dunmore and her two daughters, who were just come from *Naples*. The well-known accomplishments of my WIFE (then Lady Augusta Murray) caught my peculiar attention. After *four months* intimacy, by which I got more particularly acquainted with all her endearing qualities, I *offered her my hand* unknown to her family, being certain beforehand of the *objections* Lady Dunmore would have made, had she been informed of my intentions. The *candour* and *generosity* my WIFE showed on this occasion, by *refusing* the proposal, and *showing* me the *personal disadvantage* I should draw upon *myself*, instead of checking my endeavours, served only to add new fuel to a passion, which no earthly power could ever have extinguished. At length, after having convinced Augusta of the impossibility of my living without her, *I* found an English clergyman, and we were *married* at *Rome*, in the month of April, 1793, according to the rites of the English church. Many people think Lady Dunmore was *privy* to this marriage, but of this I must *totally* exculpate her.'"

The only document connected with the transaction, which it is of importance here to notice, is the actual marriage contract, which was drawn up in the Duke's hand-writing, in the following very forcible terms:—

"'*On my knees, before God our Creator*, I, Augustus Frederick, promise thee, Augusta Murray, and SWEAR upon the BIBLE, as I hope for salvation in the world to come, that I will take thee, Augusta Murray, for my WIFE, for better, for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, to love but thee only, and none other; and may GOD forget ME if ever I forget THEE. The Lord's name be praised; SO BLESS ME, SO BLESS US, O GOD; and with my hand-writing do I, Augustus Frederick, this sign, March 21, 1793, at *Rome*, and put my SEAL to it, and my NAME.

'(L. S.) (signed) "AUGUSTUS FREDERICK."'

A similar document was drawn up and signed by Lady Augusta, written on the same paper, and at the foot is a memorandum in the hand-writing of the Duke, as follows:—Completed at Rome, April 4, 1793." From the union thus formed, two children have sprung, the elder, now Sir Augustus D'Este, born on the 13th of January, 1794, the younger, his sister, born in 1800, the Duke and Lady Augusta having rejoined each other at Berlin, in the year 1799, where they cohabited as man and wife. The marriage, such as it was, was made void in 1794, by a proceeding in the Ecclesiastical Court here, without the consent of either the Duke or Lady Augusta, and contrary to the wishes of both.

Two eminent counsel, one of them a highly distinguished civilian, Dr. Lushington, have given a formal and solemn opinion on the subject, in the following terms: "We are of opinion, after great consideration, that the Royal Marriage Act (12 Geo. III. c. 11) does not extend to any marriages by any descendants of George the Second, contracted and solemnized *bonâ fide* out of Great Britain, and beyond the limits of British jurisdiction; and that the marriage of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, at Rome, was not a marriage impeachable under that statute." The learned counsel, it will have been observed, do not go to the extent of saying, that in their judgment the marriage was a valid one; they merely express their opinion that the Royal Marriage Act did not affect it, but leave it to be inferred that there are other grounds, upon which the marriage was impeachable.

Under the circumstances of this case, the reader will doubtless think that the children of the Duke of Sussex should be entitled to rank as a Duke's son and daughter. Undoubtedly they have infinitely stronger title to be treated as legitimate children, and to be elevated to the aristocracy, than the Fitzclarences. Such a proceeding would, in some measure, compensate for the violation of public morality in favour of that family, and would, we conceive, be particularly agreeable to the people of England, all of whom look up to the Duke of Sussex as the firm, tried and faithful friend of Civil and Religious Liberty. He is, moreover, at the head of most of the charitable institutions of the country, and he has given new lustre to the cultivation of the sciences and arts, by becoming the guardian of some of the first societies in the land. We are glad to find Sir John Dillon advocating the claims of His Royal Highness, in a juridicial exercitation on the subject.*

NOTES ON CHINA AND ITS COMMERCE, &c.

THE China trade must be viewed as a key-stone of that magnificent arch which connects the Anglo-Eastern and Western Realms, and affords a medium for the annual transmission of 4 millions sterling of tribute to a small island in the atlantic, from the territorial revenues of one of the most splendid empires that ever were sub-

* See Monthly Review, with extracts from the

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jected to the dominion of man,—as having yielded to the British Exchequer, at a mere nominal expense,* and without trouble, the immense sum of *sixty-seven millions sterling!* during the last 18 years,—derived from an innutritious leaf collected on the mountains of a distant continent; as procuring for the Indian Government an impost of more than *one million sterling*, which is levied on the Chinese consumer of opium; requiring *another million sterling* worth of cotton, and of British manufactures for the Canton market; employing from 30 to 4 thousand tons of the finest shipping in the world, giving profitable occupation to a respectable community of *seventy thousand* dealers in Great Britain.

2.

In the space of a 100 years, viz: from 1710 to 1810, there were sold at the East India Company's sales, 75[illegible],219,016 lbs. of tea, the value of which was £129,804,595.

3.

China presents the very remarkable spectacle of *a civilization entirely political*,† whose principal aim has constantly been to draw closer the bonds which unite society, and to merge by its laws the interest of the individual, in that of the public,- an empire possessing a skilful and active population of 150,000,000 souls, who are spread over 1,342,450 square miles of the fairest and probably earliest inhabited region of the earth; whose government maintains a standing army of 1,182,000 men, and levies a revenue of only £11,649,912 sterling; whose commercial policy it is to prohibit the importation of manufactures,‡ the exportation of the precious metals, and to encourage the introduction of food and raw materials;—a government that confines its whole foreign trade to a single port, and that at the farthest distance from the capital; that sanctions the loan of money at *three per cent. per mensem*, (!) in order to discourage luxury and prodigality, by hastening the ruin of those who borrow merely to spend; an empire that has preserved the records of its dominion and the integrity of its name from a period of three thousand years antecedent to our era, while the most powerful monarchies of remote or modern ages have dwindled into nothingness, or been borne towards the ocean of eternity by the swiftly destructive gulph of time, whose subjects have materially contributed to advance the civilization of Europe and America by the discovery of writing, astronomy, the compass, printing, gunpowder, silk, sugar, porcelain, weaving, lithography, the smelting and combination of metals, &c; whose Confucian maxim, is,—"to despise foreign commodities;"—and, in fine, to an empire enjoying within its own territories all the necessaries and conveniences, and most of the luxuries of life, standing, as it proudly asserts, in no need of intercourse with other countries, which it is its studied policy § to prohibit,¶ openly and arrogantly proclaims its total independence of every nation in the world.

4.

England does not stand in need of the manufactures of China, nor of the silks of France, nor of the cotton of America, nor of the hardware of Germany; but she requires the tea of the first, the wine of the second, the corn of the third, and the wool of the fourth, for all which she offers her staples in exchange.

A silken chain of commerce, stretching over fifteen thousand miles of ocean, has united one hundred and twenty million of subjects under the British sceptre. Can it be possible that, with the fearful examples of bye-gone kingdoms before their eyes, Parliament will sever a link which the wisdom and experience of ages has pronounced to be the safest promoter of the liberties and prosperity of a people? Whatever be the decision of the Senate, in it is involved the permanent connexion of the eastern and western empire.

5.

Of the *first* introduction of tea into Europe we know but little. In 1517, A. D., Emanuel, King of Portugal, sent a fleet of eight ships to China, and an ambassador to Pekin, who obtained permission to open a trade; but it was not until after the formation of the Dutch East India Company, in 1602, that the use of tea became known on the continent (1610;) and although the enterprizing Hollanders paid considerable attention to it, as an article of commerce, the consumption progressed but little, for in 1670 it was unknown in Dort. It is said that the Dutch in their second voyage to China, carried thither large quantities of *dried sage*, which they represented to the Chinese and Japanese as an herb possessed of the most extraordinary properties, for which they received a considerable portion of tea; they, however, bought a good deal at from 8d. to 10d. per lb., which, although of a middling quality, sold in Paris, for thirty livres a pound; and for some years the best Japanese tea, esteemed as much better than that of China, brought from one hundred to two hundred livres a pound in France, until the use of coffee and chocolate became fashionable and general. The first authentic notice which is to be found of tea in England, is an act of Parliament (12 Car. II. c. 23,) A. D. 1660, by which a duty of eightpence per gallon was laid on all tea made and sold in coffee-houses; and by an act framed in the same year, the duties of excise on malt liquor, cyder, perry, mead, spirits, or strong waters, coffee, *tea*, sherbet, and chocolate, were settled on the king for life. In the diary of Mr. Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty, there is found, under date September 25th, 1661, the following memorandum relative to tea: "*I sent for a cup of tea* (a Chinese drink,) *of which I had never drank before.*" In 1662, Charles the Second married the Princess Catherine of Portugal, who, it is said, was fond of tea, having been accustomed to it in her own country, hence it became fashionable in England.

For a long period it was a matter of astonishment what the Chinese required such large quantities of *Prussian blue* for; and it was at last discovered that the article was required for giving a bloom and freshness to old unsaleable teas, or to the leaves of various plants which are sold at Canton under the denomination of tea; and which it requires long experience to detect. So far as it regards *quality*, no means are left untried which the unparalleled cunning and ingenuity of a Chinaman can devise to impose on foreigners; and as to *weight*, the plentiful addition of *iron filings* is a ready resource, or peculiarly heavy and dark sand, which the application of the magnet will not detect.

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* The cost collecting £67,0[illegible]0,00, was only £180,000

† Church and State are separated in China; the priests are without power or wealth.

‡ [illegible]*ome manufactured* woollens are prescribed to be worn by the Chinese on public occasions a heavy duty is charged on foreign woollens, an[illegible] Mr Crawfurd, in his work on the Indian Archipelago, says: "It necessarily happens that of the commodities imported by the En[illegible]to anton for the use of the Chinese, the [illegible]an be consumed only by the limited mar[illegible]the spot where they are imported, whil[illegible]he less bulky *and least important* [illegible]m a more extended one."

§ [illegible]o leaves his country is conside[illegible], and punished with death if ever[illegible]to it

¶ [illegible]ese Government sends out no ambassadors, and receives all coming to Pekin as tributaries to the "Celestial Empire."

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

COBBETT.

COBBETT has kept his word, and arrived in Edinburgh on the 10th October. He was well received, and delivered a course of lectures to numerous respectable companies every evening during a week. The subjects discussed by Cobbett were—1st, On the duty of electors demanding pledges from their representatives; 2d, On the total abolition of tithes; 3d, On the injustice of taxing the people for the benefit of those who are miscalled public creditors; 4th, On the evils of paper money of every description. &c. &c. Cobbett, on taking leave, assured the audience that he was astonished he had been received in Scotland with such marks of respect. He alluded to the attempts of the press to excite feelings against him. (The Edinburgh Evening Post had recommended that on his arrival he should be thrown into a ditch.) The same paper remarks of him—"On the whole, he appears to be getting what we in Scotland call 'frail.' But he still exhibits a bold front His locks are white, and thinly spread over a most magnificent forehead. His complexion exhibits all the florid signs of perfect health. The expression of his countenance is capable of considerable variety. It is something between the look of Liston and that of Mathews; and as a Droll, he is not inferior to either of these celebrated comedians. The prevailing expression of his countenance may be described as a mixture of simplicity and shrewdness. The rapid glance of his eye, and the subtle twirl of his upper lip, are very striking. As a speaker, he is free, fluent, and forcible. His sarcasm is full of bitterness and point. His ideas are clothed in the best home-spun English."

CHARLES THE X.

THE following is a copy of the speech of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, on presenting an address to Charles the X. preparatory to his leaving the shores of Great Britain.*

"May it please your Majesty—We, the Lord Provost, and a deputation of the most respectable citizens of Edinburgh, beg leave most respectfully to wait upon your Majesty for the purpose of presenting an address expressive of the universal feeling of the inhabitants on the occasion of your Majesty's leaving this city. We can assure your Majesty that it is a feeling of deep regret at your departure, of heartfelt sympathy in your afflictions, and of hope that in the all-wise Providence of God your Majesty may yet be spared to see

* Our own ministers, as well as the cabinet of Louis Philippe, view this departure not without some secret misgivings. Metternich, as he has done all along, is playing a deep game.

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brighter days. We also beg to express our grateful sense of your many, your unnumbered acts of benevolence, kindness, and charity, which has made a deep and enduring impression upon all of us, and endeared the recollection of them and of your residence amongst us; and should your Majesty or any members of your family ever revisit our city, these recollections will always ensure you and them a grateful and cordial reception."

The following is a portion of the pedigree of the late ruler of France:

Charles X. who was late Monsieur and Count d'Artois, was born in 1757, married Maria Teresa, sister to the King of Sardinia, in 1773. She died in 1805. On the death of Louis XVIII., who was brother to King Charles, he succeeded him 16th September, 1824. His son Louis Antoine, Duc d'Angouleme, afterwards Dauphin of France, was born 1775. He married in 1799 Maria Teresa, his cousin (born 1778), daughter of Louis XVI. Charles' other son, Charles Duc de Berri, was born 1778, (he was killed by an assassin, 1820.) This Duc married in 1816, Caroline, the granddaughter of the late King of Naples, the present Duchess de Berri, by whom he had Henry Charles Ferdinand, Duke of Bordeaux, born 1820, and Louise Marie Teresa, born the year previous to her father's death, viz. 1819.

A STRAY LEAF IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NOVELIST!

"The why—the where—what *boots* it now to tell?"—CORSAIR.

"My Majesty! this is mere diversion!"—WIDOW CHESHIRE.

"CONFOUND this gout!" pettishly exclaimed Mr. Walton, as he rose from his solitary dinner.

Now, Mr. Walton was a *bon vivant*, a humourist of the first fashion, a tale-writer (it must be owned) of the first talent, and one whose society was so constantly courted, in all dinner-giving and literary circles, that a lonely meal was a most unusual and unpleasant occurrence to him.

"Well," continued he, "I must, per force, content myself with another day of sofa and Quarterly;" for Mr. Walton ranked among the most devoted adherents to the Quarterly creed of politics.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, in a tone half peevish and half resigned, when a servant handed him a letter, bearing an official seal of stupendous dimensions, and marked in the corner, "private and confidential."

Walton eagerly opened the envelope, and to his no small dismay, learned that the great man on whose smiles he lived, and to whose fortunes and party he was attached (by a snug place), required immediate information on subjects connected with our naval establishments, into the expenditure of which, the great political economist, on the *opposite* side of the house, intended to make certain inquiries in the course of a night or two. Mr. Walton was requested, not to say commanded, to see the commissioner at Portsmouth as speedily as possible, to investigate facts, and to report progress on his return. It was at the same time delicately hinted, that the expenses of this important mission, would be defrayed by the writer from that convenient and ever-open source, the public purse.

"A journey of seventy-two miles when I'd resolved upon quiet: but in the service of one's country, when it costs one nothing! Well, I must forget the gout, or lose my ———. Hang it! I can't call on the commissioner in list slippers. Travers! step up to Hoby's, and tell him to send me a pair of boots, somewhat larger than my usual fit; and take a place in the Portsmouth coach for to-morrow morning; 'tis too late to night for the mail—but d'ye hear? not in my name, as I travel incog."

Walton made the few arrangements for so short an absence from town, retired earlier than usual to bed, was horrified at the imperative necessity of rising before the sun, found himself booked by his literal servant as "Mr. Incog," had the coach to himself, and at six o'clock in the evening, alighted at the George, in High-street.

Travelling without a servant, and with so scanty an allowance of baggage, he was ushered into the coffee-room, of which he found himself the sole occupant, asked for the bill of fare, and was served with the usual delicacies of a coffee-room dinner; cold soup, stale fish, oiled ranced anchovy, flabbe veal-cutlet, with mildewed mushroom sauce. Cape and brandy, doing duty for sherry, and a genuine bottle of Southampton port, so well known by the seducing appellation of "Black-strap." All these luxuries were brought him by a lout of a boy, who looked more like a *helper* than a waiter.

"Well," thought Walton, "the sooner I complete my mission the better. I could not bear this sort of thing long. How far is it to the Dock-yard, waiter?"

"I doin't know; master can tell'e: its no use your going there now, the gates be shut."

"But I wish to see Sir Henry Grayhurst, the commissioner."

"He be gone to the Isle of Wight with his family, so I heeard Master say."

"Is he expected back soon?"

"Why, Sir, how can I tell? if you ask master, he do know."

"Pleasant and intelligent youth!" sighed Walton, "I'll put him into my next sketch. Well, I've had the bore of this day's journey for nothing, since the man I came to see is absent, as if on purpose to oblige me. How extremely agreeable! I must 'ask master' then tell the landlord I want him."

"Master and missus be gone to the play; it's old Kelly's benefit, and they do go every year."

"The play! there's comfort in the name; any thing is preferable to this lonely, gloomy coffee-room. Send the chambermaid to me."

An old woman, with a flat tin-candlestick, led the way to a small inconvenient room up numerous flights of stairs, not evincing the slightest sympathy with the limp of our traveller, who, by the way, had nearly forgotten his gout in his annoyances. She assured him that all the best rooms were engaged.

What soothers of irritated feelings are soap and water! Walton washed his handsome face, and aristocratic hands, (novelist-ink had not spoiled them,) got rid of his dirty travelling suit, put on a capacious king's-stock with flowing black drapery, and a well-regulated and well-braided Stultz. His ready-made Hoby's he consigned to "boots," having assumed the *bas de soie* and easy pumps. Leaving word that he should require something for supper, he bent his steps to the theatre.

The acting was sufficiently bad to amuse him, and at a moment when the attention of the audience was directed to the closing scene of the tragedy, and the ladies of the Point were weeping at the distress of the lady *in* point, the door of an opposite box was opened by the identical lout who had waited on him at dinner. The lad, making his way through a box-full of overdressed and vulgar-looking people, whispered to a man in a blue coat and powdered head, singling out Walton as though *he* was the subject of this unexpected communication. The landlord of the "George," for it was no less a personage, started up, and instantly left the house, accompanied by the females of his party.

When the curtain fell, a whisper spread from box to box, and during the farce Walton could not help perceiving that he had become a greater attraction in the eyes of the audience than the performers were.

"What in the world does all this mean?" thought he; "have they found out *what I am?*" Perhaps they never saw a live author before. Let them stare. If they like to make a lion of me, I'll humour the joke."

On rising to leave the house, Walton found that the door was thronged with people, who, as he approached, respectfully made way for him, and he overheard sundry *sotto voce* remarks as he passed—"That's he."—"Arrived this evening."—"Incog."—"Staying at the George!"

Wondering at the extraordinary interest he had excited, congratulating himself on an evidence of fame that Sir Walter himself might have envied, and followed by a crowd, he reached the inn. Three or four spruce waiters in *their* full dress, received him at the gateway, with most obsequious homage. The landlord (his hair re-powdered for the occasion) carrying a silver branch of four wax lights, stepped up to him with a low bow.

"This way an' please your —, —, this way. Supper is ready for your ———."

Walton, indulging his love of comic adventure, followed his guide with a dignified air into the drawing-room. The splendid chandelier threw a flood of light over a table, covered "with every delicacy of the season." His host lamented that the champagne had not been longer in ice, and was distressed at having been absent from home when his illustrious guest arrived. Waiters flew about anticipating the asking eye, and, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "all was alacrity and adulation." Walton could not help contrasting the indifference which he encountered at his afternoon meal with the courtesy which graced his evening repast. He made ample amends to his insulted appetite, and regretted that he had no friend to partake in the joke, for he began to find these mysterious attentions too vast for even his literary vanity to swallow. Remembering the purport of his visit, he inquired how soon the commissioner was expected to return?

"Sir Henry came back this evening, may i please—"

"I must see him to-morrow early: take care I am called at eight."

"A carriage shall be in attendance, your—"

"No, no; my visit is of a private nature."

"I understand, so please———and will caution my servants."

Walton, after having discussed some well-made *bishop*, and a segar or two, rang for a night-candle. The attentive landlord, like Monk Lewis's beautiful spirit, still bearing the silver branch, led the way to the best bed-room. Walton thought of the lofty-situated apartment first allotted to him, and smiled. Dismissing his officious attendant, he retired to rest.

The next morning, somewhat tired by the parade of the past night, he breakfasted in his bed-room, and was preparing for his visit to the dock-yard, when his persevering host entered, beseeching the honour of showing him the way. His offer was accepted; and finding that the champagne had renewed his gouty symptoms, Walton took advantage of his companion's supporting arm. The good man appeared overwhelmed with this condescension, and looked unutterable things, at the various acquaintance he encountered in his way. At the dock gate, Walton left his delighted cicerone, who intimated his ambition to remain there, to have the supreme felicity of showing him the way back.

Some hours rolled away, during which our traveller received the information he had sought, which appeared of so much import to the Right Honourable ———, on whose behalf he had made the inquiry, that he determined on leaving Portsmouth instantly. A footman of the commissioner's was despatched for a chaise and four, with directions that the bill should be brought at the same time. Down rattled the chaise, and down came waiters, chambermaids, boots, and all "the militia of the inn," to the dock-yard! Walton, without looking at the items, put the amount into the hands of his gratified host, distributed his favours liberally to the domestics, threw a crown-piece at the head of the lout, and stepped into

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his chaise, amidst huzzas from the many idlers who had joined the *Georgians*.

"Long life to the Grand ——," were the only words the noise of the wheels permitted him to hear.

He reached London, without any farther adventure, in as short a time as four horses could get over the ground. Arrived at his home, he instantly forwarded the essential documents to his patron; and having disburthened himself of the more weighty affair, fell into a series of conjectures as to the possible motives for the reverential deference he had met with. Tired with conflicting speculations, between his fond wishes to attribute it all to his literary reputation, and his secret fears that the homage was somewhat too profound, even for a *litterateur* of his eminence to reckon upon, he kicked off *his boots!* Certain characters on the morocco lining attracted his attention. In a moment the mystery was solved. On decyphering them, he discovered no less a title than that of

"THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS!"

for whom the Hoby's had been originally designed—for whom they had proved either too large, or too small; and *for* whom also—our literary diplomatist had been mistaken, from the moment that he consigned them to the polishing hands of the wise waiter at the George!

"Fairly *hooked*," muttered Walton, as he went grumbling up to bed, and hoping the newspapers on the other side might never get hold of the story.

THE GREEK BARBER.

WHO has not longed to become a pilgrim in the beautiful land of Greece, to inhale the perfume of her orange groves, and to pay his adoration at her classic and immortal shrines? Who has not longed to behold the beautiful Parthenon; the fabled Scamander, and the glorious Thermopylæ,—the grave of heroes? Few comparatively of our British voyagers have journeyed so far: they have explored every part of Italy and France; but Greece—classic Greece, has no charms for them; to be sure, the roads and the inns are indifferently bad, and they would find it inconvenient to get their tea. I love the country and have some claim on the gratitude of its son; for I have fought side by side with them against their barbarian spoilers, and have participated in their victories and defeat. Well may the tory Turks love to linger there,—their Prophet has not promised them a brighter resting place.

Thoughts of this nature were passing in my mind, as I reclined on a bank of soft turf, in the neighbourhood of Damala, canopied by the graceful and spreading branches of the lemon tree, smooking the fragrant weed of the Levant, and from time to time looking from the pages of the Arabian Nights, to the expanse before me, when I was roused by the notes of a bugle from our encampment. I started to my feet, and went to the parade. The route had at last arrived, and I found that we were to embark the same evening for Mithochi, a small farm in the neighbourhood of a heap of ruins, ancient and modern, marking the site of the famed Megara. Not wishing to participate in the bustle preparatory to an embarkation, and having no duty to perform, I crossed the ferry to Poros. Now the conveniencies for the indulgences of the toilet, situated as I then was, were exceedingly limited: and seeing the depôt of an artist, vulgarly recognised as a barber, abundantly stocked with clean towels, and keen looking razors, I entered, and intimated my wish to have my hair cut, and the performance of other little operations in his line, to the effect that I might be made *comfortable*. I seated myself complacently upon the bench which was extended round the room, and folded my legs under me with as much grace as the little practice I had had in that position enabled me. Seeing that I was a Frank—Franks generally pay better than natives—the master of the shop approached me with an air of considerable deference. He was a good-natured-looking Greek, particularly neat and trim in his attire. He wore his crimson Phesi jauntily on one side, discovering a great portion of his very clean-shorn temple. His eyebrows were reduced to a beautifully fine curved line, his moustaches, though very large and thick, were balanced to a hair,—in fact, it might be said of him, that he carried the best recommendation to his customer in his face.

From his waist hung a broad leathern strap, and his girdle was garnished with several razors of very peculiar construction, very narrow in the blade, and firmly fixed in straight wooden handles. He addressed me with an "Oriste Effendi, 'Ti theles,"—"Command me, Sir!—what is your wish?" I signified my intentions—"Efthese," said he, "speedily;" and with his left hand, streaching the strap that hung from right, and ended by giving it two or three smart slaps, that sounded like the sharp crack of a rifle. The art of making this noise is as peculiar to the barbers of the East, as cracking a whip is to a French postillion. Having strapped a razor, he removed my cap, and I then thought it high time to enter a remonstrance, saying: that I did not wish to have my head shaved, but simply my hair cut. "I under stood you so," said he, "and am going to do it." "But," interrupted I, "surely not with a razor,—have you not got a——" imitating the action of a pair of scissors with my fingers. "Do not be afraid," said he; and a smile of contempt passed over his features as he, without further parley, applied his razor to my devoted head, and scraped therefrom a quantity of hair. "There," said he, "if you are not content, I will send to my uncle Theodoree, the tailor, for his shears." I was obliged to submit, though in the full expectation of being scalped at every stroke of his accursed tool. When he pronounced the operation ended, I was not a little surprised to find my hair very decently cut, and myself unhurt.

He then proceeded to place under my chin a pewter bason, with rim cut out to fit the neck; and having washed my chin and cheeks with his fingers, and rubbed them with a piece of hard soap, he removed the basin, and putting his foot on the bench on which I sat, he laid my head gently upon his knee. He went on to shave me, not as our barbers do by drawing the razor towards himself, but by pushing it from him outwards, pinching the skin up into ridges, and taking only at a stroke just the crown of each ridge, making it not only a tedious, but to me an excruciating operation, although, on the other hand, a very perfect one, for the face will remain smooth and beardless for a day or two. They seem to cut about eight-and forty hours' growth beneath the skin. This ended, he put some question to me; to which I, having no idea of the consequences, but supposing some matter of course, nodded an assent. He then tucked several towels down my neck and back, and gave me another pewter basin, of the same construction as the first, but much larger. I had before observed a wooden bracket, like an old-fashioned gallows, projecting from the wall, over my head, though without suspecting its use. Upon this he suspended a pewter pail, having a stop-cock in the bottom. He then produced a large wooden bowl, containing a quantity of soap, and, with a piece of raw silk, made a lather sufficient to have washed the whole population of the island. I saw him deposit this on the bench by his side, and bare his arms to the elbow. I witnessed all this preparation with some little anxiety, and even apprehension; but encumbered as I was by my position, and his infernal paraphernalia, he had me completely in his power; and as to remonstrance, he took an effectual method of cutting short any solecisms I might have committed against the dignity of Greek, by turning the stop-cock of the bucket above me, and with the speed of thought down came a torrent of scalding water! I tried to scream; the power of utterance was gone. I would have thrown the basin at him, but then my whole body must have been parboiled: I had nothing left but to endure. At last the deluge ceased. Now, thought I,—now, thou perfidious barber (though thou wert even the progenitor of Sir Edward himself)!—now will I be revenged of thee: I will dip thee in thy own copper, and hang thee up to dry like a lathered napkin, as a warning to all thy detestable craft how they exercise their atrocities upon confiding Franks. But, alas! I opened my eyes, glistening with the fire of fury, but to be quenched with tears of torture. Oh, the lather! the lather! In an instant I was smothered—eyes, nose, ears, and mouth—with the very sublimated essence of soap-suds! The souls of the great-grand-fathers of all barbers, throughout all generations, must have concentrated their wickedness in this individual. He insinuated the accursed compound into my eyes, he blew it up my nostrils, he crammed it into my mouth, and thrust it into my ears—Soap-suds and hot water! soap-suds and hot water!! soap-suds and hot water!!! three times over.—I can no more; 'tis like Alonso's dagger,—

"It rouses horrid images, away with it!"

At last he took from a dome topped towel-horse, that stood in the centre of the room over a basin of burning charcoal, a hot napkin, which he folded, turban-like, upon my head, while, with another, he dried my sodden countenance as well as he could. I was completely subdued—my spirit was broken—he might have tweaked me by the nose, and I should scarce have known it; but yet I wondered why these latter kindnesses were vouchsafed me. Alas! it was only to prolong my existence till I had endured, to their full extent, the enormities the monster yet meditated against me. He took my hand in one of his, and placing the other upon my shoulder, suddenly extended my arm, making every joint crack. The other arm——. But I hasten over this part of my narrative; the remembrance is too painful to dwell upon. He took possession of my head, and causing it to perform a *roulade*, after the fashion of our harlequins, he gave it such a dexterous twist on one side, producing a report that sounded to my hearing (almost the only faculty I had left) like the crack of doom! I thought the whole vertebral column was dislocated. He then placed me upright, my back against the wall, retreated some three or four paces, and, raising his hands, rushed with outspread palms against my chest, with such force as to cause the involuntary ejaculation of ha! as loud as an Irish paviour. The measure of his iniquity now being full, he called for a tchibouque and a cup of coffee, and presenting them to me in the most obsequious manner, the most insidious perpetrator of all these atrocities had the impudence to wish me a good health and many ages. Mechanically I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee, meanwhile all the soul I had left was occupied in devising vengeance.—Vituperation? No! Should I, as the metaphysical Hamlet hath it,—

"Like a-hem—unpack my heart with words"?

No, no. I had just hit upon an idea,—

"Vengeance from her dark covert stalked abroad,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,"

and just as she had "fired me with her charms," in walked one who was

"Native there, and to the manner born,"

I saw him seat himself and bare his head; I saw the fatal bucket suspended over him by a Neophyte barber, with bare arms. Now, thought I,—

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

This individual underwent exactly the same

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series of operations as I had done, seeming even to court the playful cruelties of the wanton barber, by affording him every opportunity for their performance. I then became convinced of the necessity of doing as they do at Rome, and suffered my ire to cool. I signified my desire to pay, and was immediately approached by a mischievous looking young urchin, bearing in one hand a circular mirror, set in a frame of ebony inlaid with mother o' pearl, and in the other a bottle of perfumed water, with which he sprinkled my face and garments. After allowing me what he considered a sufficient time to contemplate the improvement his master had wrought in my appearance, he presented to me the back of the mirror, upon which I counted out twenty paras (two pence), and further presented him with some five or six for himself. Whereupon he seized my hand, and inflicted upon it a violent kiss. I was then bowed out by the barber with a profusion of thanks for my *liberality*, and arrived at Damala just in time to find the route changed for Methana.

Such is the force of habit, that, after a time, my chiefest luxury in Greece was a thorough head-washing; barring, however, the joint-cracking, against which I always continued to protest with the most exemplary indignation, though always much to the amazement of the Greek barber.—*Monthly Magazine.*

SLAVE TO A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A respectable young man, son of a wealthy farmer, married and commenced the career of life for himself under very auspicious circumstances. He was industrious and prosperous, and his affectionate wife blessed him with several fine children; but, unfortunately for him, a man came into his neighbourhood, and opened a tavern. The farmer, from the power of social feelings at first, and then from habit, and finally from appetite, visited the tavern more and more frequently, till by imperceptible degrees he became intemperate—and consequently his property began to waste away, and in a few years he was a bankrupt and a miserable sot, and his wife and children were destitute. For several years he continued in this degraded condition, hanging about the tavern which had been the cause of his ruin, and performing the most menial offices for the sake of the liquor which he got. At length the news of the temperance movements reached the place, and the tavern keeper, of course, began to rail about them. The unfortunate farmer suffered the tavern keeper to think for him, and he too raised his voice against temperance societies. But by and by a movement was made in the place where the tavern was and a temperance society was formed. This caused the unhappy farmer to reflect; and he began to think for himself, and very soon abandoned totally the use of all intoxicating liquors, and became a sober man, and went and desired to become a member of the temperance society. The society, however, declined receiving him, and advised him to prove himself first, and see whether he could sustain his resolution. This he did so perfectly, for several months, that the society, on a second application, received him. Not long after this, two men came into the place to transact some business with him, and sent for him to come to the tavern. After the business was completed, they called for some liquor, and asked him to drink with them. He politely declined. They urged, but he refused. The tavern keeper, who stood looking on, now interrupted them with a most taunting and bitter reproach upon the farmer. "He dares not drink! he is not his own man! he is a slave to the temperance society! he is not capable of thinking and acting for himself, and so he has sunk into the base condition of a slave, and has got masters to take care of him, and to keep him from drinking." The unhappy man felt the reproach keenly, but it neither kindled his wrath, nor shook his resolution. With the tears of tender emotion moistening his eyes, he turned and fixed a steadfast look upon the tavern keeper, and, with a gentle but decided tone, thus replied to him: "Sir, if I am now a slave to the temperance society, remember that I was for many long years a slave to you. And you was a cruel master to me! You kept me in bitter bondage, and in most ignominious vassalage! You found me in prosperous circumstances, surrounded by competence, and all the tender charities of a domestic life—a happy husband, and father, and a contented man. But you robbed me of my possessions, and respectability, and peace! You blighted all my domestic endearments, and brought poverty, and disgrace, and wretchedness upon my family: and the property which would have sustained my wife, and fed, and clothed, and educated my children, you took away from me, for the poisonous means with which you enslaved me. Indeed, you was a cruel master! But, sir, I am your slave no longer! I am certain that the temperance society cannot hold me in severer bondage than you did. It cannot rob me of so much as you did; and, therefore, if I must be a slave, I will be a slave to the temperance society." I need not tell you, that the tavern keeper had no reply to make to this. The farmer soon recovered his respectability in society, gathered his family around him again, and, by industry and frugality was able to support them comfortably; and peace returned to that family, where adversity and suffering long had reigned.

(Glasgow Herald.)

MARRIAGE.

(From "the Wife's Advocate," by the Rev. W. Jay.)

It is not improper for you to think of a condition which Nature has ordained for us; and which the Scriptnre pronounces "honourable in all." Nor should you revolt from the state because there are husbands who "cover the altar of God with tears." All men are not liars. Nor should difficulties discourage you; these are found in every condition: and we are persuaded the state (of matrimony) if properly entered is the most happy in the vail of tears. How much of the relish of our comforts is lost in unsocial enjoyment! How much do we need a friend, and another self, to alleviate by sharing the cares and griefs of life! How many moments of langour, oppressiveness, and despondency are there, in which the heart beats for attention, sympathy, and kindness! How helpless is a solitary female! how many real dangers surround her; and how are these perils multiplied by solitariness! A single man has a thousand engagements abroad: a woman, if single, has little diversion from thought, and broods over real and imaginary evils. And inferior is she reckoned to the female who sustains the character of a wife and a parent, and is performing her duty to the world, and is the source of usefulness to the community!

THE TEMPLE IN RUINS.

(From Professor Wilson's Lectures on Moral Philosophy.)

May I be permitted to conclude this lecture by reading what appears to me most eloquent and beautiful language, in which the thoughts I have expressed are beautifully summed up. It is the view which a man of great powers of mind* takes of the condition of human nature. He says "The stately ruins are visible to every eye, that bear in their front, yet extant, this doleful inscription, HERE GOD ONCE DWELT. Enough appears of the admirable frame and structure of the soul of man, to show that the divine presence did sometime reside in it; more than enough of vicious deformity, to proclaim he is now retired and gone; the lamps are extinct; the altar overturned; the light and love are now vanished, which did, the one shine with such heavenly brightness, the other burn with such pious fervour. The golden candlestick is displaced, and thrown away as a useless thing, to make room for the throne of the prince of darkness. The sacred incense, which sent rolling up in clouds its rich perfumes, are exchanged for a poisonous hellish vapour; and here is, instead of a sweet savour, a stench. The comely order of this house is turned all into confusion; the beauties of holiness, into noisome impurities; the house of prayer, to a den of thieves, and that of the worst and most horrid kind, for every lust is a thief, and every theft a sacrilege: continual rapine and robbery are committed on holy things.

The noble powers which were designed and dedicated to divine contemplation and delight, are alienated to the service of the most despicable idols, and employed to vilest intuitions and embraces; to behold and admire lying vanities; to indulge and cherish lust and wickedness. What have not the enemies done wickedly in the sanctuary! How have they broken down the carved work thereof, and that too with axes and hammers! the noise whereof was not to be heard in the building, much less in the demolishing this sacred frame.

Look upon the fragments of that curious sculpture which once adorned the palace of that great king: the relics of common notions; the lively prints of some undefaced truth; the fair ideas of things; the yet legible precepts that relate to practice. Behold, with what accuracy the broken pieces show these to have been engraven by the finger of God, and how they now lie torn and scattered, one in this dark corner, another in that, buried in heaps of dirt and rubbish. There is not now a system, an entire table, of coherent truths to be found, or a frame of holiness, but some shivered parcels. And if any, with great toil and labour, apply themselves to draw out, here one piece, and there another, and set them together, they serve rather to shew how exquisite the divine workmanship was in the original composition, than for present use, to the excellent purposes for which the whole was first designed. Some pieces agree and own one another; but how soon are our inquiries and endeavours nonplussed and superseded!

How many attempts have been made since that fearful fall and ruin of this fabric, to compose again the truths of so many several kinds into their distinct orders, and make up frames of science, or useful knowledge; and, after so many ages, nothing is finished in any one kind. Sometimes truths are misplaced, and what belongs to one kind is transferred to another, where it will not fitly match. Sometimes falsehood is inserted, which shatters or disturbs the whole frame. And what is with much fruitless pains done by one hand, is dashed in pieces by another; and it is the work of a following age to sweep away the fine-spun cobwebs of a former. And those truths which are of greatest use, though not most out of sight, are least regarded: their tendency and design are overlooked; or they are so loosened and torn off, that they cannot be wrought in, so as to take hold of the soul, but hover as faint, ineffectual notions, that signify nothing. Its very fundamental powers are shaken and disjointed, and their order towards one another confounded and broken: so that what is judged considerable is not considered; what is recommended as eligible and lovely, is not loved and chosen; yea, the truth, which is after godliness, is not so much disbelieved as hated, held in unrighteousness, and shines as too feeble a light in that malignant darkness which comprehends it not.

You come, amidst all this confusion, as into the ruined palace of some great prince, in which you see here the fragments of a noble pillar, there the shattered pieces of some curious imagery, and all lying neglected and useless amongst heaps of dirt. He that invites you to take a view of the soul of man, gives you but such another prospect, and doth say to you, BEHOLD THE DESOLATION, all things rude and

* John Howe.

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waste. So that should there be any pretence to the Divine presence, it might be said, 'If God be here, why is it thus?' The faded glory, the darkness, the disorder, the impurity, the decayed state in all respects of this temple, too plainly show that the great inhabitant is gone."

HEAR! HEAR! HEAR!

Slavery defined by the "Edinburgh Evening Post," i. e. *BLACKWOOD'S HERALD.*

SLAVERY, in its just definition, we take to be the *unjust* domination of the strong over the weak—the compelling a *free-born* man and a *citizen* to do that which he has no power to resist, and the pretended assertion of this power, without adequate fee or reward on the part of the rich man to the poor man for his services. Slavery we hold to be something similar to that feudal system which prevailed among our ancestors, when a father would seriously advise his son to be hanged, "just to please the Laird"—*Sept.* 1832.

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY.

We observe, with great pleasure, the completion of a second volume of this quarterly publication; regarding it as a proof that the benevolent and useful Association for Promoting Rational Humanity towards the Animal Creation, of which it is the organ, continues to thrive and flourish. Humanity to the brute tribes, and humanity to our fellow-creatures, are much more nearly akin than superficial thinkers are commonly willing to allow. They are twin-born fruits of civilization, and destined to prosper or perish with it. So all-persuasive is the influence of mild and humane sentiments, that it has been remarked, that as the characters of men become softened and improved, so do even the characters of the brute tribes domesticated with them. The English bull-dog offers a remarkable example. It is no longer the ferocious creature which it once was; still as lion-hearted as ever, but comparatively docile, social, and companionable,—presenting therein a very type of the change which has come over the spirit of John Bull himself, and verifying to a wonder the old proverb, "like master like man."—*(Mechanics' Magazine.)*

THE LANDING OF AN ELEPHANT.

THE following particulars describe the landing of an Elephant in America. They are extracted from the *Salem* Gazette, of last June.

A fine young elephant, belonging to Pickering Dodge, Esq. came passenger in the ship Rome, which arrived at Boston last week. We are informed that he has enjoyed uninterrupted health on the passage, always eating his allowance with a good appetite, although he suffered considerably from the cold, notwithstanding all the precautions taken by Captain Kennedy for his comfort. His daily rations were thirty pounds of hay, thirty pounds of straw, and twenty-five pounds of rice, moistened with twelve gallons of water. On several occasions during the passage, he displayed the sagacity and gratitude for attention, for which the species is so remarkable. Before he was put on board at Calcutta, a house was built for him in the strongest manner, covered with thick teak-planks, which were fastened to the frame by stout iron spikes, clenched on the inside. The elephant was swung into the ship by means of a crane and straps around the body, as oxen are prepared for shoeing. His mahout guided him into the domicil prepared for him, without any trouble; but in that hot climate he soon found the exclusion of fresh air disagreeable, and did not cast about long for a remedy. In a playful manner, he applied his trunk to the stout and firmly secured planks, wrenched them off as if they had been straws, and dashed them away. No attempt was made at that time to replace them; but when the ship approached our coast, the elephant began to suffer from the cold. To shelter him, Captain Kennedy resolved to make another endeavour to close up his house. This time there was no attempt made on the part of the elephant to obstruct the process. He appeared perfectly to understand the object, and feel grateful for it. Nothing but thin boards were used, fastened with common nails: the slightest blow of his trunk would have shivered them to atoms, but he cautiously abstained from touching them. The whole was made air-tight, as the seamen thought, by filling the crevices with straw, but the quick eye of the elephant discovered several small fisures, which he pointed out with his trunk, till they were successively filled. When the whole was completed, his satisfaction appeared to have no bounds.

Before the approach of cold weather, a coat had been made for him, composed of gunny-bags, stuffed with straw. He suffered this to be tied upon him and nicely fastened in every part: but no sooner was the fitting completed, than he stripped it off in a moment, and threw it aside. At length, however, the cold became extreme, and the elephant evidently suffered exceedingly. Captain Kennedy then had a new dress made for him, and placed it on him in the same manner as before. In this case, as with respect to the covering of the house, the elephant fully appreciated the kindness of the motive, and his gratitude and satisfaction were manifested in the most intelligible manner.

During the whole passage, he was completely under the control of his mahout, or keeper, and would lie or kneel down whenever ordered by him; but always slept standing. He would brace his head firmly against one end of the house, and his side against the wall, and whenever the ship shifted her course he altered his position to conform to it. He never left his enclosure during the whole passage of more than a hundred and sixty days.

Some difficulty was anticipated in landing him, but it was fortunately effected with ease and safety. A flooring of double plank was laid from the ship's deck to the wharf, and the elephant, with the mahout on his back, was released from his long imprisonment and conducted to the gangway. He surveyed minutely the platform prepared for his egress, and placed his foot upon it to test its strength. He was not entirely satisfied, however, of its capacity to endure his weight, and returned to his house. After a while he was coaxed out again, and lines were attached to each of his fore legs. Again he placed one of his feet upon the platform, and at that moment the men who were holding the line drew it tight and kept the leg stretched out. He then extended his other fore leg, and that was immediately drawn out in the same manner. Finding there was compulsion in the case, and that he must go, and judging, like a philosopher, that his weight was less likely to break through when spread over a large surface than when concentrated, he threw himself upon his belly, and by a muscular movement, worked his way from the ship to the wharf, to the great delight of thousands of people who covered the neighbouring wharfs, vessels, and stores.

SCIENCE.

American Substitute for Oil Paints.—Pour one gallon of boiling water upon one pound of quick lime and two ounces of sugar of lead. When the lime has become completely slaked, the mixture is to be stirred, and it is then fit for use. If required thicker, less water must be used. Colouring ingredients may be added at will. It is said, that the cost of this composition paint is about one-third as much that of oil-paint, and that it is nearly equal to it in beauty. When exposed to the weather, however, it requires one coat of oil to protect it. A patent has been taken out for this composition by a Mr. Klipstone, of New Baltimore, Virginia.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

An American paper says—"If the Scotch bagpipes be played occasionally for a few days in any place infested with rats, they will immediately quit the premises, and never return."

The Globe states, among the new crimes of Don Miguel, "that *a suspected blacksmith* has been summarily decapitated at Lisbon, and his head placed over his own door." We have heard the phrase, *suspected felon* before now, but suspicion of *blacksmithism*, is certainly a new species of crime.

The Glorious Uncertainty of the Law.—The following item appeared in a lawyer's bill lately furnished: "For calling on Mr ——, but *unfortunately* did not find him at home, 6s 8d."—[This is an old way of turning a *misfortune to account*.]

Petticoat Preacher.—The Derbyshire Courier states, that on Sunday Oct. 28th, sermons were preached in the newly-erected chapel at Longway bank, by Miss Brady, from Derby, in aid of the chapel.—[A reporter attempted to take down the discourse, but the lady's tongue left his *short hand* a *long* way behind.]

A Singular Fact.—It may be mentioned as an historical singularity, that all the English Kings who married French princesses, incurred the displeasure of their subjects, and suffered violent death—as Edward II., Richard II. Henry VI., and Charles I.

An Accommodating Stomach.—In Bowyer's Life of Beattie, p. 55, a curious anecdote is related of the late Professor Reid, viz. that he could take as much food, and immediately afterwards as much sleep, as were sufficient for two days!

Modest Assurance.—As to my having a seat in the first Reformed Parliament, that is *sure* with respect to the borough of Oldham, if I and the present electors be alive at the time; and with respect to Manchester, though I can not speak so positively, I have *no doubt* that I shall be chosen there also.—*Cobbett's Register.*

It is observed that the swallows, which had for some time disappeared from Brussels, have returned within these five or six days, just at the moment that the cholera was abating. The same observation has been made in some of the communes near Brussels.

An Editor at his Ease.—The York Courier (Upper Canada) of June 20, contains the following notice:—"In consequence of the absence of the editor from home, the editorial remark, &c. are unavoidably omitted."

Imaginary Cold.—The late Saville Carey, who imitated the whistling of the wind through a narrow chink, frequently practised this deception in the corner of a coffee-house; and he seldom failed to see some of the company rise to examine the tightness of the windows, while others, more intent on their new-papers, contented themselves with putting on their hats and buttoning their coats."

The celebrated John Hunter is said to have made but one pun in his life, and that was when lecturing in Windmill Street, on the jaw-bone, which he observed was known to abound in proportion to the want of brains. Some students at the time were talking, instead of attending, which made Mr. Hunter say, "Gentlemen, let us have more *intellect* and less *jaw*."—*The Doctor.*

"*Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man!*"—"I am now," says Cobbett, "at the end of thirty years of calumnies, poured out incessantly upon me from the poisonous mouths and pens of three hundred mercenary villains, called Newspaper editors and reporters!"

During the canvas of Mr. Garnett among the electors of Salford, he and his friends called at

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a buckster's shop, in which was only a boy, who, having learned their busines, went to the foot of the stairs, and called to his mother, who was above, "Mother, here's a mon as wants yo't vote for him t' be a Parliament mon." "Well," shouted his mother, "tell him thy feyther's not in, but if he'll chalk his name on the counter, we'll inquire into his character."

Scott, in his "Christian Life," speaking of sinners going to heaven, quaintly says, "They would find themselves like pigs in a drawing-room."

The Plain Truth.—Sir John Trevor, cousin to Lord Chancellor Jefferies, was an able man, but as corrupt as he was able. He was twice speaker of the House of Commons, and officially had the mortification to put the question to the House, "whether himself ought to be expelled for bribery?" The answer was "Yes."

Physic for the Hindoos.—No less than £10,000 worth of one particular quack medicine has lately been shipped as a speculation to India.—*Morning Herald.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

RATTLESNAKES,

(From Mr. AUDUBON.)

Rattlesnakes hunt and secure for their prey, with ease, grey squirrels, that abound in our woods; therefore, they must be possessed of swiftness to obtain them. Having enjoyed the pleasure of beholding such a chase in full view, in the year 1831, I shall detail its circumstances. Whilst lying on the ground to watch the habits of a bird which was new to me, previous to shooting it, I heard a smart rustling not far from me—and, turning my head that way, saw, at the same moment, a grey squirrel, full grown, issuing from a thicket, and bouncing off in a straight direction, in leaps of several feet at a time; and not more than twenty feet behind, a rattlesnake, of ordinary size, pursuing, drawn apparently out to its full length, and sliding over the ground so rapidly that, as they both moved away from me, I was at no loss to observe the snake gain upon the squirrel. The squirrel made for a tree, and ascened to its topmost branches as nimbly as squirrels are known to do. The snake performed the task considerably more slowly, yet so fast, that the squirrel never raised its tail nor barked, but eyed the enemy attentively as it mounted and approached. When within a few yards, the squirrel leaped to another branch, and the snake followed, by stretching out full two-thirds of his body, whilst the remainder held it securely from falling. Passing thus from branch to branch, with a rapidity that astonished me, the squirrel went in and out of several holes, but remained in none, knowing well that wherever its head could enter, the body of his antagonist would follow; and at last, much exhausted and terrified, took a desperate leap, and came to the earth, with legs and tail spread to their utmost to ease the fall. That instant the snake dropt also, and was within a few yards of the squirrel before it began making off, &c.

SELECT NOTICES.

The Elephant.—Travellers tell us, that it is the custom in India to shoot quails on an elephant, and that the latter are so accustomed to the sport, that they almost stand at a bird!——*Memnon's Statue.*—The statue of Memnon, in Egypt, has puzzled many travellers, who have endeavoured to account for the sound that issues from it every morning at sun rise This sound, for centuries considered as the greatest mystery of Egyptian priestcraft, was recently heard by an English traveller, Sir Ed. Smith, who asserts that the sound does not proceed from the statue, but from the pedestal, and that it arises from the impulse of the air upon the stones of the pedestal, which are arranged so as to produce this striking effect.——*Emigration.*—The immense number of 5215 emigrants are stated on the Exchange books at Quebec, to have arrived there from England on the 2d of June.——*Catalogue.*—The first digested list of publications in the English language was compiled by a bookseller of ability towards the close of the 16th century.——*Medicine.*—The earliest medical work written in English, is supposed to have been Borde's "Breviarie of Health," which was published in 1547.——*Matrimonial Happiness.*—There is a custom at Dunmow, of giving a gammon of bacon to any couple who can swear that they have been married a year and a day without having offended each other "in deed or in word," or who wish themselves unmarried again.——*Duchess d'Abrantes.*—The Portuguese government anxious to redeem the famous Bible which Junot carried off from Portugal, offered the Marshall's widow 80,000 livres for it; but the Duchess refused it, saying, that from the respect in which she held the memory of her husband, she could not part with it for less than 150,000 livres!——*Change of Opinion.*—Among the Members of the Birmingham Union, are several of the leaders of the Church and King, mobs who burned the library of Priestly, and drove him from the town.——*The King's Family.*—In the Royal Household the strictest economy, almost amounting to parsimony, is observed.——*Bristol.*—The exhibition of the *three glorious days*, has cost that city £60,000.——*Place Hunters.*—The whole of Charles-street and Oxford-street was blocked up yesterday, (Oct. 5th.) for the situation of a footman to a lady, who had advertised for one, the day previous. (*London paper.*)——*Bakers.*—It is a singular fact, that nearly the whole of the London bakers are from Scotland.——*Knighthood.*—Mr. Polgrave, the author of the Constitutional History of England, has been knighted.——*Church Books.*—Entry in the Parish Register of Glammis, June, 1679.—"Nae preaching here this Lord's day, the minister being at Cortachy burning a witch!"——*Duke of Cumberland.*—It is not generally known, perhaps, that the Duke lost his eye in the Campaigne of 1795, when engagee at Tournay.——*Capt. Ross.*—It is at length determined to send out an expedition, for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of Capt. Ross and his enterprising crew, who left England three years ago, on a voyage of discovery to the arctic regions.——*Rail Road.*—Carriages are to perform the journey on the new rail road, from London bridge to Greenwich, (the distance nearly 4 miles,) in 10 or 12 minutes.——*Hint to Tea-makers.*—Put a small quantity of carbonate of soda into the pot along with the tea, and this by softening the water, will accelerate the infusion amazingly. Should the water be hard, it will increase the strength of your tea, at least, one-half.——*Lord Brougham.*—England's High Chancellor completed his 54th year at Brougham Hall, on the 14th Oct. His venerable mother, to whom his Lordship is greatly attached, is still in the enjoyment of health, faculties, and even "looks which speak of youth" (*Globe.*)——*The Earl of Munster.*—But for his appointment as Lieutenant of the Tower, he would be without the means of supporting his peerage; the only pecuniary assistance he receives from the King, is the interest of £10,000—*Paper*—The duty on paper, affects printers, type founders, manufacturers of machinery, engineers, ink makers, booksellers, stationers, bookbinders, copyists, authors, &c.——*China.*—There is *no paper currency* in China, not even the simple instrument of a bill of exchange being known among the Chinese merchants.——*Tea.*—The Parisians have just discovered that *tea* is a preventive against cholera, and they described the comparative moderation of that disease in England, to the extended use of this aromatic leaf. The delightful feeling produced by a good cup of tea, during the fatigues of a storm at sea, is well known to sailors; happy would it be for them, if it were entirely substituted for grog, as a *general* drink.——*Coffee Shops.*—There are 3,000 of these establishments in London, in which are daily consumed 2,000 lbs. of tea and 15,000 lbs of coffee.——*East India Company.*—£12,000 was expended by the Company in the publication of Dr. Morrison's Chinese Dictionary, which book is used by the Japenese as a medium for translation from the Chinese into their own language, the characters of which are alike, though the colloquial part is different.——*Emigration.*—It is said, there is at present a surplus of 100,000 females in Scotland, in consequence of the migrating spirit of the males.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

THE PLUMSTEAD VILLAGE.

THIS rising village, so named by H. Batt, Esq. its public spirited patron, lies on the left of Wynberg, and for salubrity of air is unequalled. It is quite delightful to discover the rising cottages in all directions.—the dwellings of the *free*, with their plantations and gardens, overcoming the hitherto supposed sterility of the soil. A resident philanthropist at Plumstead might greatly promote the interests of the people gathering in this village. A Lucilla Stanley or a Cœlebs, would prove of infinite benefit to their neighbours. The planting system might also be more greatly encouraged than is the case at present. The Agricultural Society, especially as its periodical Fairs decline in interest, might turn its attention to this subject—clothe the mountains and overshadow the vallies. We are poets—"let this hint suffice;" but if we were, we think the theme of a *Rising Village* would be a good one. Of course there must be an invocation; it might commence somehow in this way:

Come, thou dear spirit! whose harmonious lay
Didst lovely Auburn's piercing woes display,
Do thou to thine admirer now impart,
Some portion of thy sweet poetic art;
Like thine, oh! let my verse as gently flow,
While truth and virtue in my numbers glow;
And guide my pen with thy bewitching hand,
To paint the *Rising Village* of the land.

Then might follow some reference to the localities of the place. *Ex gratia:*

How chaste and splendid are the scenes that lie,
Beneath the circle of a *Plumstead* sky!
What charming prospects here arrest the view,
How bright, how varied—ocean-bounded* too!
Constantia's vineyards, spreading far and wide,
The merchant's glory, and the farmer's pride.
Surbarban villa's, where, remote from town,
The worthy *Civil Servant* sits him down;
As also, Mister—Civil Commission-*er*,
And the good-hearted Stamp-Distribut-*er*,
While the neat gardens and the settler's cot,
In peace and *freedom*, mark the peasant's lot:
Here nature's vernal bloom adorns the field,
And summer's fruits their rich luxuriance yield.
Compard with scenes like these, how dark and drear,
Did once our desert wastes and wilds appear,

* The great natural advantage of this Village is, that it enjoys both the sea breezes of Simon's Bay, as well as that of Table Bay, and is in sight of both

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Where wandering savages, and beasts of prey,
Display'd, by turns, the fury of their sway.

Then the poet would, as in duty bound, return to his immediate subject, and confine himself to the *Plumstead Village*. His review might be prospective, viz:

The arts of culture now extend their sway,
And many a charm of rural life display.
Where once the pine uprear'd its lofty head,
The settler's humble cottages are spread;
Where the broad firs, once sheltered from the storm,
By slow degrees* a neighbourhood they form;
And as its bounds, each circling year, increase
In social life, prosperity, and peace,
New prospects rise, new objects too appear,
To add more comfort to its lowly sphere.

And among these comforts, what on earth is there equal to the peace which is to be found at the altar of our God? It is true, in the village before us, the Wesleyans have by their unwearied zeal, been the promoters of great good by the establishment of their simple mode of worship,—and the Reformed Church has recently introduced its equally simple forms in the neighbourhood. Still contemplating the enlargement of Plumstead, the poet, who might be a churchman, would take care to introduce that interesting point in landscape—the *village spire* of Episcopacy. He would probably advert to the subject thus:

In some sweet spot of consecrated ground,
Whose silence spreads a holy gloom around;
The Village Church, in unadorn'd array,
Now lifts her turret to the op'ning day.
How sweet to see the villagers repair
In groups to pay their adoration there;
To view, in neat attire, each sacred morn,
Black, White, and Gray, her hallow'd seats adorn;
While grateful for each blessing God has given,
They wait, in pious strains, their thanks to Heaven.
Oh! heaven-born faith! sure solace of our woes,
How lost is he, who ne'er thy influence knows:
How cold the heart thy charity ne'er fires;
How dead the soul thy spirit ne'er inspires!

And then, as a matter of course, comes the School-house. The school master might be described from nature; i. e. according to the circumstances of a great *many* of our teachers at the Cape: for it is a lamentable fact that too much that is *broken-down* is connected with the important task of

"Teaching the young idea how to shoot."

No "man severe," with learning's bright display,
Here leads the op'ning blossoms into day;
No master here in ev'ry art refin'd,
Thro' fields of science guides th' aspiring mind;
But some poor exile of the human race,
Unequal to the task supplies his place;
Whose greater source of knowledge or of skill
Consists in reading and in writing ill;
Where efforts can no higher merits claim,
Than spreading Mavor's great scholastic fame.
No modest youths surround his awful chair,
His frowns to deprecate, or smiles to share;
But all the terrors of his lawful sway
The proud despise, the fearless disobey;
The unshod urchins spurn at all control,
Which cramp the movements of the Cape-boy's soul:
Till, in their own conceit so wise they've grown,
They think their knowledge far exceeds his own.

The Village must still *progress*, as Jonathan has it, and therefore it would be quite right to introduce a most important personage:

The M. D. Doctor next here settles down,
And hopes the village soon will prove a town:
A man he is "to all the country *dear*,"
With generous heart, and good abounding cheer;
Fam'd for his eloquence, and wit refin'd,
In deed and truth—a man of sterling *mind*.

But hold! the muse is becoming personal, and must be restrained.

Now comes the Inn—not the low licensed canteen of the Cape—the rendezvous of every thing that is base and dishonest. The great wonder is, that these pest-houses are tolerated to such an extent as they are. They cruelly vitiate our population, and disturb our neighbourhoods. They are generally kept by the profligate; whilst the real owner, who is very often the Deacon or Elder of a Church, *winks* at the iniquities of his establishment, and rejoices in the hope of his gains. At home, public houses are only licensed according to the actual wants of the inhabitants. In a hamlet there may exist *one*, in a village *two*. We propose that the *Plumstead* poet, whenever he shall rise up, shall introduce *one* respectable house for refreshment: for example,

The *Brougham's Head* its useful front displays,
(A name for many a future poet's lays;)
Here, oft the weary trav'ller, at the close
Of ev'ning, finds a snug and safe repose:
The passing stranger here, a welcome guest,
From all his toil enjoys a peaceful rest;
Unless the host, solicitous to please
With care officious mar his hope of ease,
With flippant questions, to no end confin'd,
Exhaust his patience, and perplex his mind.

CONCLUSION.

While now the Rising Village claims a name,
Its limits still increase and still its fame:
The chapman finds a market for his wares,
The source of all his hopes, and all his cares;
Establish'd here, a settled home maintains,
And soon a *Merchant's* higher *title* gains.
And thus the Village, each successive year,
Presents new prospects, and extends its sphere,
While all around its smiling charms expand,
And rural beauties decorate the land.

* The fir-tree, generally of so slow growth elsewhere than the Cape, makes here a very rapid progress. Witness the plantations at Rondebosch, Wynberg, and Plumstead.

COLONIAL GRUMBLERS.

It is quite amusing to read many of those fictitious tales of woe which the letter-writers in the public papers palm upon the public. These anonymous personages should take care that the shadowy calamities which they urge to have befallen the land, do not in reality overtake them. Thus it was with the Tulbagh farmers some few years since. They were induced to address a Memorial on an alleged *scarcity*. The Government sifted the matter, and found the whole to be a trick. Since this time, Tulbagh has been almost a blank in colonial history. Another writes about rust and horse sickness; and, because some plots of his ground bear sickly crops, and some two or three out of his fifty horses die, the country rings with the direful accounts, and the London and colonial papers tell the tale at the Cape expense, full 25 per cent. at least. We are led to these remarks by reading a letter in the *Zuid Afrikaan* the other day, in which the writer (from Hottentot Holland,) complains bitterly against the Authorities for not removing a Leper out of the village, and thinks this a great hardship upon the poor farmers, *groaning*, as they are stated to be, under the weight of taxation! Pshaw! Now mark the consistency of this writer. The Leper Institution is just at hand, and how much like the good Samaritan he would have appeared, if he had just put a pair of horses to his cart, and conducted the *leper* to the Hospital at *Hemel en Aarde*. The remedy is in his own hands, and those of the *rich people* around him; yet he, forsooth, must endeavour to make a *case* of this affair, which, like many other cases, all end in smoke.

THE TWO PARTIES.

There are a select few in this colony, who are extremely out of humour at the license which is given to the coloured population to breathe the fresh air of their native hills, without consulting the will of Mynheer or Mister. These people are continually bemoaning the existence of those laws of the colony which permit this liberty, and would supersede the orders of regular government, by a crude code of their own. On the other hand, we have heard it stoutly argued, that the Hottentots do not enjoy the perfection of liberty. In England, till the time of Henry the VIIIth, the Gypsies, (a very numerous class of bush-rangers, whose descendants still abound) were not only tolerated, but entitled to several privileges:—for instance, they could only be tried by a jury composed of one-half of their own tribe. The Scottish Government followed a different course—it thought there might be *prejudice* or *hardness of heart*, or a judge Jeffrey spirit, or a fondness for the hang-man, on the part of the Scotch Judge, and so the Gypsey Hottentot of Scotland was left to be punished by his leader or captain provided he committed wrong or outrage. This was perfectly in accordance with the laws of King Alfred, that glory of England in making each society answerable for its own members. Of this, we have a very remarkable proof in the following curious edict, issued by James the 1st, previous to his accession to the English Throne, charging all under him in authority, to give their aid and concurrence to Johnie Faw, "Lord and Erle of Little Egypt," in the execution of justice. We dare say, our Cape liberals will next plead for Hottentots and Malays to sit on Juries!

THE CAPE PRESS.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ALMANACK AND DIRECTORY, FOR 1833.

We have not been disappointed in our expectations of this important portion of our Colonial Press. We can safely aver that it may challenge competition with any of our Colonies—nay, fairly eclipse them, as it completely does those publications of a similar nature which issue from the Press of British India. Moreover, it is equal to any of the Almanack emanations of England herself. This, we are fully aware, is saying much; but it is the truth, and we defy any prejudiced, envious, or disloyal person to gainsay it.

In turning over the numerous pages of "The Directory," we have been much gratified by the vast stock of statistical matter which it presents. The great wonder is, that amidst so

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much that is inert and stunted in the country districts, Mr. Greig should have managed his *supplies* so well: and supplies, too, which we have no doubt would require a vast deal of trouble, labour, and fatigue to arrange, condense, re-write, and make intelligible. No disrespect is intended to the country authorities—"*the constituted authorities*," as our good friend the late Lord Charles Somerset used to pronounce with dignified emphasis. Although we think if these gentlemen, as well as the country school-masters, were more conversant with the Press, and took a greater interest in the success of the village libraries, and periodical publications, and the *English language*, than they do, things would prosper much better throughout the colony.

In conclusion, there are few undertakings which deserve so well of the public, as the one before us; and there are none which a conscientious critic can feel more pleasure in com mending. We think too, the publication likely to prove a considerable benefit to the Cape of Good Hope, by its circulation *abroad* as well as at *home*. It gives that proper stamp of importance to the colony which the stranger never contemplated. It tells of our glorious mountains and splendid vallies.—"the cattle upon a thousand hills,"—all the birds in the air, and all the fishes in the sea, all of which are like the atmosphere on all sides around us. It describes the salubrity of our climate, and the immense varieties of nature's productions. It moreover unfolds to public view the name and nature of our Schools, Colleges, Churches, Missionary Institutions, Libraries, Commercial relations, Settlers' Enterprise, and Public Charities. Nor is it less explicit in the affairs of Civil Government: and to those who are anxiously awaiting a *reduction* in this department, "The Directory." by simply recording the *magnificence* of the Cape *Civil Service Establishment*, may guide a *Reformed Parliament* in the application of the pruning knife, and send many an useless salaried one

"To plough, or hedge or ditch,
Some honest labour—no matter which."

In the chronology of remarkable occurrences, page 204. (o) we were a good deal amused with the following:

"June 3. Riots in the Mauritius, on the arrival of Mr. Jeremie. (Not the *first* storm in a puddle.")

Then immediately follows another notice, from which we suspect the waggish compiler, by using italics, intended to imply a *second* storm nearer hand.

"June 6th. Proclamations of His Excellency the Governor of the Cape, against seditious Meetings and publications."

We recommend, as parting words, that a little more care be taken in future, as to the names and occupations of the parties in the Town Register. Again, the Plan of Cape Town may be revised, and St Andrew's Church admitted within its pale. And lastly—all *compliment* intended to individuals should be dispensed with: such is not in unison with the characteristics of a Directory.

THE CAPE CALENDAR.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of this little compendium for the year, and return our best thanks to the editor for his Christmas present. We wish at the same time the Almanack had contained more information than it does: as it is, it is merely a pamphlet of dates and names—*hard names*, many of them, in all conscience. However, it may precisely suit the calibre of some minds to pore over—

"Where *ignorance* is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

The Town Directory which accompanies the Almanack, deserves commendation. The editor and proprietor has proved himself a pains-taking man, and great must have been the labour, and unpleasant the task, to have ferreted all the crooks, crannies, holes, corners, closes, and winds of Cape Town, in order to seek out the who, and the what, of their *party-coloured* inhabitants.

In one respect, the Editor has very much confounded that beautiful *distinction of ranks* which has hitherto preserved *the decent order of things*. For it is not enough to make any one of the Cape *Squirearchy* fall into fits, to be classed with "Africa van de Kaap, Coolie," or "Dollie, a slave, *Coffee-steeg*," or "Griet, van de Kaap, Laundress," and a thousand others, with no pretensions to pure blood in their veins, or be denominated "Dear Countrymen!" In one respect, we have been greatly delighted with a view of Cape Industry. The following extract from the *Town List*, fully demonstrates the advantages of becoming all things to all men.

"Hoffmeyer, Willem, Hermanus Son, *Sworn Broker—Tobacconist—Shoemaker—Wood Engraver—Retail Shop—and Publican*."

TO THE READING PUBLIC.

On the commencement of our third year.

We are encouraged to pursue this Journal from the steady support of a respectable body of subscribers, which enables us to square accounts with our printer and publisher. It is true, some half-a-dozen have withdrawn their names from the subscription list, but this temporary drawback, has been counterbalanced by far greater, and probably, more respectable accessions. We wish it to be distinctly understood, that we have never purchased a single subscriber at the expense of our honest convictions, or those of truth and plain dealing.

Contemplating certain engagements connected with the new year, and which were calculated to press heavily on our time, we had hoped for some able successor who might have conducted the present publication, and rendered it more worthy in every way the marked countenance which it has obtained. But we have failed in our endeavours to acquire such assistance: our duty is, therefore, to persevere as heretofore, whatever else may obstruct our path; because we think it would argue very little for the rising intelligence and growing prosperity of the Cape, to abandon the only Journal in the English language which it possesses.

To the *neutrals* among our countrymen, who are unfortunately a class of persons every where conspicuous, and who regard with indifference their own language, and the press in general, we beg leave to submit an extract on the great moral influence and bond of union which a community of language effects. In a "Memoir" written by the present French ambassador at the court of America, are the following remarkable observations:—

"Identity of language is a fundamental relation on whose influence one cannot too deeply meditate. This identity places between the men of England and America *a common character which will make them always take to, and recognise each other*. But an insurmountable barrier is raised between people of a different language, who cannot utter a word without recollecting that they do not belong to the same country; betwixt whom every transmission of thought is an irksome labour, and not an enjoyment; who never come to understand each other thoroughly, and with whom the result of conversation, after the fatigue of unavailing efforts, is to find themselves mutually ridiculous."

After detailing some of the effects of the great influence of the use of the English language on the legislative and political institutions of the United States, M. de Talleyrand says, that "we must renounce all knowledge of the influence of laws upon man, and deny the modifications which he receives from all that surrounds him, if we do not concede the immense influence which the use of a common language has upon inter-national relations."

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE VI.—BY ORLANDO.*

(THE CREATION OF THE FISH AND WHALES —THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THEIR FORMATION AND PECULIAR NATURE.)

IN the vegetable kingdom, Gentlemen! we have surveyed one grand division and display of organized matter, and of that living principle which is everywhere connected with organization. From the Creations which we have described, the Deity proceeded to a very different description of material organization, and with a living principle of qualities much superior to any which appear in plants. This other grand division of life is that which constitutes the Animal Kingdom. If we consider the mediums in which they reside, we should distinguish this order of beings into three general classes,—the animals of the waters, those of the air, and those which inhabit more immediately the land. But their respective forms and habits lead us to minuter divisions than these. Besides the Fish, Birds, and Quadrupeds, we also find Insects frequenting the air, and Reptiles and Worms the earth; and others, the amphibious class, which are alternately both on land and in water. But of each of these, I shall endeavour to select such facts as will indicate the Divine system and object in their production, as will contribute, perhaps, to throw some light on the nature and distinctions of that living principle which has been appointed to accompany both the kingdoms of organic being.

The new system of creation which is exemplified in the animal world, was began on the 5th day, in the production of the Fishes and the Birds. The order of their appearance is thus expressed:

> And ELOHIM said, 'Let the waters bring forth *abundantly* the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth, in the firmament of Heaven.' (1)

Thus the two earliest classes of animated beings were those that were to inhabit the two fluid mediums on our globe, the water and the air; both compounded substances—specific *compositions* of oxygen, with different additions. Water is the combination of oxygen with hydrogen: the atmosphere is its union with azote. The two elements are therefore as chosen, appointed, and specific things, as the creatures are that inhabit them. Nothing can more strongly indicate a reasoned Creation.

FISHES, like Vegetables, are in several natural tribes, very distinguishable from each other, although all residing in the same watery element; but this element, so uniform in its general qualities, has yet several peculiar divisions; as in rivers, lakes, marshes, and seas. Its greatest distinction is that of salt water, in its oceanic diffusions, and fresh water in terrestrial distributions; and some of the fish are appropriated to each of these. It is however a prevailing opinion, that most, if not all of the fresh fish, originated in the sea; and it is certain that many which are inhabitants of the ocean, pass from it into the rivers of the land, to breed and deposit their young; and these shew themselves to be capable of living alternately in each.

By the Linnæan system, as revised by Gmelin, the whole Fish world has been arranged into six principal orders, sub-divided into several tribes. Four of these are marked by the position of their ventral fins, and two by their gills. This is an artificial classification, but it is a convenient one, and sufficiently answers its author's great end of establishing a precise and applicable nomenclature, that could be generally adopted, and easily referred and added to. * * * But besides all the tribes which Linnæus places under his order of Fish, the inhabitants of the waters include also all Crustaceous and Testaceous genera, and the Mollusca; as also the Seal and Morse tribes, and that of the Whales, or Cestaceous fishes. The latter are generally mentioned by Moses, in addition to his general notice of all that move in the waters:

> 'And ELOHIM created great Whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind: and *Elohim* saw that it was good.'

The Whales or Cestaceous fishes are so distinguished in nature from the rest, by their analogies to land animals; by suckling their young at the breast; by having warm red blood; and by a heart with two auricles and two ventricles to propel this essential fluid, and by other peculiar properties; that Linnæus has separated from his fish tribes, and classed among his Mammalia order, with Quadrupeds, Simia, and Man. It was therefore correct in Moses to give them a distinct specification.

Water differs from air in being 810 times heavier. But sea water containing in it a solution of chloride of sodium, has still greater gravity. Fish have, therefore, in all their motions, to force themselves through an element that is nearly 900 times heavier, and as such, more resisting and repellant to them than the air is to birds. This greater gravity assists their suspension, but impedes their motivity; just as the vastly superior lightness of air facilitates the flight of birds, but gives no

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

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aid to their floating in it. All swimming animals are sustained by the water; and the principle of their being so is, that they have been created to be rather lighter than this fluid, or not heavier. All fishes—all that inhabit the waters, except the Crustaceous and Testaceous animals, are of the same specific gravity as the fluid they live in; and hence they float in it, and are sustained by it. If we were to select one marking instance of the great exertion of intellect which must have accompanied Creation, a more impressive one could scarcely be adduced than the adapted formation of every fish's body to the gravity of its watery abode. If all fishes had been of one weight, one effort of thought and contrivance would have been sufficient to have enabled all to swim; but every species of fish—almost every individual of each species—differs in its weight and size from each other; all, from the little Tittlebat of our schoolboy walk and play-day, to the mighty and super-elephantic Whale. A minute calculation must, therefore, have been made, in the original construction of each particular fish that so varies, in order that the amount of its component particles, and the disposition and expansion of its figured dimensions, might in every one be exactly such as to have the same specific weight with that space of water which its bulk would occupy. Unless this space and bulk were in every instance precisely adapted to each other, not one fish would swim. Yet all but the flat fish are ever floating and moving as they please, always suspended and supported, when they chuse to be so. How surprisingly numerous must have been both the arithmetical and the mechanical computations! But the creative skill and providing care were not confined to this equalization of space and bulk. Something more was requisite, and has been formed. The water itself differs in its gravity and circumstances. The sea-water is heavier than the lake, and river, and pond; and varies in itself, in this respect, from many causes. Yet as Galileo remarked, the fish float and swim alike amid this diversity. He found that this is accomplished by their being universally provided with an organical function, by whose instrumentality they can and do, themselves, modify and adapt their own gravity to every temporary variation of the fluid they are in. This gift of their Maker's foresight is the little bladder in the middle of the body, which contains air, and which they can contract or expand as they please. If the water becomes lighter than their bodies, they distend this vesicle and their own bulk, by rarefying or increasing the air within it; and thus maintain their equilibrium with it. If the fluid be heavier, which would throw them out of it, they empty and contract this organ accordingly, and so keep within it, or sink lower if they desire a greater depth. That it is this air bladder which maintains and adapts their specific gravity, is proved by the facts that if this be burst, they sink; and that the soles and flat fish, which live at the bottom of the water, have not this vesicle. To be able to move through an element that resists their progress nearly 900 times more than the air obstructs our walking motions, their head has been so shaped as to divide the water with ease and safety. The body is made long and slender to increase the facility, and is covered with an unctuous skin or scales, which prevent all friction, and has that degree of sphericity which averts all its ill effects from the immense pressure of the waters that are about it. They likewise have a combined power and flexibility in their muscular tail, which, by striking backwards against the water, gives them whatever projectility they desire, and continues it as long as they move it to and fro. By this tail they impel themselves forward, as the bird does, by its wings; and that it may have the constitutional and habitual ability of doing so, it is made to have the largest muscle of a fish's body. Its necessary fulness and size for this purpose cause the animal's centre of gravity to be in its back, which would therefore always turn its belly upwards, but for the counteracting force of its ventral fins. Their mode of breathing, or of inspiring that air which is essential to them as to every land animal, is also, with an admirable ingenuity, suited to the watery fluid they live in. This has always some air intermingled with its particles; and the wind and storms are always supplying it with new additions. No portion of water is without air in its natural state; and fishes are so contrived as to require no more than it thus contains, and are provided with gills to extract from it, or with inferior functions to decompose from it, all that they require. This process has been made as easy to them as breathing to us. We merely expand and contract our chest by the action of a muscle, and they have only to take in water with their mouths, and to eject it by the gills. They have no eye-lids, neck, arms, legs, or external ear; but they have, like birds and cats, a membrane to draw over the eyes when necessary; and they have an internal mechanism for hearing, specifically fitted to the medium they dwell in. A very kind attention to their comfort appears in the circumstance, that their natural temperature is made to be a little above that of the fluid they inhabit, so that there is never a greater difference than two or three degrees. This benevolent provision secures them from the sensation of cold, which they would otherwise have suffered from. Fishes have been made to differ in size according to their species; and they are of all sizes and weights, from the Minnow to the Whale. After the latter, the Shark takes the lead in dimensions, as it is from one to 4,000 pounds in mass, and sometimes 30 feet long. Others are of great bulk, without much length. But in their general nature, the other kinds are under a 100 pounds.

The ocean pervades and surrounds the whole Globe, that the fishes have facilities for rambling as they like, which no other animals possess. But notwithstanding their native power, several prefer particular localities. Some wander to great distances; others are confined to inland seas and lakes. Their re-productive system, analagous to that of plants by seeds, is ovaparous almost in all; although some species, instead of eggs, bring forth their young alive. But the greater majority lay their oval spawn, and some with a fecundity of marvellous abundance. (2) It is the appointed law with many, that although among the general inhabitants of the sea, yet that they should be born in river water; and that for this purpose, their maternal parents should travel from the ocean to the flurial streams of the land; and forcing their way, in opposition to the descending currents, glide upwards to such places as they select to be proper beds for their future progeny. The Salmon (3) is a remarkable instance of this selecting instinct. The Salmon-trout, Smelt, and Shad, and several others, perform similar journeys. Others sail in vast shoals to the coasts of different countries for the same purpose of depositing their eggs along the suitable

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banks and shores. (4) All are solicitous and careful to discharge them in the safest places, that will promote their future vivification; (5) but here their parental instinct ends. The young fry need no further attention. At the proper time, varying in each species, they emerge from their oval abode, (6) and immediately move about with great agility, and apparently in full possession of their appointed faculties. Their wants are so few, and the supply so immediate, that as soon as they come into sentient being, they have about them all that they require. Their food is that which the element contains, of which there is always an abundance. Some subsist wholly on plants of various sorts, which grow in the sea or on its shores. (7) Many more feed on worms and insects. Some also use a kind of soft and fat earth. (8) A larger number seek their sustenance from worms and insects, without the vegetable mixture. (9) Several live on Crabs and Shell Fish. And others of the Fish nation subsist on each other. A few make sea-birds a part of their nutriment and some will consume the animal dead bodies they find. (10)

There is something splenetic in many of our writers when they dissert on Fishes. Our pleasing poet and essayist, but too hasty and careless writer on Animated Nature, speaks of them with much ill humour and misconception; and with inattention to their general habits and nature, characterizes all their thousand species by the particular and *voracious* habits of a few.

The Fishes which are most abundant have pleasing forms. Some are more picturesque than beautiful. Occasionally we find grotesque ones; (11) and a few with that structure and look which are called deformity. (12) But what we deem ugliness in nature, is very often rather contrast and peculiarity, than absolute defect. We know nothing of beauty and elegance, but from the figures, colours, movements, arrangements, and appearances of created things. The truth is, we seem to know very little about the constitution of *true beauty*. If we look for it in *colour*, then the *Whites* have it; if we look for it in grace and dignity of form, then the *Blacks* in their native woods have it. Our commonest fish are often highly pleasing. (13) Several have a golden hue or spots, difficult to account for, and many a silvery gloss, as though particles of these two metals were diffused among their skin. Others display a fine tinge of blue; some, very pleasing tints of green. Delicate gradations or diffusions of other colours, make other species interesting to us. The effect of the whole is, that the general appearance of the Fish Creation, in their forms, colours, brilliancy, gliding movement, rapid and changeful activity, and universal animation and vigour, excites sentiments of pleasure and admiration in every fair and free mind that beholds them in their native element. To us —with the exception of a few, principally the Shark tribe—they are wholly inoffensive. as even Sharks are in some places. None of them leave their element to attack us. Not many, even in their own domain, would molest us; but all, even the most hostile, remain there, helpless and indefensible against our power, however great their magnitude may be. All are at our mercy. The fiercest cannot long resist our means of annoyance. (14) We kill and take what we please. * * * The general character of Fish contrary to the assertions of Goldsmith, Wood, and others, is not that of voracity and hostility. It is gentleness, harmlessness, sociality, and animation. They are peaceful animals; happy in themselves, and for the most part harmonizing together without any general display of savage cruelty or malignant passions. Such as are appointed to be the food of others, die in that way, and are sought and taken for that purpose when the appetite actuates, but no further. But they cannot justly be stigmatized as voracious for this habit, more than ourselves for taking and eating them, and cattle, sheep, fowls, game, and other living creatures. We are carnivorous, but not voracious. We kill and cook the animals we feed on, but we have no malice or ill-will, or hostility in such action or diet, any more than in plucking the apple, grinding the corn, or boiling the potatoe. It is, therefore, unjust to impute peculiar voracity and destructiveness to these tribes, because some feed on smaller fish, and others on the molluscæ, worms, and insects that they find. These latter animals appear to be as carefully provided for such as use them, as slugs and caterpillars are for birds, and grass for cattle; for at particular seasons the ocean is made to swarm with them, for no other visible purpose than that the Fish may derive nutriment from them.

The molluscæ which supply so many natives of the sea with their subsistence, are, therefore, endowed with a power of multiplication which, as in several other cases, astonishes us by its amount. It is the abundance of these petty animals of various species, so sedulously provided for the nourishment of fish, which constitutes that luminous appearance or phosphorescence of the sea, which so often surprises and delights the mariner on his watch in his nightly navigation. If some species of fish are always eating, which is not by any means an authenticated fact, they would but resemble the graminivorous quadrupeds who pass their day in browsing and in resting rumination; neither can be fitly branded as voracious in such perpetual mastication; for what animal is milder or more inoffensive than the tranquil, though ever-eating cow, who takes a 100 lbs. of grass a-day?

But there are some facts which indicate that the Fish have been much misconceived in this respect; and that however it may be with some particular classes, or at particular seasons, the far greater number take less food, and live with pleasure, and apparently from choice, longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, than any other tribes of animals that we know of. The Gold and Silver Fish in our vases seem never to want any food. Even the Pike, which has been so much branded as a devouring glutton, fattens on total abstinence. The Salmon, when opened, is never found to have any nutritive substance in its stomach. The Lamprey tribes are confessedly small, or no eaters. The Whale, although vast in bulk, feeds on little or nothing. A small insect which is seen floating on the seas, and which Linnæus terms the Medusa, is sufficient for the supply. But this supply can only be for that portion of the year when these little animals appear. For the other months, the Whale must be without this food; and this seems to be the fact—for the stomach and intestines of all these animals, when opened, seldom have any thing in them. The exuberant Mackrel tribe that seek in their shoaling, the sea plants on the English coasts, find that only in the beginning of summer. Many facts of this sort will be recollected by the intelligent Naturalist, which will lead him to inquire whether the great ma-

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jority of the finny world do not, for the larger part of their existence, content themselves with the nutrition they extract from *water* alone, without any additional substance. It is true, there are Fish of dissimilar habits, and that some consume others is certain. But the points to be ascertained are whether this appetite is not an impulse of particular seasons, for particular purposes for an appointed end which is accomplished. The harmless character of Fish (I am fully aware that I am taking a somewhat new view of the question,) is impressively exhibited by most of the larger tribes. The great Greenland Whale pursues no other animal, and leads an inoffensive life. The massy Sturgeon is of the same gentle nature. The formidable Narwhal, or Sea Unicorn, with all its size and powerful weapon of defence, displays the same disposition. The Oronooko Manati, which has been found so large that 27 men could not draw it out of the water, and the others of this tribe, of which some 28 feet long, and weigh 8,000 lbs. are likewise gentle and peaceful animals. * * * But the ocean contains some of a different humour, as the woods and mountains have the wolf and the tiger. A waring and vindictive temper appears at times in the Indian Sword Fish, with a strength which resembles the impulsion of an elephant. The Grampus, with its sword-like dorsal fin, will attack the passing Whale, and disturb the Seals. (15) The beautiful Dorado pursues the Flying Fish, which escapes by emerging into the air by its pinion-like fins: but the pleasure here is food, or the pleasure of the chase—not animosity.

The habits of Fishes are too little known for us to form sufficient ideas of the extent and degree of their *mental faculty*. Their organs of sense resemble ours in the principle of their construction. That they possess and exercise volition, many shew. The Whale endeavours to strike its assailant with its tail: of which one blow would destroy him. The Sword Fish, by great agility, avoids the descending ruin, and, bounding in the air, again falls upon the Whale. The Fish which climbs trees, displays an equal exertion of peculiar will, though its exact intentions is not known beyond the general idea that it is seeking for food, or something agreeable to its perception. (16) The Salmon exhibits a remarkable instance of determined effort to effect a rational purpose, in the extraordinary leaps which it makes to surmount cataracts or other obstacles which impedes its progress as it ascends a river. (17) This requires not only will, but correct perception and judgment. The periodical migration of so many tribes, for the purpose of depositing their eggs, display a mental instinct in rational, persevering, and efficacious operation. The same combination of action and judgment appears in the Fish that crawls on land in search of water; and in the night journeys of Eels for obtaining food. But when they move with a semblance of following a conductor, in a marshalled form, we cannot avoid inferring in them the same degree of reasoned intention and judgment which we ascribe to animals which exhibit such habits. A distinct action of judging mind, appears in the Fish that directs the projectile blow on the insects which it perceives and desires to make its food: for this requires a careful proportioning of the force to the distance, and to the amount of the water that is known. The Salmon, when storms come out, sinks to the bottom; as if with a right judgment to avoid what would injure it; while those to whom the agitation will be rather pleasurable than pernicious, become sensible of the impending change, and rise to the surface of its lake or stream as it approaches. The Gymnotis and others, benumb, by an electrical discharge, the intermeddler that disturbs it. The Whale displays not merely maternal regard, but even affection for its mate, and has shewn the deepest sorrow when deprived of him. (18) That they are attracted by light, and even distant light; that they should be affectible by colours, which is asserted of the Whale, imply a sensitivity which has a close relation with intellectual impressions, or with some feelings or associations in themselves that we have not yet discriminated. (19) Some, also, appear to distinguish musical sounds, and to be interested by them, and even to perceive the meaning of signs that affect their sensations. The Dolphins exhibit both social and parental attachment. Their brain has much approximation to our own. (20)

Nothing is a more striking indication of the possession of a mental faculty in an animal, than its susceptibility to that process which we call taming. It implies attention to the teacher, a comprehension of his meaning, a perception of the connection between the means he uses, and the effect he purposes, and a self-governing power to coerce its natural habits for the time, and to assume the others which its instructor or feeder imposes. Eels exhibit this teachability; (21) Carps have become familiar, and so have Trout. Even Pikes have acquired such habits; Seals likewise have become tractible like dogs. Some of the inhabitants of the water exhibit an extraordinary degree of memory, a faculty that is always connected with other powers of mind.

There must be some social feeling or gratification in being together, which induces so many of the Fish tribe to habits of association. Such voluntary society indicates that they derive pleasure from the aggregation. Then, again, we may advert to the vast shoals, emigrations, and adventurous voyages of a great many of the species. (33) The parental and filial sensibility and attachment of the Cetaceous Fishes, the Walrus and the Seal Tribes, are so like the same affections in many quadrupeds and the human race, that it would be an apparent inconsistency to give them any other denomination. All the actions we have thus alluded to, seem to display a thinking mind in varied operation, in addition to that living principle which every animal shares in common with the vegetable kingdom.

Such are Fish. It is our advantage above them, that we can add to their physical placidity the enjoyment of the moral principles; the mental sensibilities; occasional delights of exquisite joys; intellectual activities; the sublimer feelings of our highest destination; and all the gratifying pleasures of social communication. All these occupy and attract us, and furnish many a banquet in the succession of our revolving years. Yet, amid life's varied streams and sources of transport and pain, often mingled, and often alternating, we learn at last to prefer those milder and more certain or enduring pleasures which calmly sooth us, to the bustle, the labour, and the excitements that engage and animate our youth and maturer strength. Agitation and emotion at length lose their charm; they disturb more than they amuse us. As age advances to its sober evening, we perceive and appreciate the value of conscious life without pain; of sedate tranquillity; of reposing, yet not inactive thought; of

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sensibility without perturbation; of patient hope; of resting moveability; of sensations that please, but do not agitate; of intellectual rumination; and of those solemn aspirations of sacred foresight, of prospective gratitude, and of humble reliance on the great Mediatorial Benefactor, which close our mortal days, and make dissolution an inestimable blessing.

NOTES.

(1) Gen. chap. i. v. 20.

(2) Leuwenhoek states, that the eggs of a single Codfish, exceed nine millions.

(3) They ascend often above a 100 miles, forcing their way against the most rapid streams; and where an obstacle impedes them, they will spring to a height of 7 or 8 feet to pass over it.—*Linn.*

(4) Such as the Herring, the Sprat, the Anchovy, the Thunny, the Haddock, the Whiting, the Ling, the Coal-fish, the Pilchard, the Mackrel, the Stickleback, &c.

(5) The upper and shallow parts of rivers are chosen, where the eggs may receive the warming rays of the sun.

(6) The Salmon continues in the egg 4 months: the Carp only 3.

(7) Both Carp and Fench may be reared and fed like Capons, with brewing grains or grouud peas. The Mackrel are great eaters.

(8) The Carp and Bream swallow earth, so does the Cod Fish.

(9) As the Shad, Dace. Dab, and common Eel. The Herrings in their shoaling feed largely on insects.

(10) The Conger Eel, the Barbel, Gudgeon, Lamprey, Shark, and Pike.

(11) The Sea Bat of Edwards, and the Horned Fish of Willoghby, are of this sort.

(12) The Frog Fish, or Sea Devil—the Hammer headed Shark, and the Sea Porcupine.

(13) The Mackrel for instance.

(14) No fish seems fiercer or more dangerous than a Shark; yet a single Negro, with only a sharp knife, will some times voluntarily and successfully attack and kill it.

(15) See a paper, on Seal Hunting at the Cape, in the *South African Quarterly Journal*, page

(16) The Perca Scandens, which inhabit rivulets in Tranquebar.

(17) If they do not succeed in their first leap, they repeat it with the most scientific variations.

(18) The incident mentioned by Anderson is, that two Whales were sailing together, a male and a female, one was harpooned by the whalers. It made a long and a formidable resistence. Its companion gave every assistence, and when the wounded one expired, stretched itself with great bellowing sounds upon the dead fish, and voluntarily shared its fate.

(19) The Greenlanders say, the better they are dressed, the less the Whale avoids them.

(20) The Dolphin's brains, like that of the Orang Outang, is distinguished by its large size.

(21) In Otaheite, Eels are great favourites, and are tamed until they attain an enormous size. "And I have seen," says Ellis, "an enormous Eel come forth at the call of a shrill whistle."

THE WARNING VOICE.

Rejoicing as we sincerely do, in the prosperity of the Cape colony, in reference to its secular affairs, we nevertheless hesitate to acknowledge, that in the business of christian education, the largest measure of the greatest good has been attained, or even striven for. It is true, much has been done, and we are by no means destitute of workmen in the moral vineyard—Ecclesiastical, Missionary, and Lay; still, we think as it regards the slave and coloured population, we have been verily idlers, and have not paid due attention to the talent which has been committed to our trust, either as proprietors, masters, or neighbours. It is no part of our intention in the present instance, to suggest any particular plans, regulations, or instrumental expedients in promotion of any system of operations for raising these classes from their degradation. Our duty is simply to represent the inefficiency of the means at present in operation to countenance religious knowledge, and promote the best interests of the community at large.

In our Albany districts we believe there is considerable attention paid to the instruction of the people—in the Home counties the reverse is the case; the schools are in a miserable plight, and the slaves are in a much worse condition. We would ask if, amidst the thousands of our enslaved population in the country,* there have been during the last year 20 baptisms, or 5 marriages? And in Cape Town, amid all the blaze of light, church-going, and missionary enterprise, we propose a similar question. We know what the result of such inquiry would be—it would prove that

'Gross darkness covers the people.'

And how can it be otherwise? Out of a population exceeding twenty thousand souls, there are upwards of thirteen thousand of the people uninstructed, and without the means of religious worship. And here, unfortunately, we have no *Bishop Latimer* to trudge on foot, and tell of the world to come to the outcasts; no *John Knox* to *cry aloud and spare not;* no Whitfield or Wesley, of matchless zeal and holy fame, to go into the high-ways and become

'Ambassadors of Truth—Legates of the skies.'

Oh, no! christianity is to be honoured *here*, somewhat after the same manner as the Lama of Thibet. It is to stay in its *legitimate* temple, to have the properties of homage duly preserved within its precincts, but to be *exempted* (in reverence of its sanctity!) from all association with "the lower orders," "subordinate classes," "inferior portions of society." We can readily enough conceive, that these plain remarks will not be taken in good part by some of our readers. This we cannot help. So far from apprehending that our warning voice can require any apology, we think it high time for all the advocates of intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, to raise a protesting voice against that policy which keeps so many thousands of our inhabitants in a state of moral destitution. To hide these things from the light, would betray a judgment enslaved, or a time-serving dishonesty. We shall conclude these observations by introducing others of weightier importance. It will be seen that we have principally in our mind's eye the labouring population—our brethren in slavery.

The great, the good, and pious Lord Chief-Justice Hale has well said, that "the wise man is but a steward of his wisdom, and the rich man a steward of his riches; and that the best account each will be able to give of his stewardship will be, that he has applied his wisdom, or riches, to the reformation or benefit of his fellow-men." Nor can we resist adding what Lord Morpeth said so judiciously to the same purpose at a late public meeting in England.

"He considered that they would not be acting out of their place, nor transgressing the course of nature, or the will of Providence, by a patient and steady endeavour to give to the labouring portion of the community the means of bettering their condition, with opportunities for acquiring the wish for still further progress, and an interest in exertion, a taste for comfort, a sense of independence, some foresight for the future, some leisure for the concern of an immortal soul. He considered that the same means which are effectual for the well-being of the industrious poor, would also, in the long run, tend to augment the resources of their superiors. He did not wish to give to the benevolence the suspicion of being swayed by interested motives, except so far as that beautiful law of reaction goes, which seems to run through the whole scheme of Providence—'blessing him that gives, and him that takes.' Danger can only be encountered by a performance of duty; and in promoting the physical comfort, developing the moral and intellectual qualities, engaging the affections, and warming the piety of the largest class of the community, we shall adopt the likeliest course to augment the national prosperity, and to call down the blessings of Providence."

Nor if arguments such as these be potent to awaken and direct the attention of the interested part of our readers, is it possible, do we conceive, to bring

* Upwards of five and thirty thousand!

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forward, to enlist the Christian philanthropist in the cause, an appeal equally splendid in conception,—as affecting in detail—or more powerful to arouse and direct our moral sympathies, than what follows from the pen of the eloquent Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of King James.* Speaking of the operative classes of society, and the privations of their condition, he proceeds to remark:

"I ask you, if it be not the most melancholy parts of all the speculation that is suggested to the moral inquirer by the condition of man, to observe what a wild and dense gloom is cast over the souls of this class by this severe necessity of continued labour? It is not suffering alone—that they may be inured to bear; but it is the darkness of the understanding, and it is the callousness of the heart, which comes on under the operation of the toil to which this human being, whose nature it is our province to explain, must be subjected; it is all that which is most miserable for us to behold. For if men, born with the same spirit as ourselves, are yet denied the common privileges of that spirit, they seem to bring certain faculties into the world that cannot be unfolded—certain powers of affection and desire, which, we might be inclined to say, the lot of their birth will pervert and degrade. There is a humiliation laid on human nature in the doom which appears thus to rest on a great portion of the species, which, while it requires our most considerate compassion for those who are so depressed, compels us to humble ourselves under a sense of our own participation in the mysterious nature from which it flows. Therefore, in estimating the worth or the virtue of our fellow-men, whom Providence has placed in a lot which yields to them the means, and little more than the means, of supporting life in themselves, and those born of them, what moral inquirer would ever, for a moment, forget, how intimate is the necessary union between the wants of the body and the thoughts of the soul? Let us remember, that over the great proportion of our humanity the soul is in constant struggle for its independence with the necessities of that nature in which we know it to have been enveloped. It has to support itself against irritating or maddening thoughts inspired by weariness, lassitude, and want, or the fear of want for itself, or those connected with it. It is chained down to the earth by the influence of one great and constant occupation—that of providing the means of its mortal existence for itself or others. When it shews itself shocked or agitated, or overcome in the struggle, what ought to be the thoughts and feelings in the consideration of the wisdom of poor humanity?"

Thus far in reference to our labouring population. The Professor now directs his attention to the poor industrious workman, who, amidst all his poverty and suffering, is still the *free man* How beautiful is the following picture of the mind's triumph over the body's privations.

"When, on the other hand, you see nature preserving itself more boldly amidst the perpetual threatenings, or unceasing assaults, of those evils from which it never can make its escape, and though pressed by its own many wants, forgetting them all in that love which ministers to the wants of others; when you see the brow wrinkled and drenched by incessant toil, the body bowed down to the dust, and the whole frame in which the immortal spirit abides marred (but surely not dishonoured) by its drudgery; and then, when, in the midst of all that depression and oppression, you see man still seeking and still finding joy, delight, and happiness, in all the finer affections and desires of his spiritual being, giving to the lips of those he loves that scanty morsel earned by his own hungry and thirsty toil—purchasing by sweat, sickness, and fever, the useful education, and religious instruction, of the young creatures who delight the heart of him who is striving for their sakes—resting with gratitude on that day which is like a fountain in the midst of the thirsty wilderness to his exhausted and wearied frame—and preserving a high sense of his own immortality amongst all the toils and struggles that would fain chain him to the dust; when, I say, you see all this, and think of all this, you will discover how rich may be the very poorest of the poor, and you will learn to respect the moral being of man in these its triumphs over the power of his physical nature. But you do not learn from this to doubt or to deny the wisdom of the Creator. You do not learn from all these struggles, and all these defeats, and all these glorious victories, and all these triumphs, that God sent his creatures into this state of existence to starve, or that the air, the earth, and the waters, have not wherewithal to fill the mouths that gape for food. Nor will you ever learn that want is a crime, or that poverty is a sin, or that they who would toil but cannot, or that they who would toil but have not work, are intruders at Nature's table, and must be driven to famine, starvation, and death."

* Extract from the Introductory Lecture delivered in the University of Edinburgh, on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, 1831, by Professor Wilson.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

SINGULAR DEBATE ON THE NATURALIZATION OF THE SCOTS.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, an order was issued to the lord mayor, aldermen, &c. of London, to make the strictest scrutiny throughout their several wards, and draw up an exact list of the names of all the foreigners residing therein, classed under their respective nations or provinces. From the return to this order, it appears that the number of Scots then residing in London, was only forty! When a Scottish king, however, succeeded Elizabeth on the throne, the number of Scotsmen who flocked hither, as to another land of promise, increased with amazing rapidity; and it became at length a question before parliament, about admitting them to the benefits of naturalization. The proposition, as may naturally be supposed, gave rise to much discussion in both houses of parliament, particularly in the House of Commons, before which it came on the 14th of February, 1606. Mr. Fuller began the debate. The principal grounds of his argument were. "That God had made people fit for every country; some for a cold, some for a hot climate; and those several countries he hath adapted to their several natures and qualities. All grounds are not fit for one kind of grain; but some for oats, some for wheat, &c. Suppose one man is owner of two pastures, with one hedge to divide them, the one pasture bare, the other fertile and good. A wise owner will not pull down the hedge, but make gates to let the cattle in and out at pleasure; otherwise they will rush in in multitudes, and much against their will return. That the union was no more than two arms of one body. But before they be admitted, it is proper to consider what place and room we have for them. Look into the Universities; there you will find many of our own very worthy men not preferred. Our English merchants adventure; they go to sea with great vessels, freighted at a great charge; the others with little vessels at a small charge. The Scotch carry their wares in other countries up and down in packs; and by these means have taken away all the trade from Dieppe already. Our traders are too many already, and there are impositions upon the English, from which the Scotch are discharged. The navy of Scotland is so weak as to be *in miserecordium* with the meanest force. The care of a sovereign prince is, that his subjects live under him '*honeste, iute, pacifice et jucunde.*' That country is miserable where the greatest men are exceeding rich, the poor men exceeding poor, and no mean, no proportion between both. Tenants of two manors; whereof the one hath woods, fisheries, liberties, commons of estorvers, &c. —the other, bare common, without profit; only a little turf or the like. The owner maketh a grant, that the tenants of this shall be participants of the profits, &c. of the former. This beareth some shew of equity, but is plain wrong, and the grant void. The king cannot make a single village in one, to be parcel of another country. He cannot make a parcel of one kingdom parcel of another, being distinct kingdoms. If king Philip of Spain had had a son by queen Mary, he would have been king of Spain, Sicily, &c. Was it proper to naturalize those subjects? It cannot be good to mingle two swarms of bees under one hive on the sudden. When the Jews were in captivity, and were moved to mirth, and sing songs, they could not forget Jerusalem. 'Let their right hand forget their left,' &c. And when Abraham and Lot were brethren, Abraham said, 'Go thou to the right hand, and I will go to the left,' &c. So they divided, and either took that part which was fittest for him."

Mr. Wentworth and Mr. Moore followed, and though they did not object entirely to the naturalization of the Scots, "yet" said they, "if we naturalize them, it is necessary to have many cautions; cautions for ecclesiastical promotions, cautions for our lands and for our trades"

Sir Francis (afterwards Lord). Bacon, spoke at great length and with great ability, in favour of the naturalization of the Scots, not so much on legal grounds, but as a matter of convenience; and as a "sign to all the world of our love towards them, and agreement with them."

In the course of the discussion of this subject, one member was committed to the tower for making some severe reflections on the Scots: this was Sir Christopher Piggott, one of the members for the county of Buckingham. Speaking of the naturalization, he said, "Let us not join murderers, thieves, and the roguish Scots, with the well-deserving Scots. There is as much difference between them as between a judge and a thief. He would speak his conscience, without flattery of any creature whatsoever. They have not suffered above two kings to die in their beds these two hundred years. Our king James hath hardly escaped them; they have attempted him. Now he is come from among them, let us free him from such attempts hereafter." Although this speech excited much surprise in the house, yet it passed without censure, until, in consequence of a message from the king, blaming the neglect of the house, Sir Christopher Piggott was expelled the house and committed to the tower, where he remained some time.

HOUSEHOLD OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

The following extract from a curious old MS. contains some very singular directions for regulating the household of Henry the Eighth.

"His highness's baker shall not put alums in the bread, or mix rye, oaten, or bean flour with the same, and if detected, he shall be put in the stocks. His highness's attendants are not to steal any lock or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of noble man's or gentleman's houses, where they go to visit. Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all night on the ground, before the kitchen fire. No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies. Dinners to be at ten, suppers at four. The officers of his privy chamber shall be loving together, no grudging nor grumbling, nor *talking* of the king's pastime. The king's

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barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person. There shall be no *romping* with *maids* on the staircase, by which dishes and other things are often broken!! Care shall be taken of the pewter spoons, and that the wooden ones used in the kitchen be not broken or stolen. The pages shall not interrupt the *kitchen maids!* The grooms shall not steal his highness's straw for beds, sufficient being allowed for them. Coal only to be allowed to the king's, queen's, and lady Mary's chambers. The brewers are not to put any brimstone in the ale" Among the fishes for the table, is mentioned the porpoise; if too big for a horse-load, an extra allowance to purveyor. Twenty-four loaves a-day allowed for his royal highness's greyhounds. "*Ordered*, That all *noblemen* and *gentlemen* at the end of the sessions of the parliament, depart to their *several counties*, on pain of the royal displeasure!!!"

PHILOLOGICAL LAW PLEA.

In a publication by the managers of the Infirmary of Aberdeen, they gave a translation into English of a Latin charter, by which they held the ground on which that building is erected. "Joannes Memis, Medicinæ Doctor," was here rendered "*John Memis, Doctor of Medicine*" Doctor John Memis, however, thought this a very erroneous translation: and that a slur upon his professional character was artfully and maliciously concealed under it. He expected to have seen himself designated *Doctor John Memis, Physician;* and the rather, because, elsewhere, in the same document, *Duo Medicinæ Doctorum in Aberdenia*, is translated "*Two of the Physicians in Aberdeen.*" The doctor complained to the managers of the injury thus done to his pretensions, and demanded that they should have the translation re-printed with his proper designation of *Physician*. This, however, they very irreverently declined; and the doctor felt it necessary, for the vindication of his *status* in society, to bring an action against them before the Court of Session, in which he sought not only for an order upon them (in the nature of a *mandamus*) to make the required alteration in their English version of the charter, but for damages in the premises. The managers went to great lengths in their defence. They gravely pretended that *Doctor of Medicine* was as exact a translation as could be of *Doctor Medicinæ*; that were they to substitute Doctor of *Physic Physician*, it would be as much to say, that medicine and physic are the same thing, though it be notorious, (for so they alleged,) that neither is all physic medicine, nor all medicine physic; that, besides, Doctor of Medicine was, for aught they knew, quite as dignified as Doctor of Physic; and that, at all events, they had no intention of depreciating the professional rank of the very learned plaintiff, by calling him by the one designation in preference to the other. "But, why then," rejoined the doctor, "not translate *Duo Medicinæ Doctorum* in the same way as you have done *Medicinæ Doctor*?"—"For the sake of variety of phrase merely."—"No, no: you have translated them differently, for no other purpose but to hold me out to ridicule, and injure me in my profession, as being only a *simple doctor*, in comparison with these gentlemen, whom you style *physicians*. It is a clear case: I demand the judgment of the court."

For several years was this unique question contested with all the obstinacy of legal ingenuity, and at length, in Nov. 1776, the court, to the doctor's great surprise, declared that his complaint was altogether frivolous, and found him liable in the whole costs of suit.

SHARP PRACTICE.

The following is an extract from the introductory remarks of a hot-spiced Review of "Observations on the Healthy and Diseased Properties of the Blood, by WM STEVENS, M. D." The critic is understood to be Dr. JAMES JOHNSON.

THIS is the most trumpery book, for its size, which it has ever fallen to our lot to review. Not but what it is prettily got up, clearly printed, cleanly pressed, accurately folded; manufactured, in short, in a style not disgraceful to Mr. Murray, that Leviathan of booksellers. The printer has done his part—the only fault is in the author. And, with all the intelligence of this century, can no means be found of converting twaddle into logic—false facts into true ones? can no solvent be discovered, which shall fuse the crude fæces of weak men's brains into some precious and goodly stuff? Alas, no! nonsense, with all its trappings, is nonsense still; and the art of all the houses of Paternoster Row and Albermarle Street cannot do more than dress the doll; cannot give resistance and durability to their thing of wax.

Some persons' minds are most felicitously constituted; they believe that they are born to enlighten mankind, and, Shiloh like, they look upon their stripes as the evidence of their mission. Happy fools! propound your schemes, concoct your theories—if the world laughs at you, laugh at it—if it beats you, defy it—if it for a moment credits you, gull it. The persons we have addressed are not the offspring of this age only, but have certainly adorned every century that has elapsed since man lost Paradise, and fools had the world before them;

——————— In vain decried and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first.

At the present day the race is undoubtedly numerous; and the mighty power of the press has tended to multiply them, as Hamlet tells us that the sun breeds maggots. It is often the reviewer's business to encounter these creatures, and it may be supposed that the task is a loathsome one. Who would not rather hunt the boar than the bug? Dulness, unopposed, is more dangerous to science than great, but intellectual error; for one debases and emasculates the mind, whilst the other only tyrannizes over it.

It is well for the human race that the numerous spawn of Dulness are short lived; generated with facility and dispatch, their existence is little more than ephemeral. But, if the power of the press is wielded with intrepidity and talent, if men of education and of honesty direct it, the sons of Dulness may be strangled in the birth, and the small amount of mischief they are capable of inflicting on the best energies of the species is rendered smaller still.

Our readers will perceive, as we go on, whether these observations can in any way be applicable to the work before us. Dr. Stevens dedicates his production to the King of Denmark, and we cannot but admire the transcendent style in which he sets forth the transcendent virtues of that Scandinavian potentate.* The following passage is rather too difficult of digestion, with all the seasoning of Dr. Stevens' salts:—"The heartfelt interest which you are *known* to take in whatever concerns the welfare of the *human race*, has secured respect and esteem to your Majesty *in every civilized country*." This is pretty well for a beginning, and must create a pleasing anticipation of the candour and judgment of the curer of yellow fever and cholera. Yes, of yellow fever *and* cholera; and that by the self-same slops. When a footman gets his patent for a paste, it is shewn to possess the power of curing all diseases of the rectum, however they may differ from each other. This is the orthodox course of quackery. When a weak enthusiast imagines that he has found a specific for one malady, he is gradually led from step to step, till at last he recommends his drug in all cases, and firmly believes that its powers are real. This is the ordinary course of folly. Let us see what Dr. Stevens has done. He came to England to tell his countrymen that at last yellow fever had lost its terrors, and was not only curable but had been cured by salts. No sooner did cholera appear than the salts were again in requisition, and the *newspaper* speedily informed us that the great Dr. Stevens was curing cholera, as no other man had cured it, by—salts. Now if reasoning is to guide us, there is no great resemblance between YELLOW FEVER and BLUE COLLAPSE, but then the blood is black in both, and salts turn blood in a porringer red, and keep the deep sea from stinking, therefore they are applicable to yellow fever and cholera, therefore they will cure yellow-fever and cholera, therefore Dr. Stevens can cure yellow fever and cholera, which no one else can—quod erat demonstrandum. Such, we assure our readers, is the essence of Dr. Stevens' theoretical basis of the splendid practical discoveries, which he tells us, fond man, "will be sure to last."

* The King of Denmark takes the title of the King of the Goths and Vandals; Dr. S. seems to chuckle mightily at having been a loyal subject of this King in his West India Islands a Vandal of the New World.

MEMOIR OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF BARON CUVIER.

The following account was drawn up by Dr. Rousseau who attended the deceased.

CUVIER was a man who had an astonishing aptitude for mental labour and exertion; his recreation indeed consisted in being busily employed; yet he was readily alarmed about any trifling indisposition, and although he put little trust in medical science, he used to consult every doctor he knew on the state of his health.

On Monday, the 7th of May, he experienced a little irregularity in his bowels, and was ordered to take an additional enema with 6 drops of laudanum in it. Next day he felt himself quite well; and delivered a lecture in the College of France, displaying unwonted energy and animation; and after lecture he walked home, a thing he seldom did. He dined as usual, and was present in the evening at the meeting of the professors of the museum. On the Wednesday he felt a pain in the right shoulder and arm; and some difficulty in closing the right hand; he attended however a state council, and on his return, was urgent for his dinner; but scarcely had he eaten some broth, before he experienced such a difficulty of swallowing any solid food, that he was obliged to make the attempt several times. His family became alarmed and sent for his physician, Dr. Allard, who prescribed 20 leeches to the anus. On the following morning he could not move his right arm, and was obliged to rest it in a sling The pulse was 80 to 85, the deglutition still difficult, and there was some headach. He was freely bled; had a mustard bath to the feet, and a blister to the nape of the neck; felt very weak, and his voice became sensibly changed; he was restless during the night; and as the pulse again rose in fullness and strength, a second bleeding from the arm was performed. From this time the muscular energies were much impaired; but the heat of the body, nervous sensibility, and intellectual powers were remarkably entire On the Friday an emetic was given, as the patient had not apparently derived benefit from the venesection: but it did not produce vomiting. At two o'clock M. Dupuytren introduced by means of an œsophageal tube and syringe 24 grains of ipecacuan mixed in a little warm water; still no vomiting followed. At five o'clock 48 grains were injected into the stomach, without caus-

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ing even any nausea. At seven o'clock a saline enema was administered, which operated freely. The right arm was quite powerless; deglutition impossible. Two blisters were applied to the side of the neck in the evening, over the site of the cervical plexuses. The night was passed in an agitated and restless state. On Saturday morning, there was observed a palsy of the movements of the left leg, in addition to the previously mentioned symptoms; the hands became very cold, and the nails acquired a blue colour; the pulse was smaller and weaker than hitherto. Twenty leeches were applied over the mastoid process; in the night, the patient suffered great distress from not being able to move himself at all in bed—and on the Sunday, his appearance seemed as if he had become ten years older; his voice was more changed; still he was calm and complained but little. Cupping glasses were applied below the kidneys, and some orangeade was injected into the stomach; at eight o'clock in the evening he conversed with Dr. Allard; he was again cupped, and was extremely fatigued by the operation. At nine o'clock he said that the faculties of his mind were leaving him, and a quarter before ten he died sitting upright in his arm-chair.

The character of this great man has been thus portrayed by an eminent writer. Cuvier was gifted with a mighty and capacious mind, rather than with any striking genius. His intellectual powers, were rather of a critical than of a didactic character; and as is the case with most encyclopediacal heads, he had a leaning to scepticism. His mind was clear, rapid, rigorously exact, but not sufficiently bold; and perhaps we may account for this deficiency, by calling to mind that the requisite mental hardihood is generally intimately associated with a resolute firmness of character, which Cuvier to a certain extent did not possess. In his lectures, when conveying instruction, and elucidating any subject, there was a spirit of modest circumspection, and a fondness for demonstrative proof, which belonged as much to the original stamp of his character, as to the philosophical genius of the present age in France. An unwearied, and most keen observer, gifted with a prodigious memory, and a capacity for mental labour, rarely possessed. He has left behind him numerous important works. Of universal knowledge, Cuvier knew every subject sufficiently well, to render his description or illustration of individual examples more perfect and complete. As a writer, he has little grandeur, or originality; but his works bear the impress of great thought:—his style is perspicuous, elegant, and correct. He describes things, not as a painter, but as an anatomist; he argues with ability, but his reasonings are stiffly and coldly expounded; he narrates, as a chronicler, rather than as a philosophical historian. His mind wanted the *aid and influence of a mighty inward impulse, to inspire him* with that passionate enthusiasm for the study of Nature, which in other language, is merely the thirst after Truth; it was his exquisite taste, and a natural aptitude for the sciences which he especially cultivated, which led him on to that proud distinction above all his cotemporaries.

Cuvier was born on the 25th of August, 1769, at Montbeliard, and consequently at his death was 63 years old.—*Archiv. Génér.*

BOOKS—DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE, *Spirit of the Age.*

It is a distinguishing and a gratifying feature of the extraordinary epoch in which we live, that men of great talent, great learning, and great reputation, are employed in writing for the instruction and entertainment of youth. In former ages great men wrote for the great, learned for the learned. Petrarch founded his hopes of immortality on his Latin compositions, yet those cherished works are mouldering in libraries, whilst his sonnets, composed in his despised native language, are the admiration of the world, and have obtained for him eternal renown. In those days, we say, the learned constituted a sort of separate fraternity, with masonic signs and a jargon of their own. They despised the mass of mankind, and esteemed it little short of desecration to labour for the enlightenment of the vulgar. Every period of existence, national and individual, has its peculiar wants. In the present state of civilization those wants are highly intellectual, the press has produced them, and the press only can satisfy them. In proportion as reading has become more general, it has also become more pure, and the class that in the year 1820 was delighted and contented with the trash of the Minerva Press, with ridiculous legends and supernatural romances, turns from them now with contempt and disgust, and seeks for productions fraught with more rational amusement and more wholesome information. When we look around and contemplate the progress of education in the world, we cannot but feel how true was the exclamation that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing! A little knowledge is indeed dangerous, but it is infinitely better than none, because it *must* stimulate its possessor to acquire more. Children walk before they run, and the human mind has had its stages of infancy and debility precursory to vigour.

It is a maxim of commercial polity that the supply will be regulated by the demand, and the same holds with the traffic of the mind. In the æra of novels and romances the persons who ministered to the public appetite were mostly such as were unfit for the higher walks of literature. But as soon as a better taste was become diffused in the community, a few men of character and reputation felt that they would lose neither by embarking in the production of popular works. The example once given by a few has been followed by many, and the community having good books and bad placed before them, have shewn that they possess the sense of discriminating worth and of patronizing merit. This improvement has not been slow and gradual, it has almost been made by a bound, and probably there are few persons who would have ventured to predict even ten years ago that Sir Walter Scott would be writing history for his grandchildren—Sir David Brewster letters on natural magic for young people—or that a great society, composed of men distinguished by rank, and, what is better, of others renowned for their attainments, should be publishing sixpenny pamphlets for artisans, and establishing a penny magazine for all classes. The great experiment of educating every man is commenced in England. What will be the result no one can say, but we do not doubt that it will be good. Knowledge is not only power, but in the gross it is virtue, enhances every good feeling, tends to moderate almost every bad. It is a wonderful sight to see the unwashed artificer speaking at public meetings, writing in periodical publications, acquainted with the policy of his own government, taking a deep interest in the situation of foreign nations, and discussing commercial and financial questions with as much good sense, in equal if not superior language, though not with quite so aristocratic a tone, as many a member of St. Stephen's chapel.

THE EDUCATION OF MEDICAL MEN.

If the intelligence of the age proceeds, the acquirements of medical men must correspond with it. The profession has always been considered learned, but the standard measure of learning is undergoing material alterations, and the kind and quantity that sufficed in former times will not be adapted to the future. We do not hesitate to say, that the profession has sunk in public estimation, that it is sinking, and that it promises to sink yet farther. The *Times* newspaper is a good index of public opinion, it is, algebraically speaking, the exponent of its value. What did that newspaper observe in reference to the late lunatic inquisition on Miss Bagster? It stated that every trial in which medical men were interrogated as witnesses put the friends of the profession to the blush, and exposed the miserable system of education which could lead to such disgraceful exhibitions of inconsequential reasoning and shallow information. The *Times* is right. It is too melancholy to look on the profession, and see how it lags in the march of knowledge. The education of medical men in the mass is decidedly bad both in principle and in detail. It would be mischievous had it no sin but this, that it is a heterogeneous, patch-work thing, a congeries of pieces scarcely stitched together, and not a consistent whole. There is a mode of education for the apothecary, and a mode of education for the licentiate apothecary, and one for the surgeon, and one for the fellow of the College of Physicians, or rather the College of Fellows, and one for the licentiate of that College, and one—no, there is none for the physician-accoucheur. The sages who devised this precious compound of the exuviæ and excrementitious remains of the ancient and reputable corporation of barbers, an institution of that enlightened liberal, the eigth Henry, appear to have exercised the little wits they had in devising the minimum of knowledge necessary for apothecary, surgeon, or doctor to receive a licence to practice their "mysterie and cunnynge"—an apothecary, surgeon, and doctor would seem to have seconded their laudable endeavour by ascertaining the minimum of study necessary to obtain that licence. What with the corporations on one hand and human nature on the other, the medical profession is as we see it, distracted in itself, weak in its head, weak in its tail, with no unity of interest, no consent of action, flouted by lawyers, laughed at, pitied, and consulted by the public, despised by the press.

Let it not be imagined then that the great intellectual pursuits of the community, are rather matters of curiosity than of immediate importance to the members of the profession. We essentially belong to the community, grow with its growth, and decline with its decline; our honour is its opinion, our rank is its award. That honour and rank are not supported by prescriptive rights, nor heraldic blazonry; and when the world has begun to think meanly of us we are in fact degraded. The means of recovering the position which we certainly have lost should form the subject of serious consideration, of a cautious and deliberate attempt to accommodate our own internal constitution to the wants and wishes of the age, and to shake from us the incubus which the barbarous ideas of former generations have planted on our bosoms. We say that this should be the subject of anxious investigation, and we do not doubt that it will be so. Men's minds have of late been absorbed in the general contest between civilization and despotism, varied in its characters in diffrent nations. In our own country the ideas of the age have obtained a signal triumph, and probably a new æra has dawned on our legislature. After such a mighty revolution achieved by the force of public opinion, it is idle to suppose that corporate bodies can successfully brave it. Sooner or later they will fall, consumed by the light of growing intelligence. If wisely disposed to suit themselves to circumstances, they may yet survive with an infusion of fresh and healthful vigour into their veins; but if not, they may be assured that we are no mendacious prophets when we foretel their inevitable destruction. The time is arriving when this discussion will be taken up, and when it is begun in earnest it will not be hastily abandoned.

For, alas! in the present day, and especially in this great metropolis, the name and character of a surgeon and physician are sadly degraded; too often are they associated with the

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ideas of chicanery, and subserviency; and little wonder is it when we consider that such a large portion are on a level with petty traders, and sneaking shop-keepers. Medicine is not followed as a science, but as an occupation; and the hopes and wishes of its votaries are limited to the base and illiberal calculations of profit and of gain. As long as the present system of medical practice exists, we can hope for little improvement; and we are not of such Utopian extravagance, as to imagine that we can in any measure effect a change in the present old established generation of medical men, but we are anxious to contribute our support to the bringing in of a better state of things, when our profession will be studied and pursued as a branch of useful science, and as the channel of the choicest blessings of benevolence and sensibility. It must be divorced from all connexion of traffic and trade; its members, if they have any spark of gentlemanly feeling, must separate themselves from any such unions as that of compounding and dispensing, and retailing drugs; they must have a pride above such humble, and lowly occupations; and their thoughts must be directed to the acquisition of liberal knowledge, and to the diffusion of its blessings to those around them.

(*Medico Chir. Review.*)

MYSTIFICATION.

An Ower True Tale.

It was getting late in the afternoon of one of the most sultry dog-days of that most sultry of all sultry summers, 1827, that John Padds, the Croydon carrier, was preparing for his diurnal migration from the Nag's Head, in the Independent Borough of Southwark,—(as it is invariably designated by all candidates at all general elections,)—to his Surrey head-quarters at the Old Swan, when his attention was attracted by the arrival of a new customer. It was indeed, at almost the very moment when his vehicle being nearly loaded, and its owner was rejoicing himself with a rough calculation of the probable profits of his journey, that a porter bending under the weight of a huge hamper, entered the inn-yard, and, inquiring for Mr. P.'s errand cart, deposited in it what he called significantly, "two articles for old Slaughter of Croydon,—*he* knows *what*—which must be delivered that night, and he must cut them up directly."

"Aye, aye, he shall have 'em, never fear," responded Mister Padds; "I go by his house to the stable, so I'm sure not to forget *him*, at any rate."

The hamper-bearer having departed, the huge hamper being safely stowed, and all other preliminaries finally adjusted the, carrier now began seriously to address himself to his departure; and, as a note of final preparation, took a last look to see that his packages were all in the cart, and all secure. A single glance of his professional penetration served to convince Mister Padds that every thing was correct:—"Books for the parson;—tea and 'bacco for the Angel;—three cheeses for Muster Tadpole;—'potticary's stuff for Doctor Leech;—a new bridle for the 'squire's lady:—and summat mortal heavy for——eh!—what!—a outlandish great hamper for Surgeon Slaughter!—Eh! here's a go!—*to be cut up directly, too!*—why they must be a *couple of corpses!*" ejaculated the affrighted carrier, as his eyes opened to the real contents of the hamper which he had so unwittingly taken under his especial care: and from the slight examination which he was then enabled to make of the suspicious package, his worst fears were confirmed!

Though he professed to be a general carrier, yet Mister Padds had no notion of *such trunks* being packed up to go by his van; and still less did he like such passengers as those in the *basket*, to have places *inside*. To look for the porter, who had immediately absconded, or to ascertain from whence the hamper came, was now, of course, quite out of the question; to leave it behind was equally impossible; and in this dilemma, therefore, he very wisely resolved, *firstly*, to get rid of it as soon as he could; and *secondly*, not to expose himself, till he couldn't help it.

Strong in these virtuous resolutions, he was at last really on the point of starting, when a fresh annoyance presented itself, in a shape which his troubles had but too frequently assumed before,—that of his *wife;* who, having been to visit her cousins in Clerkenwell, had arranged to return home to Croydon, *per* cart, this identical afternoon. Here then was a new difficulty, for which the worthy carrier was perfectly unprepared. He had long since determined not to enter the cart in such company as he had been inveigled into taking with him; but how to manage with his better half, he knew not; Mistress P. not being *peculiarly manageable* at any time. Like many wiser men, therefore, her spouse sagaciously resolved to trust to circumstances, which might, perhaps, turn out better than he expected, and not to mention a subject which would infallibly lead to much vituperation, if not to a direct breach of the peace.

The lady, having taken her seat, was, however, very naturally inquisitive, as to why her husband did not mount also.

"Oh! I wants to stretch my legs a little, my dear, that's all; so I shall walk to Kennington, I think:" and though every one, who knew tall John Padds, likewise knew that his legs by no means wanted stretching, still this excuse, in default of a better, served him till their arrival at Kennington Common, when Peggy P. again solicited her spouse's company in the carriage.

"Noa, thank you, my love, noa; I may as well walk a little further, as I am out. It must be uncommon warm in the cart, I'm sure; and I wouldn't crowd you for the world."

Similar tender entreaties, and equally ingenious excuses, were made at Brixton, Streatham, and in fact, at every stoppage, as well as at every mile-stone, until their arrival at Croydon; the near appearance of which respectable market-town, in the clear and cloudless moonbeams of an August midnight, not a little cheered the drooping spirits of Mister Padds; whose thoughts, despite of his more than customary potations, had latterly been wandering amongst church-yards, Burkers, and resurrection men! Now, however, he was once more approaching the "haunts of men," paved streets, and inhabited houses; and though, as he said, he would still have gladly given his ears,—which it must be confessed would have been a *very long* price,—to have got rid of the mysterious hamper as easily as he procured it, yet his spirits now so far recovered their customary elasticity, that he actually beguiled the remainder of his weary way by perpetrating a song.

A most emphatic "Woa, Smiler!" abruptly terminated the display of vocal melody, for the cart was now at Mr. Slaughter's door, the night bell of which Padds rung long and loudly, until, in anxious anticipation of a summons to some profitable patient, the surgeon, putting his bed-gowned body half out of an upper window, demanded the reason of being thus disturbed.

"Oh! you know well enough," replied our friend the Croydon carrier, in a suppressed tone; "I've brought you *them* as you expects!"

"Brought *what?*" exclaimed the professional gentleman.

"Why, the stiff-uns, I tell you; so make haste down, and take 'em in, will you, for I'm tired on 'em"

"You must be either drunk or deranged," responded the man of medicine; "What *do* you mean by stiff-ones, fellow?"

"Well! that *is* a good one! You does n't want me to tell all the neighbourhood, I suppose," replied Padds, his voice gradually swelling above *caution pitch.*

"You must tell *me*, if I'm to know myself," rejoined the surgeon. "What do you mean by stiff-ones? speak intelligibly, man!"

"Why, *subjects!*—Corpses! then; and I was to tell you *that they must be cut up directly.* So I suppose you knows *now*, doan't you, doctor?" screamed out John Padds, at the extreme pitch of a voice, which, loud as it proverbially ever was, he never before exerted half so effectually!

The result was as instantaneous as it was decisive; for not only did divers heads in night-caps of all forms and colours, suddenly appear at every-bed room window within hearing of this most extraordinary colloquy, but Mistress P., (whom the sudden stoppage of the cart had already wakened from the slumber induced by her husband's singing,) upon thus abruptly hearing who had been her fellow-passengers, screemed out still more clamorously than her spouse, and bundling out of the vehicle, she never could tell exactly *how*, joined him upon the pavement. "Confusion" now became yet "worse confounded:" the surgeon loudly vociferated that the articles in question were none of his; the carrier still more loudly contended that they were; whilst the carrier's lady, far more loudly than either, outscreamed them both, by alternately vilifying her husband, and abusing the doctor. Nearly half an hour had been pleasantly passed in this gentle war of words, when, in the hope of closing the discussion, the surgeon closed his window, leaving his assailants, their cart, and the "stiff-ones," all in *statu quo* below. So very manifest a breach of etiquette was, however, not to be borne patiently; and thereupon, Mister Padds pulling the night-bell handle, as if he would extract it by the roots, and Mistress P. at the same moment seizing the knocker, very speedily summoned the medical gentleman to another consultation. Vainly did he then threaten them with the assizes and the treadmill; the carrier and his wife were both immoveable; and as by this time, many of his neighbours had dressed themselves, and sallied forth to see the end of it, Mr. S. at length capitulated, and came down stairs to settle the business.

"There they are!" bellowed out Mister Padds' "and much good may they do ye; and if ever I ——"

"Stop, and see the baskets unpacked first, if you please, Padds," interrupted the surgeon. "If it be for me, its contents are not what you suppose, and I insist on your being satisfied."

"Oh! that's impossible! they can't be nothing else and I've had enough on 'em. I don't want nothing for bringing 'em."

Mr. Slaughter, the carrier, and the carrier*ess*, now once more commenced all talking together; yet though kindly assisted by several of the neighbours, it was very soon found that bawling would not supply the place of argument at Croydon, though it has been known to do so elsewhere. At length, however, whilst the principal disputants were vociferating with an exuberance of voice and language, that would have done honour to Billingsgate in the sprat season, the curiosity of a portion of the company so far overcame their politeness, as to induce the opening of the hamper; when, to the unutterable astonishment of all parties, the vituperated "stiff ones" were found to be two fine dead pigs!

"What a fool I must have been!" exclaimed Mister Padds,—"never once thought of Old Slaughter, the Pork butcher!"

THE SPECULATIONS OF A HUNGRY MAN.

Canada—the Swan River—South Africa—where shall a single gentleman, unembarrassed by an hereditary sixpence, plant himself in these days? Shall he look for a commission in the new police, or a puisnejudgeship in Greece, or a bishopric in Nova Zembla, or a majority in Don Pedro's service? What direction shall he give a mind unprejudiced by education or profession? 'Tis a hard matter!

At the present day, when starvation is the

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universal horizon of every one's prospects, it is rather amusing to observe what pains some people take to incur a gentlemanly sort of famine, and avoid a poor-house style of life, that they may perish with credit as members of a profession. The very word makes me laugh. I have tried, or at least I have reflected upon them all; and the result has been a firm conviction, that to undertake any is a sign of an unphilosophic and undisciplined character. Hunger, that now stares me in the face during all but six hours of the twenty-four, would probably extend its impertinent intrusion still further had I to save a moiety of the sum, which now purchases my single daily meal, in order to supply myself with that profligate object of expenditure, a yearly new coat. That which well-dressed men call society would, amongst other unnatural exactions, demand from me more than a weekly charge of linen; and were I compelled to talk delicate English, I should be compelled to make my chin pliable by means of a razor; whereas my present free-and easy discourse requires no relaxation of beard, no locomotion of muscle. I move as I please, and my toes are not pinched by any unkindness on the part of the side-leather.

But one cannot baffle long the great foe, the continual spectre, that stands so visibly in one's very front. Starvation is close by, and something must be done. Let it not be in mad England. I am quite perplexed whenever I think of this our country— with all its internal wealth and external resources--its pure government—its noble institutions—its generous sons—its valour—its religion—its beauty; and then to reflect upon the price of beef in London! Does it not turn one's patriotism into rebellion, as it substitutes appetite for digestion, to calculate that a single mutton-chop costs five pence! So much for the table—next the wardrobe. In what other country, it may be asked, would the year play such abominable pranks with a man of forethought? When, at any time, did the three months March, April, and May, shuffle and change places with each other in so unprincipled a manner as here? When I had suffered all my cloth to go into the country for the summer, and, through the kind negociation of a gentleman from Holywell-street, managed to obtain an adequate supply of merino from some unknown friend, for a consideration almost nominal; was it not hard, in the second week of May, to be accosted by a northerly frost, and to wander through a sea of mud, that gave my un talk-about-ables a resemblance to a pair of strange-shaped zebras? A man of small means has no chance in such a climate. I had formed a party to visit the Exhibition on the 12th; but, instead of going there, I was left home to scour up an old pair of gaiters for a ball that night. None of this would have happened in Greece. And then the taxes! Not that they much affect me individually—only one views these things on public grounds; and with this view I cannot but recommend a property-tax in lieu of all others; for I do think, when a man has not a farthing in the world, he should not be obliged to pay the horrid sums he now does—indirectly of course—for the attic-window and the small soap he may chance to employ. I must confess I like the post-office and stamps, and many other sources of national revenue; but when a man or a minister makes your landlord contribute to the land-tax, by which means your rent is raised one shilling per week, I do say, that these are crying grievances in this country, and no independent man, like myself, can be perfectly contented in it.

Well, then, with regard to foreign parts, what shall we say. Does not Algiers offer a glorious prospect?—and Greece and Turkey? Russia and Calabria? Who is there so helpless as to be shut out from a presidency of a South American republic, should he choose to "call one into exisience?" Who may not be Lord High Admiral or Master of the Rolls in the empire or kingdom of Prince Leopold? Why should not a sly fellow ingratiate himself with the sultan, and induce him to cut off the heads of all the dignitaries, according to the precedence and number of their tails, that stands between him and the office of grand-vizier? Or let him call himself Sir William Congreve, and whisper his vocation in the ear of the Pacha of Egypt; and might he not instantly be made generalissimo of 40,000 Bedouin Arabs, arch-defender of the harem, and the superintendent of their works? No, Don Pedro's service promises best. The notion is ecstatic. How fortunate was it that I found a sixpence the other day (on a shop-counter.) It enabled me to get a cup of what is called by a sort of poetical licence, coffee, for several successive mornings, and to see the paper. But then, again, how *un*fortunate was it, that the first I heard of the exploits of the Don's agents in beating up for recruits here, was their retreat from the Thames police officers, who had taken it into their heads to enlist *them*. So that my application was only just in time to be totally inapplicable. I would follow the expedition; but the credit of this country is so shaken, that I question whether any captain of a vessel would trust me to the amount of the passage-money, though a British-born subject; and till that national credit is restored, I know not that I have the means of putting any one of my plans in execution; for the shameful negligence of agriculturists in the payment of their rents, together with the over-speculation of the commercial people generally, or some cause at present not stated, deprives me of affluence, not to say competency. My purse has become the receptacle of two steel keys and a pen-knife; and if I dine to-day, it embarrasses me to ascertain what remuneration I can have to offer for the outlay incurred by the tavern-keeper in providing me with bread and cheese.

Now, as for home-appointments, it must be confessed that my friends are not very influential with the present ministry,—partly from ancestral prejudice, partly from a want of sympathy on other grounds. At any rate, I cannot expect any adequate advancement from them. Nor, indeed, would there be the slightest gratification in a mere gratuitous elevation. No man like myself can understand the pleasurable feelings of those favourite protegés who are lifted up without muscular effort into fat deaneries and snug secretaryships. The exertion of obtaining makes the object worth obtaining; and for this reason I am resolved to carve out my own fortunes by my own means, and having neither money nor friends, present employment or future prospects, my wit must supply their place; and thus follows its first exercise, in the shape of a humble appeal to the first, if not only, Mæcenas of the age—

Robert Warren, Esq., of No. 30, *Strand.*

To Mr. Warren, then, do I appeal as followeth:

"SIR,—I am a young man, particularly worthy your attention, either as operative shoe-black, manufacturer, distributor, or panegyrist of your easy shining and brilliant jet or japan blacking. Either or all of these offices I will undertake at a peculiarly low rate of compensation. Much as I admire the transcendant talents of your present household poets, I cannot but think I have a stock of double rhymes hitherto unknown to the English language. Greatly as I appreciate the elegance with which your portable placards are suspended from the neck of your peripatetic retainers, I may venture to hint that my shoulders would support a basket-load of your heaviest bottles for sixteen hours per diem, and this would lead to a notoriety which no vulgar advertisement could hope for. There is no man in London who has so perfect a knowledge of compounds as myself. In its simple state I am acquainted with nothing; as a medley of adulteration I am well versed in the secrets of all abominable filthiness, whether of sight, smell, taste, or touch. I was for some time employed as a person in the Cape-wine trade, and understand something of the principles of preparing genuine London porter; and this, I trust, will give me a claim to your notice as a subordinate manufacturer.

"Oh! Robert Warren, this is an opportunity not to be neglected. Write to me by return of post (taking care to pay it, or I shall not be able to take it in); or, as I have no particular direction, look for me, any time between sunrise and midnight, beneath the statue at Charing Cross—for that is my favourite resort. To make recognition easy, I shall leave off my shoes on that occasion, and, as a private token, I shall possibly be without a coat!" M. M.

HORSES, CARRIAGES, AND TRANSPORT OF GOODS

OR,

The Commercial, Political, and Moral Advantages of Rail-roads and Locomotive Vehicles.

At a crisis like the present, when England is labouring under pressure of a redundant and starving population, the subject which we are about to treat upon comes recommended with a peculiar emphasis. The substitution of an inanimate for an animate power, by which an increase of food equivalent to the comsumption of sixteen millions of mouths--which is equal to the addition of a territory double in extent to that of Ireland—possessing all its natural resources and fertility, without the drawbacks of an unmanageable population, is a project, which bears on its surface, not the interests of a handful of individuals—a class of society—or branch of trade—but of the whole nation. How fortunate then is it, that it further comes with the recommendation, of not presenting itself in the doubtful guise of an expedient speculative question—but as a plain, practical, demonstrable matter of fact, relizable in operation, and determinate in result. This will appear in obvious sequence from the unvarnished facts which we now, in detail, proceed to adduce as proofs and illustrations of the truth of our position. In a great complex question of this kind, involved, not in theory but in what is equally disadvantageous, the suspicion and doubtfulness of a novel project,—where all the results lie so far beyond the ken of a bird's-eye estimate,—which is to trench in so many respects upon the selfish relations of "slaughter-house" capitalists,—and is to equalize the permanent prosperity of the multitude to the temporary inconvenience of the few,—it must ever be borne in mind, that to whatever point of detail we direct our attention, we shall perceive but a very limited view of the benefit, as a whole, which is to arise from the introduction of this grand agent, when it shall be properly economised, and brought to bear in full operation upon the varied transactions of daily life. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a cursory estimate of a few of the leading *Commercial, Political,* and *Moral* advantages which will accrue to our country by the substitution of inanimate or steam-power for animate or horse-power, for locomotive purposes: leaving it to the enterprising and reflective to revolve the mighty amount of practical good which it may be made to subserve, if taken up, as it ought, as a national measure. In a great commercial country like that of England, extending its ramifications to every branch of natural and artifical produce, it is almost superfluous to remark that a vast capital is sunk annually in the mere transport of marketable commodities: and which is not only a loss to the seller as being an unproductive outlay, but entails a heavy increase of expense to the buyer also upon every article of daily consumption. Any means, therefore, that will accelerate the conveyance, and at the same time reduce materially the expense of carriage, bears upon its surface a great public gain.

Expeditious locomotion, to the commercial

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world more particularly, in every mercantile transaction, is equivalent to capital: and such is the vast importance of economy of time here, that no extra expense is considered as too great to accomplish the utmost speeds. We have this practically illustrated in the preference which society gives to a complicated machinery but into motion at an enormous expense, to travelling by the wings of heaven which cost nothing. Nay, we have lately heard of the speed of eight miles increased to nine, though purchased at an addition of *one-third* of the original outlay; and that again accelerated to ten, though it could only be effected by *doubling* the whole cost! To the merchant, time gained is equal to money: for time occupied in travelling is just so much profitable employment lost. Time occupied in the transport of goods is equivalent to so much interest of capital spent: for a thousand pounds invested in merchandise is unproductive so many days as the transport is tedious. That part of the capital of an individual which is employed in the carrying of his goods to and from market, is so much abstracted from his means of producing more of the article in which he exerts his ingenuity and labour, whether it be in agriculture or manufacture. Easy communication lessens the time occupied in the transport; and a saving of time lessens the distance, or our notion of distance.* This effects a saving of money; and a saving of money permits of a greater employment of capital.

The substitution of inanimate for animate power, if not the panacea which is to cure all the evils of our condition, is at least one that comes recommended as a matter of fact—easy of operation, and effectual in its result. If want of food, or, in other words, redundancy of population, be the bane of the country, it does not propose to meet that evil by a visionary project tending in its operation to unhinge society—tedious in its process, and ending at length in bitter disappointment—but it meets the evil directly, substantially, and effectually, by the substitution of food. It does not raise a cry of *bread, bread*, and conclude by giving a *serpent*; but by the application of elementary for physical power, it creates an economic principle, such as philanthropists never dreamed of; which, if not the feigned philosopher's stone, to convert all that it touches into gold, is a power in nature equally beneficent, since, besides its being real, it can change poverty into comparative affluence—starvation into subsistence—disease into health—misery into comfort, and vice into virtue. And how are all these immense advantages to be effected?—By the substitution of inanimate for animate power. At present, the animate power employed in the commercial transportations of England, is estimated to mount to two millions of horses: each consumes as much food as is necessary for the support of eight men. Hence the conversion of its consumption to purposes of human existence would, if carried to this practical extent, amount to a quantity of food equal to support sixteen millions of people.

The suppression of the stage-horses upon the principal thoroughfares, and of the dray-horses in the great commercial towns, may be calculated to economise a saving of food equivalent to the supply of the above number of human beings. It is perhaps, not superfluous to remark, that the amount of food, equal to the supply of the said four millions, is not the produce of an extended agriculture and proportionate outlay, but is just *that part* of the annual produce of the country, subtracted from the whole, which is at present required for the mere purpose of *transportation*—i. e. to feed the animals used for draught,—and is consequently a dead loss as unproductive capital. In addition to the evil arising from such a consumption of unproductive food, is also to be considered the very great loss consequent upon the heavy capital sunk in *horse* purchase. Were this viewed, as properly it ought, as money withheld from other purposes of trade, and which might be more advantageously invested, our capitalists and men of science would not oppose the substitution of inanimate for animate power in the way they have done. Neither, did the landed interest maturely weigh the varied benefits it will produce in agriculture, would they view it in the light of an invasion upon their respective interests. They do not give a *quid* without receiving a *quo* every way as valuable. The reduction of farm consumption—the bugbear of the project—will be met and compensated by a steady and proportionate demand from other quarters. Whilst in England's United Kingdom, the 8,100,000 acres of land now required to feed the horses, together with the capital sunk in their purchase, will, when both applied to other and general purposes, amply compensate for the exchange. In order more readily to show one effect, let the horses be considered only 1000; a smaller number may not make the argument so difficult. Let us reduce *this* number,* and the farmer may then turn his oat-ground into wheat-ground; and instead of so much land being employed to furnish food for a thousand horses, the same land, when turned into tillage fit to sow wheat upon, will produce sufficient bread-corn to feed two thousand poor families. Again, if instead of 20,000 horses, we keep 30,000 fat oxen, butchers' meat will be always cheap to the operative classes, whilst the quantity of tallow will of course make candles cheap: and so many hides lower the price of leather, and of shoes and all other articles made of leather. Or the same quantity of land may then keep thirty thousand cows, the milk of which will make both butter and cheese cheaper to the poor, as well as the labouring manufacturer; all which articles are very considerable, and of material moment in the prices of our manufacturers, as they, in a great measure, work their trade to rise and fall in price, according to the cheapness of their materials and the necessaries of life. The same may be said in favour of more sheep and woollen cloths. We have said, a horse consumes, on an average, as much as eight human beings. England is burdened with poor (in want of food), so much so, that an evil is resorted to, to ease the burden; and the strongest and ablest of the peasantry are encouraged to emigrate. Her political strength is thus wasted, while the prospect that eventually these very men may meet us in battle array is avoided in the search for present ease. Whilst, therefore, there is a remedy really good and practicable unresorted to, it may in truth be said that the country depopulated for a "bestial herd."

In various departments of the revenue the saving of expenditure by the substitution of inanimate for animate power will also be immense. In the post-office alone, for instance, it will amount to upwards of half a million Whils', from the cheapness of food which the substitution will produce, the navy and army estimates will be most essentially reduced. The corn-laws are another evil which the adoption of this great measure will completely extinguish—not indeed by their repeal, but by what is much better, the necessity for their repeal no longer existing. Nor will corn alone become cheap and abundant, but all the necessaries of life will comparatively become equalized. No longer will local failures of crop expose remote districts to temporary visitations of famine and disease: but steam introduced will circulate the produce of the land in liberal profusion. Then the pilchards of the Channel will no longer be used to manure the bordering counties, when they can be eat *callar* throughout the North: nor will inexhaustless shoals of the herring depart untithed from Loch Fine, because no inland consumption holds out a bonus for their capture.

In conclusion. The actual casualties of stage-coaches, however, we may observe, bear no proportion to the loss of lives from consumption and other diseases occasioned by cold and wet, from exposure on the top of coaches. Let us consider also how far humanity is outraged by the present system of quick travelling. The short average life of stage-coach horses (three years only!) shows how dreadfully overwrought and *out-wrought* they are by the great speed now in practice. Driven for eight or ten miles, with an oppressive weight, they tremble in every nerve. With nostrils distended, and sides moving in breathless agony, they can scarce, when unyoked, crawl to the stable. 'Tis true they are well fed; the interest of their owners secures that. They are over-well fed, in order that a supernatural energy may be exerted. The morrow comes when their galled withers are again to be wrung by the ill-cushioned collar, and the lumbering of the wheels. But we do not witness all the misery of the noble and the generous steed. When the shades of night impend, the reproaches of the feeling, or the expostulations of the timid, traveller no longer protect him from the lash; and the dread of Mr. Martin's act ceases to effect for a time its beneficient purpose; when the stiffened joints—the cracked hoofs—the greasy legs—and stumbling gait of the worn-out animal, are all put into agonized motion by belabouring him *upon the raw!* The expression is Hibernian, but the brutality is English. A few ill-gained pounds reconcile the enormity to the owner—and the cheapness and expedition, of the conveyance give it public sanction: but humanity is outraged by the same: human sympathies are seared; and the noble precept that "the merciful man is merciful to his beast," is trampled under foot. Thus then, by substituting elementary for physical power, we have comfort for comparative inconvenience—the inside of an elegant apartment, where books amusement, or general conversation may occupy agreeably the time—for the outside of a hard, unsafe stage conveyance, and exposure to all changes or varieties of atmosphere. Nay we see no reason to prevent such improvement in steam-carriages as shall fit them up like steam-boats, the campaigning carriage of Napoleon, or the travelling long coach of the present Duke of Orleans, with beds, and a furnished table. We have besides safety for danger—accelerated speed without inhumanity—gain of time—of accommodation—of money—and over and above all, as a non-consumer of food, we have by the substitution what will remove the host of Malthusian ills to a period of almost indefinite duration.

SELECT NOTICES.

Public Charities.—A patriotic individual at Bristol, has, after great research, ascertained that the trustees of one of the charities in that city, are indebted to it in no less a sum than £40,000!—*Food and Poison.*—"Horses," says Mr. Barnett, (in a recent lecture delivered at King's College,) "will not touch cruciferous plants, but will feed on the reed grass, amidst

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* The Liverpool and Manchester rail-road Co. has reported this result:—

Passengers entered in the Company's books during the half-year ending 30th June	188,726
Ditto, ditto, ending 31st December last..	256,321
Increase	67,595

Being upwards of 33 per cent. increase of the first six months of the year, and upwards of 135 per cent. increase on the travellers between the two towns during the corresponding months previously to opening the railway,

* It is worthy of remark, that when private carriages became common in Britain, an act was passed to prevent the too great adoption of these vehicles, *lest the horses should consume the food of the poor.*

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abundance of which goats have been known to starve; and these latter again will eat and grow fat on the water hemlock, which is a rank poison to other cattle. In like manner, pigs will feed on henbane, while they are destroyed by common pepper; and the horse which avoids the bland turnip, will grow fat on rhubarb, and take a drachm of arsenic daily."——*James Watt.*—The public statue erected in Westminister Abbey, to the memory of the late Mr. Watt, has just been opened by the Committee.——*Sir S. Raffles.*—A statue in memory of Sir Thos. Stamford Raffles, has also been erected in Westminister Abbey.——*Dr. Adam Clarke.*—A Public Meeting has been held in London, under the patronage of the Duke of Sussex, for erecting a public monument as a memorial of the late Dr. Clarke.——*Indian Coffee.*—Dr. Strong has succeeded in raising a marketable coffee, about 5 miles from Calcutta. The secret of Dr. Strong's success is, in cultivating his plants *in the sun, not in the shade.* ——*Eggs.*—It appears from official statements, that the eggs imported from France amount to 60,000,000 a year; and supposing them to cost at an average, 4d. per dozen, it follows that the people of London and Brighton, pay the French above £83,000 a year for eggs; and supposing that the freight, importers, and retailer's profit, duty, &c. raise their price to the consumer to 10d per doz. their total cost will be £213,000.——*Ancient stature of Man.*—According to calculations made in 1718, by M. Henrion, a French Academician: Adam was 123 feet 9 inches in height; Noah, a little more than 100 feet; Abraham 28; Moses 30; Hercules 12; Alexander 6; and Julias Cæsar less than 5.

The East India Company's Ships.—Their safety is such, that since 1806, that about 500 of these superb vessels, which seem to

'Walk the waters like a thing of life,
And dare the very elements of strife;'

have been employed in bringing home tea from China, yet only *one* has been lost (the Ganges); she foundered in a dreadful gale off the Cape of Good Hope; had been built with scantling unequal to her size. and hastily and imperfectly repaired at Bombay, after springing a leak.—*R. M. Martin.*

Law Charges,—The following table will shew the enormous expense to which the late Warren Hastings was subjected by his trial:

Mr. Shawe, the solictor's, bill, and interest, - - -	£66,080
Mr. Smith's bill, - - -	3,500
Messrs. Law, Plumer, and Dallas, for drawing answers to the articles of impeachment, - -	1,500
	£71,080

A Conscientious Barrister.—Bishop Burnet describes the practice of Lord Chief Justice Hales, when a Barrister, thus:—'If he saw a cause was unjust, he, for a great while, would not meddle further in it, but to give his advice that it was so. If the parties, after that, would go on, they were to seek another counsellor, for he would not assist in acts of injustice.'

Best Kind of Clothing.—The only kind of dress that can afford the protection required by the changes of temperature to which this climate is liable, is woollen. Nor will it be of much avail that woollen be worn, unless *so much* of it be worn, and it be *so* worn as effectually to keep out the cold. Those who would receive the advantage which the wearing of woollen is capable of affording, must wear it next the skin; for it is in this situation only that its health-preserving power can be felt. The great advantages of *woollen cloth* are briefly these: the readiness with which it allows the escape of the matter of perspiration through its texture—its power of preserving the sensation of warmth to the skin under all circumstances—the difficulty there is in making it thoroughly wet—the slowness with which it conducts heat—the softness, lightness, and pliancy of its texture.

Cobbett on Egotism.—A stupid publication called the Westminster Review, set up about six or seven years ago, began, from its very start, to hold forth Jerry Bentham "as the greatest of law-givers and the greatest of men." It was, and has been, conducted principally by that Bowring who is called a doctor, and who is not half so legitimate a doctor as Dr. Black. Bowring was the editor at any rate and Jerry Bentham the hero of the work. The appellation commonly given to Bentham was, "The Great Bentham." Well, great as Jerry was, death smote the great at last. He made a will, which Bowring was stupid enough to publish, and, from that will, it appeared that Jerry was and always had been, the proprietor of this Westminster Review! Out then came the fact, that this miserable queer old coxcomb had either been calling himself the "Great Bentham" for seven years; or, which was worse, had been paying a base hireling for doing it!—That was "egotism," indeed; that would cover the name of Bentham with everlasting infamy if it were not screened from our recollection by the total insignificance of the incomprehensible conundrums that he was continually putting upon paper.—*Register of October the 6th.*

Eastern Coast of Africa.—It is a melancholy sight to visit the Portuguese settlements in Africa, Mosambique in particular; they are indeed Pandemoniums on earth. Wretched as the Portuguese offspring are in India, they are ten thousand times worse in Africa.—*R. M. Martin, of the Leven and Barracouta.*

Speed in Sailing.—In 1829, two of the E. I. Company's ships sailed from the Downs within *two hours of each other*, and in 86 days they both made the Sand-heads at Calcutta, within *four hours*, without having sighted each other during a voyage of 15,000 miles!

A Patent Medicine Man.—In a late batch of American patents, we observe one to a certain Joseph Baker, for "an improvement in medicine;" which shows, that in America as elsewhere, ignorance and quackery go hand in hand. The following are literal extracts from this mountebank's specification of his precious "improvement" A mode of *prepareing* and compounding medicine for an emetic, and *al so* to *cous* a free *pers piration* to be administered in diseases *coused* by cold and *ob structed per spiration*, such as *fevurs, rumatis,* dysentery, dropsy, *consumption, pleurisys,* boldheves (?) and all stagnated complaints, with some others." * * "When the violence the *diseas requiers* a speedy *remady,* and Nature calls for an emetic," &c. "give a dose of powders of the whole *compasition*" ("*sinaca* snake root," "*sulfer*" "*brim stone pul ferised,*" &c. &c.) "But, let it be well remembered that Nature is the *Grand Phesition,* and *wee* are only to assist her in *removeing* the *ob structions* that *is* found in her way as far as is in our power, and that *whe* should pay *petickler atention* to her *clames,* and try to supply her wants if *posable!!!*"

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

What is wit?—Wit is a two-edged sword,—sharped and polished,—and of course of a good *temper.* It is not every *blade* that's a wit—for many even lack a *point,* who in their own opinion are particularly *sharp.*

CHARADE.

Oh! say *what is wit?* and express *in one line,*
What philosophers covet, but cannot define;
'Tis a *Letter in study,*—a letter *in motion,*—
A letter in *flames* will illustrate my notion;—
'Tis also a letter that *pours through the choir,*
In cadence, the hymns our devotions inspire!

ANSWER.

When wit with good-nature is strictly combin'd,
What charms it conveys to the elegant mind!
And thus *in one line* (without soaring or ranting,)
'Tis A *musing,*—B *coming,*—D *lighting,*—
N *chanting!*

Question.—Would a *sloth* become active if fed upon hasty pudding.

Ans.—Yes, if it moved him to the *quick!*

Ques. Can a *Negress* be "a blue?'

Ans. If she work in the Indigo plantations.

Ques. Does a ship in stays suffer from tight lacing?

Ans. Yes, if her *waist* be strained.

Ques. How well is—"as well as can be expected?"

Ans. Frequently much *better* than is wished.

LACONICS.

Matrimony is properly called a *tender* point, for a hand is not unfrequently awarded to the largest *tender.*

Those damsels who admire mustachios, must be insincere in saying, they dislike *hare-lips.*

When people have *red hands,* they should always play at *loo,* as every thing is gained at that game by a *palm flush.*

In classing birds, we should say weather cocks are meant for the *church;* but *hens* are decidedly the *lay* subjects of the state.

The baker who mixed saw-dust with his brown bread, meant that those who eat a great *deal* should use *plane* food; and to give them humility, they were forced to bite the *dust.*

It is ridiculous for a *Doctor of Divinity* to play the *violin,* because he thus becomes a "*fiddle D. D.*"

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

THE SOUTH AFRICAN COLLEGE.

I. ANNUAL EXAMINATION.

The annual examination of the pupils of this Institution, previous to the Christmas recess, took place in December. Sir John Wylde presided, and distributed the prizes. The progress of the scholars was as great as could be expected. The teachers appear to have performed their prescribed duties with zeal and fidelity. We wish we could say as much for many an over-indulgent parent who, consulting the whims and caprices of their boys, frequently take umbrage at that proper discipline which the masters are bound to enforce. Youth ought to have no choice but to obey the judicious commands of their seniors, which will always afford more *lasting* pleasure than following the 'devices and desires of their own hearts.' The practice of giving prizes, or bestowing rewards on the most deserving boys at school, is very old and very general, and when bestowed with judicious *impartiality* it becomes an excellent means of stimulating to industry and conquest. Without an impulse a boy would fall asleep at his desk, or become a mere machine without a motive force. In fact, a being without desire,

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is generally a very idle, sluggish, useless creature—a creature that is inferior to the Sloth in ability and activity. As to *impartiality* in giving prizes, we confess there is some difficulty in the case. It often happens that masters or principals have their favourites, and therefore suffer their regard towards some to prevent justice to others. It often happens that a school or college is badly arranged, the classes being ill sorted and too numerous—ill sorted in respect of too wide a diversity of talent and age, and too numerous in respect of the number of prizes. In any of these cases prizes, in the end, lose the chief part of their intended effect, where students not very far advanced have to contend with those whose studies have been more lengthened than their own. Where many contend and few are successful, emulation ceases in the hopelessness of a reward, and the mind becomes sluggish through multiplied disappointment. But a word of advice to the unsuccessful candidate. Prizes awarded are not always a proof of merit in the individual who may happen to procure one. There is a higher ambition more worthy the diligent youth, —and a nobler reward too. There are the glow of excellence, and an admiration of talent, that may be kindled in the youthful breast, that will expand into a love of virtue and knowledge for their own sakes, and they can neither be rewarded by, nor satisfied with, any tangible remuneration that man has in his limited power to confer.

II. *Report of the Council, Senate, and Ballot for new Members of Direction.*

The Report of the Council alludes to nearly 300*l.* of out-standing claims arising from shares and fees!! An additional fee of one guinea is to be charged in future to those who enter the classes in which astronomy and other branches of philosophy are taught. This is considered necessary in order to purchase a pair of globes, &c. We think this charge greatly too high. Cheap education is the professed object of the school, and the price of the globes could be disbursed from the collections which are made for what is called—a college library.

As it regards the Report of the *Senate*, we scarcely know what to say. It is evidently got up to prepare the shareholders for certain contemplated departures from the original Prospectus. This appears to us to be extremely unwise, and may lead to much confusion. Did the Council sanction this report?—we ask for information. The document of the Senate states, that "the progress and discipline of the junior classes have not been commensurate with those of the senior divisions." How is this?—when a junior boy begins with A, it is surely rational enough to expect that he will soon conquer B, C, and D, and all the family branches. There can be no standing still or retrograding, one would think. But we can furnish the reasons of this alledged deficiency on the part of the junior classes. The *changes*, the repeated changes in these classes, have produced the evils complained of. The novice, the refractory, and the stupid, have come in to these classes from time to time, whilst every bud of promise, every first fruit in these divisions, have been plucked and transplanted to the higher ones; and the truth is, the lower classes could never be matured into well ordered discipline under such a system. We think that any attempt to dispose of the assistants, will be detrimental to the prosperity of the Institution, at the same time, we may remark that a schoolmaster, be his rank or *order* in the school what it may, should be as intimately acquainted with the *mind* of a pupil, however juvenile, just in the same way as the medical practitioner studies the constitution of his patient from infancy to riper years. It is well to watch over the buddings of intellect—to foster the

'Dim dawn of reason's coming day.'

The Report alludes to the hardships of the "mere drudgery of elementary teaching." Now we have seen this work in the hands of the honorary teachers of village Sunday schools, become a "delightful task:" it is true, these schools have rewarded the teachers in their practical results, in a ten-fold degree beyond those diurnal ones of greater pretensions.

One thing respecting the College has given us concern. It is reported that it is to be supplied by an endowment from Government. We like endowments in themselves, but we are concerned for the *principles* and *consistency* of the friends and advocates of the Cape College. Its glory *was*, and it has been proclaimed from

'Indus to the Poles.'

that it was an institution wholly independent of Government—a foundation by *the people!* and which, like a certain plant would have

'Hung down its beautiful head'

had Government ventured to have touched its sensitive nature. In fact, its success was hailed by illuminations, sermons, orations, pamphlets, music, midnight orgies, and processions equal to the 'joy of harvest'—

"We have ploughed,
We have *sowed*,
We have reaped,
We have mowed,
N'er a load overthrown,
Har—vest— HOME!"
Was the burthen of the song.

Let the College beware of the *mammon* now offered by Government!—let Achan and the *wedge of gold* be in everlasting rememberance.

III. THE BALLOT.

"Peace be to the worst enemy I have in the world," said a good man who once held some prominent situation in life's busy scene. And so ought the individuals *professing* attachment to the College to have thought, when they entered the precincts of a building hallowed to the instruction of the coming age. It was not the place to exhibit fierce resentments and angry passions—the blind fury of unreflecting minds, engrossed by their own selfish sensations. In making these observations, we mean no indiscriminate censure. There were at the meeting a large majority of Cape worthies, as well as a goodly number of our own countrymen, to whom may be applied similar encomium. And these individuals did their duty—they beheld the savage fury of a factious coterie at work to dispossess a gentleman (the tried friend of the College,) from his seat in the direction, hence their counteracting and successful efforts in causing the enemy to *lick the dust.* And the why and the wherefore of this party opposition, is simply—that the object of its venom had dared to *think for himself,* and as a public writer, had administered even-handed justice to the whole of our polyglot Cape Family in contradistinction to the views of the men of *short-weight* principles.

We sincerely congratulate the College on the choice again made of Mr. Fairbairn, as one of its Directors—well had it been for certain other institutions had *purity of election* prevailed and a similar course adopted. Where is the intellectual, scientific, literary, and philanthropic *fitness* apparent in many of the persons elected to serve as office-bearers in our public institutions? The public mind is the creation of the public writer, an axiom as demonstrable as any in Euclid, and a principle as sure in its operation as any in mechanics. The writer in his study, has often created an epoch in the annals of mankind. While Britain retains her awful situation among the nations of the world, the "Sylva of Evelyn" will endure with her triumphant oaks.

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quire at the Admiralty how the fleets of England have been constructed, and they will tell you, that it was with the oaks which the genius of Evelyn planted!

CAPE GRATITUDE!

An Impromptu, on reading the following paragraph in the ZUID-AFRIKAAN of the 4th January, 1833.

"WE HAVE TRUDGED THROUGH A WRETCHED YEAR!!!"

(Zuid-Afrikaan, 4th Jan. 1833.)

1.
Our *vallies have stood thick with corn*,
Our orchards have teemed with fruit;
Cornucopia's plentiful horn
Hath blessed Man, fowl, and brute.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

2.
Our mountains exalted on high,
Each hill-side and pastoral vale,
Have rejoic'd in the lowing of *kie*,
And proclaimed prosperity's tale.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

3.
All around have the flocks in array,
Whether sheep-kind, or oxen, or *paard*,
Caus'd the prospect to laugh and look gay,
Bringing wealth to the Farmer and *Laird*.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

4.
New roads have adorned our land,
We can speed o'er the mountains untir'd,
Without dread of the ruffian's band,
Or the bush-ranger's dead weapon fir'd.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

5.
New dwellings of comfort around,
Have bespangl'd this highly blest land,
And the tiller's good work has been crown'd
By Success on the labour in hand.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

6.
No floods, nor tornadoes, nor blight,
No pestilence, famine, or war,
No plans to take *right* by a *might*,
Vide! *some folks* and *House of Nassau!*
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

7.
O'er our sea-marts has Commerce unfurl'd
With all her extensive supplies,
The banners and flags of the World,
And the products of rich merchandize.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

8.
We have paid off a debt that was due,
We've unbondaged the poor ab'rigines,
And next, swarthy Slave, as for *you*,—
We hope in your unfetter'd chains.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

9.
Our churches and altars have stood,
And fresh institutions arise;
For *ane* and for *a'* their's a good,
Outlasting the earth, sea, and skies.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

10.
And ye, poor Caffer! poor child
Of the desert, the mountain, and *vley*,
Even *you*, so romantic and wild,
Hear the "good news" of Mercy's essay.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

11.
The chapel-bell call'd you awhile,
Away from your sluggish repose,
Now—behold the rude *desert to smile*,
And '*blossom and bloom as the rose*.'
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

12.
Our Laws have been wholesome and just,
Our *Vines* and our *Fig-trees* to aid,
Under which we could sit in full trust—
'*None daring to make us afraid*.'
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

13.
The Savings' Bank—pride of the land,
Philanthropic, and Infant School lays,
These steadily march *hand-in-hand*,
And prophecy e'en better days.
(We have trudged through a wretched year!)

MORE ABOUT THE HAMS!

At a late meeting of the Agricultural Society, a gentleman produced several Hams cured on his estate in the country. They were deemed super-excellent by the judges, but certain other *Great Unmentionables* overturned the tables, and voted in favour of one of the Cape Town Butchers. Mark the sequel. These Prize Hams, or such of the lot as have been tried, have proved uneatable! The individual to whom merit was *first* awarded but afterwards withdrawn, was not a *competitor* with the Butcher, and the *Press* has erred in taking it for granted, that he was such. The Agricultural Society should be fully sensible of the *motives* which induce gentlemen to support so laudable an Institution.

LICENSED HOUSES.

A Correspondent enjoins us to mark the signs of the times, and asks "if the regular government of the colony feels itself disposed to aid the Temperance Society, and thus advance the real interests of the people committed to its trust?" He, moreover, turns into ridicule our remarks on the Plumstead Village, assures us that there are "no less than seven canteens in the hamlet of Wynberg, new ones starting on every hand on the Rondebosch Road, and, moreover, at Plumstead and other places, under the fostering care [as he says,] of the Patron of the Plumstead Village itself." Surely this is scarcely correct, and, surely, Government will not grant indiscriminate licenses to such an alleged extent; If so, good people!—

"Drink and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk obey th' important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats;—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more."

The above quotation from our admired Cowper, reminds us of an odd affair some few years since. For inserting it in a colonial newspaper, WE were summoned before a Magistrate on the charge of libel against Government!!!

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Dissertati Medica Inauguralis de Colica Saturnina, &c. &c.

WE were recently at a very pleasant meeting in St. George's-street, when the subject of our schools, colleges, and colonial system of education was started and freely discussed. Against the ridiculous assertion, that *now* we could procure as good an education at the Cape as in Britain, we happily formed an overwhelming majority and cut up the enemy root and rhind. Visiting the Public Library the next day, we were delighted on turning over its varied treasures of new supplies, to find a spirited pamphlet, (entitled as above,) written by an intelligent Cape youth—*Mr. Peter Chiappini*, on obtaining the degree of M. D. in the University of Edinburgh. So much said we, for *foreign travel!*—seeing the world! How much does a Cape youth improve by transplantation! How enlightened does he return after a while to his native country! What a world of prejudices has he lost! How liberal in sentiment! How disposed to hear both sides of a question! And, how prepared to criticise, and listen to criticism with all the freedom of the intellectual man! But to the little work before us.

Although medical subjects do not immediately comport with our province, and incompetent as we are, to decide on their merits, yet we are bound to observe in the present case, that this maiden treatise of Mr. Chiappini, has gratified us in no common degree.—1st, as being the scientific production of a highly respectable native of the colony; secondly, as savouring from the language in which it is written, of the lamp and classic lore, and, lastly, in respect of the intrinsic merits of the question which it so ably discusses.

However uninteresting such a publication may be to common readers, yet there are a few suggestions in it of general importance. For instance, after stating that the disease called *colic*, is frequently produced by inhaling the vapours of lead, and, therefore, most prevalent among painters, printers, and artificers, whose occupations oblige them occassionally to handle it, or its various preparations, the author proceeds to state, that many persons have been attacked by colic, *from incautiously sleeping in rooms newly painted*,—we quote his words as a salutary warning. (page 8.)

"Porro, vapor ortus in cubiculis quorum parietes nuper pigmentis explumbo confectis adornati fuerant, haud raro lethalum Colicam Saturninam excitavit in homiinibus qui ibi temere dormiverant."

Many examples are also cited of the disease being produced by the vegetable acids, and a reference is made to its influence in Devonshire, where the manufacture and consumption of cider is proportionably great.

After taking an able view of the Diagnosis, Prognosis, and other characteristic marks by which to appreciate the danger of the disease, Mr. Chiappini proceeds to prophylaxis or method of cure, in which, among all the usual means and remedies in use, we perceive that some new medicines under the authority of Roberts and Pemberton, as Iodine, and the Nitrate of Silver are

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recommended, at the same time with precautionary admonition against their indiscriminate application.

In conclusion, we rejoice exceedingly, viewing as we do, a good deal of ignorance and quackery in some of our colonial medical arrangements, that in the instance before us and others in embryo, an intellectual day is about to supersede the *ignorance* to which we allude. These are not harsh sayings on our part: let the reader learn the state of medical attainments *in England* in our present Number; being an extract from a recently-published article in the Medico-Chirurgical Review. Let us clear as we go,—and let it not be understood for a single moment, that we undervalue that portion of pre-eminent medical talent which is happily conspicuous at the Cape.* What we mean is, that there is much counterfeit coin among the genuine metal; that there is a great deal that is paltry and *half-educated* among our professionals.

Lastly—this little work is very properly dedicated to kind and anxious parents. Young reader! mark this:

"Parentibus Optimus Carissimis,
Hanc Dissertationem
Summo Cum Amore Et Reverentia
Consecrat
Filius."

REFLECTIONS ON WITNESSING A LATE EXECUTION IN CAPE TOWN OF TWO BROTHERS.

Our law is the christian law; and if christianity by its precepts or spirit prohibits the punishment of death, it cannot be made right to christians by referring to a commandment which was given to Noah. There is in truth some inconsistency in the reasoning of those who urge the 4th, 5th, 6th of the 9th of Genesis, each containing a law delivered to Noah. Of these three laws, we habitually disregard two; how then can we with reason insist on the authority of the third.† The only end which is consulted in taking the life of an offender, is that of example to other men. His own *reformation* is put out of the question. And yet if we recur to the precepts and the spirit of christianity, we find that the one great pervading principle by which it requires us to regulate our conduct towards others, is that of operative, practical good will,—that good will which if they be in suffering, will prompt us to alleviate the misery; if they be vicious, will prompt us to reclaim them from vice. That the extreme wickedness of the individuals exempt us from the obligation to observe this rule, it would be futile to imagine. It is by them that the exercise of benevolence is particularly needed. If we adopt the spirit of the declaration, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance," we shall entertain no doubt that the reformation of offenders is the primary business of the christian magistrate or judge in devising punishments. Now, if reformation be the primiary object, and if the punishment of death precludes attention to that object, the punishment of death is wrong.

To take the life of a fellow-creature, is to exert the utmost possible power which man can possess over man. It is to perform an action the most serious and awful which a human being can perform. Respecting such an action then, can any truth be more manifest than that the dictates of christianity ought especially to be taken into account? If these dictates are rightly urged upon us in the minor concerns of life, can any man doubt whether they ought to influence us in the greatest? Yet, what is the fact? Why, that in defending capital punishments, these dictates are almost placed out of the question. We hear a great deal about security of property and life, a great deal about the necessity of making examples,—but almost nothing about the moral law. It might be imagined, that upon this subject our religion imposed no obligation; for nearly every argument is urged in favour of capital punishments, would be as valid and as appropriate in the mouth of a pagan, as in our own. *Can* this be right? Is it conceivable, that in the exercise of the most *tremendous* agency which is in the power of man, it can be right to exclude all reference to the expressed will of God?

Reader! (and remember you are now the Judge,) is not the exclusion of the christian law from the defences of the punishment, a conclusive argument that the punishment is wrong? No thing that is right can need such an exclusion. Where then is our pretension to a justification of our own practice? It is a satisfaction to the unshackled mind, that so many facts and arguments are before the public, which show the inefficacy of the punishment of death. "There are no practical despisers of death," observes the eloquent Edward Irvine, "like those whe touch, and taste, and handle death daily, by daily committing capital offences. They make a jest of death in all its forms; and all its terrors are in their mouths a scorn. Profligate criminals, such as common thieves and highwaymen, have always been accustomed to look upon the gibbet as a lot very likely to befall them. When it does fall to them, therefore, they consider themselves only as not quite so *lucky* as some of their companions, and submit to their fortune without any other uneasiness than what may arise from the fear of death." Again, as to the terror of example, it is very generally rendered abortive by the *fatalists'* notion, vulgarly prevalent among thieves, that, if they are to be hanged, they are to be hanged, and nothing can prevent it. But if capital punishments do little good, they do much harm. The frequent public destruction of life, has a fearfully hardening effect upon whom it is intended to intimidate. While it excites in them the spirit of revenge, it seldom fails to lower their estimate of the life of man, and render them less afraid of taking it away in their turn by acts of violence. This is just what a consideration of the principles of the human mind would teach us to expect. To familiarize men with the destruction of life, is to teach them not to abhor that destruction. It is the legitimate process of the mind in other things. He who blushes and trembles the first time he utters a lie, learns by repetition to do it with callous indifference.

There is much reason to believe, that our public executions have a direct and positive tendency to promote both murder and suicide. And how does it happen, that if a considerable time elapse between the trial and the execution, the severity of the public is changed into compassion? For the same reason that a master, if he do not beat his slave in the moment of resentment, often feels a repugnance to the beating him at all. Of a system which is thus unsound,—unsound, because it rejects some of the plainest dictates of the moral law,—and unsound, because so many of its effects are bad, we should be ready to conclude with no other evidence, that it was utterly inexpedient and impolitic,—that as it was bad in morals, it was bad in policy.

The argument then respecting the punishment of death, is distinct and short.

* The writer hopes he may be excused in making a distinct reference to the Drs. *Abercrombie* and *Laing*. In a concern of a broken body and crushed bones some few years since, he takes the present opportunity of acknowledging with gratitude those scientific means, which these gentlemen so assidiously devised, in effecting a perfect cure.

† Indeed it would almost appear, that even accidental homicide was thus to be punished with death; and if so, it is wholly disregarded in practice.

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It rejects, by its very nature, a regard to the first and greatest object of punishment.

It does not attain either of the other objects, so well as they may be attained by other means.

It is attended with numerous evils peculiarly its own.

THE SULTAN ABDALLAH AND FAMILY.

The following copy of a Letter from Prince Ali of *Joanna*, has been received by His Excellency the Governor of this colony; it unfortunately did not reach the Cape till very recently, having been forwarded in the first instance to England. The illustrious Sultan and suite mentioned in the letter, are at present in Cape Town, having arrived in the *Clairmont*. The persecutions which have befallen the worthy chief of the Comora islands, have arisen from his hatred and detestation of the infamous Slave Trade, and his faithful attachment to England. It is gratifying to learn that he has met with much countenance from the Colonial Government, and will shortly return to his people on board the *Isis*. Under these circumstances, permission has been obtained to give publicity to the present document.

TRANSLATION OF AN ARABIC LETTER ADDRESSED TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF THIS COLONY, BY PRINCE ALI, AND THE PRINCIPAL MEN OF THE ISLAND OF JOANNA.

In the Name of the Most High God!

To the excellent, most worthy, noble, most noble, perfect Chief in God and his Prophet. May the peace of God and his help be with you, Amen.

And this is the beginning of our letter to you from the island of Hinzuan. Information and peaceful intelligence. And it informs you of an affair that has happened in the island of Hinzuan: we being witnesses.

A man of the name of Ramanatock, Vizier of Radama, Sultan of Madagascar, residing at Bembatooca, fled from the slaughter which ensued on the death of Radama, and with his wife, and a hundred armed men came to us, and told us, that, we being one with the English, with whom also he was in alliance, he had taken refuge to us, from his countrymen who sought to destroy him. Whereupon the Sultan Abdallah, Sultan of Hinzuan, received him, and gave him a house, and also land that he and his attendants might have provision to eat; but this kindness was shewn chiefly on your account. The Sultan Abdallah sent his Vizier to Bombay, to report on this affair of the Vizier of the Sultan Radama, and to solicit counsel, having in the mean time allowed Ramanatock to remain in our country. The Vizier of Sultan Abdallah returned from Bombay with letters, in which it was stated by the Governor, that intelligence of the settlement of the Vizier of Radama had already arrived from the Mauritius, but that we must wait for further information from thence. After this, the said Ramanatock purchased a vessel, before the arrival of intelligence from Mauritius, and begged of Sultan Abdallah to allow him to settle himself in the south part of the island, to which Sultan Abdallah consented, till he should receive intelligence from you. Ramanatock then took his vessel to that part of the island, and from thence sent it to the African coast, where he loaded it with slaves, without the consent of Sultan Abdallah and his people. And when the vessel returned to Hinzuan, the Sultan Abdallah asked him why he had purchased slaves, knowing that the English had prohibited the traffic, and that we were in their service, and subject to them? And Sultan Abdallah prohibited him from carrying on the slave-trade in our country; but this he did not regard; for he sent his vessel a second time to the African coast; and when the ship laden with slaves returned to Hinzuan, Sultan Abdallah commanded Ramanatock to leave the country of Hinzuan, because he refused obedience to the English and their allies: but he departed not, but endeavoured to disaffect the people who lived in the south side of the island, to whom he gave abundant riches, unknown to Sultan Abdallah and his chiefs. After this, a French ship came to the island of Hinzuan, and the French captain, and the above-named Ramanatock agreed together to attack Sultan Abdallah and kill him. but in this they did not succeed: all things are of God! Then the French captain and Ramanatock agreed together to drive Sultan Abdallah from the land of Hinzuan, and they resolved to bring a military force from Bourbon, their own country, in order to take the islands of Hinzuan and Mobillo by force. After this the Sultan seeing that the danger was becoming more and more imminent, called an assembly of all the people of the land, great and small; and they said unto him, be it resolved that thou leave the land of Hinzuan, and go to the English, and inform them of all that has happened here, and implore help of them, inasmuch as we are their subjects and allies. And therefore we implore of you that you would succour us with a military force to drive the above-named Ramanatock out of our country. Then with our universal consent Sultan Abdallah undertook a voyage, with the view of soliciting your aid. God decree that he may come to you, yea, that he may now be in some part of the British Dominions! For God's sake, for God's sake, leave us not without help in this state! May the affair be prosperous when Sultan Abdallah comes to you, for we are your subjects and allies. He is our desire; but should he not come to you, for God's sake, for God's sake, help us, and strengthen us with a military force to drive Ramanatock out of our country. Sultan Abdallah sailed in company with his four paternal brothers, his wife and his children, and he has left with us his youngest brother, Prince Ali, Son of the Sultan Alui, and we have constituted him successor to his brother, until our Sultan, the Sultan Abdallah, shall return to us. And we earnestly desire the help of the merciful God, and your help, to succour us, and to strengthen us, that we may regain our Sultan, our Sultan, the Sultan Abdallah, by the blessing of God, and also by your blessing. And we implore of God, and of you, to drive the above-mentioned man out of our country. You will certainly prevail against him if it be the will of the Most High, either by stratagem or by force, before he subdue us, oppress us, and take away our property. This we implore of you, because we are your subjects, and have been numbered with you from the earliest times even until now, and our alliance and obtained elevation would to you also be an acquisition. Verily in times past our fathers and ancestors experienced similar attacks and revolutions, yea, our fathers and ancestors from the wickedness of the Malagascees, and we also, your subjects, your friends, in like manner even as our fathers and ancestors. We inform you further, that the cannons, muskets, and ammunition, which have been given to us by the British for our defence have been taken away from us, so that we have but little remaining over. Surely we have been your allies, your subjects, your servants, and your friends, from former times to this day. And we implore that the object of our hope, may easily and soon be obtained from you, if Sultan Abdallah, who is our desire, come to you; but if he do not come to you, God, God grant that you may help and succour us, yea, readily and speedily, before injury and terror come over us. And we desire that you do not publish this affair, nor divulge it before you have assisted and succoured us, for if it be divulged, it would come to the ear of Ramanatock before you had succoured us and evil would come upon us from him: and if you do not help and strengthen us speedily, we ourselves, and our children, and our wives, and our property, shall be involved in destruction.

We lament exceedingly the absence of our Sultan, our Sultan, the Sultan Abdallah, son of Sultan Alui, the just and upright. To him be respect and provision, and honourable friends among all men!

This is what has happened to us. And this letter is from the hands of Prince Ali, son of Sultan Alui, together with his Vizier, and all the principal men of the land. Dated in the month of Raba Awal, in the year of the flight 1246, or corresponding with September, 1831.

MEMENTO MORI!

Thoughts suggested on finding a Grave in a solitary place at Kourboom, near Rondebosch, 20th Jan. 1833.

When in the thronged streets of cities gay,
Oft have I found a monitor, which seemed to say—
Amid' the passing-by of human glory
Mortal! ——— *Memento mori.*

E'en midst the noise and shout of revelry,
And all the *life* and circumstance of chivalry,
The *Church-yard* near, has told a *deadly* story,
Mortal! ———*Memento mori.*

And *where* the village scenes of peace and quiet,
Soothe the worn spirit far from boist'rous riot,
Or the world's boasted theme of *Whig* and *Tory*,
Behold! the warning voice ——*Memento mori.*

For *there*, the osier'd hillock, and the pompous tomb,
Tell in the *Church-yard* of one *common home*,
And "dust to dust" the sad history—
Mortal! O then, ———*Memento mori.*

And *here* amidst the haunts of solitude,
Away from cities, towns, and man's ingratitude;
Among the entangl'd wilds of nature's bowery,
The voice pursues ———*Memento mori.*

MATERIALS FOR THINKING.

They who have earnestly wished must have deeply doubted. There is no hope where there is no fear.—

"Come then a still small whisper in thine ear,
He never hoped who never had a fear."
(Cowper.)

The absence of fear or doubt leaves *certainty*. It is no paradox, though it may seem one, to say, that fear is an essential constituent of hope. Remove fear from the minds' workings, and what remains is something more than hope. Let in fear again, and the antagonist principle, which is called hope, comes at once to combat it. *They* have never panted after good, who have not feared evil.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

There is at length a stir among the "dry bones." The *Christian Recorder* is again to pursue its "godly race." We hope it has "truly repented of its former sins." The *Quarterly Journal* is just awakened from a "good sound sleep." A new number may be daily expected. We can *readily enough* imagine the hustle this novelty is creating among the *literati* of "Lonyersplein." And, O! wonders upon wonders!—*A Half-penny Magazine* for the people is about to be started. We shall beat Lord Brougham and the *Diffusion* Society all to sticks!

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LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE VIII.—By ORLANDO.*

[THE FORMATION OF QUADRUPEDS—THEIR LINNEAN CLASSIFICATION INTO ORDERS AND GENERA—THEIR GENERAL QUALITIES—NUMBER—FOOD—ORGANS OF SENSE—VOICE AND FEELINGS.]

THE sixth stage or day of creation began with the formation of Quadrupeds, Insects, and Reptiles, which completed the animals which inhabit our globe. A natural division of Quadrupeds would be into the fierce and the gentle,—the wild and the tame,—the carnivorous, and those which feed on herbs and grass. Such a distinction exists in all the orders of animal life. Fish, Birds, Beasts, Insects, and Reptiles, have each a predatory and peaceful class; the latter always the most numerous—the former confined to particular objects of pursuit, but always now appearing as an inseparable part of the economy of our varied world in its present state. Yet, as geology teaches us that the present was not our earth's primeval state—as it has been confessedly altered in its planetary, rocky, animal, and vegetable relations and substances, and in its life-connected caloric—we have no right to affirm that the predatory tendency was the primitive law, or that either animals or man were, in their first condition, carnivorous. Their structure was prepared for this as their more lasting state; but we can live in other habits. Carnivorous animals, notwithstanding their adapted teeth, claws, and intestines, may be brought up on vegetable produce; as man can subsist wholly on plants, or wholly on flesh, as he chooses. The prophetic writers of the Old Testament indicate that this destructive anamoly is not to be perpetual. In the last ages of earthly being, when wars and vices, sin and evil, are to depart from human society, the predatory system is also to cease in all the animal kingdom. It may, therefore, have some connection with human immortality and its disturbing consequences, and with the new moral economy that was established after the Deluge. But putting aside for the present this curious subject of our more difficult contemplations, it is sufficient to know, that at least from the time of the diluvian catastrophe, to the age we live in, the quadrupeds of the earth have been in these two grand divisions, of the fierce or wild, who are all carnivorous—and of the gentler, the tame, and the domesticated, which are mostly graminivorous. Perhaps, originally, all of this class were so; for our Cat and Dog are rather two species of the wild, tamed into the gentle, than original natives of the pacific genera. The frame of each kind now corresponds with its present habits.

Linnæus has distinguished the quadrupeds of the earth into six orders, and added another for the cetaceous fishes; with the general term of mammalia for all, because they have all been created with the peculiar habit of nurturing their offspring in a manner similar to the human race. (1) These orders, subdivided into 48 genera, include above 800 species. The characters of the orders were taken by Linnæus from the number, situation, and structure of the teeth. (2) The mammalia are such animals as nourish their young by means of milky teats or paps. In their structure and various organs they resemble man. They are for the most part quadrupeds, or having four legs and feet. Along with us they inhabit the surface of the earth. The largest in size, though by far the smallest in number, are furnished with fins, and inhabit the ocean. The clothing of quadrupeds distinguishes them from the other orders of created beings. It is composed of soft, separate, flexible hair, little subject to injury, which is more plentifully bestowed on the inhabitants of cold regions, than on those which live in the warmer parts of the earth. This hair coalesces together on urchins and porcupines, to form spires or prickles. These are flattened on the manis into sharp pointed scales; and are united into a shelly coat on the armadillo. The fur is often divided by distinct ridges, as in the dog and horse; and these, on the horse and dog, are sometimes elongated into a mane. In aquatic quadrupeds the hair is altogether wanting, lest it should absorb the wet, except in such as are sometimes obliged to live on shore. The face of animals is frequently furnished with bristly warts; the lips with whiskers; the chin, as with man, apes, and goats, with a beard; the legs and breast, as in the hare and camel, are often provided with callosities. For the most part, their connubial association is transient, and often periodical. A very small number, as some apes, the macauco, the bat, and the urchin, pair together; a single male and female, entering into a monogamous society, and rearing their young ones by a joint concern.

The number of quadrupeds at all times on the earth is, as of the other kinds of animals, marvellously great, and exceeds the possibilities of human observation and enumeration. Of the 800 or 1,000 individual species which are now simulta-

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

(1) These orders are—1, Primates; 2, Bruta; 3, Feræ; 4, Glires; 5, Pecora; 6, Belluæ; 7, Cete.

(2) The genera of the mammalia are—

1, Man, ape, macauco, and bat.

2, The sloth, ant-eater, manis, armadillo, rhinoceros, sukotyro, elephant, walrus.

3, Seal, dog, cat, fitchet, weasel, otters, bear, opossum, mole, shrew, urchin.

4, Porcupine, cary, beaver, rats and mice, mermot, squirrel, dormouse, jerboa, hare, ashkoko.

5, Camel, musk, deer, giraffe, antelope, goat, sheep, ox.

6, Horse, hippopotamus, tapir, hog.

7, Narval, whale, cachalot, dolphin. Kerr's Linn. 31-33. Later Naturalists have made some additions and modifications.

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neously existing, many are very prolific; but in those which we domesticate, and which moderately multiply, the quantity is very large. (3) It will enlarge our conceptions of the general amount, if we advert to the number that in one province only of Europe were destroyed in a single year by one tribe of its predatory animals. (4) Similar inferences may be made from those which individual activity can obtain when stimulated to take them. (5) If the law of their serving for subsistence to others had not been placed in nature coincident with the law of reproduction, the power of the latter would have soon overwhelmed the globe with its astonishing exuberance.

The animals in the first Linnæan order usually feed on herbs, fruits, and roots; a few take insect's eggs and small birds; and the bats seek moths, gnats, and nocturnal insects. Some of the bruta consume insects and worms; but the great body, among which are the rhinoceros and elephant, live on vegetables.

The feræ are carnivorous. (6) The glires, or mice kind, generally subsist on vegetable food, though some add fish, and others birds and worms. The pecora use herbs and grasses. So the belluæ; though the swine tribe will eat anything. (7) The cetaceous fishes seek the insects and produce of the ocean. But the power which some quadrupeds shew of living without food, would lead us to inquire if, in a state of nature, the appetites of many are not more moderate in their general desires, with stronger urgency in particular seasons. (8) The pursuit in animals of prey, and the supply are so adjusted to each other, that the general harmony, course, and happiness of creation are never disturbed. Such is the fitted balance, that the husbandman frequently injures himself by destroying those which, on a partial view, he thinks injurious to him. (9) The consuming animals, the degree of their consumption, and the species consumed, are so precisely adapted to each other, that neither deficiency nor exuberance appear while the appointed operations of nature are unimpeded.

That animals have organs of sense corresponding with those of man, we all familiarly know. Both the dog and the wolf have an exquisite sense of smell. The cat and others can see in the dark. The racoon is peculiarly sensitive in both smell and touch. Others have a quickness of hearing superior to ourselves; (10) and some appear to be impressible by musical sounds. (11)

All the quadrupeds utter sounds of some sort or other, which they can vary into so many tones as are necessary to give vent to their feelings, to denote their wants, or to communicate with each other. Whoever attends to their poultry yard, will soon perceive that each species uses particular modifications of sound, to signify to their brood and fellows what they wish them to understand, and each seems perfectly to comprehend the meaning of the speaker. (12) Many animals have been remarked for their communication by utterance to each other. (13) The sloth, in the modifications of its plaintive cry, ascends and descends regularly through six musical notes. One monkey has been noticed to utter vocal syllables; and dogs have been taught to express human words, (14) even so large a number as thirty, distinctly intelligible. (15) The monkey tribe give strong indications of mutual communication and comprehension by their vocal utterance. (16)

(We regret the necessity of being obliged to furnish our readers with only half of Lecture VIII. It will be concluded in our next.)

(3) To instance only in the sheep. France feeds 34 millions of sheep; and Great Britain and Ireland 44 millions. Including the above with Prussia, Austria, Hungary, Spain, and Germany, the seven countries of Europe alone possess 141 millions of these animals.

(4) The wolves in Livonia devoured, in 1829, horses, 1,841; foals, 1,243; horned cattle, 1,807; calves, 733; sheep, 15,182; lambs, 726; goats, 2,545; swine, 4,190; sucking pigs, 312; dogs, 703; geese, 673.

(5) In three weeks Buffon caught on 16 acres, 1,300 moles; and a Dutch farmer, in 1792, between 5 and 6,000. In 1749, the State of Pennsylvania paid for the killing in it of 640,000 squirrels; and at Gotha, in one year, 80,000 rats were killed. At Mauritius, in 1826, His Excellency Sir G. L. Cole, offered a reward, by proclamation, for the destruction of rats and birds. In one month, eight arondissements of the island sent in 830,473 rat's tails, and 938,549 bird's heads to be paid for.

(6) But some of this genus eat also vegetables; as the dog. which feeds on farinaceous vegetables, but not greens, as well as flesh. So the jackal eats fruits as well as birds, and lesser animals.

(7) The common hog eats serpents without injury, and will even devour its own offspring.

(8) The hyæna, though it will tear up bodies from the burying grounds, yet lives long without food.

(9) Moles inconvenience us much by their excavations and mounds, yet, when destroyed worms, &c. so much increase, many a farmer has wished for the moles back again. Moles live on worms, insects, snails, frogs, and larva. Toads are found to keep down the ants. Mice have increased in barns, &c where owls have been shot. The blue jay was destroyed in America for eating the peas; but the pea grub, which it fed upon, became a curse to the farmer. A gentleman shot a magpie for eating his cherries, but found its craw as full as it could be crammed with the large blue-bottle flies that lay their eggs in meat. The fox, thief though he be, renders considerable service to man by the quantity of rats, field mice, frogs, toads, lizards, and snakes which he destroys.

(10) Cuvier remarks of the mole, that though its sight is weak, its hearing is remarkably fine; its touch delicate, and its sense of smelling most exquisite. The rhinoceros is remarkably acute in its hearing and smell. The common hare has exquisite hearing and sight.

(11) The wolf dreads the sound of a trumpet. *(Kerr's Linn.)* The hare is fond of the sound of a drum. The elephant is a lover of music. The dog howls at certain notes of music. The hippopotamus is affected by it. "As we passed along the borders of the lake at sun-rise, the hippopotamus followed the drums of the different chiefs the whole length of the water; sometimes approaching close to the shore. I counted 15 at once sporting on the surface." *(Finlayson's Siam.)*

(12) At their accustomed hour of being fed, if it be delayed, they are all clamorous. The cock repeatedly calls his hens to it, if they be absent; and these their chickens. Ray has remarked the different voice of the hen when she broods, all significant of the several passions of anger, grief, fear, or joy. Gilbert White, in his Selborne, makes some just remarks on the language of birds.

(13) The chamois, when alarmed, advertise each other of their feelings by a kind of whistle. Many of the ape species will sigh, groan, and weep like children, if scolded or beaten. The language of the seal is very remarkable. We have seen about fifteen hundred of seals assembled together. Their debates were most extraordinary—"suiting the action to the word and the word to the action." The question was—liberty or death!—*(Ed.)*

(14) The Dumfries Journal, in Jan. 1829, mentioned a dog, as then living in that city, which uttered distinctly the word "William:" the name of the young man to whom it was much attached.

(15) It is Leibnitz who has transmitted this fact to posterity.

(16) When they go in companies to a field of rice or sugar-canes, one stands sentinel on a tree, while the rest plunder. If the owners appear, he cries out Houp! houp! houp!—*(Goldsmith.)*—Marcgrave's account of the Ouarine monkey presents a curious picture: "I have," says he, "frequently been a witness to their assemblies and deliberations. Every day they assemble in the woods to receive instructions."

ON FAME.

'Twas night! sweet silence reigned around,
No breeze disturb'd the billows breast,
The chrystal dew-drop pearl'd the ground,
The sky in sparkling gems was drest;
When by the Isis' classic tide,
The young Eugenius musing came;
And oft with ardent wish he sigh'd,
To shine among the sons of Fame.

Enwrapp'd in thought, his lucid eye
He cast upon the heavenly blue;
When, swiftly thro' the yielding sky,
A meteor's short liv'd glories flew.
He paus'd;—and strove with laboring thought
To draw some Moral from its flight;
When lo! a voice with music fraught,
Broke through the silence of the night.

'Twas sweeter far than Handel's fire,
E'en when with rapture's voice he sings;
'Twas like the music of a lyre
When a bright seraph sweeps the strings;
"Eugenius!"— soft the minstrel cried,
"Beheld you not the Meteor's glare?
Did you not see its gaudy pride,
Which vanish'd soon in empty air?

From it learn this useful story,
(For your instruction know it came,)
All the warrior's boasted glory,—
The bard's renown,—the sage's fame,—
That fame to which your soul aspires,—
The proudest fame which earth displays,—

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Tho' it should live till time expires,
Is but at best a Meteor's blaze.

But seek to tread the paths of truth,
Then heavenly joys your hopes shall find,
For trust me,—heavenly joys, fond youth,
Are worthy an immortal mind."

ABDA.

LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.

In common with all reflecting men, we know *gross ignorance and abject poverty* to be so destructive of man's moral energies, that they may be said almost to destroy them. When, therefore, we look around us upon the masses of our fellow creatures, depraved and rendered miserable by such ignorance and poverty,—religion, philosophy, conscience, reason, humanity, force us to wish above all things, that these prevailing sources of mischief may be, as far as possible, and as soon as possible, stopped.

With regard to *poverty* in this colony, there is no great *appearance* of actual want in the metropolis or the smiling villages in our suburbs—still that indigence and wretchedness do exist, we are sensible, and we learn this from those men in the country districts who have subscribed their names in testimony of their own privations, and the still more pitiable condition of their slaves. It is not our present intention to enquire into the causes of this poverty, although it were easy to suggest the means of averting the evil—but we cannot let another opportunity pass without once more calling the attention of our readers to those sources of information which are denied to a very large number of the Cape Town population. The truth is, the mechanics, the labourers, and apprentices, are in a state of moral and intellectual destitution. Now, in order to beguile the very many around us, who compose this body of the people, to habits of economy, *temperance*, and fore-thought, we require a *Lending Library*. It must be one conducted on a liberal plan, and wholly detached from those systems of exclusion which only tolerate one set of opinions. It need not be political, it need not be religious,—it need not be *party-coloured*,—at the same time, it may be the means of conveying sound instruction, virtue, knowledge, religion. At no period of the world's history do we find such abundant resources for the distribution of useful knowledge as the present—and it suggests itself that, whilst the whole world seems to be in motion towards the advancement of a better order of mind than has heretofore been presented, the people of the Cape of Good Hope will scarcely be *lookers on* in this great harvest-field, but will be conscientiously able to respond a suitable answer to the important scriptural question:

"Where hast *thou* gleaned to day, and where wroughtest *thou*?"

We have no objection to state, that we have been attracted more immediately to the consideration of this subject, by observing the disinterested readiness on the part of a respectable merchant in this town, to receive the names of a number of subscribers to the *Penny Magazine*. This work seems of a most unexceptionable tendency, and cannot fail to impart sound knowledge, and sow the seeds of benevolence and good will to mankind. But there are abundance of other works of similar design, and these, from their cheapness and variety, seem to demand that some interest on the part of the influential public be taken to make selections from such publications, and receive *presentation* works so as to form a complete *Library for the People*.*

A provisional committee could no doubt be immediately convened, Treasurer and Secretary appointed, and a place of deposit obtained. We apprehend no expense need be incurred by superintendance or rental, because we know well enough that their are zeal and disinterestedness abroad to provide the *altar and the sacrifice*. Such an institution as we have thus briefly alluded to, would prove a powerful auxiliary to that admirable establishment among us—the Savings' Bank. And not alone the Savings' Bank—the wife, the children, the family, the church, the school, and good neighbourhood—all would be gainers.

We have thought it our duty to make some distinct reference to many of the publications of the day, as recommending themselves to the notice of those concerned in promoting the knowledge of the people.

I. Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, price 1½d.—II. The Penny Magazine.—III. The Saturday Magazine.—IV. The Girl's and Boy's Penny Magazine.—V. Penny Lancet.—VI. Dibden's Penny Trumpet for the British Empire.—VII. The London Penny Journal.—VIII. The Half-penny Magazine, or The Witness.—IX. The Half-penny Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.—X. The Literary Guardian, price 1½d.—XI. The Mirror, price 2d.—XII. The Farmer's Magazine, price 1½d.—XIII. The Casket, price 1d.—XIV. The Instructive Magazine, price 1d.—XV. The Guide to Knowledge, price, 1d.—XVI. The School-master at Home, price 1d.—XVII. The Entertaining Press and London Advertiser, price 1d.—XVIII. Scrap Book, price 2d.—XIX. The Magnet, price 1d.—XX. The Argus, price 1d.—XXI. The British Cyclopedia, price 2d.

The above is only a small enumeration of the penny and two-penny publications of the day. There are at least fifty of these little works issuing weekly from the London press. We have not recorded any of those exclusively political and religious. Amidst the whole infinite quantity there are doubtless many of a very questionable tendency, but it must be recollected that it is from the molasses that the *pure spirit* is to be distilled. The dregs are only in unison with the taste of the *lower animals*.

We do not, however, imagine that the penny literature of the day is doomed to outlive the pyramids—but their present tendency is decidedly to generate a taste for reading in the minds of the middling, the lower, and even the lowest orders. For awhile they will be satisfied with the imperfect glances which they are enabled, by these publications of the community, to obtain at most subjects of an interesting and useful character. But they will look eventually to higher works. As a more substantial nutriment in advanced quarters, we may recommend the following publications as well suited to a Library for the People.

Lardner's Encyclopedia,
Family Library, (selections from)
Constable's Miscellany, the last number—Guide to the Observation of Nature—is admirable.)
Library of Entertaining Knowledge, (selections from)
Edinburgh Cabinet Library.
Library of Useful Knowledge.
Mechanic's Magazine, Gardener's Magazine.
Magazine of Natural History, &c. &c.

* Of course we are well aware of the existence of the Public Library in Cape Town, and the many other sources of general information, but from these, the persons whose cause we feel bound to advocate are shut out. It is true we have books enough and of every description, but these are just as much out of the reach of the poor and the working classes, as Mrs. Elizabeth Brownrigge's quartern-loaves were of her starved apprentices!

FREDERICK,

AN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE COLONY.

The following Narrative, which has been suggested to the writer from a fact now on record, and which caused a judicial controversy in this colony, is one of so novel a kind, that we feel assured it will be considered an extraordinary circumstance, and one not less edifying to our colonial readers, than to those who favor our columns

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with a perusal in climes where FREEDOM forbids the occurrence of such.

It was towards the close of an autumnal evening, when the young Widow of the late Farmer ——, was occupied in kraaling her cattle, and attending to those little domestic concerns which diurnally engage the attention of every industrious Cape farmer, or in his absence the good wife, whose particular province it becomes to be vigilant over the necessary duties so incumbent upon those who manage the interests of their own stock. She was now assiduously employed, only in seeing, in addition to her other labours, her cows milked; which, probably, engaged her more from habit than from actual necessity; for having been deprived of her husband, and not having any children, she felt herself bereft of all worldly consolation, save the occasional relief which she experienced in occupying her mind, or at this period of the day in contemplating the ethereal hemisphere as the declining twilight would introduce the luminous heavens to her observation. The widow was in truth of naturally an intellectual mind; and much trouble in having lost her husband, while yet very young, had induced those habits of serious reflection which we often find like "Flowers of golden hue in deserts dry." Her worldly possessions were not great, but they sufficed for her daily wants, which were not upon a magnified scale. Few knew her retired dwelling, but those who did were happy in the knowledge, and her distant neighbours consoled themselves in their solitude by occasionally visiting her farm. She was, besides, good looking, and of an excellent mien, and possessed a frank exterior, mingled with a sorrowful sadness which spoke departed and far happier days, and a good nature which gave the traveller a hearty welcome.

The widow, on the evening in question, had fallen into a listless reverie, from which she was alone aroused by the ambling noise produced from the feet of a traveller's horse, which, upon nearing, she observed to bear for his burthen an apparently well-proportioned young man, who, riding up to the widow as she yet leant against the stakes of the kraal, and whom he greeted as is the custom with us. As the short twilight was just closing, and the nearest neighbour's residence being some hours off, it was agreed that the stranger should share the hospitality which her roof afforded during that night, and then be at liberty to journey onward to the place to which he might be destined. That evening passed in discoursing about the widow's late loss, being that which generally prevailed in her mind, and to which the stranger lent an attentive ear, and seemed to listen to the recital with a feeling of unaffected sympathy. The next day produced the disagreeable thought of parting, and the dreary necessity of leaving; for the few hours which they had enjoyed in each other's company the preceding evening, had made them reciprocally interesting though pre-ordination destined that neither should be experienced, for a heavy fall of rain in the night, and which still partially continued, rendered it seemingly impossible for the stranger to proceed. This circumstance proved a finale to the widow's destitution: for the short delay which the rain had induced, occasioned a still greater procrastination, till night succeeded day, and day the dying night, and yet the visitor was there. He had, devoid of guile, and with an ingenious honesty, insinuated himself into the estimation of his hostess, and was now engaged in superintending the more laborious avocations appertaining to the farm. The ploughing season had already arrived, and his services had become more important and valuable by directing the people on the land, and by a discipline which he rigidly observed, had reduced them to a state of subordination from which they had for some time past been rapidly departing under the less authoritative tone of the mistress. The consequence of this acquaintance gradually assumed a kind of neutral ground, between the lesser passion and the greater, and eventually, as is mostly the case under such a state, terminated in the widow becoming once more a wife.

Fortune for a while beamed her radiancy on the contented couple, and all earthly things within their limited orbit, and in their imagination, conspired to make them happy. Agricultural pursuits seemed to prosper, and years and a family had somewhat exchanged the juvenile appearance of the late widow; who, nevertheless, felt blessed and happy in the society of her husband and a young family. He, on the other hand, as years increased, appeared less contented than formerly, and within the last few months an habitual melancholy hung o'er his brow, which, scarcely the pursuits of the farm, or his young family clinging around him on a winter's eve, could dispel, though the playful familiarity of the latter would sometimes remove the fixed gloom which had irremovably settled upon him. His two little boys would often follow him on to the land, and prattle their innocent remarks into his inattentive ear, though they too, often got rebuked for their untimely and unconscious interruption to his thoughts; yet natural feelings generally overcame unhabitual moroseness and severity, when the pouting lip and the moistened eye, would glisten with the tear which unexpected and unnecessary chiding had brought beneath their little eye-lashes, and which was alone prevented from gushing forth, from the timely interference of the relenting father, who would kiss away the tear which he had so unconsciously raised.

Many and oft had his wife tenderly, and with anxious solicitude, entreated to be made acquainted with the source of the internal grief which had for a long time so observedly preyed on his mind, in order that she might participate in his sorrows; but the request had at all times been evaded: and, like another Portia, would she think

> "Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?"

Yet still he kept the cause of the turbulency within himself, and which she perceiving did not too strenuously insist upon pursuing, "and thus far acted most beside herself," in waving that anxiety and inherent curiosity which, like the clasping ivy to the sturdy oak, clingeth to woman from the hour which introduced her to terrestrial existence. However, one morning he advanced in his communication, for he told her that it was incumbent upon him to leave home for a while, and proposed that his departure should take place on the morrow—a proposition to which he begged she would not, from any sense of affection towards him, dissent from, as his absence might make him a happier man, and upon his return, he hoped to be at liberty to communicate to her the cause which had for a long time effected so great a reserve in his habits of life, but which it was now better to forbear disclosing. Nothing further ensued; for although she uttered the language of her timid terrors, which was, indeed

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the predominant passion that influenced her at that time, and which she seemingly permitted to subside while in the presence of her husband, who on the following morning departed from a home—to which, but a few years previous, he had arrived a perfect stranger.

The family of an old Boer residing upon the frontier border of the colony, had just seated themselves to partake of their mid-day repast, when a stranger rode up to the door, and upon being invited to alight and share the hospitable repast which overspread the table, entered. In this settlement, a hearty reception is the great characteristic amongst us, and happy should we be "who toil across the dreary waste," that it is so, for in the absence of such, travelling in most parts, especially within the frontier districts, would be rendered totally impracticable. Our traveller seated himself, and ate the humble meal that graced the simple board of our frontier Boer; and the usual interrogations having been solved of birth, age, and parentage, including the years of matrimonial bliss, and youthful progeny, the conversation assumed a more domestic hue, and lulled the farmer into the exposure of his domestic affairs. He commenced by remarking that he had only of late entered upon the cultivation of his farm, which had formerly belonged to his uncle, who, having died without issue, the whole of his property had devolved upon him, including a certain male slave, who had some yearsbefore deserted from his relative, but who had never been apprehended, though every exertion had been used for his recovery, but which had proved unsuccessful. Now he conceived him to be dead, though he was not certain of the fact; "but," added he, "were I so fortunate as to find him, his worth to me would be Rds. 5000. But his absence has been to my disadvantage; and, should I ever get him, he shall repay me for the loss which I have sustained through him." The stranger seemingly expressed his sympathy with the farmer, and with apparent sudden recollection, told him that in travelling through the country he had lately encountered an individual whom, from the description, he suspected to be the same person. In truth," he said, "so perfectly am I assured that he must be the same, from circumstances which the alluded made known to me, that I do not make a doubt about it; but, more especially as he mentioned that his utmost exertions had been used for years past in realizing wherewith to procure his freedom—a freedom which he conjectured not to be far distant, and which he had been deprived of to support some political measure originally instituted by the country to whom he was now a subject, and to which he was bound cheerfully to submit; though," added he, "the impracticability of such is incomprehensible to those, however philanthropic they may be disposed, nor can they sever the bonds asunder which, with adamantine strength, bind them together." The farmer, attentive to his own interest, and happy in the information which he had received, felt rejoiced at the prospect of acquisition to his worldly effects, and happy in the information which he had derived, was joyous at the prospect of retrieving the emigrant bondsman, and expressed, in enquiring tones, his intense anxiety to know where the stranger had seen him, but the latter was inexorable to his solicitations, and declined to afford the desired information; "for," said he "willing as I ought to be to satisfy your seemingly simple request, yet I must forbear from doing so, out of justice to another, in whose behalf I am now acting, and who is no less than your slave, who has deputed me to obtain his freedom for a price which I am about to offer you, and which is his indubitable value, according to the rate of manumissions compulsorily effected by the 'constituted authorities' from time to time." Such an assertion, and so suddenly made, completely stultified the astonished farmer, who declared that he would not grant his freedom upon any terms; though, after a short lapse, or interval of wondering silence, he yielded to the offer, and the morosity of his disposition succumbed to his better nature. In truth, the idea of getting a remuneration at all for his supposed lost property, decided in favor of the enthralled, and after some lengthened discussion, he consented to accept a bond payable at a future period, and the interest upon which was to be paid annually. The bond, which had been previously prepared, was no sooner given, than the stranger, with a somewhat majestic dignity in his deportment, such as FREEDOM envelops around the liberty which she enjoys, rose from the seat which he had just occupied, and said, "Know, sir, that he who has just given you that bond, and which is the price of a human life of terrestrial existence, is the individual whose perfect and unlimited emancipation is stated as the consideration of it, but who thanks his God for that freedom which he now enjoys for the first time in his life; for, while he was your property, though a stranger to your habitation, he felt the galling and debased badge of servitude around his neck. Yes, sir, I was as free as the roe, with the mountain thicket for my shelter, and exposed to the influence of earth's elements, yet possessing the timidity of the wildest of its kind, for I dared not come within view of the hunter. I have shared the thicket with the hyena, and like the prowling wolf, have watched, with lynx eyed caution, the prey which I was to ensnare for the sustenance of the morrow. Like the eaglet on the mountain's height, I have ascended to prepare my solitary meal unseen by man, fearful of detection, and unwilling that the gathering smoke from my little fire should betray me either to the vigilance of the neighbouring farmers, or the savage ferocity of their nocturnal watchers, who rush out upon the most remote approach of an intruder. What was such liberty to me? Could I enjoy it? My repose was ever haunted with the fearful delusion of imagining myself within your power—a power which, exercised with ever so much lenity and consideration, still clasped me with a clasp which fancy doomed me to eternal thraldom; and where is the human heart that can be happy while aiming at the completion of a something which is difficult of attainment? But farewell, sir, I am yours no more; and the *bonds* which affluence hath rent asunder, shall be fully satisfied by the punctual discharge of the *bond* which you now hold. I thank the goodness of the heart which has consented to accept *that*, because amidst the diurnal vicisitudes of human fortune, and the susceptibility of our condition to encounter a change, a chance of non-payment does exist, while *I* never can again become a slave; yet your assertion of the bond *shall be paid*, and by me, though it is signed by another." With these observations he left the dwelling of the old man, who, chagrined at the seeming deception which had been imposed upon him, did not suffer his late Villein to depart without a slight effusion of internal wrath and disappointment. In a few minutes a rising hill hid the departed from his sight.

How little are our future hopes to be depended on! hath not wisdom assumed her magnitude in decreeing it so? When we seem to have released ourselves from a sorrow that has for years suspended itself over us, either the hand of death obliviates our worldly elevation, or has been removed but to open a chasm for the endurance of more lasting adversity and affliction The stranger, who must have been recognized as the alienated in the first part of this narrative, found himself once more within the bosom of his family, of a different grade, and one who felt himself as eased of cares which formerly had worn him down: he was now a free man—contented, enjoying unbounded felicity in a doating wife, a healthful family, and a firm reliance on the scriptural promises which his large clasped Bible had unfolded to him on the faith of a Redeemer.

Time passed on, and some years had elapsed from the day on which the bond was given, but which yet remained unpaid. Frederic had, during the interval, met with some reverses of fortune, and that confirmed happiness which he had ensured to himself seemed the mere visionary hallucination of his own wish. The little capital which he had acquired by his marriage, had been for the last years gradually decreasing, from a succession of ill-luck which had attended him. Though his personal industry abated not, and his children united their assistance, which had now become valuable, and the utmost frugality and domestic discipline was evinced by his wife, fortune seemed to have left the land to smile on other scenes. One season his exer-

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tions had been defeated by the rust; a second, by the great flights of locusts which, after the manner of the Egyptian plague, invested the country, and devoured the whole of his growing produce; a third, in the raising funds for the payment of certain securityships which had unexpectedly devolved upon his wife, as the sole executrix of her former husband, and he had now become unable to discharge his taxes, together with the interest accruing on the bond. The irregularity of government in collecting the first, would have afforded him a relapse, but the non-payment of the latter was immediately succeeded by a demand for the whole capital, which at once annihilated any future hopes of contending against such a series of opposition as had lately been his lot to encounter, and condemned him once more to a life of struggling servility. *Yet he was free,* and he enjoyed his condition.

I cannot avoid, though the digression may be deemed to savor of colonial polity, alluding to the oppressive system which has been introduced into the colony by almost all in every class of life—the becoming security whenever applied to, without a thought or consideration of the responsible consequence, which have of late years been too unexpectedly developed. Experience is a natural preceptor of wisdom, and most sorrowfully has she been engaged in disseminating her doctrine. How many families have been brought to penury through the failure of agricultural employ! but although these, however numerous, have anticipated their downfall. But has this been the case with the surety? Certainly not; and he has been, without the slightest forewarning, called upon to "acknowledge a signature," which he had thought, if ever he thought on the subject, obliviated for ever; and which poverty, in seeming smiles of sorrow, offers to his astonished sight, with all the fatal consequences for his unexpected ruin.

It was upon a morning when the air was replete with moisture, that Frederic left his home for the purpose of attending the following day the Circuit Court of Justice, to which he had been summoned, to plead to the debt owing upon the bond. It was his intention to acknowledge the validity of the same, and to pray the indulgence of the court to allow him to delay the payment till he could raise a sum sufficient to satisfy the demand. From some inconceivable cause which suggested itself, and being in the town before the time of appearance, he met, in walking through one of the streets, with a friend who was going to the Orphan Chamber to obtain a copy of the will of an ancestor, and finding in the course of conversation that such copies were procurable for a trifling remuneration, he thought he would obtain a copy of the testament which had afforded a right to his late master, the present holder of the bond, to withhold from him the sweetly savor of a life of freedom. Upon getting it, and perusing it attentively, he read to his unbounded surprize, that the completion of the year 182—, had ensured to him his emancipation. His eyes could scarcely rely upon the graphic symbols which he perused, and he hastened to an eminent lawyer for a correct elucidation; who, having read the document, and heard his case, gave him an opinion to defend the action on the plea of emancipation at the date of the bond, which he, the man of law, holding the prejudice of most upon his back, offered to do without remuneration. On the subsequent morning the case was called on, when the parties, by their respective counsel, agreed to adjourn it to a future day, for legal argument, both admitting the legality of the bond and the will, and settling the sole question in issue between them to be—whether a bond, stating a consideration, was not vititaed by the proof that no consideration existed at the time of its execution. The argument came on; and, after a laborious investigation with the court in arriving at the true merits, and much discussion, an unanimous judgment was given in favor of the defendant, who was thereby *once* more enabled to return to his family, to enjoy that felicitous earthly freedom which he is in the enjoyment and possession of at the present period.

A RECOLLECTION OF ANNAN WATER.

SWEETEST of waters,
Round which my youth-days strayed,
Deeming life's freshness,
Like thine, would never fade.
But manhood spreads before me,
Life romance closes o'er me,
And hope's bright sunny light
Is sinking from my sight.

Sweetest of echoes
My youthhood loved to wake,
Dreaming that thou wert
The naid of the lake.
No more when evening closes,
Heaven's western bow'rs of roses,
Shall I on thy sweet shore,
Awake thine echoes more.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

FALLACIES OF THE HUMAN MIND, ETC.

Charitable Subscriptions—Miseries of being thought Rich.

Do not for a moment, sir, imagine, when I utter a complaint against the *temptations* which are daily thrown in my way to rid my pockets of their *charitable* contents, that I am opposed to *alms giving*. No; let the full tide of charity flow where it listeth; at the same time I do think there are some peculiar hardships in this colony, which occur nowhere else. In other countries there are endowments for the poor, and hospitals, and alms-houses, and institutions adapted to every existing case. Moreover, in the important affair of church-building, the Parliament wisely provides the means of supplying the people with church-room. Then, why should we be left to our own limited resources, and be denied a similar provision from the *mother* country? But perhaps 'tis our own fault. We may never have asked, that we might receive. A couple of good members in the House of Commons on our own account, would probably bring our claims to light. As it is at present, look at the almost daily begging cases for churches and chapels. Behold the difficulty of collecting the subscriptions, and the reference to the *lawyer* in cases of arrears. Again, how numerous are the other calls upon one's pocket! People, it is true, pay but comparatively small taxes here, yet how great is the taxation imposed by the voluntary contributions to the innumerable calls of humanity! I hope the pu[illegible] of [illegible] thoughts will not influ[illegible] single individual possessed of the means of doing good, to withhold his hand from cheerful giving. The wealthy are bound to assist the poor—and those especially who enjoy good incomes from the people; the civil servants should be the first to set a bright example. But, sir, I did not mean to generalize so much as I find I have done. I must particularize. Mine is an individual case—it relates to myself.

It has always been my misfortune through life to be *thought* rich—whereas I have been always a poor man. It matters not what I say on the subject to my neighbour, or friend, or servants, they contend *I am rich.* It is just the same whether I travel in the country, and ride on a miserable hack, in a bullock wagon, or in a smart cart or carriage—*I am rich* How to account for the suppositions on this score, I know not. All that I know is, that from this erroneous view of my financial circumstances, I am daily plagued with petitions and cases of distress—and whilst I often long for the means of deliverance to many poor creatures (especially he or she who comes seeking help to procure *freedom* from the *clutch* of the oppressor,) I am reduced to the necessity of sending the parties empty away.

But this general idea that *I am rich,* leads to many unpleasant results. To a mind disposed to humanity, and possessing by inheritance a good deal of the milk of human kindness, one is often led astray. There is often such an enthusiasm in some constitutions, that prudence and foresight are considered at best to be but "rascally virtues." I have really thought so,—and the thought put into play, has often proved of no inconsiderable price. Once more, this charge of being *rich,* has operated thus,—(I confess it was in more inexperienced days.) *What every body says must be true,* is an old saying, and hence, as I would not dare to act against the universal opinion of all who knew me,—I, very sillily, was carried away by the fallacy of the mind—that I was *rich.* Where my estates and resources existed, I knew not,—still, I *might* find them; *something* would turn out to prove my wealth; some rich Indian *might* leave me his heir; *some* secret spring in an old bureau *might* be discovered with a bag of gold; some rich lady *might*

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become my bride; the King *might* give me a handsome appointment. Now, these thoughts, and a thousand others, became my *ways and means* for conducting my affairs. I apprehend, sir, mine is not a common case, if men will really consult their own bosoms. I wish this enthusiasm of the mind was more attended to as a branch of education. What a world of thought and embryo, design and action, are cherished in the hourly imaginations of a school-boy!

The following circumstance came at one time to my knowledge. It serves to prove that we may, by imposition, lead a person to believe against the evidence of his senses—and it tends also to countenance the already mentioned popular error—*What every body says, &c.* Half-a-dozen young men met a countryman in a village fair, who had a pig for sale. They combined together, separated, and thus severally addressed him.

1st, "What's the price of the *calf*, my friend?" "Calf," said he, "why it's a pig."—"What's the price of the calf?" said the second. "It's no calf at all," said the countryman.—"Will you sell me that calf?" inquired the third. "Why, you stupid," rejoined the sale's-man, "don't you see that it's a pig?"—The joke proceeded, until the countryman observed to the sixth inquirer, looking steadfastly and seriously on his pig—"Yes; I have no objection to sell the *calf* for 1*l.* 10*s.*—only take notice that it was a pig when I left home at 5 o'clock this morning."

L. L.

LITERATURE.

THE DIGNITY OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

A Sermon, delivered at Wynberg, Cape of Good Hope, 5th Sept. 1832, *on occasion of Consecrating Grounds as sites for a Church and Church-yard at that Place. By* DANIEL, *Bishop of Calcutta. G. Greig, Cape Town.*

If well regulated zeal, sound scriptural views, piety without dissimulation, a tolerant spirit, public beneficence, and a blameless life are honorable to the officiating ministers of England's Episcopal Church, then may we congratulate its members, and the members of Christ's Church in general, on the appointment of Bishop Wilson to the see of Calcutta. But there have not been wanting trivial minds, as we learn from the Indian press, to mark this as a flaw in his character—hence we hear a great deal of cant about *taste*, and the love of the fine arts, &c. as connected with the late inestimable Bishop Heber. Now, we may apply to Bishop Wilson what a distinguished essayist observes of Howard.

'He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scenes which he traversed; all his feelings lost their separate existence and operation by falling into the *grand one*. The invisible spirits, who fulfil the commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them, would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel, was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had ONE THING TO DO, and that he who would do some great thing in a short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.'

As a Theologian, (and it is in this light we are to view his supremacy,) Bishop Wilson seems to us to derive all his information from the christian scriptures—fresh from the spring, and untinctured by human refinement; and we consider his various writings as a most salutary antidote to the crude and shallow theology, the half-and-half views of the present day, and as a check to modern infidelity The Bishop's two pocket volumes on the evidences of christianity, are a rich legacy to the church, and have afforded much solace to those who have dreaded the overpowering of the infidel spirit. For our parts, we see nothing to alarm us in the spread of infidelity; it ought to be looked for. It is the unavoidable effect of that spread of knowledge which dispels the darkness of superstition, lays open to the day the refuge of lies, and, destroying false religions, leaves no alternative but either to embrace the Truth as taught by Christ, or openly to reject christianity. Infidelity is now swallowing up other errors; its office is that of the ichneuman, the vulture, and the crane. It is an objection frequently brought forward by infidels, that among so many pretences to revelation, it was difficult to discover the true one. But it might be proved, that all the ancient religions had their beginning concealed in the darkness of antiquity; that their votaries founded their belief solely on the previous belief of others. That, far from resting on any argument, they included in themselves the history of their origin, and could be traced without difficulty to the workings of imagination, gradually shaping out a visionary world, and adding the reveries of one generation to those of another. Further that the religions of Boudh and of Zoroaster, though of late origin, could not designate and ascertain their founders; and that Mahommedanism, which was borrowed entirely, in its leading doctrines, from the Jews, was ignorant of the sacred books of which it professed itself to be a supplement, and that Mahomet had no other pretension to inspiration (for argument it cannot be called) than the beauty of his style, and the sharpness of his sword. Hence christianity is without a rival, and the often reiterated infidel objection from the number of conflicting systems comes to nothing. It is not here, among the shields of Numa, where that which was said to be derived from heaven, was undistinguishable from those which were fabricated upon earth. Christianity *alone* is founded upon *argument;* it is the only rest for the mind; which alone can dispel its darkness, quiet its fears, and satisfy its longings. Nor is there any choice between it and the most absolute scepticism. All other creeds but the Koran, rest merely upon their antiquity; and the Koran, upon the purity of its Arabic, and the victories of its champions.

But we are to notice the Sermon before us. It was delivered at Wynberg, by Bishop Wilson, during his visit at the Cape in the month of September last. It was occasioned by the consecration of a piece of ground for the building of a Church, &c. The English Episcopal Churches are not numerous in the Colony, but in consequence of the accessions of English settlers, various places of worship connected with the episcopal denomination are either building or being built. These are attached to the following places: Cape Town, Rondebosch, Wynberg, Simon's Town, Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, and Bathurst. The present Consecration Sermon is rich in Scriptural ore. It is one after the manner of the good old school of the Wellwood's, the Walker's, the Erskine's, the Thompson's, the Balfour's *of our own Church*. In reference to *it*, we confess we are frequently alarmed. We seriously fear that a very vitiated taste in composition is gaining ground among our northern divines. This comes of the study of metaphysics; it has enveloped the discourses on religion in the disguise of scholastic systems, and a technical dialect which is perfectly unintelligible. There is a golden sentence in Archbishop Usher's writings, which every candidate of the sacred profession would do well to transcribe on the first leaf of his common-place book:—"*How much learning and wisdom, my brethren, are necessary to make these things plain!*"

Now, Bishop Wilson's Sermon, which has been happily preached and published in this Colony, comes home to every capacity. It forms an interesting epitome of the christain religion—containing truths which are equally the concern of every individual, as the most needful to his guidance in the present life, as well as essential to his unearthly welfare.

As the profits arising from the sale of this Sermon are to be appropriated to the funds for building an English Church at Wynberg, we trust very many of our readers will benefit this rising

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interest, and at the same time strengthen their own pious feelings by becoming possessors of one or more copies.

THE LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS.*

THESE public characters of olden time, are nearly out of date. The march of intellect has, at all events, got rid of our Turpin's, Jonathan Wilde's, Abershaw's; and the Blackheath's and Hounslow's of England, have become as tranquil and safe as a journey is from Cape Town to the Kat River. We are not quite sure that an author who studies the welfare of his species, should indulge in the talismanic art of consecrating guilt and clothing crime in a beautiful garb, by which so much corruption was introduced amongst the youthful spirits of the time. It was, we think, one of the false steps which the late author of Waverlyt made when he directed the pen of his genius to the lauding of that robber, the "bloody Claverhouse," in the *Tales of My Landlord,* as brave, accomplished, heroic, generous, and fascinating. However, out of the evil good was educed. Public indignation (at least in the best part of Scotland,) was visibly in favour of the "good old cause." Accurate engravings of Grahame of Clavers were brought forward. In opposition to the romantic paintings of the novelist, the harsh features of his iron face were revealed; and the *tout ensemble* exhibited an exterior in every respect befitting the gloomy and dark soul of a man whose hands were dipped in blood to the wrists! Another consequence of this excitement, was a holy zeal which put forth its activities in repairing the tombs and monuments over the bodies of the martyrs. Each sacred spot, on mountains, in vallies, and on moors where the patriots had fallen by the steel of the life-guards of the wicked Charles II., was sought out, and monuments erected, and tombstones repaired, and a host of "Old Mortalities" put in requisition to chissel deeper the names and the epitaphs of the Scottish Worthies. And now annual pilgrimages are made to the sacred spots, and the voice of prayer and praise is heard over the graves of the saviours of their country.

* By C. Mac Farlane, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

† In adverting to the Waverly novels, it is but fair to state that Sir Walter Scott deeply regretted the mistake which he committed in reference to the Scottish martyrs. He did atone for his fault in the new edition of Old Mortality. Those who wish to read a masterly review of the Tales of My Landlord, should consult Dr. McCrie's writings on the subject. They are scarce, but a copy is in possession of the Editor, and much at the service of any applicant.

But to return to Mr. McFarlane. His work we think perfectly harmless, it is also exceedingly amusing. Let the reader judge from the following extracts.

In the Lent of 1816, as a company of actors, some singers and some comedians, were on their way to one of the small provincial towns on the Adriatic, where they were engaged to play at Easter, their rambling old vettura was stopped by a formidable band. Obeying with all the alacrity their fears and nervousness would permit the command of the robbers to descend and be rifled, a prima donna and a second donna, two male tenors and a most masculine basso, came out of the body of the very primeval vehicle, at the same time that a tiranno domestico, a primo amoroso, and a fiddler, the leader of the orchestra, emerged from the head or coupé of the machine. They were almost dead with affright, but as they laid themselves down by the road-side previously to the operation of being rifled of what they had about them, they protested they were only poor virtuosi—that all their trunks contained were certain theatrical dresses of no value to the robbers, whilst their loss would be utter ruin to themselves.

"Cospetto di Bacco—Genti da teatro—theatrical people, bravo!" cried several of the band; "but we must see whether this be all true."

'On unlashing the baggage and opening the poor players' trunks, the robbers found a very satisfactory confirmation of their statement. The contents principally consisted of a few dirty dresses set off with tawdry and tinsel, an abundance of rouge pots, and a paucity of chemises, &c. sundry tragical wigs and sundry comic ditto, a Roman toga or so made out of an old red silk curtain, two or three pair of inexpressibles *à la Turque* and an *habit de gala à la Louis Quatorze,* to be worn by the lover. As for the fiddler, he had nothing but his fiddle-case wherein lay his mute instrument, flanked by a shirt or two—his wardrobe for the campaign. But in lugging out these valuable "*kists*" from the carriage, the robbers lugged out something that they thought might prove of more value—it was a little ruddy-faced Englishman, who had been in no hurry to follow the example of his fellow travellers, but lay *perdu* in one corner of the vettura.

"*Tutti gl' Inglesi son ricchi!*"* say the Italians, but in the absence of a few millions of Englishmen who might any day offer a melancholy proof to the contrary, the little red-faced man from the corner certainly was one striking exception to what the robbers thought the general rule—our wealth. He was a jolly son of Neptune, with nothing to live upon but a lieutenant's half-pay and his own good spirits, and, save a silver watch, had not many things of greater price about him than the players. He was as good-humoured a little fellow as ever trod quarter-deck or rode "for cheapness" through Italy with a vetturino, and as he only made a good joke in bad Italian when the robbers took his watch, they left him his purse, (which from what has been aforesaid, the reader will judge was not a heavy one,) and turned to the players, who still lay with their faces to the ground, telling them to rise and give them a song. The poor virtuosi rose, but they still showed an alarm for their personal safety and the integrity of their goods and chattels.

"*Non abbiate poura,*" (have no fear,) said the captain of the banditti, "You have nothing worth our taking; but it is long since we could recreate ourselves at an opera, so sing us a duetto and an aria or two!"

"Ay, sing us an aria—sing us an aria!" cried the robbers.

Accordingly, after a preliminary hem and spit, the prima donna sang a bravura aria, the close of which was heartily applauded by the banditti, who had beaten time during its progress with the butt end of their long guns.

* "All the English are rich."

Italians never encore. The robbers begged to be favoured with a duetto. One of the tenors joined the prima donna, and a duetto was executed equally to their satisfaction. The robbers had not enjoyed such a treat as this for a long time—they were delighted with it! At the conclusion of the duetto they begged for the grace of a terzetto

The basso joined, and as the fiddler had by this time got his instrument in order, he also struck in with an accompaniment, which tickled the ears of the robbers exceedingly. The audience was rather a curious one There were the ten or twelve robbers with their high conical hats, gaudy jackets, and sandalled feet—long guns, and knives and pistols in their girdles, and their wild features owning the gentle influence of sound; there were the vetturino and the postilion—the former risen from under the mules' bellies, the latter from before the mules' feet—for such are the posts the brigands assign these functionaries when an attack is made on a vettura—and there was the tough little Englishman with the seal-skin travelling-cap, trim blue frock-coat and Wellingtons—all after awhile forgetful of their situations, and occupied by the music and the fun of the moment; for, be it said, *sub rosa,* all the songs were not about *Bell Idol mics,* and *Caro per tes,* but seasoned with salt and smut—perhaps for the gratification of the more vulgar taste of the brigands, perhaps in accordance with that of the singers. When the terzetto was finished, the basso modestly proposed that the brigands should allow them to continue their journey.

"*Da quì ceat, anni!*" (a hundred years hence,) cried one or two of the brigand amateurs.

"Not yet—not yet!" said the captain; "here's a fine, opera-looking fellow, with a *faccia di musico,* who hasn't favoured us with a single note—we must first have your song!" and looked in the face of a second tenor, who thought him not a man to be refused.

This warbler, however, had not got beyond his first flourish, when one of the robbers, who had been stationed on the top of a hill near the road, like sister Anne on the tower in Bluebeard, to see if any body was coming, blew a shrill whistle, and presently ran down to tell them he had seen a number of travellers approaching. This intelligence drove the robbers away up the hills towards the woods. Their hurry, however, did not prevent them from thanking the vocalists, from whom they took not even so much as a bajocco. The players and the postilion soon put up the trunks—the Englishman's light *valise* had never been removed from under the coach-seat, and they were all ready, and drove off laughing at the adventure, before the travellers announced by the sentinel reached the spot. Whether these were wealthy, and well-guarded; whether they were plundered, or whether they were protected by poverty, equal to that of his own party, and got off with a song, the Englishman never learned. He was so much amused with his rencounter, that he used often to tell the story.'

The following narrative relates to a Sicilian Robber. The peculiarity of his case is that he did every thing single-handed—he commanded no bands, but *mannequins,* or large puppets the size of life, made up and dressed by himself, were his passive but effective satellites. He must have been an artist of considerable ingenuity, for his figures were perfect as far as brigand costume and ferocity of expression went. Their eyes were large and staring, their whiskers most tremendous, and their mouths, of course, were never seen to relax with a smile of good-nature.

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'His plan of operation was simply this. He set up his puppets against a rough bank or hillock by some rough road side, or among bushes or thickets hanging over the road; he contrived to make them hold long guns pointed down on the road, and their daggers and *couteaux de chasse* were visible in their bosoms or girdles. His position was always chosen where the road or mountain path (for there was nothing in the interior of the island deserving the name of road) was broken and tortuous, and where passengers would come suddenly in view of his troop and be covered by their musketry at the turn of a corner. While they remained more immovable even than Austrian sentinels at their post, he kept a sharp look-out from a point whence he could see the approaches by the road on both sides. If the travellers were numerous and well-armed, he withdrew his men, like a prudent commander, and hid them and himself in the thicket; but if those who approached were less formidable, he placed himself by the side of the steady troop, and when the timid wayfarers popped upon the appaling spectacle of their fierce faces, and murderous guns that seemed just going to be fired at them, he rushed upon them, well armed as he always was, and made them perform the "*faccia in terra*" evolution, which they readily did, under the impression that they would be shot by the figures on the road side if they disobeyed. He then made them give up their money or what moveable things of value they might have with them; and this also they did with promptitude, thinking a whole band of robbers kept guard over them. As soon as this agreeable operation was performed, he ordered them to rise and return the way they had come, swearing by the most tremendous oath, that he among them who should dare to look back, was a dead man!

'When the despoiled had departed, he relieved his guard, carried off and concealed his never murmuring adherents, until he should again think proper to take the field, and instead of dividing the spoils with gready comrades, he put them all into his own pocket.

'Numerous were the robberies committed by the solitary Sicilian in this ingenious manner, and as he was continually changing his scene of action, the whole island soon rang with the fame of his formidable band. Yet, do what they would, Government could never trace them. Even when, as at times it happened, a military force was in the neighbourhood of the place where the depredation was committed, and sent in pursuit with the greatest alacrity, they never could come up with the banditti. Nor could promises or threats, or actual violence and torture ever extract from the shepherds or the peasantry, scattered about spots supposed likely to be their haunts, a confession that they had ever supplied the dangerous band with food—had ever even seen them. It may well be conceived that the pardon of accomplices and rewards offered to such of the band as would return to society, and "turn king's evidence" (as our Newgate phrase goes), were all thrown away, and that none of the robber's gang would betray him.

'The trick, however, was detected at last. One day a considerable armed force came so suddenly upon the ingenious chief, who had not, perhaps, chosen his spot with his usual felicity, that he had not time to withdraw his faithful adherents before the *cacciatori*, or sharp-shooters, were in front of them, and within rifleshot, summoning them to surrender.

'"Lay down your arms and submit," cried the captain of the troop, "and no evil shall befal you from us—justice will deal with you, and our Government is merciful!"

'There was no answer returned, and as the officer saw the robbers' guns still levelled at him and his men, he gave the word of command.

'"Present arms!"

'The *cacciatori* levelled their rifles, but to their surprise the robbers neither spoke nor retreated, nor dipped behind the bushes, but stood there like targets to be shot at.

'"Fire," cried the captain.

'The soldiers discharged their pieces. One of the robbers fell, another staggered, and remained declining from the perpendicular, but the others were as fixed as before, and, to the no small surprise of the soldiers, did not even return their fire.

'The captain and his men thought they were entranced—fixed by a spell, or else planning some desperate manœuvre, nor did they fire again until they had well looked to their flanks and rear, expecting an ambushed attack by others of this Pythagorean band.

'At the second volley three more of the robbers fell, and then the soldiers boldly rushed forward to the thicket, when they had the satisfaction to find that they had been kept in awe by puppets, and had been firing at jackets and breeches stuffed with straw, two of which fierce figures, still alert, seemed to defy them to do their worst.

'The mover of the *marionette* bandits had meanwhile made good his escape, but he was caught, some time after the destruction of his band, in the commission of some paltry footpad robbery, and sent to the galleys, where he used afterwards to amuse his companions in captivity by relating his wonderful exploits as capo-bandito, or robber-chief.'—pp. 4—9.

COURTS OF JUSTICE IN FRANCE.

The number and constitution of the courts of justice in France, form a subject of considerable interest to England and her Colonies where there are yet so many improvements to introduce. Their names, and the nature of their respective jurisdictions, are accurately described by Mr. Goldsmith in his Statistics of France. The tribunals of first instance (tribunaux de premiere instance) are courts where minor criminal offences, called correctionnel, and civil causes are tried, but where no jury is employed. The number of judges of these courts is 1,626. From these tribunals, parties in all *correctionnel* causes may appeal, that is to say, if the cause has been tried in an arrondissement, the appeal lies to the tribunal of first instance in the chief town of the department; and if the trial has been first in the chief town, the appeal then lies to the cour royale. In all civil cases the appeal lies to the cour royale.

The cour royale is a court of appeal. There are twenty-seven of them in France, the jurisdiction of each including three or four departments. The courts of cassation was first constituted in 1790; it sits in Paris, is composed of a first president, at 40,000 francs a year, three other presidents at 20,000 francs a year each, and forty-five judges at 15,000 francs a year each, whilst there are also attached to the court an attorney-general and six advocates general:

'This is a court of appeal to decide disputed points of law *only*, both in civil and criminal causes. Until lately, if the judgments of the inferior courts were set aside, the court of cassation could designate the department where the cause should be tried again, so that it might go on *ad infinitum*. There have been instances where judgments have been set aside a dozen times, and tried again in as many different departments. But by a law enacted in 1828, when M. de Partalis was Minister of Justice, a cause can only be tried twice before the court of cassation, after which it is referred to a *cour royale* designated by the court, and is there definitively determined.

'The motives for revoking a *criminal* judgment are:—

'1. Illegal composition of the jury.

'2. The president of the court having voted as a member of the *chambre du conseil* or of the *chambre d' accusation* (whose jurisdiction will be presently explained) for the prisoner being sent to trial.

'3. The list of juryman notified to the prisoner as containing thirty names, and only twenty-nine jurymen being present.

'4. A juryman having acted as a witness against the prisoner on his being first apprehended.

'5. A judge not having permitted the counsel to explain any fact necessary for the defence of the prisoner.

'6. His refusing permission to read in court the report of a doctor on a charge of infanticide.

'7. His ordering the court to sit with closed doors without sufficient motives.

'8. Irregularity in the questions put in the course of the trial to the prisoner or to witnesses.

'9. The verdict of the jury being incomplete, contradictory, or illegal.

'10. The president having sent the jury to reconsider a verdict, which was at first clear and precise.

'11. False application of the penal law in correctional cases.'—pp. 200, 201.

There are in France no less than 213 tribunals of commerce; the presidents and judges are chosen from the most respectable merchants, but they have no salary. A *procureur general* is attached to the court of cassation and to each cour royale; he has a superior authority, and has under his controul all the juges d'instruction and advocats generaux; he signs the order for the execution or other punishment of criminals. A procureur du roi is attached to every tribunal of first instance. He is charged with the repression of crimes against the general safety, and is to receive all in criminal and correctional cases. The criminal courts are held every three months in the principal towns—they resemble our courts of assize. In criminal and correctional cases the proceedings are conducted in the following manner:—

'A prisoner is in the first instance brought before the *procureur du roi*, who examines him, and simply reports the case, without giving any legal opinion of his own, to the *juge d' instruction*, who examines the witnesses. The report is then sent back to the *procureur du roi*, who states his opinion in writing of the case in question, and returns it a second time to the *juge d' instruction*. This judge then lays the case before the *chambre du conseil du tribunal de première instance* (composed of three judges of that court); by these judges all charges are minutely investigated, and they decide whether there be grounds for further proceedings or for acquittal. The *procureur du roi*, however, may in the latter case oppose the liberation of the prisoner; and then he himself makes a report to the *chambre d' accusation*. If the *chambre du conseil*, however, decides for further proceedings, its decision is sent to the *chambre d' accusation* (composed of five

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judges of the *cour royale*), who ultimately decide either commitment for trial or for acquittal. In 1827, the *chambre du conseil* discharged no less a number than 16,888 persons for want of sufficient evidence, and in the same year, 1,382 persons were dismissed by the *chambre d' accusation* for the same reasons.* Since the revolution of 1830, all cases of libels are tried in the courts of assize by a jury; but the forms previous to trial have not undergone any change. A writer accused of libel is dealt with in the same way as persons accused of a criminal or a correctional offence; but bail is taken in these cases.'—pp. 203, 204.

We regret that it is not in our power to notice the whole of the curious items which Mr. Goldsmith has collected. There is one, however, which, for its paramount interest, we cannot pass over; we mean the comparative rate of crime amongst the population of France. In 1830, 6,962 persons were tried in the courts of assize. Of these 3,910 were crimes against property, whilst 1,158 were crimes against the person. The latter crimes seem to be greatly on the decrease; they were 29 per cent. on the whole amount in 1825, but no more than 23 in 1830. The number of prisoners committed on criminal charges, as compared with the population, was in 1829, one in 4,321; and in 1830, one in 4,576. Of the 6,962 persons tried in 1830, 5,608 were males, the rest females; the latter being thus in the proportion of 19 to 100. Of these, 114 had not completed their 16th year, and 1,161 were of the age of from 16 to 21 years. The number amongst the persons just mentioned as having been tried, who could neither read or write, was 4,319; 1,826 could do both, but in an imperfect manner; 688 could do both well; and 129 had received a superior education. The state of education, as respected the nature of the crime, was as follows:

'The persons accused of parricide were, without exception, completely illiterate; of murder and assassination, 56 per cent.; poisoning, 51; infanticide, 88; wounding or striking parents or ascendants, 57; other wounds, 55; false witness and subornation of perjury, 66; rebellion, 52; fraudulent bankruptcy, 15; thefts of all kinds, 67; and arson, 69. The number of men who could neither read nor write was 58 per cent., and of women, 78; of persons under 21 years of age, 66; from 21 to 40, 62; and from 40 upwards, 60.

'Classed according to their residence in town or country, 3,945 of the accused had their domiciles in rural communes, and the remaining 2,778 in towns or urban communes.

'Of the individuals brought to trial, as appears by the subjoined table, 2,832 were acquitted, and 4,130 condemned as follows:—

Capitally	92
To the galleys for life	268
Ditto for a limited period	973
To long periods of imprisonment	1,005
To short ditto	1,740
To the pillory	8
To civil degradation	1
Children under sixteen years of age confined by way of correction	43
Total	4,130

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

OPPOSITION.

Opposition, is wont to be regarded as an evil of no ordinary magnitude by every will, every power, every authority, and yet it is to the constant operation of this principle, that every will, power, and authority, are indebted for their existence and preservation. Indeed, if ceasing to look at things with a hurried and superficial glance, we extend our sphere of observation, we shall find this great principle most universally predominant throughout the combinations of the natural and moral world, and most strongly identified with the laws which govern their being, and regulate their motions according to that stupendous rule of Providence which delights in drawing harmony and order, out of discord and confusion. By it the celestial bodies are held in their course, and the elements which surround us kept alive and invigorated. Light could not exist without shadow. It is the contrast which gives relief to objects. If fire encounter nothing but such a light material as straw, it is instantly extinguished, the resistance of a hard substance like wood, is necessary to strengthen and preserve it. If we look at the moral world, the recurrence of this principle is still more striking. Man seems born to struggle with difficulties, opposition is essential to the growth and developement of the powers of his body and mind. Every thing that surrounds him is rugged and untractable, and it is only by continual exertion, that he can succeed in overcoming the difficulties which stand between him and the gratification of his desires. His wants are perpetually impelling him to exertion, and by this continual exercise his faculties ripen to perfection, and are by the same means preserved in vigour. On the magnitude of the opposition depends the degree of honour to be awarded to its being surmounted. The joys of the husbandman, the glories of the conqueror, the happiness of the lover, all rise into importance, in proportion to the magnitude of the opposition which has been overcome in the attainment of their several objects. Again, let us consider education, what is its scope and object? Its chief merit seems to consist in the opposition of a strong and wise master, to the unsteadiness, caprice, and idleness of infancy. The man differs but little from the boy, men are but grown up children; the continual urgency of a powerful opposition is necessary to withhold him from blindly abandoning himself to the passions and selfishness of his nature; heedless of consequences, he would rush forward to snatch the pleasure which lies within his reach; and to keep him within bounds, to restrain and regulate his motions, the strong checks of religion and society are called in, and force all private interests to be merged in those of the community at large. On the other hand, the ministers of that religion, the organs of that law, the instruments of that authority, armed with religious, civil, and military power, would be liable to swerve from their appointed course, would lead the human race after them in their eccentricities, direct it according to their caprices, and thus reduce it to slavery; if the necessary and formidable opposition of virtue, and the cry of public opinion, did not enlighten their reason and regulate them in their course.

In this single principle, is comprehended the whole mystery of society. As long as a society possesses within itself the different contending elements in health and vigour—as long as virtuous government has strength to oppose the delirium of private passion—as long as public spirit, the vigour of institutions, and the courage of citizens, present an inseparable barrier to the passions of the multitude, so long those different societies flourish and increase; but when an alteration takes place in this state of balanced powers, when any one of those salutary checks is moved and its opposite becomes predominant, the government perishes by its own excesses. If the multitude be left without a guide, such anarchy is sure to ensue as caused the bloody troubles of Rome, the disasters of Athens, the sanguinary revolutions of modern times; when power finds no legal and courageous opposition in its way, it degenerates into tyranny, and by its own enormities precipitates its fall. It is then we behold the sight of mad men and weak men mounting the throne in quick succession, and disappearing as rapidly: such as Caligula, Claudius Negro, Heliogabulus, at first the tyrants, and then the victims of the enslaved populace. From these considerations it would appear, that, that opposition which governments are apt to regard as an obstruction, is in reality, essential to the continuance of their power. It forms their great source of light and support; left without its regulating and restraining force, they would diverge and go astray, and ultimately fall. The vast volume of history is overspread with examples of the justice of this doctrine. We meet with confirmation of it in the sacred colleges of Memphis, in the Magi in Persia, the Arcopagus at Athens, and the Ephori at Sparta.

Under a representative government, consisting of machinery complicated yet simple, a system of checks and counter-checks, mutually aiding and counteracting each other, opposition assumes a more than ordinary importance. To such a constitutional form of government, exercise, agitation, the struggle to overcome difficulties, is as necessary to keep alive its energies and invigorate its impulses, as it is to the individual man. In this state of ballanced powers, a suspicious watchfulness, a tendency to probe the legality of all acts of the executive, a legal and vigilant opposition to every thing erroneous, every thing arbitrary, every thing unjust becomes the surest safeguard of the liberties of the people, and the strongest arm of government. Such an opposition is nothing less than the representative of public opinion, unsuppressed by hatred, undisturbed by misrepresentation, undisguised by flattery, affection, or prejudice.

Even admitting that an opposition is deceived in its views, that it has taken up hasty and inconsiderate opinions of measures, and the conduct of an administration, still it is eminently useful; it instructs in the midst of its errors, it opens new views of subjects, and helps to place them in a proper light. If for instance, an opposition, even allowing it to make considerable deviations in its course, were to demonstrate to those in power that they had been betrayed into grave faults, that they have swerved from the principles of the constitution and of justice, that those entrusted with the execution of their decrees, had abused the power placed in their hands; would it not be incumbent on those in power, to pause and consider their conduct, to retrieve their errors if possible, to institute an inquiry into the conduct of their subordinates, to restrain and punish them if necessary; would not such an oppposition be as useful to a government based on sound and just principles, as to the nation at large, whose rights it watches with jealousy and suspicion; would it not be regarded in the light of a sage counsellor, instead of a factious adversary.

* From the flippant manner in which the most serious cases are frequently disposed of by magistrates and justices of the peace, we regret that in our own country there are not any tribunals similar to those we have just described. We have no objection to magistrates deciding in common police cases and trivial charges; but we think that in instances which may involve liberty, nay life, there should be some intermediate authority between a police magistrate or justice of the peace (many of whom are certainly not competent to decide upon knotty points) and a court of justice.

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But if it should come to pass that there should arise an opposition, which carried away by its political biases and passions, engendered through years of successful domination, which listening only to the voice of its own interests, and possessing few sympathies in common with the people, would affect a false zeal for the constitution in order to monopolize the power of government and religion, and force the national majority to yield to the will of a privileged class, what would be the fate of such an opposition? It would become a miserable faction repelled by public opinion; it would stand alone, nerveless and powerless, and would only strengthen in their opinion, the government which it had attacked and attempted to overthrow; each of its efforts to raise itself, would be attended by a fall more ignominious and disastrous than the last. Even in this last melancholy condition, it would still answer the purpose of being a strong confirmation to government of the justice and propriety of the course it had adopted, and thus serve to strengthen and consolidate its power. Opposition, in fine, is a light which guides a government or the cement which binds it together. It has been appropriately compared to the bile in the human body, a moderate quantity is essential for the preservation of health, too much is ruinous and destructive.

(Monthly Magazine.)

"PUTTING TO RIGHTS."

Is any one fond of variety? let him marry- I speak it oracularly, and in full defiance of the generally received opinion of the dull monotony of the marriage life. I affirm it to be neither dull nor monotonous: but on the contrary, a source of infinite variety, and as such, I can recommend it—though to say the truth, were I obliged to write my school-copies over again, it would go against my conscience to say, that "Variety is charming!"

The fact is I am a literary man, and get my living by my pen. I am a household drudge to editors of magazines, booksellers, and gentlemen who wish to have a literary reputation, without the trouble of writing books. You may therefore suppose, that quietude and domestic comfort is essential to my success. Now my wife does not think so, or at least her ideas of domestic comfort differ so materially from mine, as to render it much the same thing. She is never happy but when the house is a perfect chaos with scouring, dusting, and above all "putting to rights." She would be delighted if a troop of soldiers were quartered on her for the pleasure of putting things to "rights" afterwards. If she walked in her sleep, it would be with a duster in her hand. If she were ever tempted to purloin, it would be yellow soap. The very paint on my doors and wainscoat is giving way in picturesque streaks to the original deal by repeated scourings—and there is more bread consumed in rubbing the paper on my parlour walls than would keep my family. Thank God, it will be rubbed off soon I have not a chair or a table in my house but what is ricketty with continued polishing;—that is what my wife calls "*taking care* of the furniture." But oh! that "putting to rights" Paper, paint, chairs and tables, might all go, if I could be spared that horror. If I die, the verdict of the coroner's Jury will surely be—died of "putting to rights."

I have a good sized table to myself—a writing table—on this is spread my various notes and papers, whether preparing an article for the magazine, correcting a manuscript for a publisher, or writing a book for an author. To an ordinary eye every thing may appear in confusion there, but to me it is in perfect order. I can place my finger upon every thing I want. But no; that will not do for my wife. Things must be "put to rights." The moment my back is turned, therefore, the process commences. The table is rubbed and polished till the joints creak again—the drawers are all turned topsy-turvy, and the papers bundled up and crammed away in places where it will take me a month to find them again. When I return, I'm at my wit's end—I am like a man going to sleep with flowing curls, waking and finding himself in a trim crop wig!

Never shall I forget the hubbub we were in for a whole week, when the child exhibited symptoms of a flea-bite. The house was scrubbed from garret to cellar, blankets were scoured, carpets beat, windows and doors open day and night, until she caught—a violent cold, and I—the rheumatism. But in order that you may have a more vivid sense of my enjoyments, I will give you my diary for a day.

March 13—Rose at 8 o'clock—very cold, a little snow upon the ground—my wife rises an hour earlier, she careful creature, is determined the servant shall have no opportunity for making tea and toast for the policeman—got out of bed on to the cold bare floor—my wife says that carpets harbour dust, and not healthful in bed rooms—shave with cold water, my wife says cold water's bracing.—Come down at last, still as an icicle, and blue as the cholera—find windows and doors all wide open—my wife says, a well ventilated house, makes things sweet and wholesome, and keeps dust from settling!—find a little green smoke instead of fire, struggling through a host of cinders—walk briskly up and down the room blowing my fingers—no signs of breakfast, can't get the kettle to boil—servant employed in the interim whitening door steps, street door open, of course, a cutting north-east wind finding its way into one's very marrow.—Enter, at last, a bright tea-kettle, placed at a respectable distance from the green smoke—bit of bread singed here and there, and called toast—tea made with luke warm water, better that tea should be weak, than the bright tea-kettle be blacked, so my wife says—try in vain to get on my boots, find a scrubbing brush in one, and a duster in the other!

About 11 o'clock find my way out, and toil all day among publishers, editors, &c. without success, return hungry and dispirited, hoping though with some misgiving, to find comfort at home—turn the corner of the street where I live, and view with dismay a volume of dust, the downy residue of bed room sweepings, and tea leaves flying with the velocity of light, through the street door of my domicile—not my house on fire, and a dozen engines playing upon it, could convey to my senses a more appalling image—heard half a dozen miserable children in the street, squalling—"Home sweet home, *there is no place like home*," joined in the chorus.—My mind made up to the worst by the sight of the airing process, I rush onwards and knock at the door.—They know my knock inside, and therefore in no hurry to come—cutting north-east wind with sleet—the door open at last, and back door, being of course wide open, am saluted with a blast of wind, stormy enough to spring the fore topmast of a man of war—my hat flies into the middle of the street—striving to save it, my umbrella goes after it—and I, struggling for my footing, am covered in a twinkling with a cloud of feathers, dust, and tea leaves, the contents of a dust pan at the foot of the stairs!

Regain my equilibrium together with my beaver and umbrella, though with infinite difficulty—not so my temper.—Enter my parlour—good heaven! what am I doomed to behold—Is it an auction room, or a place of distress for rent?—Is it a marine store shop, or a Jew's exchange?—Chairs and tables piled up in the centre of the room—carpet turned up all round—the flooring just scoured—windows and doors all open, of course—fire raked out and grate black-leaded—hearthrug covering the chairs—fender and fire irons upon my writing table, and my papers—where? dusted and "put to rights!"—"put to rights,"—Oh! what retrospective agonies does not that most expressive of horrors conjure up! to those who have suffered under the discipline embraced in that detestable phrase it is needless to expatiate, to those who have not, no words can convey an adequate meaning.—To sum up—nothing in the house to eat, and no fire to cook anything, not a chair to rest myself upon—not a room fit to go into—hunger and ague staring me in the face.—Receive a note from the tax-gatherer demanding immediate payment—recollected having paid him, and having stuck the mem. behind the chimney glass, look for it, and find it gone! burnt or blown out of the window!—Boy waiting for article for magazine, faithfully promised by the 10th—papers all dusted and carefully "put to rights," consequently impossible to be found.—Wife scolding—child screaming—servant crying—and I protesting in an agony of rage, and mortification, rush out of the house intending to take a passage for the Swan River, and Cape of Good Hope, or New Zealand!—Think better of it, rather starve at home than be eaten up by the savages, so return to my yoke!

SUNDAY TRADING.

We have been tempted to make an extract on this head from one of the London periodicals; which, according to our judgment, has been most unfortunately induced to laugh at the attempts of the well-disposed, to further the better observance of the Sabbath. We record the present instance of right feeling on the part of the *Monthly* with pleasure.

Sunday trading has become one of the crying evils of this metropolis. It is the most fruitful source of debauchery, drunkenness, and all sorts of abomination. Every body has been aware of its evil influence on society, yet none have had sufficient philanthropy to urge its abolition. Complaints have been loud and long, yet none have endeavoured to effect a remedy. It is, therefore, with no slight feeling of satisfaction we have seen, that a numerous and most respectable meeting has been held at the London Coffee-House, to take measures for the formation of a society, to take these matters under their consideration. If it is considered necessary that the sabbath should be observed; if laws are made for its observance; then ought they, in common justice, to be enforced. If the conscientious trader, in obedience to such regulation, closes his store, why should he, who sets every thing at defiance for the love of mammon, be allowed a premium on his misdoings? We should be the last to advocate any infringement on the rights of the community, of which we form a part; yet, Sunday trading carries with it such an indecent disregard of the very best feelings of human nature, that common feeling would suggest the propriety, of at least an outward compliance with the wishes of the majority.

The seventh day, independently of religious consideration, has been always considered necessary as a day of rest; and the general morality of a country is always best ascertained by its observance. Our northern neighbours have been long celebrated for the decency and order with which the sabbath is observed; and no where within his Majesty's dominions, can be found a more industrious, better regulated, or better informed people. One great cause however, of the almost total disregard of this particular feeling, as regards the population of London and its vicinity, is the present time for paying workmen. At the latest hour on Saturday night they receive their wages. The first thing they think of, is the public-house and a pipe; the next is their wives and families. The consequence is, their Sunday's meal must needs be purchased on a Sunday morning. This

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might certainly be altered, and with incalculable benefit to the individuals themselves, as well as to the rising generation, on whom example, be it good or evil, is never lost. To enforce *religion*, would be to violent the principles of the religious toleration: to enforce *decency*, is a duty we owe society.

We have been led to these remarks, by the perusal of a very respectable and intelligent weekly print (The Patriot), which we cannot, however, leave without our joke. Amongst its notices to correspondents, some benevolent individual is informed, that his donation has not been accepted by a certain individual, on the plea, that he declines assistance "from persons in his immediate neighbourhood." It is well for Mr. S. that bounty is so promptly and liberally administered, that he can pick and choose his customers. It reminds us of a certain farmer in Vermont,—where losses by fire are generally made up by contributions from neighbours,—who, when a friend had been at the pains of bringing him twenty bags of rye from some distance, as his share towards the alleviation of the misfortune, shook his head, and told him, "he was equally obliged, but that he had done taking in rye for some time past!"

INDICATIVE SIGNS OF DISPOSITION.

It has been the opinion of many philosophers, both ancient and modern, that the disposition and temper of individuals may be ascertained by various indications of external structure. Hence has arisen the physiognomical system of Lavater, and the more recent but complicated theory of phrenology by Gall and Spurzheim.

Of the first, or system of physiognomy, considerable probability exists, respecting accuracy of determination, and that from the following reasons:

1. The operation of the passions, when they are habitually indulged, and suffered to rule the conduct unsubdued by the restraining hand of reason, will be found, on investigation, to have a powerful influence on the muscular structure; and consequently on the features of the face, which will thus acquire a different expression at different periods of life. It has often been observed, for example, that drunkards have large and red noses. Now, this most probably arises from the accelerated circulation occasioned by the liquor, and the viscidity of the blood being thus forced through the small vessels which are plentifully distributed over this organ: yet it does not follow, that all those who have red noses are drunkards, as this peculiarity may arise from bodily constitution as well as intemperate habits; though the latter, from the above reason, is likely to occasion it.

Again, anger, and general irritability of temper, will induce a constriction of some of the muscles of the face, particulary those of the mouth and chin, which often cause a fixed expression to mark the countenance. Grief acting upon the mind will also have a similar effect. These are to be attributed to that mysterious union which exists between the soul and body during their co-operative action, since they are often much mitigated during sleep, and sometimes they entirely subside after death.

2. Habit also has a considerable effect on the muscular parts of the face, in which physiognomical character greatly consists. Deep thought and mental abstraction are apt to produce a wrinkled forehead, and constriction of the mouth; which is often far from the natural expression of the countenance, when the mind is engaged with light and pleasing thoughts; but if constantly employed in deep reflection, this character may become as much fixed by the mere force of habit, as that arising from anger or grief.

3. Hereditary disposition may have a powerful influence in producing physiognomical character, according to the opinion of some writers on this subject, though the problem is involved in too much mystery to admit of actual demonstration.

4. Though passion, habit, and hereditary disposition are thus allowed their full influence in producing indicative signs of disposition, as far as the operation of the mind on the muscular structure of the face is concerned, it becomes extremely doubtful whether the same causes can be allowed to produce the same effects on the ossific structure of the face; which constitutes, what Lavater terms, the facial angle, and gives a general character to the whole countenance; by which the disposition can be determined. Much less can we yield to the doctrine, that the organs of the medullary substance of the brain can, by their expansion through the influence of sentiment or passion operating at and after the age of puberty, when the bone is fully formed, impress its substance, and occasion those internal developments which form the foundation of the theory of Gall and Spurzheim.

Some persons have imagined, that indications of disposition may be collected from handwriting. This, however, admits of much doubt; for though there can be no question that the mind, acting upon the animal machine, has considerable influence over the motions of the hand in writing, through the medium of the nervous system, in moments of passion, excitement, or illness; yet these are transient in their effects, and cannot operate with certainty on the hand under a state of bodily health and mental composure. In considering the subject of hand writing we may observe—that it has been an art cultivated for its utility in all ages and countries. It is a perfectly imitative art, like drawing; and of its most ancient state, the Hebrew, Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Arabic, and other Oriental engraved and written characters now in existence, afford specimens. In later times, in our own country, court-hands prevailed; and though somewhat different in the various reigns, as may be seen in "Wright's Court-hand restored," they had all the same essential character of being an imitation of print.

The modern "join-hand," as it is sometimes called, appears to have arisen either in France or Italy, but most probably the latter, as the professors taught what they termed the Italian hand (if I mistake not) as early as the reign of Elizabeth; but previous to this period, the manuscripts are awkward attempts at modifying the old court-hands; and being filled with contractions, are scarcely legible.

From this period writing began to be more cultivated; but as all did not learn of a master, the writing was unequal, and the formation of the letters often regulated by the caprice of the writer. During the interval from the reign of James I. to George III., the hand-writing of individuals varied, according to their own taste; and in this case the temper and disposition, and general habit of thought, might, and probably did, have its effect; thus the literary student was either precise and round in his letters, or small and cramped; both which characteristics are to be found in the manuscripts of the 18th and 19th centuries. The middle and higher classes exhibit a careless running style, in which the pen seems to have moved over the paper in horizontal lines, mingled with dost and slanting strokes, in which little distinction of letters is to be detected. The poorer classes who could write, imitated a kind of round hand; which, though imperfect in formation and orthography, was much more legible than the scrawl of their betters.

About the latter end of the reign of George III., a new system was adopted by Butler, Lewis, and others of the same school; which was universally taught both to young and old, at their writing academies. This, which is now common, has had the effect of reducing most, if not all hands, to the same general character; so that though the disposition of the individual could be guessed at when the hand-writing depended upon his own ideas and habits, the case is materially altered, and the test rendered nugatory, when it depends, as at present, on a fixed and determined system.

The following very curious Theory of discerning Temper by the Tones of the Voice, is from an anonymous Manuscript, among the Birch and Sloane Manuscripts, No. 3080—The author, after speaking of the principles of speech, and general tones of the voice in different individuals, proceeds thus:

I know reason why many observables as pertinent, if not more, may not be deduced from ye musick of tones in ordiary speech." He then goes on to state the various characters of the moods among the Greeks; which he thus specifies:—

"The Doric . .	Gravity and sobriety.
The Lydian . .	Buxome freedome.
The Œolique .	Sweet stillnesse and quiet posednesse.
The Phrygian . .	Jollity and youthfull levity.
The Ionque . .	A stiller and allayer of stormes and disturbances arising from passion.

"Now why may not we conclude, yt such persons, whose speeche is accustomed to ye notes peculiar to either of these moodes, yt they ymselves are of such and such a nature? 'Tis true, none knowes particular thoughts of ye heart (if theire should be a serious composure of body) besides God; yet if thoughts are bred and nourished by any affection, or passion, ye meanest will, and may presume to guess att ym in generalls, by alterations of ye outward man."

As this will be sufficient for a specimen of the style and orthography of the original, I shall give the remainder of this curious manuscript in modern language.

He proceeds to argue thus:—

If, according to the testimony of scripture, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," we may, by the tone and manner of the delivery, form some judgment of the thoughts passing in the mind; and not only by the words themselves as significant of the ideas, but by the key, and other particulars, of the musical tones in which they are conveyed. For example:—

He that speaks in the key of C, is a man of ordinary capacity and good disposition: in G, peevish and effeminate, if not peevish, of a weak and timid disposition. He who has a voice that will in some measure agree with all keys, is of good parts, and suited to a variety of employments; but fickle and inconstant.

Then as to time: He who uses semibreves in his speech, may be judged to be heavy, dull, and phlegmatic. Minims denote gravity and seriousness. Crochets, wit and fancy. Quavers indicate passionate persons; as scolds use them. Sharps, bespeak a man effeminately sad. Flats, manly and melancholy sad. Semibreve rests, denote a man to be either full of more matter than he can utter, or to be troubled with a natural hesitation. Minim rests, shew thought and deliberation. Crochet, and lesser rests, passion.

Thus by the several musical marks, we may collect indications of disposition. But the effort of nature, in thus modulating the musical character of the nature in accordance with the feelings of the mind, is almost incorrigible; and though by custom and watchfulness we may in some degree remedy its influence, the method is to correct the mind, and there will then be no necessity for affected attempts to disguise the voice by artificial modulation.

THE SEIGE OF LONDONDERRY.

The most memorable feature in the history of Londonderry, arises from the siege which it sustained, under circumstances the most disastrous, but in the result most triumphant,

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against the army of James II. in 1688 and 1689. On this occasion, being pressed severely with all the horrors of famine, the military commander, thinking all further resistance useless, manifested a disposition to surrender to the forces of the invader. To this submission the inhabitants were, however, decidely hostile, and, headed by the Rev. George Walker, whom they chose for their Governor, they took the management and defence upon themselves, and in the issue gained immortal honours.

As the account of this ever-memorable siege is related in the form of a journal by the Rev. George Walker, D.D. we shall select from it some of the most remarkable passages.

"April 19th, 1689, Mr. Walker, a clergyman, and Major Baker, were chosen by the inhabitants of Londonderry to be their governors, during the siege. The garrison consisted of 7020 men, and 341 officers. The number of men, women, and children, in the town, was about 30000. Upon a declaration of the enemy to receive and protect all that would desert the town, and return to their dwellings, 10,000 left us; after that, many more grew weary of us, and 7000 died of disease.

"April 21st, the enemy placed a demiculver 180 perches distant from the town, E. by N., on the other side of the water; they played on the houses in the town, but did little or no mischief only to the market house. This day our men sallied out, as many as pleased, and what officers were at leisure, not in any commendable manner, yet they killed above 200 of the enemy's soldiers, besides Mamau, the French general, and several other officers.

"March 5th, this night the besiegers drew a trench across the windmill hill, from the bay to the river, and there began a battery; from which they endeavoured to annoy our walls, but they were too strong for the guns they used, and our men were not afraid to advise them 'to save all that trouble and expense, as they always kept the gates open, and they might use that passage if they pleased, which was wider than any breach they could make in the walls.'

"June 4th, the besiegers made an attack at the windmill works, with a body of foot and horse; the horse they divided into three squadrons, and assaulted us at the river-side, it being low water; the foot attacked the rest of our line. The front of the horse was composed of gentlemen who had bound themselves by an oath, that they would mount our lines; they were commanded by Captain Butler, second son to my Lord Montgarret. Our men placed themselves within our lines in three ranks, so advantageously, that one rank was always ready to march up and relieve the other, and discharge successively upon the enemy; which (though it is strange how they could think otherwise) greatly surprised and astonished them, for they could not fall in upon us. Their foot had faggots laid before them, for a defence against our shot. They and the horse began with a loud huzza, which was seconded from all parts of their camp with most dreadful shrieks and howlings of a numerous rabble that attended the besiegers. The faggot men, unable to stand before our shot, were however, soon forced to quit their new defence, and run for it, though Captain Butler topped our works, which was but a dry bank of seven feet high, at the water-side, and thirty of his own sworn party of horse followed him. Our men wondered to find, that, having spent so many shot, none of them fell: but Captain Crook, observing they had armour on, commanded them to fire at the horses, which turned to so good account, that but three of these bold men with much difficulty made their escape. We wondered also, that the foot did not (according to custom) run faster, till we noticed, that in their retreat, they took the dead on their backs, which, preserving their own bodies from the remainder of our shot, rendered them more service than they did when alive.

"The enemy, in this action, lost 400 of their fighting men; most of their officers were killed; Captain Butler was taken prisoner, and several others. We lost on our side, six private men, and one Captain Maxwell; two of the men were killed by a shot from a great gun from the other side of the water, opposite the windmill works.

"June 30th, at 10 o'clock at night, my Lord Clancarty, at the head of a regiment, and with some detachments, possessed himself of our lines, and some miners in a lower cellar, under the half-bastion. The noble Captain Dunbar, and several other gentlemen, on seeing this, sallied out at the Bishop's gate, and crept along the wall, till they came very near the enemy's guards. Our men received their firing quietly, till they got to a right distance; and then thundered upon them. Our case-shot from the bastion, and small-shot off the walls, seconded their firing so effectually, that his lordship was forced to quit his post, and hasten to the main body of the enemy, leaving his miners, and a hundred of his best men, dead upon the place, besides several officers and men, who were wounded, and who died of their wounds some days after the action, as we were informed. We were often told that some great thing was to to be performed by this lord, and they had a prophecy among them, 'that a Clancarty should knock at the gates of Derry.' The credulity and superstition of his countrymen, with the rarity of so brave an attempt, and some good liquor, easily warmed him to this bold undertaking; but we soon taught him that little value was to be put on the Irish prophecies, or confidence in courage so supported.

"On July 8, the garrison was reduced to 5520 men

13,	. . . .	5313
17,	. . . .	5114
22,	. . . .	4973
25,	. . . .	4891
27,	. . . .	4456;—

and under the greatest extremity for want of provision, which appears from the following account, taken by a gentleman in the garrison, of the price of our food:

	s.	d.
Horse-flesh, per pound, sold for . .	1	8
A quarter of a dog, fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish	5	6
A dog's head	2	6
A cat	4	6
A rat	1	0
A mouse	0	6
A small flook taken in the river, not to be bought for money, or purchased under the rate of a quantity of meal.		
A pound of greaves	1	0
A pound of tallow	4	0
A pound of salted hides	1	0
A quart of horse blood	1	0
A horse pudding	0	6
A handful of sea wrack	0	2
A handful of chickweed	0	1
A quart of meal, when found . . .	1	0

"We were under so great necessity, that we had nothing left, unless we could prey upon one another. A certain fat gentleman conceived himself in the greatest danger, and, fancying that several of the garrison looked upon him with a greedy eye, thought fit to hide himself for three days —Our drink was nothing but water; for which we paid very dear, and could not get it without great danger; we mixed in it ginger and aniseed, of which we had plenty. The tallow and starch, which we were compelled to eat, not only nourished and supported us, but this food was an infallible cure for the flux, and recovered a great many that were strangely reduced by this distemper, and preserved others from it. In the midst of this extremity, the spirit and courage of the men were so great, that they were often heard to discourse confidently, and with some anger contend, whether they should take their debentures in Ireland or in France; when, alas! they could not promise themselves twelve hours' life.

"July 30th, about an hour after sermon, being in the midst of our extremity, we saw some ships in the Lough, making towards us, and discovered they were those that Major-general Kirk had sent us, according to his promise, when we could hold out no longer; he being resolved to relieve us, at every hazard. These vessels consisted of the Mountjoy, of Derry, Captain Browning, commander; the Phœnix, of Colerain, Captain Douglas, master; being both laden with provisions, and convoyed by the Dartmough frigate.

"The enemy fired most desperately upon them from the fort of Culmore, and both sides of the river; and they made sufficient return, and with the greatest bravery. The Mountjoy made a little stop at the boom; occasioned by her rebound after striking and breaking it; so that she was run aground. Upon this, the enemy set up the loudest huzzas, and the most dreadful to the besieged, that ever we heard; fired all their guns upon her, and were preparing their boats to board her. Our trouble was not to be expressed at this dismal prospect; but, by great providence, on firing a broadside, the shock loosened her, so that she got clear, and passed their boom. Captain Douglas all this while was engaged, and gave them warm entertainment; at length, the ships got to us, to the inexpressible joy and transport of the garrison; for we only reckoned upon two days' life, having only nine lean horses left, and among us all, no more than one pint of meal to each man. Hunger, and the fatigue of war, had so prevailed among us, that of 7500 men regimented, we had now alive but about 4300: of whom one-fourth part were rendered unserviceable, having been close besieged for 105 days, by near 20,000, constantly supplied from Dublin. But God Almighty was pleased in the greatest extremity to send relief, to the admiration and joy of all good people, and to the great disappointment of so powerful and inveterate an enemy."

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

The miseries which Scotland once endured, as compared with her present condition, make us not despair of Ireland. Some two hundred years ago, the factious nobles kept that country in a constant state of turmoil, setting the prince at defiance, and trampling on the peasant. Agriculture and trade were neglected—smuggling, rapine, and clannish feuds were encouraged, and in their train came poverty, habitual disregard of law, and strife and murder. On the union of the two kingdoms under one sovereign, the Scottish chieftains mixed with their southern and more civilised neighbours, acquired the arts of peace, and communicated them to their vassals; and what with frequent residence among them, enforcing the laws, protecting and encouraging the good, and punishing the bad, the people, from being the most turbulent and restless of any kingdom in Europe, have become so quiet and orderly, that their political apathy is proverbial, and a single regiment is hardly now required to keep the few idle and discontented characters in subjection.

"Græca capta ferum victorum cepit, et arte
Intulit agristi Latio—"

was the boast of the ancient poet; but Scotland made a much better bargain than Greece. Greece lost her independence, and civilized Rome; Scotland gave England a race of kings, for whom she had little regard, and received civilization in turn. Let us trust that Ireland some day will experience a similar happy change, and that the landlords and priests, (and particularly the latter,) will use their powerful influence, not only to obtain the redress of national grievances, but to cherish sobriety, industry, and humane and brotherly love among the people under their charge.

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"SOLDIERS' WIVES."

By the Rev. Charles Taylor.

One of the sweetest creatures I ever saw was a soldier's wife: indeed, whenever I hear the expression, "a soldier's wife," my imagination raises before me a very lovely vision. Some persons may tell me that the only idea they have of a soldier's wife is a bold, bad wanton, who can drink and swear like a trooper. I do not speak of such wives; for such are a disgrace to their sex and to their husbands. Nor would I say much of those *officers' ladies* who avail themselves of all the licence open to them, who go to the very verge of propriety—in short, as far as a woman can go without positively ruining her character. I do not speak of the bold, the forward, the unfeminine. A soldier's wife, such as she ought to be, is no rare character. She is usually gentle, modest, and feminine among women; just as her husband, if true to his profession and calling, is brave, bold, enterprising, and unboastful among men. How lovely an object is the woman, who, in the midst of the liberty necessarily attaching to her situation as a soldier's wife, creates around her a circle within which purity, and delicacy, and simplest modesty are always found; beyond which she has no wish to venture! There are few men who do not respect a really modest woman; and it is not the licence of opportunities, but the licence given in spite of opportunities by a woman herself, that makes a faithless or foolish wife.

"Let her fear loose looks to scatter,
And loose men will fear to flatter."

What makes a soldier's wife so peculiarly interesting is, that she is constantly placed in situations where her feelings are deeply and affectingly tried, and where she sees it is her duty to rise superior to those feelings. She is called upon to suffer many a sad surprise of sorrow: to part at a short notice from the being dearest to her on earth—to fear that their parting may be for ever on this side the grave—to weep over his departure—to think of him, in her unprotected loneliness, as probably exposed to hunger and fatigue, to dangers by sea and by land—perhaps to find his name, in the battle-return of the newspaper, among the dangerously wounded, among the prisoners, among the dead. Are not these trials for the soft heart of a gentle loving woman? And are they not the common every day trials of the soldier's wife in time of war? But does she not feel it her duty—and a sacred duty which she would not, aye, and does not fail to perform—not to unman her beloved husband by yielding to the force of anguish that presses so heavily upon her heart? to whisper hopes, instead of fears, at parting—and, if her tears cannot be restrained, to smile through them? not to be merely resigned, but cheerful—nay, the inspirer of cheerfulness? How finely Byron touches on the subject of the soldier's hour of parting! What force in that noble line, in the midst of his florid description of the beauty and chivalry of Brussels, all assembled in their gladsome revelry!—when soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again:—

"But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell;"

and how soon after we hear of

"hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts; and choaking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!"

Reader! if you have made it a practice to pass over poetry, as if you found it in your way—if you have done so now, turn back to read those lines; fancy them a plain prose description, and read them for their truth; their natural but exquisite feeling will steal into your heart.

Many a soldier's gentle wife has proved herself a true heroine, and even fit to take her husband's place on a sudden emergency. The noble Constance de Barri was an instance of such heroism. Her husband, who was governor of a town in Languedoc, during the wars of the League, was treacherously taken prisoner; the party of the enemy that besieged the town, pretending they sought an interview with him, having seized his person. He contrived, however, to write a few words to his wife, desiring her to defend the town to the last extremity. Without a moment's delay, she obeyed him, and went forth to take his place on the ramparts. Seeing how brave and how resolved she was, and that the garrison still held out under her spirited command, the besiegers thought to subdue her by threatening to put her husband to death unless the gates were thrown open to them. Constance was rich, and she offered to give up all she possessed to ransom her beloved husband; but she knew that he would never submit to buy his life at the price of his fidelity and honour. She therefore refused their terms: they would not agree to her's. They then put the husband to the torture, that they might force him, if possible, to command his wife to open the gates to them. He was enabled to endure their cruelty without submitting to them; and, being at last obliged to give up the siege, they savagely strangled the brave officer in prison. In the midst of her grief, the proposition was made to the incensed widow that she should avenge her husband's death by destroying some gentlemen who were prisoners in the garrison; but Constance was a Christian heroine; she not only forbade their execution, but, wretched and disconsolate as she was, she exerted herself to save their lives and protect them.—Henry the Fourth rewarded this pious and heroic woman by giving to her the government of the town she had so bravely defended, and she held it for twenty-seven years.

In more than one instance a soldier's wife has been among the loveliest creations of the masters of song. The Andromache and Penelope of Homer, the Imogen and Desdemona of Shakspeare, were soldiers' wives; nay, what was it that won the gentle Desdemona, whom her father so exquisitely describes?—

'"A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!"

'What was it that won her? What, in fact, but that "what she feared to look on" was a soldier, that he told of "battles, sieges, fortunes, that he had passed"—

'"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe."

'Spencer's fair and holy Una, that "lovely ladie," pure and innocent, was a soldier's bride, and by her husband's absence "left to mourne."

'What a fine subject for a picture would be the last parting of the heroic and even stoical Portia (who was also a soldier's wife) from her husband Brutus! I mean at that moment when, having accompanied him to the sea shore without betraying any emotion, she burst into tears on seeing a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache. Far too dreadful a situation for a picture was that of the wife of Captain Lietirn, the Prussian officer, when she received her husband's last letter. Frederick II. intending to make in the night an important movement in his camp, which was in sight of the enemy, gave orders that by eight o'clock all the lights should be put out, on pain of death. The moment the time was past, he walked out himself to see whether all was dark. He found a light in the tent of Captain Lietirn, which he entered just as the officer was folding up a letter. Lietirn knew him, and instantly fell on his knees to entreat his mercy. The king asked to whom he had been writing; he said it was a letter to his wife, which he had retained the candle these few minutes beyond the time in order to finish. The king coolly ordered him to rise, and write one line more, which he should dictate. The line was to inform his wife, without any explanation, that, by such an hour the next day, he should be a dead man. The letter was then sealed and dispatched as it had been intended; and the next day the captain was executed.

'A touching description is given of a soldier's wife in an account I remember to have read of the battle of Waterloo. A young Irish officer had married a very young and very lovely Flemish lady. They were residing in cantonments at Rivelles, when he was suddenly and unexpectedly called off to the field of battle. All he could leave with his wife was his servant, one horse, and an ass to carry her baggage. Very soon after his departure, her husband sent her word that a retreat was ordered, and begged her to set off to Brussels with as little delay as possible. The servant, who was a foreigner, deserted his mistress like a villain, and went off with the horse. She did not hesitate to obey her husband's commands; but, forlorn and unprotected as she was, she set off alone with quiet resolution on her journey of five-and-twenty-miles: she set off on foot, leading the ass with her baggage. She passed along through the retreating British army, exposed at times to great danger from the firing of the artillery. When she reached the great road of Brussels, the army were falling into line for the terrible conflict. She had walked on through the dreadful storm which raged on that evening—the evening before the battle—the rain falling in torrents, and the lightning hurling its forked and deadly fires round her defenceless head. She had come up to the spot where perhaps all that would be soon left of her husband would be a cold and disfigured corpse, and he was then perhaps within a few hundred yards of the young and unprotected wife; but she did not seek him amongst that immense army of 80,000 men; nay, she did not wish to unman or distress him by her presence. Quietly and slowly she kept on her toilsome way during the whole of the Saturday night. The road from Waterloo, till within a few miles of Brussels, is through the forest of Soignèe, and hemmed in on both sides by the tall trees. Here the young wife met with many difficulties; the whole road was crowded with waggons and horses, and carriages of various sorts, by wounded soldiers, and by the terrified inhabitants of the country; and still the storm continued with unabated fury. Patiently, and with quiet perseverance, the gentle lady went on, still leading the ass, but now barefoot, and almost wearied out with fatigue and dismay. At length she entered Brussels on the Sunday morning. She had been mercifully protected by Him who is ever at the side of the destitute and the friendless. She was in safety and unhurt, and even the poor ass and the baggage had arrived uninjured. Her husband, too, was spared to thank God for his wife's safety and his own.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

By Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartland, America.

Why do ye tear
Yon lingering tenant from his humble home?—
His children cling about him, and his wife
Regardless of the wint'ry blast, doth stand
Watching his last, far footsteps with the gaze
Of speechless misery.—What hath he done?—
In passion's madness did he raise the steel

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Against his neigbbour's breast,—or in the stealth
Of deep, deliberate malice, touch his roof
With wildly desolating flame?—No —No.—
His *crime is poverty.*— He hath no hoard
Of hidden wealth from whence to satisfy
His creditor's demand.—Sickness perchance
Did stay his arm,—or adverse skies deny
The promis'd harvest,—or the thousand ills
That throng the hard lot of the sons of toil,
Drink up his spirits.—Ye indeed may hold
His form incarcerate,—but will this repair
The trespass on your purse?—To take away
The *means* of labour, yet require its *fruits*
In strict amount, methinks do savour more
Of ancient Egypt's policy, than Christ's.
Themis, perchance, may sanction what the code
Of Him who came to teach the law of love,
Condemns.—*How readest thou?"*
There are who deem
The smallest portion of their drossy gold
Full counterpoise for liberty and health,—
And God's free air, and home's sweet charities.
'Mid the gay circle round their evening fire
They sit in luxury,—the warbled song,
The guest,—the wine-cup speed the flying hours,
Forgetful how the captive's head doth droop
Within his close barr'd cell,—or how the storm
Doth hoarsely round his distant dwelling sweep,
Where she, who in their lowly bed hath wrapp'd
Her famish'd babes, kneels shivering by their side,
And weeping mingles with her lonely prayer.—
—Revenge may draw upon these prison griefs
To pay her subsidy,—and sternly wring
An usury from helpless woman's woe,
And Infancy's distress: but is it well
For souls that hasten to a dread account
Of motive and of deed, at Heaven's high bar,
To *break their Saviour's law?*—
—Up,—cleanse yourselves
From this dark vestige of a barbarous age,
Sons of the Gospel's everlasting light!—
Nor let a brother of your sun-blest clime,
Rear'd in your very gates, participant
Of freedom and salvation's birthright, find
Less favour than the heathen. It would seem
That man, who for the fleeting breath he draws
Is still a debtor, and hath nought to pay,—
He who to cancel countless sins expects
Unbounded clemency,—'twould seem that he
Might to his fellow-man be pitiful,
And shew that mercy which himself implores.

ETYMOLOGIES.

Money, says Lord Coke, is derived from *mones*, (to admonish,) because it admonisheth its possessor to make a good use of it.

Gazette.—From Dr. Gazetta, the inventor of a newspaper; but the true reading should be Gaze-at, because people resort to it.

Hocus-pocus.—Is a strange word, which Tillotson says, in all probability, is nothing but a corruption of *hoc est corpus*, by way of ridiculous imitation of the priests of the Church of Rome, in their trick of transubstantiation. (Sermon 6th.)

Bumper.—From *au bon père;* for when the English were good catholics, and not as they now are, they usually drank the Pope's health in a full bumper every day after dinner,—*au bon père* to our good father.

A Horse Laugh.—Certainly a corruption from a *hoarse* laugh.

Isaac is nothing else but eyes-ache; because the Talmudists report that he had a pain in his eyes. *Vide* Ben Gorion and the Targom on Genesis.

Balam.—The man whom the Jews called Balam was a Shepherd: who, by often crying out *ba* to his *lambs*, was called Baalam or Balam.

Debtor Laws in England.—The fraud, impoverishment, and desolation, resulting from the administration of the debtor laws, are almost incredible. From returns of affidavits of debts, it appears, that in two years and a half, 70,000 persons have been arrested in and about London, the law expenses of which amount to no less than half a million sterling.

Imprisonment for Debt.—"In 1829 there were committed to Whitecross-street prison on process, out of the Court of Requests, for debts under 40s. 1563 persons, the amount of whose debts were £2071, and costs £746. To Horsemonger Lane, there were committed in the same year 932 persons, whose debts amounted to £1900, and costs to £474."—*The Legal Observer, February*, 1831.

PANTOMIME.

In the Christmas Pantomime at Drury Lane, 1832, the following were some of the characters and scenery which were introduced:

Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, with the Table Land, Devil's Hill, &c.; an East Indiaman newly arrived from Calcutta; Mynheer Zwaar van Heupen, (a Dutch Bridegroom,) Mr. Heavystern; Col. Qui-Hi, Mr. Honner; Hookah Bearer, Mr. Carrypipe; Dutch Bride, Madame Neuville; Dutch Settlers, Bride's-maids, by a Cape Corps de Ballet. A real Flying Dutchman, a Settler's Hut, &c.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

THE DOWNFALL OF MONOPOLY.

The Press,—Currency,—Shipping—Printing,—Books,—Bread,—the Butchers,—Iron,—Coals,—Ironmongers,—Jewellery,—Silversmith's Work,—Cutlery, and Saddlery.

It is, perhaps, no part of our province to discourse on the principles and practices of the trade and commerce of Cape Town. But as the Press is generally silent on the subject, we may be justified in the present instance, by just glancing at what we call the *Downfall of Monopoly* in this colony.

From the foundation of the settlement, monopoly was the order of the day, and the system was handed down as an heir-loom from father to son. Thus the vices and the ignorance of mankind are hereditary and national, as well as personal; and the characters of men depend in no small degree upon their parents and their country. No individual stands separate: his character is moulded by that of the generation in which he lives. Down to about 1824, the old system seems to have been maintained with all its iron rigours. Money getting, and getting it *any how*, was the ruling principle among a certain class—the privileged class—the *lenders* and *usurers*. The first hope of deliverance was effected by the *Press*—the day dawned, and the shadows fled away. The changes in the *Currency* succeeded the Press, and the colony was happily rescued from the hands of the "Jews, Turks, and Infidels."

Even in the houses of business, (and a glance at these is the primary object of this article,) it was almost high-treason to think of buying elsewhere than at certain legitimate places. As for *Shipping*, one or two houses must do all the business, and it was vastly impolite in any other agent to pretend to do as well as the long-standing firm! And to do business cheaper—how dishonourable! Then as to *Printing*, it was in the hands of government at high tariff charges. Now, three Presses, distinct from that of government, are at work—perhaps a *fourth* would do the business cheaper.* Then, as to *Books*, where could we purchase a 2*d.* or 6*d.* Primer nine years ago?—Nay, it would seem that an interdict had been laid on pens, ink, and paper. Now let us visit the shops, and we everywhere behold the treasures for infantile and matured reading in large abundance. Step into Greig's, and there you behold, as a proof, a stock that would not disgrace a Murray, or a Smith & Elder. And then the advantages to us the purchasers, are, that *here*, of late, there has been a reduction of prices, and it is no longer dollars for shillings, but we can buy at London prices. But, perhaps, in the order of enumeration, we should begin with the *staff of life—Bread.* The *baking business* is now no longer in the hands of its *crusty* agents, the old Burgher Senators! Now we have a wholesome article, and sold in almost every street. It were well, however, if the dealers would throw larger handfulls into their scales than they sometimes do. They can well afford it. Next in order are the *Butchers.* If we may judge from the robust shapes of many of them, they deal in good mutton and beef, and there is happily a stir in the trade; in fact, a rivalry which is quite agreeable to the public. Many were the tricks of the *Rip-van Winkels* to keep up the monopoly of the last century—to shut out competition; but the vast accessions of John Bull's family to the colony, soon brought to light the advantages of a *fair field and no favour.* In respect of *Iron*, it is well known there was, for a series of years, just one circumscribed place of purchase. "If you don't like it, you may lump it." Now, what a difference in the state of things, and how diversified the stores, and fair-priced this important article! Then, again, as to *Coals*, there was only one house of supply; the price

* Will our good friend *Vivian* allow us to be sceptical on this head?—*(Ed.)*

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One Hundred Rix-dollars per chaldron. Nor in the articles of ironmongery, jewellery, silversmith's work, cutlery, and saddlery, were we till lately out of the fangs of the monopolist. Indeed, as it regards ironmongery, "locks, bars, and bolts," and cutlery, we have not witnessed fair and moderate prices until the present year. Many thanks to Mr. Farmer.

Thus much for the progress of society at the Cape. And that some new and improved features are everywhere apparent, we have only to walk abroad with our eyes open. Visitors who now land on our shores, and who have touched at the Cape during the bygone years, are greatly struck at the manifold improvements in the spirit of trade and enterprise. We heard a gentleman observe the other day, and one of considerable discernment, (Dr. Howison,) who visited the colony in 1831, that Cape Town appeared almost new to him in 1833; "there is," said he "such a new face in the aspect of things in general, that I imagine myself in a British Town."

We are quite aware that these hastily drawn-up remarks are only the outlines of a very important subject. It is one which is worthy the consideration of the political economist,—and to such we leave it for discussion.

THE WEATHER.

THE last four months of summer have proved of delightful salubrity, if not quite so much in town, yet within a few miles of it—the weather has been highly bracing to the constitution. At the same time we have been without rains, with the exception, perhaps, of a single day. But as a grand preservative to the freshness of the gardens, the process of vegetation, and the beautiful verdure of the mountain-sides, the temperature of the air has been most especially this summer brought down to the dew-point. Simple as the process of the formation of *dew* is, there have been some mistakes and disputes about it. Some have written and spoken about "rising" dew, and others about "falling" dew. But the dew as *dew*, that is, as visible drops of water, neither rises nor falls, but is formed on the surface. Every gardener knows that fact, and acts practically upon it, when he turns down a flower-pot over his piping of pinks or carnations, to make them *strike*, by nourishing them with the gentle dew, which their own cool leaves melt out of the warmer air. The dew forms into beautiful drops on those surfaces, between which and it there is a sort of repulsion. Vegetable leaves when in action have that quality, and hence the beauty of the morning dew on the grass. If those who are fond of looking at gems would get up in the morning, when the dew drops are large on the grass, and the sun's rays low and slanting, they would, by just sitting or standing a few minutes, with their back to the sun, get a gratis sight of a far finer casket than any monarch on earth can boast of possessing.

TABLE BAY.

This year has presented the most gladdening prospects in reference to Table Bay. Our mart has been visited by the ships of all nations, and, instead of contemplating the solitary two or three at anchor in former years, we have counted at one time no less than two-and-forty vessels within the last month. Such must prove highly influential to all the departments of trade.

NEW MARKET.

THE shares for the building of a market for the sale of garden vegetables, fruits, &c. are all taken. This, perhaps, next to the new Pier now commencing, is one of the most important undertakings of the last century at the Cape. Its utility is unquestionable, and as it regards the saving of human life—it has the patronage of humanity.

CAPE TOWN INFANT SCHOOL.

The last Anniversary Meeting at the Commercial Room,—His Excellency the Governor in the Chair, was decidedly the best as it regards the progress of the system. The children were much experter than before, and the drawling tones which used to accompany the repetitions of their interesting lessons, have been happily dispensed with.

"THE MARCH."

CAPE CYCLOPEDIA.

WE have just seen the first six numbers of the *Cape Half-penny Cyclopedia*, a publication which appears once a week There are we understand, upwards of six and seven hundred subscribers to this little work, and we heartily wish an increase. At the same time, we should like to see it published in the English as well as the Dutch Language. We are fully aware that the intention of its Conductors are praiseworthy, and they very properly contemplated a numerous body of people who only read the latter language, and who, from their circumstances in life, could not gain access to the higher sources of reading; yet, did it not occur to the Conductors that there are an equally destitute portion of English readers?

The numbers which have been published, appear to us of unequal merit. This arises probably from the diversified mental acquirements of the contributors. No. 3, "A Dialogue between a Student and his Sister," we think conveys much astronomical instruction in a popular shape. No. 6 should belong to the Tract Society—or perhaps the writer had forgotten the existence of such, and the loads of well-written Religious Tracts which find their way to the colony from London and Amsterdam. And very likely too, the writer had overlooked the clergy and the missionaries who labor among us. No. 5, "On National Conversion," is an interesting document, illustrative of that portion of our national history connected with the Anglo Saxons.

"THE PENNY MAGAZINE."

A subscription list is open in Cape Town for the regular supply of this popular journal, and its patronage, as we gather from the numerous names affixed, is well becoming the rising spirit of the Cape.

"THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE."

THE subscribers to this penny journal are at the head of the poll, as it appears by a numerously signed list of Cape patrons The "Saturday" appears to be excellently well managed, and its numerous embellishments are of the most gratifying description. Our country readers should be informed that both the above publications are published in London at a penny a number. The "Saturday," from No. 1 to No. 26, forming five monthly parts, may be obtained in Cape Town; a goodly number of sets having been imported by a mercantile house.

HERE AND THERE.

AN Australian paper mentions that, after a long draught, the country had been visited by copious rains; for which blessing, thanksgiving were offered up at the churches. Some 6 or 7 years ago in this colony, the inhabitants of the District of Graaff-Reinet, deeply impressed with gratitude on account of a most abundant harvest, resolved to celebrate the event by a public thanksgiving. But the day was not set apart for christian celebration—because the Colonial Office forbade the measure.

READINGS FROM THE AUSTRALIAN PAPERS.

IN the *Hobart Town Courier* of the 16th of Nov. Mr. Brennand offers for public sale "seven tons of Whiting!" *White-washing* must be greatly in vogue, we suspect, in Australia.

An extract from "*The Academian*," a journal published by the Boys of Mr. Thompson's school, Hobart Town.—"There is a great scarcity of Cape Wine,—it will sell at any price."

Colonial Prices. Hobart's Town.—Potatoes, 1½*d* per lb; eggs, 1*s*. 10*d*. per dozen; fowls, 5*s*. a couple; fresh butter, 1*s*. 9*d*. per lb.; mutton, at 6½*d*. to 7*d*. per lb (scarce); fed beef, at 10*d*.; lamb, 6½*d*; pork, 8*d*. (scarce); wheat, 5*s*. 6*d*. to 6*s*. per bushel, (scarce); hams and bacon, 1*s*. per lb. (excellent); salt £30 a ton!!!

Mercantile Arrivals from the Cape, per Alexander Robertson.—An extract from the *Sydney Herald.*—"Passengers from the Cape of Good Hope,—Mr. Charles Younger, merchant; Mr. Joseph Levick, merchant; Mr James Mills, merchant; Mr. William Mathew, merchant."

'The London Cries are becoming frequent in Hobart Town, for we have "fresh salmon," "fine mullet," and "muffins all hot," dinned into our ears before breakfast hour. We have also the noisy bell-man's clatter, "oysters," "mutton-pies," and "sheep's-head, all hot," &c. &c. vociferated by the professors of their several callings, till long after all steady people retire to rest.'—*(Hobart Town Courier.)*

Progress of Planting.—Some of the Banana Trees in the new Government Garden at Farm Cove, are now in bearing.—*Nov. 8th.*

Important.—From the same Journal we perceive a day advertised for bringing together the ordained ministers of the colony of the Church of Scotland. The objects are the division of the colony into Presbyteries, the appointment of lay elders, and, in cases of emergency, *to ordain* licentiates of the Church of Scotland, as may be duly called and found qualified to discharge the pastoral office.

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LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE VIII. CONCLUDED. BY ORLANDO.*

[THE FORMATION OF QUADRUPEDS—THEIR LINNEAN CLASSIFICATION INTO ORDERS AND GENERA—THEIR GENERAL QUALITIES—NUMBER—FOOD—ORGANS OF SENSE—VOICE AND FEELINGS—PHENOMENA AND CHARACTER OF THE QUADRUPED MIND.]

It is one of the great distinctions of the animal mind, and of its similarity within its prescribed scale and compass to our own, that it is both teachable to several intelligent actions, and also susceptive of moral docility. Thus far it is improvable, but not beyond. By this limitation, it is divided from the human soul, of which an *indefinite and unceasing* improvability is its universal property, though the largest part of mankind are little aware of the jewel which they possess. But that degree of moral ductility and capacity of education which taming exhibits, seems to be a general quality of the animal mind, as the fiercest have been subjected to it. Of the Feræ genera, which includes all the wild and ferocious, the largest have been found tameable. (1) Even the tiger, who may be considered as the fiercest of the fierce, has exhibited this improvability. (2) So has the savage and voracious hyæna. (3) Crocodiles have been made harmless and docile. (4) The leopard likewise. (5) The wolf has also shewn that it possesses what we may term affectionate docilities. (6) The baboons become vigilant guardians of their protector's property. (7) These facts prove that there is nothing in the nature of the wildest animals to make their future gentleness and sociability either impossible or improbable. (8) They are now wild and savage from *appointed* circumstances, amid which they are at present ordained to live; and when this state of the general world shall be altered, their moral transformation will become a natural appendage to the great social and intellectual revolution which the Hebrew Prophets attach to the ulterior ages. (9) It is in animals as in fish—the largest are the mildest. (10)

That animals have feelings and passions very analagous to our own, appears from many instances. Our rugged and oppressive conduct towards them, more usually puts their resentful emotions into action, than their better capabilities; and this has caused their angry humours to be most frequently noticed. (11) But many species show what must be called kind affections. Monkeys evince them to each other. (12) Cows will protect each other, and feel strongly for their young. Most animals evince pleasure

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

(1) The jackal when taken young, acquires the same affectionate manners as a dog. *(Linn.)* The lion has been repeatedly tamed. So has the fox. Reubens had a tame lion four weeks in his chamber to paint from. The ounce may be trained to hunt. The Egyptian ichneuman may be softened so as to be kept in a house like a cat. The otter may be taught to catch fish for its master. The ferret is domesticated and employed to catch rabbits. The bear is accustomed to dance in the public streets. The rhinoceros may be tamed in some degree. The hippotamus also. See *Linnæus.*

(2) The tiger, if taken young, may be domesticated. The Faquirs of Hindostan sometimes go about with their tame tigers.

(3) Bishop Heber mentions that Mr. Trail in India, had a hyæna for several years, which followed him like a dog, and fawned on his acquaintance.

(4) A tame crocodile, was, in 1828, kept at Chantilly. It was so mild that it was caressed by its keeper without danger.

(5) Mrs. Bowditch, widow of the Ashantee traveller, had a tame leopard. Mr. Barrow procured in this colony a young leopard, which became instantly tame, and as playful as the kitten.

(6) Cuvier describes a young wolf that was brought up like a young dog. It followed his master every where, and was docile and affectionate.

(7) Vaillant declares of the one he had, that it was more watchful than any of his dogs. Father Carli, in his history of Angola, mentions that he had taught monkeys to attend him, to guard him, while sleeping, against thieves and rats, to comb his head, and fetch his water. In the Cape colony, this animal is famous for its habit of throwing stones from elevated spots at persons below. In corroboration of the occasional usefulness of the baboon, Dr. Andrew Smith, the founder of our Cape Museum, mentions a baboon that was an excellent blacksmith, and could use the fore-hammer with singular dexterity. He could distinguish the several tools in the shop when asked for by their names, and would bring them to his master accordingly. When visitors arrived on horseback, he first saluted them, by taking off a small leathern cap which he wore on his head, and then offered them his hand; after which, he took the bridle reins, and led the horses to and fro in the style of a stable boy, until they were perfectly cold.

(8) Judicious and kind management in the rearing of animals is of importance. In educating the ox for the plough, Mr. Cobbet very sensibly recommends that "all violence and rough language should be avoided. If he be stubborn, there should be no blows and no loud scolding. Stop: pat him; pat the other ox; and he will presently move on again. If he lie down, let him lie till he is tired; and when he chooses to get up treat him very gently." On the same principle an experienced cavalry officer has declared, that he did not fear the most vicious horse, for by mild and gentle treatment and forbearing patience, he would effect a cure.

(9) Isaiah twice mentions this future condition of the Earth, ch. xi. 6—9, and ch. lxv. 25; and Hosea alludes to it, ch. ii. 18.

(10) A power of subduing the mind or spirit of animals, seem to be attainable by human ingenuity, though self-interest may conceal the practical means. The Rev. H. Townsend mentions a man in Ireland who would make any horse, however vicious or unruly, become, in half-an-hour, gentle and tractable, and durably so.

(11) A racoon having been one day lashed by a servant, would never forgive him. Neither eggs nor fish, of which he was very fond, would appease it.—*Bingley.* The patient camel retains the remembrance of an injury until he can avenge it. The elephant retaining his resentment, and his methods of revenge, are well known.

(12) The male and female are never tired of fondling their young one. In sickness they exhibit great sympathy.

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at being caressed. (13) Bears have exhibited strongly both connubial and maternal sensibilities. (14) And so have many others—the beaver, lions, elks, &c.

From the senses and sensibilities of quadrupeds, let us pass to the consideration of their indications of a perceiving, attending, and thinking mind. To collect provisions for their future use; to hoard them in safe places; and to use them gradually for their daily sustenance, are actions in the human race which display and require great prudence, foresight, just reasoning, well acting upon judgment, and much self-command. A very large portion of mankind will not exert either this forethought, or the self-government, that alone makes it effectual. The Scottish nation is eminently and honorably distinguished for this intellectual quality and power. The lower Irish are too often conspicous for the want of it. Yet this is strikingly exhibited in the Alpine hares, who literally make hay for their winter food; (15) in the active and provident squirrels; (16) in the ingenious beaver; (17) and by many of the glires genus. (18)

The tuition which quadrupeds are capable of receiving, discovers a lower degree of that improvability which distinguishes our superior race, which, as far as it extends, resembles ours, although at the same time it marks its specific difference by its annoying limitation. Apes have often amused their possessors by their imitative faculty. (19) Cats display this teachability. (20) Pigs have also repeatedly shewn that they can learn to do things not natural to them (21) A sow has been trained to the services of a pointer. (22) The quadruped animals, of their own will and nature, and from inborn instinct, do actions which require knowledge, reasoning, and judgment in mankind. Reindeer follow and obey leaders of their own species. (23) Elephants also make their journeys on this plan when they deem it necessary. (24) Baboons have been found to make defensive arrangements, like military tactics. (25) Mules and cats make signals to have a door opened. (26) Bisons place themselves in the best position for repelling an enemy. (27) So do the seals. (28) The black bear's mode of fishing is as dexterous as any school-boy's could be, and more patient than he would be. (29)

Deliberating, judging, and persevering mind, with real building skill, appears as much in the beaver's construction of his cabin, as in any human fabrication of a cottage. (30) Marmots place sentinels to watch and give alarm on danger. So do the baboons and monkeys of Africa. The wild asses likewise, and many other classes. The social mouse is a pleasing instance of good neighbourhood; these pair from families, and live together in harmony. The beavers unite from a distance into societies, for the express purpose of building their habitations in vicinity to each other, and co-operate in their labour, like Dido's followers in the Virgilian picture of their founding Carthage, or like English emigrants into the wilds of America, to build their log-houses and forest towns. (31) The marmots as assiduously join their skill and industry together, to form their social rooms, as any body of bricklayers and carpenters to raise the edifices they construct.

All the instances which occur in these classes of beings, of co-operating action for some common end, shew the intention and the desire to unite their efforts for that purpose, and, therefore, a mind, or a meaning and thinking power, that designs, perceives, comprehends, wills, and operates to produce it. (31) Individual instances of what in human beings we should call a contriving mind, have been remarked in animals. The squirrel's mode of passing a river; (32) the jerboa's provision for his escape, if attacked in his retreat; (33) the opossum's mode of obtaining crabs which his paws cannot reach; (34) the monkey's use of his tail as a hand or finger; (35) the Pe-

(13) We have tried this with cows and sheep. Many others, especially horses and elephants, manifest their gratification at being kindly noticed.

(14) Mr. Hearne describes the males of this species as so much attached to their mates at some times of the year, that he has often seen one of them advance when a female was killed, and put his paws over her, and in this position suffer himself to be shot rather than quit her.

(15) In August they begin to cut great quantities of soft tender grass and other herbs, which they spread out to dry. This hay, about autumn, they collect into large heaps, and place, either beneath the overhanging rocks, or between the chasms, or round the trunk of trees in conical heaps of various sizes, according to the number of the society that makes them. They select the best of vegetables, and crop them when in the fullest vigour.—*Penn. A. Zool.*

(16) The squirrel makes a nest of moss and dried leaves at the forks of a tree's branches, with two holes at opposite sides, and as the wind varies, shuts the whole towards it. It lays up magazines of nuts, acorns, fruit, and berries, for winter.—*(Kerr.)*

(17) The beavers build their houses together, like small villages. Each cabin has in its neighbourhood a magazine of bark and boughs of trees for winter provisions, kept constantly under water.—*(Kerr.)*

(18) Thus the field mouse collects large stores of grain, nuts, acorns, and beach mast, in its places under ground. The hogs by their exquisite smell, are often led to their hoards, and dig them up.

(19) Blumenbach's ape, which he kept for a year, would manage the wood for his stove, and put it in with as much judgment and economy as a cook-maid. He was often at the College, and used to examine the pupils' specimens with amusing imitation and grimace.

(20) In 1828, a cat from Tuscany was exhibited in London, that had been trained to beat a drum, strike on an anvil, draw water from a well, ring bells, and roast coffee.

(21) I have seen, says Sharon Turner, a large pig at Ross, which could pick out from an alphabet on the ground, on being ordered, and without mistake, the letters that were wanted for the name of any person present; and also the figures for the hour. It went round the dial, and placed its snout first on the hour, and then in another circuit on the minutes.

(22) A black sow was taught to find game, and to back and stand nearly as well as a pointer.—*(Bingley.)*

(23) Mr. Bullock brought a herd of 12 reindeer from Norway. They were completely under the command of a leader or captain, who gave orders.

(24) The bull elephants on our Cape frontier always march in the van, bursting through the jungle, treading down the thorny brushwood, and breaking off with their trunks the larger branches that obstruct the passage, while the females and younger part of the company follow them in single file.

(25) See Lieut. Shipp's account of Father Murphy, a famous Simon's Bay baboon, in the first volume of the Cape Literary Gazette.

(26) See Turner's Sacred History, page 366.

(27) When bisons scent the approach of a drove of wolves, the herd throws itself into the form of a circle, placing the weakest in the middle, and the strongest outside, and thus present an impenetrable forest of horns.

(28) *Vide* South African Quarterly Journal, page 286.

(29) See Capt. Franklin's Journal to the Polar Sea, p. 91.

(30) See Kerr's Linn. p. 249; Bingley, vol. 2, p. 32.

(31) Thus the four-fingered monkeys, to pass from one lofty tree to another which is too far off for a leap, will form a kind of chain by linking to each other with their tails; and then hanging down and swinging together with increasing momentum and sweep, till the lowest catches hold of the lower branches of the desired tree. As he fastens and ascends, he pulls others up, each in succession doing the same. Both wolves and foxes act with great co-operation; the former in their attacks, the latter in their depredations. Elephants also concur in making great efforts to raise a companion out of a pit or trench. A rat was seen at Oswestry, in 1829, to be leading a blind one to a stream of water, several yards off the building they frequented, by a piece of straw, which he put into his companion's mouth, and pulled by his own.—*(Shrewsb. Chron.)*

(32) When the migrating squirrels come to a lake or river, they draw a piece of pine or birch bark to the edge of the water, mount on it, and abandon themselves to the waves, raising their tails to catch the wind.—*(Bingley.)*

(33) See Kerr's Linn.

(34) The Cayenne opossum lives chiefly on crabs. When they cannot reach them in their holes with its paws, it introduces its long prehensile tail to hook them out.

(35) The four-fingered monkeys are peculiarly dexterous in the use of their tail. They can pick

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ruvian hare's two chambers for distinct uses; (36) the otter's providing against the rise of the tide or river; (37) the honey weasel's averting the glare of the sun; (38) the monkey's imitation of the astronomers who were measuring the length of a degree in Peru; (39) the bear himself, finding out a plant that will heal his wound, and making and applying a plaister from it; (40) the wolf's cautious reasoning amid his hunger and voracity, (41) are instances of this sort. The wolf, with artful judgment, will take the babe from the mother's bed so gently as not to disturb her. (42) They also resolutely co-operate in their fatal attacks. To know the names which have been given to them by their owners, and to come when these are pronounced, to those who so call them, imply in animals memory, a connection of sounds with ideas and actions, and an obeying will. (43) The attention of some to music, which has been already alluded to, has a claim to be called an intellectual sensibility. (44) So has the impression which some receive from the menacing features of the human face. (45) The actions of the elephant and the dog, which resemble those of thinking intellect, are very striking; but are so familiarly known, that I will only here recommend you to recollect them as very instructive testimonies of the nature and operations of the animal mind. The orang otangs likewise, which come nearest to us in form, at times evince some faculties and actions so analagous to our own, as to be only distinguished by the insurpassable limitation which appears always attached to them. But all the simia tribe are confined to their native inferiority to us, and to their discordances from us, inflexibly and unalterably, in their minds as in their bodies. What they are, they can be only for all succeeding ages in which they may exist. No brute animals of any kind, in any chronology of their being, have been found to possess the *expanding* and *unceasing* improvability of the human soul. It is this quality, never extinguished or extinguishable, though often dormant, which proclaims our spirit to be born for immortality; as the want of it makes it probable that their vital principle in all other material organizations, at least in their present forms and phenomena, is not intended to be perpetuated hereafter.

up with it, objects so small, as bits of wood or straw. With their tail they can carry hay to make their beds, and spread it about with much ease.

(36) In one of these it sleeps, (its bed room,) in the other which is *lower*, (its parlour,) it eats its provisions, which it collects in the night time. —*Kerr's Linn.*

(37) In forming his habitation (on the banks of a river,) he first burrows deep under ground, and then works upwards. Before he reaches the top, he provides several bolts or lodges, that, *in case of high floods*, he may have a retreat.

(38) Towards sun-set, he issues from his hole. Near this, he sits upright, and holds one of his paws before his eyes, in order to modify the rays of the sun, and to procure a distinct view of the bees he is looking for.

(39) Bingley, I. p. 252.

(40) When a bear is wounded by a ball, he gathers leaves and fills up the wound with them. The Kamtchadales derive their medical knowledge from observing what herbs the bears apply to their wounds, and what method they pursue for recovery, when languid and disordered.—*Bingley.*

(41) Bingley, p. 190.

(42) Ib. p. 250.

(43) Mr. Hartley, in the island of Egina, narrates that, 'passing by a flock of sheep, I asked the shepherd if he gave names to his sheep, and if they obeyed him when he called them by their names. I bade him call one; he did, and it instantly left its pasturage and its companions, and ran up to him with signs of pleasure.'—*Turner.*

(44) The lizard kind are great lovers of music. Greaves, in his observations on the Pyramids, observes, that the lizards in their vicinity are great lovers of the bag-pipe.

(45) It has been said, that the elephant and dog are the only animals that understand looks, and that the dog only dreams; but it is ascertained that cats, horses, and cattle, are impressible by the countenance that threatens them,

LITERATURE.

THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

A Visit to Germany and the Low Countries, in the Year 1830 *and* 1831. By Sir ARTHUR BROOKE FAULKNER. 2 vols. 8vo. 1833.

SIR ARTHUR, it appears, embarked for Rotterdam, in September, 1829, and duly arrived there, after a voyage which presented nothing worthy of record, save a German personage, one of the passengers, who, by his hostility to Englishmen, very naturally raised the indignation of the author. Proceeding to Cologne, and subsequently to Mayence, Sir Arthur declines the duty of describing the route he has taken, under apprehension that a task, in which some of our best poets have failed, could not be undertaken by him with any chance of success. He tells us, however, that in Mayence, the English are unpopular, and the leading cause of this misfortune, is stated to be the very awkward part they take in their ordinary contracts in the shops. British visitors to the continent, generally take it for granted that they are expressly marked out as the victims of the local shopkeepers' extortion; they affect, therefore, on all occasions, to become indignant at the announcement of the prices, and generally conclude by a tender of about a third of the sum required. The inculpation which is implied by this offer, neither gods nor Germans can bear, and our countrymen are therefore set down, for the most part, as barbarians, destitute of that cultivation which would entitle them to hold rank among the civilized nations of Europe. Nevertheless, the experience of the author is, that to some extent at least, the suspicion of German honesty, on the part of English visitors, is justified; for the tradesmen, he declares, are ready to impose on their customers whenever they can, and that too, not so much on account of their partiality for large profit, as for their inherent love of taking advantage of others. A lady, twenty years married to a German, repeated to the author, that the principle of the dealing of her husband's compatriots, was not kept a secret, it being comprised in this simple maxim—get as much as you can wheedle out of those who can afford it. Frankfort and Cassel are the cities to which the author next directs his inquiries. With the latter he is far from being well pleased, and, indeed, extends his displeasure to the whole electorate of Hessia, of which Cassel is the principal place. He renders justice, however, to Hessia, by observing, that it is creditably distinguished for the perfect practical toleration of all religious persuasions which exist amongst its population, and the charity of people of opposite persuasions towards each other. Catholic and Protestant live in the most perfect harmony, caring as little, remarks our author, for the preferences entertained by either for his religion, as for his particular view respecting the north-west passage. The clergy of Hessia, as may be at once concluded from the moral condition of their flock, are exemplary in their conduct, and yet the average stipend paid to each per annum, amounts to no more than forty dollars, with a house and garden. 'Each dollar,' adds Sir Arthur, 'is worth only three shillings British, and let the Archbishop of Canterbury calculate the amount.' At Halsdorf, in the same electorate, the traveller made a brief stay, having been particularly attracted by the mode of thrashing, which was then in full operation in the village. The labourers of Halsdorf thrash with a perfect regard to time, harmoniously joining each other in the same measure, and in the transitions from one sort of measure to another. He saw, sometimes, eight flails in concert; at other times four only; but under all variations of the amount of the workmen, they preserved the most severe regularity of succession in the strokes, as if they were directed to each movement by a musical score. When the piano sounds of the flails is to be particularly delicate, the tips of these instruments only are used! next comes the crescendo, the flails are gradually wielded with more power—the barn soon echoes to the loud notes.

Sir Arthur particularly noted that the flail, during the whole operation, is never raised higher than the head, and the ease and success with which the business is done in this manner, suggests to him the propriety of questioning the reasonableness of the English thrashers expending so large a share of their strength to so little purpose in the barn, by always carrying the flail above their heads.

The state of the population in this part of Germany is at a very low ebb indeed, the women being very little removed in civilization from the condition in which they are found to be placed amongst the barbarous Indians; the houses are built of mud, and the common food of the population is quite as low in the scale of nutriment as that of the Irish people.

At Marburg our traveller stopped at a hotel which was situated very near the house where Luther sojourned in the very height of his persecution. This residence is described by Sir Arthur as a corner house, about four stories high, with six windows in the front, and a china shop on the ground floor. Next to this again is the house where Zuinglius lived, and the ancient people of the town still point to the two windows out of which these celebrated men used to hold converse together. Here too is a university, in which degrees are conferred, and which is attended by a considerable number of students, who have excellent instruction upon amazingly cheap terms.

The relation which the professors of various religious doctrines maintained in this town, at the time of the Reformation, is best explained by the fact, that one part of the principal church was appropriated to the Protestants, the other to the Catholics; and a carpet for the floor of the edifice, which had been wrought at some former period by a margravine, was divided in two, that it might serve for the mem-

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bers of each of the two religions, who were necessarily obliged to solemnize their worship apart. The state of education, in this part of Germany, is on a footing so judicious, that some notice of it appears to us to be desirable, with the view of illustrating some of the erroneous principles of diffusing education which have been acted on in many countries. In Marburg there is an actual obligation imposed on parents to send their children to school. All heads of families are included in a tax for the support of institutions connected with education, and this duty is enforced, whether they take advantage of such institutions or not. The nomination of a schoolmaster is always preceded by a most rigorous, *bona fide* inquisition into the qualifications of the candidate; and as every body is interested in having a proper person to discharge the duties of teacher, it can scarcely ever happen that an incompetent person should be appointed. Independently of these fixed establishments for the purposes of education, there are also itinerant lecturers, who perform circuits round the country, carrying education, as it were, to the very door of those who will not go forth to seek it. These peripatetic instructors, however, are not recognized by the state, and depend altogether on the inclination of their scholars for a subsistence. The greatest attention is bestowed on the selection of books for the popular schools; the scholars are left, for the most part, to their own tastes, but abridgements in an attractive form and style, of some of the most useful books, are put into the children's hands, and these small productions are sold on terms which are just short of being absolutely gratuitous: a short publication, for example, containing a quantity of printed matter, which is equal to one hundred and fifty pages of our octavo volumes, may be had for 4½*d.* But the most important of all the principles which are incorporated with the system of education, in this part of Germany, is that which establishes, as a fundamental measure, the well grounding of the children of both sexes in the principles of religion. That parent has a terrible responsibility to answer for who neglects to give his child the opportunity of cultivating religion: the immense advantage of an early introduction to religion is that it secures the prepossession of the mind towards it during life. When a knowledge of divine truths only arrives at a time when the student is advanced to maturity, the probability is, that his impressions of its influence will be fleeting.

Though this system of extended education produces no unusually large proportion of intellectual lights amongst the Germans, yet its moral effects are strikingly manifest in the shrewdness and very orderly conduct of the people at large. They have no time to contract a taste for idleness or dissipation; they have been initiated into the enjoyment of mental pleasures; and many who, if they were to exchange climates with Englishmen, would abandon their leisure to gin and tobacco, are now much more contented to consume the *Waverley Novels*. These famous productions are in prodigious request in the interior of Germany; and, what cannot but be gratifying to hear, this extraordinary demand is never considered by the booksellers as a reason for raising the price of their commodities. Sir Arthur states, that a copy of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, on good paper, and in excellent type, perfectly new, may be had at Marburg, for 1*s.* 10*d.*! Another remarkable circumstance is the total exclusion of immoral and obscene books from circulation.

Proceeding from Marburg to Frankfort, and subsequently to Bonn, the site of a famous university, the author takes occasion to enter into some very interesting details on the more improved system of general education which prevails in this part of Germany. In every town and large village there is a school, chiefly supported by voluntary contributions, to which the children of all classes, ranks, and religion are admitted. This rustic establishment is called Freischule, and the system on which it is conducted is altogether admirable in its plan and in its effects, and furnishes an invincible proof of the facility and even usefulness of educating children of different religions in the same institution. The Lancasterian system is rejected in almost all the schools, whilst that of Pestalozzi is generally adopted. The regulations respecting prizes, vacations, and the health of the scholars, the absence of corporal punishments, and the system of seeking to stimulate industry by calling the moral feelings into play, are amongst the more striking features of the great plan of German education, which proves with what a profound attention to the genius of human nature the foundations of that plan have been laid. The whole subject is amply and accurately treated by the author of these volumes, and forms a theme for meditation, which should meet with the immediate attention of all who are interested in the moral improvement of this colony.

The principal establishments of Bonn, the gymnasium and the university, are likewise minutely and satisfactory described by the author. The practice of duelling, though prevalent at the universities, is yet, when it comes to be explained, divested of all those terrors which the word in this country implies. The slightest quarrel is generally settled by an appeal to the swords; but what with the encasement of strong wadding which completely invests every vulnerable point of the body of each combatant, and what with the law of honour which defines the least scratch as a legal termination of the contest, the practice of duelling in the German universities is in practice, perhaps, as innocent a method of expiating violations of honour as could well be devised.

The traveller met with many of the surviving acquaintances of Beethoven, who had been a native of Bonn. The impression in England respecting this great composer was, and we believe still is, that the Germans let him die of starvation, in imitation of the tenderness with which we treat most of our countrymen who sacrifice their private fortune to the public good. Sir Arthur B. Faulkner, however, heard a very different account of the matter from those who were entitled to know most about it. Up to the hour of his death, Beethoven was in the receipt of an annual income of eight hundred florins from the personal purse of Prince Rodolph, besides which, he had collected the profits of his compositions, and these having sold very extensively, produced a sum, which, with his annuity, must have secured to Beethoven something very little short of affluence. Any deficiency in his means, therefore, must have been attributable altogether to his own folly, for he kept no accounts, knew little or nothing of, and cared less about money matters, and had a permanent drain upon his coffers in the person of a profligate nephew, the extravagance of whose habits was only outdone by that of his uncle's indulgence.

The institutions of Prussia, national and social, seem to have received considerable attention from the author during his stay in the north of Europe. Litigation appears to prosper but very indifferently in that cold region, and what is consoling is, that this fortunate exemption from a vicious propensity cannot be explained by the existence of a despotic government alone. The education of the people is commensurate with the extent of the population, and further, there is a universal feeling of confidence in the monarch which induces the subject to place confidence in his servants, and thus he readily refers all disputes to the burgomaster. The education of females in Prussia appears to be conducted on the principle of preferring use to ornament, and whether or not there be any relation between the two circumstances, certain it is, that the women are so famed for their correctness of conduct, as that the most searching of inquirers was unable to detect a single case in which a young lady of Prussia has been engaged in any frolic analagous in its nature to our Gretna Green expeditions. Marriages in Prussia are wonderfully cheap; the utmost which it costs even the richest man to pass the confines of bachelorship is not more than a louis d'or, whilst a poor one is let off for a franc: The portions of the ladies are on the same moderate scale—forty pounds, English, being about the average which satisfies a man in ordinary life.

The taxes on articles of consumption are very heavy in Prussia; but still the condition of the labouring classes is much better in that kingdom than in England. There is ample provision besides for the sick and for the unemployed labourer, and the fuel (which consists of a manufactured article) is so cheap, as to be within reach of almost the poorest inhabitants. The common beverage of the peasantry is beer, which they obtain at the rate of about twopence of our money per quart. In this part of Prussia, (for we are still in the neighbourhood of Bonn) one of the rank of a gentleman may enjoy all the comforts, and not a few of the luxuries of life, for about one thousand Prussian dollars, being a sum equal to three hundred pounds English. The proportion of natural deaths in this quarter is exceedingly small, a circumstance which may be accounted for by the precautions taken by most Germans against cold, whereby they are saved from all the inconveniences and perils of catarrhs and coughs. Suicide is very rare amongst them, and this is deemed a proof by the author, that so unnatural a crime as self-destruction can neither be generated nor encouraged by the excessive use of animal food, otherwise the proportion would be amongst the Germans about Bonn at least ten for every one perpetrated throughout Europe.

Brussels is the next place to which the author directs his critical attention. Here the most interesting object to his mind appeared to be the famous Barrere, the friend and fellow-labourer of Robespierre, and the president who occupied the judgment seat at the trial of Louis Capet. Barrere is now poor and old; he lives in a small lodging, with only one servant, and is quite unhappy on the Belgian soil. The author proceeds from Brussels to Darmstadt, with the state of which he appears to be tolerably satisfied, although he is aware that his countrymen are unpopular in that state.

A whole season was spent by Sir A. B. Faulkner in Holland, a space of time for observation which he seems to have employed with his usual acuteness and diligence. His impression with respect to the Dutch is decidedly unfavourable; they are represented by him as being dull, proud, cunning, by no means hospitable, but pre-eminently selfish, seldom extending their entertainments for guests beyond those which the author implies by the phrase of 'tea and turn out.' There is no taste for social intercourse amongst them, and at the few soirées to which Sir Arthur was invited, he was struck with the complete intellectual famine which the assemblages presented. Notwithstanding the provisions which are made throughout Holland for the education of the servile class, there is yet a great deal of doubtful morality amongst its members. The Dutch servants are declared by Sir Arthur to be the greatest thieves in Christendom, and with respect to those in easy station, there is no passion that rages in their souls more fiercely than the pride of birth, always, however, excepting their avarice. The aristocracy carry their *hauteur* to a pitch which becomes disgusting by its excess, and they, as well as Dutchmen in general, are obnoxious to the same charge of being indifferent to the value of independence and freedom. 'A Dutchman's patriotism,' the author tells us, 'like his canal, never rises one inch above the dead flat of his selfishness,' and hence there is but little regret for the loss of Belgium, which to the

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King of Holland was really no more than an expensive dead weight.

Sir Arthur happened to be in Holland at the period when the desultory hostilities which succeeded Leopold's accession were going on between the Belgians and the Dutch. He was therefore a witness of the strange license which the Hague newspapers assumed in sending forth the grossest mis-statements which it was possible to invent. To calumniate and humiliate England seemed to be one of the grand objects of this infatuated press, and hence they inveighed against the Reform Bill with all their might. In contrast with the sentiments of the Dutch as to this particular measure, Sir Arthur places the opinions, as collected by his own senses, of the well informed of every part of Germany; and he believes himself fully warranted in declaring, that the defeat of the Reform Bill would have been regarded by the great majority of that people as an irreparable calamity, inasmuch as they must be convinced that England, in all those struggles for liberty, is but the pioneer that makes straight the way for the nations to follow her, and that any delay which may retard for a moment her advancement in the glorious course, will be propagated, as it were, along the vast procession behind her, and which is anxious to tread in her steps. In pursuing his tour through the different parts of Holland, the author only gathers fresh materials for confirming his hostility to the Dutch.

In the range of his inquiries during his travels on the continent, Sir Arthur Faulkner has very properly comprehended the political state of Germany. At the present moment it is peculiarly interesting to trace the progress which constitutional liberty is making in that country, and to speculate on the chances which are presented of success to that eternal cause. At present, the only states where the semblance of a government on constitutional principles exists, are Darmstadt, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Grand Duchy of Baden, Saxe Weimar, Mecklenburg (both), Brunswick, together with Nassau. In Saxe Alterburg and Saxe Meinengen, and several other principalities, offers have been made of constitutions, and the people of Hanover and Saxony have now nearly succeeded in obtaining so desirable a blessing for themselves.

In those states, where there is a constitution in actual practice, the course of legislation is very extensively in the hands of the representative chambers. A bill is generally originated in the lower house, but there are peculiar rules of relation between the two which must prove very inconvenient to the progress of business. The sovereign in these states can create peers either hereditary, or merely for life. Lately the King of Bavaria had a creation for life, having been pushed by the old parliament in the matter of the supplies. The princes in the Protestant states unite the spiritual with the secular supremacy; in the Catholic states, the sectaries have the freest exercise of their religion, no distinction in political life being made on the score of religion. Clergymen, of all persuasions, may sit in the chambers; in Nassau and Darmstadt they are only admitted into the chamber of deputies, whilst in Bavaria and Wurtemberg they are eligible to both. In Austria alone is the philanthropist doomed to disappointment, in seeking throughout the German dominions the elements of moral amelioration, which are in almost every other of the states so happily abundant. Here the condition of the people is hopeless, for it has been one of the criminal devices of the immediate government to extirpate from the minds of the population every feeling almost that is worthy of our nature. From Germany the author makes a parenthetical visit in spirit to his native England, there to discuss the vices of the feudal domination, which are still connected with the pretensions of our aristocracy. Returning to his tour in Germany, he invites us to the state of Baden, and the peculiarities by which that division is physically and politically distinguished. The arrangements for paupers in Baden is quite on a par with those of the best states in Germany. The communes respectively support their own poor by voluntary subscription, beggars are, therefore, seldom seen, at least that description of them who are prevented by infirmity from supporting themselves. The practice which forms so objectionable a feature in the administration of the English poor laws, that of permitting a pauper to migrate from one parish to another, and in the latter to obtain a settlement, does not exist in Baden, or, we believe, in any part of Germany: ten years residence are necessary to qualify a pauper for partaking the parochial allowance.

The punishment of crime in Germany has been frequently adverted to, for the sound principles on which the penal code is adjusted. The policy of the state, in the first place, provides against the frequency of the crime, by extending the benefits of education as widely as the community to which it is afforded. Thus the numerous class amongst the lower orders of this country, whose age is from ten to fifteen years, are at present almost destitute of any security against the most corrupting temptations, while the analogous portion of the Baden community is engaged in improving their minds. Petty offences are punished with hard labour, and more serious crimes with the travail forcé. The extreme sentence of the law is decollation, which is executed by the sword. Capital punishments are rare, but the discipline established in the prisons secures the grand object of classification, and consequently the separation of those prisoners who might spread moral contamination amongst those less guilty than themselves.

We are unable to follow our author to the close of his journey, although from the commencement we have followed him pretty closely in his career.

The Buccaneer. 3 vols. 8vo. 1833.

In no other department, perhaps, is the literature of the day so fertile of talent as in the *fancy writers.* We by no means consider this complimentary to the understandings of the readers of such, for it cannot be denied that Colburn and Bentley have deluged the world with the most disgusting trash, far exceeding the former issues of the Minerva Press. But it is well when the works of fiction can be rendered subservient to useful instruction; but it is more safe to class them under the head of Amusement, since their efficiency, as instruments of mental or moral training, is very indirect and limited. Perhaps the Buccaneer, by Mrs. Hall, may, with a few exceptions, be safely recommended. There is a masculine vigour and breadth of style, a dramatic force of conception in her characters, and a range of imagination not displayed in any of her former writings. She ranks high among the illustrious British female writers of the present day. These are a goodly number, — Mrs. Hannah More, Miss Mitford, Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. Conder, Miss Martineau, (a most extraordinary woman,) Miss Lawrance, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Norton, &c.

In reference to the Buccaneer, the fair Novelist ventures upon an historical essay on the Protector's character. In our humble opinion, she has done great justice to the memory of that wonderful man—Cromwell.

'His Court was a rare example of irreproachable conduct, from which all debauchery and immorality were banished; while, such was his deep and intimate, though mysterious acquaintance with every occurrence throughout the Commonwealth, its subjects had the certainty of knowing that, sooner or later, whatever crimes they committed would of a surety reach the ear of the Protector. His natural abilities must always have been of the highest order, though in the early part of his career he discovered none of those extraordinary talents that afterwards gained him so much applause, and worked so upon the affections of the hearers and standers by. His mind may be compared to one of those valuable manuscripts that had long been rolled up and kept hidden from vulgar eyes, but which exhibits some new proof of wisdom at each unfolding. It has been well said by a philosopher, whose equal the world has not known since his day, "that a place showeth the man." Of a certainty Cromwell had no sooner possessed the opportunity so to do, than he showed to the whole world that he was destined to govern. "Some men achieve greatness, some men are born to greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." With Cromwell, greatness was achieved. He was the architect of his own fortunes, owing little to what is called, "change," less to patronage, and still less to crime, if we except the one sad blot upon the page of his own history, as connected with that of his country. There appears in his character but a small portion of that which is evil, blended with much that is undoubtedly good. Although his public speeches were, for the most part, ambiguous—leaving others to pick out his meaning—or, more frequently still having no meaning to pick out—being words, words, words—strung of mouldy sentences, Scriptural phrases, foolish exclamations, and such like; yet, when necessary, he showed that he could sufficiently command his style, delivering himself with so much energy, pith, propriety, and strength of expression, that it was commonly said of him under such circumstances, "every word he spoke was a thing." But the strongest indication of his vast abilities was, the extraordinary tact with which he entered into, dissected, and scrutinized the nature of human kind. No man ever dived into the manners and minds of those around him with greater penetration, or more rapidly discovered their natural talents and tempers. If he chanced to hear of a person fit for his purpose, whether as a minister, a soldier, an artizan, a preacher, or a spy,—no matter how previously obscure, he sent for him forthwith and employed him in the way in which he could be made most useful, and answer best the purpose of his employer. Upon this most admirable system, (a system in which, unhappily, he has had but few imitators among modern statesmen,) depended in a great degree his success. His devotion has been sneered at; but it has never been proved to have been insincere. With how much more show of justice may we consider it to have been founded upon a solid and upright basis, when we recollect that his whole outward deportment spoke its truth. Those who decry him as a fanatic, ought to bethink themselves that religion was the chivalry of the age in which he lived. Had Cromwell been born a few centuries earlier, he would have headed the Crusades, with as much bravery, and far better results, than our noble-hearted, but wrong-headed "Cœur de Lion." It was no great compliment that was passed on him by the French minister, when he called the Protector "the first captain of the age."

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His courage and conduct in the field were undoubtedly admirable: he had a dignity of soul which the greatest dangers and difficulties rather animated than discouraged, and his discipline and government of the army, in all respects, was the wonder of the world. It was no diminution of this part of his character, that he was wary in his conduct, and that, after he was declared Protector, he wore a coat-of-mail concealed beneath his dress. Less caution than he made use of, in the place he held, and surrounded as he was by secret and open enemies, would have deserved the name of negligence. As to his political sincerity, which many think had nothing to do with his religious opinion, he was, to the full, as honest as the first or second Charles.

'Of a truth, that same sincerity, it would appear, is no kingly virtue! Cromwell loved justice as he loved his own life, and wherever he was compelled to be arbitrary, it was only where his authority was controverted, which, as things then were, it was not only right to establish for his own sake, but for the peace and security of the country over whose proud destinies he had been called to govern. "The dignity of the crown," to quote his own words, "was upon the account of the nation, of which the king was only the representative head, and therefore, the nation being still the same, he would have the same respect paid to his ministers as if he had been a king." England ought to write the name of Cromwell in letters of gold, when she remembers that, within a space of four or five years, he avenged all the insults that had been lavishly flung upon her by every country in Europe throughout a long disastrous, and most perplexing civil war. Gloriously did he retrieve the credit that had been mouldering and decaying during two weak and discreditable reigns of nearly fifty years' continuance—gloriously did he establish and extend his country's authority and influence in remote nations—gloriously acquire the real mastery of the British Channel—gloriously send forth fleets that went and conquered, that never sullied the union-flag by an act of dishonour or dissimulation!

'Not a single Briton, during the Protectorate, but could demand and receive either reparation or revenge for injury, whether it came from France, from Spain, from any open foe or treacherous ally;—not an oppressed foreigner claimed his protection but it was immediately and effectually granted. Were things to be compared to this in the reign of either Charles?' Vol. III. pp. 19—24.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

On the 28th August, 1817, this terrible disorder appeared at Jassore, a very considerable town, situated about 100 miles north-east of Calcutta. At Jassore it proved fatal to about one tenth of the inhabitants. In less than a month it travelled from thence to Calcutta, visiting village after village in its journey, and sweeping off thousands of the population. From Calcutta it spread in different directions. Following the course of the Ganges, it extended northward to Delhi, desolating Benares, Lucknow, Agra, and other cities. Benares lost 15,000 inhabitants. In an army of 18,000 men, under the command of the Marquis of Hastings, encamped at Mundelah, Gubblepore, and Saugor, on the southern branches of the Upper Ganges, more than half were swept off by the Cholera in twelve days.—Having passed the banks of the Nebuddah, it reached Bombay, to the westward, in September, 1818, (one year after its first appearance in Calcutta,) taking, in its course, among many other places, the famous cities of Aurungabad and Poonah.

To the south from Calcutta its travels were equally rapid and destructive. It reached Madras in October, 1818, and arrived soon after at the extremity of the peninsula, diffusing itself over the whole Coromandel coast. In the following January it passed over from the peninsula to Ceylon, and laid in the dust a large number of the inhabitants. In November, 1819, it broke out in the Isle of France, and in six weeks destroyed one-fourth of the population. It is supposed to have been brought to this island from Ceylon, a distance of nearly 1000 leagues, in the Topaz frigate, which arrived at Port Louis in October, 1819. Many of the crew died of the Cholera during the voyage; and, though there were no cases on board on her arrival, yet three weeks after the landing of the convalescents, the desolating disease began its work of destruction among the inhabitants. Soon after its appearance at Calcutta, it commenced a rapid journey of mortality to the eastward. It travelled along the coast of Bengal, to the kingdom of Arracan, where it arrived in the early part of 1819. It proceeded from Arracan to Siam, in the capital of which it destroyed 40,000 inhabitants. Having traversed the kingdom of Siam, it passed through the peninsula of Malacca, and visited in regular succession the islands of Sumatra, Java, and Borneo. It re-appeared in Java in 1822, when it removed 100,000 souls into eternity. In the same year (1822) it paid a terrific visit to Celebes, Amboyna, and several other islands of the Eastern Archipelago. It attacked Cochin-China and Tonquin in 1820; entered China, and began its ravages at Canton, and scattered its fatal poison over the Philippine and Spice Islands, towards the close of the same year. It arrived at Pekin in the early part of 1821, and proved so mortal to Pekin and Nankin during that and the two following years, in defiance of the strictest precautions, that the public treasury was obliged to furnish funds to bury the dead. In about one year the Cholera travelled over the whole Indian Peninsula, containing 600,000 square miles; and in less than two years it ravaged a territory in Asia of about 1,300 leagues in length, and 1,000 in breadth—nearly one hundred and twenty millions of square miles.

The Cholera re-attacked Bombay in 1821, and, taking the islands in its course, it proceeded westward towards Europe. It crossed the Arabian Sea, and made its appearance at Muscat, situated at the eastern extremity of Arabia. To the inhabitants of this commercial city, it proved very destructive Passing on both sides up the straits of Ormus and the Persian Gulf, it extended on the Persian side to Shiraz, Yezd, Ispahan, Tabereez, and into Armenia: and on the Arabian side, at the head of the Persian Gulf, it attacked Bassorah, an Ottoman town, with terrible mortality sweeping off one-fourth of the population in 14 days. To the northward it proceeded up the Euphrates and Tigris to Bagdad, and slew one-third of its inhabitants. From Bagdad it ascended to Astrachan, a populous town on the northern shore of the Caspian Sea, at the mouth of the Volga, where it arrived in September, 1823.—To the westward from Bassorah, it proceeded to the shores of the Mediterranean, ravaging Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Syria. In 1823 it appeared at two points on the frontier of Europe.

From 1823 to 1830 Asia has been annually subjected to the scourge of this terrible pestilence. It did not, however, pass over into the European territories until July, 1830, when, after severely re-attacking Astrachan, it passed along the Don, the Dnieper, and the Volga into Europe, traversing a space of 1,600 miles in less than three months It penetrated to the heart of the Russian empire; among the Don Cossacks its ravages were extensive; it made successive attacks upon the capitals of the several provinces south of Moscow; it entered Moscow three months after its re-appearance at Astrachan, and made a prey of above 5000 inhabitants. In 1831, the Cholera entered Poland, by the Russian armies, and visited most of the villages and towns of that unfortunate kingdom. It soon reached the shores of the Baltic, successively attacked Riga and Dantzic, and, in defiance of rigid quarantine regulations, and every possible precaution, entered St. Petersburg. It passed into Prussia, and made its appearance in Berlin, Hamburg, and other German cities. It passed from Syria into Asia Minor, and was very destructive in Smyrna. From Astrachan it directed its course westward to the Sea of Asoph, traversed the northern shores of the Black Sea to the mouth of the Danube, which it ascended, scourging Hungary in its march, and arrived at Vienna before the winter of 1831. On the approach of winter, its malignity appeared to subside upon the continent of Europe. The British nation, however, was soon paralyzed with a panic of alarm, by its sudden appearance at Sunderland, on the eastern coast of England. Soon after, it appeared in other places, visiting Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Ireland. It has since crossed the Atlantic, arrived upon the American shores, entered its towns, terminated the probationary state of several thousands of her people, and emptied many a habitation of its most needed inmates. It still exists, and prevails to a considerable extent in New York, and other places in the neighbouring states.

Whether the pestilence is yet destined to circumnavigate the whole inhabited globe, is only known to Him, who has in so fearful a manner poured his vial of wrath upon the air.

In conclusion, we beg to add a few general observations on this disease.

1. It is not generally admitted by physicians that Cholera is a disease peculiar to the present century. Physicians of India profess to have the best authority for believing that it carried off 30,000 inhabitants of Bengal in 1762, and revisited that region in 1781; that it appeared at Madras in 1744, in the Isle of France in 1775, and in Arcot in 1787. It is also affirmed by respectable authority, that the epidemic pestilence in England in 1669 and in 1676 was no other than the present spasmodic Cholera.

2. An alarming fact connected with the history of the Cholera is, that it establishes itself permanently in almost every place that it attacks, and breaks out at intervals in its dreadful ravages upon the inhabitants. It attacked Calcutta 14 times, or every year from 1817 to 1830; Madras, 9 times; Bombay, 12 times; the principal cities of India, frequently. Its frequent irruptions in China, Persia, and Syria, furnish abundant facts of the same kind; the same is likely to be the case in England; it will probably be the same in this country. It has been ascertained that, up to May, 1831, there have been *six hundred and fifty-six* IRRUPTIONS of the Cholera

3. The destructiveness of this disease exceeds the mortality of any plague or pestilence recorded in ancient or modern, sacred or profane, history. Its mortality in *India* for the last fourteen years has been estimated at *two millions five hundred thousand, annually*. At the lowest estimate, it has swept off *eighteen millions* of human beings in Hindostan, and *thirty-six millions* in Europe and the rest of Asia—about one in sixteen of the inhabitants of the globe!

4. The capriciousness of the disease is very extraordinary, and several facts connected with it appear to be unaccountable upon any ascertained principles of physiology. In some cases, not more than one half or one third of the infected parish; at other times, without any perceptible variation of circumstances, six out of seven of its victims perish. It is stated, that the disease has sometimes taken a complete circle round a town or village, passed on to another district, and then, after the lapse of several weeks, returned, passed by the places heretofore infected, and ravaged the places which had so recently escaped. In the very heart of a Cholera district have been found

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neighbourhoods and patches of territory perfectly free from the infection of the disease. It is sometimes most fatal in filthy habitations, crowded neighbourhoods, low moist places, and the hot season; yet it originated in a country where ablutions are frequent, even as a religious ceremony—it was proportionably as destructive in the province of Caucasus, where there are but eight inhabitants to a square league, as in Hindostan, where there are 1200 in the same space—it malignantly ravaged the villages of the Himalaya mountains, 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and in unwatered Arabia—it attacked Moscow in the dead of winter, with the thermometer 16 degrees below zero, and spread with increasing rapidity as the weather grew colder. Who can explain these phenomena of this disease?

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

From Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.

Benediction of an Irish Beggar.—"'God save the house!' exclaimed Darby, on entering—'God save the house, an' all that's in it! God save it to the north!' and he formed the sign of the cross in that direction; 'God save it to the south! ✝ to the aiste! ✝ and to the vaiste! ✝ Save it upwards! ✝ and save it downwards! ✝ Save it backwards! ✝ and save it forwards! ✝ Save it right! ✝ and save it left! ✝ Save it by night! ✝ save it by day! ✝ Save it here! ✝ save it there! ✝ Save it this way! ✝ an' save it that way! ✝ Save it atin! ✝✝✝ an' save it drinkin'! ✝✝✝✝✝✝✝ Oxis Doxis Glorioxis—Amin. An' now that I've blessed the place, in the name of the nine patriarchs, how are yees all, men, women, and child? An' a merry Christmas to yees, says Darby More!"

An Irish Oath against Liquor.—We must just observe, that the swearer believes his drunken habits prolong his wife's stay in purgatory.

"Oath against liquor, made by me, Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath, on behalf of Misther Pether O'Connell, of the Cross-roads, merchant, on one part, and of the soul of Mrs. Ellish O'Connell, now in purgatory, merchantess, on the other. I solemnly, and meritoriously, and soberly swear, that a single tumbler of whisky-punch shall not cross my lips, during the twenty-four hours of the day, barring *twelve*, the locality of which is as followeth:—

Imprimis—Two tumblers at home	2
Secundo—Two more ditto at my son Dan's	2
Tertio—two more ditto behind my own garden.	2
Quarto—One ditto at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's	1
Quinto—Two more ditto at Frank Carroll's, of Kilclay	2
Sexto—One ditto wid ould Bartle Gorman, of Nurchasy	1
Sedtimo—Two more ditto wid Michael Morris, of Cargah	2
	12

"N. B. I except in case any docthor of physic might think it right and medical to ordher me more for my health; or in case I could get Father Mulcahy to take the oath off me for a start, at a wedding, or a christening, or at any other meeting of friends where there's drink.

his
"PETHER X O'CONNELL.
mark.

"Witness present,
Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath,
June the 4th, 18—.

"☞ I certify that I have made and calculated this oath for Misther Pether O'Connell, merchant, and that it is strictly and arithmetically proper and correct.

"Cornelis O'Flaherty, Philomath.

"Dated this 4th day of June, 18—.

"'I think, Misther O'Flaherty, it's a dacent oath, as it stands. Plase God I'll swear to it some time to-morrow evenin'.' 'Dacent! Why I don't wish to become eulogistically addicted: but I'd back the same oath, for both grammar and arithmetic, against any that ever was drawn up by a lawyer—ay, by Counsellor O'Connell himself!—but faith, I'd not face him at vow, for all that; he's the greatest man at a vow in the three kingdoms.' 'I'll tell you what I'm thinkin', masther; as my hand's in, mightn't I as well take another wid an ould frind o' mine, Andy Cavanagh, of Lisbuy? He's a dacent ould residenther, an' likes it. It'll make the baker's, or the long dozen.' 'Why it's not a bad thought; but won't thirteen get into your head?' 'No, nor three more to the back o' thet. I only begin to get hearty about seventeen; so that the long dozen, afther all, is best; for God he knows I've regard for Andy Cavanagh this many a year, an' I wouldn't wish to lave him out.' 'Very well, I'll add it up to the other part of the oath.

Octavo—One ditto out of respect for dacent Andy Cavanagh of Lisbuy 1

Now I must make the total amount thirteen, an' all will be right.' 'Masther, have you a prayer-book widin? bekase if you have, I may as well swear it here, an' you can witness it.' 'Katty, hand over the *Spiritual* Exercises—a book aquil to the Bible itself for piety an' devotion.' 'Sure they say, masther, any book that the name o' God's in, is good for an oath. Now, wid the help o' goodness, repate the words afore me, an' I'll sware thim.'"

Unfortunately Peter's memory becomes confused, and he visits the schoolmaster to see if they can devise no sort of sober system of mnemonics.

"'Masther,' said he, 'we must thry an' make this oath somethin' plainer. You see, whin I get confused, I'm not able to remimber things as I ought. Sometimes, instid o' one tumbler, I take two at the wrong place; an' sarra bit o' me but called in an' had three wid ould Jack Rogers, that isn't in it at all. On another day I had a couple wid honest Barny Casy, an my way acrass to Bartle Gorman's I'm not what I was, masther, ahagur; so I'd thank you to dhraw it out more clearer; if you can, nor it was.'—'I see, Mr. Connell; I comprehend wid the greatest ase in life the very plan for it. We must reduce the oath to geography, for I'm at home there, bein' a surveyor myself. I'll lay down a map o' the parish, an' draw the houses of your friends at their proper places, so that you'll never be out o' your latitude at all.' 'Faix, I doubt that, masther! ha, ha, ha!' replied Peter; 'I'm afeard I will, of an odd time, for I'm not ably to carry what I used to do; but no matther: thry what you can do for me this time, ane how. I think I could bear the long dozen still, if I didn't make mistakes.' O'Flaherty accordingly set himself to work; and as his knowledge, not only of the parish, but of every person and house in it, was accurate, he soon had a tolerably correct skeleton map of it drawn for Peter's use. 'Now,' said he, 'lend me your ears.' 'Faix, I'll do no sich thing,' replied Peter; 'I know a trick worth two of it. Lend you my ears, inagh!—catch me at it! You have a bigger pair of your own nor I have—ha, ha, ha!' 'Well, in other words, pay attention. Now, see this dot—that's your own house.' Put a crass there,' said Peter, 'an' thin I'll know it's the Crass-roads.' 'Upon my reputation, you're right; an' that's what I call a good specimen of ingenuity. I'll take the hint from that, an' we'll make it a hieroglyphical as well as a geographical oath. Well, there's a crass wid two tumblers. Is that clear? 'It is, it is! Go an.' 'Now here we draw a line to your son Dan's. Let me see; he keeps a mill, an' sells cloth. Very good. I'll dhraw a mill-wheel an' a yard-wand. There's two tumblers. Will you know that?' 'I see it: go an, nothing can be clearer. So far I can't go astray.' 'Well, what next? Two behind your own garden. What metaphor for the garden? Let me see! let me cogitate! A dragon—the Hesperides! That's beyant you. A bit of a hedge will do, an' a gate.' 'Don't put a gate in, it's not lucky. You know when a man takes to dhrink, they say he's goin' a gray gate, or a black gate, or a bad gate. Put that out, an' make the hedge longer, an' it'll do—wid the two tumblers, though.' They're down. One at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's. How will we thranslate the priest? 'Faix, I doubt that will be a difficult business.' 'Upon my reputation, I agree wid you in that, especially whin he repates Latin. However, we'll see. He writes P. P. after his name;—pee-pee is what we call the turkeys wid. What 'ud you think o' two turkeys?' 'The priest would like them roasted, but I couldn't undherstand that. No; put down the sign o' the horse-whip, or cudgel; for he's handy, an' argues well wid both? 'Good! I'll put down the horsewhip first, an' the cudgel alongside of it; then the tumbler, an' there 'ill be the sign o' the priest' 'Ay, do, masther, an' faix the priest 'ill be complete; there can be no mistakin' him thin. Divil a one, but that's a good thought!' 'There it is, in black an' white. Who comes next? Frank Carroll. He's a farmer. I'll put down a spade an' a harrow. Well, that's done—two tumblers.' 'I won't mistake that aither. It's clear enough.' 'Bartle Gorman's of Nurchasy. Bartle's a little lame, an' uses a staff wid a cross on the end that he houlds in his hand. I'll put down a staff wid a cross on it.' 'Would there be no danger of me mistakin' that for the priest's cudgel?' 'Not the slightest. I'll pledge my knowledge of geography, they're two very different weapons.' 'Well, put it down; I'll know it.' 'Michael Morris of Cargah. What for him? Michael's a pig-driver. I'll put down a pig. You'll comprehend that?' 'I ought; for many a pig I sould him in my day. Put down the pig; an' if you could put two black spots upon his back, I'd know it to be one I sould him about four years agone—the fattest ever was in the country—it had to be brought home on a car, for it wasn't able to walk wid fat.' 'Very good; the spots are on it. The last is Andy Cavanagh of Lisbuy. Now, do you see that I've drawn a line from place to place, so that you have nothing to do only to keep to it as you go. What for Andy? 'Andy! Let me see; Andy! Pooh! What's come over me that I have nothing for Andy? Ay! I have it. He's a horse-jockey; put down a gray mare I sould him about five years agone'—'I'll put down a horse; but I can't make a gray mare wid black ink.' 'Well, make a mare of her, any way.' 'Faith, an' that same puzzles me. Stop, I have it; I'll put a foal along wid her.' 'As good as the bank. God bless you, Misther O'Flaherty. I think this'll keep me from mistakes. An' now, if you'll slip up to me afther dusk, I'll send you down a couple of bottles and a flitch. Sure you desarve more for the throuble you tuck.'"

HIGHLAND FIDELITY.

(From the Gaelic.)

ON the night of the battle of Culloden, while Donald Kennedy was sitting at the fire with his two sons, grown up boys, beside him, and his wife was busy dressing a wound he had received in the leg, in the heat of the engagement, a timid rap was heard at the door. 'Come in,' cried Donald, 'Come in,' said his wife and two sons at once.

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Donald's wife, snatching a piece of fir in her hand, which burned on the cheek of the chimney, hastened to the door, to shew the unexpected visitor 'ben,' to the fire. Before she got the length of the door, it was partially opened, and the pale countenance of a tall figure muffled up in a coarse cloak presented itself. It looked eagerly towards the fire-side, as if afraid to enter, until it had got some idea of the character of the inmates.

'Come in, please your honour,' said Donald's wife, as she approached the door.

The figure, after having seemingly satisfied itself there was no particular danger, advanced towards the hearth, and sat down on a roughly-made chair, which Donald placed before the fire for the purpose.

Donald's two boys, who were at that time of life when the mind is most apt to give credence to the stories about apparitions, which were then so current in the Highlands, stood trembling beside their father, clearly under the impression that the figure was some supernatural visitant.

All this time the stranger had not uttered a word, but, after being seated, cast repeated looks to all corners of the house, as if uneasy lest there should be other inmates than it had yet seen. Donald broke the temporary silence which prevailed, after the mysterious visitant had taken a seat. 'It is a dark night, and not very pleasant travelling in so hilly a country as this,' said the Highland host to his guest.

'Well do I know that, for I have been travelling till I am quite exhausted,' said the stranger.

You looked very fatigued, indeed: Mary, lassie, get the worn-out gentleman a little of the 'creature' to refresh him, said Donald, turning from the stranger to his wife.

The words were hardly uttered, when the whiskey bottle was brought. 'Take a glass, Sir; it will do you good,' said Mary, as she held out a glass of whiskey to the stranger.

The latter took the glass from her hand. 'Your good health, my woman: yours, Sir, and all your friends,' said he, as he put the liquid to his mouth. 'Drink it out, Sir, it will do you good,' said Donald and his wife, simultaneously. The stranger emptied the glass, and thanked his host and his wife for their hospitality. Both the latter drank to the figure's good health.

'Yesterday was a sad day on Culloden Moor,' said the stranger, moving his chair somewhat nearer the fire.

'It was that, your honour, for friend and foe,' said Donald.

'You have been in the engagement, I presume, from the wound you have got,' observed the stranger.

Donald, who had from the first inferred from his guest's manner, that he was a person belonging to the higher ranks of life, now began to surmise, that he was one of the friends of the Duke of Cumberland. He, consequently, judged it most prudent to return an evasive answer to the question. 'A price is set upon the Pretender: it will be a wonder if he be not apprehended,' said the stranger. Donald, on hearing the word Pretender, cast a sinister look at his guest.

'Have you heard of the thirty thousand pounds offered for his head, dead or alive? That will be a chance to somebody,' resumed the stranger. 'They have been speaking about it, I believe,' answered the Highland-man drily.

There was now a coolness in Donald's manner, compared with what it was at first, which the stranger could not fail to remark. I know the place of Charles' concealment: it is not far off; if you will assist me in delivering him up to his enemies, we shall share the princely reward between us.'

Donald, wounded though he was, started that moment to his feet, and darting to a corner of the room for his sword, returned with the weapon is his hand 'Sir,' said he, his eye flashing with indignation, as he spoke, Sir, thou art a dead man, rather than that thou shouldst be the means of the Prince losing his life.' As he spoke, he drew his weapon, and was about to thrust it at the stranger, when Mary rushed in between them.

'Hold!' said the stranger, 'I am the Prince.' And so saying, he embraced Donald, and burst into a flood of tears. 'My friend,' said he, as soon as the fulness of his heart allowed him to speak; 'my friend, I only spoke thus, to see whether I was in the cottage of a friend or foe; such proofs of attachment, such noble-mindedness, are rarely to be met with in the world.'

Donald was confounded at the disclosure. For a time he could scarcely credit the presence, in his own house, of the Prince he so much loved and venerated. Charles threw aside his cloak, and entering into familiar conversation with Donald, soon satisfied him of his identity. 'Thy wound, then, my friend, has been got in my service,' said the Prince. 'It was,' said the other. 'Had I ten thousand lives, I would willingly have sacrificed them all for thee.' 'Friend, if I recover my rightful crown and dominions, thou shalt not be forgotten,' said Charles. 'I seek no such reward,' said the other. 'Donald and his wife, together with the Prince, then entered into conversation, as to the most effectual means of concealing the latter from his enemies. It was agreed that the best way would be to keep one of Donald's sons constantly stationed in the daytime on a neighbouring eminence, whence could be seen at a great distance any suspicious persons coming in the direction of the Highland-man's house; in which case the young lad was to give the alarm in time for the Prince to conceal himself in a hiding-place provided for the purpose. Donald had fewer fears for the safety of his illustrious ward during the night, as a large mastiff he kept, would keep any intruders at bay after he was unchained, which he regularly was, during the Prince's stay, immediately on its getting dark. While thus solicitously careful about Charles' personal safety, Donald and his wife were not forgetful of his comfort, in so far as it was in their power to administer it They daily sent their youngest son to Inverness, a distance of fourteen miles, to procure such conveniences for him as were within the reach of their humble means. After remaining for fifteen days in Donald's humble habitation, by which time his enemies relaxed the rigorousness of their search for him, the Prince parted with his tried friend, and by travelling in disguise escaped to some of the western islands, whence, after waiting his opportunity, he escaped to France.

In four years afterwards, news was received at Loch Ness Side, one cold winter's day, that a Highlandman belonging to that part of the country, was apprehended, and put into Inverness jail, charged with 'lifting a cow' belonging to a neighbouring laird. Who the person was, the Fort Augustus footpost could not tell. Next day, however, it was ascertained that the unfortunate Highlandman was Donald Kennedy. The sensation which the announcement of this fact created throughout the country, was most intense; for all had by this time heard of his courage in battle, as well as of the extraordinary fidelity he had shewn to Charles.

As the day of Donald's trial advanced, public interest in his fate grew deeper and deeper. Never was the sympathy of the community, in the case of any malefactor, so strongly expressed. All knew that the offence with which Donald was charged, could be substantiated by the clearest evidence; and the only hope of his escaping the sanguinary clutches of the law, was in the possibility of a flaw being detected in the indictment The day of Donald's trial arrived. Never before was Inverness so crowded on any similar occasion. Strangers poured in from all quarters. The court was opened, and Donald's trial proceeded. During the whole time it lasted, the stillness of death pervaded all present. The evidence was so clear, that the jury could not but convict, unless they chose to commit the most wilful perjury. The thing pained them beyond measure. A verdict of guilty was returned.

The counsel for the prisoner then rose, and addressed the Bench in mitigation of punishment. He dwelt most feelingly on the extraordinary display of noble-mindedness which the panel had given in protecting the life of the Pretender, when he knew that by delivering him up he would receive a reward of £30,000; and hoped that one who had displayed so much virtue and disinterestedness would not be severely punished for an offence unaccompanied with bloodshed or violence, and to which the unhappy man had been impelled dy dire necessity.

The judge proceeded to pass sentence. The tear that glistened in his lordship's eye, and the unusual solemnity of his appearance, told before the words were uttered, the sentence to be pronounced. His lordship then said, that during his whole official career he never met with a case of so affecting a nature; and had the prisoner stood convicted of any other offence, murder excepted, he should have been as lenient as the law would admit; but the crime of stealing cattle being unfortunately so prevalent in that part of the country, examples were urgently called for; and as, moreover, every late case of the kind had been visited with the extreme penalty, it was his duty, however agonizing to his feeling, to sentence the prisoner at the bar to be executed that day six weeks. Sentence was pronounced accordingly.

The passing of the sentence excited a thrill of the deepest sorrow among all present. There was scarcely a dry eye in the court.

The hour appointed for the execution arrived. Donald mounted the ladder with a firm step. He looked around on the assembled multitude, and after standing silent and motionless for a few minutes, as if his heart had been too full for utterance, he shortly addressed the spectators. He told them that he did not fear death, in so far as he himself was concerned; but he felt reluctant to quit the world, to leave his wife and two sons exposed to scorn. He expressed his satisfaction that it was not for taking away the life of a human creature, or any other crime which the voice of religion or conscience pronounced to be one of a deep die,—that he was about to suffer a disgraceful death. He concluded by making one request; and none of those who were present were likely ever to forget the emphasis with which he made it, or the supplicating looks which accompanied the words. That request was, that nobody would ever 'cast up' to his wife or sons, the ignominious fate to which he had been doomed, and which he was about to meet. 'If you do, said he, 'you will shorten Mary's days, and drive the fatherless lads to a country where no heather blooms.'

He would evidently have proceeded, but the heavings of his breast choked his utterance. He dropped the signal, and in a few seconds was in another world. A deep groan simultaneously bursting from the crowd, told how deeply they felt for the unfortunate Donald.

Such is the substance of the story which the old man we met in the Glen of Aultmore told my friend and me. It is nothing to read it, compared with hearing it drop from the lips of the old man. He had it all from his father who witnessed the execution, and who could never allude to his fate without dropping a tear. We felt deeply effected at the recital. And many a hundred times have I since thought of the illustrious fidelity of Donal l Kennedy, and denounced both the law and the judge, which, for so trivial an offence as Donald afterwards committed, could have doomed him to an ignominious end. *(A Tourist.)*

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

The streets of Pompeii are paved with LAVA, although the eruption of Vesuvius, in 73, is mentioned as the first. This leads to conjectures, however fruitless, on the vicissitudes which the classic soil of Italy may have undergone! Other HERCULANEA and other POMPEII may lie deeply buried beneath those which restless curiosity is now resuscitating!

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The THERMÆ or PUBLIC BATHS, are objects of no mean curiosity, since the uses of all their parts are quite unequivocal. We traverse, with no small surprise, the undressing room—the cold bath—the tepidarium, or warm-air bath—the CALIDARIUM, or VAPOUR-BATH, furnished at one end with a common liquid hot bath—at the other with a spouting hot-bath, &c. We see the place where the boilers were placed, not only for supplying hot water, but VAPOUR, which is conveyed by pipes into the interstices of the double walls, with small sieve-like or capillary apertures, to let the vapour into the CALIDARIUM. In short, invention was tortured to construct these public baths, in which hundreds bathed in common, with every thing that could minister to luxury. Considering the sultry atmosphere which the Pompeians breathed, we are not disposed to indulge in rigid censure on the enervating influence of these public Thermæ. Nor ought we to blame a people, who were shut out from all common or political feeling with the rest of the world, for indulging in the fictitious joys and sorrows of the stage. But when we proceed from the THEATRE to the AMPHITHEATRE, and survey the now empty benches where TWENTY THOUSAND spectators eyed, with rapturous delight, the mortal conflicts of men and animals on the ensanguined arena, a sense of horror at the cruelty, supersedes a sense of disgust at the licentiousness of a people, who united the wantonness of the goat with the ferocity of the hyæna! While pacing the lofty gallery that runs round this spacious amphitheatre, commanding an enchanting prospect of the Apennines and the ocean—of Vesuvius and the Bay of Napels, we are reminded by history that on this very spot, and on the 24th of August, 79, TWENTY THOUSAND Pompeians raised the shout of pleasure at the sight of blood and butchery on the arena beneath them—but, on casting their eyes towards the smoking mountain, had their joy suddenly turned into unutterable terror, when they beheld, rising from its crater "that terrific column of boiling water and volcanic substances which suddenly transformed this majestic amphitheatre, and the whole city, into a barren hill of pumice-stones and ashes!" The horror and dismay with which this immense multitude rushed towards the SARNO and the SEA, to escape the showers of fire and the torrents of mud that issued from Vesuvius, must have been a scene unparalleled in the annals of human disasters! If an over-ruling Providence ever deigns to manifest its displeasure through the instrumentality of such destructive operations of natural causes, this catastrophe may have been a judgment on manifold transgressions against the laws of Nature and of Nature's God! But although it would be presumptuous in man to pronounce on such awful events, it might be wisdom in him to look upon them as indications of offended justice, in times when vice prevails.—*(Dr. J. Johnson.)*

LITERARY CONDITION OF PORTUGAL.

THE political changes and civil commotions—the rebellions and insurrections—the alternate establishment of schemes of freedom too wild to suit the temper or secure the tranquillity of the nation, and of a despotism under which no national art or accomplishment could flourish—have been more fatal to the culture or progress of Portugueze literature, than even the uncontrouled sway of the Inquisition itself. During the war of independence, the whole energy which the inglorious tyranny and deadening superstition of the last three sovereigns had left the people or the nobility, was devoted to the field. The lecture-halls of Coimbra were deserted for the camp—and a few patriotic songs or other poems of no great merit constituted nearly all the literary harvest which could be reaped in the sight of the Gallic legions. On the return of peace the muses were not allowed to repose under the laurels of victory. The absence of the court and the great nobility in Brazil, the play of the factions at home, and the necessarily provisional state of affairs which thence resulted, kept the people in a ferment of political discontent or of political expectation, unfavourable to the secure leisure and quiet pursuits of literature. The insurrection of Oporto in 1820, and the consequent revolution which established the Cortes for nearly two years and a half at Lisbon, converted every man who could write into a political partizan, and totally withdrew the minds of the nation from the enjoyment or the cultivation of poetry and literature. It is needless to say that the combined powers of superstition and of absolutism, which were strong enough to overturn the inverted pyramid of constitutional freedom, (which had no basis in national institutions,) was more than enough to oppress any feeble commencement of literary independence, and to extinguish every spark of literary ambition. In a country where a little earthen image of two or three inches long, said to have been discovered by a dog in a rabbit hole, was proclaimed a miracle-worker, and escorted by the royal family and the civil and military authorities to the cathedral of Lisbon, where it wrought so many miracles as to give its guardians a power of overthrowing the constitution—in such a country, what could be expected from the renewed ascendency of the monks and priests? Where almost every man who had learned to read, or who professed a wish to read any thing more than his missal, was liable to be denounced as a free-mason, a revolutionist, or an atheist, what encouragement could there be for the cultivation of intellect in any liberal walk of exertion? A considerable number of the most enlightened men of the nation were driven to exile, and those who remained were obliged to conceal their literary acquisitions, or ther liberal tastes, under the penalties of something worse than banishment. The death of King John, the absence of Don Miguel, and the confinement of the intriguing old queen, gave another interval of unquiet freedom to Portugal under a constitutional charter. The hopes of the enlightened portion of the nation (embracing many of those who were most opposed to the Cortes of 1820, 1821, and 1822,) were unbounded, and as the political ferment, or the rage for political innovation, was less violent than at the former period, a better prospect was held out for the cultivation of science and letters. Some books of merit, previously prepared, were then published, literary criticism began to be indulged, and two or three of the poetical writers whose productions have been alluded to with praise in the preceding part of this article, distinguished themselves by the publication of their works. These (for instance, Mozinho de Albuquerque and Almeida Garrett) and many more, are now in exile, or in the ranks of civil conflict, having been driven from their homes and their pursuits by one of the most brutal and brutalizing despotisms that ever disgraced or degraded mankind. They may re-publish their collections of their works in the land of their exile, but poetry does not, like thistle-down, take root on every soil on which it may happen to be blown by a tempest.

The prospects of Portugueze literature at the present moment are dreary in the extreme. In whatever way the contest terminates, the genius of the people cannot be directed with energy to liberal pursuits for many years. If Don Miguel succeeds, unheard of horrors must be perpetrated to celebrate his triumph. Farewell then to every exertion of mind during his reign, but in the ravings of fanaticism or the justification of tyranny. The press will then remain, as it is now, the instrument for publishing the lies of the court, the tales of pretended miracles, and the sentences of arbitrary judges. Should, on the other hand, victory declare for the standard of the young queen, now upheld by the hand of her father, there must still be a long interval of poverty anxiety, and agitation, before the muses can be recalled. This, however, is incalculably the best alternative of the two, in this Thebaic contest—this unnatural war between the two brothers; and no lover of Portugueze literature can say, with the patriotic indifference of the mother of Polynices,

"——— Rex sit e vobis utter,
Manente regno."

(Foreign Quarterly.)

BRITISH INDIA.

The Brahmins—Hindoo Laws—Christianity—Bright Prospects—Duty of Christians.

It is the policy of the Brahmins to make their own caste the sole depository of knowledge. Aware that its diffusion is the communication of power and of freedom, they know that their despotism must cease, their influence, their honours, and their wealth evaporate, if once the avenues of science are open to the vulgar, if once they are permitted to inquire and to investigate. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that a spirit is abroad with healing on its wings. At the seat of government a wonderful change is effecting; men of the higher orders are beginning to emancipate themselves from the triple fetters in which more than three thousand ages have found them. They are associated with Europeans, in literary and scientific societies, as well as in other undertakings. They publish a journal in their own language, and printing is likely to be as efficacious in abolishing their superstitions, as it has been universally proved the mightiest engine in the amelioration of the intellectual and social condition of the nations of the West. The throwing of a greater portion of wealth into the hands of other classes, which has been the effect of our intercourse with them, must also produce beneficial effects,—slow, perhaps, in their operation, but certain in their ultimate issue.

No political constitution ever was more adverse to the progress of intellect than that established by the Hindoo laws. Bound by them to follow the vocation of his father, however contrary to his genius, hostile to his feelings, or humiliating to his ambition, a son must remain for ever in the same sphere in which he was born, and from which, as neither heroism nor talent can elevate him, the stimulus to both is withdrawn. No aristocracy in Europe even approaches to that exclusive spirit which separates the Brahmin from the other orders, and places an eternal and impassable gulf between him and the unfortunate Paria; that race born to bear the curse, "aliens to the commonwealth" of heir brethren,—"hewers of wood and drawers of water,"—scorned and outcast—uncheered by hope—incapable of obtaining consideration from their kind—shut out from the social tie, as if foredoomed to vice, "hating and hateful." But, under the British government, they recover, in some degree, their privileges, and naturally become attached to rulers, under whom they are secure in the possession of the fruits of their industry; and, being a numerous body of the people, they are never despicable as adherents.

The respect entertained by the natives for our superior prowess, our acquirements, and our science, is doubtless a grand,—a principal security for the preservation of our influence here. Another powerful cause exists in the heirship of implacable enmity and hatred that exists between the Mussulman and Hindoo population, who seem never to lose, the first, the haughtiness and tyranny of conquerors, and the latter, the vindictive feelings of the conquered and oppressed. It would be difficult to find a motive sufficiently strong to unite them in enterprise, far less to ensure that unanimity amongst their leaders, that faith and that secrecy on which the success of every combination—especially of every conspiracy—must depend.

"To leave the natives," says Dow, "entirely to their own laws, would be to consign them to anarchy and confusion. The inhabitants of Bengal

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are divided into two religious sects, the Mohammedan and Hindoo, almost equal in point of numbers. Averse beyond measure to one another, both on account of religion and the memory of mutual injuries, the one party will not now submit to the laws of the other; and the dissension which subsists between individuals would, without a pressure from another power, spread in a flame over the whole kingdom. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to the peace and prosperity of the country, that the laws of England, in so far as they do not oppose prejudices and usages which cannot be relinquished by the natives, should prevail." The insinuation contained in this last sentence of Colonel Dow's, is daily proved to be an act of diminishing necessity. The abolition of a rite, to which the natives have adhered with extraordinary tenacity for ages, has been effected without the least symptom of commotion. Many of the most distinguished Hindoos have advocated this measure of the government warmly, and the slight opposition which was raised by the mercenary class of the priesthood, has evaporated in a few letters conveyed to the public by the medium of the press, and in the convening of a meeting which got up a remonstrance to government, that died a natural death, as the last cry of worn-out prejudices generally exhales itself.

One great obstruction to the redemption of the natives from their present abominable idolatry is, that it encourages and administers to all their most violent passions and most depraved appetites. Christianity is an arena of perpetual conflicts with self, inculcating the severest restraint on the first, and the strictest self-denial of the latter. Moreover, they are of perception so gross, as to be little susceptible of impressions from any objects but those which strike vividly on the senses; hence, probably, the policy of their priests adopted the expedient of those frequently recurring pageants, which flatter this appetite, and increase it by encouragement; almost every action of life has its appropriate ceremony, every domestic event, every change of season. The result of an attempt to *modify* Christianity to their apprehensions, is abundantly manifest in the Roman Catholicism of the native Portuguese, which is in nothing less absurd and idolatrous than Hindooism. Christianity, in its reformed mode, is a worship so purely spiritual, that nothing less than the Divine agency seems likely to be effective, in causing it to be adopted as the *real* belief of the natives of this climate, in their present mental darkness. Wedded to pomp and splendour, they despise a simplicity which they have not intellect enough to venerate; engrossed by the most determined sensuality, what to them is the hope that is spiritual? Dazzled by the voluntary tortures of their Yogees and Yanassees, they would discern nothing to compensate for the loss of this "will-worship" in the "sacrifice of a humble and contrite spirit." It is probable that the diffusion of knowledge will prepare the way for the reception of divine truth, by refining and purifying their minds, gradually, but surely; by elevating the human intellect above the brute-sense; by weakening, and eventually destroying their prejudices. Whether this immense improvement of their mental powers, this communication of the might of moral strength, be desirable in a political point of view, is not to enter into our consideration as *Christians*. As sovereigns, it is our duty to ameliorate the condition of our subjects; and in our other higher character, as the depositaries of sacred truth, we are never to forget, that to be a means of evangelizing the world, is part of the tenure by which we hold our privileges; and we ought, in feeling that "we have nothing which we did not receive," to acknowledge, in every action, our conviction that the light is given to us, not to be "hidden under a bushel," but to be poured forth by every possible avenue, on "every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and language" under heaven.—*(East India Sketch Book.)*

REFLECTIONS AMONG THE JUNGLES OF INDIA.

We are still buried in this mass of jungle, but it is not all unlovely. Ah, no!—Where is the spot of the Creator's world which furnishes not some tint of the beautiful, or some form of the grand, or some trait of the sublime and terrible?

Now we are encamped on the summit of a gentle acclivity, with a river running along one of our flanks, and a broad plain stretching around. About a mile in our rear there is a fortified town, and its gateways, with their Saxon-looking arches, and the fort with its bastions and parapet, are distinctly visible. The servants who visit the village, declare that fortress contains a guard of a hundred Arabs, but they carefully conceal themselves from the sight of Europeans, for they are in the pay of his Highness the Nizam, who would fain hold his neighbours of the Company's dominion in ignorance of the extent of his means of offence and defence. Our tent is under the shade of an immense banian tree, whose columnar branches are ranged so regularly that the eye regards them as the pillars of some vast hall. The sky is serenely bright above us; but on the verge of the horizon the hills are still "cloud-capt," threatening us with a repetition of the perils of "lightning and tempest" from which we have so recently been delivered. It is a fearful thing to the wayfarer in this land, to feel how various and multiplied are the poisons in which death may steep his arrows! How widely different are our views of things in sickness and in health! When the terror of death is upon us, when we look closely into the grave, whose brink our foot actually presses; when we watch the hour-glass, and think that the slow-oozing sand drops all too quickly, since, ere it is exhausted, we too probably shall have passed away; when we would gladly lay hold on Time, and shudder and faint beneath the overwhelming idea that, despite our efforts, he will but advance another pace, and we are plunged into eternity!—ah! what *then* profits the gold and the gem?—*Here* is the embroidered garment with its costly array, and *there* is the shroud; and we have no choice between, for a mightier than we has said, "*Take thou this!*" And again, when we linger days—weeks—months, and this terror is still upon us, for the danger is not passed, and we feel that the cord by which we cling to life becomes daily more attenuated—ah! *this* is the time, *this* is the place, when the hope of the Christian, precious as it is at *all* times and at *all* seasons, becomes dearer than all besides that is dearest! Then, indeed, we feel that "the peace of God" is of price "far above rubies," that HIS word is "better than gold, yea than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb!" The bravest man cannot resist the influence of this protracted fear; *here*, as in the grave, the spirits of the proud and the meek meet on equal ground. Here we feel that, measured against the omnipotence of God, the most vaunted strength of man is frailer than the reed,—feebler than the breath of the infant,—puny of stature and immature of growth,—affording no power of resistance, helpless and hopeless as age or imbecility!

How awful is the voice of the storm along this unsafe shore! The gushing rain,—the rolling thunder,—the booming waves,—the hoarse surf,—and the struggling wind, as if in passionate conflict with some restraining power,—that tremendous orchestra of the elements, whose awful music seem to warn us of the might of God and the impotence of man, shall these too speak to the soul in vain? Here, where the scythe of the destroyer mows down so many victims, where its edge is always newly-whetted and always blood-stained, is it here that man, in his reckless desperation, regards his Maker least? Is it true that *this* soil, so fertile of evil to the bodies of man, is precisely the spot on earth where he least remembers that he *has* a soul, and that its worth is infinite? Is it here alone, where our grasp of time is least tenacious, that we are least anxious to prepare for eternity?

Whence is it that these things, true and obvious as they always are, press so heavily on my spirit *now*? Surely it is not matter of melancholy that eternity succeeds to time,—that this "mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption." Yea, it *is* matter of rejoicing, but "with trembling." The *world of spirits!*—the veil of the shrine is to be torn away, and the innermost secrets of the sanctuary to be disclosed!—the thoughts of the heart revealed!—that heart "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!" It *is* a revelation to be apprehended with awe.—*(Ib.)*

THE NEGOTIE WINKEL OF THE DUTCH KING.

THE Scheldt is this winkel, and there's not a smarter tradesman in Europe, if we except Joseph Hume, T. Baring, and all the other patriots who are deeply interested in the sale of blacks and sugar, than Koning Willem. Now for a little morsel of history which will account for the desire of William to retain Antwerp.

When the Duke of Parma reduced Antwerp, after an obstinate defence, he closed the Scheldt. Up to this period Antwerp might be considered the richest city in Europe. Ships of every nation crowded to her harbour; she was an *entrepôt* for the wealth of the world. When the source of their prosperity, the Scheldt, was closed, the wealthy and industrious classes sought other fields for their enterprise, and thus rose Amsterdam and the towns of Holland. Were the river free, the produce of the Dutch East Indies would find its way to Antwerp, and Amsterdam would gradually succumb to the superior advantage of the situation of her rival. It cannot be denied that the Dutch cities have been created by monopoly; and so perfectly well aware are the Dutch of this fact, that when the Emperor of Austria contemplated the freedom of the river for the benefit of his Brabant subjects, the Dutch averted the alleged evil by an enormous bribe.

THE SCHELDT.

The Scheldt derives its source in France, in the department of la Somme; it passes by Cambray, Bouchain, Valenciennes, and Conde, and then enters Belgium in a direction towards the north-west; it passes by Tournay in a direction below that town towards the north, inclining a little to the east, and in that line it passes on to Oudenard and Ghent, where it takes a well-defined direction from west to east. At Dendermonde it resumes its course towards the north, which it preserves very nearly to Antwerp. At this point it turns towards the north-west, and thus quits the Belgian limits. There it takes a well-defined direction from east to west, and throws itself into the sea.

The general belief that the Scheldt is to be the limit of Belgium and Holland is an error: both banks of the river belong to Belgium as far as Lillo, a small town five leagues below Antwerp, and from Lillo to Flushing and Breskers, which are the two extreme points of the two banks, are Dutch, separating into two parts the province of Zealand. One of these

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two parts, that which is situate on the left bank of the Scheldt, forms the northern limit of the Belgium province of East Flanders, through the whole extent of the latter.

Antwerp is situate on the right bank of the Scheldt, which separates that city from the Tete de Flandre situated consequently on the left bank, very nearly the middle of that part of the river which passes by the city, in a rectilinear direction from south to north. Immediately above the cite the direction of the river is from west to east; it is from east to west immediately below it.

The principal point of the fortifications of Antwerp there, which are chiefly occupied, are the citadel, Fort Montebello, Fort du Nord, and the Tete de Flandre.

The citadel adjoins the city, from which it is only separated by the esplanade; it also adjoins the Scheldt, from which there is nothing to separate it. Like the city, it is situate on the right bank; it is to the south of the city, and consequently above it.

Quitting the citadel, and following the line of the fortifications, we find at a little distance, in front of the gates of the lines, Fort Montebello, situated consequently to the east of the citadel, and to the south of the city.

Fort du Nord is below the city, also on the right bank, and at a distance of about 400 toises; it is connected with the city by an *ensemble* of works recently executed, and which are protected by formidable batteries, where are arranged several pieces of cannon, *a la Paixhans*, pointing to the Scheldt in the course of the direction which it follows below the city, that is to say, from east to west.

Above and below the Tete de Flandre, still on the left bank, are two small forts of no importance, Fort Burgh and Fort St. Hilaire.

The Dutch were masters until the other day, of the whole portion of the left bank which has reference to the city; they are in possession consequently of the Tete de Flandre and of the small forts of which we have spoken; on the right bank they possess the citadel, and with that the lunette of Kiel, situate above the citadel, and of which it forms a dependency.

The ancient entrepot, so improperly burnt by the Dutch in September, 1830, and the military arsenal, was situated on the bank of the Scheldt, and the whole adjacent to the citadel: of these two establishments there remain only the ruins; the Dutch are thus deprived of the means of injuring those quarters, the nearest to the citadel, whatever good intentions they may have besides.

On the left bank of the Scheldt, in the rear of the Tete de Flandre, we find the Poulders, vast and fertile tracts, successively formed by alluviæ from the river, and which are protected against its inroads by a large and strong dyke, continued in its bed to the sea. In 1830, the Dutch broke through this dyke in two places, and since that time the Poulders have been covered by an immense quantity of water. There will be thus a conquest to make over the Scheldt after the deliverance of the city, but unfortunately nothing can indemnify the proprietors of the Poulders for the losses which they have already sustained, and which are incessantly increasing.

This cutting of the dyke the Dutch endeavour to justify by the alleged necessity of opening a way for their vessels, in such a manner that they might pass on to the citadel without being exposed to the fire of Fort du Nord.

A flotilla, consisting of several gun-boats, is stationed in the river; its line extends from the Tete de Flandre to the citadel; one of the gun-boats has been wrecked on the Poulders, in the rear of the Tete de Flandre.

SELECT NOTICES.

Snuff-taking.—This practice is recommended to students of the French language, as it facilitates the acquiring of the proper accent; and smoking is also advised to young gentlemen who wish to look sallow, unhappy, and Werter-like.

An Example for Youth.—A little boy, in destitute circumstances, was put out as an apprentice to a mechanic. For some time he was the youngest apprentice, and of course had to go upon errands for the other apprentices, and not unfrequently to procure for them ardent spirits, of which all except himself partook; because, as they said, it did them good. He, however, used none; and in consequence of it, was often the object of severe ridicule from the older apprentices; because, as they said, he had not sufficient manhood to drink rum. And, as they were revelling over the poison, he, under their insults and cruelty, often retired, and vented his grief in tears. But now, every one of the older apprentices, we are informed, is a drunkard, or in the drunkard's grave; and this youngest apprentice, at whom they used to scoff, is sober and respectable, worth a hundred thousand dollars. In his employment are about a hundred men who do not use ardent spirits; and he is exerting upon many thousands, an influence, in the highest degree salutary, which may be transmitted by them to future generations.—*Boston Recorder.*

Advantages of Mechanical Invention.—Sir David Brewster, in his letters on Natural Magic, observes, on the ultimate effect of inventions, which at first sight appear to have no really useful object, "that ingenious and beautiful as all these pieces of mechanism are, and surprising as their effects appear even to scientific spectators, the principal object of their inventors was to astonish and amuse the public. We should form an erroneous judgment, however, if we supposed that this was the only result of the ingenuity which they displayed. The passion for automatic exhibitions, which characterized the eighteenth century, gave rise to the most ingenious mechanical devices, and introduced among the higher order of artists, habits of nice and accurate execution in the formation of the most delicate pieces of machinery. The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the spider crawl, or which waved the tiny rod of the magician, contributed in future years to purposes of higher import. Those wheels and pinions, which almost eluded our senses by their minuteness, re-appeared in the stupendous mechanism of our spinning machines, and our steam-engines. The elements of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer, which now conducts our navy through the ocean; and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton, has served in the present age to guide the movements of the tambourine engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjuror who used them, contributed in the other to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automaton toys which once amused the vulgar, are now employed in extending the power, and promoting the civilization, of our species. In whatever way, indeed, the power of genius may invent and combine, and to whatever low, or even ludicrous purposes that invention or combination may be originally applied, society receives a gift which it can never lose; and though the value of the seed may not be at once recognized, and though it may lie long unproductive in the ungenial soil of human knowledge, it will some time or other evolve its germs, and yield to mankind its natural and abundant harvest."

Early Rising.—Sir John Sinclair, in his 'Code of Health and Longevity,' has stated, that all of a great number of very old persons whom he questioned, were alike only in two particulars—they were descended from parents of good constitutions, and—(what perhaps they could better affirm,) they were early risers.

Motives for Patient Endurance.—There is a consolation, if not a complete remedy, for almost every thing; and by honourable means and manly exertions there are few difficulties which may not be surmounted.—*Captain Basil Hall.*

Egypt.—Deprived twenty-three centuries ago of her natural proprietors, Egypt has seen her fertile fields successively a prey to the Persians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Greeks, the Arabs, the Georgians; and, at length, the race of Tartars, distinguished by the name of Ottoman Turks. The system of oppression in Egypt is methodical. Every thing which the traveller sees or hears, reminds him that he is in the country of slavery and tyranny. In Egypt there is no middle class: neither nobility, clergy, merchants, nor land-holders. Ignorance diffused through the whole population, extends its effects to every species of moral and physical knowledge. The fate of Egypt, as of Idumea and Judea, demonstrate the Bible to be no cunningly devised fable: but gives the most overpowering evidence, that the prophets who foretold these things, spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.—*Companion to the Bible.*

Heroism of Filial Affection.—In the course of last winter, five Dutch gentlemen set out from Rotterdam, to travel on skates to Amsterdam. They had passed over about twelve miles of the waste of inland waters which extends between the two cities, and were, with the exception of one of the party, who kept apart, skating with great velocity, in close files, and hands linked in the Dutch manner, and were striking out far from the shore, when at once, the whole file was precipitated through the ice, and two out of the four were hardly seen to rise again. The other two were father and son, both remarkably fine men, and the father an expert swimmer, which enabled him to support himself and his son too for a considerable time, during which he was so collected as to give directions to the only one of the party who had not fallen in, how he should conduct himself to afford assistance; but at length he gave utterance to the thought, that his son's continuing to hold him would be the death of both. The son immediately kissed the father, and, with the familiar and endearing expression he was accustomed to, bade him "good night," loosed his hold, and deliberately resigned himself to death. The father lives; and the name, at least, of Henry Hock, the son, must live also.—*Liverpool Courier.*

General Aspect of Palestine.—The hills stand round about Jerusalem as they stood in the days of David and Solomon. The dew falls on Hermon; the cedars grow on Lebanus; and Kishon, that ancient river, draws its stream from Tabor as in the times of old. The sea of Galilee still presents the same natural accompaniments. The fig-tree springs up by the wayside, the sycamore spreads its branches, and the vines and olives still climb the sides of the mountains. The desolation which covered the cities of the plain is not less striking at the present hour than when Moses, with an inspired pen, recorded the judgment of God; the swellings of Jordan are not less regular in their rise than when the Hebrews first approached its banks; and he who goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho, still incurs the greatest hazard of falling among thieves. There is, in fact, in the scenery and manners of Palestine, a perpetuity that accords with the everlasting import of its historical records, and which enables us to identify with the utmost readiness, the local imagery of every great transaction.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. IV.*

Genius, Talent, Cleverness.—Genius rushes like a whirlwind.—Talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses.—Cleverness skims like a swallow in a summer evening, with a sharp shrill note and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there, and every where, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking every thing, and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack

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theories; the clever man assail the individual, and slander private character: but the man of genius despiseth both, he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength—he interferes with none, and walks forth an example, that, "eagles fly alone,—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true, that should a poisonous worm cross his path, he may tread it under foot; should a cur snarl at him, he may chastise it; but he will not, cannot attack the privacy of another. Clever men write verses; men of talent write prose; but the man of genius writes poetry.—*Wilson's Lectures on Poetry.*

Ruins of the Capital of Ancient Edom, or Idumea.—Its capital city, now without an inhabitant, except the wild animals foretold by the prophets a thousand years before it ceased to be tenanted by men, presents one of the most wonderful scenes that can possibly be conceived. In the vicinity of mount Seir are the extensive ruins of a large city, heaps of hewn stones, foundations of buildings, fragments of columns, and vestiges of paved streets, spread over a valley which is enclosed on each side by perpendicular cliffs, varying four hundred feet in height, which are hollowed out into innumerable chambers of different dimensions, rising in the cliffs, till it seems impossible to approach the uppermost. Columns also rise above columns, and adorn the front of the dwellings; horizontal grooves for the conveyance of water also run along the face of the cliffs; flights of steps formed the means of ascent, and the summits of the heights, in various places, are covered with pyramids cut out of the solid rock. The identity of the scene is described by the prophet Jeremiah, chap. xlix. verse 16, in all terribleness of the human power which pertaineth to it, and is depicted in the desolate aspect it now exhibits, is such as cannot be mistaken. The mausoleums and sepulchres are very numerous and magnificent. They are of various periods and orders of architecture. One of them, in particular, is described as a work of immense labour and colossal dimensions, containing a chamber sixteen paces square, and about twenty-five feet high, crowned with a pediment highly ornamented, and all cut out of the solid rock.—By these splendid monuments, dedicated to the memory of its rulers, the opulence of the city is demonstrated. The enemies of the gospel might be admonished by the fate of the enemies of the ancient church, who have been cut off according to the word of the Lord; and whose very land, that especially of the Edomites, for their violence against their brethren of Israel, has been wasted with a curse which shall cleave to it for ever.—*Companion to the Bible*, p. 48.

How to know a good Book.—That book does not deserve to be read, which does not impose upon us the duty of frequent pauses, much reflecting, and inward debate, or require that we should often go back, compare one observation and statement with another, and does not call upon us to combine and knit together the *disjecta membra*. It is an observation which has often been repeated, that, when we come to read an excellent author a second and a third time, we find in him, a multitude of things, that we did not in the slightest degree perceive in a first reading. A careful first reading would have a tendency, in a considerable degree, to anticipate the following crop.

Cost of the Polish Campaign.—It results, from official data, that the losses of the Russian army, either on the field of battle, or in lazarettos and hospitals, have amounted in 180,000 men. In this enumeration, the capture of Warsaw alone appears to have cost 30,640 lives.

The Oldest Sunday Scholar.—At the coronation of his present Majesty William the Fourth, twenty thousand Sunday-school children graced the celebration. Among the banners, in the procession at Manchester, one bore the inscription, "The man who follows this banner, was one of Mr. Raikes' scholars, in the first Sunday-schools ever established." The man above referred to was a fine-looking old man, above seventy years of age. He was greeted by the populace, had the pleasure of shaking hands with many highly respectable individuals, and greatly enjoyed the proceedings of the day.

More Cats than Mice.—At the late Exeter sessions, there were six prisoners, four cases; during the forenoon fifteen barristers dropped in!

A Curious Watch.—There is at this time in the possession of Mr. Thackwell, watch-maker, of this town, a very curious antique watch, which is said to have belonged to Lady Jane Grey. The case is of crystal, very curiously cut and set in gold, with a gold dial. It was made long before the invention of fusee chains, a piece of fine cat gut being used instead. It has no pendulum spring, or minute hand; and, though near three hundred years old, is in as perfect a state as when it came from the maker, and is even now a very elegant article and a great curiosity. It is enclosed in a black leather case, lined with red velvet, and studded with gold.—*Monmouthshire Merlin.*

Ancient Practice in Churches.—The following extract from Bishop Grindall's episcopal injunction, will show, at least, what had been the practice in churches. "That no pedlar should be permitted to sell his wares in the church porch in time of service. That parish clerks should be able to read. That no lords of misrule, or summer lords and ladies, or any disguised persons, morrice-dancers, or others, should come irreverently into the church, or play any unseemly parts with scoffs, jests, or ribald talk, in time of divine service."

Pyramids of Egypt.—The pyramids of Egypt always ranked among the wonders of the world. Three of them still remain, at the distance of a few leagues from Grand Cairo; where the ancient Memphis stood. It has been calculated by a French engineer, that the stone in the largest of the three, called the great pyramid, is six millions of tons; and would be sufficient to build a wall round the whole of France (about eighteen hundred miles,) ten feet high and one foot broad. It forms a square, each side of whose base is seven hundred and forty-six feet, and covers nearly fourteen acres of land. The perpendicular height is about five hundred and sixty feet. The summit, which when viewed from below appears a point, is found to be a platform, each side of which is eighteen feet long. The stones with which this enormous edifice is built, are thirty-feet long. These stupendous works of man were originally designed as tombs for their kings: from which we may infer the grandeur and resources of the nation.—*Companion to the Bible*, b. 86.

Hydrostatic Bed for Invalids.—Dr. Arnot, in the fifth edition of his Elements of Physic, describes a hydrostatic bed, which consists of a trough of convenient length and breadth, a foot deep, and lined with metal to make it water-tight. This trough is half filled with water, and a sheet of water-proof India-rubber cloth, as large as would be a complete lining to the trough when empty, is thrown over. The edges of this sheet are touched with varnish, to prevent the water creeping round by capillary attraction, and afterwards secured in a water-tight manner all round, to the upper border or top of the trough, shutting in the water as closely as if it had been in bottles. Upon this expanded dry sheet, a suitable mattress is laid, which constitutes a bed ready to receive its pillow and clothes; this is not distinguishable from a common bed, but by its most surpassing softness or yielding. This bed has been introduced into St. Bartholomew's and St. George's Hospitals, with considerable success; and the author considers that with it the fatal termination called sloughing, now so common, of fevers and other diseases, need never occur again; and that it is particularly applicable to all patients whose diseases, or injuries, require that they should continue in constrained positions.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

WATER, &c.

The study of hydraulics is not an unimportant one to those of tropical residence. And it forms a happy circumstance in the lot of individuals when they are placed in situations in which the skill of the government is at work to deal out with an *even-hand*, the precious stores of nature's unadulterated liquid. But the good intentions and the ardent wishes of government for the general good, are often thwarted by the blind obstinacy, self-will, or ignorance of those who may have been unfortunately selected to occupy the place of

"The intellectual man."

The truth is, (and we mean to be very plain in our remarks.) that many men have too many irons in the fire, and we sincerely think, contemplating the growth of our population, the increase of our breweries, steam engines, and other public works, that an undivided attention to the supply of water to the inhabitants of Cape Town and its vicinity, is absolutely indispensable. We mean an attention totally distinct from the trades of carpentering, wheel-wrighting, bricklayering, painting, plumber's work, steaming, or shop-keeping in all its diversified forms. As good and loyal subjects to government, we heartily wish that the trafficking of its servants, whether it be connected with any of the above-mentioned avocations, or is in union with the sale of wines, or groceries, or vegetables, grinding corn, and boating, would completely cease. We also wish that the servants in question would get rid of those drag-chains to the exercise of their required duties—their agencyships, their Q. Q. appointments, their 10 per cent. commissions, and their *touting* anxieties towards the support and encouragement of disloyal and anti-British objects.

But observes some noviciate in South African affairs, have you any want of water in the colony? We answer certainly not, if the direction of the supply be in qualified hands. There is water in all directions—but we want the *wisdom* to draw it up from its sources, the *courage* to execute the design, and the *perseverance* to extend the supply. Besides these, we want the *honesty* to "do as we would be done by." We mean by this that there is a great deal of artful concealment of the supplies which nature provides. Men, to serve the dirty family of selfishness, would (if in their

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power,) obscure the glories of the noon-tide sun, veil the moon beams, and shroud all creation in darkness, excepting the patch to which their own dwellings are circumscribed. We do not venture these observations haphazard: we have heard men holding, unfortunately, very extensive lands from the profligate grants of olden time, lament their hard fate and the want of water for the purposes of irrigation—and yet we have known the fact to be, that there has been on the same estate water, whose supplies would suffice for the wants of twenty families. All along the line of coast to the eastward of Hanglip it is a delightful but unpopulated country. How is this? O, says Van *this*, or De *that*,—"there's no water!" Nonsense, there is water,—bountiful supplies of glorious abundance. Even with a spade in your hand, nay, by taking your stick and penetrating the sands for a few minutes, you open the sluices of nature's previously concealed stores; and you may, by taking the trouble, assuage your thirst to any extent you like. We recollect a body of sailors from Dyer's Island, a few years since, who filled their water casks from a source created by themselves, somewhat after the above manner.

Again, as to our colonial agricultural improvements, what an indifference there is on the part of some of the old occupants of land towards promoting any change! The poverty of very many of these may be traced to this circumstance alone. Do these men consider that *cultivation* itself will deteriorate, and in time destroy races, if the same race, and the same mode of culture be pursued amid general change? Our own times are times of very rapid change, and we trust upon the whole, of improvement; we dare not, without the certainty of falling off, continue the same *stock*, and the same seed corn, season after season, age after age, as was done by our forefathers. The general change of the country, must have change, and not mere succession, in that which we cultivate; and thus must the breeds of animals be crossed, and the seeds and plants of vegetables be removed from district to district. The obstinacy of many of our colonial farmers on the subject of change, the introduction of Merino flocks, and the indifference to the district fairs is proverbial. Still we must live in the hope of better things among them, and if they will only take the trouble to open the eyes of their understanding by *reading*,—and by reading the two sides of the question, and exercising their own judgments, we may be sure of great practical results.

We are fully aware that it is hard work to part with darling prejudices, and how strangely opposed men of all countries are to the introduction of improvement. We recollect our own in particular, hence the hue and cry against planting and gardening, and the perpetual utterance —

"It will do weel enough,"

in reference to recommendations for a change in domestic affairs. And as to England, her prejudices have arisen mountains high. Witness her remonstrances and appeals against rail roads, steam engines, and coaches. And so indifferent were her people to the resources all around them, that it is not very long since that England depended mainly upon the Dutch for supplies of the very fish, which are most plentiful on her own shores. As a triumph over ignorance and prejudice, there are some beautiful illustrations in a recently published work, well worth the reader's attention, entitled "A Memoir of Felix Neff, Pastor of the High Alps," by W. S. Gilly, M. A. Prebendary of Durham. &c. The life of Neff, as Pastor of the Appenines, is one uninterrupted testimony to the profound sincerity of his heart, in desiring the temporal and eternal happiness of his fellow creatures. So utterly stupid were the people aronnd him, that when Neff proposed some measures for carrying currents of water through the uncultivated fields, and explained the simple principles on which water might be made to rise or fall, they shewed an obstinate incredulity, and absolutely refused to commence the labour which would have been so useful to them in its results. But this was not all. Neff himself tells us that the portion of his flock just alluded to participated in the general corruption of human nature, and that they gambled, quarrelled, and swore, &c. In the spring of 1825, the mildness of the season offered many opportunities to the villagers to bring their land into a better state of cultivation than was usual amongst them. Neff applied all his energies to the promotion of a system of industry for this purpose, but the opposition which he met with from the people appears to arise from a spirit of the meanest and most paltry selfishness, such as places these mountaineers in a scale considerably inferior to the savage tribes of India. When urged to adopt his method of irrigation, they shewed the same reluctance as before, and dealt out the same cunning excuses. What a fine picture is the following, of a society over which the mild and charitable spirit of pure and primitive Christianity had been so long breathing:

'If the canals and aqueducts were made, they would soon get out of order: if one proprietor adopted them, another would not: the next neighbour would not permit them to cross his land, and one opponent of the measure might stop the whole proceeding: but if all should agree, and the work were to be brought to a happy conclusion, an avalanche, or a crumbling mass of granite would soon crush or interrupt the constructions, and reduce them to their old condition. In vain did the pastor endeavour to convince them of the weakness of these arguments, particularly of the last: they might as well refuse to plant and sow or to build houses, for nothing was safe from avalanches. Finding that he could not prevail, when he addressed them into a body, he took them separately, and asked, "Will you consent if your neighbour will? Will you put your shoulder to the work, if the occupiers of the next property will join you?" They were ashamed to refuse, when they were thus personally appealed to, and an unwilling acquiescence was thus gradually obtained. But then arose another and more formidable objection. "Suppose the aqueducts are completed, and the water flows, will the distribution be equal? Will not my neighbour get more of the water than I shall? How do I know that he will not exhaust the supply, before my land has had a drop?" Neff was too ready at expedients to be easily foiled. He proposed that there should be a committee, and an arbiter, to determine what share of the public benefit each occupier should enjoy, and how long, and on what days, and at what hours, the steam should be permitted to pour its waters into the different sections and branches of its courses.

'At length all preliminaries were settled, and the work was to be done. The line was marked out, and the proprietors consented that the main channel should cross and re-cross their lands accordingly as it should be required. But again there was some demur. The people would only labour at that part of the construction which was to irrigate their own ground. "Be it so," said Neff. "only let us make a beginning." He saw that he could easily bring them to good humour and compliance, if he could only once set them on.'—pp. 226, 237.

Men are so wedded to custom, that they will refuse to examine the productions of their own lands, because grandfather and father got on very well without the trouble of inquiry. And hereby hangs a tale. The greenstone rocks, which form a considerable portion of the lower valley of the Tay, contain vast numbers of veined agates or Scotch pebbles, and in some places the rock has, to a considerable depth, crumbled into mould, well fitted for agricultural purposes; but the pebbles, containing less clay than the stone in which they have been formed, and being of a close texture do not decompose so readily. In consequence, there are whole fields and farms where, every stone that can be picked up, is an agate; just as in the chalk districts of England, every stone that can be picked up is a flint. It so happened that the proprietor of one of these estates, on which there is really nothing but pebbles, was in London on busi

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ness; and as he did not often visit the metropolis, he resolved to purchase some trinket for his wife, as a memorial of his journey. He went to a jeweller's, and was shewn all the varieties of jems and pastes, but he rejected most of them on account of their smallness, and made his selection of a necklace, &c. of large and strongly-marked Scotch pebbles. So much did he admire these, that he began to question the jeweller, (who was also a lapidary,) what part of the world was so rich as to furnish jewels so splendid. With utter astonishment he heard the name of his own estate, as the place where in one day, each season, a sufficient supply had been collected, during the time that the stones had been in fashion. This is a homely anecdote, but it is a useful one, as it points out one of the reasons why those whom we would, without reflection, think should study natural substance the most, yet actually study them the least. But as we wish to instruct our youthful readers, we shall conclude this somewhat rambling article, by a reference to the sources of water.

The atmosphere is usually and justly styled "the breath" of every living thing; but it is something more extensive, and anterior to that; and were it to suspend its general evaporative power for even a brief period of time, the very beginnings of life would be cut off, and its fountains dried up. All the water which the rivers of the world roll to the sea, all that slumbers in ponds and expands in lakes, all that is caught in fountains, drawn from wells, or in any way appropriated to the processes of the arts or the purposes of life, all that supplies drink to the whole animal race, and is breath, and life, and clothing, and habitation to innumerable tribes; all that waters the fields, and sustains the existence of every vegetable from the moss on the wall to the monarch of the forest; all that enters into the structure of plants and of animals, or which bears their more immediate nourishment on its tide, or cleanses, softens, and comforts them by its ablution; nay, all that enters into those stones or gems, which glitter so much,—is brought on the wings of the wind, mounts up through the viewless air; and the more vigorously that the countless thousands of active powers, natural or artificial, are working, the more abundantly does the air supply them with nature's most abundant, most refreshing, and most valuable production. Let those who complain of our S. E. winds at the Cape, and the overhanging clouds of table mountain, contemplate the desertion of the city whenever these mighty processes for securing our supplies of water shall cease to act for the public good.

Lastly, let not *partial* interests stand in the way of the general good. Let it be recollected that the pestilence has in former times arisen wholly from an ignorance in managing the supplies of water to the people, that fires have ravaged whole cities, which a timely supply of water might have saved, and that Kings and Governors have almost received divine honors for constructing aqueducts to lead the pure streams from the mountains into the peopled towns.

And finally—sympathising as we do with the ill-used inhabitants of Greenpoint and their late summer privations, in respect of water, we trust the day is not far distant, when talent and diligence shall co-operate in their behalf towards a perpetuity of "good measure, pressed down, and running over."

MATRIMONY AND BURIAL.

We are induced to make a few observations preparatory to an extract on the above subjects, from an interesting little work entitled—"America and the Americans." We think much would be gained to religion and morality in this colony, by some change in the marriage laws. At present, the laws compel respectable individuals to be exposed to the glare, prying curiosity, and interrogatories of what is called a *Matrimonial Court*. Not only these, the very circumstances of the parties being obliged to make personal application at the Police Office, where the Court sits, is exceedingly degrading, if we take into consideraton the various offensive groups which daily congregate within and without the walls of the Police Office in Cape Town. The marriage laws should, in our humble opinion, provide that the union of parties be effected in a very simple and facile manner, and at the same time at a very cheap rate. This was happily the case when Sir D. Baird arrived in the colony. His biographer asserts that Sir David "found so much to admire" at the Cape of Good Hope, that change was unnecessary. Yet one of his first acts was to impede the progress of matrimony, by changing the act from a civil to that of a religious one. Another great evil respecting the celebration of marriage here is, that the parties attached to the Reformed Church are taxed by this Church if they marry on any day except that of Sunday. The Synod of this Church should set about Reform on this head. It is obvious that a family union is a day of more than ordinary gaiety and pleasure to the parties concerned, and it is well enough known, that it is the custom here, that in all the country districts the music and the dance should accompany a wedding—but it must not be forgotten that such, with scenes less innocent, invariably present themselves on the Christian Sabbath! We are quite sure that many of the village pastors lament the existence of the Church-tax, which gives licence to the above-mentioned evil.

Again, were the marriage laws exceedingly simplified, and no difficulties or impediments thrown in the way of the parties desirous of uniting themselves in matrimonial bonds, we believe great good would arise. It should be recollected that the colony has little of national character about it—that it embraces men of all colours and all climes, and that a less simpler provision for the encouragement of wedded life is required here than at *home*. Our readers will discover that we are friends of good order;—Yes: because we think with the late Sir Walter Scott, as recorded by him in his Life of Napoleon, that "Religion cannot exist where immorality prevails, any more than light can burn where the air is corrupted," and because we think,

1st, That Marriage is the source of all the natural relations of mankind;

2d, That Marriage is the source of all the gentle and useful natural affections;

3d, That Marriage is the source of all industry and economy;

4th, That Marriage is the source of all education, useful knowledge, and civility, and sweetness of manners;

5th, That Marriage is the source of all subordination and government; consequently of all order, peace, and safety in the world.

We proceed to the extract:

'The rite of marriage, by the American laws, is a civil, not a religious contract; and is equally binding, whether performed by a clergyman or a magistrate.

'Persons about to be united in the bonds, usually employ the minister of the denomination or congregation to which they belong, to tie the sacred knot, although many choose the mayor of the city in which they reside.

'In either case, in genteel, or even middle life, the ceremony is performed at the residence of the lady, generally in the afternoon or evening, and is followed by a gay party, in which the happy couple are the principal personages.

'The marriage service of the Episcopal Church exhibits judicious curtailment, and the husband is not enjoined to worship his better half, although the latter has to pronounce the awful word "obey." That little matrimonial badge, the ring, is only used by the Episcopalians, and with them it is generally of an ornamental description, the simple but significant English gold circle being unknown. No licence from surrogate, or even parent or guardian's permission, is required for the lovers to join fortunes; and the union of young couples whose united ages scarcely exceed thirty, or at

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most thirty-five years, is an every day occurrence.

'The system of living so generally in boarding-houses may be said to afford additional facilities to these early marriages, as no outlay or establishment of any kind is requisite in the first instance.

'By a late sanitory law, interments are now only permitted in the older or more crowded parts of the city of New York, upon payment of a fine of £50 sterling; consequently the new burial grounds, which are neither picturesque, nor in general neatly kept, are situated in the environs, or at least in those parts which at present may be so designated. One of these humiliating receptacles of humanity is wholly devoted to vaults for the wealthier classes, by whom the design was completed. These silent mansions are built in rows, a few feet below the surface of the ground, and are entered by strong stone doors, the approaches to which are covered with flags; and upon these is the grass-green turf. The names of the families and numbers of the vaults appear on white marble slabs fixed in the surrounding wall; which, however, together with the entrance, are quite unworthy of this well-planned patrician cemetry. Coffins are invariably made of mahogany, and are finished in the true French style of polish, but without any tinsel, angels, crowns of glory, or gew-gaw ornaments. These useful articles are kept ready made of all dimensions; and large assortments of them are constantly exposed for sale in coffin-shops, as commonly as any article of furniture at the cabinet-makers.

'The English superstitious custom of burying the body with the feet to the east, is not always observed.

'The wearing of mourning is fast growing into disuse; the Americans arguing, that, independent of the folly of such outward demonstrations of grief, it forces unnecessary expense upon many who are perhaps ill qualified to bear it; "the trappings and the suits of woe" are therefore almost confined to the Episcopalians, who, in this and other particulars, show a reluctance to abandon the rules of the old country, England. Palls, scarfs, and other funeral badges, are seldom, if ever, seen; escutcheons or hatchments, never; all these, from their aristocratic origin, find no favour in the eyes of the people.

'Interments for the most part take place the day after the decease. The announcement to the relatives and friends of the hour of the funeral is given generally, not individually, through the medium of the newspapers, and in the same paragraph which states the death. Black coaches are not used; but hackney coaches, which in New York are all elegant, and drawn by beautiful horses, are provided by the friends or family of the deceased, if they are in a station of life to afford the expense. These remain at the various stands, agreeably to the advertisement; and as they are filled by persons wishing to attend the obsequies of their departed friend, they are driven to the residence, where they remain in line, sometimes to the number of thirty or forty, and filled with individuals of both sexes, in their ordinary habits, until the arrangements are complete, and the hearse moves forward. The last vehicle is open, devoid of ornament, shabby, and drawn by one horse, which is not uncommonly a white one, and the driver often attired in coloured jacket and trowsers. The pace is usually a quick walk. After the body is deposited in the ground,—which ceremony is not always performed with that solemn decorum distinguishable in England,—the followers disperse to their respective houses or places of business.'—pp. 64—69.

A WEEK AT THE CAPE.

Under the above designation, a letter has appeared in one of the Calcutta papers, containing, among other general remarks, some rather severe strictures on the selfish *trading* methods of the Cape inhabitants. In a well written critique by the *Advertiser*, the merits of the "Week" is canvassed, but in our humble judgment, too much is conceded to the Indian writer on this score—the plea of *guilty* being recorded.

We think, in reference to High Constantia and its kind-hearted and British like proprietor Mr. Van Renen, the writer has discovered much good taste and discrimination. And we heartily wish that our present Indian visitors may, with judgments of their own, afford that patronage to the wines of High Constantia which their pure merits deserve.

The following are a few extracts from "A WEEK AT THE CAPE."

VISIT TO HIGH CONSTANTIA.

The object of our ride was to visit High Constantia where a Mr. Van Renen has an extensive estate appropriated to the cultivation of the vine, and to such other productions as will render him and his immediate establishment independent of the butcher, the baker, the green grocer, and the milkman. Mr. Van Renen is an extremely civil person and bears no inconsiderable resemblance to a hale English farmer. He took us into his cellar (where we tasted his wines) and kindly explained the whole process of wine making. He had a large stock on hand, but complained that it was difficult to get a fair market for it, inasmuch as the brokers resident in Cape Town gave their patronage to the two other wine growers, and invariably recommended strangers to visit those persons' estates in preference to Mr. V's. although their wines, as I can declare from experience of all, are not a whit superior to his. Under such circumstances it may not be amiss to recommend all residents in India, who may be desirous of importing Cape wines, and at the same time of encouraging an extremely civil and intelligent person, to send their orders direct to Mr. Van Renen, at High Constantia, without employing any intermediate agent.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

I have alluded to the Public Library—but it merits more than a mere allusion. This institution is deservedly the glory of the colony. It was established on its *present* scale about five years since, and has continued to encrease in books and subscribers, until it has attained to a degree of prosperity unrivalled in the history of the colonies. Its shelves present a brilliant display of the best works on all subjects and in divers languages. Silence reigns throughout the apartments, while the idler and the student respectively imbibe the essence of the literary stores.

MENAGERIE AND MUSEUM.

At the termination of a long allée of dwarfish oaks which commence at the top of the *Heeregracht*, there was formerly a garden belonging to the Dutch Company, and attached to this garden was a respectable menagerie of wild beasts, which constituted one of the objects of attraction to strangers The repository of savage quadrupeds has now "fall'n into the sear"—and but for the presence of one lion and one lioness (whose *accouchement* took place during our stay) and two sickly looking foxes, would be a perfect desert. To atone, however, for the absence of living animals, the Cape community have established a museum which is really rich in specimens of natural history, especially in those branches of it which are so numerous in Southern Africa. Of Indian productions there is no great abundance, of which fact I hope your readers will make a memorandum, in order that if their leisure and means will permit, they may contribute to the value of an institution which will afford to so many of them the means of passing away an hour usefully and agreeably, when sickness may send them to the Cape of Good Hope.

INFANT SCHOOL.

We paid a visit to the *Infant School*—I should say the *Upper* Infant School, for there are now two at the Cape, and we saw but one. It appeared to be conducted on excellent principles, and meets apparently with very general support. I know not if this mighty instrument of the improvement of man has yet been introduced in India, but, if not, I would urge upon the clergy and the public press the great importance of encouraging its early adoption The Press and the Steam Engine have done much for the happiness and prosperity of the human race, but here is a machine of transcendant power, the effects of whose exercise will be incalculable. seeing that it strikes at once at early inclinations, and assumes an overpowering influence over our passions and our tempers.

PAMPHLETEERING.

During the last month, there has been some sharp-shooting among the members of the Roman Catholic Chapel. What! a difference in the midst of a body of people who generally triumph over Protestant diversities of opinion, and point to themselves as remarkable for *oneness*, and close adherence to whatever Pope or Priest declare to be the truth? As it regards Pamplet the first, which issued from the Press as a *secret* not to be told to any but a *select few*, it is remarkably specious, and *professes* to be greatly concerned for uniting the members of the Catholic congregation in the *bonds of faith*. The second Pamphlet—"Further Papers, &c." (distinct from *ambush,*) appears in a bold, manly, substantial shape, and the compilers have admitted the public to a full and generous view of the administration of Catholic affairs at the Cape. This pamphlet being replete with incontestible documentary evidence, a reply would seem out of the question,—nor has this been done, with the exception of a placard, which we hear was attached to the Catholic Chapel-door. This was unfortunate,—as it puts the authors of the first pamphlet in a worse dilemma than before.

Now, to be very serious, and having much regard for a good many very worthy people of the Catholic persuasion, and great respect towards the memory of the immortal *Pascal*, we wish that the temple of *Janus* were shut, and the olive-branch of peace were held out on both sides. The same means would do the business which occupies so much of the thoughts of His most gracious Majesty of Holland respecting the Belgians—*Money*. Yes! —the Catholic administrators, or church-wardens, or ministers, or whatever else they may be called, must *owe no man any thing*, but set themselves honestly to work in discharging those obligations which are so justly due to the securities of the Chapel But if peace cannot be obtained by such means, then we say to the Roman members—come over to our simpler mode of worship, we promise to forgive your alleged predilections towards *Babylon* and the *scarlet mother*. We will rejoice over you as returning prodigals, and say—"this my son was dead and is alive again; was lost, and is found."*

* The following is so exquisitely amusing, which appears in the first pamphlet, that we furnish

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THE SCOTTISH PATRIOTS' SONG.

Commemorative of the Heroism of the Covenanters, and the Battle of Drumclog, 1st June, A.D. 1679.

TWINE ye the wreath of victory,
And weep not for the slain;
Glorious is the sleep of death,
On yonder gory plain.

2.

Loud let the hymn of triumph swell,
Upon the breathing gale;
Lament not for the gallant dead,
With sorrow's frantic wail.

3.

High let the Cypress and the Palm
Wave o'er the Hero's tomb;
And Beauty's hand the chaplet strew,
Of flowers that ever bloom.

4.

No fell Ambition fired their breasts,
To blend in mortal strife,—
Nor civil feud—where, panting thirsts,
Brother, for brother's life.

5.

It was the call of Liberty,
That nerv'd each willing hand;
The shout of "Liberty or death,"
That bare'd each flaming brand.

6.

No dastard soul was found to quail
Before the Tyrant's might;
No sword that shrunk from foeman's blood,
In Freedom's *sacred* fight.

7.

Peace to the spirits of the brave!
The cause in which they bled,
Shall ever round their memory
A dimless lustre shed.

8.

Let sire to son their glory tell,
Embalm'd in deathless song,—
Circling the earth—as mighty wave,
Majestic roll'd along.

23*d April*, 1833. S.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following are literal copies of an amusing Correspondence of a recent date. The originals are with the Printer.

MR. JONES,

SIR,—There are Five empty Pipes *laying* at the Cooperage which Mr. King does not want. If you will *send* for them, or *send* word where I shall *send* them *too*,

You will oblige,
SIR,
Your obt. Servt.
JON. CALF.

30th | 4 | 33.

SIR,—I am glad to hear that our pipes are *laying*,—to so poor a concern it is of no small consequence that the pipes are so *prolific*: perhaps, by allowing them to *lay* a little longer, we may send them to the Paarl, with a certificate from Dr. A. of the Museum, that "the like was never seen before."

I am, SIR,
Your obdt. Servt.
R. P. JONES.

May 1*st*, 1833.

ONE OF THE TRUE CHURCH.

THE following coloquy, as it regards a questioned witness before the Supreme Court, in Cape Town, is very characteristic of the English. The witness in question was a good portly-looking person, and is understood to be the possessor of much worldly substance.

Counsel.—My Lord, before the witness is sworn, I wish to ask him a few questions.

Judge.—Certainly, sir.

Counsel, (addressing witness.)—Pray, sir, do you profess any religion?

Witness—Why, if I doesn't, I'se worse na a heathen.

Counsel.—Pray, then, what religion do you profess?

Witness—Vhy, the *reglar* religion—Church of England, to be sure.

Counsel.—Do you ever go to church?

Here the learned counsel was interrupted by the bench, while the witness muttered, in a half-aside voice, "If I doesn't go into the church, I'se got my name stuck upon a seat, at any rate."

SIR ARTHUR BROOKE FAULKNER'S VISIT TO GERMANY, &c.

In another part of the *Literary Gazette* we perceive a synopsis of Faulkner's Visit to the Continent of Europe. It is so interesting, that we recommend it to the attention of the reader. There is about the two volumes of Sir Arthur, no colouring of the craft of authorship; he is both blunt and brief; but he is not, we suspect, without his prejudices towards the Dutch. At Haarlem, for instance, the famous organ appeared little in his eyes; both in tone and compass it was surpassed by an instrument of the same kind which he had seen at Minorca. But the Dutch, as well as the Germans, must submit to the ordeal of national criticism, as well as other nations. The world can no longer be deceived by idle compliments and smooth speeches. South has some admirable discourses upon "the fatal *imposture* and force of words."

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE Annual Meeting of the Subscribers was very numerously attended on the 29th ult.

The Hon. Sir JOHN WYLDE, LL.D.
in the Chair.

The Report, state of the Funds, and prosperous condition of the Library, seem to afford general satisfaction. The former was the production of the venerable Mr. W. WILBERFORCE BIRD. The following is an extract:

"It cannot be considered intrusive for your Committee finally to conclude with some allusion to a recent much-to-be-lamented occurrence. Many events of importance to society have lately taken place in the literary world—many affecting a large portion of mankind—but *the death* of Sir Walter Scott is one of an overwhelming nature. It may be considered as an irreparable public loss, and must greatly influence the literary enjoyments and feelings of the Subscribers to this Library. That pen which for so many years afforded instruction and amusement to the world is for ever silent. The northern harp which was wont to respond to his masterly hand, is now, alas! for ever unstrung. Let the Subscribers to this Library call to mind the many vacant hours which have been amused and instructed by the numerous volumes of Sir Walter Scott, which appear before them on those shelves. Let them reflect upon what they have now lost, and let them never cease to hallow the name of the author of Waverly.

"Your Committee thinks it cannot better close this Report than by an application of the words of Dr. Johnson.—'But what are the hopes of man? I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.'"

Votes of Thanks were passed in favor of the Committee for the last year, Mr. Sanford, as Treasurer, and the Trustees of the Dessinian Collection. Towards the conclusion of the Meeting, a ballot was taken for a new Committee; previous to which, Messrs. Collison, Watt, and Cooper, Office-bearers of former years, requested that their names might not be included in the present nomination. The following gentlemen were then declared to be duly elected. It is our duty to state the order in which the names stood on the ballot, in order to *correct* the Press on this subject.

GEO. SANFORD, Esq.
Hon. Sir JOHN WYLDE, LL.D.
W. WILBERFORCE BIRD, Esq.
JOHN MURRAY, Esq. M.D.
Mr. Advocate CLOETE, LL.D.
JOHN MARSHALL, Esq.
W. HAWKINS, Esq. H.E.I.C.A.
Rev. GEORGE HOUGH, A.M.
Rev. Dr. ADAMSON.

Moral Solidity.—Evelyn truly remarked, that all is vanity which is not honest, and there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.

Gas in London.—The Gas which lights London, is calculated to consume 38,000 chaldrons of coal per annum; lighting 62,000 lamps in shops, houses, &c., and 7,500 street lamps. In 1830 the gas pipes in and round London were above 1,000 miles in length. Gas lights of half an inch in diameter supply a light equal to 20 candles; of one inch in diameter, equal to 100; two inches, 420: three inches, to 1,000.

our readers with a copy, It is an extract of a letter from no less a personage than the celebrated Catholic Bishop Ruspa, of Mauritius, to the Church-wardens of the Catholic Chapel, Cape Town:

"By what right have persons, who have no concern but with the temporalties, presumed to examine into and discuss the Spiritual duties of their Minister? What! shall the Priest not be allowed to administer the Sacraments, but after the Churchwardens shall have permitted him? In the name of our holy Religion you carry discord into its very temple, and in total ignorance of the Canons of the Church, you pretend to dictate to the Pastor, whose duty it is to point out to you the road to Heaven.

"If your Pastor insists upon being considered Master in the Church, he is in the right;—I shall unquestionably exhort him to attend strictly to his duties; but I shall advise you to desist from those very novel pretensions which you have put forth; the end of your Pastor's exertions is the general good, in which your duties call upon you to assist him, not to make yourselves his masters."

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 6. Vol. III.] CAPE TOWN: SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1833. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum.*

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

Much has been written, and much is every day saying on the all-important subject of servants. Many, taking a one-eyed view of the question, are perpetually exclaiming against the profligacy and ingratitude of their domestics. The Turks have a proverb, that "the corruption of a fish begins at the *head;*" meaning, that bad masters make bad servants. On the other hand, the good conduct of the servant stamps a character on the master. On this subordinate class, how much happiness, and even the welfare of the master may rest. Let none, in the plenitude of pride and egotism, imagine that they exist independent of the virtue of their domestics. Feelingly observes Sir Walter Scott, "In a free country, an individual's happiness is more immediately connected with the personal character of his valet, than with that of the monarch himself." Those who desire to see the subject handled in a masterly manner, should take up the New Monthly for February. "Domesticity; or a Dissertation on Servants," by *Atticus,* is worthy of general perusal. We think, however, that he is unduly severe in his censures on servants in England. He says, that masters have remained wholly unprotected from their menials. No punishment is reserved for their ruinous negligence; reckless of the waste committed, the servant may injure the property as much as if he robbed it; and how many serious cases must be passed by, unregarded and unpunished. Then, again, there is the cold civility, bordering on insolence; the brutal sullenness of the malignant; and often the voluble blustering of a bullying servant;—these tyranize over the timidity or love of quiet in the superior, and are often tolerated from that aversion to continual change in the masters, whose experience yields but little hope of bettering their condition. The extreme case of a *domesticophobia* has occurred where the plague and torment of servants have induced some to break up *house-keeping.* A singular inscription on a Roman tomb records the fate of its sad tenant. She was a matron who, for the instruction of posterity, testified that "she rejoiced to die, that so she might be delivered from the slavery of her slaves."

Atticus observes, that servants are not slaves, as many imagine themselves to be, and as ponderous juris-consults seem to opine on the rights of man. Slavery is a perfect and absolute servitude, where the master's voice is *law,* while his arm inflicts the penalty. This feudal principle, unalleviated by the just sympathies of domesticity, deprives authority of its grace, and service of its zeal. To be served well, we should be loved a little; the command of an excellent master is even grateful, for the good servant delights to be useful. The slave repines, and such is the domestic destitute of any personal attachment to his master He listens but to the loss of his freedom, in the sound of the "iron tyrant," as once a servant called the summoning bell. Who ever loved the being they feared?

It is in small communities only that we perceive how the affections of the master and the domestic may take root. Look in a retired family, whose servants often have been born under the roof they inhabit, and where the son is serving where the father still serves, and sometimes call the sacred spot of their cradle and their grave, by the proud and endearing term of "Our House."

Atticus tells an interesting anecdote on the passion of domesticity in a slave:—In that inglorious attack on Buenos Ayres, where our brave English soldiers were disgraced by a recreant general, the negroes, slaves as they were, joined the inhabitants to expel their invaders. On this signal occasion, the city decreed a public expression of its gratitude to the negroes in a sort of triumph, and at the same time awarded the freedom of eighty of their leaders. One of them having shown his claims to the boon, declaring that to obtain his freedom had all his days formed the proud object of his wishes, his claim was indisputable; yet now, however, to the amazement of the judges, he refused his proferred freedom! The reason he alleged was a singular refinement of heart-felt sensibility:—"My kind mistress," said the negro, "once wealthy, has fallen into misfortune in her old age. I work to support her, and at intervals of leisure she leans on my arm to take the evening air. I will not be tempted to abandon her, and I renounce the hope of freedom, that she may know that she possesses a slave who will never quit her side."

For our own parts, we must declare, as a summing up, that the servants in England and Scotland are, (distinct from the great cities,) a remarkably worthy portion of the community. We have known hundreds of such, most amiable in disposition, honest in their dealings, faithful to their employers, an example to those around them, and possessing many accomplishments. Nay, more—we have witnessed the introduction of pure and undefiled religion into families, and its sacred influence imparted to the children, through the pious means of the house-keeper, the lady's maid, and

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even she of the nursery. And it is related by a woman, in her infamous memoirs, which were unfortunately published to the world, that she knew of no check to her career of vice, but the "scowling eye of the old Bible-reading Butler."* "That eye," said she, "used to awe my very soul. It penetrated my bosom's inmost recesses, whilst I knew that the good heart of this religious, and true and faithful creature, sighed for my condition, and uttered many a prayer for my salvation."

Atticus acknowledges that many tributes have been offered to the memory of faithful servants. Pope, and Shenstone, and Young, and Gifford, are enumerated as having raised monuments in grateful remembrance of good domestics. But we recollect an octavo volume, which appeared some few years since, commemorative of an immense number of servant worthies. It was compiled by an excellent individual, who was termed—*The Servant's Friend.* He travelled the country like another old Mortality. He visited every church-yard in England and Wales, and copied every inscription dedicated to the memories of faithful domestics. In St. George's Chapel, Windsor, there is a mural monument erected by order of George III. The inscription is a tribute of domestic affection in the royal bosom, where an attached servant became a cherished inmate:—

KING GEORGE III.
Caused to be interred near this place,
The Body of MARY GASCOIGNE,
SERVANT TO THE PRINCESS AMELIA;
AND THIS STONE
To be inscribed in testimony of His
grateful sense of the faithful
Services and Attachment of an amiable
YOUNG WOMAN,
to
HIS BELOVED DAUGHTER.

THE POST.

MARCH OF LETTERS AT THE CAPE, ETC.

THE age we live in may be termed the *Critical Age,* or the *Age of Censure,*—just as the reader pleases. But if we look into the party Magazines and Reviews of the day, the Blackwoods, the Frasers, the Taits, &c. we may, from the unholy strife kept up in these periodicals, be inclined to denominate it the *Satanic Age.* Many of the censures on public men and bodies are most justly due: but for such, they would become the mere *sleeping partners* in that particular concern which the public pays them to watch over with becoming vigilance. Hence, in reference to our Town water-supplies, there can be but one opinion abroad as to the inefficacy of the past measures for a keeping up a just and true *running account* in favour of the "whole body of the people." At the same time, it must be confessed, that *indiscriminate* censure is too much the *order of the day.* This arises, in a great measure, from the vitiated taste of the age, produced probably by forming our opinions according to the views of such Reviews, Magazines, or Newspapers, as we may be induced to patronize. There are Reviews on all sides, and partizans on all sides; and flat contradistinctions are as much the result, as that two and two make four. This is demonstration, that the taste of many people is guided by something distinct from intrinsic merit. *Piquancy* is a main charm with the public. Every thing *now* must be *clever,* that is, piquant, pointed, epigrammatic. The article must be well dressed up; terse, lively, and striking. No matter,—whether just or unjust, it must be smart; if witty, it will be still better. But after all, it is the MATTER which is the test of genius; its originality, force, grandeur, grace, tenderness, and above all, its truth. MANNER is, for the most part, artifice and ingenious labour. They with whom manner prevails over matter, are a race of heartless pedants—empty-headed fellows. These men belong to the fourteenth class of brains.

But we are diverging from our subject: all we intended to remark as introductory to our present subject was, that in the prevailing love of indiscriminate censure, we are too apt to include in our freedoms many sweeping condemnations against certain institutions, which convey positive national advantages.

For instance, the *Post* at the Cape of Good Hope.

Next to the *Hemel en Aarde,* the Leper Institution at Caledon, we consider the business of our Post Office to be an extraordinary performance: and yet these are men who have eyes, and see not; ears, and hear not; they undervalue their own blessings. Contemplating as we do, the necessarily circuitous route of our Post, the dispersed situation of the towns and villages of the colony, the sand barriers, ravines, and almost inaccessible mountain heights which it must overcome ere it reaches its place of destination, we frequently wonder at its prevailing clock-work regularity. Then let us take into the account the varieties of weather it has to encounter—its some six-and-thirty rivers it has to ford on this side of Graham's Town, and all the casualties it has to grapple with in the shape of horse-and-man sickness, &c. on the way, and we set down the *working* of the Frontier Post as almost next to miraculous. It is only they who have undertaken the over-land journey to the frontier, that can appreciate the herculean task of the mail performances at the Cape of Good Hope. Now, in awarding our *degrees of merit,* let us do things in order.

1. The Hottentots. Yes; our worthy aborigines, are, after all the hard, crude, ill-natured, ungrateful sayings against them, the true *men of letters.* Slaves are also employed in the conveyance of the mails, and they are equally faithful. So much for the coloured races. Another word for the Hottentot, *en passant.* Can any other of the human family so well supply his place in this respect, and many others that might be mentioned? Can they hazard the fierce oppressions of our summer's suns, and the unceasing changes of the winter's sky? Can they swim the rivers like the deer pursued by the enemy, and endure the privations of the solitary mountain traveller — houseless, hungry, and thirsty, and in want of raiment? Have they *eyes* of equally discriminating penetration? Can they behold, like the Hottentot, "paths" which "no fowl" of the best flight "has yet known," and which the vulture's most piercing eye has not seen; and which lions of the strongest resolution have never passed? hence learn the moral. If there be an inequality in the intellectual qualities of a certain portion of the human species—it is made up in the possession of certain other unimbiguous distinctions in which they conspicuously excel. "Hottentots excel?"

* It was said of Scotland's Mary, that she was more afraid of the prayers of John Knox, than an army of men!

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exclaims the sceptic! Yes; and in a far greater degree than your Highland drover, or your Welsh drover, or your English drover, or your Irish pig-driver; and consider, ye lovers of beef and mutton at the Cape, what *living-skeletons* ye were, without the arduous exertions of the Hottentot who, of all men, is alone *constituted* to lead down the cattle from our "thousand hills," for your special benefit!

2d. The seat of letters itself, the Post Office in Cape Town. Here we believe, there is an *almost* perfect state of things which a small modicum of the essence of *reform* would render complete in the office.* There is also a general desire to accommodate the public, and as it regards the despatch of periodical literature, there is very considerable exertions put forth for its regular circulation. It is true, we have heard the clerks in the office charged with being slow in their movements. But all men are not *racers*, like the complainants in the case; besides, what is done in a hurry, is generally done badly. There is in the consideration of the Post Office, a rich fund for contemplative gratulation.

In 1805 (the colony then possessed by the Dutch,) the annual receipts of the Post were Rds. 265,—£19 : 17 : 6. The march of letters followed its capitulation to the English. Witness the growing triumphs:

1806, ...	£187	14	6
1812, ...	472	0	0
1818, ...	915	0	0
1820, (arrival of the British Settlers,)	1350	0	0
1826, ...	1884	0	0
1829, ...	3577	0	0
1831, ...	3704	0	0
1832, ...	3920	10	0†

But there is a *third* and most important party in the question, it is—Government. There is on its part every anxiety to watch and protect the public interests at the Post Office: and we are well aware that in its service, as well as many other concerns affecting the public good at the Cape, His Excellency the Governor will, after his departure from this colony, and his arrival in England, devote his attention. One thing we know is, that His Excellency will promote inquiry as to conveying the mails by the *best existing* means of *water-proof* bags. Once more,—what an immense benefit is conferred by Government on the colony, its distant dwellers and readers cut off from our Cape Town abundance of intellectual resources. To them, what hours of idleness, what provocatives to temptation, were it not for the transmission of periodical literature through the channel of the Government Post! Think, ye mountain men, servants to Government, and others, of your present enjoyments, and be exceedingly thankful. Just let us consider for a moment, those ponderous affairs—the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, the Westminster, the Foreign Quarterly, &c. travelling some five, and upwards of six hundred miles, at the price of a penny-postage for each, and we must say that ours is a literal Government.

But we must close our remarks with some very steady reflections. Suppose for a moment the Post of a country closed, and an end to the transmission of letters; this is the question.

THERE is, perhaps, no possible event that would cause so great a revolution in the state of modern society, as the cessation of the post. A comet coming in collision with the earth could alone cause a greater shock to its inhabitants; it would shake nations to their centre. It would be a sort of imprisonment of the universal mind—a severing of the affections, and a congelation of thought. It would be building up a wall of partition between the hearts of mother and child, and husband and wife, and brother and sister. It would raise Alps between the breasts of friend and friend; and quench, as with an ocean, the love that is now breathed out in all its glowing fervour, despite of time or place. What would be all the treasures of the world, or all its praise, to a feeling heart, if it could no longer pour out its fulness to its chosen friend, whom circumstances had removed afar off? What could solace the husband or the father, during his indispensable absence from the wife of his affections, or the child of his love, if he had no means of assuring them of his welfare and his unalterable love; and what could console him, could he not be informed of theirs? Life, in such circumstances, would be worse than a blank; it would be death to the soul, but death without its forgetfulness. Write soon—pray do write soon and often—are among the last words we breathe into the ear of those we love, while we grasp the hand, and look into the eye that will soon be far from us. What other consolation or hope is left us, when the rumbling wheel, or the swelling sail, is bearing that beloved being far from us, while we stand fixed to the spot where that object uttered its last adieu.

If ever mortal deserved a monument to perpetuate his memory, it was the inventor of writing; (what are the claims of kings and conquerors in the comparison?) it is the next best gift to life itself, and, deprived of it, life would hardly be worth the possessing: it is truly like the air we breathe; if we have it not we die. The best enjoyments of being emanate from this divine art: it pours the brightest sunshine that illumines the desolate path of life; without it, the gift of genius would be bestowed in vain, and talent would expire unseen and unenjoyed, like the bright flowers of an uninhabited region. And without the medium of communication by the post, even this would be divested of half its advantages; with a cheapness that no other mode can compete with, a swiftness that none else can rival, and a certainty and dependence that no other can offer, it presents the finest instance of communication between men that the world has ever witnessed. Crowned heads, Governors and the rich only might, indeed, send their communications by messengers or couriers, but these would hardly be available for the merchant, and not at all for the tradesman or artizan. But now we can receive the most needful intelligence, or the kindest effusions of regard, from a distance of hundreds of miles, for a mere trifle.

The post is the most perfect system of intercourse that has ever been devised—it scatters wealth and happiness in a thousand directions. No place is too distant for it to reach—no village too insignificant for it to visit. Like the sun, dispensing delight, it goes its daily journey. The heats of summer, and the cold of winter, are not allowed to intercept or retard it. In spite of Malthus, our abominable Marriage Laws at the Cape, and all the economists, it carries on the important business of courtship, and leads to matrimony, whether for better or worse. It solaces the lover's sorrow, and transmits hope through many a cruel league. The bashful bachelor, who has not the courage to make a personal declaration, may do it through the medium of the post; nay, if he prefer it, he may even put the last question itself into the hands of the postman. It assists to bind society in one common union, for who would emigrate to a region where it could not reach? It is better than the gold mines of Peru; and, like the Nile in Egypt, it scatters blessings along its track; and deserves to be considered as one of the most happy and distinguishing features of modern times.

THE CAPE DOWNS.

PROPOSAL FOR A NEW LINE OF ROAD TO SIR LOWRY'S PASS, AND THE PLANTING OF TREES.

WE know of no department in colonial improvements so necessary for investigation, and important to the general interests of the colony, as the *Economy of Planting*. The planter has been characterized as the most disinterested of mortals, because he labours for posterity; but his claim to this distinction in South Africa may well be questioned. The little tree *here*, put into the earth *with proper care*, very quickly becomes a feature in the rural landscape, and thus the taste is gratified as soon as the labour is done. Not only this, a *profit* speedily ensues to the planter, which is, perhaps, the best part of the business in a colony like this, where most men are *secular*, and rural *taste* is considered too expensive to consult. But our immediate purpose is to call the attention of Government, or the Agricultural Society, or some other body, to the present state of the *Cape Downs*. That colonial benefit conferred with so much public spirit by our present Governor, the new road at Hottentot's Holland

* All we require is, that the Office should not be closed for a single moment on Friday, the grand Post-day. Much trouble is frequently occasioned thereby, from the marching and counter-marching of servants who cannot gain admittance; and, although the hour of recess is notified, yet the servants here are sad calculators of time. But to the Strangers who are generally very numerous in Cape Town, the disappointment occasioned by the closing of the Office is very great.

† Let it not be forgotten that, with all the obstacles to be encountered, over, perhaps, the most extraordinary mountains in the world, the Post travels upwards of six hundred miles of road, in less than five days.

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must ever endear his memory to the grateful recollections of the country. Still there are additional requirements which call for some immediate attention. Daily and hourly are the Cape Downs or Flats plundered (for the purposes of sale,) of such of the bushes or stumps of trees as have remained for years. These devastations have extended far and wide, and now the sand barriers have accumulated in all their impeding heaps. To the traveller, and more especially the transport of goods, these things present immense difficulties—still they are not insurmountable, if suitable remedies be applied, and the evil already pointed out be immediately checked. We consider a safe and commodious access to our mountain passes—leading to the towns and villages of the country, and the Downs in particular, to be of even greater importance, than a new Pier or Break-water. It is more than probable, that Major Michell will grant his attention to the present subject with his accustomed skill and ability. In the mean time, a respected Correspondent, whose botanical researches are only equalled by his knowledge of planting, has favoured us with the subjoined paper.

In answer to your question, respecting the best method of forming an efficient road, &c. across the Cape Flats, towards Hottentot Holland, I submit the following hints for your consideration:

First,—A new line of road, to be marked out in the most convenient direction, but not in a direct line. A perfectly straight road for miles not being beautiful, and fatiguing the mind by its constant sameness; carrying with it the optical delusion of being endless. This line to be protected by law, and forbidden to be used by travellers until the surveyor deems it sufficient to bear traffic.

Second,—The breadth of this road not to be less than one hundred feet, which will allow thirty feet on each side for plantation, thirty feet horse and carriage way, and, on each side of this last, a breadth of five feet, being sufficient to keep off carriages from damaging the young plantation in the first instance, and afterwards form shaded foot paths.

Third,—In planting, a breadth of ten feet, next the paths to be thickly set with young trees, or truncheons of the evergreen and decidious poplar, the roots of which, spread far and wide, and very near the surface, will, in a very short period, form a firm foundation to the road, and that, in an imperceptible manner. The second breadth of ten feet, to be planted with young oaks, one or two years old, and at four or five feet apart, this distance, will allow for casualties, and leave a greater choice of trees to be left at various thinnings; the roots of the oak in sandy soil, will also extend themselves on the surface, and become, eventually, the strongest, and most lasting road; the branches will also meet in the course of years and form a grateful shade to the traveller. The outer breadths of ten feet to be thickly sown with seeds of the Cluster and Stone Pines. The bands of these evergreen trees, will in an especial manner protect and nurse the oaks until they no longer require shelter; and will also arrest the moving sand and prevent its encroaching upon the inner plantation and the road.

Observ. 1. The above may appear to many, impracticable, expensive, or visionary. It is neither of these, and in the short space of seven years will become profitable, from the thinnings and loppings being formed into faggots for firing, and at more advanced periods, billet or other description of timber.

Observ. 2. The wanton destruction of the plantations, should be made, a criminal offence, and the damaging by cattle, sheep, or goats, visited by a heavy fine. The goat, the type of sinners, would do the most injury, as their bite is actual poison to young trees and shrubs.

Observ. 3. I have only named the above five species of wood, and these European, because I consider them fully adapted to the purpose, readily procured, and quicker in growth than many native trees, although several of these are fit for the purpose, and the Oak, Pine, and Poplar may be seen of large size on sandy grounds.

Observ. 4. The next generation of Bakers, will not be supplied with bushes for their ovens, and must therefore be under the necessity of using billet wood, at an advanced price, this will not be an hardship, though it may cause grumbling, their profits are large enough to cover all expenses.

Observ. 5. Landholders would do well to plant timber trees on their Estates as a sure and certain property, and the Agricultural Society might encourage planting by honorary rewards. What would many proprietors in the Cape District do, if their grounds were without the European timber as mentioned above?

Observ. 6. I have only csnsidered in the above the practicability of forming a good and permanent road over a sandy flat. The practical knowledge and abilities of Major Michell have already been proved to the public, and he only can be the best judge of the new line, varying from a direct one, to such points as may furnish better material than pure sand, the necessary cross roads will, under proper restrictions, cause few interruptions to the main road, but these branches may be extended for short distances, and upon the same scale.

VIA NOVA.

THE SETTLER'S LOG.

[The following are details of a Voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, by a passenger on board an unfortunate vessel which left England in July, 1832, and arrived here towards the end of March, 1833. The Journal is printed from the original MS. *verbatim et literatim*. A smile may be created at the writer's simplicity—but his subsequent decease at the Cape, places him beyond the reach of criticism.]

July 4, 1832 —Dear Father and Mother and kindred all it was on this day of the month when I last saw you and you was all in good health for any thing I know and so was I the same I wrote to you on the 7th saying that we was bound to sea on that date but instead of that we did not go untill the 19th of that month and then we whent to river and cast ancor untill the 20th oposite to Livenpool then we did almost go to the Black rock and then we did cast ancor again and then we had a misfortune for as the sailors was oisting the small boat in the ship one of the ropes broke and one of the sailors fell into the sea and got drownd for the tide was so strong that he could not be saved and it took him away and we never saw him more and we stayed thear untill the 21st and then we did set of again and when we ad got about a mile paste the black rock we got fast upon a sand bed which stoped us 8 hours and then we got of again this was on the 22nd and it was very pleasent all that day 23rd this was the day that I first became sea sick for it was very rough all that day but I was only sick now and then 24 this was a very pleasent day for sailing for we whent at the rate of 8 knots and a half per hour and this day we began to have sirmons and prayers on board onst a day for we had a prespetarion minister with us and his family going to the coast of africa 25th, this day we entired the cove of cork in Ierland for some fresh Stores and we cast ancor thear and we had tow fiddlers on board and we had a very merrey day and a great part of the night but during the night thear was a misfortune happened close unto the sea shore for theare are a great many thatched houses and a fiar broak out and barned three of the roffs in but no more michief acared throught it 26 this was a day of great merryment for it appered that thear whear 5 74 Gun ships and 2 Small brigs in the cove and it being a day that daniel Oconnell came into cork with a steam packet from parliment and thear was a very great deal of fiar works lit of and a very joyfull day and a great apart of the night we had and the two fidlers we had on board made use of thear instruments and all the passengers Danced and sung to the same for thear are in number 48 stearage passengers and 17 Cabin passengers a Doctor a Captain a Captains mait a Carpenter a Cook and 5 sailors which maks in Number all to gether 65 and at present all in good health and agreeable our alowanses are very well for we have to every adult ¾ lb. of beeff 4 days in the week and 3 days in the week pork for our dinners 3 days we have peas soup 1 pint each 4 days we have 5 ounces and ½ of flour each and ½ lb. of raisins to 12 of us, and ½ lb. to 12 of us, this belongs to our dinners too preckfast we have one pint of coffee each to baggain we have 1 pint of cocoa each and 3 pints of water 4 days 3 gills 3 days and 1 Noggin of excellant wiskey a day and 1 lb of buiscuit per day each which realy is more than most men can get through 27th we drew up our ancor afore 5 Oclock this morning and set out to sea again and a pleasent morning it was this day passed well at about 5 nots per hour 28 all is well this morning about 10 Oclock we passed a ship bound to Liverpool she came from rio ganaro in south america and we tould them to report us that all was well this day I was onst sick 29 this being Sunday we washed and cleaned ourselves but we was all most becalmed so that we whent little if any all that day this day we got amongst a great quantity of fishes the called them pauposes theas fish when the swim turns head over heals right plain to be seen for sometimes the come right out of the water the run in size about 30 lb or 40 lb each 30th this day we passed on whell untill toards eavening then we entered the bay of buiscuy which made me with the ship rouling so that I was scarcely able to wright Speed at the rate of about 7 nots per hour 31 this morning was very windey so that the ship roulled so that we could hardly ley in our beds without sticking fast to something this day passed on with a very Brisk brees we whent at about 6 nots per hour, and we whent through the bay of biscuy in about 50 hours and I was only sick onst in going throught August 1 this was a very pleasent day for Sailing for we whent at the rate of 8 nots per hour and very fine and warm it was 2nd this day we passed on but not at Such a speed as the day before perhaps at about 4 nots per per hour 3rd A most contrary wind we had to day which was very troublesom to us all this day 4th the wind kept still in this maner which made us that we almost came as far backward as forward and continued so all this day and all the night and very rough it was this day was a birth day of a gentlemans child that was on board and he gave us three bottles of rum which made us all very merry during the day 5th this day was sunday

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and washing and cleaning ourselve took its regular cource but our minister being sickly we had no prayers to day the wind changed its cource this morning which cheered up our hearts to think that we was on the right way 6th this day we became becarlmed so that we did little if any thing all this day and the night following as well 7th this day we kept the same manner untill about 11 OClock this night * * *

beast but the sailor lost is hould and all the host was spoiled 4th this day thear was a great calm about us and what small wind thear was was mostly foul for us peaple on board a ship are very much similar to peaple on shore when liquor is in thear heads for this day a battle tooke place betwixt one of our stearage passengers and our surgeon and our stearage passenger was defeited but if I must speak about it I will say that it was as I have oftimes seen it when at home for it was not the men as was fighting but the liquor 5th this all well on board but a very foul wind for us so that we did little if any thing all this day 6th this day was as it as been before oftimes a brisk breez but a foul one for we may state it often the same maner as going up unto mozley out of Ashton for to go to duckinfield and our ships crew cannot forget them old tricks for this afternoon one of the Sailors and the captain brought them matters unto fighting and the captain abused him very bad but a very Brisk and favourable breez struck up for us. 7th this breez kept up for us at the rate of about 7 knots per hour this night about 5 Oclock an iland made its apearance which was one of the canary ilands and the called Palmer island about 12 Oclock we passed the peack of tenareeff which is in perpendicular heaght 2½ miles theas three ilands are what the call the canary ilands 8th a breze as before stated and all well on board this day we passed another iland called the Ferro iland which is one of the canary ilands which is three in number 9th this day being sunday and a minister on board he would not let us forget it for he requsted prayers which he had it granted a brisk and pleasant breez still continuse for us which gives great pleasure to all on board which is at a rate of 7 or 8 knots per hour we let of the trades winds to day 10th this was a pleasent morning and all well on board and a pleasent breez at about 9 knots per hour the docktor and one of the cabin passengers had words together and the cabin passenger struck the docktor with a musket 3 different times on the face and head and after the doctor brought up a bottle of vitrol and threatened to through it in is face but the captain flew at him and took it from him and livered it to the minister and no further harm done 11th this day passed on well and a few flying fish was seen at a distance *

* * * * * *

12th this day we passed on the tropick of cancer and it is a practice amongst sailers that if thear is any person on board who as not crossed the torred zone the take and make them ether give a bottle of spirits or otherwise paint thear face with tar and scrape it of with a old knife and the tumble them over head in water but as I have said before men are on board a ship as the are on land for the could not stop until we came unto the torred zone which was the proper place for the operation to take place but nothing would fit them but the would put it in force at the temperate zone for which the Operation caused great sterings amongst us and the collected 24 bottles of wine and spirits together eight they took with them that night and 16 they left with the minister for to have at other times but theas 8 bottles that they took with them put them out of order for thear duty and which made all that night very noisey and troublesome but a very brisk breeze as before stated * * * * * *

13th this day the effects of the grogg was on them which made them very merry all this day and very redy to be set at any thing for this evening the mate of the ship and the cook had words and the mate struck him several times lickwise the captain pushed him about as well but all became quiet again 14th this was a pleasent morning and all in a prosperous state for quietness and a prosperous breez as before stated at a rate of 7 and 8 knots per hour this Evening about 11 Oclock the captain came on deck and ordered two of the cabin passengers down below and threatened to shoot the first person that dared not obey him and he took a musket and loaded it with shot and ball for that purpose and gave another to one of the sailors for the same purpose I was ordered of the quarter deck this morning when aplying for medcine 15th this morning we came to Cape verds ilands which they called it the antonia for which we was within ten minuets of being on it before we saw it but no harm by it padmore had to pull the captain up by the lug when we just on the rock 16th this was sunday and not forgotton and all well and a brisk breez for us as before Stated 17th this day I saw Mr. wright liver up the log in the half deck and that as was made before we came to giberalter he gave unto Mr. Whells and the other unto Mark the mate thear is freaquently flying fish seen to rise out of the water but only a few as comed on board and those as comed in the night time but the are very fine eating this afternoon the captain went unto Mr welsh and demanded the log which contained the demnification for the crew and passengers and was livered into his hands by Mr. Huges wright for safty of them and because Mr wesh would not liver them up the captain run unto the cooks gally and fetched an axe and he whent down into the half deck whear Mr welshes boxes are and swore that he would break open all the he had got if he would not give up the log but damage them he did not whent six OClock this evening a squal made its apearance and jack the boy whent down into the captain and tould him of it and he swore thats just right and I hope that it will take the masts over board but thear was no harm by it 18th this day thear being a musket hung up by one of the beams in the half deck whear Mr welshes births is for the protecktion of himself and is famaly and he having tokeen one of his children to correct him and the boy doing is endeavour to get from is parents he accedently put his hand on the triger and of it whent and the ball lodged in to the beam of the ship which made some of the passengers think that it was intended for the captain and caused great tumult amongst them a foul wind for us and little if any thing done and rain began to come in torrents upon us which is what we have had very little of before except now and then a shower one of the stearage Passengers was taken with an inflamation of the bowels 19th calm and foul wind as before stated and rain as well and all well on board except the man before stated and he is better than he was 20th a calm as before stated and a bad report was ishued out that was that the sugar was all done which will deprive us of the same comfort of breackfast and baggain as before this was the first time mised this evening a small shirk made its apearance about 3 feet in lenth and soposed to be about 1½ year old this we caut and thear was two sucking fishes on it about the size of a herring and thear was 9 Pilot fishes seen with it but theas we could not lay hold of theas it is said that theas pilot fishes are the shirks provider the same as a jackall is for the lion 21st a calm as before but all well on board we had the shirk cooked for dinner this day which was a treat for us 22nd a calm as before but no further reasons to complain but a breez sprung this evening but not fair for us and we got plenty of rain this day the sailors grogg being done we began this evening to let them have thear grogg as ushall and to stop it of the passengers and we agreed to have 1 days alowance per week stopt for this purpose.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CHURCH AND KING.

THE following copy of an address of the Clergy in CONVOCATION, to His Majesty, is highly honourable to the temper and christian spirit of the Clergy of the Church of England, at the present moment of trial. We think it will be read with interest by most of our readers. And whatever may be *our* modes of protestant worship in this Colony, we think England's venerable Church in these times, is well deserving our united sympathies. To her faithful sons, more especially for many reasons—

——By records that refresh the eye
In the rich page of memory—
By blessings at her altar given—
By scenes which lift the soul to heav'n—
By monuments which proudly rise
The trophies of the good and wise—
By graves for ever sad and dear,
Still calling forth the silent tear,
Where those in honoured slumber lie,
Whose deaths have taught to live and die.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

WE, your Majesty's dutiful servants, the Archbishops, Bishops, and Clergy, of the province of Canterbury, in convocation assembled, most humbly desire permission to express to your Majesty our sentiments of loyal and respectful attachment to your Majesty's throne and person.

Since last we had the honour of addressing your Majesty, the disposition to violence, which, in some parts of the island had shewn itself in tumults and outrages of a highly criminal character, has given way to better feelings, and the cessation of those alarming enormities affords reason to hope that, through the blessing of Divine Providence on the paternal cares of your Majesty, progressive relief may be obtained from the evils which still continue to act with injurious influence on the peace and morals of the community.

But, sire, we cannot dissemble that, whether from the peculiar complexion of the times, or from some fault in our social economy, the country does not reap all the advantages which might be expected from the purity of our national religion, and the zeal and ability of its members.

Among the various causes which disappoint the hopes of the pastor, and counteract the effect of his example and precepts, we venture to specify the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors, the assiduous distribution of immoral and impious writings, and the neglect and profanation of the Lord's day. The distresses of the poor are thus greatly increased, their passions inflamed, and their feelings embittered; while the day, set apart by the commandment for the public worship of God, and instruction in his holy word, affords more unlimited scope for the indulgence of vicious pleasures, and the propagation of wicked principles.

In making these representations to your Majesty, we are actuated not so much by the desire of vindicating ourselves from unmerited censures, as by a sense of our duty to your Majesty, as the supreme governor under Christ of our Church. We do not imagine that for evils so great and extensive, an immediate cure can be found in mere legal provisions, since laws will have little effect if they are not in accordance with the prevailing sentiments of the community. Yet we humbly conceive that much might be done for the protection of the ignorant from error and vice, and for the encouragement of piety and virtue by discreet legislation, advisedly directed to the improvement of the public morals, more especially if seconded by that reverence for religion, and regard to propriety of conduct on the part of the higher orders, which are prescribed alike by duty and interest to men of all classes in society.

The obligations peculiarly incumbent on us, to lead the way in all that is good, in all that is holy, not confining ourselves to the bare discharge of our professional duty, but assiduously seeking opportunities of fulfilling the will of our Lord, we feel, and willingly acknowledge, and we venture

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to assure your Majesty, that we shall be anxious, at all times, to concur and assist in any state and effectual measures, which, on mature consideration, shall appear to be calculated to advance the great work for which the church was established, by removing whatever impediments may be found to obstruct the free course of our ministry, and by enlarging the channels through which the benefits of our pure and holy religion are distributed to the several portions of the community.

By our conduct we desire to be tried; if we shrink from the performance of our duties, we give up our title to the character of faithful ministers of Christ, or useful servants to the state; if, in spite of discouragements, we labour in our calling with zeal and fidelity, we humbly venture to hope for the continuance of that protection and countenance which we have hitherto so largely received from your Majesty's favour, and which at present are more than ever required for the preservation of the Church.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity of respectfully offering our grateful acknowledgments for the concern which has been evinced by your Majesty for the distresses of our brethren in Ireland, who, from no fault of their own, are exposed to the most grievous calamities. Your Majesty's goodness to these exemplary ministers of our united church will not only contribute to the relief of their sufferings, but will operate as a cordial to their sorrows.

That your Majesty's councils my be directed at all times by the spirit of wisdom which cometh from above, and that your Majesty may be long preserved in the full and uninterrupted enjoyment of every blessing, is, Sire, our earnest prayer.

To this address his Majesty was pleased to make the following most gracious reply:—

I repose entire confidence in your expression of attachment to my throne and person.

I deeply lament that any principles or practices which tend to counteract the effect and example of your ministry should prevail amongst any portion of my people; but no effort shall be wanting upon my part to redress and discountenance licentiousness and immorality, and to promote throughout my dominions the true spirit of piety and the observance of the precepts of the Holy Gospel.

I rely, securely, upon the fidelity and zeal with which you exercise the duties of your sacred calling. In the fulfilment of those duties, you will always experience from me every protection and encouragement, and it is with great satisfaction that I receive upon this occasion the assurance of your anxiety to concur and assist in any safe and effectual measures, which, on mature consideration, shall appear to be calculated to advance *the great work for which the church was established, by removing whatever impediments may be* found to obstruct the course of your ministry, and by enlarging the channels through which the benefits of our pure and holy religion are distributed to the several portions of the community.

THE MODERN BIBLE—UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, &c.

In April, 1832, a memorial was addressed on the subject to the Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and the other delegates of the Clarendon Press. It was signed by the following gentlemen:

J. Bennett, D.D.
J. Blackburn.
George Collison.
F. A. Cox, LL.D.
Thomas Curtis.
J. Fletcher, D.D.
E. Henderson.
J. Pye Smith, D.D.
J. Townley, D.D.
R. Winter, D.D.

The document set forth, that the modern Bibles issued from the press of the University of Oxford, abounded with deviations from the authorized version of King James the 1st—that though some of these errors were merely typographical, yet of those that were intentional, the number was of a serious amount—that in the Book of Genesis there were upwards of 800 errors, in the Psalms 600, in the Gospel of St Mathew 416, and in about the fourth part of the Bible an aggregate of 2,931. The memorialists being anxious that the Universities should return to the only legal standard recognized, requested to be informed if any steps were about to be undertaken for that purpose.

On the 23d of the same month (April, 1832,) the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge returned an answer to Dr. Bennett, one of the gentlemen who had signed the memorial, in which he states that the Syndics of the University had considered the memorial, and that they begged leave to observe as follows:—that the early editions of King James's Bible contain numerous typographical errors, together with many discrepancies from each other, so that no one of them could be regarded as an unobjectionable standard; that after several attempts had been made from time to time up to the year 1767, to correct such errors; and that at the period just mentioned, the delegates of the Oxford press commissioned Dr. Blayney, who was assisted by distinguished members of the University, to exhibit the text in an improved form, and that he performed his task in a manner to excite general approbation, and to justify the delegates of the Cambridge press in making that edition the standard of their copies. The Vice-Chancellor therefore concludes, by telling the memorialists that the Syndics of the University deem the edition of Dr. Blayney to be the best possible standard; that the confidence reposed in it should not be disturbed on light grounds; that they believe themselves warranted in sharing that general confidence, and that they will be always ready to correct errors, when such are pointed out.

A reply, nearly in the identical terms of that transmttted from Cambridge, was sent to Dr. Bennett from Oxford, not by the Vice-Chancellor, but by the printers.

In a week after the receipt of these letters, the gentlemen who signed the memorial met, and resolved themselves into a permanent committee, to do all in their power to obtain a restoration of the legal version of King James, after having protested against the conduct of the Syndics of the two Universities. A sub-committee of these gentlemen was afterwards chosen, for the purpose of verifying the various collations which had been made by Mr. Curtis, and drew up a report, dated Juue, 1832, of which the following is a copy:—

"Present—Dr. Bennett, Dr. Cox, and Dr. Henderson, a Sub-Committee appointed to verify and report upon a collation of various editions of the Holy Bible, made by the Secretary.—Dr. Smith, though not of the Sub-Committee, kindly assisting in the investigation, it was

"*Resolved*,—1. That this Committee are perfectly satisfied that an extensive alteration has been introduced into the text of our Authorised Version, by changing into Italics innumerable words and phrases, which are not thus expressed in the original editions of King James' Bible, printed in 1611.

"2. That these alterations so far from being an improvement of our Vernacular Translation, greatly deteriorate it; inasmuch, as in most instances, they convey to the reader the idea, that whatever any words are printed in Italics, there is nothing corresponding to them in the original text; whereas it must at once be obvious to every person who is competent to judge on the question, that what has been supplied in these instances, was absolutely necessary in order to give the full force of the Hebrew and Greek idioms; and consequently should have been printed in the same characters as the rest of the text.

"3. That those who have made these alterations, have discovered a great want of critical taste, unnecessarily exposed the sacred text to the scoff of infidels, and thrown such stumbling-blocks in the way of the unlearned, as are greatly calculated to perplex their minds, and unsettle their confidence in the text of Scripture.

"4. That it be recommended to the general Committee, to take such meausures as they shall deem most likely to effect a speedy return to the Standard text, which has thus wantonly been abandoned; but that it is expedient to wait till the reprint of the edition of 1611, now printed at Oxford, be before the public, ere any further correspondence be entered upon with the Universities.

"(Signed,) E. Henderson.
F. A. Cox, L.L.D.
J. Bennett, D.D."

LITERARY EXTRACTS,

THE IRISH PIG-DRIVER.

(From Traits of the Irish Peasantry, 3 vols. 8vo. 1833.)

Phil Purcel had been bred to "the profession," as the author calls it, of "pig-driving," which he raised by his talents to the most exalted pitch of consideration. In one of his commercial excursions to England, Purcel had the good luck to overreach a Yorkshireman; in fact, he induced the latter to become a purchaser of nearly the whole of his stock of pigs, at a price three times greater than that which he would have received for them in Ireland. One of the animals only remained on hand, and the way in which he effected the sale of it is well worth describing:

"A gentleman was one evening standing with some labourers by the way side when a tattered

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Irishman, equipped in a pair of white dusty brogues, stockings without feet, old patched breeches, a bag slung across his shoulder, his coarse shirt lying open about a neck tanned by the sun into a reddish yellow, a hat nearly the colour of the shoes, and a hay rope tied for comfort about his waist; in one hand he also held a straw rope, that depended from the hind leg of a pig which he drove before him; in the other was a cudgel, by the assistance of which he contrived to limp on after it, his two shoulder blades rising and falling alternately with a shrugging motion that indicated great fatigue.

"When he came opposite where the gentleman stood he checked the pig, which instinctively commenced feeding upon the grass by the edge of the road.

"'Och,' said he, wiping his brow with the cuff of his coat, *mavrone orth a amuck*,* but I'm kilt wit you. Mush, Gad bless yer haner, an' maybe ye'd buy a slip of a pig fwhrom me, that has my heart bruck, so she has, if ever any body's heart was bruck wit the likes of her: an' sure so there was, no doubt, or I wouldn't be as I am with her. I'll give her a dead bargain, Sir; for it's only to get her aff av my hands I'm wantin, plase yer haner—*hust amuck—hust, a vehonee!*† Be asy, an' me in conwersation with his haner here!'

"'You are an Irishman?' the gentleman inquired.

"'I am, Sir, from Cannaught, yer haner, an' 'ill sell the crathur dag cheap, all out. Asy, you thief!'

"'I don't want the pig, my good fellow,' replied the Englishman, without evincing curiosity enough to inquire how he came to have such a commodity for sale.

"She'd be the darlint in no time wit you, Sir; the run o' your kitchen 'ud make her up a beauty, your haner, along wit no thrauble to the sarwints about sweepin' or any thing. You'd only have to lay down the *scrahag* on the flure, or the misthress, Gad bliss her, could do it, an' not lave a crumblin' behind her, besides sleepin', your haner, in the carner beyant, if she'd take the throuble.'" —pp. 235–237.

Notwithstanding the repeated refusals of the gentleman to bargain for the pig, Purcel drove her to his house, affecting, in his pretended simplicity, to believe that the denials which were given him were in reality so many expressions of readiness on the part of the Englishman to take the live article on any terms. When the pig arrived at the place where Purcel had destined it to be driven, the ladies of the family came out to see the Irish monster and his four-footed companion. They surveyed the scene with astonishment, and condescended so far as to enter into conversation with the barbarian, whom they expected to have found endowed with the usual appendages of a wild creature. The author arranges the scene with admirable art. The ladies, young and old, looking on the spectacle presented before them, are inclined to show contempt and dislike, when the oily-tongued Connaughtman commences with a burst of admiration of their beauty, and by and by they all seem mightily struck with the unexpected civilization which they found in the Patlander. After the pig-driver received payment for the pig, he looked at the money with a delight which soon subsided into a sigh, when he said, "Arrah, may be yer haner 'ud give me the price o' my bed an' a bit to ate, Sir, an' keep me from brakin in upon this, Sir, God bless the money, I'm thinkin' o' the poor wife an' childher, Sir, strivin', so I am, to do fwhor the darlins." The audience were all in tears at the tenderness of the Irishman, and a shilling was handed to him to pay for his lodging. He was not, however, to be put off in this way, and a second appeal for a wisp of straw in the outhouse was readily granted, together with a plentiful meal:

"Phil then proceeded to the house, was sent to the kitchen by the young lady, and furnished through the steward with an abundant supply of cold meat, bread, and beer, of which he contrived to make a meal that somewhat astonished the servants. Having satisfied his hunger, he deliberately, but with the greatest simplicity of countenance, filled the wallet which he carried slung across his back, with whatever he had left, observing as he did it,—

"'Fhy, thin, 'tis sthrange it tis that the same custom is wit us in Ireland beyant, that is here; fwhor whinever a traveller is axed in, he always brings fwhat he doesn't ate along wit him. An sure enough it's the same here amongst yees,' he added, packing up the bread and beef as he spoke, 'but Gad bliss the custom, any how, for its a good one!'

"When he had secured the provender, and was ready to resume his journey, he began to yawn, and to exhibit the most unequivocal symptoms of fatigue:

"'Arrah, Sir,' said he to the steward, 'you wouldn't have e'er an ould barn that I'd throw myself in fwhor the night? The sara leg I have to put undher me, now that I've got stiff wit the sittin' so lang;* that, an' a wisp o' sthraw, Sir, to sleep an' an' Gad bliss you!'

"'Paddy, I cannot say,' replied the steward; 'but I shall ask my master, and if he orders it, you shall have the comfort of a hard floor and clean straw, Paddy, that you shall.'

"'Many thanks to you, Sir; it's in your face, in thrath, the same gudness an' ginerosity.'

"The gentleman, on hearing Phil's request to be permitted a sleeping place in the barn, was rather surprised at his wretched notion of comfort than at the request itself.

"'Certainly, Timmins, let him sleep there,' he replied; 'give him sacks and straw enough. I dare say he will feel the privilege a luxury, poor devil, after his fatigue. Give him his breakfast in the morning, Timmins. Good heavens,' he added, 'what a singular people! What an amazing progress civilization must make before these Irish can be brought at all near the commonest standard of humanity!'

"At this moment Phil, who was determined to back the steward's request, approached them.

"'Paddy,' said the gentleman, anticipating him, 'I have ordered you sacks and straw in the barn, and your breakfast in the morning before you set out.'

"'Thrath,' said Phil, 'if there's e'er a sthray blessin' goin', depind an it, Sir, you'll get, fwhor your hanerable ginerosity to the sthranger. But about the 'slip,' Sir, if the misthress herself 'ud shake the whisp o' sthraw fwhor her in the far carner o' the kitchen below, an' see her gettin' her supper, the crathur, before she'd put her to bed, she'd be thrivin' like a salmon, Sir, in less than no time; an' to ardher the sarwints, Sir, if you plase, not to be defraudin' the crathur of the big piatees. Fwhor in regard it cannot spake fwhor itself, Sir, it frets as wise as a Christyeen, when it's not honestly thrated.'

"'Never fear, Paddy; we shall take good care of it.'

"'Thank you, Sir. But I after heerd, Sir, that you dunna how to feed pigs in this counthry in ardher to mix the fwhat an' lane, lair (layer) about.'

"'And how do you manage that in Ireland, Paddy?'

"'Fwhy, Sir, I'll tell you how the misthress, Gad bliss her, will manage it fwhor you. Take the crathur, Sir, an' feed it to-morrow till it's as full as a tick—that's fwhor the fwhat, Sir; thin let her give it nothin' at all the next day, but keep it black fwhastin'—that's for the lane (lean). Let her stick to that, Sir, keepin' it atin one day an' fasting' anodher, for six months, thin put a knife in it, an' if you don't have the fwhat and lane, lair about, beautiful all out, fwhy niver bl'eve Phadrumshagh Corfuffle agin. Ay, indeed!'

"The Englishman looked keenly at Phil, but could only read in his countenance a thorough and implicit belief in his own recipe for mixing the fat and lean. It is impossible to express his contempt for the sense and intellect of Phil; nothing could surpass it but the contempt which Phil entertained for him.

"'Well,' said he to his servant, 'I have often heard of the barbarous habits of the Irish, but I must say that the incidents of this evening have set my mind at rest upon the subject. Good heavens! when will ever this besotted country rise in the scale of nations! Did ever a human being hear of a method of feeding swine! I should have thought it incredible had I heard it from any but an Irishman!'"

INDIA.

THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

From the East India Sketch Book, 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*

"The life of an Indian officer is that of a gentleman, and is sufficiently aristocratic to gratify the most fastidious pride. He has servants, horses, a house, a plentiful table, fine wines, constant hope of an augmentation of income; and, above all, for I speak to the proud, he has *consideration*—a place and a right to mingle with the highest. He is at ease in the society of his superiors, because at no *very* distant day, if he is tolerably fortunate, he is to occupy the same position. He has a place at their tables, a seat in their carriages, and is on that easy footing of familiarity which implies essential equality."—Vol. I, pp. 10, 11.

"Othello's occupation" is no longer productive, it is true, of those harvests of gold which were reaped from it so speedily in "days gone by;" but it still offers a provision and a chance of wealth to the young and the adventurous. They often meet, we admit, with disappointments; but disappointments, as most of us know, are not peculiar to India.

"——————— All, when life is new
Commence with feelings warm and prospects high:
But time strips our illusions of their hue;
And one by one, in turn, some grand mistake
Peels off it's bright skin yearly, like the snake."

NO FABLE, BUT AN UNDOUBTED FACT.

UNDER the above head, in a very old Treatise on Testaments and last Wills, printed nearly two hundred years since, the following is found. The article in question has been the origin of many new versions of this old story. The Book from which the extract is taken

"* My sorrow on you for a pig!"
"† Silence pig! Silence, you vagabond!

"* This is pronounced as in the first syllable of 'Langolee,'—not like the Scotch 'lang.'"

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is quite a curiosity, and was obligingly introduced to our notice by a gentleman in Cape Town.

„ At Paris one morning a hungry poore man „ begging his almes from doore to doore, did „ at the last espie very good cheere at a Cookes „ house; whereat by and by his teeth began to „ water, and the spurre of his emptie and „ eager stomacke pricking him forwards, hee „ made as much hast towards the place as his „ feeble feete would giue him leaue: where „ hee was no sooner come, but the pleasant „ smell, partly of the meat, partly of the „ sauce, did catch such sure holde of the „ poore mans nose, that (as if hee had beene „ fast holden with a paire of pinsers) hee had „ no power to passe from thence, vntil hee had „ (to stay the furie of his raging appetite) „ eaten a peece of bread, which he had of „ charity gotten in another place. In the „ eating whereof, his sense was so delighted „ with the fresh smell of the Cookes cares, that „ albeit he did not lay his lippes to any morsell „ thereof, yet in the end his stomacke was so „ well satisfied with the onely smell thereof, „ that he plainely acknowledged himselfe „ thereby to haue gotten as good a breakfast, „ as if he had indeed there eaten his belly full „ of the best cheere. Which when the Cooke „ had heard, being an egregious wrangler and „ an impudent companion, what doth hee but „ all hastily steppes forth to the poore fellow, „ layes fast hand vpon him, and in a hot „ cholericke moode, bids him pay for his „ breakefast. The honest poore man halfe „ amazed at this strange demand, wist not „ well what to say: but the Cooke was so much „ the more fierce and earnest, by how much „ hee perceiued the good man to bee abashed „ at his boldnesse; and did so cunningly cloke „ the matter, that in the end the poore man „ was contented to referre the deciding of the „ controuersie to whatsoeuer person should „ next passe by that way, and without any „ more adoe, to abide his judgment. Which „ thing was no sooner concluded, but by and „ by commeth vnto the place, a very naturall „ foole, and such a notorious ldiot, as in all „ Paris his like was not to be found. All the „ better for me, thought the Cooke, for more „ hee doubted the sentence of a wise man then „ of a foole. Well sir, to this foresaid Judge „ they rehearsed the whole fact, the Cooke „ cruelly complayning, and the other patiently „ confessing as before: A great multitude of „ people were gathered about them, no lesse „ desirous to know what would follow, then „ wondering at that which had gone before. „ To conclude, this naturall perceiuing what „ money the Cooke exacted, caused the poore „ man to put so much money betwixt two „ Basons, and to shake it vp and downe in the „ Cookes hearing, which done he did arbitrate „ and award, that as the poore man was satis- „ fied with the onely smell of the Cookes „ meate, so the Cooke should be recompenced „ with the onely noyse of the poore mans „ money. Which judgment was so com- „ mended, that who so heard the same, „ thought, if *Cato* or *Salomon* had beene there „ to decide the Controuersie, they could not „ haue giuen a more indifferent or just sen- „ tence.

SEEING WITH THE MIND.

This seeing with the mind—this light of the understanding, is far more valuable to us than the common light of day. It is our own—a light within us—nothing can cloud it; darkness itself cannot hide it, if it is once kindled in the proper manner, and to the proper extent. But though its illuminating influence be within, we must at first light it up from without; and though it be the candle of the mind, it can only be lighted by knowledge obtained through the medium of those senses with which our all-bountiful Creator has furnished us. The exercise of those senses is OBSERVATION; and that is the fountain of all knowledge, and the original source of all pleasure, whether that which we immediately know or enjoy, be or be not present to the senses. What we thus obtain, is unalienably vested in us for the whole period of our lives. That which we have in our coffers, may decay through time, or be destroyed by accident; or it may be taken from us, or we from it; and that which is told to us by others may be false, or we may forget it because of the weakness of the impression that it made; but that which we see with our own eyes, or otherwise perceive with our own senses, is proof against accidents, against time, and against forgetfulness.—*Mudie.*

YOUTH IN AGE.

In the case of old people, even after their powers of observation are decayed, and when themselves are, as we would say, in their dotage, we find that they enjoy themselves and are happy, in the memory of their young years. Not only so; but when, insensible as it were to the present, they glance back for pleasure to the days that they have lived, the earlier in life the occurrence is, they remember it the better. And past events, and past objects, get more shadowy, not as they are more remote, as is the case with views in space, but as they are nearer to the present time. The man of fourscore may forget that he was a man of threescore and ten; but he never forgets that he was a boy; and one of the reasons why very old people are so fond of the society of children is, that the recollections of age, and even manhood, are comparatively faint on their memories, and they actually remember, and think, and enjoy themselves as children, after they cease to find pleasure as men.

We call those years of extreme age—those lingerings by the grave's brink, "a second childhood;" and the thoughtless among us, regard the appellation as one of pity, if not of derision. But it partakes of that sound philosophy and perfect wisdom which are contained in all proverbs and by-words, which pass current among men, and are sanctioned by the general voice. Why, indeed, is it, that any expression becomes a proverb or by-word? Is it not just because the truth of it is so plain and so striking, that every body, learned or unlearned, assents to it at once; and that it cleaves to the memory, as if it were a fact of which our own senses have been the immediate evidence.

There is something very delightful, as well as something very instructive, in this revival of the memory of youth in the very extreme of old age. It is delightful to think that the mind is independent of time, and not effected by that decay which wastes the body, and in the end brings it to the dust. Were there no other proof of the mind's immortality—no other hope of a life beyond the grave, that alone would be a demonstration of it, as clear and satisfactory as we can obtain of any truth whatever.—*Ib.*

GOOD WIVES AND GOOD HUSBANDS.

Good wives and good husbands are essential to social happiness and public morals. From them infancy derives its first impressions, youth its morals, and society the character of his members. On them rest in a very high degree the pillars of human happiness. Moral or social delinquencies in them invariably exert, to a greater or less extent, a pernicious influence upon others, and not unfrequently give the hue of impiety to the moral complexion of succeeding generations But if our views are bounded by present considerations alone, as there is no relation so intimate as that of husband and wife, so there is none on which the best interests of mankind are so much depending.

A Good Wife.—The good wife is one who, ever mindful of the solemn contract she has entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant, and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure, and unblemished in every thought, word, or deed: she is humble and modest from reason and from conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination; what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion: she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband, as conscious that every thing which promotes his happiness must in the end contribute to her own: her tenderness relieves his cares; her affection softens his distress; her good humour and complacency lessens and subdues his afflictions; "She openeth her mouth," as Solomon says, "with wisdom, and her tongue is the law of kindness: she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness: her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Lastly, as a good pious Christian, she looks up with an eye af gratitude to the great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the Husband of the widow, and Father of the fatherless, entreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty.

A Good Husband.—The good husband is one who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle: he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend: he attributes her folly to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence: all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it; lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example.

MERE MEMORY.

But the lesson is more to our present purpose: Why is it that, when we come near to the end of life, and look back upon it, the events of our young years are more fresh to our memory? It is not the mere youth; for there is a period younger still, of which we can remember nothing. Nobody remembers being born, and there are few that remember being carried in the nurse's arms. But if it is not the mere fact of our being younger, that makes us remember better, so neither is it that our minds have more power. The power of the mind has nothing at all to do with goodness or badness of memory, or with the simple fact of remembering. Persons of *weak judgment have often the best memories*; and have them just because their judgment is weak. Those who have been much employed in educating young people, and have attended to the subject, and been capable of understanding it, know very well that those pupils who can, without effort, learn every thing by rote, are with difficulty made to understand any thing: and grown-up persons, that can quote "day and date" for every trifling occurrence, can seldom give a sound or valuable opinion upon any matter of importance. I knew a fool, who was placed under the charge of a clergyman in the country, as being utterly incapable of conducting himself in ordinary matters, (he was a young man of fortune, and did not need to work, except for his amusement,) and yet he could repeat every word of the clergyman's sermon, tell how many people were in the church, how any one that sat in a pew named to him was dressed, or who did or did not contribute to the poor. He could do that for any Sunday, if you gave him any hint of it; last week, or last year, was all the same to him. His memory was, in short, as perfect as memory could be; but then he had no judgment in the using of it; and so, when in company, it

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often made him seem, and not unfrequently made other people feel, very ridiculous.

It would not be fair to mention names on such a subject; but the fact is beyond question, and it bears so closely and forcibly upon the object of this section, and indeed upon the whole purpose of this little volume, that I shall mention one other instance. Some time ago, there was employed, as a reporter to one of the morning newspapers, a gentleman of the most amiable character and the most upright conduct; but one who never made a profound or even an original observation in his life, unless the uncouth juxta-position of two matters of memory, between which there is no congruity or connexion, can be regarded as a sort of ludicrous originality. He had been long a faithful labourer on the establishment, and so he attended the Upper House, where the every-day duty was then easier than that in the Commons. He took no notes whatever, and yet, if an unexpected debate sprung up, and he was left for hours before any one went to relieve him, he could write out the whole verbatim. While listening, he was literally "held by the ear," so as not only to be incapable of thought, but almost of the use of all his other senses. In the office, too, he was the oracle of facts and dates; and, as he had read the newspapers diligently for many years, he knew almost every parliamentary sentence, and could tell by whom it was spoken, on what evening, what was the subject of the debate, and who were the principal speakers. His memory was chiefly a memory of sounds, and probably that was the reason, at least one of the reasons, why his judgment, weak as it was for the opportunities he had had, was so very much superior to that of the young man previously mentioned.

(Mudie.)

NEW DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

Cities now covering a circumference of miles will die away—dispossessed of their peculiar advantages, from the vicinity of harbours, rivers, coal, and the useful metals; the most inland districts will enjoy the advantages of sea-port towns; and property will become equalized in value, to the most distant portions of the kingdom. The rail-road projected from London to Dover will alone overturn the grandeur, and even the very foundations of the modern Babylon—for it will assign to Dover the entire shipping business of London, and finally close the Thames. The expensive and circuitous navigation of the Downs and the river will be avoided—millions per annum, now paid for pilotage, dock dues, and the innumerable charges of the Thames, will be saved to the commerce of the kingdom—the sea-faring population will be drawn off from the pestilential haunts of the port of London—and the plough will soon pass over the ancient and filthy towns upon the Thames; the banks of which will exhibit a beautiful, still, and natural scene—a most desirable view, although anticipated by Volney with great regret. For London is one immense monopoly—engrossing through the court, the East India Company, the Bank of England, and the various departments of the government, the expenditure of almost all the revenue of the country; draining and weakening the provinces.—*Hall.*

LACONICS.

By Professor SMYTHE, *of Oxford.*

Courtiers.—Men who are singularly careless auditors of public accounts, and by no means uneasy in the possession of sinecures.

Eloquence should attempt one great object, and entirely succeed, or entirely fail. Eloquence and wisdom are very different things. They are sometimes united, but seldom. A command of language, retentive memory, and glowing conception will make an orator, but not a wise man. Enthusiasm is the soul of the one; deliberating calmness the governing principle of the other.

Servility is not loyalty; nor attachment to liberal sentiments, republicanism.

Practicability should always be considered by him who contemplates reformation. He who proposes a change which can never be carried into execution, does nothing—does worse than nothing; because he makes the very idea of improvement ridiculous.

Toleration is the respecting of a fellow-creature's religious opinions, be they what they may, merely because they are his religious opinions.

Civil Liberty is the first of national blessings. It may sometimes be endangered, not by the strength, but by the very weakness of the executive power. Civil liberty is, of all things, the most frail and perishable: arbitrary rule, the most hardy and indestructible.

Members of Parliament.—There are many who are mere debaters in Parliament, not statesmen.

Parties.—You must have parties, or there will be no freedom of thought—as in Turkey and Persia, where no parties exist.

WILSON AND ANNESLEY.

[IT is a remark of some philosopher, that when people of opposite sentiment candidly compare their opinions, they find the difference between them much less than they had apprehended. The *unknown,* or the *partially known,* is always a field for the imagination. We are peculiarly apt to exaggerate both the good and the bad qualities of those with whom we are acquainted only by report. When two individuals who have been growling and scowling at each other for a series of years, are by necessity brought together, how astonished are they to find one another human beings! They are surprised by kind feelings, where they expected austere dispositions; they meet with generous instead of proud thoughts, suavity instead of harshness of manner. In reference to this subject, the author of *Letters for the Press,* (a book we are glad to find in the colony,) tells the following story.]

Wilson and Annesley are men of property, and in every sense highly respectable; the former is an independent gentleman of an ancient family—the latter an eminent merchant, opulent and liberal. They live at too great a distance from each other to be considered as neighbours, but as their houses lie in the same direction from the nearest town, they frequently meet each other on the road. The magical ceremony of an introduction, however, had never enabled them on these occasions to relax the stiffness of an upright attitude. Something of the repulsive feeling already described had grown up between them, and it had been recently fomented by a dispute between a tenant of the one and a clerk of the other; the tenant asserting with great positiveness that he had paid some money to the clerk in discharge of a debt due to Annesley, and the clerk affirming, with equal confidence and pertinacity, that he had never received it. No acknowledgment or receipt for the money could be produced.

Wilson being a kind landlord, not averse to extend his assistance and protection to all dependent on him, took up the cause of his tenant, whom he esteemed an honest man, and wrote a letter to Annesley in his favour, in which he evidently considered the clerk as taking advantage of the loss of the receipt, and expressed himself as somewhat personally aggrieved. Annesley had a high opinion of the punctuality and integrity of his clerk, and felt inclined to consider the tenant as little better than a rogue who wished to escape from a just obligation under the shelter of his landlord's good word. He saw, however, that it was useless to reply to the letter in kind; that they might correspond for ever without coming to a satisfactory conclusion; and that some other method must be pursued, to terminate an affair beginning to grow excessively disagreeable. One morning, at breakfast, he talked the matter over with his only daughter, his darling and confident, whom, since the loss of her mother, he had installed in the pleasant office of supplying him with inducements for doing as he liked, and of returning to him his own reasons, softened by the gentleness and embellished with the graces of the female mind.

It happened Miss Annesley had received some recent attentions, by no means displeasing, from the heir of the Wilson estate, while she was visiting in the neighbourhood; and whether it was from a tender recollection of these, or from that disinterested kindness of heart which leads the gentler sex at all times to prevent and compose feuds and enmities—certain it is, that she urged her father to seek an immediate personal interview with his correspondent; and, after exerting all the force of her eloquence till an unusual colour bloomed on her beautiful cheeks, she succeeded in persuading him to a step on which he had already determined.

His reception at Wilson Hall was stiff and formal. He saw at a glance that his visit was unwelcome, and that he had to do with a man strongly prepossessed against him. At first he felt inclined to conduct himself in the same ungracious spirit; but, being a man of the world, accustomed to control his first impulses, he checked the nascent disposition, and addressed his neighbour with a manly frankness and sincere desire to clear up mistakes and compose differences.

"Mr. Wilson," he began, "the object of my present visit is to adjust the unpleasant affair which occasioned the letter you did me the honour to address to me a few days ago. A personal interview appeared to me the readiest mode of attaining the end. We have both, I am persuaded, the same simple purpose in view—to ascertain what is right, and to act accordingly. After examining my clerk with all the acuteness and impartiality of which I am master, I am convinced he has never received the money: you, on the other hand, are equally convinced that your tenant has paid it. There appear, then, to be only three modes of proceeding: one, to let the matter rest, with a sense of injustice remaining on the mind of one of the parties; another to have recourse to a court of law, at a great expense of money and peace of mind; the third, to refer the matter to arbitration. A man really desirous of justice can scarcely fail to prefer the last; and, if your tenant acquiesce in the proposal, we will take that course on the present occasion. You yourself shall be the arbitrator, and whatever decision you may come to, after hearing both sides, shall be final and unquestioned."

At the commencement of this address, Wilson had positively determined to remain fixed in his opinion; he had assumed a deliberate sternness of both feeling and expression, and had resolved not to relax a muscle of either mind or body. What was said, however, was uttered with so much candour, in so gentlemanly a tone, and with such evident fairness of purpose, that all his notable resolutions were put to flight: the scowl left his brow, the austerity vanished from his heart, and a pithy retort which he had prepared to emit at the conclusion of his neighbour's sophistical or offensive harangue (for one of these he had in his own mind predetermined it should be) never saw the light. He met the proposal with perfect frankness and good will, and

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objected at the outset only to that part of it which referred the decision of the case to himself—an objection afterwards abandoned. It ultimately turned out that the tenant, a man of no great quickness of intellect, had inclosed the money in a letter, which he had forgotten to send to its address, and, on a sudden recollection, he discovered that he had carefully stowed it away in an old pocket-book.

From this auspicious moment Wilson and Annesley became fast friends. They found in each other a congeniality of spirit at which they were utterly surprised—integrity, urbanity, delicacy, cultivation of mind; in fact, no two men in the whole country were more exactly suited to confer mutual pleasure by personal intercourse, and yet for years they had been kept asunder, although almost neighbours, by the absurd reserve and sullen coldness of English etiquette or English manners.

WHOLESOME QUALITIES OF GOOD ALE.

THE following extracts, from the works of Dr. Paris, may tend to remove the prejudices entertained by some persons against that excellent beverage of an Englishman—beer; and may also convince the unscientific brewer, that no substitute which ingenuity can devise, can serve the purpose of hops, as a valuable ingredient in malt liquor.

Extract from Dr. Paris's work on Malt Liquor:—

"Malt liquors differ from wines in several essential points: they contain a much larger proportion of nutritive matter, and a less proportion of spirit; while they contain a peculiar bitter and narcotic principle derived from the hop. It would appear that the extractive matter furnished by the malt is highly nutritive; and we accordingly find those persons addicted to such potations are generally fat. The addition of the hop increases the value of ale, by the grateful stimulus which it imparts, and in some measure redeems it from those vices with which it might otherwise be charged. To those, therefore, whose diet is not very nutritive, ale may be considered not only as an innocent but as a salubrious article; and happy is that country whose labouring classes prefer such a beverage to the mischievous potations of ardent spirit!

These remarks, however, cannot apply to those classes of the community who "fare sumptuously every day." They will not require a nutritive potation of such a character: and light wines have, accordingly, in these days of luxury, very properly superseded its use: but I am not disposed to extend this remark to its more humble companion, *table beer*. I regard its dismissal from the tables of the great as a matter of regret; its slight but invigorating bitter is much better adapted to promote digestion than its more costly substitutes. Sydenham always took a glass of small beer at his meals, and he considered it a preservative against gravel. There existed for a long time, a strong prejudice against hops, which were considered as "pernicious weeds;" but it is now generally admitted that they constitute the most valuable ingredient in malt liquors. Independent of the flavour and tonic virtues which they communicate, they precipitate, by means of their astringent principle, the vegetable mucilage, and thus remove from the beer the active principle of its fermentation. Without hops, therefore, we must either drink our malt liquors new and ropy, or old and sour."

The following is extracted from the "Pharmacologia," by the same physician:—

"The great superiority of the hop, as an ingredient in our malt liquors, depends upon the fact of its containing within itself several distinct and independent elements of activity, which the other bitter herbs that have at different times been employed as its substitute, do not possess. The philosophy of its operation may be adduced as a striking illustration of the present subject; first, then, it contains a *bitter* principle, which imparts to the beverage a tonic quality and an agreeable flavour; while at the same time an *aromatic* ingredient adds a warm and stimulant property, and modifies the bitterness. The hop, moreover, contains an *astringent* ingredient (*tannin and gallic acid,*) the effects of which are to precipitate the vegetable mucilage, and thus to remove from the beer the active principle of its fermentation; every attempt therefore to substitute an ordinary bitter for that of the hop, must necessarily fail, unless a compound can be so artfully constructed as to contain, in due proportions, the principles of bitterness, astringency, and aroma. *Quassia* must therefore necessarily prove but a sorry substitute; it will impart bitterness enough, but it will not modify by agreeable aroma; and, as it contains no astringent principle, it will in precipitating the vegetable mucilage or gluten; in consequence of which, the beer so manufactured will be in a perpetual state of fermentation until it is entirely spoiled."

THE LATE DR ADAM CLARKE.

IT was to the ardour which was manifested in early life by this distinguished Wesleyan Minister, that we are to trace the celebrity which attended his mature age as a Hebrew scholar. Indeed, the principal claims which the memory of Dr. Clarke possesses to public consideration, (hence the intended Public Monument for which a subscription is opened,) arise from his extraordinary literary productions. From his knowledge of ancient Records, he was nominated one of the sub-commissioners of the Public Records, and was authorized to report on the best method of forming a continuation of Rymer's Fædra. In all his immense literary engagements—publication of the Bible with a Commentary, Connection of Sacred Literature, &c &c. he had no assistant—nor enjoyed not a single week's help from an amanuensis. We believe that his Life, just published, has not yet reached the Cape colony, but the following anecdote of the Doctor, when a school-boy, will, we apprehend, be found in it, when it does arrive. We recommend every Cape youth, every school-boy in particular, to read it with attention. It relates to Dr. Clarke's remarkable transition from dulness to sudden aptitude for learning while at school. The task allotted to him was to learn a certain portion of Lilly's Latin Grammar, to which he found himself wholly incompetent. His distress was indescribable, and he shed tears on his book; at last he laid it by with a broken heart, and in utter despair of ever being able to make any progress.

He took up an English Testament, sneaked into an English class, and rose with them to say a lesson. The master perceiving it, said in a terrific tone, 'Sir, what brought you here? where is your Latin Grammar?' He burst into tears, and said, with a piteous tone, *I cannot learn it.* He had now reason to expect all the severity of the rod: but the master, getting a little moderate, perhaps moved by his tears, contented himself with saying, 'Go, Sirrah, and take up your grammar: if you do not speedily get that lesson, I shall pull your ears as long as *Jowler's*, (a great dog belonging to the premises,) and you shall be a *beggar* to the day of your death.' These were terrible words, and seemed to express the sentence of a ruthless and unavoidable destiny. He retired, and sat down by the side of a young gentleman with whom he had been in class, but who, unable to lag behind with his dulness, requested to be separated, that he might advance by himself. Here he was received with the most bitter taunts, and poignant insults. 'What! have you not learned that lesson yet? *O what a stupid ass?* You and I began together: you are now only in *As in præsenti*, and I am in Syntax!' and then, with cruel mockings, began to repeat the last lesson he had learned. The effect of this was astonishing—young Clarke was roused as from a lethargy; he felt, as he expressed himself, *as if something had broken within him*: his mind in a moment was all light. Though he felt indescribably mortified, he did not feel indignant: *what*, said he in himself, *shall I ever be a dunce*, and the butt of those fellows' insults! He snatched up his book, in a few moments committed the lesson to memory, got his construction speedily; went up and said it, without missing a word!—took up another lesson, acquired it almost immediately, said this also without a blemish, and in the course of that day wearied the master with his so often repeated returns to say lessons; and committed to memory all the Latin verses with their English construction, in which heavy and tedious *Lilly* has described the *four conjugations*, with their rules, exceptions, &c. &c. Nothing like this had ever appeared in the school before—the boys were astonished—admiration took the place of mockings and insult; and from that hour, it may be said from that *moment*, he found his memory at least capable of embracing every subject that was brought before it, and his own long sorrow was turned into instant joy.

SELECT NOTICES.

Suicides.—Of a great many suicides in Paris, a late report states that there were occasioned by

Jealousy, ...	92
Grief, ...	120
Remorse for misdeeds, ...	49
Gambling, ...	155
General bad conduct, ...	1287!
Blighted ambition, ...	122, &c.

But suicide is declining all over the world. Under the dogmas of *heathenism*, suicide was of constant occurrence; was, in fact, a national characteristic, and ranked with Roman virtues!——*Chair of Natural Philosophy, Edinburgh*—The chair is to be filled by Mr. Forbes, an almost beardless youth of 23, to the exclusion of the profoundly-capable and scientific Sir David Brewster!——*A new arrival in London.*—The medical profession in London have been lionizing in all the month of January this year, the Chevalier Clot Bey, Doctor-in-Chief of His Highness the Viceroy of Egypt. A few days before his departure from Paris, the Faculty of Medicine presented him with 160 volumes of medical works in quarto. England will at the same time do her duty.——*Laconism*,—It is with nations as with individuals; if animated with industry, every function is healthy, and fulfils its office; but when employment ceases or diminishes, the frame is paralysed, and falls into a state of debility or decay. *Employment is prosperity*,——*March of Literature in Ireland*,—Wonder upon wonders! Ireland has established a Magazine in the shape of the *Dublin Penny Journal!* In its size and general arrangement it closely resembles the Useful Knowledge Society's *Penny Magazine*, which it rivals in the number and quality of its embellishments, and far

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exceeds it in the elegance of its typography. To add to the interest of the work, the drawings are for the most part made by a Mr. Armstrong, a journey-man painter of Drogheda!——*Wages.*—It is on record that, in the reign of Edward III. the wages of a master mason or carpenter in England were four-pence per day; and of his journey-men two-pence or three-pence, according to merit——*Emigration.*—The Governors of the Refuge for the Destitute, in the Hackney Road, London, have announced that it is their intention to send out a ship to New South Wales this year, with 500 unmarried women or widows, between the ages of 18 and 30 years.——*Jews.*—A Jewish family left Woolwich a few weeks back for Jerusalem. There are now about 25,000 Jews in the Holy Land.

United States.—The population of the United States, according to the last census, is over twelve millions; and the increase in 1831, including the negroes and the emigrants, exceeded 500,000 souls; so that at the same rate the country might have, in twenty-five years, a population of twenty-five millions.

Thirst for Novelty.—There is no tomb so vast as London, which swallows up the most illustrious names for ever; it has an omnivorous maw. The celebrity of a man in London blazes and vanishes away like a firework; there is a great noise, numberless invitations, endless flattery and exaggeration, for a few days, and then an eternal silence. Paoli and Dumourier, after having at there first appearance made a crash like thunder, when they died excited no more attention than a falling leaf. General Mina, when he landed at Portsmouth, was carried to his hotel in triumph, and deafened with applause for a month together at the theatre in London. He was more famous than the Nemean lion. What then? He fell very soon into oblivion, and the grave closed over his name. The English people are greedy of novelty; childish in this alone, it makes no great distinction between good and bad, they want only what is new. They pay for the magic lantern, and pay well, but they always want fresh figures. To feed this insatiable whale, that always pants with open jaws—

'And after meals is hungrier than before,'

toil incessantly journalists, engravers, historians, travellers, philosophers, lawyers, men of letters, poets—ministers with schemes for new enactments, the king with schemes for new palaces and buildings, and the liberals with schemes for parliamentary reform.—*Observations of an Italian Exile.*

Antipathies.—What an unaccountable medley of strength and weakness is man! Lord Bacon, it is said, fell back inanimate at the occurrence of an eclipse. The acute and erudite Erasmus was alarmed at the sight of an apple. Bayle, the great lexicographer, swooned at the noise made by some water as it escaped, drop by drop, from a cock. Henry of France, the third of that name, though he had driven his enemies before him at Jarnic, trembled, from head to foot, at the sight of a cat. When a hare crossed the celebrated Duke d'Eperon's path, his blood stagnated in his veins. The masculine minded Mary of Medicis, fainted away whenever a nosegay was in sight. A shudder overcame the learned Scaliger, on perceiving cresses. Iven the Second, Czar of Muscovy, would faint away on seeing a woman; and Albert, a brave Field Marshal of France, fell insensible to the ground, on discovering a sucking pig served up at his own table!—*Athenæum.*

Writing Sermons when asleep—Morrison, in his "Medicine no Mystery," speaks of a clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again, being all the time fast asleep.

Ten Rules to be observed in Practical Life.—The following rules were given by the late Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of advice to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1825. 1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. 2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself. 3. Never spend your money before you have it. 4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap. 5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold. 6. We never repent of having eaten too little. 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. 8. How much pains have those evils cost us which never happened! 9. Take things always by their smooth handle. 10. When angry, count ten' before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.—*Penny Mag.*

Patriarch.—The St. Petersburgh Gazette states, that there is living near Polosk, on the frontiers of Lithuania, an old man named Demetrius Crabowski, who is now 168 years old. This Russian Methusaleh has always led the humble but tranquil life of a shepherd, assisted by his two sons, the elder of whom, Paul, is 120, and the younger, Anatole, 97 years old.

Judea.—Judea, the country of the Jews, of which Jerusalem was the capital, was so exceedingly fertile, that it was ranked by the Greeks and Romans amongst the finest of their provinces. The land has long since been brought into desolation. The country is overrun by rebel tribes; the Arabs pasture their flocks at freedom. The most fertile plains lie untilled. The art of cultivation is in the most deplorable state, and the countryman sows with the musket in his hands.—*Companion to the Bible.*

A Fairy Land, or New El Dorado.—The streams in the Huron country, says the Rochester Advertiser, glide over pebbles of cornelian, topaz, jaspar, agate, and quartz, and are as pure as crystal. They are cool enough for drinking in the hottest day in August. The great lead mines are in the southern part of this district. They have been wrought but three years, by comparatively few persons, and under every possible disadvantage; yet nearly thirty million pounds of lead have been made there. Only about a mile square of surface has yet been opened, and from this thirty million pounds more might be extracted without opening a new mine. The whole of the lead district occupies a surface one hundred miles square, including, however, a district of copper ore, about twenty miles long, four or five broad. The climate is fine and pure, and the soil of the prairies is admirable for grain. Among the curiosities is a sort of vegetable compass, the "rosin weed," from the position of whose leaves it is said that the North and South points can be ascertained.

Living in France.—A gentleman who is just arrived from France has informed us that near Brest, a good cottage for a small family, consisting of several rooms, and a garden, can be rented for 100 livres, or £4. 3s. 4d. per annum; a couple fowls and ducks may be bought at 6d; good beef, 2½d; veal, 1½d. per pound; eggs, 1½d. per dozen; common wine, white and red, 25s. per hogshead, and every other article at proportionately low prices.—*Jersey Patriot.*

Angry Controversy; a Fable—A certain crab, cast upon the shore by the tide, and eager to regain its native element, was walking, as was his custom, side-ways to the water's edge. By the way, he met with an eel in the same predicament; but he, like most other people, travelled with his head foremost. 'I do not see, sir,' said the eel, 'why you should refuse to conform to the customs of the world and the habits of society, therefore, I will thank you to turn about and walk as other people.' The crab maintained the right to walk as he pleased, more especially as it was the only way he could walk. The eel persisted. A quarrel ensued: meantime the tide went out, and neither party, backward or forward, being able to reach the water, they were left to die of thirst upon the sand.

NATURAL HISTORY and SCIENCE

One of the most extraordinary signs of the times, is the great and still increasing popularity of almost every branch of Natural History. A few years ago, Zoology was a word almost unknown to "ears polite;" very few works on the subject were published, and those only found purchasers among the scientific. Most people had read Buffon "in their younger days," and deemed it pure waste of time to pore over any other book about "birds and beasts;" Buffon being deemed all wise and infallible. It was supposed that he had "garnered, yea, even unto the gleaning," every fact worth knowing as to Natural History; that he had taken a true and philosophical view of the creation, which appearing, according to his accounts and arguments, although exquisite in parts, a sad, disjoined, bungling affair on the whole, the subject was voted a dead bore by the thoughtless, and proved a stumbling-block to the thinking, who were amazed—staggered, to find that numerous living things were apparently created for no other purpose than to endure a life of physical misery. The study of Natural History was even condemned by some as tending to cause infidelity; and the science slumbered in odium, so far as regards the public, for a number of years. Meantime the most ludicrous errors were accepted as standard truths—in short, every body believed in Buffon.

Lately, however, a new spirit hath sprung up. Natural History has ceased to be the study of a few, and has become the enthusiastic pursuit of many. Thousands and tens of thousands of men, women, and children, of all nations, and all grades in society, and in all parts of the globe, are daily labouring with delight, to increase our stock of knowledge on this important subject; so that with a rapidity that is truly astonishing, the distorted phantasmagoria of ignorance and presumption are being rapidly dispelled, and man begins to see "in its true form and colour, the beauty, grandeur, almighty wisdom, and beneficence of the creation."—*Monthly Magazine.*

The Magpie.—Wherever it be, wild or tame, this is the monkey of birds, full of mischief and mimicry. A gentlemam told Mr. Howitt, that one he kept having stolen various articles, was watched by him narrowly, and was at length seen very busy in the garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air dropping them into a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a line-post. After dropping each stone it cried "carack" triumphantly, and set off for another. Making himself sure that he had found the objects of his search, the gentleman went to the place, and found in the hole a poor toad, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

Furs—The uses of the zoological creation to man may to some extent be imagined, when we state that the Hudson's Bay Company imported in one year 3,000 skins of the black bear, 60,000 ditto of the pine marten, 1,800 of the fisher (a species of sable), 4,600 of the mink, 7,300 of the otter, 8,000 of the fox, 9,000 of the Canadian lynx, 60,000 of the beaver, and 150,000 of the musk rat. Independently of those, there were imported a great many skins of badgers, wolves, and racoons.

The Dog.—At the late fire, corner of Courtand and West streets, says the New York Gazette, the following incident occurred, which tends, in a striking degree, to illustrate the sagacity and fidelity of that most excellent animal, the dog. A young man slept in the third story of the building in which the fire originated. His dog, lying by his bedside, scented the fire which had broken out below. He immediately endeavoured to awake his master by laying his fore-paws on his breast, and drawing them gently over his body. The young man aroused himself, but not suspecting the object of the animal, fell again to sleep. The dog then seized the bed clothes, and stripped them off his master, who a second time covered himself up, and went to sleep. The dog, aware that no more time was to be lost, took hold of the young man's shirt with

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his teeth, and tore it from his arm. At this moment the flames were bursting into his chamber, and he saved his life by descending the tackle fall, which he threw out of the window, hand over hand. The worst of the story remains to be told. In his hurry to escape destruction, the young man forgot that his keeper had no means of descent, and burst into a flood of tears on finding that he could not return to save him. The faithful creature perished!

Cotton.—Of cotton, the Standard says, The first cost of a year's cotton manufactured in England is estimated at £6,000,000 sterling; the wages paid to 833,000 persons employed in its manufacture in various ways, is £20,000,000, sterling; the profit of the manufactures may be estimated at 6,000,000, at least. This give a clear profit of £20,000,000, from the manufacture of not quite one-third of the amount, or the increased value of the manufactured over that of the unwrought material, is 3-1-3 to 1; and nearly a million of persons besides get from it constant employment.

British Insects.—The total amount of known British insects (according to the last census) is 10,012, which is equal to nearly twice the number of ascertained birds, and to more than ten times the number of ascertained quadrupeds throughout the world.—*Quarterly Review.*

American Rail Roads.—There are now finished, in progress, or projected, in the United States, two thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight miles of rail-roads.

Wool.—The following statistical accounts, as relate to wool and cotton, are curious and interesting:—England and Wales feed 36,000,000 sheep, each of which yield a fleece of four pounds weight, or one hundred and forty-four millions of pounds, which, at 1s. per pound, is worth £7,400,000. These, manufactured, produce £20,000,000, leaving a profit of £12,000,000 per annum to the various manufacturers.—*Ince's Outline of General Knowledge.*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

Great demand for Servants—The Society for the Suppression of Juvenile Vagrancy, &c.

The great demand for servants, and labourers, and mechanics in this colony, is daily increasing; not only are the present charges for servants enormous, but there is no adequate supply for the demand *at any price.* The country is impoverished for want of field labourers, the enterprise of the British settlers is sadly crippled on this score, and we submit that those living in Cape Town and its neighbourhood, suffer very considerable privations from the scarcity of household servants, and next to this, you have almost to go down on your knees to procure the hire of a carpenter or bricklayer.

This Journal, as well as others, have often discussed the subject, still no remedial measures have been taken for the public relief. It is true, several plans have been proposed, but nothing we believe has as yet taken root. We must make another appeal, and we do so, because the question at this moment, demands an imperative and immediate attention.

Than ourselves, none more rejoiced on the arrival of the long-looked for *Charles Kerr*, which report had long declared, was to bring out a cargo of English servants. The arrival is thus noticed by one of the Cape papers: "By the ship Charles Kerr, twenty *youths,** from *twelve* to seventeen years of age, being the first division of "*Juvenile Emigrants,*" destined for this colony, arrived in Table Bay last Saturday, &c."

"Emigrants!" This is a vibrating word to the chords of sensibility. It is connected with all that regards *independence,* home, and love, and friendship. This probably arises from certain ideas of *association*—our recollection, perhaps, of Montgomery's Emigrant, the Wanderer of Switzerland—Murray's Swiss Emigrant,—Pringle's Emigrant's Farewell—

> "Our native Land, our native Vale,
> A long and last adieu!
> Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
> And Cheviot mountains blue! &c.

But more especially, from reading in Warton, that in certain expeditions "the northern emigrants were attended by their *poets.*"† Well then, to obtain one of these interesting "Emigrants" by the *Charles Kerr*, how desirable! In this respect, every body seemed to be on the *qui vive*, and made their bows to a committee of gentlemen, *appointed in London,* to receive the twenty youths on their arrival at the Cape. The following, as far as we can collect, are nominated as the Committee:

Rev. Dr. Philip.
Rev. Jno. Pears.
Rev. — Cameron.
Rev. Jas Beck.
Rev. B. Shaw.
Doctor Murray.
Doctor Bailey.
Doctor Fairbridge.
John Fairbairn, Esq.
Jas. R. Innes, Esq.
J H Tredgold, Esq.
E. Christian, Esq.

The Committee thus constituted, could do no less than shew a proper "courtesy to strangers," at the same time we consider it a peculiar hardship that professional men, whose other avocations are so numerous, should be thus called upon to undertake a secular work, that they should be mixed up with servant hire, and indenturers, and rix-dollars, and rations. The London nominators had surely forgotten that we had a chamber of commerce at the Cape, in which the business of *import* is well conducted, and well understood. But leaving these things for an after discussion, we proceed to state, that the applications for the "Youths" were, as far as we understand, very considerable—that there was even a rivalry in the market. So much so, that when the "Youths" were landed and conducted to the comfortable quarters, formerly connected with the *shews* of natural curiosities at the end of the Government gardens,—it was found necessary to interdict any other visitors to the "Youths," than the gentlemen of the committee—and even these must receive a ticket from the secretaries. Moreover, such was the presumed anxiety of the public to obtain a look at the "emigrants," that the interposition of the military was demanded, so that all abduction was out of the question.

But now for the bursting of the bubble. Emigrants! "Juvenile Emigrants!" the "twenty youths!"—why it turns out that they are a lot of juvenile vagrants, forming the "first division" of the "15,000" vagrants of the city of London, "who live in the practice of every vice, in the commission of every crime, and gain a livelihood only by plundering the public." At all events, they have been sent out by the Society of Juvenile *Vagrancy;* this is quite enough; and as "there are now in the prisons of the metropolis of London, between 6 and 700 children and young persons," we are led to understand, that the Cape is to become the country residence of many a batch of these hopeful gentry.

Now we have reason to believe, that the committee appointed to take charge of the "youths" at the Cape, are very worthy, good men—still, they are as liable to err as other people; and, if we cannot be frank, ingenuous, and fearless, as it respects this body, or any other body of men,—perish this Journal! We have no narrow self-interested prudence to consult, no sinister or by-ends to serve, and therefore, from respect to the sacred Divinity of Truth, and the love of our neighbour, we are bound to state to the gentlemen of the committee, that it is *public opinion* that they have greatly erred in affixing a new designation to the name of the London "Society for the Suppression of Juvenile Vagrancy," inasmuch as there is a *refinement,* an *embellishment* attempted, or a gloss thrown over the concern which does not accord with the plain matter of fact. Hence, on

* We are responsible for the italics.
† Warton's Hist. E. Poets. I. Diss. i.

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the first notification of the "Committee for apprenticing Juvenile Emigrants," there was a very general desire to procure from one, to two and three of the youths which had arrived in the *Charles Kerr*. But when, *apart* from the advertisement of the Committee, the public began to read the objects of the London Society from its own circulars, then commenced that shyness on the part of the Cape public, to deal with the Cape Committee on any terms. The applications which have been made are trifles in comparison with those which were ready for presentation.

And we think all this is a good sign. It would be deplorable, should the tide of emigration flow in upon us from the contagion of a great metropolis, from those graduated and initiated in early depravity. Let us recollect, that the lessons of childhood are seldom forgotten, and without the early precepts of christian instruction, what is there to supply reflection, and form the character in after life; in a word, what is there to expect from the beggary, wretchedness, profligacy, sloth, and squalidness of a London-tutored vagrant? It is all very well to set on foot the means of rescue, to stem the evil, but of all countries in the world, we think the Cape of Good Hope can least afford to offer the colony as a place of refuge for delinquents—to inoculate the corruptions of London on our Cape population, to make bad worse, to enlarge the prisons, and increase the police. We recommend the reader to consult the *Advertiser* of last year. With his usual display of talent, the Editor exposes in the most triumphant manner, the folly of those who have suggested that this should become a penal colony. If we are to increase and multiply, let us have emigrants of well-selected character. Mr. Nourse, in his Prospectus of a scheme for the supply of labour for the Cape, published in 1831, thinks aright on this head.

"The character and the success of the Institution," he says, "will greatly depend upon the judicious selection of proper persons. It is the respectable class of country people that are required, and not the idlers of the towns."

But let this subject be turned to good account. The inhabitants are ripe for a good and virtuous scheme of emigration, which shall be blessed and made a blessing. All that is required is, a public meeting for which a provisional Committee should make arrangements. We know full well, that very many gentlemen would come forward and co-operate with spirit—heart, hand, and purse. The business of supply must not be left to the London Society for distributing Juvenile Vagrants. We demand something less impure and sickly than the objects of its charity. The *graft* we want, is neither the *crab*-stick, nor the *wild* plum, which never bear fruit. We require a moral and intelligent people, habituated to industrious habits, imbued with a taste for the respectabilities of life, and mixing prudence and foresight with every great practical step in the history of their doings. And such are attainable if we apply to the proper authorities. Let the families, the crowded families, and parishes of England be consulted, and from thence let us obtain wholesome supplies. And let the emigrant bring in his pocket the attestation of *parochial character*. In abundant instances we are quite sure the certificate will describe the peasant as the "country's pride," and the descendant of a virtuous parentage; and, O! there is much in the circumstance of honest birth, much, very much, in the purity of the *ros vitalis*. But if there be a womanish clinging to home on the part of our peasant—let us look to Scotland. Here, perhaps, are the best resources after all, and from the population returns, emigration *must* take place in that country.* Perthshire and Dumfrieshire are interesting counties, in both of which there is a considerable anxiety to *cast off the swarms*.

Finally, if we have taken an erroneous view of this subject, we shall be happy to have our mental organs purified. We are not of those who regard the prodigal or wanderer's return to his *father's house* with indifference. We believe that christian education, if put forth, will make head against mendicity, and vice, and misery; but we are inclined to think, that this is not the country where so much is to be done in our *own vineyards*, where christian education among the coloured population is only feebly commenced, to take in hand additional reformatory work in behalf of the city of London.

But that we have *not* mistaken the subject, we think will be pretty clear to the impartial reader, because *he who runs may read*. It has just been suggested, that the twenty newly-arrived youths are very different from others of the Society's objects—that they are lads of admirable conduct. Indeed! Has the Society for the Suppression of Juvenile Vagrancy in London broken its *fundamental* "Regulations" for our benefit at the Cape? How kind and disinterested! But let us read for ourselves. The objects which the Society unequivocally professes to have in view, are—

"1st. To collect the *most destitute* and forlorn of the *Vagrant Boys*, who are wandering about the streets of the Metropolis, without a home, or means of subsistence, but from begging and *thieving*.

"2d. To assist parishes to *manage* (!!) and to *dispose* (!!!) of their *refractory* (!!!!) boys, who are *alternately* the inmates of *goals* (!!!!!) and workhouses.

"3d. To afford aid to the industrious, small tradesmen, &c. to *reclaim* and *dispose* of such of their children as have been *entrapped* by the receivers of stolen goods, and *seduced* by some of the numerous gangs of *young depredators*, of which there are frequent examples at the different Police Offices of the Metropolis." This is quite enough. Friends to the success of the British Settlers and *Emigrants*, (in the true sense of the word,) do your duty!

* How important to advise with some of the influential men in Scotland on this subject. Only this year, according to an Edinburgh paper, 300 emigrants returned in the ship in which they had embarked for America, for want of employment.

AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS!

AN unfortunate maniac some years since escaped from the walls of Bethlem Hospital, and only halted until he had reached the fields near Islington. Here he gazed on a fine healthy-looking old gentleman, and thus addressed him: "Sir, have you thanked God for your reasonable faculties this day?" "Indeed," replied the other, "I have not, but the question is a good one, I never thought of it before—I shall do so forthwith;" and Dr. Munro, who mentioned this anecdote to US, states, that the old gentleman, who was a rich patient of his, most religiously kept his word, and left by will a considerable sum of money to the Hospital, and the family of the maniac.

Christian Mothers of the Cape of Good Hope! read the following advertisement published in Cape Town, in one of the Newspapers, 19th April, 1833,* and then ask yourselves "have

* *De Zuid-Afrikaan.*

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we thanked God this day for our own personal *freedom*, and that of our beloved offspring, and have we encouraged, in any degree, that *Philanthropic Society* which has for its object the ransom of the children of Slaves?" And remember

"OH, WOMAN, WHATEVER BE THE COLOUR OF YOUR SKIN, YOUR HEART IS ONE ONLY!"

"On Wednesday next, will be sold, at Mr. R. J. Jones' Auction, at eleven o'Clock, a young African Slave Woman, in a state of pregnancy. The purchase money may remain at interest."*

MEETING OF THE CLUBS.

Intercourse of Society—Monoply of Personal Distinction—On Rank—Wholesale and Retail Dealers—Government House, &c.

SOME of the Clubs have, we understand, opened the winters campaign. The *head one*, which assembled at George's last week, is said to have been of the most intellectual kind. It is considerably improved this season in its liberal spirit, it has cast away the old *black-balling* system of the dark ages. Any gentleman may *openly* introduce a new member. *Black-balling* is all of a piece with the proposed *Ballot* in Parliamentary returns. If men cannot be honest in the face of day-light, we are much inclined to think that they will yield to the temptations of secrecy and darkness. *Black-balling* encourages revenge and malevolence, and becomes a screen for the coward to hide his poor pitiful spite. *Secrecy*, in general, is the paltry resourse of a narrow mind to give itself consequence; men of noble minds are open and unreserved.†

In reference to the *intercourse of society*, the benevolent mind cannot but perceive with pain the frequent prevalence of a spirit of haughty exclusion and assuming superiority, which separates those, amongst whom it should seem expediency, and mutual interest would establish unanimity and concord. Never, perhaps, was this world so much a world of *appearances* as at present;—the "specious glitter" presses like the atmosphere on all sides around us. Artificial as are the sub-divisions of our Cape society, never, perhaps, were the assumptions of pretended rank urged with less intermission, more *undeserved*, and, as might thence be expected, any slight the less patiently suffered. "Yes, yes," says one of our friends, "I see what you would be at—Death and you are both alike. D'ye give it up?"—Yes, "Because you are *levellers*." No such thing. We honour hereditary rank when vested in individuals who support, as many whom we could mention do, with propriety and dignity. It has a dominion founded on our prejudices it is true, but on prejudices of a venerable nature—which picture to us an hereditary gentry, the protectors of the people, and the guardians and defenders of their liberties and rights. But those who claim the place and the observance due to the rank of the *noblesse* are supported by no such lingering associations; besides, they have no claims which *intrinsic merits*, distinct from birth, entitle them to consideration—nay, their merits are inconsiderable. Therefore, they are regarded as upstarts, and looked upon with contempt. Always remember, that individuals of the highest grade never feel that oppressive anxiety about enforcing their claims to public notice,—no, it is the little gentry and the small squires who insist on being of a different race from the *bourgeois*, by whom they are surrounded; it is they who fear that an association with those whom they deem their inferiors will expose them to contamination. But again it is inquired, "what proof have you that we can find good manners elsewhere than at *court*, and how can we meet men who, not having been *there*, have no title to the rank of gentlemen?" Let Swift answer the question if it be worth a reply. "Good manners are not a plant of the court growth; if they were, those people, who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up."

No reflection is here intended on those distinguished individuals who preside at the helm of Government in this colony. Happily their hospitable doors are thrown open to every one, qualified by his *caste* in society, "*or* by gentlemanly manners and character to receive attentions,"* and if the guests do not exhibit an equal forbearance towards each other, *i. e.* towards the various *sorts and conditions of men* among us, 'tis the fault of the invited, and the sin lies at their own door. "But, Sir!" observes another objector, "do you mean to say, that a retailer in this colony is as good as a *wholesale* dealer, that a gentleman who sells five-and-twenty gridirons, or five-and-twenty 'parritch pots,' or five-and-twenty general kitchen and *other utensils*, is as worthy of consideration as the *man* who retails the same articles singly?" Why not?—we think the advantages that are deducible, are greatly in favour of the individual, whose honest and unpretending exertions scatter the supplies, and are the main support of the wholesale gentlemen. Look at the great Representation of the people of England, and then say who are disqualified to sit in the grand council of the nation. Every trade and profession is there represented. And in like manner take up our Cape of Good Hope *Government House List*, and you will find no *partial interests* especially consulted, but you will read as objects of worthy invitation to feasts and festivals.

William Marrow-bone,—"Butcher.",
Jonathan Stackhouse,—"Farmer."
Abraham Grinder,—"Miller."
Jacobus Swipes,—"Brewer."
Andries Jonquil,—"Clerk."

And hundreds of others of high renown and honest fame.* But if we are to condemn the retailers with a sweeping clause, let us do it with an even and consistent hand. All men are *dealers* at the Cape. High and low, rich and poor. From members of council to mad Moses the money scrivener. Whether it be *fish* or flesh, (animal or human,) cabbages, and every other description of garden vegetable,—fire-wood, milk, and butter, eggs, ducks, chickens, and sucking pigs—all men are for turning an honest penny. Even the Honorable East India Company sell a *single* case of tea, two pots of ginger, and five pieces of calico, and other goods. Lastly, it may serve to check that overweening pride which is frequently uplifting its head, if we close these plain and faithful remarks by an extract from the work of no mean observer of men and things at the Cape. It is entitled "State of the Cape of Good Hope in 1822." It is severe enough, we confess, but it will so much the more serve as a corrosive to proud-flesh—whether English or Dutch.

"Buying and selling, which, on the most enlarged scale, are in some parts of Europe considered to degrade a gentleman, are held highly honourable by the Cape Dutch. On the address of a letter to an Englishman, after the word esquire, they sometimes add, by way of compliment, the appellation koopman (or merchant) as the superlative distinction. *Smoucking*, which here is an appropriate word, meaning buying an article, and selling it again at a profit, is practised by all the Cape-Dutch, except a few of the highest class; and not by them forborne from any idea of degradation, but from being fully engaged in other pursuits; and it is not bad policy to account that to be honourable, which all are in the habit of doing. Female slaves parade the town, the neighbouring

* We must remind our readers that the respectable auctioneer whose name is attached to this advertisement, is wholly faultless in the matter.

† The gentlemen of the Commercial Room have long since got rid of the black-balling system.

* Civil Servant.

* *Fact*—Let the list be consulted in which designations are attached to each man's name.

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villages, and country houses, carrying upon their heads, and in the baskets of an attendant man slave, an assortment of every article of dress worn by females, with which they supply the purchasers at nearly the same rate as in Cape Town. The lady owner of the slave girl, when she returns home at night from a *party* or a *ball*, compares the unsold goods and the rix-dollars she receives from her pedler, with what was sent for sale in the morning, and gives out the merchandize for the next day's perambulation. There have been instances of chastisement inflicted on the slave, if every thing is brought back unsold, on the presumption, that following her own pursuits, she has neglected the interests of her mistress. By this, and by buying an article, when cheap, at one vendue sale, and acquiring a profit by a resale at another vendue, many families, if not wholly maintained, are greatly assisted."

THE PICTURE.

A considerable number of the most respectable individuals at the Cape have commenced a subscription, in order to obtain a Picture of His Excellency the Governor—His Excellency having kindly consented to sit for the same, after his arrival in England. A certain individual, *in secret, and through the Zuid-Afrikaan*, has thought proper to recommend some grouping in the back-ground of the intended Picture, in reference to the firmness of His Excellency in executing the laws of his Sovereign. We strongly suspect the designer to be the man whose beautiful *taste* was in exercise when an attempt was made some years since to resist the 19th Ordinance, and when an old Burgher Senator was rewarded with a Silver Cup! Beneath the handles of this cup, the Devil is *tastefully* represented with a three-pronged fork, poking the 19th Ordinance out of the jaws of Hell!!!

MUSICAL CONCERTS—FROG-CONCERTS.

THE inquiry pretty generally is—how shall we pass our time during the long winter evenings? Shall we read, shall we hold discussions, shall we meet in social party, shall we go to church? Yes, you can occupy your attentions to all these more or less serious matters, and moreover, you may indulge in the performance of music, or listen to the skill of others. And we may here ask what are all our professional musicians doing? Are they not equal in their various ranks, or are there any of them whose coats are less becoming than others of the profession, who possess a sprucer cut. Something is out of tune, no doubt, for now music is not associated, and the concert is forgotten. We were led to this subject by hearing, for the first time after a residence in Cape Town of some years, a *frog-concert* in the Heeregracht. We always knew these animals to possess remarkably vociferous lungs in the vicinity of the Castle, but their approach so near the pursuits of man, and at *winter*-time, seems to us rather singular, and should provoke the inquiry of the naturalist.

But *frog-concerts* are not novel. Hear what Mr. Priest says, himself a musician, in his Travels in America.

"Prepared as I was to hear something extraordinary from these animals, I confess, the first *frog-concert* I heard in America was so much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of these musicians, that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place on the 18th of April, in a large swamp, where there were at least ten thousand performers; and I really believe not two exactly in the same pitch, if the octave can possibly admit of so many divisions, or shades of semi-tones." We have read of a Russian princess, whose ear was so attuned to the melody of Dutch nightingales, as to have a froggery made under her chamber-window: the colony soon increased, and these philomelas testified, in full chorus, their gratitude to one who had so sublime, though hyperborean, a taste. Another anecdote or two, on music and we have done.

Dr. Burney informs us, in his History of Music, "that Queen Elizabeth used to be regaled at dinner with twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums; which, together with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, made the hall ring for half-an-hour together." The drums of the royal ears must, surely, have been made of better leather than is sold in the Cape market. And this reminds us of an incident, mentioned in the accounts of the Olympic games, which may serve to mark the character of music at the time it happened. Lucian relates, that a young flute-player, named Harmonides, at his first public appearance at these games, began a solo with so violent a blast, on purpose to surprise and elevate the audience, that he breathed his last breath into his flute, and died on the spot. When to this anecdote is added, that the trumpet-players at these exhibitions expressed an excess of joy, when they found their exertions had neither rent their cheeks nor burst their blood-vessels, some idea may be formed of the noisy and vociferous style of music which then pleased.

ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

THE last year, 1832, was distingnished in Europe by the predicted appearance of two comets, the most remarkable which have yet fallen under the notice of astronomers. These are what are commonly called the comets *Encke* and *Biela*. Many persons in England considered that neither of these comets had been observed in 1832, but it is a fact, that Sir John Herschel saw that of Biela, and Mr. Henderson, of the Cape Observatory observed Encke's comet. Neither body, it must be remarked, is visible to the naked eye.

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

On the 10th December, the ship *Franklin*, of Rochester, was spoken with, having on board 300 barrels of oil, out 5 months. The master (Brock), and a boat's crew had been lost off Tristan D'Acunha.—N.B. Captain Clark, of the *John Adams*, from a severe sickness on his passage, was obliged last voyage on 17th September, 1831, to land at the Island of Tristan D'Acunha, where he remained 3 months, after sending his ship away in charge of the mate. On the Island at that time, were several head of Bullocks, with about 160 fine Sheep, also Pigs, Poultry, and Potatoes in abundance, plenty of Fish; they grew Cabbages, Turnips, Apples and Peaches, and Wheat of superior quality also grows luxuriantly; there was plenty of Milk and fresh Butter of excellent flavor. The Island was remarkably healthy, and the Islanders fed themselves principally on Milk and Potatoes. The Island is 32 miles in circumference, its greatest height being 9,500 feet above the level of the sea, abounding in water and wood, and a number of sea Elephants frequent it, with abundance of Albatross; but the anchorage is bad, and the most prevailing winds are Southerly and South-Westerly. There are plenty of Rabbits, with many wild Goats. No sickness has ever been known among the Inhabitants. Of dwellings, the number is 5 or 6, being built of Stone, which are covered with a grass called Tussock. There is a deep bay on one side of the Island extending from 1½ to 2 miles, and a sandy beach. They cultivate wholly with the spade, and supplies of Clothing, Flour, Tobacco, Biscuit, Sugar, &c., are usually obtained from the East India and the whaling ships that frequently call there. N. B. Captain Clark states to have received during his illness there, from the Governor (Glass), his family, and the Inhabitants, the most soothing and friendly treatment, and for such, expresses his deepest sense of gratitude and thanks.—*St. Helena news.*

THE EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

WHEN bound for distant, unknown lands,
To sail upon the morrow,
The heart is sad, and weak the hands—
The night is full of sorrow.
The *saddest hour* of time that flies
Is the hour of friendship's parting;
The *saddest look* is of those eyes
Long loved—with sorrow smarting;
The *saddest sound* of all that's past
Is the half-discovered sobbing;
The *saddest touch*, the shake—the last
When hand in hand is throbbing.
The *saddest step*—at fate's command—
We take with sore emotion,
Is the *last* upon our native land—
The *first* upon the ocean.

Hottentot's Holland. E.

Sewing on glazed Calico.—By passing a cake of white soap a few times over a piece of glazed calico, or any other stiffened material, the needle will penetrate with as much facility as it will through any other kind of work. The Patronesses of the School of Industry pronounce this to be a fact worth knowing, the destruction of needles in the ordinary way occasioning both loss of time and expense.

An easy Recipe.—In moist or rainy weather we feel oppressed and drowsy, because all moisture greedily absorbs our electricity, which is the buoyant cordial of the body. To remedy this inconvenience, we have only to discover a good non-conductor of electricty to prevent its escape from the body, and this we have in silk, which is so excellent a non-conductor, that the thunder-bolt or the forked lightning itself could not pass through the thinnest silk handkerchief, provided always that it is quite dry. Those, therefore, who are apt to become low-spirited, and listless in damp weather, will find silk waistcoats, drawers, and stockings, the most powerful of all cordials.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. B. C. is informed, that the *Right of Common* in this Journal, belongs exclusively to *Vivian*, and without pledging ourselves to acquiesce in his judgment in all things, we submit that no trespass can be allowed on the privileges of a *Lord of the Manor*.

A Constant Reader is assured, that not the slightest reflection was intended on a respectable house of business in reference to *Monopoly* in our last Number. The comments were of a *retrospective* and general character, and those *good-natured friends* who tortured them to modern application are highly reprehensible—to such, and such alone, we verily believe the *cap is very likely to fit*.

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LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE IX. BY ORLANDO.*

[THE OVIPAROUS AND AMPHIBIUS QUADRUPEDS—THE TORTOISE, CROCODILE, AND LIZARD TRIBES—THEIR NATURE, QUALITIES, AND MENTAL PRINCIPLE.]

THE Class of Animals which is very peculiarly connected with those relics of their primeval races which our rocks and subterraneous strata have discharged, is that which contains the Oviparous Quadrupeds—the Tortoise, Crocodile, and Lizard tribes—and those without tails. These spring from eggs without parental brooding, like fish and insects; and as they have left for our present knowledge of their ancient nature, amid the destructions they underwent, some important fossil remains of their bones and figure, they ought not to be omitted in our general review of the orders and economy of the Primitive Creation.

The Oviparous Quadrupeds present to us material investments of the animal mind and living principle, very distinct from the figures, limbs and functions of the other quadrupeds and kingdoms of nature, yet associated with them by several analogies. They have a heart, though it has only one ventricle. They have blood; yet it is not the red warm fluid, but a cold and pale one. They breathe, but with frequent and long suspensions, which no land or air animal could endure. (1) They have the same senses, but in feebler action and sensibility, except that of sight. Their brain is proportionally smaller. Their muscular motion, in some, is far less vigorous, though active in others. They require less food, and can remain a long time without any. (2) Their manners are gentler; they exhibit no ferocity, and appear to enjoy a much longer and more tranquil life. (3) They usually inhabit the sea or its shores, rivers and their banks, marshes, pools, and other wet and moist places. They live or herd together, are generally inoffensive, and can be tamed, and become tractable and amusing. The young never know their mothers, nor receive any nourishment from them. Hence they are what they uniformly show themselves to be, from the impulses of their assumed principle of life and provided organization; and independent of all tuition. La Cepede divides them into three general classes. They form the amphibia of Linnæus, who distinguished them into two orders.

The first order of the Tortoise Genera are the most immediately serviceable to man. The flesh of the Sea Turtle is both a valued delicacy and an useful medicine; (4) and the shell of one of the species furnishes society with that rich and beautiful material which forms our Tortoise-shell ornaments and conveniences. (5) Its protecting shell forms both its house and its armour, and enables it to defend itself by a patient and passive resistance, without disturbing its natural mildness of temper. It takes for its *occasional* subsistence grass, sea-weeds, and shell-fish; but in general it requires little food, as it can subsist many months without any. The Green Sea Turtles like to be together, and therefore assemble in numbers in the same locality, content with their mutual vicinity, and seeking no further association. (6) They can remain long under water, and sleep upon it. (7) They are periodically travellers, for the sake of depositing their eggs in convenient places. The Land Tortoise has the same gentle and peaceful manners. It can live without food, (8) and probably does so, like many, if not most of the fish, except at certain periods. It enjoys a great length of life, (9) and has the living principle so essentially within its body, that it can subsist and move without either brain or head. (10) This class of animals were thus made to be in the waters, what the sheep are on the hills and plains. The Lizard division of the Amphibia presents to us

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

(1) This class of animals is distinguished by a body cold and naked; a countenance stern and expressive, and harsh voice. All have cartilaginous bones; slow circulation; they are deficient in diaphragm; do not transpire; are tenacious of life.—*Linn.*

(2) Crocodiles and Tortoises have been known to live a whole year, though deprived of all sustenance.

(3) The sea Tortoise lives more than a century; the mud Tortoise lives 80 years. From these great length of life, the Japenese adopt the Tortoise as an emblem of hieroglyphic happiness.

(4) The shell of the Green Tortoise contains a softening diaphoretic, and highly nourishing juice, the good effects of which has been often experienced. It makes an excellent soup, which is considered a sovereign remedy for scurvy and pulmonary disorders.

(5) It is the Hawksbill Tortoise, *Testudo Imbricata,* which furnishes that beautiful substance with which, even from the most remote antiquity, the sumptuous palaces of the great have been adorned, though it has now given place to the brilliancy of gold, and confined to elegant toys.

(6) Being able to live, even for more than a year, entirely without food, they flock peaceably together. Drawn together by the same necessities and similarity of habits, they live amicably in the same place, without forming any kind of society.—(*Linn.*)

(7) The Midas species is the largest of its tribe. It inhabits the South Seas; and is so strong as to be able to run with a load of 600 lbs. weight, and to move with as many men as can sit upon its back. It lays numerous membranaceous eggs, which it deposits in the sand, and sits upon by night.

(8) Dr. Garden kept one, weighing 25 lbs. near 3 months, in his house, during which time he could never perceive that it took any nourishment.

(9) M. Cetti saw one in Sardinia, which had lived 61 years,—harmless, gentle, patient, and useful; one of the most pleasing forms of character of all animated being; the truest representative, and surest producer of personal and social happiness.

(10) Redi. Obs. Anim. Viv. p. 126.

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as its leading class, the formidable Crocodiles—a name to which dread and aversion are, by the hasty prejudices of our defective knowledge, almost inseparably attached; for, although this class of creatures is the largest of all known animals, except the Elephant, the Hippopotamus, and the Whale, and a few enormous Serpents, yet, it is neither a fierce nor a cruel animal. nor ever purposely or unnecessarily injures. It seeks its appointed prey when hunger urges it; but destroys only for food, and has no passion or malignity. (11) In its general form, it is extremely similar to the other Lizards, but with distinctive characters peculiar to itself. The mouth is enormously large, opening, even beyond its ears, with jaws that are sometimes several feet long. Its teeth, about 30 in each jaw, pass between each other when the mouth is shut, and have others of a very small size, in their socket, to place their first ones. The lower jaw is alone moveable; and having no lateral motion, they mostly swallow what they take without mastication. They have a larger proportion of bile and gastic juice than any other animals; a proof that these fluids are or may be innocent of the imputed charge of producing passion, irrability, cruelty, and ferocity—as the Crocodile, with such a superabundance of the hepatic stimulants, have not these moral perturbations. They are sometimes 30 feet long. Their whole body is covered by strong hard scales, except the top of the head, and can be only wounded between the rows of these, which are impenetrable by a musket ball, unless it be fired very near, or the piece be strongly charged. Having no lips, their teeth are always bare; and from this peculiarity, though they be walking or swimming with the utmost tranquility, the aspect seems animated with rage. Another circumstance that contributes to increase the terrific nature of its countenance, is the fiery appearance of its eyes, which, being placed obliquely and very near each other, have a malignant aspect. Over its hard and much wrinkled eyelids is an indented rim, resembling an eyebrow drawn into a menacing frown. Its brain is extremely small. Its tail and its webbed hind toes, acting like fins, assist its swimming. Its figure being flattened laterally, with some resemblance to an oar, enables it to cut the waters with great swiftness, and with astonishing velocity when about to seize its prey. On land, it can overtake a man in direct running; but if he turn quickly round into a circle, he escapes with ease, as the animal cannot so rapidly wheel round its great length of body. Its longevity rather exceeds that of the Tortoise genus. When pressed with hunger, it devours mankind; and the large ones even attempt to leap or scramble into boats during the night, and in some places use their tails to overturn small skiffs, and then seize on the men or animals within them. It has not been discriminated at what times or from what causes Crocodiles acquire this verocity; for they often subsist a long time without any sustenance; here we are left in the dark respecting those cravings that are inconsistent with such natural power and exercise of abstinence. In cold climates they are torpid in the winter, and bellow like a bull when they wake into sensitivity from this state. They abound chiefly between the Tropics; but are met several degrees to the north of the one, and to the south of the other. They are smaller, however, as more distant from the Equator.

The other Lizard tribes are small and pleasing animals. Some are beautiful in their colours. The Guana species is highly interesting. The Green Lizard excites the admirer into the poetry of feeling description. Its varieties are most striking. The Gilded Lizard is not less attractive and gratifying. All are gentle, good tempered, and peaceful. They also have the property of living without food; and that of reproducing a limb or tail that has been mutilated. The Chameleon is distinguished from all animals by an ocular peculiarity which no other creature possesses. Each eye has a separate motion. It is also remarkable for its viscous tongue and changeability of colour. All its motions are extremely slow. Two species emit a liquor which inflames, or has venomous effects. Another has the singularity of being an occasional duellist, or combatant. (12) The most remarkable of the other Lizard genera, are, the Flying Lizard and the Salamander. The Flying Lizard is the nearest resemblance to the fabled dragons of antiquity, and of our old romance that nature contains; but it defeats the identity with these celebrated monsters, by its smallness and harmlessness. It seldom exceeds a foot in length, and it is a weak animal, perfectly innocent and peaceful. It flies from branch to branch of its tree, feeding on the Ants, Flies, Butterflies, and other insects that it can take; and can flutter from one tree to another, within thirty paces.

The Salamander has long lived in popular fame as much as the fictitious Dragon; but has a real entity, though it does not verify the many fables that have been attached to it. Instead of living in fire, it delights in cold damp places. It retires sometimes (in Germany, and on the Alps) into caverns or the hollows of old trees, and under the roots of hedges. When touched, it covers itself all over with a milky fluid, which is acrid to the skin; and it does so the instant it touches fire. Frogs and Toads are too well known to need much remark. The Musical Toad of Surinam, is deserving of notice—it makes a musical kind of croaking. Another is termed the Laughing Toad, because it emits a clear sound like a man laughing, in the fenny places of Germany and Helvetia. A species near the rivers of the Caspian, as evening advances, also utters a voice like a human being in some visible humour. The Beaver, Otter, and Badger, are amphibious creatures, but not oviparous. They bring forth their young alive. On contemplating creatures of a different form and habit from the rest, we are led to inquire, if they display an animal mind and feelings like the others. To this question Nature gives a distinct and satisfactory answer. The Turtle or Sea Tortoise, seeks to lay her eggs in the proper place, and at the fittest depth, and with every appearance of *foresight*. She quits the fluctuating waves for a steady and sandy shore, and perseveres this determining will and judgment for a voyage, often of some hundred miles, until she can reach the spot, where her oval embryos may be placed. (13)

The Land Tortoise gives a sufficient indication of mental sensibility. It makes for itself a winter retreat from the cold. It perceives the approach of

(11) The French soldiers in Egypt set the Crocodile at defiance, and were not once attacked by them.

(12) The Lizard Strumosa of Mexico and South America. It is very familiar with mankind, climbs on the tables, and runs over those sitting at them. When two of the species meet they sometimes attack each other with great fury.

(13) She *prefers* fine gravel and loose sand, not mixed with marine productions, where the heat of the sun may more easily hatch them. In this, *out of the reach* of the highest floods, she *digs*, by her fore paws, one or more holes, a foot wide and two feet deep, in which she deposits 100 eggs. To conceal them, she covers them with a layer of sand, sufficient to prevent them being seen by any animal, but so thin as to permit the full influence of the sun's heat. She lays three times a year.—(*La Cep*, 93-6.)

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wet weather before we discern it. It distinguishes the persons who do acts of kindness to it. (14) It knows, like rational beings, how to refuse the evil; (15) and it attains, by its own observation, to perceive how it can remove what it dislikes, and do the action accordingly. (16) The numerous gregations of these animals which our navigators have remarked, indicate a natural gratification from such associations; from being together, and their general conduct has the appearance of prudence, regularity, and perseverance. (17)

The kind and submitting habits and tractibility of the formidable looking Crocodile, and its self-adaptation to the sportive humours of the child, are indications of mental volition, of self-government, and of acquired self-coercion of former habits and dispositions. (18) To see the Crocodile as docile as the Elephant, and gentle and harmless like a Cow, is a fine specimen of terrible power, becoming, by intellectual regulation, a good humoured and tractible playmate. (19) The general mildness of all the *Lizard* tribe; the domesticity of some; (20) their universal combination of great activity, with perpetual gentleness; the visible attachment of many to mankind; and the same ability in all, display feelings and dispositions which approach the highest degree of moral character, than animal nature can attain. It wants the wisdom of the human race to guide its greater energies; but the mild, and peaceable, and pleasing regulations of its diversified powers, for its own comfort, and for harmlessness to others, is an attainment of which all its classes seem capable. Every species of creatures has been found tameable to this important proportion of self-government; with such exceptions only, as rather prove that we have not yet discovered the right means of their tuition, than their actual intractibility. Early training, sufficient food, kind treatment, and the absence of all provocations and excitement, appear to be the moral spells that mitigate and transform them. These give them the knowledge, and the experience of which, in their wild state, are destitute. In that, they are surrounded with enemies, or with danger; with want; with inconvenience; with irritations; and with frequent suffering. These alarm, excite, and exasperate, till the savage emotions become the habit of their bodily frame, and ferocity or fear their daily character. But human training, judiciouly conducted, places them under the care, the friendship, the assistance, and the protection of man. Want, danger, and hostility, then agitate them no longer. Their former stimulants operate no more. They find food, and peace and comfort from their human owner, and within his own domain. Then the same animal reason which in its first natural operations made them wild and fierce, by the same natural operations, under new circumstances, and with new knowledge, causes them to be gentle, tranquil, and obedient. It is the same mind, acting on the same principles and with the same judgment; but in a very different position, and upon its more recent and additional sensation. I may add, that the wild beast and the tame are but the counterpart of the savage and the civilized division of the human population. The early Tiger, Saxon, and the accomplished Englishman, the ruthless Pict, and the intelligent Scotchman, are the two similar contrasts of such altered character, which our own improved and yet improveable country presents to our contemplation. Thus, the New Zealand cannibal, now the rival of the Wolf, the Leopard, and the Shark, may yet become polished, scientific, moral,—christian. Otaheite and Owyhee have already begun this consoling melioration.

The Frog genus discover sagacities and feelings like those of other animals. When the young ones quit their native water, to join the older ones in the woods and meadows, they use every reasonable precaution. They begin their journey in the evening, travelling all night, on purpose to avoid becoming the prey of rapacious birds; always concealing themselves during the day under stones or other recesses, and only resume their journey when night begins. The Pearly Frog of Brazil is distinguished for its beauty. So is the common Tree Frog, which lives like Birds, on the branches of the forest, and in seeking insects is almost as light and nimble as they are. The Red Tree Frog is used by the Indians of South America, to give a fine red or yellow colour to the feathers of their Paroquets. The most extraordinary property of Frogs, is that of being able to swallow fire.

The Toad has been tamed and domesticated. One became familiar in a house for 36 years, and welcomed that light which, in its natural state, is offensive to it. (21) It often displayed as much original mind as any other Quadruped, and was never offensive. This fact is sufficient to shew that the living principle of the Toad race has the same susceptibility, memory, will, perception, suitable judgment, and limited improvability, as every class of animated nature seems to exhibit. The Beavers have been proverbial for their intelligence, ever since North America, their chief seat, has become known; and the Otters display the same maternal sensibilities which other orders of animals so strikingly exhibit. The Badger exhibits the domestic feeling of living with its mate, and is susceptible of tuition.

Thus all Quadrupeds seem to have been created to possess one analogous mind, uniform in its essential qualities; but acting variously, according to the diversities of its bodily investments.

(Subject of the next Lecture—The Serpent Tribe,—Their Peculiarities and Mind,—The alleged Sea Serpent, &c.)

(14) So the Peterborough Tortoise. The Gardener, who generally fed it, told me that he knew him well, and would watch him attentively at the gooseberry bush, where it was sure to take its station while he plucked the fruit.—(*G. White.*)

(15) The Peterborough Tortoise would eat endive peas, and even the leek; whilst it positively *rejected* asparagus, parsley, and spinach.

(16) When a leaf was moist, *it would shake it,* to expel the adhering wet.

(17) Possessing more patience than activity, it is never affected by violent passion. Having more prudence than courage, it seldom attempts defence when attacked.

(18) In the Rio San Domingo, likewise on the West Coast of Africa, M. Brue was astonished to find the Crocodiles perfectly harmless; insomuch that children played with them, mounted on their backs, and even beat them, without danger or any appearance of resentment.

(19) The Crocodile of the Nile, 18 to 25 feet long, is of amazing swiftness, voracity, and strength; smells of musk, roars hideously, devours men and other large animals; swallows stones to prevent hunger; overturns boats when taken in nets; is not to be killed by a musket-ball, unless struck on the belly; *is destroyed by tobacco;* seldom moves but in a straight line, by which means it is easily avoided.—(*Linn.* p. 659.)

(20) We were accustomed to visit an amiable family in Cape Town, a few years since, in which various Lizards were the companions and playmates of the children.

(21) La Cep. p. 291-2. Pennant's Brit. Zool.

LINES

COMPOSED IN A GARDEN,

On observing a Bee sheltering itself in a Rose on a cold wet Morning.

Why, little insect! hast thou fled
For refuge to that fading flow'r,
Amid its leaves to hide thy head,
And shield thee from the chilling shower?

Poor little dripping, shivering bee!
A tottering shelter hast thou found;
For every blast that shakes the tree,
Its falling leaves bestrew the ground.

For 'tis not now the summer hour;
That fleeting summer hour has fled;
When in each blooming fragrant flow'r
The honied sweets for thee were spread.

Then take once more thy airy flight;
Expand once more thy little wing;
A warmer shelter ere 'tis night,
Thy varied course perchance may bring.

Thou, Great Supreme! whose wond'rous power
Hath made the rose, hath formed the bee,
And taught me, in this silent hour,
To place my hopes in nought but Thee.

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While earthly pleasures, like the rose,
Their varied sweets to me impart,
I'll taste the gifts Thy hand bestows,
Nor murmur when those gifts depart.

But when Thy wisdom sees it best,
These transient joys to take again,
I'll turn to Thee alone for rest;
For all beside on earth is vain.

Since fleeting as the summer day,
My little span on earth will be,
Oh! teach me now to take that way,
And find *my home, my heaven, in Thee.*
Cape Town, June, 1833. M. B.

St. Mary's Chapel.

A Narrative of the Seventeenth Century.

BY A VISITOR AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

PART I.

On the left bank of the Darra, a deep and rapid mountain stream, in the central Highlands of Scotland, stand the ruins of a Chapel once dedicated to "Our Ladye and St. Peter." Before the Reformation, it was regarded as a spot peculiarly holy. At stated seasons crowds of pilgrims were wont to resort from the most distant parts of the surrounding country, to pay their devotions at the shrine of the Virgin—grateful for benefits imputed to the efficacy of her intercession, or hoping to propitiate her favour by extraordinary acts of devotion. On the other hand, the infirm and diseased quaffed the waters of St. Peter's Well as an infallible antidote against all the ills which afflict humanity. On these occasions it was customary to leave some offering by the side of the fountain; no matter of what sort,—a pin, a lock of hair, any thing worn about the person,—the place was consequently thickly strewed with these oblations, and woe to the luckless individual to whom, in departing, any of them might be found to adhere; the infirmity of the offerer was as sure to cleave to him as did the leprosy of Naaman, the Syrian, to Gehazi, the servant of Elisha. Many and well authenticated were the cures attributed to the virtues of the healing stream. These were duly descanted on by the ghostly guardians of the shrine, whose personal labours in the confessional were highly celebrated for easing the heavy laden consciences of their numerous penitents, and proportionally productive in pious donations to the honor of the Patron Saints,—the sacrifice of a portion of the earthly mammon being regarded, if not altogether as an atonement for spiritual delinquencies, at least, as the most unequivocal mark of a sincere repentance. If there is a spot on earth, independent of devotional associations, powerful to unlock all the avenues of the heart—to call forth each softer feeling—to awe, subdue, and soften each ruder emotion, it is that of which we now speak. About a quarter of a mile above the chapel, the river makes a turn at right angles, suddenly checked in its southward progress by the base of the lofty Benmore, which rises almost perpendicular from the water's edge. It then flows due east for about three miles, along a level and richly-cultivated plain, till, sweeping the base of another mountain equally rugged and precipitous, it is compelled to resume its original course; this plain, which extends in breadth about a mile from either bank, is bounded by two parallel chains of low and thickly-wooded hills. The course of the stream higher up may be traced by the eye for several miles, winding in a zig-zag direction between two similar chains of hills, at each point of repulsion forming a deep and eddying pool, the chosen retreats of the sealy monarch of the flood. The most remarkable of these pools is formed by the turn of the stream just above the Chapel, known by the name of Roy's Crook; a vast basin, the centre of which is marked by a large rock, whose water-worn surface has become smooth and polished from the attrition of ages. The fall, immediately above, is considerable, and the impetuous dash of the waters breaking against the rock, is heard in the distance like the roar of a cataract. Just below the pool the channel is much narrowed, and intersected by a barrier of huge rocks, between and over which the stream is urged in sheets of foam, forming innumerable eddying pools of a great depth, and tenanted by trout and grilse of the largest size. The banks on both sides are here thickly studded with tall trees, to avoid which the angler is compelled to seek the middle of the stream, an expedient, though practicable, extremely hazardous, as a single false step would entail certain destruction. The entire seclusion of the spot, the rude majesty of the surrounding mountains, and the deafening roar of the waters, especially when the river is in flood, combine to render the scene truly magnificent; but it is by moon-light that it is seen in all its glory—the Queen of Night rising full orbed over the surrounding cliffs; her silver beams through the thick foliage flitting and quivering on the foamy tide; the rocks casting their lengthened shadows across the raging eddies which lash their base; the whole valley seems then doubly deep and extended; the mountains, half illuminated and half in shade, rise doubly high and frowning, and it needs but a trifling stretch of fancy to magnify their grey and serried peaks into so many fragments of a shattered world. On a little knoll, opposite to where the stream quits the rock for a smooth and pebbly bed,—stands St. Mary's Chapel. It is surrounded by an extensive burying ground, within whose consecrated precincts slumbers the dust of countless generations. By many at this day the prospect of reposing under the shadow of the mouldering ruins, is regarded as no uncertain pledge of a blessed resurrection. The building was in form of Latin Cross; the pointed arches and trefoil mouldings of the windows, indicate a structure of the 14th century. It was also furnished with the usual standing guard of Saints, rudely sculptured in stone, and disposed in niches within and without, for the pious veneration of the faithful. No protection, alas! against the sacriligious Iconoclasts of the Reformation; who, deeming themselves duly enlisted in the service of the second Commandment, spared nothing in the shape of a graven image, however ancient or honourable. Whether the building itself had suffered in the overthrow of its hapless protectors, it is impossible to ascertain; but latterly, it became necessary to substitute a covering of thatch for the original and more ponderous canopy of grey slate: this circumstance is remarkable as the immediate cause of the destruction of the edifice.

The Druid's Oak.

More remarkable still, and for the same reason, was a huge oak-tree; which, rising from the north-east angle of the transept, flung its gnarled and almost sapless boughs across the roof. Connected with this tree were many strange traditions,—its antiquity was carried back even to the times of the Druids, whose infernal rites had often watered its roots with the blood of human victims. In more modern times, the elders and chiefs of the district had been wont to assemble in wardmote under its wide-spreading arms, which in many instances had been made to assist in carrying the sentence of the court into execution, when that sentence condemned the criminal to be hung instead of drowned,

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in which latter case the place of execution was a fearful whirlpool among the rocks hard by. From these associations, no less than from its position and majestic form. St. Mary's Oak was viewed with the most superstitious veneration. Its branches, plucked by the sparing hand of religious awe, were even wont to be placed over the doors of the houses as a charm against the entrance of evil spirits, or the malignant intentions of visitors clothed in flesh and blood. For the same reason a couple of ravens, that for many long years had been accustomed to make their nest in the oak, enjoyed the most perfect freedom from molestation. Infatuated the urchin who would have ventured to climb to their airy abode to plunder their eggs or carry off their young; the sportsman who should have directed his deadly missiles against these birds of omen, would have been generally execrated as a monster of impiety and daring. As if aware of their privilege, the ravens themselves confidently fed with the poultry of the neighbourhood, and even sometimes would enter the doors of the cottages, helping themselves to whatever they might fancy in the way of eatables,—the inmates were rewarded for their hospitality by an occasional croak which never failed to inspire an awful dread of coming evil; no misfortune, in short, ever happened in their favored vicinity, that these obliging creatures had not the credit of duly and timeously foretelling,—and they were honoured accordingly.

The Witch.

There was one old woman inhabiting a cottage about half a mile from the Chapel, with whom their converse was considered as in no ordinary degree frequent and mysterious. Janet Livingstone enjoyed the no very enviable reputation of being a witch. Her husband had been a servant in the family of a nobleman to whom the lands in that part of the country pertained. While in attendance on his master during a journey to the south, he had met with Janet and had carried her back to the Highlands with him as his lawful wife. On his death, his widow, in consideration of his long and faithful services, had been allowed a free cottage and garden, and a sum of money, annually, sufficient to keep her above want. Janet, therefore, had seen more of the world, and was much superior in understanding and information to most of her immediate neighbours. The odious suspicion of witchcraft had been attached to her for several grave reasons;—in the first place she was a stranger, and strangers, though hospitably entertained in the Highlands as passing visitors, are viewed with the deepest dislike as permanent settlers; again, all her neighbours were devoted Romans, while she was a Protestant, and, in the spirit of the times, could rail most eloquently against the Pope and Popery—the Mummery of the Mass—Holy-water, and five of the seven Sacraments—the Chapel, the very *sanctum* of the craft, she unceremoniously styled Babylon. Nothing but the high protection which she was known to enjoy could have saved her from being torn in pieces by the outraged devotees, to whom she was never backward to read a lecture on the errors of their creed. Janet, therefore, for the most part lived the life of a recluse, because she had few or none of her own persuasion with whom to associate. In her earlier days she was said to have possessed some pretensions to beauty, but the charms of youth had gradually given place to the decrepitude of declining age; and, unless sadly belied by tradition, Janet Livingstone, the Witch, was gifted with a set of features which the Old Lady of Endor herself might have coveted. Having, as we have said, few associates of her own species, she endeavoured to supply the deficiency by keeping a multitude of cats, which she reared and nourished with great care. These animals, more particularly a large black one, were regarded as so many incarnate imps of darkness, ever ready to do their mistress bidding. To all this mass of presumptive evidence, other of a more circumstantial nature was added. Roy's Crook was the fixed rendezvous of all the witches in the country, where they assembled on stated nights to hold their revels, and concert their plans of devilry. A person of unimpeachable veracity happening to pass about midnight on one of those occasions, and hearing music, had the courage to peep through an opening in the trees,—and, to his infinite terror and amazement, saw Satan himself, seated on the great stone in the middle of the pool—with horns, hoofs, and a long tail—playing with all his might on the bag-pipes; while a numerous troop of witches, with Janet Livingstone at their head, were tripping it so lightly round and round, that "the light fantastic toe" scarce burst the air bubbles on the surface of the water: this was *one* damning fact. Then the great black cat—this was *another;* the black cat and one of the ravens had been frequently seen dancing a *pas de deux* on the green before Janet's door. For many miles round if any one was taken suddenly ill without an apparent cause, if the farmer's cattle did not thrive, if the cows did not give the expected quantity of milk, if the oxen became unmanageable in the team, or if they broke the pen-fold of a night and took a scamper over the country,—Janet, or one of her imps, had been at work; countless were the execrations with which they were loaded, and bitter the revenge threatened against them. Stung to the quick by the stigma so injuriously affixed to her name, the old woman, latterly, took a malicious pleasure in seeming to deserve it. Her malison, she used to boast, "never fell feekless," the secret of which seems to have been that it was never pronounced aloud, or not at all. On one occasion, however, it was pronounced loudly and bitterly, and the event seemed to confirm its fatal efficacy.

Burning of the Chapel.

Janet's whole time was bestowed between the care of her cats and her little garden; here, besides a flourishing crop of cabbages and other pot herbs, it was her delight to tend a few favourite flowers, and also large beds of thyme, mint, and hyssop, a decoction of which was then used instead of tea. It happened one night that some cattle belonging to the Priests, having broke loose, stimulated doubtless by hunger, or tempted by the irresistible display of vegetables, to trespass on dangerous ground, contrived to throw down the wicket, and, entering the garden, trampled down or devoured the whole of the early spring crop. It is easier to conceive than to describe the old Lay's consternation on discovering the havock made among her beloved cabbages—her rage knew no bounds—all the sins in the decalogue scarcely summed up the measure of the poor priest's demerits—the doom of Babylon was hardly hot enough for them—Janet's heaviest maledictions were denounced, it *would* fall, in this instance, soon and sure. All who heard trembled; the words of terror flew like wild fire—they were never alluded to, but the utterer lowered the voice, looked fearfully round

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and invoked the protection of some patron saint: all were persuaded that something terrible was about to happen. We have said that the adventure of the cabbages fell out in the beginning of spring; at the time, it was, when the ravens were building their nests, which was immediately suspended over the thatched roof of the Chapel. One Sunday morning when the congregation were assembled at mass, the unlucky birds, collecting their materials, chanced to pick up an ignited piece of stick from some ash pit in the vicinity. The nest being partly composed of leaves and dried grass was soon on fire, and the falling sparks speedily communicated the flames to the thatch below. Alarmed by the smoke, and the crackling noise over head, the worshippers rushed out of the Chapel just in time to discover the cause of the conflagration, but without the means of checking its progress; a high wind blowing, the whole building was soon enveloped in flames, and in one hour all that remained of St. Mary's Chapel was a mass of smoking ruins; the oak was so much injured that it never again put forth leaves, and gradually rotted away: from that day forward the ravens were never more seen in the neighbourhood—a fact which tended not a little to confirm the prevailing superstitions concerning their unearthly character. The Chapel was never afterwards repaired; instead of the stately oak, the treacherous ivy overtops its mouldering walls, which each succeeding winter is fast reducing to a shapeless mass of ruins. We have been thus precise in describing it, because at a period long anterior to its destruction it was the scene of a tragedy—the well-authenticated traces of which are still to be seen, and to which we may be tempted to revert on some future occasion. Meantime, one word in "softer verse," to the memory of a spot endeared by many early and indelible recollections.

ST. MARY'S CHAPEL.

1.
Hoar the towers in yon church-yard,
Where mantling ivy's cling;
Smooth and soft is its grassy sward,
Whence fragrant wild flowers spring.

2.
No yew funereal there is seen,
Nor weeds with poison'd breath;
But tangled willows ever green,
Wave o'er the bed of death.

3.
No busy crowd with reckless tread
Profanes the holy ground;
But silence o'er the shrouded dead,
Reigns solemn and profound.

4.
There silence reigns—but nought of gloom;
'Tis solemn, but not sad;
And all that marks the cold dark tomb,
In cheerfulness is clad.

5.
There brighter falls the moon's pale beam,
Softer the breezes blow;
And gentler murmurs Darra's stream,
Though rapid be its flow.

6.
Sweetly they sleep in yon church-yard
In death's embrace who lie,
Beneath the flower-enamell'd sward,
Where Darra murmurs nigh.

RONDEBOSCH AND ITS VICINITY.

In one of the late Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*, we celebrated the rising Village of Plumstead. Like the Judge on Circuit, as Blackwood mentions, to travel in his circuit about 3000 miles, or like Jack-the-Giant-Killer in his Seven League Boots. Both are equable, for as the rapidity of the one defies even the lengthy strides of the ostrich in the Karoo, while the other the pigmy editions in the Nursery Tale, we sometimes extend our perigrinations far north. Our present purpose, however, is to approach nearer the civic scenes of this right-angled town, and dwell for a while in the neighbourhood of that most domestic-looking Village Alehouse, yclept the Three Cups. We do not mean the three dissimilar Silver Goblets which lately, by "swift of limb," belonged to him who* feeds his hounds and spreads afar his fame, but we allude to the Golden Machines that some Bacchanalian wight, in the meridian of pot-valiant glory, had reduced from their perpendicular height, to an horizontal state of prostration with the soil which before had gazed upon their elevation. It was assuredly a degradation; but mine Host, who had tried in vain to find out the admirers of equalization, used but his endeavors to discover that chimerical and ridiculous being who razeth all that he can, which he dignifieth with the epidemic appellation of—Reform! The present delinquent, however, was shrewdly suspected to have been a Member of the Grand-Junction-Temperance-Association, but he failed in converting that goodly sign of the Three Cups into a Meeting-House, save and except for the avowed purpose of continuing the jovial regulation so long known within its walls to those amphibious sons of Triton, *vulgo* vocatur— middies. The Three Cups is, most *gentle* Reader, —for even reading is voted a bore in such a temperature as this,—or the native-born of Afric clime, if such an one turns his dark eye on our infant page,—a most eligibly situated thatched dwelling, with antiquated wooden railings before the entrance, and a more ancient sign-post without. 'Tis true, we differ in some degrees in our Anglicisms, for we cannot boast of those—

"Village statesmen, who talked with looks profound,
While news much older than their ale went round."

Yet every thing within is comfortable, and besides a glass of genuine Barclay's Entire, a goodly platter of Eggs and Bacon is always hatched without any considerable delay, or more considerable effusion of feminine volubility, too often most superabundantly diffused, while the annihilating operation of egg-breaking and bacon-slicing is progressing. The way-side "Traveller's Joy," which these pages purpose to commemorate, is one out of three, amidst the enormous concatenation and assemblage of about ten buildings, and in consequence we may say, "par nobile fratrum," that liquor prevaileth, but we must extenuate as the climate is very nearly tropical, and people are rapidly bringing their constitutions into the vulgar passion of malting, or discussing that very comfortable beverage usually cognomened "swipes." The Village of Rondebosch is agreeably situated on the top of an eminence or vale, though it looks most presumptuously, and with seeming effrontery, upon some tall nodding pines in triangular conformation, which grace the purling rivulet of the Liesbeek beneath—a *river* in which may diurnally be perceived the graceful anclet and the fair-formed foot of a Callyphyrgion Venus, pulverizing one's nether commodities against the adamantine solidity of some granite lump; and the ebon wedges of their fellow "*ivory blacks*," the Mozambique, who unite their *savors* with the other women and the clothes: while, reposing in luxurious somnambulency, may be distinguished the well-disciplined and *un*happy convict, who wiles away the hours of existence, and his condemnation for felony, in breathing his sweetest effusions into the ears of some hazel dulcinea.

Our convicts are, probably, the best supported and most independent men upon the Government Establishment, and really seem to enjoy life in all its variegated novelty and splendour;

* Mr. J. van Reenen at one time held all the Cups which are run for on the Turf in this District. The Cradock Cup, the Town Cup, and the Maunde Cup.

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while silently repairing the summer devastations committed on our public roads by the violence of the intermitting and outrageous south-easters. Were we faithfully to depict the ease of these "Civil Servants," there would, I am afraid, seem a desideratum in the execution of public justice. As it is, however, the roads are fairly kept by men sentenced to undergo a period of privation termed "hard labor;" but who, nevertheless, laugh their cares away by working a little, eating more, and sleeping most. The morning dawn finds them scarcely risen from their pallets; the mid-day discovers them partaking the society of their "*fair* ones," or enjoying in fellowship the luxuries of a *siesta* beneath the umbrage of the spreading bough, or the shady sides of the Town Carts; and the retiring sun listens to the unharmonious clank of the glistening steel which secures their legs, like a brace of grey-hounds in training; such is the state of these spoilt children of indulgence, who lead a happy and a merry life, despite of polished iron, which, by-the-bye, festoons around their legs in far handsomer fashion than the hay-bands of our English jerveys; or, as far as our recollection serves us, the bags which our mother contrived with ingenuity to construct out of an old-fashioned white dimity petticoat for our first breeching.

The entrance to our principal road, and which leads to Rondebosch, (and consequently to the Three Cups,) is a neat crescent bridge, bounded on the east by the Castle of Good Hope, and on the south-west by the Castle of Bloemhof, with all its Gothic battlements and modern architecture. With regard to the taste which has been displayed in the rearing these pondrous lumps of clay and cement on the east, we cannot decidedly avow our delight. The superiority, however, of the one, seems to have stimulated the vis-a-vis to patch up many a fallen part, but the periodical rains have retarded the labor. Of late, we perceive that brick-work has supplanted the rude old economical taste, which has undoubtedly a much cleaner appearance, though we doubt (laboring under the supposition that the Cape Castle was made to be fired at, sooner or later,) the sagacity of the emendators; for no sooner will the proud turrets of Bloemhof point their destructive caronades at the newly-erected batteries, than the potent brick-work will perform all the wonderful and annihilating confusion caused by a good round of grape-shot, or the more terrific bursting of a shell. So much for this Babel-building of Reform. The old mud structure would have tightly held the offending ammunitory attacks, and have entombed it for ever, but now the repulsive front nurtures the intention of its foe; and the Lord of the Upper Fort, from his Empyrean height, looks down with exulting pleasure, though, no doubt, he exclaims:

"While I behold the little need of praise,
For this ye tax your people, and reform their ways."

Beyond the Castle but a few hundred yards, the oddly ugly, and the ugly odd wall, with a building somewhere about the middle, for displaying prices and receiving dues, is our *New-market*. Nothing can be a more perfect antipode to *the New-market* than ours, both in its use and building, and we cannot but express our satisfaction of the embryo project for building one upon a correct style, and a plan that will ensure to us our nice trussed fowl, with gizzard, wings, and liver legs, an egg just laid, and a pound of fresh churned, secured in a nice damp cloth, for our consumption. A wretched wall, displaying the circular, oval, octagon, et cetera, with every shape which architectural design could conceive, and masonic execution invent. We would advise those who have never witnessed the national "turn out," to turn out a little before gun-fire, and behold the motley groups of African Boers, with their sun-burnt features, in juxta position to the town-folk's visage. Buying and selling here wear two faces, as every one can tell who has a horse or other commodity to dispose of. The man who adds a stiver to his Bill Tongue, and he who takes it off, mark the practical difference which once, in theory, led Lavater to mistake the calm, contemplating features of a certain philosopher, for well-matured villainy; while he expatiated upon the true philosophic penetration of the eye, and the reflecting forehead of a highwayman who had been racked to death. To add to the delectability of the place of "morning dues" on a dewy morning, the gentle decline of the midnight blast wafts up your olfactory nerve the agreeables produced from the preparation of hides from a neighbouring reservoir of pelts; when, if you turn your head to ascertain the cause, you behold — "like toads who feed upon the vapours of a dungeon," some horrid beasts of pelicans, which clap their monstrous wings, and gloat upon the refuse of the ablutioned morsels, which they digest at leisure by the road side, to the terror and affright of our native beasts; who, with distended nostril, and a protruding eye, go off like a "Lucifer," to escape, as it were, the obscene and drooping maw. It really is a hideous sight to place such horrors in our fairest way, and which remind us that—

"Church-yards and charnel-houses are their haunts,
The cleansing yards their sumptuous places;
And when they would be merry they might choose
The silent chamber of a dying man."

We will pass over the mid-way scenes till we come to where the sign-post stands jutting out to invite the traveller who is passing, on his road to Cape Town, to

That Thatched-House where nut brown draught inspired,
Where Hottentot and Mozambique retired.

Despite of such company, the Cups is certainly a sober-looking house, and we have every reason to believe a creditable public convenience; though, by the way, through the meddling interference of the police, we remember thumping at the door in the pelting torrent one evening, a little after nine o'clock, and the "de'il a drop" could we get to comfort our poor internals, for love or money. We remember, too, the dimpled cheek, with its roseate hue, which used to venture a smile at us as passing homeward; but, alas! the substance hath departed. Actually and *bona fide* three times asked, and now a wedded woman. But this is not all; we want to see the crate of sweetly savored hay, with the nasal conformation of the hungry jackass well applied to select *such* oats as may happen to be there; the bar to hook a bridle on, and then we could think of other days, and remember the Country "Bubbley-house" at home, where we used, in the days of our youth, with Isaac Walton for our companion, and the *agonizing* rod on our back, to stop for a Welch rabbit, or some sublunary morsel, which tired nature and a long walk before the usually feeding hour, had combined to render most necessary.

Rondebosch, however, is far from being what it ought. It should be a clean, comfortable, little village, with one ale-house, and some neat shops. At present, it is more an emporium for Hottentots and idlers than for any other purpose. Above all, there should be a school; only think of a village without a school: a tree without leaves! It is to be regretted that the police are not more vigilant in going their rounds before they "turn in," instead of using all their sagacity in trying to catch the honest, though unwary licensed dealer into a snare, from which he cannot easily extricate himself. We allude to the practice of informing; a practice which, if encouraged, would ruin many hospitable boers, by having informations laid against them for their hospitality. We remember a complaint to have been lodged against an innkeeper residing a short distance from town, for not closing his doors at 9 o'clock; yes, 9,—and that 9 which the big evening gun makes at any time the big Castle-clock choses to make it convenient to toll the hour. The case was dismissed, as the evidence adduced proved that the vigilants had fancied that sound travels as rapidly as light, and upon seeing the flash, rushed in, and subsequently deposed that the wine was drank after the town ignis, though

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they had heard no report. Mine host, and a host of witnesses è contra, swore to the *report;* they had seen no *flash*, but all they knew was that the delinquent glass of wine had been rendered invisible before they heard a report of some gun, which might have been a gun from a vessel in the Bay. The Magistrate was peculiarly non-plus-ed, as any Magistrate would be under similar circumstances. It was assuredly sharp work to decide a complaint, the alleged ground of which happened between the flash and the report of a gun; but, as the equity of our law is just opposite to the judicial maxim of the Turks, who hang ninety-nine men for fear the hundredth should escape, the defendant was allowed the benefit of the information

But we are digressing. The police regulations are certainly defective, though, we believe, unavoidably so. On some future occasion, it will be our duty, in a very *grave* way, to point out the possibility of a remedy. For the present, to that grave which every scribbler consigns his wares—the Capulets. We will merely give an instance of that which frequently occurs. I remember one evening being engaged with some others in the family in contemplating the transcendant brilliancy of the inconstant moon, as she was majestically, in the height of her plenitude, appearing above the horizon. Our view was through a distant window, the lattice of which had been thrown open, which added to the appearance, and we really seemed lulled into listless silence, scarcely observing upon the thoughts which seemed to have been engendered in the bosom of us all A dead pause ensued, which was just in the midst of its solitude when we were suddenly disturbed by the intrusion of a domestic who came in breathless haste, protruding eyes, and an uttering tongue, to tell us that some people were busily despatching a daughter of Eve in the contiguous suburbs. The rapid elevation of our corporeal matter overturned a chair or two in the exit, and the emissary had scarce time to add the information of exact locality, before a scramble to the kitchen ensured to us our weapons of offence. One seized a toasting-fork, another the stock of a broom, while another armed himself with at once a weapon and a shield—the frying-pan. Come on, ye Volcii! No time was lost in an unlucky stumble into a moat, but as we were going, like huntsmen in full cry, when no man stops to pick his fallen neighbour up—*professionally* we should not have been elevated from our "being humbled to the dust," had not the warning noise produced by a precipitate shot from our hand of the aforesaid frying-pan retarded the charging troop. The war-whoop being unintentionally sounded, which seemed the signal for a charge, and caused the enemy to call aloud for quarter, when we suddenly halted, and found that our fears and undoubted valor had to contend against two inoffensive guardians of *Mr. Locke's Establishment for Adults*, who were conducting a demoiselle of fundamental proportions to her rooms for the night. With one accord we wheeled round, and returned to replace our instruments of magnanimous encounter on their destined hooks, from which they had been so unceremoniously removed. This is a particular instance of alacrity on the part of the red waistcoats, who should be most active in repressing such scenes as these, which frequently occur to disturb the serenity of the village: though for awhile we must bid it adieu, yet we hope to see it bloom into another "sweet auburn." It cannot be left at a better time than now, when the surrounding country smiles with the greenest hue, and wears a feature which cannot fail to charm at once the lover of the picturesque, the agriculturist, and the merchant.

1*st May*, 1833. ***

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Lo! the sun is veil'd in heaven,
Dimm'd at high noon his ray;
Ancient night resumes her reign
Over the realms of day;
No star appears,
The tuneful spheres
Have stay'd their melody;
By the fork'd lightning's lurid train,
The sable canopy,
In vengeful ire is riven.

The world's deep foundations quake,
As if the mighty plan,
To which creation owed its birth,
Had lived its utmost span;
Rocks are rending,
Mountains bending;
Woe, woe to helpless man!
Oh! never did the lab'ring earth,
Since time at first began,
With such convulsion shake.

Ocean bursts her rocky bound,
Prescrib'd by fate's decree,
Confusion dire and wild uproar
Reign on the troubled sea;
Along the deep,
Dark tempests sweep,
In wrath unchain'd and free;
Nature quivering to her core,
Seeks from herself to flee,
And ope's the abyss profound.

Why thus maddens the lightning's ire?
Lowers that sick'ning gloom
Over nature's dissolving strife,
Her cerement for the tomb?
Why rend the rocks,
Ye earthquake shocks?
Come, is this the hour of doom?
Can self-existed Being's life,
Age-stricken in its bloom—
Can nature's great God expire?

The bless'd eternal Son of God
Expires—His parting knell
Echoes back from the gates of light
Down the abyss of hell;
In the dread hour
Of darkness power,
Demons triumphant yell;
Fiercely exulting in their might,
Their deeds of prowess tell,
And heaven daring stalk abroad.

Dismay'd and trembling at the sight,
Angels recoil amain,
And none—if blessed spirits weep—
Their weeping may restrain;
Each golden lute,
A moment mute,
Takes up a wailing strain;
While round the Throne, in phalanx deep,
The fiery seraph strain
Closer draw their squadrons bright.

Thus suff'ring dies th' Incarnate Son;—
Justice demands the blow;
And oh! must He who knew no stain,
Alone no mercy know!
O! sacrifice
Of matchless price,
In heaven or here below!
The Prince of Life for sinners slain,
Disarming every foe,
Vict'ry over Death hath won.

Oh! love divine—beyond all ken
Unspeakably intense—
Higher than heav'n, stronger than death
Surpassing man's offence—
Glory to Thee,
Eternally—
Thou knowest no suspense;
To men, of endless life, the breath,
Quick'ning each sin steeped-sense—
All glory to Thee, AMEN.

Cape of Good Hope, May, 1833. S.

THE SETTLER'S LOG.

(Concluded from our last.)

23d a very wet and rainy morning a strong wind but a foul one for us as before stated but it being sunday thow we did not forget it a young woman taken very bad in the night time but all the rest whell on board 24th a little breez and foul for us this evening one of the sailors got tipsey and wanted to fight with another sailor in name of smith but smith tould him that he would not have any thing to do with him but all to no purpose so this man struck smith several times so smith run to the captain for protection but the captain would not enterfear with them but let the man beat smith in a shamefull manner and one of the stearage passengers said it was a shame for any man to be used in that manner and the sailor after he had done with smith as long as he thought proper he then wanted to fight with the stearage passenger for saing that it was a shame and he further challenged any man on board that said any thing against what he had done but no man enterfeared with him and all became quiet again 25th becalmd has before and all well this day haveing little if anything to do we found ourselves imployment with catching somethings as the call portugal man of war and the put them in a bucket and some of them got severly stung with them the have a very beautyfull apearance haveing so many couloring in them as the rainbow but the seem to have no substance in them but only blubber except at the bottom thear is a great many string anging down 2 or 3 feet from them and the resemble a tortouse schell when on water but beautyfully varigated 26th this morning as before stated is very calm and as usell in the courcе of the day a bit of a breez sprung up which helped us on a little but it did not last long this afternoon somthing ocurred between one Mr small a cabin passengers son and the cabin boy and the captain stood up for the cabin boy and Mr small son came upon deck for safety but the captain came up and made the cabin boy stricke smalls son which made him bleed very much and then the captain struck Mr small as well and then the mate name of conoley came on quarter deck and struck the surgeon several times and indeavoured to through him overboard and the got a musket and swore that he would shoot him and whent in search of him through the ship but could not find him and the surgeon durst not go to bed that night but stade betwixt deck all night 27th a small breez but foul and all well but a very deal of rain 28th a calm as before this day we Saw a ship at a distance and we satisfied ourselfs that she was wrecked and we let our boat down and six of our men whent too them and she had lost the top of both masts and one man and another wounded and considerable other damage too numerous to mention but plenty of vituals and all other norishments on board and she had been in this state for a 3 week and she as been becalmd eversince the same as ourselves she was at the time it happened N latitude 8 longetude W 16 we are at this time N latitude 5 longetude 25 and went on board of her and thear captain came on board of us and gave us some hams and some pickels of vareous sorts and she came from america from a place calld salem near boston and the wear going to the coast of afirica a gathering gold and ivry and from thear to hoberd town in van demans land but the are at present bound to bahia in south america to be repaird 29th this morning becalmd as ushall and a shirk made its apearance about 10 feet in lenth and we set out to work after her and catcht her and divided her amongst us which made us two or three very good meals 30th this sunday and the vessel that we was with yesterday kept with us to day and our captain and surgeon and some of the sailors whent on board of her again and the gave our captain some more vituals with him such as pickles and sauces and some powder October 1st this morning was a fine morning

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and but it ended lick a great many other days nothing ealce but squalls with a deal of rain this evening about 6 Oclock a squall came on and break down our mast to the second sail and left us with only two sails remaining but sails was saved and no father harm done than breaking the mases and on this posetion we remained all night 2nd this morning we set on to replace our mastes but we could only contrive one so the to galland mast was throught on one side and in this we proceeded on our jorney with a calm except when theas squalls overtakes us which seldom lases at the most above a half an houre but always with a deal of rain which makes our jorney very troblesome and at a very slow speed but all of us well this day we cautch another shirk which is 5 feet long 3rd this morning as before nothing much but squalls about us a breez sprung up this day but a foul one 4th this as yesterday a strong wind but foul and all well 5th this day as before and all well 6th this day as before and all well 7th this day was sunday and we fel of a duch brig bound to the cape of good hope some of our men whent on board of her and got some nesassarys which was wanting for themselves this day we caut a dolphin about 15 inches long 8th this day as before and all well 9th this day a breez rather more favorable than before at about 5 knots per hour 10th this day a pleasent breez but foul but all whell on board 11th this day as before 12th this day we caucht another shirk about 9 feet 6 in lenth 13th this day as before stated Strong wind but foul and all well 14th this was sunday but a breez as before 15th this as before 16th the same as yesterday 17th this day the same as before 18th this day we came in sight of a ship and we made signal unto her but she would not take any notice of us this day we took our cource for anbon 19th this day as before a strong breez but foul 20th this as before stated and all whell 21st this was sunday but all things as before 22nd this day all the same 23rd this as before and all well 24th this the same 25th this as before 26th the Same as before stated 27th no alteration 28th this being sunday we did clean ourselves as ushall 29th the same as before 30th the same still 31st all the same as before this day we passed the torred zone and all well Nov. 1st all well this day and the breez rather more favourable than before 2nd this day the same 3rd this day we came to place called cape lepoz which is on the coast of africa instead of anbon so we had to turn again in scearch of anbon 4th this being sunday we prepared ourselves as ushall but about 5 Oclock this morning land made its apearance again which surprized our rulers very much for the did not expect it and it proved to be st thomas as iland which lies in latitude 0 and in longitude 7 so we found ourselves to be about 90 miles from anabon which was whear we wanted to go 5th we beat about all night to get to the before mentioned place but all was vane for we made no way at all 6th the same as before but all well 7th all the same as before stated 8th they Same as before 9th this day we put into St thomas iland for water and most of us whent on shore and we met with plenty of coca nuts and limes which are a speaches of lemon this day one of the sailors made is escape in st thomas iland 10th we found plenty of wild fowl and pigs and monkeys cocks and hens and pigeons which we took a considerable quantity of them 11th this being sunday and not forgotton some of us whent on shore and we took a quantity of pigs and fowl 12th this day the whent on shore again and brought two more pigs with them which made in the whole that we had got 7 pigs 5 hens 2 cocks and pigeons and monkeys unknown and this evening we took of for anbon but a foul wind as before 13th the same as before stated 14th all the same 15th the same still 16th all the same 17th all the same 18th this being sunday we prepared as ushall but nothing but foul winds about us 19th this the same as before 20th no alteration 21st all the same 22nd the same 23rd the same 24th the same 25th this being sunday thou foul as before 26th the same 27th the same 28th Do 29th the same 30th the same. Dec. 1st the same 2nd this being sunday but a faire breez 3rd a faire breez still 4th this day the captain and maite made threats to knock ducker and me down if we went to looke at the composs any more but the breez as before a great quantity of fish was seen about us but none could be taken but the sea was all alive with them so that they fairly scented the are 5th this day we became becalmd and a boat whent out and proved the current which was a knot and a half per houre to the North west 6th this day we came to the coast of africa to a place called Langa in south latitude 5½ and west longitude 12 7th this we cast ancor and our captain and one of our cabin passengers went on Shore to see if thear was any provisions to be got for us but thear was very little to be had so he told the passengers as the might go on shore in the morning and procure wat the could for themselfs as he was not able to do it for them 8th this day a quantity of us whent on shore and took Some cloths and other things for to barter from the inhabitants the town was about 5 miles from shore and some whent to the town and some only to the shore and some staid on board and bartered with them the surf was so rough that about twenty of us was forced to stay on shore all night so the went unto the factory and Stayd thear until morning 9th this morning when the boat came on shore for us the captain took is shot belt and struck two of the sailors with it several times so that one was bound to lay in bed all that day through it and the sailors gave over working throug it 10th this day the sailors agreed with the captain again and so begun to work in geting water on board for us a dissturbance arose on board with the captain and some of the stearage passengers so that he struck some of them which caused great disturbance amongst us 11th this day the captain backed up is things cloths quadrants charts and all that did belong unto him and whent on shore with them with and intent to leave us but as soon as he had got on shore he sent word that if we would sign a paper that we would not speak to him he would come back again but we would not do it so he sent is things on board again and he came in the afternoon again in a state of liquor and as soon as he came to the ship he presented the gun at some of the blacks because the was with a canoe along side with one of the cabin passengers that was bartering some blankets for provisions for the passengers and he drove the canoe away but the cabin passengers followed it and as soon as that was over he saw one of the cabin passengers children dresing a bird in the cabin and he whent down in a fury and begun to strick them with is shot belt and swore that he would not have them any more thear but the cabin passenger in the bustle stabd the captain several times with a knife in the breast loins and arms but the surgeon sewed it up again and the passenger made prisoner about a hour after this the long boat came that was gone for water with two sailors in it and said that the inhabitants had killed all on shore which was nine in number and they had given slip and the was bound to come on board and killed all them but we got the ancor up and set of without any further harm and we set out for a place called Fernandipo whear thear was some men of war laying intending to bring them and fly upon the natives thear was a moderate breez all night which enabled us to get a distance from them 12th we became very much becalmd and almost stationery this evening about 7 Oclock a canoe came with 6 men in her unto us and wanted to come on board but we would not let them for we thought that the might be some that comd up the beech after us so they whent away again and we saw them no more 13th becalmd as before and almost still 14th the same almost but rather more favourable for us 15th A Breez sprung up favourable for us at about 5 or 6 knots per hour 16th this being sunday but we was in expectation of seeing some land 17th the breez as before stated 18th this morning about 6 Oclock we come in sight of prince Edwds iland and we expected to make Fernandipo this night and all our biscuit was done this day we lay too this night about 12 oclock expecting we was near land 19th no sight of land as we expected which made us very down through us having no biscuit but we had some by us so we was able to let them have some of it 20th this morning we came to Fernandi po put on the wrong side of it thear was some of our passengers and two sailors taken with the Feaver 21st about 12 Oclock to day we came to 2 palm oilers which lay getting loading but this was not the place we whanted but our captain reported our circumstances to him and sent us some beef Peas and buiscuit and the Feaver as bad as ever amonst us this Evening about ½ before 7 thear did come a captain belonging to the brig that belonged to the huskisson of liverpool and he brought a pistol with him and his men was armed with cutlashes &c he came on board with our captain and the doctor and as soon as the got on board our captain whent to the cabin and the brig captain and our doctor was together and the brig captain called his men out of the boat and told them to bring thear cutlashes with them and he told them to strick the first person and he would shoot the first person as he had a pistol loaded with two balls and the must have it if the rejected the captains athority as he was given to understand that thear had been mutiny on board and we might think ourselves well of if we got of by imprisonment and he called for a light but none came then the doctor and him whent to the cabin and the captain of the brig whent to his own place and shortly after our doctor came again to us in his shirt and came out with a very great deal of foul expressions to us and in about ½ hour he weent away and all became quiet again 22nd our captain and the captain of the brig called the swiftsure of Liverpool whent a shooting about 5½ hours when thear was a good breez for us we set out this Evening for fortwilliam about 4 Oclock we got in fortwilliam on the 24th and our captain doctor and minister whent on shore and reported our case we left this place on the 8th of January 1833 for st thomas in Scearch of smith which was left thear 5 of our passengers died while laying at fortwilliam 13th we beat about for 5 days with a foul wind and was forced to the iland of fernandipo again we beat round it and left it on the 14th and on the 16th we came across a ship and the made signal to us and we boare up to them and after the had boarn company with our captain about one hour the left us for fernandipo as soon as the had left us we saw another ship which proved to be a man of war and the came on board of us and the was going to fernandipo to breack up the iland for the was bound to leave it but a foul wind as before 22nd we made the iland of st thomas but did not make the town till the 23rd—25th we set out to a place to fill our emty barrels with water and to replace some of our rigging which was in bad order 26th we made this place this morning 27th this being sunday and a woman died this evening 28th the corps was cast into the sea in the customary manner 29th this day a small boy died of the same disorder belonging the minister 30th this day he got his watery grave the same as the other and a few fresh caces this day we left st thomas for Loango in scearch of the men that was left 31st the Same February 3rd this being sunday and one of the Sailors died about 9 oclock this Evenging 4th he was put into is watery grave as ushall 5th a daughter of the ministers was bad of the African feaver but it turned into the putred fever and she died this night and she was forced to be put in her watury grave as soon as she died for it was infectious 6th this Evenging we had a miscarage with one of the mens wifes that died at Fernandipo 10th this being sunday

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which I keep for remembrance only 12th on this date we maide Loango and four of our men as living but all in a very bad state and thear was one of them that had gone to liverpool and the other had dided through starvation and Feaver together and the all came on board that was living theare was one that was left that made of to Liverpool in a ship so that thear was ounly four died 15th we left Loango and all well 27th we passed st Helena this evening March 3rd this being sunday and not forgotten 4th this day we passed the Tropic of capricorn.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Weather,—the Barometer,—the Thermometer,—the Hygrometer,—Influence of the Moon,—the Tides,—Climate of the Cape,—Marine Barometer.— Letter from MERCURIUS, *—Storms at Sea,—Shipwrecks, &c.*

AT the particular suggestion of many of our Indian subscribers, and other respectable visitors from the East, we beg leave to introduce a few subjects with which many of our readers are partially acquainted. We make no apology for the re-publication of the letter of *Mercurius,* in sequel, or the notices on the Cape Climate, &c. from Mr Greig's invaluable "Directory" of Southern Africa, seeing the former was published through our own medium in 1824, and the latter was supplied by ourselves in 1830, and both the documents containing the different subjects in review being out of print, and no copies to be obtained at any price.* The letter of *Mercurius* will be read with the deepest interest, and our thanks are justly due to the author for taking upon himself a complete revision of his communication of former years. To individuals proceeding to sea, or those connected with the service, we conceive the particulars on the Marine Barometer to be of no small importance.

There is perhaps no subject of more universal interest in the whole of Natural Science than that of the unceasing fluctuations which take place in the atmosphere in which we are immersed. Not that our climate is pregnant with plague or pestilence; on the contrary, it is one of singular salubrity: and if it has been recommended by a certain writer, in order to enjoy the gifts of nature to the fullest advantages all the year, to spend January in Portugal,—February in the Madeiras,—March in Spain,—April in Sicily,—May in Lapland,—June in Italy,—July in Switzerland,—August in France,—September in England,—October among the variegated forests of America,—November in Crete,—and December in the Islands of the Cape de Verd,—we may fairly add, and the Cape of Good Hope,—*all the year round.* It is true that we have contrasts during the seasons of the year. But these are the springs of happiness. Without a knowledge of the muriatic, we should be ignorant of the sweet; without the sweet we should be ignorant of the pungent. Had morning no excess, we should never enjoy the temperature of the evening.

It cannot be concealed, that on the subject of our atmospheric phenomena, our remarks must be necessarily incomplete. This arises from the want of correct observations on our meteorology, and the few public means in exercise to extend its useful application. Some valuable references will however enable us to bring the subject under the more immediate attention of the readers of the *Literary Gazette,* and may serve to promote a more general inquiry into the nature of those things in which we are all more or less individually concerned. As a first step to inquiry, a few notices may be useful.

* "The Directory" of subsequent years has materially abridged or omitted a considerable portion of the matter in question.

ON THE BAROMETER.

There are but few persons who pretend not to be *weather-wise,* and this knowledge, imperfect as it may be, is assisted by the more frequent use of Barometers in these days than at former periods. People in general however pay too much attention to the words fair, rain, stormy, &c., which are engraven upon the scale; and it is a common error to imagine, that as long as the mercury, or the index which marks its course, points to those expressions, the weather will be in accordance with them. The most important fact, however, to be ascertained in making an observation is, whether the mercury is in the act of rising or falling; as, if it ascends, although the index points to the word *rain,* it is a much surer indication of fine weather than when the index points to *fair,* and the metal descends. The attention should also be directed to the number of inches, and parts of an inch engraven upon the scale, with which the level of the mercury or the index coincides; these denote the length of the column of metal which a column of the air, of equal base, at the moment is capable of supporting; and consequently the weight of the latter. The average height of this column for the month is recorded in the register; as well as its range, from which the two extreme points of its course may be calculated, to which it rarely reached. Rain is most plentiful, and thunder most frequent, when the quicksilver fluctuates a little below the average. If it descend rapidly and considerably below the point, storms of wind are indicated, while in proportion as it rises above the same point, the probability of fair weather increases. Settled weather must not be expected while the column of mercury is below its mean height for the month; sudden and considerable changes in either direction are commonly followed by fair or foul weather equally transient; while a steady rise from day to day of about a 10th of an inch in 24 hours, or a prolonged fall in the same proportion, (either of them passing the mean point,) may generally be trusted as prognostics of continued fair weather or rain.

THE THERMOMETER.

The Thermometer, by which the variations of heat are ascertained, is pretty generally understood. To a class of readers a few casual observations may nevertheless be acceptable The temperature registered, is that of the air in the shade: but besides this, the power of the sun's rays is recorded, and the force of terrestrial radiation, which may be described as the cold produced at night upon a plat of short grass exposed to the fullest aspect of the sky, and which in clear and calm weather is always considerably below the temperature of sheltered situations.

The mean temperature of the month recorded in the register, is calculated from the daily highest and lowest of two register thermometers, placed in a situation screened from the sun and the aspect of the sky. The best thermometers for the purpose are of Rutherford's construction; one of which, formed of mercury, pushes a small piece iron wire before it, which it leaves at the highest point; and the other, of spirit, draws after it a small index of glass, which remains at the lowest. In addition to the main temperature, and the highest and lowest points, or range of the thermometer in the shade, the indications are given of a register thermometer, covered with black wood, and placed in the sun, and of another placed at night upon a plat of short grass, and exposed to the full aspect of heavens.

It is well known to the agriculturist and gardener, that without the direct influence of the sun, whatever may be the temperature of the air, the fruits of the earth seldom come to perfection. It is therefore of importance to know the force of this valuable agent, and the modifications to which it is exposed. The black thermometers register this effect, and the almanac shows both the mean and extreme difference between such a thermometer and another placed in the shade. Of no less consequence is it to know the cold produced at nights from the radiation of heat from the surface of the earth, in situations where its passage is uninterrupted to the clear sky. This, in calm, unclouded weather, always reduces the temperature of filamentous substances, such as grass, considerably below that of the air. It is this depression of temperature which the cause is of dew. The surfaces of vegetables become cooled by this radiation of heat into space, below the dew-point, and the vapour of the atmosphere is deposited upon them. Dew is never formed upon grass on cloudy nights, or in sheltered situations.

THE HYGROMETER.

This instrument is a contrivance by which the degree of temperature is readily noted at which moisture begins to be deposited upon a cold body, as we see in summer, in the familiar instances of a bottle of wine brought from a cellar, or a decanter of fresh water filled from a well. This degree is called the dew point, as it is also the temperature of grass upon which the dew first begins to form in a clear evening.

When consulted as a weather-glass, with a view of predicting the greater or less probability of rain or other atmospheric changes, two things are to be principally attended to,—the difference between the dew-point and the temperature of the air, and which is denoted in the register by the term *degree of dryness,* and the variations of the dew-point. In general, the change of rain or other precipitation of moisture from the air may be regarded as in inverse proportion to the degree of dryness: but in making this estimate regard must be had to the time of day at which the observation is made. In settled weather the dryness of the air increases with the diurnal heat, and diminishes with its decline, for the dew point remains nearly stationary, consequently a less difference at morning or evening is equivalent to a greater in the middle of the day.

But to render the observation most completely prospective, regard must be had to the movement of the dew-point, and its accordance with the *mean* of the month, or rather with the *mean* of the prevailing wind. As the elasticity of the vapour rises above or falls below the mean, so does the probability of the formation and continuation of rain increase or diminish. An increasing difference, therefore, between the temperature of the air and the temperature of the point of condensation, accompanied by a fall of the latter, is a sure prognostic of fine weather, while diminished heat and a rising dew-point infallibly portend a rainy season.

Experience has amply proved that the hygrometer, properly applied, is more to be depended upon than any instrument that has yet been contrived.

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

That the different phases of the moon have some connection with changes in the atmosphere is an opinion so universal and popular as to be, on that account alone, entitled to attention. No observation is more general, and on no occasion perhaps in the Almanac so frequently consulted, as in forming conjectures upon the state of the weather. The common remark goes no further than the fact, that changes from wet to dry generally happen at the changes of the moon. When to this result of universal experience we add the philosophical reasons for the existence of tides in the aërial ocean, we cannot doubt that such a connexion exists, and that the moon exerts a considerable influence upon the currents of the atmosphere, according to her position. The subject,

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however, is involved in great obscurity, and is one which can only be elucidated by long and careful observation.

THE TIDES.

Those swellings and subsidings of the waters of the ocean, by which a portion of the shore is alternately flooded and left dry, and to which we give the name of *tides*, are to the inhabitants of coasts the most inexplicable of the every-day occurrences of nature. Instead, however, of there being any thing mysterious in the matter, it is the most simple that can be; and depends upon that universal law of gravitation, in consequence of which a stone falls to the ground, or water runs down a slope

1. The real motion of the earth from west to east every 24 hours, causes the high and low water of the solar tide to perform a complete revolution from east to west in 24 hours also.

2. The same motion of the earth, with the moon's motion round the earth, from west to east, also, in about 29½ days, causes a complete revolution of the lunar tides from east to west in one solar day and two-fifty-ninth's, or in about 24 hours 48½ minutes: as the action of the luminary takes some time to produce its effect, the high water at any point does not take place till an hour or two after the luminary has been vertical.

3. Whether the sun and moon are on the same points of the compass, or on opposite points, then if they be so situated with regard to north and south, as that a straight line passing through their centres, would pass through the centre of the water, the high waters will fall on the same points, and the low waters on the same circumference, midway between those points

In these cases the high water will be the sum of the elevations, and the low water the sum of the depressions. These are called *Spring* Tides It is evident that they must happen at every *new* moon, by the coincidence of the upper tide of each luminary, with the under tide of the other; and that they can happen at no other times.

4 As time is reckoned by the apparent motion of the sun, the solar high water always happens at the same hour at the same place; but as the lunar high water, which is greater, and gives a character to the whole, happens about 48½ minutes later every day, it must separate eastward from the solar high water at that rate, and gradually become lower and lower, till at the end of the first and third quarters of the moon, it fall on the same place with the low water of the solar tide The elevation of the high water, and the depression of the low, will be both only the difference of the solar and lunar tides, and the tides will be *neap*.

5. Lastly, the motion of the tide is not accompanied by an actual transfer of the whole water; for that would produce, at the equator, a current of about 1,000 an hour. The wave of tide is sometimes moved in one direction, while the great mass of the water is moved in the other by an under curent; just as one may often see the ripple which the wind causes, blown against the current of a river.

ON THE CLIMATE OF THE CAPE.

The mean temperature of Cape Town, inferred from a meteorological journal kept here for several years, is 67½ Fahrenheit.* The mean temperature of the coldest month is, perhaps, 57°; hottest 79°; mean of three recent winters, 58°; of three summer months, 77°; least heat during summer, 63°.

The temperature of the district of *Stellenbosch*, deduced from the observations of a single twelvemonth, is 66½°; extremes, 87° and 50°. The temperature of *Zwartland*, appears to be 66½°, extremes, 89° and 54°. The exposure of the thermometers is at neither place external; they are suspended in spacious well-aired halls.

At Tulbagh, situated in a valley of the great chain of mountains which divides the western from the eastern provinces of the colony, the mean temperature of the year is 66⅔°, that of the coldest month 55½° of the hottest 80½°; extremes, 95° and 52°; mean of the three winter months, 56½°; of three summer months, 79°; least heat in summer, 61°.

In this colony, as in the south of Europe, and most of the warm climates of a temperate zone, wind commonly blows cold in summer, at the same time that the sun shines powerfully. It is this circumstance which distinguishes a warm from a hot climate. Parched wind and frequent summer calms equally make a hot climate. In a cool one, or merely warm, the temperature of the air, in the shade, and in ventilated sunshine several feet from the ground, does not much vary; but in a screened situation, or at the surface of the ground, the heat of a sunny exposure, at noontide of a summer's day, becomes intense. That intensity of heat, is in strictness, superficial, scarcely penetrating an inch beneath the surface, nor reaching more than a foot or two above it. In calm weather, the range of reflected heat is somewhat greater.

At the foot of our mountains, and within the verge of their influence, the heat of the atmosphere over the valleys and the plain is mitigated by a cool wind descending from the mountain's side, and the coldness of the blast is tempered by the reflected heat of the earth's surface. Hence a moderate temperature, where the wind has free passage, is the result in summer at the Cape.

Respecting the hggrometric condition of the atmosphere, the following are desultory observations on the summer months. Dryness, in the morning before sunrise, is ordinarily from 6 to 7 deg., the utmost 12 deg, the least 3 deg., which for a mean temperature of 77 deg., answer to about 17 to 20 centecimals, 30, and 90, respectively. The atmospheric dryness usually augments as the day advances; for, while the temperature rises towards noon, the point at which the hygrometric thermometer becomes stationary, remains more nearly uniform. Mean dryness in the morning, 7 deg., at noon, 14 deg. These observations were made at inland situations, and the minimum of humidity actually noticed, has probably not amounted to a fourth of the atmosphere's actual capacity for moisture.*

During the warm season, although the south-east monsoon predominates, westerly are not unfrequent; they are always moist. When south-easterly winds blow, they bring from the shallow sea over bank La Guillas humidity, which is condensed npon the summits of the mountains. It is seen rolling down the western cliffs in volumes of thick vapor; and the elevation at which this is dissipated as it descends, answers precisely to the hygrometric state of the air.

Were marks noted npon the precipitous sides of Table Mountain, at intervals of 90 yards in perpendicular height from the base, the number of such divisions below the cloud, familiarly termed the *Table cloth*, would correspond with the degrees of dryness exhibited by the hygrometer; for temperature decreases with ascent of heights, about 1° of Fahrenheit's scale, for every 90 yards of elevation. This will be made plain by citing an instance. Thus, on the 11th of January at Cape Town; temperature, 71° hyg. therm. 58°; a cloud hanging over Table Mountain, not touching it, but just elevated above the summit: the height of Table Mountain trigometrically measured, is 1,194 yards; difference of temperature according to theory 13¼°, degrees of dryness observed, 13°.

"So on the 15th of January, at the foot of Table Mountain, temperature in the shade during the whole day (6 A.M. to 4½ P.M.) 70 to 71 deg, hyg. therm. 59 deg.; and south-east, strong breeze, cloud on Table Mountain.

"Noon, at an elevated station, upon the acclivity, above the highest inhabited spot, temperature in wind and sunshine 69 deg.; hyg. therm., 58 deg. At a station still more elevated, above the highest plantations of the silver tree, (*protea argentea*) temperature, in ventilated sunshine, 68 deg.; hyg. therm. 58½ degrees.

"The wind blowing in puffs and gusts, the temperature is depressed 2 deg. to 1 deg., when strong gusts blow.

"A dense white cloud on the back of the mountain, receiving evidently continued accession. The vapor passing over the summit, and scarcely descending a little down the cliff, seeming to curl laterally and vertically, and pause while vanishing as it quits the mountain. Sometimes a very small fleece; often more considerable and dense.

"A small detached cloud shows itself here and there, remains a while, and then gradually vanishes; one, over the signal-post on the Lion, another in front of Camp's Bay, another again in the distance over Tygerberg, all apparently upon the same level with the cloud hanging on Table Mountain."

A mountain being colder than the plain below, condenses and renders visible the passing vapor, whenever the dryness of the wind is less than the difference of temperature between its summit and base. Owing to radiation, the influence of the mountain's summit extends to a column of air over it, and a cloud at rest, is accordingly often seen suppended high above.

The heat of the plain has a like influence on the atmosphere over it, and affects the temperature immediately above. The vapor then, as it quits the mountain, passes into a warmer region, where it is dissolved, and which thus it traverses, transparent and invisible, to be again condensed, and made apparent on approaching another mountain.

This is the simple explanation of the appearances which are so conspicuous during the continuance of a south-east wind at the Cape. Volumes of vapor are seen rolling over the summits and down the sides of Hanglip, Hottentot's Holland, and the rest of the chain of high mountains. Above the valleys, and over the isthmus, scarcely a passing cloud is seen. But the vapor is thickly condensed on the peninsular group of mountains, rolls over their summits, descends to a certain distance down the cliffs, and is dissipated and becomes transparent as it passes onwards.

The wind fed by cold and damp, descending from the mountains, blows with great violence, approaching to tempestuous force. But it is partial, and extends to no distance from the shore. It is the boisterous rush of colder air, to replace warmer in a fervent atmosphere, over an intensely heated land. On the windward brow of a mountain the breeze is moderate; on the lee side the blast is strong; at sea, a mile from the shore, there is calm.

In fact, both south-east and westerly winds are, to the promontory terminating South Africa, sea breezes, and the south-east wind has not parted with that character in a short and rapid passage across that promontory. The parched earth cannot but be refreshed by the passage of such humid air over it. Its heat is mitigated, or that of the atmosphere above it is so by cool breezes, which descend from high mountains, bringing humidity recently drawn off the sea.

Clouds at rest, while the wind is blowing with violence, are frequently to be seen over *False Bay*, and likewise over the *Cape-downs*, precisely similar to clouds suspended over peaks. Generally during a south-east wind, the sky is

* It is necessary to mention that the observations on this subject are by no means intended to convey the idea of *perfection*. The meteorological diaries, formerly kept at the principal stations in the colony, do not extend to a sufficiently long period, for deducing from them positive conclusions. But the subject is now for the first time glanced at in South Africa, chiefly in the hope of stimulating observation and inquiry on this interesting topic.

* "I use by way of hygrometer, a common thermometer, of which the scale is detached from the bulb, upon wetting the bulb with water, and exposing it wet to the air, the consequent evaporation of moisture from its surface lowers the temperature more or less, according to the dryness of the air."—(H. T. Colebrooke, Esq.)

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clear between Hanglip and Table Mountain. But now and then a small silvery cloud suddenly appears above the sea, or the shore, grows, changes shape, without change of place, (although the wind, mean time, continues to blow violently,) wastes and vanishes. Dr. Arnott, in his highly interesting work, entitled, "Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy," thus accounts for the singular beauty and density of the clouds which frequently envelop Table Mountain. "The reason of the phenomenon is, that the air constituting the wind from the south-east having passed over the vast southern ocean, comes charged with as much invisible moisture as the temperature can sustain, In rising up the side of the mountain it is rising in the atmosphere, and is therefore gradually escaping from a part of the former pressure; and on attaining the summit, it has dilated so much, and has consequently become so much colder, that it lets go part of its moisture. And it no sooner falls over the edge of the mountain, and again descends in the atmosphere to where it is pressed, and condensed and heated as before, than it is re-dissolved and disappears: the magnificent apparation dwelling only on the mountain top."

Of the advantages of the Marine Barometer, sailors are at present able to speak with certainty. They are now acquainted with the use of this instrument, and to its timely warnings many a valuable ship is acknowledged to owe its preservation. We now proceed with the Communication of *Mercurius* on the utility of this invaluable instrument. They derive additional interest from the *experience* of the writer* in navigating these seas, forming the chain of communication between Great Britain, the Cape, and our possessions in India.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARINE BAROMETER,—THEORY OF STORMS, ETC.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Newlands, 18th June, 1833.

SIR,—I should on no account have acceded to your request of me to sanction the re-publication of a letter which appeared in the *South African Chronicle* nearly nine years ago, for I have not the vanity to think that any production of my pen can be worth a second perusal, had I not been influenced by the following considerations which you have so particularly brought under my notice;—first, that there are many gentlemen from India now in this colony for whose character and acquirements I have a high respect, who have expressed a desire to this effect,—secondly, that some of the arguments and facts it contains have been deemed of sufficient importance to require a more extended promulgation. Under these circumstances, I have the pleasure to send the letter referred to, *revised,* and very much at your service.

Without, therefore, any further preface, I shall proceed to my remarks on the *Marine Barometer.*

* John Marshall, Esq.

I am, myself, apt to set so high a value on this instrument, from its affording an infallible indication of those dreadful hurricanes, which are so prevalent in the West Indies, the China Seas, the Bay of Bengal, and other parts of the Indian ocean, especially in that part comprised within the islands of Java, Sumatra, and the Isle of France, that I think, any information tending to elucidate its advantages, cannot be too widely promulgated.

Every one at all acquainted with the mechanism of a Barometer, is aware that its construction originated in a discovery, that the mean density of the atmosphere is capable of supporting a column of mercury equal to about thirty inches in length, hence it follows that every deviation of the quicksilver from this height, is the result of a correspondent change, in the actual gravity of the surrounding atmosphere, the trifling effect of the cohesive properties of the tube being duly allowed for. But although this may be sufficiently evident to a common observer, it is certain that these changes depend upon so many hidden causes, and are generally so minute that they are scarcely perceptible to the eye, and are frequently unaccompanied by any visible change of the weather. It is a well established fact, that the Barometer undergoes but little or no variation throughout the region of the tropics, unless when it happens to be under the influence of an approaching hurricane, and then it is no less certain that the quicksilver falls rapidly and considerably, a natural consequence it would seem, of the origin of these storms, which exceed in violence those of the more boisterous climates of Europe, as much as the situations in which they are generated, at other times exceed them in mildness. An infinite scope still remains for a philosophical inquiry into the theory of winds, nor have I yet met with any satisfactory explanation of the course of these awful phenomena in the heavens. If I may presume to venture an opinion on so abstruse a subject, I should say that a tropical hurricane is produced by the rays of a vertical sun acting upon some portion of the atmosphere that happens to be unusually loaded with the electric matter so abundantly generated within a few degrees of the equator, whereby a rapid rarefaction of the circumjacent atmosphere takes place, repelling in its escape the surrounding air, until the existing cause has exhausted its influence, when a reaction commences, by the condensed air rushing towards the centre of the atmospheric rarefaction until the equilibrium is restored.

If this theory should prove to be well founded, it would, perhaps, sufficiently account for the great and sudden falling of the quicksilver on such extraordinary occasions; but, as Dr. Franklin very justly observes, in his Treatise on Electricity, "it is not of much importance to know the manner in which nature executes her laws; it is enough if we know the laws themselves;" so it may be said, that on all these occasions, whatever may be the immediate cause of the fall, provided we are aware of what is to follow, we are furnished with all the requisite information to guard us against the consequences. A thorough knowledge of these consequences is only to be acquired in the school of experience, and it is perhaps for that reason that I feel anxious to impart the benefits of my own, knowing that the warnings of this infallible monitor, have been but too often fatally slighted. Because, forsooth, that part of the ocean to which these remarks have reference, is frequently sailed over without the occurrence of any thing approaching to a storm, and because the Barometer may, and does frequently remain nearly stationary throughout the whole of this large portion of the voyage to and from India; is it therefore reasonable to infer that its utility ceases? on the contrary, the fact of the Barometer not being affected by any change in the atmosphere except when under the influence of an approaching storm, is the very circumstance which, in my opinion, more particularly enhances its value. In high latitudes, the eye of an experienced seaman will prove a tolerably correct substitute for a Barometer, but the tropical hurricane, unlike the storms of higher latitudes, but seldom gives any warning of its approach, and consequently the index of the Barometer affords the only indication to be relied on. The practical inference which I think myself at liberty to draw from these premises is, that whenever, or wherever within the tropics, or rather when in the more immediate neighbourhood of the Equator, a rapid and considerable fall of the quicksilver is observed to take place, it may be taken for granted that an extraordinary degree of rarefaction of the surrounding air is in progress, and that it will speedily be followed by a violent reaction From that moment the ship may be considered to have perforated the confines of a circle, the centre of which will shortly become the focus of a tornado, which, like the centre of a whirlpool in a different element, cannot be approached but at the hazard of her destruction, a lot which may befal her in spite of any exertions, however inde fatigable, of the most skilful and able-bodied crew. I am aware, however, that instances are to be adduced of ships having encountered hurricanes without sustaining any serious injury, but I have reason to believe that, in most of these instances, if not in all, it would be found, were it possible to ascertain the fact, that the brunt of the storm was in reality not encountered at all, that these ships were throughout far nearer the verge of the circle of rarefaction than its centre, that having been warned of its approach by the Barometer, they had sufficient good sense and foresight not to neglect it. But however this may be, no prudent man in command of a ship, knowing as he must that the lives of all under his command depend upon the promptness as well as the wisdom of his decision, will allow himself to be influenced by any such precedents to brave the storm, in order to evince his courage, or through any fastidious fear of committing a blunder, but that, taking the Barometer for his safest, if not his only guide, he will, from the moment of any extraordinary fall, bring his ship to the wind, and make every possible preparation to meet it. Nor will he be diverted from his purpose by any flattering appearances in the heavens.

Even if, at the moment, the sky should be cloudless, the atmosphere motionless, and no other indication of a storm throughout the whole visible horizon, than that which this invaluable instrument affords him, still he will take his measures with the same degree of promptitude and energy, as though the danger had already commenced; and when the flattering gale springs up to favor his course, he will not be tempted to pursue it through any fallacious notion of shortening the period of his voyage; for if my theory be correct, he may rest assured that, the farther he advances, the greater will be the fury of the tempest; that it is a principle of every hurricane, to narrow its sphere in proportion to its duration; and that wherever the storm commences, there will it soonest terminate; and consequently that his easiest way to escape from its fury is to remain as stationary as possible. I should not have dwelt on some of these points, had I not been aware that a notion is but too prevalent among seamen, that scudding before the gale is the shortest way to get out of it, an error which is attended with this additional evil, that those precious moments which intervene between the fall of the quicksilver and the rising of the storm, are expended (perhaps never to be retrieved,) in a proceeding which, in my opinion, is fraught with nothing but mischief.

Neither should I have ventured thus boldly to advance a theory of so much importance to the interests of navigation, were I not prepared to support it by the result of many years experience, while traversing those seas to which it is more immediately applicable.

The following particulars of one of those awful hurricanes which are known to prevail in certain parts of the Indian Ocean at particular seasons of the year, and which it was on this occasion my lot to encounter, will be found to embrace all the most material points on which I have ventured to ground this theory of storms, and I trust that the relation of them will not excite needless apprehensions in the breasts of those, among the fair sex in

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particular, whose destiny it may be to follow in the tract of my adventures, but rather that they will yield their consolation from the reflection that the greater the danger, and the more awful the consequences, the more essential it is that all such particulars should be faithfully recorded as a beacon for the guidance of others under similar trials; knowing, too, as they must, that in traversing the wide expanse of ocean comprised between England and India, ships will be safe in proportion as the dangers they may have to encounter are accurately described. Under such circumstances, then, to withhold from publication a narrative of facts, however painful its perusal, the object of which is to prevent a recurrence of the misfortunes it details, would be no less inconsistent than to hurl the Barometer into the sea as a useless appendage to a ship, merely because, through idleness or folly, it may sometimes fail to point out the danger, or at other times prove a source of needless alarm.

It was in October of the year 1808, that I left Madras on board one of the East India Company's ships, with eight others, under the convoy of a seventy-four gun-ship. On reaching the latitude of 10° south, and the longitude of 78° east, we unfortunately encountered one of the most tremendous hurricanes that was, perhaps, ever experienced by a ship that did not actually founder. It is impossible to convey to the minds of those who have never witnessed such a storm, any adequate idea of the fury with which it blew during the three days and nights of its continuance, the sound resembling more a succession of peals of thunder, or the roaring of cannon, than of wind; whilst the sea formed one continued breach over the ship, sweeping every thing moveable before it. During nearly the whole of this period, the passengers, officers, and crew were, without distinction of persons, employed in pumping or bailing, cutting away masts, securing guns, or in other work essential to the safety of the ship; whilst, owing to the impracticability of getting into the hold through the body of water always lodged on the gun-deck, the chief part of the period was passed without food, or even a drop of water to allay the thirst of the men at the pumps, who were with difficulty, and occasionally could not be prevented from swallowing the bilge water as it ascended from the well. And had it not been for the fortunate circumstance of a quantity of this precious beverage being found in the lockers of the great cabin, which had been bottled and placed there by one of the cabin passengers, which was latterly served out at the pumps in wine-glasses, the probability is that we should have literally perished through the want of a liquid, of which there was an abundance in the hold. Our distress, too, was not a little aggravated by two of the twelve-pounders being adrift at once on the gun-deck, causing the greatest consternation lest some port should be stove by their means. Notwithstanding the fore-mast, mizen-mast, main-top-mast, and bowsprit were, at the peril of our lives, alternately cut away, at the close of the third day, we were left with seven feet of water in the hold, and four feet in parts of the gun-deck, frequently with three out of the four pumps choked at a time, and without the slightest prospect of any abatement of the storm. Heaven only knows whether the wonderful alteration which soon took place after the close of this day in our desperate situation, was owing to an especial interference of Providence; but if the elements by which this globe is governed, in its course, are ever for a moment turned aside for the benefit of frail mortality, a scene was now exhibited which might have been deemed sufficiently appalling by an All-merciful Being, to call forth such an interposition.

I have been a witness to many a distressing scene on the ocean in the course of my practice, the recollection of which may in some degree account for these serious reflections, and form some apology for their intrusion here. I have seen a ninety-gun ship take fire, burn nearly to the water's edge, and blow up. This noble ship, which had twelve hundred people on board at the time, many of whom perished in her, notwithstanding every possible exertion was made, with the assistance of the engines of thirty sail of the line and frigates to extinguish the flames, and to rescue the men from destruction. I was once awoke out of my sleep by an explosion which proved to arise from the blowing up of an Indiaman at no great distance from the ship I was in, owing, as it was supposed from the state of the weather, to a flash of lightning having entered the magazine, where five hundred barrels of gunpowder were stowed, destined for the Cape. I need scarcely add that the crew, one hundred in number, were blown into the air, and that not a soul survived to explain the cause, or to record the fact. I was once myself in a ship that was struck by lightning, when some of the masts were shivered into a thousand pieces; and, had not the lightning taken a diagonal direction at the critical moment of its entrance into the body of the ship, the probability is that her destruction would have followed. On another occasion I was in a ship which took fire, when such a formidable volume of flame rushed from the deck beneath, as to render every chance of quenching it apparently hopeless; it was, however, eventually got under by an extraordinary display of skill on the part of an individual, backed by the exertions of the crew. I have been in a storm off the Cape, when, after a sudden shift of wind, the commodore of the fleet, in one of the strongest ships ever built, on her first voyage to sea, crowded with passengers from Calcutta, suddenly disappeared, and was never seen or heard of more; the natural inference was, that she had gone down stern foremost, and that every soul on board had perished. I have experienced the shock of an earthquake at sea, several hundred miles from any land, and consequently beyond the reach of any soundings; the fact having subsequently been proved by accounts from Manilla, the nearest land, where an earthquake on the same day, and nearly at the same moment, had occasioned considerable devastation. So violent was the shock we experienced, that one of the ships of the fleet leaked considerably in consequence. It is the only instance of the kind I ever heard of at such a distance from land; I should like, therefore, to see this extraordinary phenomena philosophically accounted for. The water was not unusually agitated, the wind was moderate, the sky serene, and no one indication of such an event throughout the horizon. Was it, allow me to ask, the effect of electricity? If so, I should wish to be informed how the electric fluid came in contact with the ship, for, if the sea became its only conductor, for as the fleet was spread over several miles of space, and every ship more or less sustained the shock, the whole of that part of the ocean must have been impregnated with it. I once landed from a ship in Table Bay, when, within a few hours of my reaching the shore, she parted from her anchors in a sudden north-wester, and became a wreck. My family were all on board at the time, who, after a night of infinite peril, expecting every moment to be their last, the rudder beaten off, and the ship nearly filled with water, were with difficulty rescued from a watery grave. These and many other distressing scenes of a minor description have I witnessed, but never, in the course of my practice, have I been present at one half so distressing, at least to my own feelings, as the one which I have now more immediately under consideration. Those which I have just taken a cursory review of were, it is true, in some instances, infinitely more fatal in their consequences, and in one case, the momentary pang of affliction could not, I admit, have been surpassed; but the scene I have already given an outline of, and am now drawing to a close, was one of peculiar excitement, painful feelings, and of heavy responsibility. Well may the Psalmist say, "These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." But, to return from this digression. At the close of the third day of this awful hurricane, the cabins below being no longer habitable, the passengers were crowded into one side of the round-house, as being the only cabin from which the water could be effectually excluded. Here, then, a scene of woe was exhibited which baffles description, and was sufficiently appalling to rend the stoutest heart in twain, more especially of his on whom all eyes were turned for consolation or assistance, neither of which was it in his power to offer, even to her who had the strongest of all claims on him for both, and whose peculiarly interesting situation demanded the utmost stretch of his sympathy. The ship, if not absolutely water-logged, was now observed to be settling fast forward. Every countenance exhibited a picture of despair; when, at this critical moment, the wind rapidly began to subside, which was no sooner announced to the people at the pumps, than their labours, which, from a feeling of despondency, had previously languished, were resumed with renewed vigor; and such was the rapidity of the change in our favor, that one of the most dreadful of all storms was speedily lulled into a perfect calm, the ship once more rose freely to the sea, and by day-light on the following morning all the water was discharged from her.

The scene which now presented itself was of a very different description, but still it was not without its alloy, and under any other circumstances might have excited feelings of despondency, instead of excess of joy. The ship lay a helpless wreck on the water, exposed to every surge of the sea, which had not subsided so rapidly as the wind, and which occasioned her to roll most awfully; and now, as she rose on the mountainous billow, every eye eagerly swept the horizon in search of the fleet, but all in vain, for not a ship could be seen; we therefore trembled for their fate. The bowsprit, fore-mast, mizen-mast, and main-top-mast, as before intimated, were all gone by the board, the whole of the live stock, (with a trifling exception,) consisting of 150 sheep, 30 pigs, 4 cows, 3 calves, 8 goats, and many hundred head of poultry, were washed over-board, or otherwise destroyed; nearly all the captain's stores, the medicine chest, and the seamens' chests, with their contents, were in the same predicament. After an anxious scrutiny of the charts, no friendly port was found to be within reach of us; the nearest towards the east was Bencoolen, which, on account of the season of the year, was difficult of approach, and incapable of affording the relief we stood in need of. Towards the west was the Isle of France, then in possession of the French. To proceed direct to the Cape was an undertaking which, at the first blush of our situation, nobody conceived to be practicable. Still, upon a closer inspection of our resources, many difficulties were obviated, and our situation appeared to be far less desperate than we had at first imagined. Our stock of water and salt provisions, which was considerable, was happily found to be uninjured: we had rice and spirits in abundance. Our spare stock of spars, which was also considerable, and well secured before the storm commenced, was safe; we had spare sails, canvass, and cordage sufficient, and we knew our situation to be on the verge of the south-east trade-wind, which blew direct towards the Cape, and the season for entering Table Bay was favorable. After due deliberation at a meeting of the officers of the ship, and the principal passengers, it was unanimously resolved to undertake the voyage to the Cape; and, as an encouragement to the crew to give their spontaneous exertions in favor of this great undertaking, a subscription was immediately entered into, with a view to replace their chests, clothes, &c. which were lost in the storm. Seven hundred pounds were raised for this purpose in the course of a few minutes, (perhaps an unprecedented act of liberality,) which was no sooner communicated to the crew, than they gave three hearty cheers, and declared their readiness to perform every duty required of them; and never was a promise more strictly fulfilled; however, in spite of these but seldom-paralleled exertions, we were eleven weeks in reaching the destined port, after suffering many privations. Still I consider this as one of the happiest periods of my life; and judging from the

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number of cheerful countenances, and the unanimity which reigned throughout the ship, I much doubt whether it were not the lot of every soul on board.

I cannot account for the fact, unless it was owing to the peculiar frame of mind which we had imbibed from our recent deliverance,—a frame of mind which philosophy would spurn at, but which religion might have hailed as the precursor of the only solid happiness destined for man.

The day of our arrival in Table Bay was one of intense excitement, anxious as we naturally were, to ascertain the fate of a fleet from which we had separated eleven weeks before under such unpropitious circumstances. This suspense, however, was of short duration; our worthy Commodore, with five of his convoy, were soon discovered to be safe at anchor in the Bay, the remaining three ships were missing, and, sad to tell, have never since been heard of. Of those which were safe, four, including the seventy-four gun-ship, had been in more or less danger of foundering in the storm, whilst two escaped without injury; owing, as it appeared from a comparison of journals, to their having escaped the brunt of the storm by being considerably to windward of the others; thus corroborating the theory with which I commenced, in my endeavours to prove that where the storm begins there will it soonest end; a great part of the third day, which was by far the most tempestuous with us, these two ships lay perfectly becalmed.

Such were the disastrous effects of this memorable hurricane, from a summary of which I think myself entitled to draw the following practical inference; namely, that had we instantly attended to the timely warning of the Barometer, by bringing the ship to the wind, and making preparations for the storm, instead of scudding before it, until we could scud no longer, we should have escaped with as little injury as the two ships I have just alluded to, and that had the three unfortunate ships which foundered in the storm pursued a similar course, which it may be fairly presumed they did not, a very different fate might have befallen them too.

But, lest the fatal catastrophe of this hurricane should not be deemed sufficiently conclusive, I shall mention the result of another, no less fatal in its consequences, which was encountered in the following season by another fleet of Indiamen, nearly in the same latitude and longitude, whilst under convoy of the late Lord Exmouth. On this occasion four of the finest ships of the fleet, crowded with passengers from Calcutta, were supposed to have foundered, as they were missing immediately after the storm, and were never heard of more. The last time they were seen was by Lord Exmouth himself, when they were observed to be scudding before the gale, whilst the rest of the fleet were lying-to.

Here, then, we have another melancholy instance in point, which, coupled with the preceding, ought to satisfy the mind of the most sceptical seaman, as to the infallibility of the Barometer in indicating the approach of hurricanes, within the tropics more particularly, and consequently of the inestimable value of this instrument to every commander of a ship, and more especially to those whose destination is India.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
MERCURIUS.

LITERATURE.

THE LATE ROBERT HALL, A. M.

THE Works of Robert Hall, A. M. are now completed by Dr. Olinthus Gregory, in six volumes, and these we are glad to find in the South African Public Library collection. But there is another volume from the press relative to Mr. Hall. The Rev. Mr. Balmer has Boswellized many of his conversations with Hall. We copy some of the passages:

"It was interesting and amusing to observe how Mr. Hall's exquisite sensibility to literary beauty, intermingled with, and qualified the operation of his principles and leanings, both as a Christian and Dissenter. Of this, I recollect various instances; but shall give only one. While conversing respecting Archbishop Magee, his talents, sentiments, conduct, &c, I quoted, as a proof of his high-church principles, a remark from a charge then newly published: it was to this effect: That the Roman Catholics have a church without a religion; the Dissenters have a religion without a church; but the Establishment has both a church and a religion. Mr. Hall had not heard the remark before, and was exceedingly struck with it. 'That, sir,' he exclaimed, smiling, 'is a beautiful saying. I have not heard so fine an observation for a long time. It is admirable, sir.' You admire it, I presume, for its point, not for its truth. *H.* 'I admire it, sir, for its plausibility and cleverness. It is false, and yet it seems to contain a mass of truth. It is an excellent stone for a churchman to pelt with.

"*Balmer.* May I ask, sir, what writers you would most recommend to a young minister? *H.* 'Why, sir, I feel very incompetent to give directions on that head; I can only say that I have learned far more from John Howe, than from any other author I ever read. There is an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions. He had not the same perception of the beautiful, as of the sublime; and hence his endless subdivisions.' *B.* That was the fault of his age. *H.* 'In part, sir; but he has more of it than many of the writers of that period, than Barrow, for example, who was somewhat earlier. There was, I think, an innate inaptitude in Howe's mind for discerning minute graces and proprieties, and hence his sentences are often long and cumbersome. Still he was unquestionably the greatest of the Puritan divines.'

'After adverting to several of Howe's works, Mr. H. said, in reference to his 'Blessedness of the Righteous:' "Perhaps, Baxter's 'Saint's Rest' is fitted to make a deeper impression on the majority of readers. Baxter enforces a particular idea with extraordinary clearness, force, and earnestness. His appeals to the conscience are irresistible. Howe, again, is distinguished by calmness, self-possession, majesty, and comprehensiveness; and for my own part, I decidedly prefer him to Baxter. I admire, exceedingly, his 'Living Temple,' his sermon on the 'Redeemer's Tears,' &c.; but, in my opinion, the best thing he ever wrote, is his defence of the sincerity of the Gospel offer. I refer to the treatise, called, the 'Reconcilableness of God's Prescience of the Sins of Men, with his Counsels, Exhortations, and whatever other Means he used to prevent them.' This I regard as the most profound, the most philosophical, and the most valuable of all Howe's writings."

"*B.* 'Do you think highly of Dr. Owen?' *H.* 'No, sir, by no means. Have *you* read much of Owen, sir; do you admire him? *B.* 'I have read his Preliminary Exercitations to his great work on the Hebrews; his exposition of particular verses here and there; his book on church government; and some of his smaller treatises. I do not greatly admire him, nor have I learned much from him.' *H* 'You astonish me, sir, by your patience You have accomplished a Herculean undertaking in reading Owen's Preliminary Exercitations. To me he is intolerably heavy and prolix.'"

"'Pray, sir,' I said, 'do you admire Macknight as a commentator?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'I do, very much; I think it would be exceedingly difficult indeed to come after him in expounding the Apostolic Epistles. I admit, at the same time, that he has grievous deficiencies: there is a lamentable want of spirituality and elevation about him. He never sets his foot in the other world if he can get a hole to step into in this; and he never gives a passage a meaning which would render it applicable and useful in all ages, if he can find in it any local or temporary allusion. He makes fearful havoc, sir, of the text on which you preached to-day. His exposition of it is inimitably absurd.' The text referred to was Ephesians i. 8

"Mr. Hall repeatedly referred to Dr. ——," (query, Chalmers?) "and always in high admiration of his general character. The following are some remarks respecting that extraordinary individual. 'Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. ——? Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented: what do you call it?' *B.* 'You mean, I presume, the kaleidoscope.' *H.* 'Yes, sir, it is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form; but the object presented is still the same. Have you not been struck, sir, with the degree in which Dr —— possesses this faculty?' 'Do you not think, sir,' I replied, 'that he has either far too much of this faculty, or that he indulges it to a faulty excess?' *H.* 'Yes, sir, certainly: his mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress. When he was at Leicester, he preached a most admirable sermon, on the necessity of immediate repentance; but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot.'"

"On the return of the Bourbons to France, in 1814, a gentleman called upon Mr. Hall, in the expectation that he would express himself in terms of the utmost delight on account of that signal event. Mr. Hall said, 'I am sorry for it, sir. The cause of knowledge, science, freedom, and pure religion, on the Continent, will be thrown back half a century; the intrigues of the Jusuits will be revived; and Popery will be resumed in France with all its mummery, but with no power, except the power of persecution.' This opinion was expressed about six weeks before the issuing of the Pope's bull for the revival of the order of Jesuits in Europe, 7th August, 1814.

"A few years afterwards, Mr. Hall, on an allusion being made to the battle of Waterloo, remarked, 'I have scarcely thought of the unfilled prophecies, since that event. It overturned all the interpretations which had been previously advanced by those who had been thought sound theologians, and gave new energy to the Pope and the Jesuits both of whom seemed rapidly coming to nothing, as the predictions seemed to teach. That battle, and its results, seemed to me to put back the clock of the world six degrees.'"

"On being asked if he had read the Life of Bishop Watson, then (in 1818) recently published, he replied that he had, and regretted it, as it had lowered his estimate of the bishop's character. Being asked, why? he expressed his reluctance to enlarge upon the subject; but added, 'Poor man, I pity him! He married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife.'

"He did not like Dr. Gill as an author. When Mr. Christmas Evans was in Bristol, he was talking to Mr. Hall about the Welch language, which he said was very copious and expressive. 'How I wish, Mr. Hall, that Dr. Gill's works had been written in Welch—I wish they had, sir; I wish they had, with all my heart, for then I should never have read them. They are a continent of mud, sir.'

"John Wesley having been mentioned, he said, 'The most extraordinary thing about him was, that while he set all in motion, he was himself perfectly calm and phlegmatic: he was the quiescence of turbulence.'

"He spoke of Whitfield as presenting a contrast in the mediocrity of his writings to the

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wonderful power of his preaching; of the latter there could be no doubt, however; but it was of a kind not to be represented in writing; 'it is impossible to paint eloquence.'"

NATURAL HISTORY & SCIENCE.

INFERIORITY OF MODERN OAK TIMBER—THE ROT—DRY ROT, &c.

COMPLAINTS are every day made of the badness of the oak timber now, as compared with what it was formerly; and these complaints are well founded. What with dry rots in confined air, and rots in water, and slow decomposition in the atmosphere, modern oak, which is, generally speaking, planted oak, is absolutely less durable than even some of the inferior species of pine, and far inferior to the native pine of the mountains. A piece of heart of oak, chosen by the king's builder for royal purposes, had been seasoned and prepared in the most careful manner; and after that, it had been kept dry in the centre of a trussed beam for more than twenty years. It is not easy to imagine how a more desirable specimen of oak timber could be procured; and it certainly looked well. The colour was good the grain close, and the texture very hard and firm to the tool. Well, a piece of this same oak was let into the ground, in a dry soil, and so situated that no drip fell upon it, or trickled down it; and it remained between three and four years. Upon its being taken up, all that portion of it which had been in the ground was in the same condition as the alburnum, or sap-wood, of very old oak piles when they are taken out of the water,—more like compact clay than timber; and when dried, it "broke short," and crumbled into powder. In colour it was more like rotten pear-tree than rotten oak, for there was no blackening, and yet the soil contained a good deal of iron, so that the timber must have been deficient both in tannin and gallic acid.

It was not, as has been said, the sap-wood, but the very best part of the tree, and from inspection of the cross-cut, the tree had not grown with any very extraordinary rapidity. As little was the injury done at the "weather line," just by the surface of the earth, where the durability of timber is put to the severest test; for the decay extended not only to the entire portion of the part that was in the ground, but also to a cross piece, which was nearly two feet below the surface, and which, of course, had no weather-line, from which its decay could originate. Some pieces of American white pine, which is considered to be the worst timber of the whole pine tribe, were put down for the purpose of keeping the durable "heart of oak" steady, till the earth should be consolidated about it. When taken up, these were entire and merely wet, while the said heart of oak was completely gone!

But that was not the case with oak of former growth: those oak posts and beams, in the earth and out of it, in all sorts of situations with regard to damp, confined air, and all other circumstances which are usually charged as being the causes of rot in the modern oaks. There are old piles drawn out of foundations in the water, where they must have been for upwards of five hundred years; and though the sap-wood of them is in a state of decomposition, and the heart champs when too suddenly exposed to the drought, yet the heart of those, properly treated, is as sound as when it was put down. In the peat-bogs, and other submerged forests, too, there is abundance of oak; and if care be taken in the drying of it, that oak is as hard and durable, at the same time that it is as black, as ebony.

But our modern oak will not last as many years, in some instances not as many months, as the old oak lasted centuries. The specimen, upon which the above experiment was made, was of chosen oak, picked in the royal forest, and, therefore, presumable to have been the very best that could be procured, and yet, had it not been protected by the pine beam in which it had been cased up, the probability is, that it would not have lasted any longer in its first situation than it did in its last. To build houses of such oak is mockery, to build ships of it is cruel; for while they have the external appearance of soundness, they may go to pieces with the least strain, and bury all on board in the deep. Only that the fungi are not of the right species, such timber would answer the purpose of the mushroom-grower far better than that of the builder or the ship-carpenter; for the timbers go into their places loaded with mushroom spawn, and, in fact, progress to the state in which that generates; and so, in as far as oak is concerned in their structure, we have mushroom houses and mushroom ships.

What is the cause? Why should it be that when navigation is every day increasing in extent and value, the grand engine of navigation should be deteriorating every day? "The dry rot," is the answer. Well, be it so: what is the dry rot?

DRY ROT. (*Xylostroma Giganteum.*)

"*Xylostroma giganteum*, which grows in the timber, like a thick broad patch of dull yellow leather, or *serpula distruens* in other instances, which is smaller, redder in the colour, and whitish at the edge; but that last is as often found upon other timber as upon oak." Well, that is not a point worthy of much dispute; the timber is destroyed, and generally speaking these are fungi; but it is just about as sensible to call those fungi "dry rot," as it would be to call flowing blood "a wound," or the worms that consume the body "death." Why come the fungi there? There was a time when dry rot was unknown; and as long as the beams of houses were of good oak, or chesnut, or red pine from the north of Europe, there was no information laid against serpula. Besides, there never appeared a single fungus of any species upon or near the piece of oak in the experiment, and yet it passed from what may be regarded as the best state that it could be in for duration, to absolute uselessness, in so short a time, that if a ship were to decay as fast, the whole freight that could be obtained would not pay for the trenails. How is the same dry rot to be got rid of? "Oh, wash the timbers with sulphate of iron, and other saline solutions, and let the ship, or the house, as it may be, be well ventilated." The old story. "Call in the doctor, apply a lotion, and exhibit a bolus," under which the diseased have continued to die ever since medicine was a science. Are ships kept less clean now, than they were before the dry rot was heard of? or are they or houses worse ventilated? Truly not. If there be any difference, the ships must be kept sweeter, else the chlorides, and other powerful fumigations have been invented and applied to little purpose. The crews certainly keep their health better than they did formerly; and it would be somewhat wonderful, if air which were more wholesome for human beings, should be more deadly for oak timber! As for the houses again; there are certainly more under-ground apartments than there were once, and possibly more than it is wise to have. It may happen, too, that the tax upon windows has impaired the ventilation by those apertures; but in many of the modern houses, and those especially where the rot appears, the loss of ventilation by windows has been more than made up in ventilation by walls, many of which are so thin, and of materials so infirm, that, in as far as air is concerned, the fabric is ventilator all over.

But fungi, by what name soever they may be called, are not locomotive destroyers; they do not, full grown, career over the land and the waters, to prey upon sound timber, as hawks do to prey upon birds, or wolves to prey upon sheep. The *sporæ*, or whatever else the small, and generally invisible germs of the fungus may be called, are perfectly passive, and of themselves can do no more harm to an oak beam, then could be done by a mustard seed. The soil, in which alone it can germinate, or *begin* its action, is rotted wood. If it meet with that, it will germinate; if not, it will remain inactive. There is no doubt that the increasing quantity of rotted timber has increased the number of those plants; but that has in no way altered the law of their nature, which is to grow in rotten wood, but not in wood which is sound. The only rational view of the case, therefore, is that the timber must be rotten before the fungus can act even in the slightest degree: and that, consequently, the fungus is produced by the rot, and not the rot by the fungus; and though the fungus is destroyed, the rot will go on probably as fast as if the fungus were not there; only as the fungus has a great attraction for moisture, and as moisture, though not the cause, is an instrument in producing the rot, the fungus may, when it appears, hasten the destruction.—(*Mudie.*)

WOOL OF THE INDIAN DESERT.

The wool of the sheep pastured in the desert is the staple commodity both of manufacture and trade in this region. It is worked into every article of dress, both male and female, and worn by all, rich and poor. It is produced from the loom, of every texture and quality, from the coarse *looie* or 'blanket,' at three rupees per pair (six shillings), to thirty rupees. The quality of these last is very fine, of an intermediate texture between the shawl and camlet, and without any nap: it is always bordered with a stripe of chocolate brown or red. Of this quality are the *do-patis* or 'scarfs' for the ladies. Turbans are also manufactured of it, and though frequently from forty to sixty-one feet in length, such is the fineness of the web, that they are not bulky on the head. (*Tod's India.*)

INDIAN METHOD OF CULTIVATING THE POPPY.

When the crops of Indian corn (*mukhi*) or of hemp (*sunn*) are gathered in, the stalks are rooted up and burned; the field is then flooded, and, when sufficiently saturated, ploughed up. It is then copiously manured with cow-dung, which is deemed the best for the purpose; but even this has undergone a preparatory operation, or chimical decomposition, being kept in a hollow ground during the rainy season, and often agitated with long poles, to allow the heat to evaporate. In this state it is spread over the fields and ploughed in. Those who do not keep kine, and cannot afford to purchase manure, procure flocks of goats and sheep, and pay so much a night for having them penned in the fields. The land being ploughed and harrowed at least six or seven times, until the soil is almost pulverized, it is divided into beds, and slight embankments are formed to facilitate irrigation. The seed is then thrown in, the fields are again inundated; and the *seventh* day following this is repeated to saturation. On the *seventh* or *ninth*, but occasionally not until the *eleventh* day, the plant springs up; and on the *twenty fifth*, when it has put forth a few leaves, and begins to look withered, they water it once more. As soon as this moisture dries, women and children are turned into the fields to thin the plants, leaving them about eight inches asunder, and loosening the earth around them with iron spuds. The plant is at this stage about three inches high. A month later, it is watered moderately, and when dry, the earth is again turned up and loosened. The fifth water is given in about ten days more; two days after which, a flower appears here and there. This is the signal for another watering, called 'flower-watering;' after which, in twenty-four or thirty-six hours, all the flowers burst their cells. When about half the petals have fallen, they irrigate the plants sufficiently to moisten the earth, and soon the rest of

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the flowers drop off, leaving the bare capsule, which rapidly increases in bulk. In a short period, when scarcely a flower remains, a whitish powder collects outside the capsule, which is the signal for immediate application of the lancet.

The field is now divided into three parts, in one of which operations commence. The cutting-instrument consists of three prongs, with delicate points, around which cotton thread is bound to prevent its making too deep an incision, and thus causing the liquid to flow into the interior of the capsule. The wound is made from the base upwards, and the milky juice which exudes coagulates outside. Each plant is thrice pierced, on three successive days, the operation commencing as soon as the sun begins to warm. In cold mornings, when it congeals rapidly, the coagulation is taken off with a scraper. The fourth morning, each plant is once more pierced, to ascertain that no juice remains. On each morning this extract is immersed in a vessel of linseed oil, to prevent it from drying up. The juice being all collected, there remains only the seed. The capsules are therefore broken off and carried to the barn, where they are spread out upon the ground; a little water is sprinkled over them, and being covered with a cloth, they remain till the morning, when the cattle tread out the seed, which is sent to the oil-men, and the refuse is burnt, lest the cattle should eat them, as even in this stage they are poisonous. Poppy oil is more used for the *cherag'h* (lamp) than any other in Méwar. They calculate a maund (of forty seers, or about seventy-five pounds weight) of seed for every two seers of milk. The price of seed is now twenty rupees per *mani* of one hundred and twelve *(cutcha)* maunds.—(*Ib.*)

THE CAMEL OF THE DESERT.

The camel, 'the ship of the desert,' deserves the first mention. There he is indispensable; he is yoked to the plough, draws water from the well, bears it for his lordly master in *mesheks*, or 'skins,' in the passage of the desert, and can dispense with it himself altogether during several days. This quality, the formation of his hoof, which has the property of contracting and expanding according to the soil, and the induration of his mouth, into which he draws by his tongue the branches of the *babool*, the *khér*, and *jowás*, with their long thorns, sharp and hard as needles, attest the beneficence of the Supreme Artist. It is singular that the Arabian patriarch, who so accurately describes the habits of various animals, domestic and ferocious, and who was himself lord of three thousand camels, should not have mentioned the peculiar properties of the camel, though in alluding to the incapacity of the unicorn (rhinoceros) for the plough, he seems indirectly to insinuate the use of others besides the ox for this purpose. The camels of the desert are far superior to those of the plains, and those bred in the *t'huls* of Dhât and Barmair are the best of all. The Rajas of Jessulmér and Bikanér have corps of camels trained for war. That of the former state is two hundred strong, eighty of which belong to the prince; the rest are the quotas of his chiefs; but how they are rated, or in what ratio to the horsemen of the other principalities, I never thought of enquiring. Two men are mounted on each camel, one facing the head, the other the rear, and they are famous in a retreating action: but when compelled to come to close quarters, they make the camel kneel knows, tie his legs, and retiring behind, make a breastwork of his body, resting the matchlock over the pack-saddle. There is not a shrub in the desert that does not serve the camel for fodder.—(*Ib.*)

A USEFUL VEGETABLE PRODUCTION OF THE EAST INDIES.

The *khureel*, or *khyr* (the *capparis*, or caper-bush), is well-known both in Hindust'han and the desert: there they use it as a pickle, but here it is stored up as a culinary article of importance. The bush is from ten to fifteen feet in height, spreading very wide; there are no leaves on its ever-green twig-like branches, which bear a red flower, and the fruit is about the size of a large black currant. When gathered, it is steeped for twenty-four hours in water, which is then poured off, and it undergoes, afterwards, two similar operations, when the deleterious properties are carried off; they are then boiled and eaten with a little salt, or by those who can afford it, dressed in ghee and eaten with bread. Many families possess a stock of twenty maunds.—(*Ib.*)

Method of finding the Course of the Air when the Wind is still.—Place a basin of water in a free exposure, throw a red hot cinder into it, and observe how the smoke which it produces inclines. Sailors throw a piece of live coal into the sea for the same purpose; and also wet a finger, hold it up in the air, and then by feeling which part becomes (by evaporation) cool, they judge of the direction of the current of air. An instrument on the last principle has been invented by Dr. B. M. M. Forster.—*Mec. Mag.*

Method of preserving Seeds fit for Vegetation.—Fill an old cask half full of earth, put the seeds as near as possible to the middle of the cask, then fill the latter entirely with moist earth, pressing it down, and finally closing the cask so that neither air nor water may enter it. Keep it from contact of sea water. In this manner seeds may be brought from the East Indies or New Holland in a state of perfect preservation and fit to vegetate.—*Gardener's Mag.*

Colour of the Eyes.—In a scarce treatise, "De Coloribus Oculorum," by Portius, it is remarked, that in blue eyes the interior membranes are less abundantly provided with black mucus, and are thence more sensible to the action of light. That sort of eyes suits the inhabitants of the north during their long twilights; while the deep black of the negroes serves to support the vivacity of the light. The blue of the Laplander's eyes, however, but ill supports the light reflected from the snow, and renders them subject to cataract.

The Sun a Body of Ice.—Many opinions have been formed concerning the sun, which philosophers have sometimes ridiculed, and sometimes seriously refuted. But of all the paradoxical assertions respecting that luminary, none equal to Mr. Palmer's, for that gentleman positively asserts it to be a body of ice! The following is the title of Mr. Palmer's book: "A Treatise on the Sublime Science of Heliography, satisfactorily demontrating (!) our great orb of light, the Sun, to be absolutely no other than a body of ice, by Charles Palmer, Gent."—8vo. 1799.

Sponge Fishery.—In the bottom of the sea which washes the shores of the Cyclades, the common sponge is found in abundance, and farms the principal source whence the inhabitants derive their maintenance, trafficking it with the Turks, among whom it is in great request for cleansing their baths. Sponge-diving is consequently the principal employment of the population of the Cyclades, and it is said no young man of the island is permitted to marry, till he can descend with facility to a depth of twenty fathoms. The sea is at all times extremely clear, and the experienced divers are capable of distinguishing from the surface the points to which the animal has attached itself below, when an unpractised eye could but dimly discern the bottom. Each boat is furnished with a large stone attached to a rope, which the diver seizes in his hands on plunging head-foremost from the stern, in order to increase the velocity of his descent through the water, thereby saving an expenditure of breath, as well as to expedite his ascent, being hauled up quickly by his companions when exhausted at the bottom. I have seen but one man who could remain below more than about two minutes, and the process of detaching the sponge was of course very tedious: three, and sometimes four divers descending successively to secure a peculiarly fine specimen.—*Emerson's Letters from the Ægean.*

Coffee of Acorns.—Coffee made of acorns is less stimulating than the cinchona; hence it possesses the advantages without the inconveniencies of the astringents—the stomach bears it better. In fact it is an excellent stomachic, and its effects are not limited merely to increase of tone in the digestive organs and obstructions kept up by debility. The acorn coffee has also the property of being nutritious, as shown by the *embonpoint*, of those who take it. The infusion of acorns is one of my favourite remedies in asthma, cough, incipient rachitis, mesenteric atrophy. Continued for a long period, it is one of the most powerful means in our reach for destroying even the deepest rooted scrofulous disposition. I have often caused it to be taken six months in succession, with a success so complete, that by it alone, I have dissipated mesenteric obstructions of the worst character.—*Huflande.*

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

EARLY ENGLISH NAVY—STRUGGLES WITH THE DUTCH.

In the early wars between the English and the Dutch, it cannot be denied that the English fought promiscuously and under no controuling regulation that could give harmony to their manœuvres. Hence the successes of the brave Van Tromp. The old Tory Clarendon was highly pleased with these victories, and thanked God "that the Hollanders had so thoroughly banged the devilish English rebels!" But the fate of Holland was decided in 1653. She never recovered her losses. In one year and eleven months the English captured no less than 1,700 prizes, valued by the Dutch themselves at a sum nearly equal to six millions sterling of English money. The concession to England of the flag, by the States of Holland, was formerly made in the treaty which was concluded at Westminster, 5th April, 1654. In Cromwell's victorious days, the Press was just beginning to find its level, "The Laughing Mercury" was a paper then started. The following is a specimen of the sort of commodity which in the middle of the 17th century, passed for newspaper wit;

"Now Neptune binds his curled brow,
His rolling billows tumble;
The Dutch to sink, the Lord knows how;
Tarpaulins curse and grumble.

"Our navy brave, stout men-of-war,
That in the channel ride,
Will make those sons of pitch and tar
Full dearly rue their pride.

"The devil sure, intends a feast,
For to invite all rich-men,
Having provided at the least
A shoal of pickled Dutch-men.

"Avant, ye sponges, sowes in ruffes,
Ambyna we'll revenge!
When we have made the sea your tomb,
We'll squeeze out your Orênge."

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CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.
(By Vivian.)

The Press,— The Advertiser,—Standard of Right and Wrong,—Political Economy,—Religious Establishments,— Litigation or Law,—The "Juvenile Emigrants," &c.

Enough, we imagine, has been said "line upon line" in this Journal, indicative of our respect for the Press, and that portion of it in particular, which now calls forth our serious notice That the commendations which we have thought proper to bestow on the *Advertiser*, have been sincere, and without hypocrisy, is best proven by the pecuniary sacrifices which it has cost us in the maintenance of our opinions in its favour. For be it known unto you, men and brethren, that the sale of the *Literary Gazette* might have been extended three-fold, had we succumbed to the one-eyed monster the mob, and joined in the clamour against certain philanthropic principles, of which the paper in question has been the steady and uncompromising advocate. There is something extremely perverse in human destiny—how seldom does it happen that our desires are attained, or that even in the best of causes the victory and the triumph are of long continuance. At one time, the *Advertiser* directed, and had an uncontrollable influence over the public mind. But how capricious, hollow, transient, and provoking is the huzza of the *vox populi!* The same voice that cries out *Hosannah!* exclaims *Crucify! crucify!* A man must be made of no common materials who can, as does the *Advertiser*, continue an undeviating course, in defiance of daily impediments and *unappeasable* opposition: and without a single *cheer* in this colony, (except from ourselves,) to comfort and animate. Happy should we be that this enemy to all monopolies, were more disposed to *permit* others to form their opinions of men and things, and less inclined to denounce them as fools and heretics who differ from his *mode*. Under such circumstances, we should take great pleasure in adding *one cheer more*. But at present we have a public duty to perform, and any forbearance on our parts would be criminal.

Our points of difference with the *Advertiser* are not, we conceive, of trifling import;—they connect themselves with four distinct subjects.

1st, The principles of Morality, *i.e.* the Standard of Right and Wrong.
2dly, Religious Establishments.
3dly, Political Economy.
4thly, Juvenile Emigrants.
5thly, Litigation or Law.

On the first head, as connected with *ethics*, we shall simply advert to the criticisms of the *Bengal Hurkaru*. This paper has been extremely free in its remarks on the *Advertiser*, for an alleged inconsistency on the part of the latter in defending a certain Ordinance promulgated during the last year in this colony. We can give no opinion as to the *intrinsic* merits of this Order in Council. We thought, at the time it was passed, something of the kind seemed desirable. But the question is, was it in accordance with the *avowed principles* of the *Advertiser* to defend it? Its best friends have decided—*Certainly not*. Hence the charges of inconsistency have never been refuted. How much do men err who advocate the unscriptural doctrine of *Expediency*. "Whatever is *expedient* is right," is the high language of Dr. Paley, and from the doctor, we suspect, the *Advertiser* has borrowed his notions of moral philosophy. Whatever is expedient is right, soliloquizes the moon light adventurer into the poultry yard: "It will tend more to the sum of human happiness that my wife and I should dine on a capon, than that the farmer should feel the satisfaction of possessing it;" and so he mounts the henroost. We do not say that this hungry moralist would reason soundly, but we think he would not listen to the true philosophy which replied, 'Oh, your reasoning is incomplete: you must take into account all consequences, collateral and remote; and then you will find that it is more expedient, upon the whole, and at the long run, that you and your wife should be hungry, than that hen-roosts should be insecure." Whenever a public writer is drawn aside to advocate the doctrine in question, we shall always discover a continual fluctuation and uncertainty, both in principles and in practical rules; a continual endeavour to "serve two masters"

2dly. *Religious Establishments*. We always dislike tempers inclined to suspicion, still we confess we could not help, at times, from certain opinions half expressed by himself, to suspect the *Advertiser* as *unsound in the faith*. The thing is now too true to be doubted; hence in his Paper, June 8th, we find that a "Church established by law" is considered worthy a sneer! "a *monopoly* of state favour in behalf of one *sect*." So, then, religion is a mere *noun of multitude*, or nomen collectivum, and poor England's views are to be directed by the *thousand and one* diversities of shifting opinions which assail her. The National Church was deemed in the *dark age* of Queen Elizabeth, in the *unenlightened* times of Burleigh, Hooker, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Lord Bacon, a great venerable estate of the Realm; but now, by the intellect of the Cape, it has been determined to be merely a *monopoly of state favour*. Farewell to England's truest happiness and greatest glory, when the moderns lay violent hands on the ark of the national faith. Farewell to Scotland's brightest gem, when the levellers shall prostrate the Church of that far-famed land. No *voluntary association*, the boast of these days, can be substitute for a *permanent* nationalized order,—the essential element of a rightly constituted nation. It is a national church with a national clergy, in their *pastoral* and *parochial* character—forming a grand estate of the realm, that is the especial and constitutional organ for dispensing sound and wholesome truth to the people. The established clergy have long been the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age; and what, in landscape, is comparable with that of the Village Church? It is the visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point, to which are referred the nearest concerns of both. But, then, the abuses which attach to establishments. O, aye! these had nearly escaped our notice. Respecting such, we have great pleasure in adopting a reply in the language of no less a writer than Dr. McCrie, the historian of Knox and Melville. 'Persons,' says the Doctor, 'by fixing their attention immoveably upon certain evil abuses which attach to, or result from the establishments with which they are acquainted, are in danger of overlooking the more general and extensive good which they are calculated to produce, or may be rendered subservient unto; and, instead of seeking the correction of abuses, and the redress of grievances, they are ready to look forward with big expectations to a total revolution in such matters, without taking into view, or being aware of the infinitely greater evils which would arise from a new order of things. The system which would *equalize all kinds of religion in the eye of the law*, which proclaims an universal right and liberty in such matters and deprives religion and its institutions of the countenance and support of human laws; though it has a specious and inviting appearance, contains in its bowels, like the Trojan horse, an host of evils, which, issuing forth, would spread devastation around, and soon lay the bulwarks and palaces of christianity in the dust.'

Proceed we now from the church to the world.

III *Political Economy*.—This is rather a favourite subject with the *Advertiser*, and it is most probable that people slide into his opinions without the trouble of inquiring as to the accuracy of many of his statements. That he writes with *cleverness* nobody doubts—but this is not the time for compliment. The *Advertiser*, (May 11th,) has taken up the fashionable theme *East India Monopoly*, i.e. the China Trade. Now, we do not consider this any monopoly at all. A monopoly includes the power to sell or hold back, to lower or to raise prices. That the East India Company possess a *privilege*, we do not deny; but this is very distinct from monopoly The Company cannot chuse their own time for sale; they are *compelled* to make certain periodical sales in the year, of offering at each sale a quantity at least *equal* to the last preceding demand; they are obliged to put up their tea at *prime cost*, and to sell at an advantage of *one penny* (they do at *one farthing*,) on the upset price; they are necessitated to have always on hand a stock of tea amounting to at least *one year's* consumption, estimated by the quantity consumed in the previous year; their ships are under legislative enactments, being equipped for the *defence of the country*, as well as for commerce; their profits derivable from the tea trade are disposed of by the command of the Legislature, beyond the control of the Company. In fact it does not appear, on taking a strictly impartial view of the subject, that the Company hold simply a political, as well as a commercial *trust*, which, tested by long-tried experience, has been proved not only eminently serviceable to the British nation at large, but of infinite advantage to the eastern empire, and all its dependencies. It is truly ridiculous in the *Advertiser* to talk about the small private account which the inhabitants of this colony have to settle with the Company in respect of high prices. How did it happen that for so many years past the *free-traders* forced upon us *one* exorbitant price in the article of coals; and how is it that the *free-traders* so frequently cause a scarcity, and just charge what they please in the articles of coffee and sugar? Let the tea-trade come into similar hands, and we will venture to assert that, next to an indifferent commodity, we shall either have none at all, or be compelled to pay that price which the one, two, or three holders of stock may happen to demand. The question of the tea-trade is really worth more than a mere cursory glance. Let us consider for a moment that, from the sale of vegetable leaves, collected on the mountains of a distant continent, the immense sum of *sixty-seven millions sterling* has been collected at a mere nominal expense, and without trouble.*

The *Advertiser* expatiates with seeming satisfaction on the falling off of what he terms the "favoured trade," and exults on the prosperity of what he is pleased to designate the "free." But how are the facts in this case? Precisely the reverse of his statements. Every attempt to force a consumption of tea by the boasted *free trade* has been attended with a diminution in demand, a decrease in revenue, and a deterioration in quality, as in the United States and other countries. And as to cheapness, *all circumstances considered*, the price of tea is comparatively as low in England as in America, or on the continent of Europe. And instead of a decline in the trade, and as far as the government taxation admitted, tea has augmented more than other articles of general demand, notwithstanding there being either greater stimulants, such as wine, coffee, tobacco, sugar, &c. The real state of the case is, that the Company have, by a judicious proportioning of the supply to the demand, raised the consumption of tea (an immense gain to morals and *temperate* habits) to its present enormous amount of *thirty millions of pounds*;† since the last renewal of the Charter, their supply of cheaper tea has been increased more than one thousand per

* The cost of collecting 67,000,000 sterling, was only £180,000.

† In the space of 100 years, viz: from 1710 to 1810, there were sold at the East India Company's sales 750,219,015 lbs. of tea, the value of which was £127,804,595 sterling!

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cent.* while the price has been lessened nearly 50 per cent. The *Advertiser* now directs us to those wondrous gentry, the free-traders of Hamburgh, and New York, in America, and contemplates with much apparent satisfaction, the better order of things in those places than in England. The truth is, the Americans, with others, imagined that nothing was more requisite as a proof of their *free institutions*, than to deluge the country with tea. The result of this mistaken policy has been severely felt by the government of the United States, in a defalcation of the revenue on tea to the amount of several millions; and the bankruptcy of many ship-owners engaged in the American China-trade, especially Mr. E. Thompson, who paid to his government a greater amount of duties than any individual ever did, *(fourteen millions Spanish dollars,)* will best illustrate the advantages of a system which is eagerly desired by a few persons to introduce into England. With regard to the Hamburgh prices, it has been proven before Parliament that teas were selling in that city for *ruinous* prices,† and therefore a comparison of home and foreign prices is rendered fallacious. The British nation is indebted to the East India Company for the origin of the tea-trade, "one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of commerce;" and by destroying which, we may, as was said to be the case with the Sybilline *leaves*, have to pay a higher price for a diminished value.

The next scene in our moral kaleidiscope, is act the fourth in the farce of the *Charles Kerr*, and the twenty juvenile *emigrants!!!* Without boasting, we trust we commiserate the unfortunate, and are as well-wishers to the youths in question as our neighbours, and we do not mean to yield to any one of them in our hearty desires that they may do well. But after the perusal of Capt. Brenton's circular, we considered it right freely to extract from the same, and warn the public against the new *vagrancy* act which was attempted at the Cape. For this part of our public duty, some illiberal and unjust sayings and denunciations have been uttered against us by the *Advertiser*. We considered in the first place that the Cape Committee had unwarrantably applied a *fanciful* designation to a *vagrant* subject. And secondly, we commented on Capt. Brenton's text with all possible faithfulness and freedom. It is a sad misfortune with our friends, the Whigs, that whenever they are out of temper, or cannot find words enough to knock you down, or fail in setting the mob at you, to turn litigants, and, like Bluster in the play, talk about the Law of Libel, and boast that the "glorious uncertainty" affords a remedy for "all kinds of wrong."

But the sequel of the business is curious enough. In adverting to it, we do most unaffectedly declare, that we desire no triumph over a public writer who has, like the *Advertiser*, been led astray by the impetuosity of his zeal. All that we said or supposed of the youths, has been confirmed by Capt. Brenton himself, in a letter to H. Maynard, Esq. which has been published in the *Graham's Town Journal*.‡ In reference to the *Law*, we thank the *Advertiser*, as it affords us an opportunity of stating our differences with him on this head; hence we shall move a special court on the subject. In these days of more than ordinary abuse of the Press, or the gift of speech, an appeal to the Law is too frequently the ill-judged result. We shall examine the question somewhat seriously.

V. We shall take high ground, and contend that the boundaries of freedom and falsehood cannot be defined by jurisprudence. That the publishers or utterers of wicked statements frequently act criminally is certain: but still it is to be inquired whether they can be efficiently punished so as to produce reformation, example, and redress? And here we are presented at the out-set with a great impediment, resulting from the nature of fixed law. For if a libeller is to be legally punished, the law must give some definition of what libel is. Now, it is actually impossible to frame any definition which shall not either on the one hand give license to injurious sayings or writings, by its laxity, or on the other prohibit a just publication of the truth by its rigour. The *Advertiser*, in his recent zeal for litigation as it regards ourselves, should recollect that the statutes which prevent men from publishing libels, prevent them also from publishing truths—truths which all men ought to hear. We really wish the *Whigs* could be brought to consistency of principle. But this is a political allusion, and politics we must avoid; and, by-the-bye, we may as well observe, that in the present discussion, we mean no reference to political libel; *i. e.* publications to the discredit of the Government. We only notice, *en-passant*, Charles James Fox, who considered the law of libel in a two-fold sense. He remarked that *private* libels, some of the true as well as the false, might rightly be punished by the state; but in questions relating to "public men," says he, "*verity*, in respect of public measures, ought to be regarded as a complete *justification* of a libel." Whether truth be a justification of a political libel is one question,—whether such ought to be punished by law, is another. There are good reasons why falsehoods should *not* be punished by the law,—(the *Advertiser* is quite welcome to the other side of the question.) If the statement be true, it is commonly right that the truth should be publicly known; if it be false, the mischief is better remedied by publicly *shewing* the falsehood, than by other means. Surely, to repel the aspersions upon public men by shewing that it is unfounded, is more consistent with the dignity of a government, than to pursue the vituperator with fines and imprisonment. Besides, a prosecution often loses its end—*party* often recompenses the alleged victim for his sufferings or his losses. In the days of Mr. Pitt, a person published a libel which that celebrated statesman declared in the House of Commons to be "the most infamous collection of sedition and treason ever published." The man was prosecuted, found guilty, and sentenced to some fine. What was the result? Why *the party* made a subscription to the amount of *four thousand pounds*. What bad man would not publish a libel to be paid? What discreet government would prosecute a libel to be so defeated? We are inclined to pursue the *general* question a little further, because if notarial and similar appointments in the colony be proof of the march of litigation, then, it must be confessed, that we are in a fair way of becoming wranglers *en masse*.

A statement injurious to persons or a private individual is published to the world. The latter prosecutes the aggressor, under the most favourable circumstances. He can prove that it is legally a libel, and he can prove also that it is false. What, then, does he gain by proceeding to law? Nothing individually, but that he proves the falsehood; and this he may do more satisfactorily, more cheaply, and more efficiently without a court of law than within it. If there are documents, or if there is testimony by which he can prove the falsehood, they can be adduced before the public without the least reference to courts, and juries, and pleaders. It was simply because the *Advertiser* had no grounds to defend his case respecting the *Twenty Juvenile Emigrants*, that he recommended the *chances* of the law's interference. But if Truth is to tell for anything, what a figure he or his friends would have cut in court with our animadversions, and Capt. Brenton's subsequent confirmation!

Again, the verdict of law in certain cases which bears on the present question, is habitually received with a sort of suspicion and want of confidence in its foundation; because we know that verdicts are frequently given against the publishers of libels, *although the libel is true*. But suppose a statement, however, is injurious, is not legally a libel. Then whatever evidence the plaintiff produces is against him, and the public, who do not trouble themselves with nice distinctions, perhaps think that the imputation upon his character is deserved. Here the prosecutor not only obtains no redress, but suffers by coming into court. But further:—Many public statements are libellous, and are cruelly injurious to the sufferer, which, nevertheless, are true. To prosecute these statements is worse than merely vain. You only extend farther and wider the reproach which was confined within narrower limits before. You make the evil to yourself more intense, as well as more extended; for the prosecuted party will no doubt take care to bring proof of the *truth* of his statements. What is to be done? Are we to be at the mercy of every malignant spirit who shall be at liberty to say with impunity just what he pleases. Not with impunity, but with *impunity from the law*. That this legal impunity may be productive of some evils is undoubtedly true. But the question is—not whether evils exist, but whether they can be remedied. Suppose for a moment there was no such thing as libel law. Then the press, which is the engine of evil as well as good, would in all probability inundate the public with torrents of vilification and slander. The malignity of bad men would for a while prevent them from perceiving the alteration which awaited the public habits. They would think that an aspersion would continue to have the same effect in practically injuring and blackening the character of others, as it has now that it is comparatively unfrequent from the restraints of the law. But what would be the result? Inevitably this; that the public would very quickly regard libels as they regard all other common things—with heedless indifference. They would not seize upon them as they now do, with a *vicious avidity*. Slander would become to the public what the abuse of Hottentots is to Hottentots, or what the language of fishwomen at home, is to the inhabitants of Billingsgate,—a thing which they do not regard,—a thing about which they do not trouble themselves to consider whether the mutual vilifications be true or false, and for which they scarcely think either the worse or the better of the quarrellers. With respect to published slander, such a state of things could not last. Private malignity would die for want of food. It would not publish the aspersion which, when published, no one would regard, and the flood of vituperation would soon subside.

Further, there is so much *uncertainty* in law decisions, that right thinking men are becoming indifferent as to legal issues. But there is a bar of far more weight. If an innocent person, whose fair fame had been injured and publicly aspersed, should ask what we would advise him to do? We would say, think nothing of law: go to those persons who have the means of testifying the falsehood of the aspersion; procure their explicit and attested allegations; or if by any other means your innocence can be shewn, avail yourself of them, and forthwith lay your exculpation before the public. Here the great end is attained. Your character is not injured; *false witnesses* are discarded; and as to the slanderer, he is punished by being made the subject of public reprobation

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* Bohea sold in 1815,—397,909 lbs. at 2*s*.10*d*. p. lb.
Ditto 1830,—4,845,826 lbs. at 1*s*.6*d*. p. lb.
And, in the year 1831, there were 6,096,153 lbs. of Bohea sold. (See Parliamentary Returns.)

† Holland has given up her China-trade,—it was carried on not only without profit, but with considerable loss.

‡ *Extracts from the Letter.*—"I cannot help *regretting* that our *first sample* of Boys should have been consigned to Cape Town, and I shall still use my utmost endeavour that they may be forwarded to the Eastward. I dread the contagion of a metropolis for boys just snatched from ruin. Our plan was agricultural employment, whether at home or in the Colonies, and I can neither *recommend or answer for the children in a domestic establishment*.

"If the Committee will agree with me, we shall send out by the *Maria*, Capt. Burton, between 20 and 30 boys, younger, and, *in general*, less *matured in vice* than some of the *Charles Kerr*, freight."

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and disgust. Let us ever remember that Truth is an overmatch for falsehood. Where they are allowed fairly to contend, truth is sure of the victory. Would you, then, *Mr. Advertiser*, rob her of the victory by silencing falsehood by force? On every impartial view of the question thus examined in a plain way, we think the judgment of our court of inquiry is,—

That the *Advertiser* be directed to read and study Dr. Evans's Discourses on the *Christian Temper*, 2 vols. 8vo ; and the Rev. John Mason on *Self Knowledge*, 8vo.

THE MINOR INSTITUTE.

We have often remarked on the rise and sudden fall of many of our Institutions at the Cape. Some, however, like plants of a certain genera, merely fall asleep, and, possessing indestructible stamina, rise up again like "Sir John Barleycorn," and "sore surprise them all." This is the case with the Minor Institute, which was quietly established amidst the din of political strife, *Fiscal* and old Dutch Law enactments, and *Press* opposition in 1824. Many of the old members of the Institute are now scattered up and down the earth—not a few have bade farewell to time, a handful remain in the colony, and three only, we believe, in Cape Town. The meeting of resuscitation took place on the 14th ultimo. The attendance was highly respectable, and altogether the meeting was one of considerable interest.

As we love reminiscences, we cannot withhold a few lines of these recollections of the Minor Institute of 1824. The late David Still, Esq. was President. A great deal of eloquence was not expected from him, but he was famous for sage expressions and judicious remarks. His opening speech did, however, astonish us. Said he, with dignity and emphasis.

"*Gentlemen*,—At the commencement of proceedings, it is well to express our several opinions respecting the principles upon which this Society ought to be conducted. Let us commence with moderate hopes, and endeavour to combine amusement with instruction, but let us not idly pretend to set the Town in a blaze by our minor sparks of genius.

At the Cape, something has long been wanting to relieve the insipid uniformity which prevails, and to excite the mind to action. Common conversation is continually apt to be diverted from its proper course, and discussion is rarely conducted in such a manner, as to afford the hearers a just conception of both sides of a question. Mankind have ever been convinced of the impossibility to establish a reform in conversation; and, therefore, in all ages, and in all countries, men who had a distinct object in view, were obliged to form themselves into distinct Bodies or Institutions. Thes usually flourish while unanimity prevails, an while their members are limited, rather than injudiciously increased. A few united are equal to a thousand discordant voices. It was the "sp t of the corps" which led the Jesuits to pov , the French armies to victory, and ourselves to the formation of this little Society. I trust the same spirit will support us.

It now becomes my duty, Gentlemen, to thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me, in appointing me to my present important office. I wish that my knowledge and acquirements were sufficiently extensive to enable me effectually to discharge my duties. I stand in need of your support, to which the weaker of our members are entitled.

Our object is to encourage improvement in whatever shape it may appear, and each of us should contribute his share. Although any question, not excluded by fundamental rules, is to be discussed, yet essays, poems, scientific information, and judicious extracts, should ever be received with a welcome; nay, half formed schemes or ideas should be eligible, if only for the purpose of maturing them."

Of course this address was received with loud cries of hear, hear! But of all our members poor Palin was the most amusing. His love of paradox was proverbial, and he possessed the art of keeping the house in a roar, whilst his own countenance was calm, undisturbed, and serious. He once upset the generally good temper of Mr. Secretary James Gray. Palin commenced an address to the Chair, and in reply to the Secretary, looked at him with steadfast eye. "Sir," said he, "when twilight *grey* had in *his* sober stillness all things clad." Order! order! was now re-echoed on all sides, and poor Palin* was considered personal by the chair, and rebuked accordingly. Deacon Robertson was a cautious speaker, but his remarks were the result of solid thinking. Little Jarvis was bold and uncompromising. Alex. Gray was famous for his dry, smart remarks, and the little he used to say was a good sample of a mind well stored. But the most celebrated event in the early history of the Minor, was the reading of an essay entitled "On Happiness." It came from a country member, and was read by the secretary. One present considered the article so defective, that he seized pen, ink, and paper, and wrote an answer. By the time the treatise was finished reading the reply was ready. On proposing "that the Essay do lie on the table," the opponent started up and said "Mr. Chairman, I rise to move an objection—I consider the Essay to be unphilosophical, and utterly at variance with good sense, right reason, pure morality, and sound religion, and I submit that at this bar my proofs be heard." The reply was heard; it carried victory with it, and the Essay was banished.

But our readers will be more amused with the following anecdote on public speaking by the late Mr Edgeworth. It is extracted from his own Memoirs.

"Do you think," said Mr. Bicknel, walking with Mr Edgeworth in London, "that you could get up, without previous preparation, on any given common subject, and speak before a great number of people?" I answered in the affirmative: and I said, that, supposing it was a subject with which I was tolerably well acquainted I would undertake to make the audience laugh at me, hiss me, and applaud me.

"You may try now," said Mr. Bicknel, "for we are within fifty yards of Coachmakers' hall, where a debating society is at this moment in full assembly." I determined to make the trial. We found the room extremely crowded, not indeed with a very brilliant assembly; but still a crowd is a crowd. The subject under consideration was the influence of female manners upon society. The moment that the speaker on his legs had finished, I rose, and, catching the president's eye, I began, as soon as silence permitted me, to address him thus, stammering at every syllable, "Mr. Pr—— Pr—— Pr—— Mr. Pre—— Pre—— Pres—— President,"—stuttering with prodigious violence. Voices on every side expressed wonder at the folly of a man's attempting to speak in public, who must be, or ought to be, conscious, that he could not speak articulately in private. After a few moments of compassion, the ridicule of the spectacle which I afforded struck the assembly with one common consent, and a universal laugh shook the hall. When it began to subside, I appeared to recover myself by degrees, and then, in fluent language, I descanted upon the follies of fashion, and upon the sacrifices made to its despotick power by the fair sex. I observed, that my audience was principally composed of ordinary mechanicks, shoemakers and staymakers in particular. The gallery was full of females, and before such an audience my second understanding was not very difficult to be accomplished. I inveighed with great vehemence against the indecency, with which ladies sometimes submitted their persons to the familiar touch of rude mechanicks: I described a delicate lady holding out her leg and foot to a shoemaker: I marked the contrast between his black hands and leathern smell, and the white silken foot and perfumed odour of a modern belle: I described, perhaps, too accurately, the operations of an Italian staymaker. This was at a time when stays of a peculiar kind were in fashion. My audience began to murmur, and as I proceeded, their feelings broke out into the strongest marks of indignation. I was hissed, and neatly put down. I however kept my countenance, and gradually receding from the tone I had taken, I pronounced a panegyric upon women, on their beauty, modesty, prudence, and unlimited sway over our sex. The ladies in the gallery got up, leaned over the railing, and shewed by their attention and their smiles, that I had obtained their approbation. The president's hammer stood suspended, whilst I proceeded in this strain, till by abusing all foreigners, and praising every thing that was English, I obtained unbounded applause from the whole audience. I never returned to this nursery of eloquence: but I am satisfied, that this trial of myself gave me confidence, when I had occasion, many years afterwards, to address a public assembly."

* He died at Sierra Leone.

MR. JEREMIE AND THE USHER.

The extract in the *Zuid-Afrikaan* from the Mauritius paper, is evidently the production of some wag in the island. Only think of the poor Usher of the Court! When desired to be *courteous*, he, "with tears in his eyes"—only think of tears in his *eyes*, reader, "throws his cloak on the ground," and exclaims, "No! I will never submit to be treated in this manner." Really, the gentlemen ushers are men of exquisite refinement! We recollect one in this colony, a few years since, who was sent by high authority to bring to the court a volume of *Coke on Littleton*. On the folio volume being presented to him he looked amazed, and exclaimed "No! I'm blowed if I carry that are big book:—I'd a sooner resign my gownd."

ANECDOTE OF COURT.

A learned Advocate of the Supreme Court during the present Term, in praying for an Attachment upon a neighbour to make him

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abate a plan which he had practised of obstructing his neighbour's day-light, by hoisting a piece of canvass before a window: and also to fill up a saw-pit which had been excavated by him at the side of the said neighbour's dwelling; observed, that he wanted the Court, in conformity with the practice of the "good old times," to take a view of the nuisance; and that, if their Lordships, or one or other of them did, they would perceive from the contiguity of the said saw-pit, that the foundation of the building had already taken a start, and that if any attempt were made to deepen the pit, the house was likely to fall in, and though the bottom sawyer would probably share the fate of Marcus Curtius, yet that would not be *body* enough to support the edifice. The Court remarked, that it could not interfere till some such homicide had been perpetrated; but, as the present seemed a case of "sinkings" only, adjudged that they had no jurisdiction to interfere, and that the motion should rather have been made to the Medical Board, who, no doubt, would have been a more apposite, Tribunal for a complaint so universally known and dreaded in this Colony. For our part, we differ from the Bench, and would suggest to our friend, Dr. Carter, the propriety of considering the sinking course in all its ramifications when he shall publish his Principles of Dental Surgery, and his exhibition of disease from "sympathetic irritation"—yclept sinkens.—Vide Authority—South African Directory.

ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD ROAD TO STELLENBOSCH.

We consider the very next thing to be done in the order of colonial improvements, is a new road to Stellenbosch. Most wretched is the present state of things in our approach to this extensive district and its Town; a district which is at once the garden and vineyard of the Cape. Incalculably great would the advantages be to Cape Town, could we command a good road to Stellenbosch. With a population greatly increased during the last seven years, and growing daily in extent, as Cape Town does, the market supplies of various articles are just confined to a mere handful of establishments in its vicinity. Hence the frequent scarcity and the high prices. Only open a good path to Stellenbosch, and then contemplate the daily abundance, cheapness, and quality of

Butter,	Poultry,
Eggs,	Vegetables,
Milk,	Fruits, and especially
	Potatoes.

A good road would also revive the drooping spirit of the district, and afford some off-set to the Wine Farmer's losses. He would work his farm with mules, and exchange his oxen for cows. The milk would make cheese and butter for the market, and a portion of it fatten pigs. And with a cart and a couple of mules the supplier of the farm and garden could reach Cape Town, leaving Stellenbosch on the first evening, and being at home again on the second. Eight mules would be necessary as a span, to be used in alternate pairs. This is no visionary scheme,—give the inhabitants of Stellenbosch *a fair field and no favour*, i e. let the Government either take the business of road-making in its own hand, or sanction a *Joint Stock Company*, as it does in Church Building, to accomplish the new road, and we feel assured that a burst of joy will be heard in the vales, making "the mountain tops shout to each other."

EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

We are not acquainted with any circumstance in the history of our times, either in Europe or in this Colony, similar to the created excitement of this intended Expedition; which, to the honour of the Cape, has emanated from the "South African Literary and Scientific Institution." We take some degree of credit to ourselves in this affair; our suggestions have been often repeated, and that *enthusiasm* which was the term applied to us for the articles, pages 38 and 134, Vol. I. of this Journal, is about to be embodied in "stern deed and reality." We have been true friends of the *Institution*, because we have always spoken of it as it deserved. Of its importance we never for a moment doubted, provided the wisdom to plan, the courage to execute, and the perseverance *to go forward* were inscribed on its banners. Perhaps these were its inscriptions, but time may have obliterated the impressions from the view of its members. Thanks, therefore, for the return of Dr. Andrew Smith from his highly-successful Journey to Port Natal, and other interesting portions of the great unknown of Africa. All partiality and flattery aside, we are bold enough to declare that Dr. Smith's return to Cape Town, has been the means of reviving the Institution, and of enkindling in it that flame, which we trust, "by God's grace, will never be extinguished." It is singular enough, that in all the works of ancient geography, the importance of a discovery into this least hopeful division of the world—Africa, emanating *from the Cape of Good Hope*, has been suggested as most likely to terminate in the happiest results. All that we can suggest further on the subject (referring the reader to the Advertisement on the subject,) is that we trust, in the first place, that the Expedition will not be too precipitate in its movements; 2d, that it be conducted, not on a limited, but on a scale commensurate with the greatness of the object in prospect; 3d, that the promoters of Science and Discovery in Europe, and especially England, be permitted to join our standard by the means of pecuniary assistance, as well as the surrender of that *mind* which is essential to the well-being of a design similar to the present. In truth, with the exception of Dr. Smith, as a far-famed Zoologist and Ornithologist, and our excellent friend, *James Bowie*, as a *practical* and highly-gifted Botanist, (*provided* he were to join the party,) the Expedition would scarcely dare adventure on the field of discovery with such slender means, however important these are in their distinct orders. The Expedition to succeed, and to meet the views of the expectant world, must be complete *in all its appointments*, and these, we feel confident, will be sufficiently appreciated by the individuals nominated to carry into effect the objects of the Shareholders of "An Expedition," &c. at the Cape of Good Hope.

We noticed at the head of this Article the Cape *excitement* in this affair, and we repeat it, that this contemplated Expedition seems to have produced a new tone in the reading habitudes of the Cape public. We have visited the Public Library, and have beheld with astonishment the geographical inquiries of the visitants. We have seen *a run* upon the departments of science formerly untouched, and the old but invaluable treasures of the Dessinian Collection turned over, as if the wealth of Potosi were the result of such research. This argues well, and a few geographical lectures would, we think, take amazingly with the public at this moment. There is one thing which we regret; the number of shares is too limited: it should be extended,—for the sum subscribed, however handsome and complimentary to the good sense of the Cape residents and others, is by no means adequate to supply that additional scientific assistance which the Expedition will require.

Again:—Let a *One Pound* and a *Ten Shilling* Subscription be opened, to be attached as a *rider* to the List of Shares, and we think the Colonists in general would soon furnish the ways and means for the anticipated grand march to the scenes of Afric's hitherto unimpenetrable mysteries.

[We scarcely think our rhyming Contributor fair, in supposing that the subject of his verse "would in all probability find no place in the *Cape Literary Gazette*." We are not conscious of ever excluding opinions distinct from our own, and we have no objection to insert in our present Number the following Lines, (savouring much of Fraser, as they do) which we trust are merely a broad caricature of the events of the day;—however much we may be startled at the spirit of change and agitation which is going forth, not only in Great Britain, but in all parts of the great globe.]

THE PROPHECY OF PLENTY FOR THE YEAR 1833.

Listen, good reader! I sing unto thee,
The plenty we'll have in the year thirty-three!

Plenty of changes, and all for the worse,
Plenty of blessings exchanged for one curse,
Plenty of nostrums that never were tried,
Plenty of liberty, all on one side.
Plenty to overturn, few to uphold,
Plenty of poverty, great lack of gold!
Plenty of promise, and nothing in hand,
Plenty of paupers all gaping for land.
Plenty of dupes to a handful of knaves,
Plenty of freemen fast verging to slaves,
Plenty of Atheists scoffing at God,
Plenty of faction at home and abroad.
Plenty of Colonies cutting a drift,
Plenty of demagogues lending a lift,
Plenty of *Newspapers* springing the mine,
Plenty of readers to think it all fine.
Plenty of projects with misery fraught,
Plenty of fools by no precedent taught,
Plenty of Quixoting—still in the wrong,
Plenty of humbug that cannot last long.
Plenty of lawgivers tattered and torn,
Plenty of delegates fettered and sworn,
Plenty of noblemen swamping the Peers,
Plenty of conservatives all by the ears.
Plenty of gentlemen cutting their throats,
Plenty of waverers turning their coats,
Plenty of rogues with it all their own way,
Plenty of honest men skulking away.
Plenty of Whigs to send England to ruin,
Plenty of Tories to let them be doing,
Plenty of meddling without a pretence,
Plenty of war that is all for "*offence*."
Plenty of mitres that tottering sit,
Plenty of churches with notice to quit,
Plenty of ancestry, just to disown,
Plenty of rats under-mining the throne,
Plenty of day to work mischief and sorrow,
Plenty to vote a *Republic to-morrow*.
Such is the plenty I promise will be,
In the land of old England, once merry and free,
In the year of eighteen hundred and thirty and three.

A. A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The respectful and candid view which Sir Charles Malcolm takes in the *Juvenile Vagrant* question, distinct from those of *Vivian*, is entitled to our consideration and thanks. Sir Charles states, that the *Marine Society* pretty generally derive their objects from sources not dissimilar to those of the West Ham Society—and from early and long-tried experience as a Captain of His Majesty's Navy, Sir Charles declares that he has seldom seen a bad turn out of the boys of the Marine Society, when ripened to manhood. We are very glad to hear this: good discipline will do much. Sir Charles admits, however, that such characters are generally of stunted growth, and "sicklied o'er with a pale cast."

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 8. Vol. III.] CAPE TOWN: THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1833. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* / *per Annum.*

LITERATURE.—SLAVERY.

I. *An Inquiry into the State of Slavery amongst the Romans, &c.* By Wm. Blair, Esq. 12mo. pp xii. 301. Price 6*s*. Edinburgh, 1833.

II. *The Daily and Weekly London Press for May*, 1833.

All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends. (*J. Montgomery.*)

Come quickly, O King of Mercy! and Thou, His Glorious Spirit.—The spirit of o'er-wearied Nature crieth out, Amen!—(*Milton.*)

We desire unfeignedly to express our gratitude to Almighty God for His great Goodness, inasmuch as He hath been pleased to direct the people of the British Isles to a true sense of the baneful nature and wickedness of Colonial Slavery. Here we are led to observe, that the reign of injustice is not eternal, and our thanks are renewed by the consideration that no avenging angel has descended to terminate the course of iniquity, but that by the holy efforts of the people of England, *and its own violence,* the monster Slavery is on its dying bed.

Never, never, in the annals of Britain, did our countrymen stand on a loftier eminence than in the month of May, 1833. We will place the holy war in which they were engaged as a counterbalance to the infidelity, irreligion, and disloyalty of a portion of the nation. The spirit of which we speak as having actuated the sons and daughters of Albion, was an inspiration beyond heroism, or patriotism, or chivalry, or any natural principle that has animated different generations of men, and marked a noble era in our world. What was it, then, that actuated the British people during the present year, and which was but a more vigorous continuation of former unwearied exertions? We answer—it was the spirit of the Gospel of Christ influencing their minds to deeds of Christian Philanthropy. A Philanthropy which was described by the eloquent Chalmers in 1822, (in reference to the Christian people,) "as carries abroad their wishes and their endeavours to the very outskirts of human population—a philanthropy, of which, if you asked the extent or the boundary of its field, we should answer in the language of inspiration, that the field is the *world* — a philanthropy which *overlooks all the distinctions of cast and of colour, and spreads its ample regard over the whole brotherhood of the species—a philanthropy which attaches itself to man in the general; to man throughout all his varieties; to man as the partaker of one common nature, and who, in whatever clime or latitude you may meet with him, is found to breathe the same sympathies, and to possess the same high capabilities of bliss and of improvement.*

But we shall proceed to the historical part of our subject. At an early period of the present Session of Parliament, a Minister of the Crown declared it to be the intention of His Majesty's Government, to propose a measure for the settlement of the Slavery question, that should be "safe and satisfactory." This announcement, for a time, contented the public; but shortly before the recess (Easter), rumours were afloat that the measure contemplated by Government was of a partial or protracted nature. This was the signal for one general burst of the public mind. Every stage coach and every vehicle was in requisition to convey the people to the public protesting meetings of the city, town, or village; all ranks joined in the crusade—and labour suspended its operations—the plough was laid up in the head-lands—and the saw of the carpenter, and the anvil of the blacksmith, were mute. Even the poor miner ascended from his entombed abode, and traversed "o'er moor and heather" to join in the universal appeal to the British Parliament for the *uncrippled, entire, and immediate* abolition of Colonial Slavery.* In some instances, the people were summoned together by the town-crier, or the call of the church-bell. In several places of worship the Most High was invoked to counsel aright the heads of the nation. On the other hand, the best portion of the Press set to work in right earnest, and the British Ladies, of all denominations, joined in the march of *universal emancipation.*

* In the glorious triumphs of the Anti-Slavery Cause, many splendid instances are before the public of the intense interest in its behalf on the part of *poor people.* The following are deserving memorial:

In the course of his canvass, a member of the present House of Commons had wandered to a sequestered hamlet, far away from the rest of the world, cut off by surrounding hills from almost all communication with the rest of mankind; so innocent were the inhabitants of that hamlet, and so destitute of political knowledge, that in their simplicity they inquired of the candidate for a seat in Parliament—"Whether he wished a seat in the House of Commons or the House of Lords?" He replied, that his ambition did not extend beyond the lower House. They then said—we are plain people, and our only question is "Will you vote for the downfall of Slavery?—We will not vote for you unless you do."

In a Westmoreland paper it is thus written:—"Died, on the 21st of April, Sarah Broughton, a poor woman in the neighbourhood of Kendal, who supported herself for upwards of half a century by the cultivation of *penny-royal*, in a small garden which she rented at £3 per annum. This mint she distilled, hence she was called the—"'Still Water Woman." Sarah Broughton was remarkable for her kind but humble assistance towards all the charities of her neighbourhood, and the payment of her little debts. Her whole fortune, at her death, consisted of twenty pounds sterling, which she directed to be thus applied:—£10 to the County Infirmary; £5 to Missions for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and £5 towards a fund for the emancipation of the Blacks from Slavery."

In a Shepherd's cottage near Salisbury Plain, a traveller, in the course of the present year, discovered a tin box, on which was written:—"The Free will *doenations* of all *them* who call here—for giving a helping hand *toe-ward* making slave-folk free men."—(*Bath Paper.*)

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In a word, public meetings were held in all parts of the United Kingdom—not *hole-and-corner meetings*—but meetings in the face of day, attended by hundreds and thousands of persons in all the great cities and towns of the United Kingdom. The result of these meetings was the determination to form a deputation of persons of intelligence and respectability, to represent to His Majesty's Ministers, personally, in the character of Deputies, the feelings and opinions of their constituents—the people resident in their several districts. They, to the number of 339, arrived in London after four days notice *only*, and having obtained an interview with the Secretary of State, presented to Lord Grey certain resolutions and a memorial, upon which they had agreed. The following are extracts from the said Address:

My Lord,

We are deputed by the friends to the immediate and entire abolition of British Colonial Slavery residing in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, to lay before your Lordship and the Government, the decided feeling of the country on this most critical and interesting subject.

We assure your Lordship that so far from there being any re-action in the public mind in regard to this great question, a sense of the folly and wickedness of Colonial Slavery, and of the necessity of its immediate extinction, is spreading on every side, and is firmly rooted in the conscientious feelings of a Christian nation. Colonial Slavery is no longer a subject enveloped in doubt. Evidence the most conclusive and the most appalling, has been poured upon the public mind, and the nation has formed its judgment, not from any questionable reports, but from official documents, proceeding from the colonists themselves, and published by the order of Parliament.

We have only to remind your Lordship of some of the leading features of the evidence in question. The population returns show an enormous decrease in the number of slaves in the British colonies, under a climate suited to their nature, and in which, when freed from slavery, the same race is found to increase with astonishing rapidity. This result affords an unanswerable proof that the system of slavery in our sugar colonies, is one of hard oppression and of *daily murder*.

Equally desperate is the moral condition both of the black and white population of our slave colonies. A condition which arises out of slavery is, as a natural consequence, one of unbridled licentiousness, utterly opposed not only to Christian purity, but to the most common and familiar dictates of order and decency. For such a state of society we are firmly convinced that there is only one remedy,—we mean the immediate extinction of slavery.

By the total abolition of slavery, we mean the absolute and final abandonment of the motion, that any man can possess a property in his fellow man—*can* have any right to buy, sell, or mortgage him, or to compel him to work, without remunerating him for his labour.

We entreat his Majesty's Ministers not to contemplate any imperfect measure of emancipation; we are deeply convinced that the negro must be fully restored to his rights, and that no scheme of emancipation which would leave him half a slave and half a freeman, would tend materially either to his own benefit, or to the tranquillity of the colonies.

We respectfully insist on the necessity of a full and absolute change from the irresponsible rule of the slave-holder, to the responsible authority of a lawful government,—from a state of society in which labour is compelled by the whip, to one in which it shall have its appropriate stimulus of adequate wages.

With regard to the period when this change shall take place, it is the settled conviction of the friends of abolition, that it ought to be *immediate*. The utter vanity of all attempts to ameliorate the system in order to its final extinction, has been clearly proved by the history of the question during the last ten years; we assert that the system is, in its nature, incapable of amelioration. The root of it is iniquity, and its fruit can never fail to be bitterness.

A British public, forming its decision on the eternal principles of justice and religion, is unalterably fixed in its judgment, that the slaves in our colonies have an indefeasible right to their freedom without delay, and that this is the only "safe and satisfactory" ground of legislation on the subject.

Your lordship may rest assured that a British public will be prepared to defray those inevitable expenses which these regulations will entail. With the prospect before us of being speedily relieved from that weight of taxation which slavery now imposes upon us, both directly and indirectly, the country will not complain of that far lighter and merely temporary burthen which must arise from its abolition.

To the care of his Majesty's Ministers we commit this righteous cause; fully persuaded that your lordship, and the Government over which you preside, will not disappoint the just expectations of an united and enlightened nation.

We now feel that the subject involves not only the interests and the safety of the community, but the great question of religious liberty, and the progress of Christianity, in the colonies. Slavery and Christianity cannot co-exist.

It is therefore that we feel bound, publicly and emphatically to declare, that while slavery obtains under any form, however modified or however sanctioned, we will never relax from our efforts, nor swerve from our purpose, to exert that influence which we may collectively or individually possess, to effect by all legitimate means its immediate and entire abolition.

We have noticed the British Ladies, and well do they deserve the marked respect of every true British heart. We are quite aware that the loveliest and most honorable elevation in which an English lady can be seen, is as the prudent mistress and the nursing mother, full of the cares and joys of home, the moon of her own little world, filling her horn from the Great Dispenser of light, and creating a cheerful, happy, and holy scene around her. But, in the Slavery Question of May, 1833, a special interference was the call of duty, and the interests of *woman-kind all over the world* was the cry of the British female worthies. On such a theme 'twas "impious to be cold," —hence, in a space of time of marvellous brevity, Eight Hundred Thousand British Ladies petitioned Parliament for the complete and immediate emancipation of the enslaved in all the British Colonies.

The most imposing meeting in its pearance was the assemblage in London, which admitted of only five days previous announcement. Lord Althorp had pledged himself that the proposed measure for the abolition of Slavery should be "safe and satisfactory." But no sooner did the change take place in the Secretaryship of the Colonies, than the *Courier* newspaper made some official statement that, on the representations of the West India interests, Ministers had determined on proceedings "greatly modified." Hence, the great meeting at Exeter Hall in the month of April. Multitudes pressed for admission on this occasion, and thousands were disappointed from the crowded state of the Hall at an early hour of the day. The streets in the neighbourhood were blocked up, and the abolition of Slavery was the grand leading question in the metropolis of the British empire. The persons assembled in the Hall were those most eminent for their political station, for their public character or personal talent, that was ever recollected on any occasion of a similar character.

But what we are anxious to notice to our readers, is a somewhat new feature in the proceedings of this extraordinary meeting, and which has extended itself to all parts of the country, is the determination of the British philanthropists to lay their "gifts at the altar" of that sacrifice which is about to take place. Say they—it is of importance to discriminate between the principles of *relief* to Slave-holders and *compensation*. It must not be, that we *purchase* Slaves to make them free;—no, we cannot purchase human flesh, nor become the mortgagees of the cart-whip or cat-o'-nine-tails. The Slaves of the Colonies have an undoubted and indefeasible right to their freedom without delay, and without condition. At the same time, we will consent, whenever the debt of public justice has been fully paid to the real sufferer in the case, the Slave, to assist with such fair measures of *relief* as may be deemed necessary by Parliament. Let us not be suspected of a want of due tenderness to the circumstances of embarrassment and distress which have involved a great many Slave proprietors;—no: we are quite ready to come forward with our purses in order to pay those expenses necessarily attendant on the measure for the complete destruction of negro slavery! And "for this purpose," said Mr Jos. Gurney, at a public meeting, "there is my £500;" "and my £100," said Major Keppel; "and one thousand pounds from a Quaker lady," said an elderly gentleman. But such instances are innumerable, all tending to shew that the people of England are not indifferent to the interests of all parties in this mighty question. And this is further proven by the petitions to Parliament in the month of May, in which the memorialists declare that they are ready to bear their share in a pecuniary way, to such provision as may be required by Parliament to assist the persons who are so unfortunate as to hold their brethren in slavery.

We are now brought to the interesting event in the House of Commons—the Ministerial measure for the downfall of the foul system of the 14th of May.* Preparatory to the commencement of the debate, 300 extraordinary petitions were presented against Slavery, and many of the Members of the House were exhausted under the burden with

* On this occasion, thousands of people were congregated near the House of Commons. All the avenues were crowded to excess.

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which they were laden in bringing before Parliament the declarative opinions of the British people. Mr. Stanley's splendid speech on the question is before the public—we hail this scion of the House of Derby to the Anti-Slavery Cause. The further discussion of the subject was proposed to be resumed on the 30th of May.

There is another important feature in the present history of the question. The Slave Proprietors of the West Indies are now convinced that an early and complete emancipation of the Slave *is not a matter of choice, but strict necessity.* They even make an objection to Mr. Stanley's first proposition, that a portion of the negroes should be freed on arriving at a certain age. Say they—"we have no desire to perpetuate Slavery—and so long as there is Slavery on the one hand, and free persons on the other, of the same manners and habits, invidious comparisons will always be made: excitement and discontent will prevail amongst the Slaves, which must tend greatly to destroy the happiness, and retard the general advancement of the community." *

In conclusion:—a few considerations by way of reflection present themselves. At a future day it will become a subject of wonder, how it could have happened that upon such a subject as Slavery, men could have inquired, and examined, and debated, year after year. We say subject of wonder; because the question is so simple, that he who simply applies the requisitions of the moral law, finds no time for reasoning or for doubt. The question, as soon as it is proposed, is decided. The question has been kept back by the incessant argumentations on the subject. One talks of the rights of property—one of the interests of merchants—one of safety—one of policy;—all of which are valid and proper considerations; but they are not the primary considerations. The first question is—Is Slavery right? Is it consistent with the Moral Law? This question has been, in practice, postponed to others, even by some who have theoretically acknowledged its primary claim. ——— Who would now, we ask, be willing that biography should record of him—*This man defended the Slave-trade?* And the time is just at hand, when the record—*This man opposed the abolition of Slavery*—will occasion a great deduction from the public estimate of the worth of character.

It has been observed by a portion of the Press of this Colony, that the aggregate of the Petitions to Parliament has proceeded from "Methodists, Dissenters, and Wesleyans." This is not correct: the people of the United Kingdom, of all ranks, degrees, and persuasions, have subscribed to these important documents. And as it regards the Wesleyans, their *short-comings* in the question was proverbial, until the West India persecutions against the Wesleyan Missionaries taught them the path of duty. We accept their zeal, although at the *ninth hour*, and throw the mantle of forgiveness over every act of previous indifference, or reluctant or half-timid advances towards public justice. Respecting the Humes, Cobbetts, Burdetts, and such like, we entertain no similar courtesy. As for the former, we find him one day proposing the apotheosis of Tom Paine, and the next declaring his readiness to become a martyr for christianity.

* Mr. W. H. Burnley has protested against these liberal views of the West India body. Who is Mr. Burnley? Why, a great West India Slaveholder, and father-in-law to Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P. The *Advertiser*, of May 29th, congratulates Mr. Hume on his success in defending his character against the imputations thrown out that he was a Slave-dealer. Mr. Hume says, through the *Times*, "I have *not*, nor ever *had*, the value of one farthing's interest in the West India property whatever." Excellent Mr. Hume! What say you in the *future* tense? Will you tell us the amount of your reversionary interests in the Burnley estates?—in Slaves?

'Each hour a different face he wears,
Now in a fury, now in tears,
Now laughing, now in sorrow;
Now he'll command, and now obey,
Bellows for liberty to day,
And roars for power to-morrow.'

And it is easy enough to shew, of all of his kidney, that there is one principle which gives uniformity to all their aberrations, and consistency to all their discrepancies, that is, intense selfishness,—the true key to the conduct of every brawler that has kept a country in a state of agitation since the world was created.

If it be true that the religious portion of the British people have been the chief instruments in the fall of Slavery—then do we rejoice that the disciples of Christ have acted up to the spirit of their Divine Master. "*Slavery was the ruin of all the States of antiquity.*"* All the efforts of Charlemagne, for the improvement of the people, were thwarted by the *limited number* of the free inhabitants of his government. A few thousand freemen were to be found scattered among as many millions of slaves, and he had the misfortune of beholding the progress of corruption even among the troops which he had led to victory. The same cause blasted all the beneficent institutions of Alfred; and the same cause has *prevented* all the endeavours of religion to promote order, peace, purity, integrity, and prosperity in all the colonies of the British empire. It was the influence of religion that destroyed the slavery for former ages. The influence of a religion which proclaimed the universal equality of mankind in the sight of Heaven, and addressed its revelations to the poor, soon destroyed all ruinous distinctions. Not only that, the Bible does not sanction slavery, (for the law of Moses only sanctions its mitigations and restrictions, tending thereby to temper it and terminate it,) but the enthusiasm which religion awakened, from the universal interests which it addressed, the people were roused into the activity of general improvement. And so in the question of modern slavery—religious zeal has been foremost in heading *universal emancipation.* Into its ranks have been infused, not the transient ebullitions of popular excitement, but the stern valour of christian principle, and that lasting support—the fervour of the cottage, has been at length added to the ardour of the city, and the independence of the desert. "The discoveries of science, the charms of genius may attract a few in every age, but it is by religious emotion that the great body of mankind are chiefly to be moved."†

We may just observe in reference to Mr. Blair's work at the head of this article, that it is the production of a gentleman connected with a respectable family in this Colony. He is the son of the late Lord President Blair, of the Court of Session in Scotland, and was one of our Commissioners of Inquiry in 1825 or 26. In this volume he does not attempt to institute any comparison between modern colonial and ancient slavery. He says, however, that wherever the "bitter draught" is mingled, "many of the ingredients must ever be the same." Mr. Blair concludes his erudite inquiry by observing that, "if we consider that several of those corruptions by which Rome was undermined, had their chief source in the institution of Slavery, we must necessarily look upon it as one of the main causes of the decay of her empire."

THE RAINBOW.

The rainbow! the rainbow illumines the scene!
'Twas away when the sky was all clear and serene;
But now, when dark hail-storms the welkin enshroud,
It shines, with a promise of peace, on the cloud.

So the light that first beam'd on my soul from above,
And reveal'd me a Saviour to know and to love,
Broke forth, though unknown, in my happier years,
Like the bow in the cloud, amid sorrow and tears.

All praise be to Him, by whose grace it is giv'n,
That e'en sorrows are angels to guide us to heav'n:
He looks on the rain-cloud,—'tis beauteous and bright;
He smiles on our tears,—they are glory and light!

Cape Town, 15th July, 1833. J. E.

* See Alison's admirable work—"History of Europe during the French Revolution." 2 vols. 8vo. 1833.

† Alison.

St. Mary's Chapel.

(A Narrative of the Seventeenth Century.)

PART II.

THE events which we are now about to record, carry us back to the summer of the year 1644—the period from which may be dated the commencement of the "Troubles of Scotland." In an evil hour the Estates of Parliament had withdrawn their confidence from the Marquis of Montrose to bestow it on Argyle—a nobleman whose zeal for religion would have secured his attachment to the royal cause—whose love of intrigue would have commanded his co-operation in the cabinet—but whom a cautious timidity totally unfitted, under existing circumstances, for acting as a leader in the field. The haughty spirit of Montrose could not brook the preference. He remembered that in the service of the Estates he had been the first to ford the Tweed, wading middle-deep at the head of his men to attack the Royal forces; he had heartily embraced the solemn league and covenant, and with characteristic ardor scrupled not to impose it on others, even at the sword's point,—the elevation of his rival produced an entire revolution in his sentiments. He therein saw his services overlooked,—his pretensions slighted—his ambition crushed in its lawful aspirings—and he who, from whatever principle, had once stood foremost among the zealous assertors of his country's freedom, was now transformed into its most active and relentless enemy. Indefatigable, resolute, and daring,—inexhaustible in expedients, restrained by no principle, more powerful than his devotion to the cause which he had embraced—the fabled hero of Romance was realized in Montrose. He was now in the height of his reputation,—his name alone was a tower of strength—potent to rally round him all whose bosoms glowed with the least spark of attachment to the falling Monarch, or the love of military fame.—At his word an army composed of the most discordant materials became animated by one spirit. Old feuds were consigned to oblivion, inveterate prejudices renounced, and when all had been emulous to command, all were anxious to obey. After defeating the Army of the Estates at the passage of the Dee, and sacking the town of Aberdeen, where the most inhuman excesses were committed by his followers,—Montrose, at the head of more than 2000 Highlanders and Irish, retired northward, in the hope of inducing the Gordons to arm in the royal cause to which he knew their Chief was well affected. With this view he directed his march through their country upon Badenoch and Lochaber, closely pursued by the advanced guard of Argyle's army, which was strong in cavalry, and of itself almost a match for his whole force. The Darra presented a favourable line of defence, and here Montrose resolved for a season to check the progress of his pursuers. His head quarters were established in the romantic neighbourhood of the chapel. A breastwork thrown across the road on the opposite bank, from the river to the overhanging cliff, and strongly guarded, prevented all approach to the ford above Roy's Crook, while the main body of the army being encamped opposite the only other ford, which is below the pool, barred all risk of surprise from that quarter; further down, the stream was not deemed practicable for cavalry. Thus,

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deeming himself perfectly secure for a little time, Montrose, attended by a slight body guard, quitted his men to hold interviews with various persons of influence in the country, whom he hoped to be able to win over and to swell his ranks by their accession. Aware of the strength of this position, the pursuing force had also made a halt on the banks of the Essie, a tributary stream, and near its confluence with the Darra—the distance of the two camps in a straight line was not more than 3 miles, but following the windings of the river, at least three times that distance. The scene at the Chapel must now altogether have been worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa: the region and the beings by which it was peopled were in the most perfect keeping. Fancy could perceive no spectacle more striking, than a bivouac of so many hardy athletic mountaineers reclined nightly round their watch-fires in such a spot—here, perhaps, a group listening to the particulars of some successful foray—rendered famous not more by the richness of the booty, than the desperate valour and hair-breadth escapes of the adventurous captors:—there, at the recital of a tale of superstition, hearts quaked, and brows were clouded, and looks were cowed and timorous—which no fear of man in the hour of mortal strife ever daunted or appalled; in one place the fatigues of war were forgotten in the mazy dance, or in listening to the voice of song—while in another, the reversed picture presented a scene of drunkenness and strife—rage and defiance swelling in the countenances of the brawlers—and drawn dirks and claymores gleaming in the red glare of the blazing faggots. The Irish, more savage still in their manners and appearance than the Highlanders, and under separate leaders, were permitted to mingle as seldom as possible with their companions in arms—their convivial meetings generally ending in a fray, in which, not unfrequently, mortal wounds were given and received. Matters remained in this state for several days—both parties had need of repose: and the only feats in which either engaged was to plunder the defenceless country people of whatever they possessed in the shape of eatables, or to extort contributions in money as the price of forbearance or protection. The cause of the Monarch was in a manner identified with that of the church of Rome. Sentence of excommunication had been passed upon Montrose, and he and all his followers were denounced as "the popish, prelatical, and malignant faction," by the General Assembly of the Kirk. The priests, therefore, of St. Mary's, naturally took a warm interest in his success—they used all their endeavours to secure a regular supply of provisions for his host, and from their intimate knowledge of the country, and their influence over the minds of their flock, they were able to procure immediate and correct intelligence of the smallest movement of the hostile party. Acting, or getting the credit of acting a part so conspicuous, it is not to be wondered that they were marked men. And as they were farther suspected of being in the secret of all the Royalist movements and resources, the leader of the hostile army determined that they should be put to the question the first favourable occasion. Knowing that the main body was fast approaching, this officer resolved on an attempt to dislodge the enemy before a superior should arrive to share with him in the credit of the enterprise, if it should be successful. With this view he detached large parties, both horse and foot, in different directions along the Essie, as on a foraging expedition. Some with orders to return to the main body after nightfall; but by far the larger number had secret instructions to rendezvous at a point on the river several miles below, to attempt a passage by means of rafts, or by swimming; and then to move as rapidly as possible along the left bank, with a view to turn the position of the enemy—the main body were to advance and attack in front as soon as it should be known that the detachment had succeeded in crossing the river. All that Montrose's men knew of what was going forward, was, that large parties had been detached in various directions from the enemies' camp; but as the commander was still there, not the slightest suspicion was entertained of what was meditated against them. On the contrary, the Chiefs, after holding a council, resolved to avail themselves of the circumstance, and by a sudden and unexpected assault, to crush their now weakened opponents. Accordingly, leaving a slender guard to take care of the baggage, before dawn they crossed the right bank in a body, and marched silently and rapidly towards the hostile encampment. There, however, all were on the alert—under arms, and prepared to pay the visit in which they had been so obligingly anticipated. The approach of the enemy was timeously descried, and reported by the out-posts. The exigence of the moment left no time for deliberation, and though their numbers were much superior, it was resolved to await their attack without a change of position. All was silent as the grave, and for a moment the Highlanders flattered themselves that their approach was unnoticed, and the foe unprepared; but on nearing the Essie, they were greeted by a smart fire of musquetry from behind the low brushwood on the opposite bank, which told fearfully in their ranks, and for a moment threw them into some confusion. After a momentary pause, however, firing their muskets and casting them on the ground, the Highlanders, armed with broad sword and target, rushed into the water and engaged hand to hand with their opponents—the conflict was sharp and bloody; and it was doubtful whether the impetuous valour of the assailants would have overcome the difficulties of the ground, and the unflinching resolution with which their encounter was met—when the Irish, who had been trained to the new discipline, and were armed only with muskets, continued to cross the river higher up. To avoid being taken in flank, the Parliamentarians now threw back their left wing, retiring down the stream till their line extended from the bank of the river on the right, to a deep morass on the left. The Highlanders instantly crossed over, drew up in line, and furiously charged their enemy. Once, and again, they were repulsed with great loss—they had to do with the flower of Argyle's army—hardy old veterans, who, under Lesly in the English wars, had been trained to strict discipline, and were commanded by officers of skill and experience. Disheartened at these repeated checks, the assailants shewed symptoms of wavering. The Parliamentary General saw his opportunity, and ordered his cavalry, which the nature of the ground had rendered almost useless, to advance and charge—this decided the fortune of the day. Montrose's men retreated, covered by the Irish auxiliaries, and having regained the opposite bank, prepared in their turn to stand on the defensive. But their opponents were too prudent to molest them. Hour after hour passed away in fruitless deliberation; well would it have been for the vanquished, had they instantly sought their former secure position. By means of a boat and rafts, the detachment already mentioned, had made good their passage of the Darra. They were in full march along the left bank, each horseman having a foot soldier mounted behind him; when a messenger dispatched from the camp overtook them, bearing the tidings of the attack we have just described, and an order to halt and await the issue of the combat. In half an hour after the retreat of the Highlanders, they had orders to advance, and if possible, seize the position these had so recently abandoned. A thick haze which hung over the valley till a late hour in the morning, effectually concealed their progress, and an hour before noon, the dispersing vapours disclosed the steeples of St. Mary's in the distance, and the expected scene of conflict. It was the feast of the Ascension—a high day in the Church of Rome. Mass was being celebrated in the Chapel, and considering the troubled state of the country, the attendance was numerous—augmented, too, by the camp followers and many of Montrose's host, who should have been on the alert, and guarding the baggage. The service was nearly concluded—the sacred emblem had been lifted up to the adoration of the kneeling multitude, and the officiating priest was preparing to enclose it in its little niche or sanctuary, when a straggler entered in breathless haste, with the startling intelligence, that a large body of soldiers was advancing upon the Chapel. The Highlanders flew to their arms—the more peaceful worshippers rushed out in terror to save themselves by flight if that were possible. The priest, quitting the altar, hurried to a window in the transept, which commanded a full view of the sourrounding plain—a body of cavalry was advancing at full gallop. He had too often heard their dress and appearance described, to doubt to which party they belonged. Hastily returning to the altar, he snatched up the sacred vessels, and arrayed in his priest's vestments as he was, and attended by his clerk, he rushed out of the Chapel—their object was to gain some marshy ground covered with brushwood, and extending to an adjacent forest, in a direction at right angles to that in which the dragoons were approaching, but the dispersing congregation brought to mind their pastor's deserts, and a party headed by an officer, had orders to make the circuit of the Chapel, and to cut off all chance of retreat on the morass and wood; they had scarce turned the little knoll on which it stands, when the ill-fated priest and his attendant were descried in full retreat about 200 yards in advance. Their dress left no doubt as to who they were. The dragoons now urged forward their horses at full speed, calling out to the fugitives to stop and surrender, and that their lives should be spared—that otherwise they would be fired upon—but all in vain—they had now entered the morass—a few paces more, and a friendly bush would hide them from their pursuers. The foremost horses had sunk to the saddle girths—others were plunging and refused to advance over the treacherous sward. At this moment the fatal word "down with them" was given in a voice of thunder by the commanding officer, enraged at seeing his prey about to elude his grasp; two of the foremost dragoons sprung from their saddles, and deliberately levelling their long carabines,—fired—the priest and his companion fell mortally wounded. They were afterwards interred on the spot—their graves, either accidentally or designedly, being dug lengthwise, north and south, instead of east and west, the usual mode in consecrated ground. By those of their own persuasion, they were revered as Martyrs; and it is even rumoured that their bones have been gradually abstracted and distributed as precious relics among the faithful. Be that as it may, their graves are still distinctly visible, and surrounded by a rude fence, as a protection from all profane violation. While this bloody tragedy was acting in the morass, the rest of the detachment possessed themselves of the fords of the Darra and the enemy's baggage. Of the feeble guard, the greater number were made prisoners—others escaped in the direction of the Essie, and gave notice to the main body of the disaster which had befallen them, and of the danger which threatened their rear. Nothing now remained but to pursue their retreat toward the mountains; their leader, however, was not apprized of what had happened, till so late that he had nearly fallen into the hands of his pursuers, before he could rejoin his men. For this and former defeats he amply revenged himself; when, during the winter that ensued, he burst into Argyle's country, and laid it waste with fire and sword. Thus terminated the battle of Essie. Short but bloody—it seems not to have met with the notice which its importance deserves, in the annals of the period. The field of conflict is still marked by a double row of grassy mounds, where the hostile slain are interred apart, as if the feud which rankled in their breasts when living, forbade their ashes to mingle even in death. S.

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SONNET,

Written at night, during a heavy gale off the Cape of Good Hope.

BY COLONEL G. SWINEY.

Amidst these howling winds and foaming waves,
Whose rude collision strikes the heart with fear,
What frail machines the stoutest ships appear!
How rash the mortal who their peril braves!
What pity deep his situation craves!
A billow that no human skill may check,
At ev'ry instant threats his bark with wreck:
And all around him yawn dark ocean's caves.
Yet Christian faith no danger e'er appals—
He trusts in Him who sits enthroned above,
Without whose leave not e'en a sparrow falls,
Whose reign is mercy, whose decrees are love:
And whether we by land or ocean roam
Our Maker's bosom is our only home!

THE SEA—SHIPS—AND SAILORS.

PLACE yourself at a convenient situation on the side of a vessel going at the rate of ten miles an hour, and observe how she moves on the surface of the waters. Her motion is so swift, that she seems merely to kiss gently the waves as she passes. At the same time, the wind woos the sails with such passing importunity, that the utmost yielding of rope and canvass seems scarcely to satisfy its eager embrace. The waters rise and roar around the vessel at one time, as if they rejoiced at her presence, and saluted her with their powerful voice; and at another, as if they were troubled, and rose in mountains to devour her. If the weather is fine, and the day bright and full of sun-shine, there is often great beauty in the manly waves playing about the sides of the gallant ship. The foam rising in rapid succession, as the vessel is ever making new encroachments upon the dark element, assumes a variety of colours. There is the dark sea green which surrounds it,—there is the extreme white of the foam in one place,—and there is to be observed a dark green, and a light green, and frequently, a beautiful light blue. There is yet another appearance, distinct from all these, where the white wave is brightest, and rises with a crest that is every moment varying in its form and symmetry, with millions of drops of water dancing upon its summit. Some of these rise a few inches, and others a few feet; but in such elegance and variety, and connected with the crest of the wave, as to give great finishing of ornament to the laughing waters. These drops are different from all the colours mentioned, being clear as crystal. So much with regard to colour. The figures of the waves are also various. There is the pyramid—hill and dale—and a most interesting looking part very near the side of the ship, which reminds one of a threshing floor strewed slightly over with grain—if it might not with more propriety be compared to the surface of a vast boiling caldron, the foam on the bosom of both being similar to each other. As to sound, there is in one part, the whisper of a thousand little waves; and in another, toward the stern, a composition of noise resembling a waterfall. The whole scene around is grand, consisting of vast phalanxes of waves behind one another, as far as the eye can reach. The alternating vallies seem moveable as well as the ridges, which, when a vessel is going at this rate, are always crowned with white crests, that have a striking contrast to the dark waters around. The whole tops of the waves appear like so many wild flowers along the dreariness of the waste of waters. In the mean while the vessel is careering along, descending into the hollow and rising again, as she cleaves with her prow the top of the wave. The waters behind hasten to obliterate the path-way which she has faintly drawn upon their surface, and beyond a few yards all has assimilated to the likeness of the general mass. When she is considered in relation to the immensity of the whole scene, she is but as a speck on the surface of the ocean—a toy which the waters have got to play with—and her being swallowed up by the agitated element, would be a thing so insignificant, viewing her merely as a bit of matter absorbed, as scarcely to merit attention. But immortal existences walk her deck. The power and skill that enable her to brave the fury of the elements, and which render them subservient to her progress to the destined port, are contained within herself. The individuals who compose a ship's company, are, in the eye of reflection, an interesting group. Let us consider them in a moral point of view. They have many excellent qualities, which, through a series of years, have made them favourites with the nation. When on shore, they are open, frank, and generous. They are essential to the safety of the nation in time of war, and to its prosperity in time of peace. Without them there could be no maritime commerce; and, therefore, a great trading nation ought to give every encouragement to their profession, and make every possible provision for their comfort and happiness. Nothwithstanding this, a person long on board ship, feels that its moral atmosphere is by no means of an elevated description. He finds it especially low with regard to the first table of the law which relates to our duty towards God. The third and fourth commandments would seem not to be in the sailor's decalogue; and with regard to the first, though his Maker's existence and agency are written before his eyes in characters so large, as to extend from heaven to earth on the majestic elements with which he is daily conversant, yet the Greatest and Best sits not enthroned in the heart of the poor sailor, though He rule every thing else above, around, and beneath him. This is certainly much owing to the total inadequacy of the provision which is made for the religious instruction of this most important class of men. There is not one of them who would not spill his blood in defence of his country, and without whose defence his country would not be of more consequence than one of the undistinguished islands in the Pacific; and yet that country has done very little for his best interests. While Government and Societies have made provision for instructing people of all descriptions on shore, how little has been done for British Seamen!

Hottentot's Holland. E.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

'Tis past, 'tis past!—My bursting heart, be still,
And bow submissive to thy Maker's will;
Check these vain throbs, and curb th' impassion'd sighs,
That, 'spite of reason, in rebellion rise.
And yet 'tis hard, amid the spirit's gloom,
When all we love has pass'd into the tomb;
When all on earth we deem'd our peace and stay,
Our joy and hope, is rent at once away;—
The soul will sicken, howsoe'er resigned,
And struggles sweep, like tempests, o'er the mind.

'Tis past, 'tis past!—Not all that upright sense,
That truth, that goodness, and intelligence,—
Not all that generous warmth, devoid of art,
That manly form, that purity of heart;—
Not all that once its admiration wrung,
From every eye, its praise from every tongue,
Could ought avail, to avert or to delay
Th' imperious Pow'r, that call'd thee hence away.

Alas, 'tis past!—'Tis not for man below,
Unmix'd delight, or lasting bliss to know;
All is but brief and fleeting: all that here
The wisest value, and the best revere,—
All that is gentle, or sublime, or strong,—
All that is dear to science or to song,—
All that is noble, graceful, or refin'd;
The charms of virtue, or the pow'rs of mind,—
The good, the great, the beautiful, the brave,
Form but a brighter wreath to deck the grave.

* * * *

And is there nought can dry th' impassion'd tear,
No thought to soothe it, and no hope to cheer?
Is there no balm in Gilead?—Oh! the pow'r
Of a true faith in sorrow's darkest hour!
The sacred peace! The calm and hallow'd glow,
It passeth all this world contains, to know!
Rise, thou that weepest!—Life may yet be bright:
Wake, thou that sleepest!—Christ shall give thee light!
Or say,—*in vain* did Mercy's self array
Th' eternal Godhead in our mortal clay,
For man to invade the realms of death and gloom,
For man to burst the portals of the tomb,
For man to wrest, (Oh! mighty love to save!)
The sting from death, the victory from the grave?

Ah, no!—Self-humbled faith his life reviews,
Shares in his triumphs, and his steps pursues,
Survey *his* sorrows,—lists *his* dying groan,
And cannot, dares not murmer at her own;
But stretches forward to that glorious day,
When earth, and earthly woes shall pass away:
And all who lov'd their great Redeemer here,
Shall rise to join him in that blessed sphere,
Where never pang again shall rend the heart,
No foe shall enter, and no friend depart;
Where the dominion of the grave is o'er,
And sin, and death, and trouble, are no more.

Cape Town, July, 1833. J. E.

LITERATURE.

DEGRADING EFFECTS OF A CONVERSION TO ISLAMISM.

Before we remark upon the habits of the Indian tribes, we may state one prominent trait which characterises the *Nyâd*, or convert to Islâm, who, on parting with his original faith, divested himself of its chief moral attribute, toleration, and imbibed a double portion of the bigotry of the creed he has adopted. Whether it is to the intrinsic quality of the Mahomedan faith that we are to trace this moral metamorphosis, or to a sense of degradation (which we can hardly suppose) consequent on his apostacy, there is not a more ferocious, or intolerant being on the earth than the Rajpoot convert to Islamism. In Sinde, and the desert, we find the same tribes, bearing the same name, one still Hindu, the other Mahomedan; the first retaining his primitive manners, while the convert is cruel, intolerant, cowardly, and inhospitable. Escape, with life at least, perhaps a portion of property, is possible from the hands of the Maldote, the Larkhani, the Bhutti, or even the Tawuries, distinctively called "the sons of the devil;" but from the Khossas, the Sehrâés, or Bhuttis, there would be no hope of salvation. Such are their ignorance and brutality, that should a stranger make use of the words *russah*, or *rustah* (rope, and road), he will be fortunate if he escape with bastinado from these beings, who discover therein an analogy to *rusool*, or 'the prophet:' he must for the former use the words *kilbur*, *rundori*, and for the latter, *duggra*, or *dugg*. It will not fail to strike those who have perused the heart-thrilling adventures of Park, Denham, and Clapperton—names which will live for ever in the annals of discovery—how completely the inoffensive, kind, and hospitable negro, resembles in these qualities the Rajpoot, who is transformed into a wild-beast the moment he can repeat "La-állah, il-állah, Mahomed Rusool álla," 'there is but one God, and Mahomed is the prophet of God:' while a remarkable change has taken place amongst the Tartar tribes, since the antidestructive doctrines of Bûdha (or Hunduism purified of polytheism) have been introduced into the regions of Central Asia.—(*Col. Tod's India.*)

ZALIM THE INDIAN RAJAH.

So rigid was his system of taxation, that nothing escaped it. There was a heavy tax on widows who re-married. Even the *gourd* of the mendicant paid a tithe, and the ascetic in his cell had a domiciliary visit to ascertain the gains of mendicity, in order that a portion should go to the exigencies of the state. The *toomba burrár*, or

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'gourd-tax,' was abolished after forming for a twelvemonth part of the fiscal code of Harouti, and then not through any scruples of the Regent, but to satisfy his friends. Akin to this, and even of a lower grade, was the *jahroo-burrár*, or 'broom-tax,' which continued for ten years; but the many lampoons it provoked from the satirical *Bhat* operated on the more sensitive feelings of his son, Madhu Sing, who obtained its repeal.

Zalim was no favourite with the bards; and that he had little claim to their consideration may be inferred from the following anecdote. A celebrated rhymer was reciting some laudatory stanzas, which the Regent received rather coldly, observing with a sneer, that "they told nothing but lies, though he should be happy to listen to their effusions when truth was the foundation." The poet replied, that "he found truth a most unmarketable commodity; nevertheless, he had some of that at his service;" and stipulating for forgiveness if they offended, he gave the protector his picture in a string of *improvised* stanzas, so full of *vis* (poison), that the lands of the whole fraternity were resumed, and none of the order have ever since been admitted to his presence. (*Ib.*)

TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

On the borders of Little Sadrí, where the quotas are posted, is a mountainous tract covered with deep forest, the abode of the half-savage Meenas and Bhils. Mixed with them are the estates of some vassal chiefs, whose duty it is to repress their excesses; but, in such times as we have described, they more frequently instigated them to plunder, receiving a share of the spoils. Amongst the foremost in this association was the steward of Kalákote. At the foot of a pass leading into the wilds of Chuppun was the hamlet of Beelo, occupied by a Rahtore Rajpoort, who had snatched from the mountain-side a few beegas of land, and dug some wells to irrigate the arable patches about his cot. With severe toil he raised a subsistence for himself, his wife, and an only son, who was to inherit this patrimony. Returning homewards one day, after his usual labour, he was met by his wailing help-mate; she said the savage Bhil had rifled his cot, and with the cattle carried off their prop, their only child, and at the same time a young Jogí, his playmate. The afflicted father spake not a word, but loading his matchlock, took the road to Kalákote. What was his horror when, at the entrance of the village, he stumbled over the headless bodies of his boy and his young companion! He learned that the savages belonged to the lordship of Kalákote; that having conveyed the children from their home upon the cattle they had stolen, they were entering the place, when the young Rahtore, recognizing the steward, called out, "Save me, uncle, and my father will ransom me at your own price!" This was the object for which he had been abducted; but these words proved that the steward was known to be the author of the outrage, and they were the last the child spoke. With this intelligence, the wretched father entered the 'black-castle' (Kalákote), in quest of the steward. He denied all participation in the abduction or the murder; and commiserating the Rahtore's misfortune, offered him four times the number of cattle he had lost, twice the amount of all his other losses, and to pay double the sum of *mirhhéá*, or money expended in the search. "Can you give me back my son?" was the only reply: "I want justice and vengeance, not money. I could have taken it in part," continued he; "for what is life now? but let it fall on all."

No attempt at consolation could diminish the father's grief; but in promising my aid to realize his vengeance, I gave him hope to cling to; and on handing him over to Maun Sing, saying his own suit would be best promoted by the imprisonment of all concerned in this outrage, he quitted me with some mitigation of his grief. But before he left my camp, tidings arrived that the chief culprit was beyond the reach of man; that the Great Avenger had summoned to his own tribunal the iniquitous steward of Kalákote! Even in this region of rapine, where the blood of man and of goats is held in almost equal estimation, there was something in the wild grief of the Rahtore that sunk into the hearts of the vassals of Kalákote: they upbraided the steward, and urged him to confess the share he had in the deed. But he swore 'by his God' he had none, and offered to ratify the oath of purgation in his temple. Nothing less would satisfy them, and they proceeded to the ordeal. The temple was but a few hundred yards distant. The steward mounted his horse, and had just reached the shrine, when he dropped dead at the threshold! It caused a deep sensation; and to the vengeance of an offended divinity was ascribed the signal expiation of the triple crime of theft, murder, and sacrilege. (*Ib.*)

SLEEPING.

ALL agree in the value and necessity of sleep.—"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care; The birth of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast,"—

as Shakspeare has it—all of which is confirmed by philosophers and poets, as well as by Sancho's homely opinion, that "it wraps round the heart like a blanket," for which he very emphatically exclaims, "blessed is the man who invented it."

With some, going to bed, and going to sleep, are synonymous terms; these persons, in nursery language, are said to "sleep like a top;" whilst others "sleep like a watch-dog, and count the clock from midnight till morn:" amongst the most profound adepts of the former class, may be reckoned the guardians of the night.

Though the necessity of sleep for the refreshment of the body be admitted, yet it is possible for a person to sleep a long night through, and be none the better for it, as is the case with those who are troubled with that most horrid of horrors, the nightmare. A ticket porter, who has been all the day with a heavy load on his shoulders, does not feel half so much fatigued, as the person who has been carrying an imaginary chest of drawers on his ternum all night. Thus—

"When man o'er-laboured with his being's strife Shrinks not to sweet forgetfulness of life,"

but *dreams*—he owns, with Hamlet, "there's the rub."

A question has been raised, how much sleep is required, and how long is it necessary to be in bed, for the purpose of rest and refreshment. Eight hours have been allotted for the labourer, and six for the scholar and gentleman.

Very few gentlemen, however, are satisfied with this scale; and a capacity for sleeping makes the greater part of this class of the community inclined to double the period. The capacity for sleeping, like the capacity for eating and drinking, is to be increased by indulgence. Much depends upon habit. Some people can sleep when they will, and wake when they will; and are as much refreshed with a short nap as a long one. Sea-faring people have this property from education. I have known persons who have never indulged in a second sleep. One gentleman, who entertained a notion that a second nap was injurious, invariably got up as soon as he awoke, no matter how early the hour—winter or summer.

Others, again, will sleep for four-and-twenty hours. The celebrated Quin had this faculty. "What sort of a morning is it, John?" "Very wet, Sir." "Any mullet in the market?" "No, Sir." "Then, John, you may call me this time to-morrow." So saying, he composed himself to sleep, and got rid of the ennui of a dull day in the arms of Morpheus.

One gentleman, in the Spectator, used to sleep by weight. "I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains, more or less; and if, upon rising, I find I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair."—No. 25.

A lazy old woman used to apologise for lying in bed, by saying that "she lay in bed to contrive." Strange as this old woman's excuse was, it was an example followed by one of the most extraordinary geniuses of this country, viz: Brindley, of whom it is recorded, that when any great difficulty occurred in the execution of his works, having little or no assistance from books, or the labours of other men, his resources lay within himself. In order, therefore, to be quiet, and uninterrupted, whilst he was in search of the necessary expedients, he generally retired to his bed; and he has been known to lie there one, two, or three days, till he had obtained the object in view. He would then get up and execute his design without any drawing or model.

There are different kind of sleepers, as well as different kinds of sleep: some cannot sleep *from* home—others cannot sleep *at* home; some can sleep on a board, and snore on a carpet; while others tumble and toss on a soft bed, as if the down disconcerted them.

Some again cannot sleep in a noise; others cannot sleep out of it. A miller awakens the moment the mill stops; and a tradesman from Cheapside cannot sleep in the country, because "it is so plaguy quiet."

Somnambulists, or sleep-walkers, usually sleep with their eyes open, but without vision. Shakspeare, who may be considered very good medical authority, makes Lady Macbeth a somnambulist with her eyes open—"but their sense is shut." This is not always the case, however; and there is a singular exception, in the instance of Johannes Oporinus, a printer, who, being employed one night in correcting the copy of a Greek book, fell asleep as he read, and yet ceased not to read, till he had finished not less than a whole page, of which, when he awoke, he retained no recollection.

There are many curious histories of sleeping prodigies on record The *Philosophical Transactions* have several: in one, a man slept from August till January. There is a case, read before a society of physicians in 1756, of Elizabeth Orvin, who began her sleeping fit in 1738, by a four days' nap, and for 10 years afterwards never slept less than seventeen hours out of the four-and-twenty. Dr. Brady relates, that some strange methods were resorted to to rouse her—such as rubbing her back with honey, and in a hot day exposing her to a hive of bees, till her back was full of bumps;—making a pincushion of her, and performing acu-puncturation with pins and needles; flagellation, and "other odd experiments," which the doctor informs us he thinks better "to pass over in silence," all of which might as well have been spared, for she was very sulky, and good-for nothing, when she was awake. This sulkiness, however, should be noticed, as being connected with the complaint. Previously to this somnolent disease, many of the persons have become uneasy, sullen, and surly. In all, the mind has evidently been affected; and in some, where there has been extreme abstinence, their waking hours have been characterised by decided mental aberration. * *

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

BLAKE, THE VISION SEER, AND MARTIN, THE YORK MINSTER INCENDIARY.

BLAKE was an embodied sublimity. He held converse with Michael Angelo, yea, with Moses; not in dreams, but in the placid still hours of night—alone—awake—with such powers as he possessed in their full vigour. Semiramis was often bodily before him; he chatted with Cleopatra, and the Black Prince sate to him for a portrait. He revelled in the past; the gates of

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the spiritual world were unbarred at his behest, and the great ones of bygone ages, clothed in the flesh they wore on earth, visited his studio. He painted from spectres. I have seen several of his pictures—of men who died "many anno-dominis ago," taken from their ghosts. The shadow of a flea once appeared to him, and he drew it.

His may be deemed the most extraordinary case of spectral illusion that has hitherto occurred. Is it possible that neither Sir Walter Scott, nor Sir David Brewster, the authors of "Demonology and Witchcraft," and "Natural Magic," ever heard of Blake? Allan Cunningham, unless I am grossly mistaken, had, even prior to the appearance of the former work, introduced the Vision-seer to the public—in which of his productions, however, I cannot recollect; so that, being unable to refer to what he has narrated on the subject, I am in danger "of repeating upon him." But this shall not daunt me.

Blake was not the victim of a mere optical delusion. He firmly believed in what he seemed to see. He had no doubt but that the spectre of Edward the Third frequently visited him. He painted the monarch, in oil, at three sittings. Bruce would now and then call to converse with him. He recognized at a glance the ghost of any great personage the moment it appeared. He had no doubt of its identity. His friend Marc Antony had not sent in his card: no one had announced him: yet he knew the Roman, and named him at first sight

About midnight the illustrious dead used to drop in upon him: sometimes their visits were short, but, frequently, as protracted as he could wish. I have been present on these occasions. One night, while we were engaged in criticising his own extravagant, yet occasionally sublime illustrations of the Book of Job, engraved by himself, he suddenly exclaimed, "Good God! here's Edward the Third!" "Where?" "On the other side of the table: *you* can't see him, but I see him: this is his first visit." "How do you know him?" "My spirit knows him—how I cannot tell." "How does he look?" "Stern, calm, immutable; yet still happy. I have hitherto seen his profile only, he now turns his pale face towards me. What rude grandeur in those lineaments!" "Can you ask him a question?" "Of course I can; we have been talking all this time, not with our tongues, but with some more subtle, some undefined, some telegraphic organ; we look and we are understood. Language to spirits is useless." "Tell him you should like to know what he thinks of the butcheries of which he was guilty while in the flesh." "I have, while you have been speaking." "What says his majesty?" "Briefly this: that what you and I call *carnage* is a trifle unworthy of notice; that destroying five thousand men is doing them no real injury; that, their important part being immortal, it is merely removing them from one state of existence to another; that mortality is a frail tenement, of which the sooner they get quit the better, and that he who helps them out of it is entitled to their gratitude. For, what is being hewn down to the chine to be compared with the felicity of getting released from a dreary and frail frame?" "His doctrines are detestable, and I abhor him." "He bends the battlement of his brow upon you; and if you say another word, will vanish. Be quiet, while I take a sketch of him."

His widow, an estimable woman, saw Blake frequently after his decease: he used to come and sit with her two or three hours every day. These hallowed visitations were her only comforts. He took his chair and talked to her, just as he would have done had he been alive: he advised with her as to the best mode of selling his engravings. She knew that he was in the grave; but she felt satisfied that his spirit visited, condoled, and directed her. When he had been dead a twelvemonth, the devoted and affectionate relict would acquiesce in nothing "until she had had an opportunity of consulting Mr. Blake."

After his trial, Martin, the York Minster Incendiary, became an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital, St. George's Fields. On learning this I gave him a call. He had an apartment on the first floor. I followed the keeper up the stone staircase, and a little way along the granite gallery. He took out his bunch of keys, ran over them, and soon found out the right one. We were opposite a repulsive, austere-looking door. He opened it. I glode in, and the next moment found myself locked up with a madman. The keeper, treating me *en famille*, had gone away, leaving me and my visitant perfectly safe, if "fast bind, fast find," be incontrovertible. High in the opposite wall of the bleak and well whitewashed apartment, aloof from all human access by the inmate, was a grated window. Assurance had been made doubly sure. If Martin could have grown a pair of wings on his shoulders, it was impossible to get out. The aspect of the room told the inhabitant at a glance that he was imprisoned for life; that the four naked walls constituted his future world. On my left there was a plain comfortable bed; on the right stood a table and *one chair*. Every thing was painfully clean and orderly; the furniture was evidently under the inspection of a committee; there was not the slightest appearance of that sort of temporary *litter* which evinces that a man is in his own house, and can do as he likes: the inanimate articles were in quiet subjection—in perfect keeping.

But where was the lion of this solitary den?—On the chair, close to the table, drawing a bishop with seven heads—under the influence of absolute fatalism—undaunted by its bituminous breath, rushing into the open jaws of a colossal crocodile! The artist disappointed me: he had none of the sublimity of his great brother, the painter of Belshazzar's feast; he was crude, ignorant, impotent. His sketch was a mere exaggerated matter of fact, madly conceived, and contemptibly executed. It made me pity him. He stood up, and never in my life had I beheld a human being in appearance so perfectly harmless. Passion never seemed to have ploughed his forehead with its adamantine keel: the surface was smooth and unruffled as that of a villager's babe. I dived into the depths of his eye, but brought up neither monster nor pearl: it was barren—it was common-place—there was nothing in it. It *grinned*, not sardonically—but because it seemed to have nothing better to do. The mouth was feeble, almost inane. I sought earnestly for some lurking expression, but could find none—not even the ghost of an idea flitted over his features.

Still he looked like any thing but a bedlamite: there was no fearful aberration of intellect visible. Had I met him on the highway I should have concluded from his lineaments that he was one of the most gentle of God's creatures: apparently he would not injure a worm. With an unsheathed poignard in his hand, I could have slept calmly—contentedly—under his wardenship Smiling simplicity was the prevailing character of his countenance. It required an effort to make me feel that I was talking to the incendiary of York Minster.

His manners were modest and rustic: he conversed like a good-humoured cottager, not over-burthened with sense, or made sulky by circumstances. He was not merely resigned, but perfectly satisfied: he wanted nothing but lots of Indian ink, and Brookman's black-lead pencils. Although in his way a reformer of the church, he knew nothing of Wickliffe—he had never heard of Luther or Calvin. He was, upon principle, an antagonist to episcopacy, and he thought the best way of pulling down the priests of Baal, was to burn them out of their high places. I had made him out in my mind's eyes a Prometheus. I expected to find him sublime; but he was quite insignificant.

On one topic he approached to rude eloquence: it was relative to the kindness of his brother, who had taken the poor fellow's son under his wing, and meant, if possible, to make an eagle of him. In treating this subject, he became slightly figurative; but his metaphors were not made out; he could not manage them; they were faintly—timidly bitten in upon the surface of a mist. There was no seeing them clearly; they melted when attempted to be understood. His imagination was not merely muddy, it was mean. He grovelled in the puddles of common-place. Of his orthography, this is a specimen, written under one of his most favourite pictorial subjects: — "Thay hould Harmett (the old hermit) hinn is fir-skeen Kap haud Klooaak (in his fir-skin cap and cloak.")

His advent to Bethlehem deeply chagrined Hatfield. The latter, since Peg Nicholson's death, had been the principal character within the walls, but since Martin's arrival he had ceased to be supremely attractive: the York Minster incendiary, by his more recent atrocity, had monopolized the visiting interest, and no man more deeply deplored the popularity of another than Hatfield did that of Martin.

M. M.

SCIENCE, &c.

ARTS AND MANUFACTURES IN FRANCE.

If it be true that the mathematical and physical sciences are the conquests made by man's understanding over the *secrets* of nature, it is no less so that *industry* is the fruit of the victory gained by man's exerting will over the *forces* of nature. In one of the numbers of the *Revue Encylopedique*, there is a copy of an excellent speech of Professor Blanqui, delivered before a numerous meeting of the patrons of the school established in Paris for the instruction of youth in the principles of commerce, in commercial law, political economy, and the several auxiliary sciences. We gather from the Professors address the following few particulars.

SILK.

The value of the silk annually worked up in France may now be taken at about six millions sterling: and its increase may be in some measure estimated by that of the population of Lyons, which before the Revolution was only 100,000, and is at present upwards of 150,000. Great exertions have been made to naturalize the worms in France, and more than half the raw material consumed is of native production. The China worm, which spins the silk so well, known for its peculiar and beautiful whiteness, has been introduced, and the French crapes of this colour are rivalling those of the East.

"Let us not, however," says M. Blanqui, "forget how sharply the English are contesting with us this queen of our industries. We must not overlook the fact, that since they have allowed the importation of silks at a duty of 30 per cent, the British manufacturers have taken a surprising start; so much so, that at this moment numerous factories are springing up in Scotland, and threatening to become formidable to us."

FURNITURE, &c.

French furniture is in general cheaper than ours. Its form of course varies with the fashion, but it is always elegant and tasteful.

Glass and porcelain are articles in which France is really unrivalled. This has not however been long the case, for in 1807, her exportations were only about 150,000 francs' worth of

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...ss, and 10,000 francs of crystal; while in 1826, the value of the exportation of those two articles was about five million francs. The glass manufacture has been regularly improving for a series of years, and the specimens of last year's exhibition are almost perfect of their kind. The large size of the pier glasses has created a demand for them throughout Europe; their price is within the reach of the most moderate incomes, and there is scarcely a family in France which does not possess one or two, while, as we all know, they are rarely to be met with in England, except in expensively furnished houses. The glass manufacture—that is the art of blowing—was introduced into France by Colbert; but the method of melting was invented by Abraham Thevart, a Frenchman, in 1668, so that France may justly boast of the honour of the discovery of the art in which she has since attained such excellence.

The crystals and cut glass of Mont Cenis, in the department of Sôane et Loire, and of Baccarat, in the department of the Meurthe, are the most celebrated. The establishments are on a large scale, and are worked both by steam and water. The last novelty from Baccarat is its wine glasses of all sorts and sizes, among which are Champaigne glasses two feet long, called *à la giraffe*, the only advantage of which appears to be to give people an opportunity of exercising their ingenuity in trying to drink out of them without coughing. The crystal manufactories in and near Paris are very numerous; that of Choisy-le Roi, which makes to the value of 40,000*l.* a year, is well worthy of inspection.

Connected with this subject, though more in the department of the fine arts, is the painting or staining of glass, which great pains have lately been taken to revive in France, and a manufactory of which is at work near Paris, under the especial patronage of the king. The Count de Noé (a peer whose talents and ingenuity are an ornament to the French nobility, and who is a striking instance of the improvement that has taken place among them under the new régime) has been chiefly instrumental in directing the progress of this beautiful art, and has himself constructed a painted window which many of our readers must have seen in the palace of the Luxembourg. The vivid colours of this specimen are a proof of the correctness of Walpole's opinion, "that the colours of the ancients exceed those of the moderns, not so much because the secret of making them is entirely lost, as that the moderns will not go to the charge of them, nor be at the necessary pains, by reason that this sort of painting is not so much in esteem as formerly." We are surprised M. Blanqui has not noticed the revival of this elegant branch of art.

INSTRUMENTS, &c.

The French are known to be clever in the construction of surgical and mathematical instruments and clock-work. Several new scarifying and bleeding instruments have lately been invented, among which the hdellomètre of Dr. Sarlandière has been much approved. M. Cloquet's siphon for urinary disorders; Dr. Deleau's apparatus for curing deafness; Dr. Montazeau's machine for relieving pulmonary complaints, sore throats, and what is called *phthisie:* Dr. Jalade-Lafand's invalid bedstead for deviations of the spine; Colonel Amorós's instruments for gymnastic exercises; M. Nuellen's elastic mattresses, and M. Greiling's lithotritic knives, occupy a prominent rank among the late inventions for the relief of human sufferings. In optical instruments the achromatic microscope of M. Selligue has been made to magnify 1200 times; the telescopes of M. Chevallier, it was well said, only want the advice *sic itur ad astra;* and that of M. Couchoix, 24 feet long, and including a flint glass of 12½ inches, and a crown glass of 13 inches in diameter, has a greater objective force than any hitherto used in Europe, none having been made in England of more than 7 inches in diameter, and the largest at Munich being only 9 inches. The meridian circle for observing the right ascension of the heavenly bodies, and the time of their passing the meridian, has reflected well-merited honour on its scientific inventor, M. Gambey. Clocks and watches are become extremely cheap of late years; good watches are selling at 200 francs a dozen, and very superior ones may be bought for 80 francs each. The elegance of the pendules makes them an ornamental as well as useful article of furniture; they are to be found even in cottages in France, and their superiority over our own clocks accounts for the extent to which they are imported into England. Chronometers have been brought to a great degree of precision.

CHEMISTRY—TANNING.

Chemical productionss are no where better or cheaper than in France. The reputation of her operative chemists is as well established as that of her men of science, and the result is as honourable to them as it is beneficial to the public.

"Chemistry," says M. Blanqui, "is a science entirely French; it has risen amidst the storms of the republic; it has furnished us with the first fires for the defence of our territory. At this day, restored to happier destinies, it has become one of the most powerful elements of our national industry; it is cultivated in our manufactories, and as there was always merit in being acquainted with it, there will soon be shame in being ignorant of it." The progress of chemistry has had its share of influence on the art of tanning and dressing skins, and on the leather manufactures in general. The smooth calf-skin of Clermont, of excellent quality, was sold at the exhibition at two francs sixty centimes the kilogram. Thirty years ago a prejudice prevailed in France against the use of horse-hides, but they are now prepared with as much ease as cow leather, and are the principal substance of boot and shoe leather. The neglect of the butchers at the abattoirs is said to injure the skins tanned in Paris, but the tanners there, and in France generally, are scientific men, and understand their business well. The chamois leather of Niort is at present in great esteem; French morocco is as good as that of the East, and their Russia leather, though it has been rather neglected within the last three years, is by no means bad of its kind. The saddlers and harness makers, particularly M. Fourcy and M. Huard, of Paris, exhibited some excellent work; and the impenetrable water-boots of M. Delacre-Snaude, of Dunkirk, will be highly serviceable to the sailors and boatmen.

LITHOGRAPHY.

Lithography—an art which has been introduced since the peace, and which M. M. Engelmann, Motto, Noël, and Langlumé have raised to such extraordinary perfection—is now employed not only for stamping paper, but for impressing cloth, cotton, silk, and porcelain. Its cheapness has the effect of refining the taste of the lower orders, and it is a powerful auxiliry to that paladium of civilization—the art of printing.

Iron Roofs.—Sheet iron coverings are now universally made use of on all new buildings in Petersburgh, Moscow, &c. In the case of a fire, no harm can come to a house from sparks falling on a roof of this description. The sheets of this iron covering measures 2 feet 4 inches wide by 4 feet 8 inches long, and weigh 12½ lbs. avoirdupois per sheet, or 1 lb. 5 oz. each superficial square foot. When the sheets are on the roof, they measure only 2 feet wide by 4 feet in length; this is owing to the overlapping. They are first painted on both sides once, and, when fixed on the roof, a second coat is given. The common colour is red; but green paint, it is said, will stand twice the time. Small bits or ears are introduced into the laps, for nailing the plates on the two-inch square laths on which they are secured. It takes 12½ sheets to cover 100 feet, the weight of which is only 150 lb.; the cost only thirty shillings, or about three-pence per foot.

NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

CURIOUS FACTS IN VEGETATION.

(From Part xiv. of *Knowledge for the People, or the Plain Why and Because.*)

Why are the stems of the Cabbage tribe considered wholesome food?

Because their acrid flavour is dispersed among an abundance of mucilage. Cabbages were commonly used among the ancients, and Cato wrote volumes on their nature. The Indians had so much veneration for them, that they swore by cabbages, and were therein as superstitious as the Egyptians, who gave divine honours to leeks and onions, for the great benefits which they said they received from them.—*Lemery on Food.*

Why do Cabbages emit a strong animal odour?

Because they contain a great quantity of azote or nitrogen, one of the ultimate elements of animal matter, strongly characterized in the destructive distillation of horn, hoofs, or bones.

Why do not the leaves of the Cabbage remain wet, after being immersed in water, and again taken out of it?

Because they are powdered with a slight layer of resinous matter, similar to that which covers certain fruits, and in particular, plums and grapes. Their sea-green colour is also attributed to this resinous layer.

Why is Quassia so called?

Because it was named in honour of a negro, Quassia, a drunken doctor, who discovered the virtue of the wood in curing malignant fevers.

Why have some plants been termed the Poor Man's Weather-glass?

Because they shut up their flowers against the approach of rain. Linnæus, however, thinks that flowers lose their fine sensibility after the anthers have performed their office, or when deprived of them artificially. Sir James Smith also observes, that some species are sometimes exhausted by continued wet; "and it is evident that very sudden thunder showers often take such flowers by surprise, the previous state of the atmosphere not having been such as to give them due warning."

Many flowers have a regular time of opening and shutting. We have already mentioned the Marigold; the goat'sbeard is vulgarly called "John go-to-bed at noon," from its closing at mid-day; and at the Cape of Good Hope there is a "four o'clock flower," because it invariably closes at that time. The common daisy is, however, a readier example, its name being a compound of day's and eye—Day's-eye, in which way, indeed, it is written by Ben Johnson. It regularly shuts after sun-set, to expand again with the morning light Thus,—

> The little dazie, that at evening closes.
> *Spenser.*

> By a daisy, whose leave spread.
> Shut when Titian goes to bed.—
> *G. Withers.*

Leyden sings of moist or rainy weather foretold by daisies. Thus we may examine a whole field, and not find a daisy open, except such as have their flowering nearly over, and have in consequence lost their sensibility.

The daisy is one of the pet flowers of the poets. Chaucer is ecstatic in its praise, and calls it his "owne hartes' rest;" Burns, "Wee, modest, crimsontipped flower;" and Wordsworth, in beautiful and touching simplicity, has addressed several poems to "the poet's darling."

Appended to Richard's valuable "Elements," is the *Horologium Floræ*, (time-peace of Flora,) or a table of the hours at which certain plants expand and shut, at Upsal, 60 deg. north latitude. The earliest Meadow Salsafy opens from 3 to 4 A. M.; and closes from 9 to 10 A. M. The latest A. M. is the *Mesembryanthemum Modeflorum*, (used in the manufacture of Marc-

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quin leather,) which opens 10 to 11 A. M., and closes at 12 P. M. The latest opening P. M. is the *Cactus Grandiflorus*, 9 to 10 P. M., and closing at 12 P. M., thus remaining open only two or three hours. Other flowers, we may add, are so peculiarly delicate, as scarcely to bear the contact of the atmosphere.

Forster, in his "Researches about atmospheric Phenomena," notices several prognostics of the weather by plants Thus, Chickweed has been said to be an excellent weather guide. When the flower expands freely, no rain need be feared for a long time In showery days the flower appears half concealed, and this state may be regarded as indicative of showery weather; when it is entirely shut, we may expect a rainy day. If the flowers of the Siberian sowthistle remain open all night, we may expect rain next day. Before showers, the trefoil contracts its leaves. Lord Bacon observes, that the trefoil has its stalk more erect against rain. He also mentions a small red flower, growing in stubble-fields, called by the country people *wincopipe*, which if it opens in the morning assures us of a fine day.

THE NEW CONTINENT.

The discoveries of land towards the South Pole, mentioned in the public journals, were made by Captain Biscoe, in the brig Tula, accompanied by the Lively, cutter; both vessels belonging to Messrs. Enderbys, extensive owners of ships in the whale fishery; and the log, together with other particulars, were communicated to the Royal Geographical Society. It is supposed that this land forms part of a vast continent, extending from about long. 47° 30 E. to long. 69° 29 W.; or from the longitude of Madagascar, round the whole of the southern and south Pacific Ocean, as far as the longitude of Cape Horn. On the 28th February, 1831, Captain Biscoe discovered land, and during the following month remained in the vicinity. He clearly discerned the black peaks of mountains above the snow; but he was, from the state of the weather and the ice, unable to approach nearer than about thirty miles. The stormy petrels were the only birds seen, and no fish. It has been named Enderby's Land, long. 47° 30 E.; lat. 66° 30. An extent of about 300 miles was seen. The range of mountains E. N. E. In consequence of the bad state of the health of the crew, Captain Biscoe was compelled to return into warmer latitudes. He wintered at Van Diemen's Land, and was rejoined by the cutter, from which he had been separated during the stormy weather in the high south latitude. In October 1831, he proceeded to New Zealand. In the beginning of February 1832, he was in the immediate neighbourhood of an immense iceberg, when it fell to pieces, accompanied by a tremendous noise. On the 15th of the same month, land was seen to the south-east, long. 69° 29 W. lat. 67° 15. It was found to be an island, near the headland of what may hereafter be called the Southern Continent. On the island, about four miles from the shore, was a high peak and some smaller ones; about one-third of the highest was covered with a thin scattering of snow, and two thirds completely with snow and ice. The appearance of the peak was peculiar: the shape was conical, but with a broad base. This island has been named Adelaide Island, in honour of her Majesty. Mountains were seen to the south, at a great distance inland, supposed about ninety miles. On the 21st of February 1832, Captain Biscoe landed in a spacious bay on the mainland, and took possession in the name of his Majesty William the Fourth. The appearance was one of utter desolation, there being no vestige whatever of animal or vegetable life.

Tincture of Roses.—Take the leaves of the common rose (*centifoliæ*), place them without pressing them in a bottle, pour some good spirits of wine upon them, close the bottle, and let it stand until it is required for use. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to attar of roses: a few drops of it will suffice to impregnate the atmosphere of a room with a delicious odour. Common vinegar is greatly improved by a very small quantity being added to it.

Mortality of Astronomers.—Out of 85 persons who devoted themselves wholly to astronomical pursuits, five lived to between 90 and 100 years; eighteen to between 80 and 90; twenty-five between 70 and 80; seventeen between 60 and 70; ten between 50 and 60; five between 40 and 50; and four between 30 and 40.

Yeast.—The yeast prepared by the Hungarians will keep for a whole twelvemonth. During the summer season they boil a certain quantity of wheaten bran and hops in water. The decoction is not long in fermenting, and when this has taken place, they throw in a sufficient portion of bran to form the whole into a thick paste, which they work into balls that are afterwards dried by a slow heat. When wanted for use, they are broken, and boiling water is poured upon them; having stood a proper time, it is decanted, and in a fit state for leavening bread. The Romans prepared their yeast much in the same way: taking wine in a state of fermentation, and working up a given quantum of the flour of millet with it; the paste thus obtained was made into balls and dried. Sometimes the yeast, the invented dough, or the dough itself, will become acid in summer, and acidulate the bread: this may be remedied by throwing some fingers-full of carbonate of magnesia into the yeast or paste. We are told by some chemists, that flour kneaded with water which has been saturated with carbonic acid, may be used in making bread without applying any fermentaceous matter. Others of the fraternity deny that such a process is effectual.—*Foreign Literary Gazette.*

Use of Cattle-horns.—The part of the horn next the root is made into combs—the middle part is flattened and made partially transparent, to serve as a substitute for glass in common lanterns—the tip is used for knife handles, tops of whips, &c. The core of the horn yields a fat which is used in the manufacture of yellow soap—the core itself, when melted down, is used by cloth-dressers for stiffening: finally, the bony part, when stripped of all the virtues just mentioned, is itself ground down, and makes capital manure.

Spiders.—Spiders live and grow without food. Out of fifty spiders produced on the last day of August, and which were kept entirely without food, three lived to the 8th of February following, and even visibly increased in bulk. Was it from the effluvia arising from the dead bodies of their companions that they lived so long?—Other spiders were kept in glass vessels without food, from the 15th of July to the end of January. During that time they cast their skins more than once, as if they had been well fed.—*Redi Generat. Insect.*

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES

In North and South America, and the West Indies. By Captain Alexander. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1833.

THE NEGRO PREACHER.

"Hark the voice of Psalms."

I strolled out in the evening to enjoy the cool breeze and moonlight on the verge of the forest. In a lone house in a lane, I heard the sound of Psalm-singing, about eleven o'clock at night, and stopped to listen to a tune which the Covenanters, in the days of their adversity, had often uplifted on the hill-side, when prepared to contend for their religion to the death. The psalm ceased, and a negro slave delivered a long extempore prayer, like those of the Presbyterians, and using excellent language. The prayer was followed by a sermon, in which the fall of our first parents was described, and its consequences to the human race, but regenerate through the instrumentality of a Redeemer. The audience consisted of a few negro men and women, sitting on forms in a loft, lighted by a solitary candle. The preacher could neither read nor write; yet he expressed himself eloquently and energetically. I went away pleased and astonished at what I had seen and heard; and thought that though it is a *penal offence* to instruct slaves in these Southern States, yet with all their enactments, the spread of the Gospel could not be controlled, and that the negro still found means to gain access to the fountain of living waters.—Page 75, vol 2.

The following is rather an extraordinary document in the annals of longevity. It is extracted from the Parliamentary Pocket Book of 1833.

SUMMARY OF THE AGES OF THE PEERS, EXCLUSIVE OF THE PRELATES.

4	Minors.			
26	from 21	to 30	years.	
34	—— 31	to 40	—	
68	—— 41	to 50	—	
92	—— 51	to 60	—	
96	—— 61	to 70	—	
57	—— 71	to 80	—	
9	—— 81	to 90	—	
1	- - - -	92	—	

Take care of your Crockery.—Place a wine glass upon the edge of a table, and another wine-glass upon the edge of another table, at the distance of three or four feet; a pine stick, of one half or three-fourths of an inch square, being then laid across the two glasses, so that its two ends may rest upon the two contiguous edges of the glasses, strike the stick at right angles, in the middle, with a heavy cane, and it will break in two, without breaking the glasses. The two pieces of the broken stick fly up to the ceiling, while the glasses remain, not only uninjured, but are not even moved from their places. I have often, successively, repeated this curious experiment; *when however, the glasses are thin and the stick is too strong, they will break; and they will break in any event, if the stick does not.—Silliman's Journal.*

Curious Sign.—The following is on a violin-maker's sign-board at Limerick:—New Villans made here and old ones rippard, also new heads, ribs, backs, and belleys mad on the shortest notice. N. B. Choos mended, &c.—Pat O'Shegnassey.

Curious Magnet.—Mr. Abraham, a manufacturer at Sheffield, possesses an artificial magnet, formed of 200 straight bars, capable of lifting 140lbs also a famous orrery, made by Heath for the Emperor of Russia, which accurately revolves, by a turning winch, all the primaries

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and secondaries to Saturn. It contains above 400 wheels, and yet may be turned with the force of an ounce.

England: Statistics.—The number of Episcopal and Dissenting congregations in England, are as follows:—Episcopal 9,983; Dissenting 6,422. Episcopal Missionary Societies.—Sums actually subscribed in the united kingdom for 1828-29: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (foreign objects) £9,208. 9s. 5d. Society for Propagating the Gospel £6,293. 10s. 5d. Church Missionary Society £52,080 19s. 1d. Total of sums actually subscribed in the united kingdom for 1828-29, £67,528. 18. 11d.. Dissenting Missionary Societies.—Sums actually subscribed in the united kingdom for 1828-29: Wesleyan Methodists £41,846. 12s. 10d. London Missionary Society, £37,207. 0s. 6d. Particular Baptist Missionary Society, £9,305. 10s. 2d. General Baptist Missionary Society, £1,651. 1s. 6d. Total of sums actually subscribed in the united kingdom 1828-29, £90,010. 5s. 0d. Thus it appears that the members of the Church of England, whose ministers and parochial edifices are supported by general taxation, do not subscribe so much by £22,481 sterling per annum, towards the truly apostolical work of evangelizing the nations, as the members of the separate denominations, though they, besides their proportionate contributions to the support of the state religion, have to educate and maintain their own ministers, and erect at their own charge their various places of worship.

An Old New Invention.—The present fashionable mode of warming buildings by means of hot water, appears to have been not unknown to the Romans. In 'A Tour through Great Britain," published nearly a century ago, an account is given of the digging-up of a Roman bath in Herefordshire, the floor of which was partly composed of pipes and hollow tiles, evidently intended for the passage of hot water. On this discovery the celebrated antiquary, Dr. Stukely, remarked, "This would be a most excellent invention to introduce among ourselves for the warming of apartments in the winter season." The worthy Doctor's hint, however, appears not to have been taken till some five score years after he threw it out.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Colonial Improvements—The progress of improvement in our colonies does not slacken. In Ceylon, the English stage-coach lately introduced now runs regularly thrice a week between Columbo, the capital, and Candy, the chief town of the interior; and preparations are on foot for running it daily, if increased facility of communication should be required. A road is also forming from Candy to Trincomalee, so as to complete the line from the capital to the opposite coast. In Van Dieman's Land, they are not less active: the latest improvement is the adoption of street lamps in Hobart Town, which, with the lights in the shops, make the town present, according to the newspapers published there, a very brilliant and lively appearance.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Roman Nicknames.—The Romans address each other by their Christian names, or by their nicknames, which are so general, and in such current use, that they often supersede the Christian name altogether. The Romans, however, find nothing offensive in these characteristic appellations, and answer to them unhesitatingly. Thus, one is called Signor Baffo, from his beard; another Signor Biondo, from the colour of his hair. A gossip is called Mezzoprete; a bulky man Gigante; and a wearer of spectacles Signor Occhialini. The Roman detects with wonderful accuracy the oddities and peculiarities of every one, and nicknames them accordingly, but without ill-nature or attempt at wit; and not unfrequently an individual receives the same appellation from different persons; so effective and true is the universal sense of criticism in this respect. Foreigners, especially, whose names are often too barbarous for Roman utterance, afford no little occupation for this nicknaming propensity of the natives. At the hotels and tables d'hôte, every stranger has a peculiar cognomen, which is inscribed on his dinner bill at the bar; and when the waiter delivers it, he generally tears off the nickname, lest it should prove offensive to the party indicated. This amusing custom is one of the numerous antiquities which prevail in modern Roman life. A large portion of the most ancient surnames in all nations originated in nicknames, and the Latin Language is peculiarly rich in these characteristic epithets; for instance, the well known Naso, Flaccus, Rufus, Varus, Caligula, Pronto, Pœtus, Ariola, Labea, and other cognomina.

Early Rising.—We have marked taverns and grog-shops, and found them sooner tenanted than any other places of resort—and noticed that a drunkard always commences his career early in the day. Look where you will, and, our life on it, you see a drunkard spend no morning in bed unless compelled to do so by last night's debauch. They awake with the first ray of the morning light, their minds clouded with horror for past conduct, their throats burning with an unnatural thirst, and they hasten to quench the one by adding to the other. These people had better let the sun rise upon their slumbers than take another step towards a horrid death before breakfast. And yet another class get and deserve no credit for leaving their beds before their neighbours; and these are those who make no good use of their time after they are up. What matters if a man have all the good qualities in the world if he makes no good use of them? Would the mines of Peru benefit the world if suffered to remain in the heart of her mountains? A man may get up if he will, and spend more time on his feet than any in the country, and yet not perform half the labour of one who indulges himself in bed till noon. We have heard of a clever old lady, who was always the first person up in the place, *and yet worth nothing after she was up.*

A PILGRIM'S THOUGHT.

(From the Calcutta Magazine)

On other themes our tongues will dwell,
Grow warm where youth or beauty is;
Why loves it not to rest as well
On such a glorious thought as this?

That he who bids the lightning sleep,
Whose home is yon blue sky above;—
Whose throne is on the stormy deep,
Can bend on me an eye of love.

That joyous time, the morning light,
That hallowed time, the fall of day;
All that is beautiful and bright
Is dark if Thou art far away.

The sweet occurrences of life,
All social bonds are doubly dear;
All hopes,—all mem'ries are rife
With greater joy, if Thou art near.

The midnight solitude, the roar
Of ocean, and the wild bird cry,
All sounds and scenes delight me more,
If Thou, my Saviour, art but nigh!

From twilight dawn to close of day,
Is there a sweeter moment given,
Than that which calls the soul away
To spend one hour in prayer to Heaven?

E'er slumber lulls to rest the eye,
To lift to God the voice of love,
And hail, with deep humility,
The light of wisdom from above.

Panting to think one day has brought
Me nearer to that heavenly shore,
Oh! have I spent it as I ought,
As one whose pilgrimage is o'er?

Friend of the poor, to thee I call,
As to yon star unchangingly,
The needle's quivering point will fall,
So turns my trembling heart to Thee.

R. M.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF THE ENGLISH IN 1812.

(From the Life of Sir Wm. Hoste.)

WHENEVER Captain Hoste had the good fortune to make a prisoner of an intelligent Frenchman, he seems to have been very inquisitive as to the sentiments of the stranger with respect to England. He found very often the strangest impressions on their minds about the British people and their designs. A lady, the wife of a French artillery officer, was a psssenger in a corn vessel which was bound from Italy to Corfu. The ship was taken by the Amphion, and the lady was transferred to the custody of Hoste, on board the latter. She showed the utmost alarm when brought into the British ship, and could not for several days, be prevailed on by any concessions and attentions bestowed upon her by the Captain to make her appearance on deck. However, perseverance in the conciliatory plan ultimately overcame her so far that she ventured on the quarter-deck, where a little experience seemed to have operated with the very best results on her mind; she confessed that she had always laboured under the conviction that the English were a race of *cannibals!* and she dreaded that if she were to shew herself to the people on board, the sight of her would have too strongly provoked their unnatural appetites. She also acknowledged that she had been, at the outset, supported very much by the hope that the sailors might, by good luck, have preferred the more natural aliment of wheat to human flesh, and that, as she was caught in a vessel rather amply laden with the former commodity, she might expect a respite, and the chances of impunity of which a delay is generally so productive. Now this lady had been a Parisian, and had received, of course, a due degree of education. No one, indeed, could have been more surprised at her prejudices than herself, as soon as they were removed from her mind, which was speedily and effectually the case, under the judicious arrangements of Hoste.

CHARLESTON, IN AMERICA—SLAVE POPULATION.

(By a Traveller.)

Unceasing agitation prevails in the city; fires are perpetually blazing in the night; and, upon the ringing of the bell, the assembling of troops, guards, and armed citizens, both horse and foot, betrays the general alarm. Every thing gives note of an early and sanguinary struggle; and both residents and strangers evidently live in apprehension of the "business that walketh about in the dark." That the black population are watching, with the eye of the tiger, the political dissentions of the times, is universally believed. Upon the 4th of July, 1831, the writer was present at the celebration of the anniversary of American Independence, in the city of Charleston, when it was generally rumoured that an extensive subterraneous excavation towards the guard-house, and a plan for surrounding the churches during the delivery of the orations, had been discovered a very few days before. Numbers of the slaves are well educated men, hired out as clerks in warehouses and stores, and well informed of the events that are passing in the world. Upon the trial of the conspirators, in 1823, it appeared that the leaders were supplied with pamphlets, books, and newspapers, treating of the progress of the question of slavery in the northern states, and in the parliament of England, and a speech of Mr. King, a member of congress from the states of Massachussets, was in the hands of the mass of the slave population. That so enlightened a multitude can long remain enslaved, is not to be supposed. When the projected insurrection of 1823 is known to have been communicated to more than fifty thousand

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of the slaves, and that more than two years had been consumed in preparation, and yet that the affair was only discovered upon the eve of its irruption, it is apparent what awful unanimity prevails among the conspirators.

To liberate the negro population would evidently be a most profitable policy for these southern states. The cost of slavery is immense. The expenses of overseers, guards, troops, and gaols, weigh upon the fortunes of the planters, and prove that, under a republic, the press of taxation may be greater than under the most expensive monarchy. "The depredations of the slaves," says Mr. Coltsworth Pinkney, "amount to a third part of the entire crop of rice:" and assuredly, the loss by incendiary fires amounts to many millions of dollars per annum. Compulsory labour is of small comparative value; for it has been shewn by Mr. M'Duffie, that the profit upon the labour of an able-bodied slave employed in the cultivation of cotton, does not, at the present time, exceed the sum of 6¼ cents, or less than 3*d.* sterling per day; which sum is to compensate for the numbers of the infirm, the aged, and the young, with all the general charges of the soil. Yet will the planters die in defence of the withering system: and it is generally supposed, that the present determination to retire from the Union, is founded less upon the evils arising from the Tariff, than from the fast-approaching question of the power of Congress to emancipate their slaves. Whatever may be the issue of the present train of events, the traveller in the southern states of this great Union, sees at least these truths—that prejudice is the foulest weed that overspreads this world—that justice is our own self-interest, and liberty the best policy.

A WEEK IN LONDON—REMINISCENCE.

(*From the Calcutta Literary Gazette.*)

.....Scarcely had we planted our feet upon the ground after a pleasant morning's ride in the Oxford Defiance, when a fellow came up with a label on his hat, and a bundle of newspapers under his arm, crying "Here's Lord Grey's letter to the King on his resignation, and the speeches of *hall* the members on the ——." I stayed for no more, but slipping a shilling into the hawker's hand, grasped a *Globe*, and, pale and anxious, rushed into the coffee-room at Hatchett's. My worst fears realised! The Grey ministry defeated, and the Duke authorized to form a new administration!

My chop and pint of port discussed, and the debate on the matter of the *enfranchising* and *disfranchising* clauses read over, the first questions that occurred to me were, will the country tolerate a Wellington ministry? can *any* Government stand that does not give to the people a full and complete Reform in the representation? It needed no "ghost come from the grave" to answer *that*. I sallied out. The very streets teemed with indications of the public mind, symbols of the people's resolution, "coming events cast their shadows before," and spared all doubts as to what would be the final issue of the "Dear Duke's" exertions. *Here* might be seen a fellow selling gross caricatures of the King—*there* stood a vender of ballads, on which the weakness of 'Billy Barlow' and the schemes of the 'German *Frau*' were sung to "filthy tunes;"—*here* you were invited to a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, under the auspices of Sir Francis Burdett, Hume, and O'Connell, *there* you were solicited to sign an address to the sovereign, imploring him to recall Lords Grey and Brougham. *This* wall blazed with placards calling on His Majesty to restore his ministers—or summon the Duke of Sussex—*that* caricatured the Duke of Wellington, or reminded the country of his declaration against *all* Reform Numbers of houses exhibited hand bills, in which the owners or occupants declared that they would '*pay no taxes until the* REFORM BILL *had become the law of the land.*' Some displayed banners with revolutionary devices—others announced the sale of the 'whole stock in trade,' as "the day approached when all security of property, under a Military Government, would be at an end." The newspaper offices were crowded long before the hour of publication, and the items of intelligence which they occasionally exhibited on large placards, were received by the attendant concourse with shouts or yells according as they announced pleasant or agreeable rumours. The *Omnibusses* which bore the names of 'WILLIAM THE FOURTH' or 'QUEEN ADELAIDE,' were at once daubed over with black paint, or disfigured with paper patches:—the "King's Head" public houses reversed their signs, or substituted a perriwigged gentleman who they called 'The Chancellor.' The wax work establishment in Fleet-street presented a figure of the Duke at the window, with the *kingly crown on his head*, and "NO REFORM" labelled on his breast. Beside him stood the effigy of a Lord Spiritual in the act of preaching those words—"unmusical to Volscian ears." You did not meet a man but anxiety sat on his brow, and determination glistered in his eye. I went to the theatres. Dowton, at the QUEEN'S, was called on by the pit to alter the name of the house. At *Covent Garden* Young played Hamlet, and when he told the players to "*reform it altogether*," the house literally shook with the thunders of the audience. At the *Coburg* they acted TOM THUMB, and drew broad comparisons between the uxorious Arthur, the tyrannical Dollalolla, and the mighty Thumb, and certain existing but unpopular personages of rank.

These were the bourly indications of the popular disposition;—these were the rumblings of the volcano which needed but the signal to disgorge its destroying lava and scatter dismay around. As, however, all great public movements must be directed by a head, the excited body had decided on no particular plan of action until the House of Commons, by its glorious vote on Lord Ebrington's motion, gave evidence of its intention to stop the supplies. Then men walked with a firmer step and a less fevered brow. Lord Milton set the example of refusing to pay the tax-gatherer;—the people obeying the signal from the unknown placarders, *ran to the Bank for gold*;*—the Birmingham Political Union, the Trades and the National Union mustered in all their strength, entered protests and resolutions on their records, and prepared for a mighty struggle with the avowed enemies of the people. Many families left town. Bishops were hissed during Divine Service, men wore their hats in Church, but no violence was offered to a single Tory, nor any outrages committed which could serve to separate the cause of the mob from that of the judicious part of the community. Every individual, in short, seemed to say, 'let us reserve our anger until Royalty and the Tories have consummated their schemes for the destruction of our liberties."

At this crisis the Grey Ministry was restored, and the PEOPLE breathed again.

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* The placards ran thus:—
TO STOP THE DUKE!
GO FOR GOLD.

LAW! LAW! LAW!

CASE I.

In a case, Rowe *v.* Brenton, relating to the title of certain mines in Cornwall, Mr. Brougham expressed his opinion, that it would not be necessary to furnish copies of all the documents in the case, since one single set that had been sent to the learned Counsel weighed *fifteen hundred weight*.

II.

An answer in Chancery has lately been filed, consisting of no less than 101 skins of parchment, the writing on which amounts to about 4,300 folios, or 387,000 words.

III.

Lady Essex Ker had long been engaged with her late sister Mary, in contesting the property of her late brother, John Duke of Roxburgh, and just lived long enough to recover about 200,000*l.* of it, at the *moderate* expense of 35,000*l. paid for law!*

IV.

A cause was in 1825 decided in the Chancery Court for the value of *one hundred pounds*, which had been twelve years dormant there. The costs amounted to the *moderate* sum of 500 *l.*

V.

In the Vice-Chancellor's Court, on Chrismas-eve, the Master of the Rolls delivered his final judgment in a suit between a lady, named Threlsal, and the trustees of a school at Ellel, near Lancaster.—The cause of the dispute was two perches of land. It had been in litigation ten years, and, from the conflicting testimony, the judge confessed he never met with a more difficult case. The decision was against the lady. The costs of this long proceeding, on account of a piece of ground not worth 40*l.*, amount to between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* each party.

VI.

It is confidently said, that Admiral Tatham intends to apply for a new trial in the late Will Cause tried at York. The expenses of the last trial are said to have been 15,000*l.*

VII.

The bill filed in the Court of Chancery, by Messrs. Hoare and Co. against Mr. Goodwin, the brewer, respecting the unfair valuation of some public houses, exceeds 1,300 folios: the defendant, from its extraordinary length, obtained eight months to put in his answer. That answer, when filed, was 3,951 folios; and an application was made to the Vice Chancellor for five months, in addition to the usual two months, to enter exceptions to the answer.

VIII.

The late Charles Gardyne, of Middleton, had an interesting law-suit, some time previous to his death, with the Tacksman of the tolls, and the road trustees here, on the doubtful question whether the vehicle in which he rode was a taxed cart or a chaise, a point which made an essential difference in the rate of toll After the final decision of the supreme court, Mr. G. had the result painted in large legible characters on the back of the carriage as follows:—"A taxed cart by Act of Parliament. A taxed cart by decision of the Sheriff of Forfarshire. A taxed cart by decision of the Court of Session. A chaise, by a second division of the same court. Eight wise judges said it was a chaise. Six, not less wise, that it was a cart. It has been three years on its law journey, and at last has been obliged to stop for want of law grease." "Charles Gardyne Froick's taxed cart." Mr. G. rode in this vehicle on all necessary occasions, during the remainder of his life, and exhibited it at Perth once, during the circuit, at the George inn door, to the no small dismay of the judges, counsel, and agents, and amusement of the citizens.—(*Daily Papers*)

CHARLES THE FIRST.

IT is singular that the tribunal which condemned this unfortunate monarch to the block, did not number among its members a single individual connected with the *navy* The catalogue of those numbers consisted of 1 ecclesiastic, 14 soldiers, 8 lawyers, 3 citizens, 1 butcher, 2 brewers, 1 merchant, 1 chandler, 2 goldsmiths, 2 silk-men, 2 linen-drapers, 1 woollen draper, 1 shoemaker, 1 salter's apprentice, 1 shop-keeper, 36 civilians, without profession or trade, in all 78, being the whole of those who attended out of 150 who were summoned.

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SCHOOL OF MEDICINE AT ABOUZABEL, IN EGYPT.

At the "séance" of the Academy on the 13th of Nov. M. Clot, the founder and director of the school, accompanied with twelve of his Egyptian "élèves" was present. These twelve foreigners have been sent by the Pacha of Egypt to complete their medical education in France. Among them, some are Ulemas, and others, although born and educated at Mecca have left their homes, wives and families, to be entered as pupils at the School of Abouzabel; an occurrence unexampled in the annals of Islamism.

M. Clot, or rather Clot Bey (for he has been made a Bey by the Pacha), gave the following interesting details. "After having taken the degree of Doctor, at Montpelier, I went to Marseilles to reside, while there, I was invited to go out to Egypt as a physician; I did so, and soon after my arrival in the country strongly recommended to the Pacha, the establishment of a Council of Health on the model of that at Paris—my advice was followed, both as regarded the councils, and also the organization of hospitals in different parts. To enhance the respect due to professional men, the medical service was put upon the same footing as the military service; and the ranks in the two were assimilated. My next object was to found a School of Medicine; but what difficulties to conquer!! On the one hand how to convey to foreigners the language of a science, so full of technical terms; and, on the other hand, how to commence the teaching of anatomy in a country where the act of merely touching a dead body is deemed the most profane sacrilege. I explained my wishes to Osman Bey, who promised to communicate them to the Vice Roy; but he, although favourable to the plan, was unwilling to interfere with the religious prejudices of his people. I therefore boldly resolved to address myself at once to the Ulemas, or priests; they objected, and gave as their reason, that to cut a corpse was to inflict pain upon it; to this I answered, that if dead bodies really do feel pain, it must be much more severe to be gnawed away by worms than to be dissected by the scalpel. I also pointed out to them how necessary a knowledge of anatomy was to the right understanding and treatment of diseases, and urged the importance and dignity of a profession, at once most useful and honourable, and which would tend so much to augment the credit and influence of the priesthood. They at length consented, and forthwith I began to accustom my pupils to seeing and handling the dead body. All Cairo soon knew that dissection was practised at Abouzabel, and although the feeling against it was strong at first, reason soon overcame prejudice. At the end of the first six months, we had a public examination; and during that time were translated into Arabic, a Treatise on Anatomy, Majendie's Physiology, Begin's Surgical Pathology, the Internal Pathology, by MM. Sanson and Roche, and the works on Military and Naval Medicine by Percy and Kerandren, and also Orfila's book on the Recovery of Persons who have drowned and asphyxiated. We were obliged to coin many new Arabic words to convey the meaning of the originals; and so diligent has been the Academy of translation, that now we have a vocabulary of upwards of 6,000 words, whose meaning is perfectly understood. Attached to the school, is a class of Pharmacy and of Veterinary Medicine; and we propose to add immediately one for Midwifery, to be attended by Negro and Abyssinian women. The affairs of the school are conducted on the plan of a college, where the pupils are lodged, boarded, clothed, taught, and rewarded, at the expense of the Viceroy. Some of the pupils are Christians, and are treated quite as well as any of the others. At the time of the glorious expedition into Syria, 250 surgeons were sent from the school to join the army; and during the disastrous invasion of the cholera, the zeal, skill, and kindness of the pupils were most nobly and praiseworthily displayed. In Cairo alone 60,000 were cut off in 29 days; most of the European residents, and among these the medical men, with the exception of two or three, fled from the place. Of the 150 pupils who gave their professional assistance, 30 died. In the village of Abouzabel 900, out of a population of 1,800 inhabitants, perished. The particulars will appear in a Memoir which will be speedily printed at Marseilles.

The object of our present visit to France, is to complete the education of these twelve Egyptians in all the branches of medical science, and to improve their knowledge of the French language, in order to enable them to fulfil the duties of Professors upon their return home. The School of Abouzabel musters already more than 400 scholars; and out of these I selected 16 who appeared to be the most industrious and clever; four of them I left in Egypt to superintend the education of the others during our absence; and twelve have accompanied me to France. The Academy will much oblige me by examining and questioning them, that a correct idea may be formed of the progress which they have hitherto made."

Great applause followed this speech. M. Pariset explained the reason of M. Clot-Bey appearing in the Oriental costume:—"The Viceroy of Egypt (said he) has formed very exalted ideas on all matters of religion; and, in testimony of respect for M. Clot's great services, he has honoured him with the dignity of Bey, and requested him, upon leaving Egypt, to bear the garb and insignia of the office in France, that Europeans may know that the Viceroy can reward merit, without expecting a man to abjure his country or his religion. Thus, M. Clot, although a Bey of Egypt, remains still a Christian, and a subject of France." M. Clot added, 'that the Viceroy has uniformly treated him with the highest respect and kindness, and that he had raised the emoluments of his office, independent of those of the professorship, from 8000 to 36,000 francs.'

Post Office.—The ordinary business of each day is, in letters in the inland office alone, 35,000 letters received, and 40,000 sent away—(23,475,000 annually), exclusive of the numbers in the foreign office department and the ship letter office, and altogether independent of the twopenny post. The number of newspapers daily varies from 25,000 to 60,000 (on Saturday 40,000, and on Monday 50,000), of which number about 20,000 are put into the office ten minutes before six o'clock. After that hour each newspaper is charged one halfpenny, which yields a revenue of fully £500 a year, and of which 240,000 newspapers are annually put into the office from six to a quarter before eight o'clock.—The revenue derived from the charges for early delivery in London is £4000, and the sum obtained by the charge of one penny on each letter given to the postmen who go round with bells to collect the letters, is £3,000 a year, giving 720,000, or nearly 2,000 daily. The revenue of London is £6,000 a week, above £300,000 a year; and yet of all this vast annual revenue there has only been lost by defaulters £200 in 25 years. The franks amount in a morning to 4,000 or 5,000, or more.

Man.—Man is a very dirty creature, unless he is kept very clean. Alive, he requires a constant process of washing and scouring; his secretions are abominable; the very rheum from his eyes would corrode iron. His habitation should be built on a stream, and no morning should pass without thorough ablution; and if his employment is sedentary, every part of his frame should be braced with a spunging application of a solution of vinegar. His breath, when confined, is poisonous; too many persons in a room are every instant shortening their existence; and unless his garments are changed and purified sufficiently often, he becomes a regular hot-bed of vermin. But, suppose him not one, but a myriad, dwelling on a spot prejudicial to human life to begin with, in the midst of accumulated masses of putrescent filth, every instant exhaling steams of poisonous vapour, living scantily and on poor food, overworked, unwashed, dejected in heart, subdued, emaciated, and almost macerated by sweat, and breath, and steam: can we wonder that life is shortened? Should we not rather wonder at the extraordinary tenacity of life and vigour of constitution which can resist such a combination of mischief for years, and only exhibit its effects in a meagre body, and a gaunt and pallid face? At length, however, come fever and death, and the suffering body is turned into an inflicting mass of active evil. Instead of being removed to some solitary spot, over which the airs of heaven blow, and scatter and dilute the mischief, he is carried to rot in the place of weekly worship; where, in death, he evaporates in revenge upon society, the ill he has suffered during a life of protracted misery and privation.—*Belinaye on the Sources of Health and Disease.*

Remarkable Anecdote.—The particulars of the following very striking incident were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge; and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers:—In a sea-port town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached one Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prefatory prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leant his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came thither that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in this pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' but the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he, too, said 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark the two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men? The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, *is he who is now about to address you—listen to him.*"—*Chambers's Journal.*

Lachrymo Christi.—The noble Italian wine so called is made in the following way. The grapes are nicely cleansed, and then thrown into a cullender, the bottom of which is a strainer. The grapes are then bruised, when the juice comes away into another vessel placed under the cullender drop by drop or rather tear by tear.

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HINTS TO MEDICINE TAKERS, &c.

The modifications to which the effects of medicines are subject by reason of the difference of sex, present nothing of an important nature, except what may be easily conjectured; we therefore proceed to consider the influence of custom or habit upon the action of medicinal substances. Dr. Thomson* first considers the power of habit, as it controls the mind, and next, as it operates on the body. One of the most remarkable results to which it gives rise is, the diminution of the sensibility of the nervous system. Thus Boerhave mentions, that when Hungary water was the fashion in Holland, several females wholly lost the faculty of smell by the excessive use of the water. Again, when an extraordinary phenomenon is produced by habit, in the acquisition which it gives of a power of controlling even the process of respiration. The pearl-divers, who remain under water, and of course, without breathing for some minutes, are enabled to accomplish this feat simply by habit. From the same cause, an excessive degree of temperature may also be borne. Du-Hamel states, that the female servant of a baker at Rochefoucault was so accustomed to heat, that she could go into an oven, and continue there for twelve minutes, though the temperature was at 276° Fahr. It is to habit, likewise, that the Russian is indebted when his common bath is heated as high as 160°. Dr. Thomson thinks it needless to proceed farther with his illustrations, and deems it merely necessary to state, that there is not a vital function which is not capable of being influenced by habit.

The action of medicines is also remotely affected by difference of climate. It is well known that divisions have been established in the human race, founded upon the varieties of conformation which it presents, and which are acknowledged to be the result of peculiarity of climate in each instance.

It appears that on first landing in a tropical climate, the heat of the body of a European is raised two or three degrees. This effect produces a considerable alteration of the constitution, and increases the susceptibility to disease. This change, likewise, is only the type of that more permanent alteration which would shew itself in his offspring, for the power of the climate would materially alter the character of the children, even those immediately descended from a European parent. In the variations generated by climate in the lower animals, we have, perhaps, the most remarkable instances of its power. Sheep, in cold mountainous districts, are found with a thick covering of fine soft wool, admirably adapted to resist the severity of the region in which they are placed; let animals of the same breed be sent to any of the inter-tropical regions, and the wool will consist of only stiff coarse hair. Other examples of this effect may be seen in Dr. Prichard's *Physical History of Mankind*. But with respect to the connexion between climate and the action of medicines, it has been ascertained that great care is necessary in the administration of powerful substances to the inhabitants of a moderate climate, when they are sojourning in another, the temperature of which is higher. Thus narcotics act with much greater force in Naples than they do in England on the same person. The nervous susceptibility is increased in the warmer region to such an extent, that it has been known that a dose of henbane, which was always taken in England without any unpleasant symptoms, having been administered to the same patient in Naples, produced temporary blindness. It is proper to relate that, in this latter case, the medicine was, in both instances, derived from the same shop in England. Nitrate of silver acts in nearly the same way, when employed in a warm climate; and, upon the whole, it may be considered as a safe conclusion, that the doses suited to this country are excessive in the climate of Italy, or of any other warm latitude. Still, it must be borne in mind, that very large doses of calomel, perhaps five times the British dose, are ordered in India.

In all these instances, the change is limited altogether to the consumer of the medicine, and is therefore to be distinguished from that alteration which is traceable to the substance itself, and not to the patient. For example, the cinchona bark given in the subsidiary fever of Nagpore, during the cold season, acts almost as a specific in curing the disease; but it is so useless in the rainy season that antimony and calomel are employed as its substitutes. The chief alterations, however, in the medicinal virtues of plants, arise from the effect of transportation from one country to another, or rather, from one soil and climate to totally different ones. The meadow saffron grown in England is characterized by a principle of an acrid, bitter nature, which is regarded by the profession as a remedy of the first importance, and, in a large dose, is even a poison. But, towards the eastern part of the continent of Europe, the bulb (the medicinal part) is eaten as common food. Senna has been brought from Upper Egypt, and grown in the south of France; but not only are the external characters of the plant, the leaves especially, different from those of Egypt, but their purgative virtue is greatly decreased in comparison. There is a tree called Myrospermum Frutescens, which, when it grows in New Grenada, yields Balsam of Tolu; but, when it is found in Peru, it gives out an entirely distinct secretion, known by the title of Balsam of Peru.—Amongst other variations to which the action of plants is liable, may be particularly mentioned their age. The peculiar power of a plant is not present, generally speaking, before it has attained its maturity; and this is so truly the case in poisonous plants, that these may be eaten in their state of imperfect development. Sometimes, however, the active principle suddenly manifests itself at a given epoch of the life of the plant. A narcotic principle is obtained from lettuce, when it is old, though nothing of the sort is found in it when young. In the poppy a similar property is observed, only after the flowering is over, and the ovary begins to enlarge.

The power of habit in controlling mental operations has been already alluded to, but nothing has yet been said of the still greater influence which the mental affections possess. These may be resolved into the passions which depress, and the passions which excite; and no part of his duty is more worthy the solicitude of a physcian, in prescribing medicines, than the degree of dominion which these affections may possess upon the mind of his patient.—He should remember that vexation considerably disturbs the function of the stomach; that it interferes materially with the secretion of the juice peculiar to this organ, and may establish permanently what is called dyspepsia. Sorrow, by the final consequences of its immediate action on the circulation and nervous system, will induce organic diseases. But the emotions produced by *fear*, and its extreme degree, *terror*, have been the subject of observation almost in all ages. Philip the Fifth of Spain expired at the shock which the news of the disaster of his army gave him. Borrelli describes the case of a Frenchman, who, on some charge or another, was cast into prison. He was excessively frightened, and in the course of the night after he was incarcerated, the hair of his head turned perfectly grey. Dr Thomson had an opportunity of witnessing the circumstances of the following very impressive illustration of the effect of the mind over the body.

The death of the celebrated John Hunter was caused by overwhelming passion, and may therefore be set down as a very striking example of the power of the mind over the body. He and Dr. Pearson were disputing about some medical point at St. George's Hospital. Hunter became warm, and retired to an adjoining room; Pearson followed him. "You have followed me on purpose," exclaimed Hunter, "to be the death of me; you have murdered me!" and at that moment he fell back dead! In one of the volumes of the life of Byron, now in the course of publication, we find it stated, that his Lordship's mother died from an ague, brought on by reading her upholsterer's bills.

But the strangest fact of all is, that sudden joy is one of the most fatal disturbers possible of the human mind. Zimmerman, in his treatise on general and particular experience in the heart of healing, mentions the case of a Dutch female, who fell a victim to joy. The family were respectable, but met with reverses, and were reduced to indigence. Whilst in this condition, the eldest son, who had been some years absent, returned home with a considerable fortune, and being desirous of communicating so pleasant a piece of news to his sister in a practical manner, he presented her with one of the richest jewels. She instantly fell down, as if struck by lightning, and expired. The history of ancient Greece contains narratives of similar effects being produced by sudden joy.

A remarkable statement connected with this subject, is found in the works of one of the most learned men that ever adorned the profession of medicine, we mean Dr. Mead, who positively declares, from his own experience, that, during the memorable era of the South Sea Bubble, many more persons went mad on account of sudden prosperity than from downright ruin.

All these effects, it will be seen, are referable to nervous excitement--to a sort of spiritual, or at least, invisible process, which leaves no traces after death. If such results are calculated to surprise us, what will be our amazement when we find, that there are mental emotions which actually have the effect of producing such appearances in the chest as we constantly see resulting from acute inflammation. The disease called *Nostalgia*, or Home-sickness, which is confined exclusively to the inhabitants of Switzerland when they are sojourning in another country, produces lesions of the heart, and unnatural adhesions of the membrane which covers the lungs. The disease *nostalgia*, we may observe, is excited by the music of the national song, the *Ranz de Vaches*, against the playing of which, in the French armies, during an encampment, a strong prohibition exists, for on one occasion, before the period of the restriction, the sound of the ancient song produced a mutiny of the Swiss soldiers. From researches into the remains of those who die from disappointments in love, there is reason to conclude that they are affected in the same way as those who fall victims to *nostalgia*.

Several effects upon the constitution, which are capable of modifying the action of medicine, are attributed by our author to the imagination. The power of this qualification is familiar to most of us, but in the following case it is illustrated in a most signal manner. This case used to be related by an Edinburgh lecturer of high reputation:

A student labouring under fever asked the doctor to give him an anodyne as he had been very restless at night. The doctor replied that he had no objection to the anodyne, and ordered him one. The patient happened to be very deaf, and mistaking what the physician said, took the pill under the impression that it was a purgative, whereas it was opium. The next morning, when the attendant visited his patient, he asked him if the opium agreed with him, when, to his astonishment, the latter replied that it proved a very active purgative.

This story was intended to carry the impression to the students, that a medicine so opposed to any thing like a cathartic effect, could be

* Elements of Materia Medica, &c. By Dr Thomson.

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made to change its very nature under the influence of human fancy.

In a long passage of this section of the work, Dr. Thomson enters into the history of the effects of credulity and superstition on the mind. We shall afford space to a few specimens of the absurdities to which these irregular influences have once given rise:

If we go back to the period of Scripture history, we find that the Jews had great faith in phylacteries—a species of amulets, which are still held in esteem in India and other eastern countries. They consisted of portions of Scripture written upon vellum of a shape and size adapted to the part of the body on which they are to be worn. Thus, a phylactery for the head, preserved in the Duke of Sussex's library, consists of four slips of vellum with verses from Scripture written on each. These are separately rolled up, and placed in a small leathern bag, upon which is written the word *schin*. It is tied to the head by means of thongs of leather, so as to permit the bag to rest on the forehead. These phylacteries are called tephillin, shel-rash, tiffila of the head. Those for the arm are called shel-jad: they are written upon a strip of vellum, which is rolled up spirally to a point, and enclosed in a case made of the skin of any clean beast. They are bound upon the arm, in a situation as near to the heart as possible, by a thong which must go seven times round the arm in a spiral manner, and terminate by being wound three times round the middle finger. Coral, worn round the neck, was supposed to possess the power of driving away evil spirits.

As Christianity advanced, the clerical physicians seemed anxious to render the dogmas of the existing religion subservient to medicine; and, consequently, relics were introduced into the Materia Medica. We read that bread, dipped in oil at the shrine of St. Anthony at Rome, was believed to prevent hydrophobia in those bitten by a rabid animal; that a ring taken from the body of St. Remigius, and dipped in water, produced a drink very efficacious in fevers; and the following cure for epilepsy in children is recommended by John of Gaddesden, Walter Gilbert, and others who flourished in the thirteenth century. "When the patient and his parents have fasted three days, let them conduct him to the church. If he be of a proper age, and in his right senses, let him confess. Then let him hear mass on Friday, during the fast of *quator temporum*, and also on Saturday. On Sunday let a good and religious priest, read over the head of the patient in the church, the gospel which is read in September, in the time of vintage, after the feast of the holy cross. After this let the priest write the same gospel devoutly, and let the patient wear it about his neck, and he shall be cured. The gospel is—"This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."—pp. 85, 86.

Wax from Poplar Flowers.—An extensive landowner in Flanders is said to have succeeded in obtaining a quantity of wax, by putting the flowers of the poplar-tree into bags, and submitting them to pressure. The wax is of good quality, and has an agreeable perfume. So remarkable an experiment is worth repeating.

Hints to Travellers.—Persons exposed to the sun in warm climates shuld line their hats at the crowns with writing-paper several times doubled: they should likewise daily sponge themselves with vinegar, particularly in those countries where the malaria is likely to prevail.

Pigeon Population.—Audubon, the American ornithologist, saw, in Louisiana, a flock of carrier pigeons, the length of which he computes at 110 miles. The number of pigeons contained in one mile's breadth of this enormous flock, taking it in its length, is calculated by him to amount to 1,000,115,136,000; and the provision for these, necessary for one day's sustenance would amount to 8,712,000 bushels.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

MARCH OF THE *MINORS*.

This is surely as much an "age of bronze" or of brass, as it is an era of intellect and excitement. When all the world, from the *Poles* to the Equator, are revelling amidst the ardor of enthusiasm, in what are we delighting on this southern promontory of existence? Our "*spes bona*" is apparent no where but on the road out of town, for we are living in the most placid monotony, and driving on the old dull unvarying scene. We lack of every thing to remind us of those primeval hours of devotion, the good old days of Adam and Eve, and with the exception of an occasional Beef-steak Dinner, and a meeting of the Chasse Ennui, which seems, by-the-bye, to have actually dilapidated its own constitution, or to have departed into a swoon—a resuscitation of the Minor Institute—or an insolvency, *nolens volens*, life would hardly be supportable. In fact, it is the latter stimulant which possesses all the effect of at once depressing and elevating our bodies, as well as our mental ideas, and a monthly "smash" really has a very wonderful consequence. What a tale would a narration of the last six months at the Cape expose, under the appellation of "Six Months at the Cape," by a Visitor! Our history would really embrace much to be wondered at—a great deal more to be surprized at—and still more to know the source of its emanation. But now the winter's evenings have arrived, with all the tedium which appertaineth to them, and we are left by the hurrying hand of time to imagine our diversions and amusements. People can't be always thickening their brains over ponderous tomes, and the fashionable novels of the day, any more than eating beef-steaks four times per diem. Both must be digested. Folks, too, have left off giving their wonted entertainments, for the reason that we have so many relatives and friends, and that to invite one-third of the population of our thickly-studded town, would only be to give umbrage to another third; who, in their spirit of kindness and consideration, would give us either the cut direct or oblique. I remember a gentleman inviting a circle, when the segment of another circle, the next day, in the form of a party of Amazons, canvassed the propriety of his conduct to entertain without their presence. "Ladies," said he, "my next party shall be on the parade, which will hold all my friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, and I have no doubt my interest will obtain for me the Commercial Exchange, with the adjuncts, for a refreshment rendezvous for you all."

Matters are, however, now managed differently, and although we live and have our existence in a major age, the Solon maxim of "know thyself," exposes the magnitude of our march. In fact, we have become juveniles in name, and every thing is minor. The first "minor" is the Institute, where the spirit of black-balling, like the Demon of Darkness, lurks beneath the mask of obscurity, and commits its devastating ravages on our innocence. We really stood aghast when the annunciation of two or three white balls *only*, betrayed our unpopularity; but, like the Fox in the Fable, we from henceforth doomed the Institute, like its precursors, to oblivion. The next "minor," or rather the "juvenile," is the vagrant "*train*," which we saw in a "*ring*" on the day of debarkation, which has really, with the pros and cons, quite non-plus-ed us, and we feel quite at a loss to conceive the success of the importation—especially at such high-prices. We wish it well, however, with all our hearts, and long for those halcyon days of servitude, when the spirit, as well as the manual exertion of negering our domestic, shall have passed away. The third minor or juvenile, are the parties which bear the appellation of "Juvenile at Homes;" and which, besides cheating the dancing-folk out of their long-evening pastime, have an effect which produces arrogance, and a forwardness of manners, which we do not think at all commendable. During this season the fashion hath gone abroad to an incredible extent, and left the young ladies, who have already "come out" to drink tea-water at home, and the young men to go to bed. This is absolutely depreciating the currency, and although a grown child now and then gains a standing place, he is either bored with "parallelograms" of sandwiches, in the shape of juvenile viands, or left to the uncompromising mercy of a gouvernante, who ever and anon extracts your attention with an observation of the

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rapid improvement and manly manners of Master Augustus-Fitz-Augustus—a little urchin of about ten, who is doing the honors of his party, by providing the young ladies with partners; and who, at a later period of the entertainment, screams out—"fill your glasses, gentlemen—the ladies, if you please, *in a bumper;*" but this comes of his having been *in a fashionable Boarding School,* in which many a *Juliana-Adelaide* is so famous for instructing "the young idea." The reader will excuse this compound name, but we should not have given it if it had not been "quite correct," as well as the latter part, which is equally the "thing." Every new article carries with it the cognomen of Adelaide, including new-born babes and Kidderminster carpets, all warranted of the true pattern. We presume that the novelty strikes, and that while "Adelaide armlets" "go off," the rising world of Adelaides will go off equally well. We should like to know if Queen Dollollolah left a fashionable circle of little Dollollolahs. Really the ingenious sagacity is characteristic, and marks with a glaring index the portentous spirit of the age.

The Advertiser—The Tea Trade—and Alleged Monopoly.

The *Advertiser* has returned again to his *cups,* we mean tea-cups, good people,

"——— "the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate."

Yes—we have had another lecture on political economy, and if the reader will be pleased to take up No. 636, Vol. 9th, of the *Advertiser,* he will read all about it. This rage for free-trade and political economy will, we fear, chill our unreserved natures, and make us the veriest churls imaginable. Hence the engrossing subjects of conversation are—Malthus, Sadler, Chalmers, Martineau, and high and low prices. Even the child of the family has come to be a woman, before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chatters, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, and without infantile simplicity. And as for the boys—the schools and study are mere secondaries in comparison with bargain-hunting at sales, and retailing the purchases at so much per cent. profit. Perhaps there is no town in the universe equal to Cape Town, for its devotedness to the shrine of mammon.

But we are to have another palaver with the *Advertiser* about Tea. The opening of the trade will, it is prophecied by the *Advertiser,* give us "Bohea from 10*d.* to 11*d.* per lb." So much the worse, say we. For, ladies, be pleased to understand, that Bohea* is the refuse of all the black teas, which are not thought worthy of being packed in the tea country, and are brought to Canton in baskets, there thrown into heaps along with the refuse black teas, that have remained unsold for several years, and then packed at leisure!!! Now, the free trade is to give us this rubbish at American prices. 10*d.* and 11*d.* per lb.!!

* The word "*Bohea*" is a corruption of the word "*Woo-e,*" the name of the hills in the province of Fo-kien, where the black teas grow which are required for European consumption.

Again, says the *Advertiser*—"There is a curious fact connected with the Company's Monopoly, [Monopoly, indeed!] which has not often been considered. They are under an obligation to keep a year's supply of tea in their warehouses." So much the better say we! But, then, says our contemporary, "according to the most respectable evidence, the teas are thus much deteriorated in quality." Pshaw!—Mr. W. Thompson, an experienced tea-broker, who was examined before Parliament, stated that "black teas *improve* by keeping them two years, that they get stronger, and then there is an increased demand for them." Every farmer knows how much more valuable *old hay* is than new. What, then, becomes of this "curious fact?"

Once more as to prices in general. Do the people of England really imagine that the government of the country will sacrifice its revenues arising from the sale of tea by the E. I. Company, to please the free traders? And can the free traders vie with the Company's prices of *good tea?* If they cannot, why destroy the most respectable mercantile corporation in the world? Now, let us attempt to shew the manner in which the cost of tea is enhanced to the British public, for which the E. I. Company are so unjustly blamed. Mr. Mills, a tea-broker, stated in his evidence before the Lords, that congou tea offered for sale by the E. I. Company (by the most open competition, be it remembered,) at 1*s.* 8*d.* often fetches 2*s.* 5*d.* and other congou tea put up at 2*s.* 1*d.* has fetched 2*s.* 7*d.* Taking the first as an example, the retail cost would stand thus:

	s.	*d.*
One pound of congou put up at the E. I. Company's sale, at	1	8
Broker, for the sake of keeping up the market, which they avow it is for the interest of the trade so to do, raise the selling price	0	9
Purchasing price by the Broker's, ...	2	5
Duty levied by the Crown, ...	2	5
Retailer's profits, brokerage, &c. &c...	2	2
Shop price, ...	7	0

Thus it will be seen, that what the Company offer to sell at 1*s* 8*d.* is raised to 7*s.* before it reaches the consumer's table. In a word, if truth and reason can satisfy the public, then it can be proven that the high price of tea, so vehemently clamoured against, is a perfect *humbug,* (to use a forcible, if a vulgar expression,) and the bright visions of an export trade to China are a golden bubble, destined to be realized when the Cacique of Poyais shall take his place as the richest and most powerful potentate in the world.

As to the *monopoly* (so called) of the Company, pray let it be understood that the profits which the law permits them to acquire in this trade, are not at their own disposal! but the moderate dividend of 10½ per cent. *on their capital stock,* (about 5 per cent. on the whole capital really invested in the trade,) being *awarded* to them, the remainder is disposed of, *to the uttermost farthing, for the purposes of the State!*

In reference to the Vagrant Boys lately introduced to this Colony, the *Advertiser* touched upon the pathetic, and made the little urchins appear as the "Victims of Cruel Fate," "The Persecuted Ones."* But the *Passions taught by Truth* is, after all, much better than the fictitious pictures of the romancer. This has been clearly demonstrated by Capt. Brenton's corroborations of the statements of this Journal; and it is again clearly proven in our present observations on Bohea at 10*d.* and 11*d.* per pound!!!

Finally:—we ask, what are the advantages to be derived by the State, merely to change the persons of the trade, without adding to the total commerce of the country? Again, what has been gained in return for the free-trade export, *such as it is?* Reader, we will just shew you in a few words what has been gained. The lovers of exports, by the *forced sales* which they have obtained for their cottons in India, by destroying the native manufactures, has been the cause of misery and starvation to thousands of natives, who have been thrown out of employ, and thus re-acted with a disastrous influence on the revenues of India. And England's *cheap* manufactures—cheap, at the cost of the tears, health, life, salvation of the poor infant English factory-slave—have been as unblest in their sale as in their production. Yes! every shilling of the profits of this boasted export, has cost the *life* of, perhaps, twenty Hindoos. Again, look at the ruinous prices of British articles in India. What are we to think of British iron, for example, selling in Calcutta at a lower price than in Birmingham! But we must conclude, and sorry are we to differ with our firm supporters, we mean the Merchants; for at the Cape of Good Hope, be it known, as we have before expressed, the Merchants are the main-stay of the *Literary Gazette*—the *only* English publication in the Cape Colony. But we have to do with principles, not persons—and we are bound honestly to maintain, that there is often a species of insane delirium in mercantile speculations, which neither reason can cure, nor misfortune eradicate. Failure after failure will not enlighten the enthusiast; he may be confounded for a moment, but the passion returns with an elasticity that cannot be conquered.

——— ——— mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.

* Names of two popular novels.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CAPE.

SOUTH AFRICAN GLEN.

***A description of an extensive Collection of rare and undescribed Specimens of Natural History, collected in the Interior of South Africa. By* A. STEEDMAN. London. 1833.**

WE had the pleasure to notice some time since Mr. Steedman's Travels (of St. George's-street,) at the Cape as in a state of forwardness for publication. Very shortly, we believe, the public will be in possession of this new work on Southern Africa. In the mean time, we have been much interested by the little publication, before us, of Mr. Steedman on the Natural History of the Colony. The arrangement does the author great credit, and is quite free from that ridiculous affectation with which many Naturalists manage their descriptions in the way of endless definition and scholastic logic. How provoking to take up sundry alleged standard works on the subject of natural history, and after all the toil, and the definitions, and the hard words, and the——*see page* so and so,—to end in a reference, "Rumph. tab. 7, fol. 1."

Where the present catalogue might be amended, it would not be difficult to shew,* but it would involve a minuteness and a species of criticism quite incompatible with the objects of the present examination. We are happy to offer our humble meed of praise to Mr. Steedman for his great zeal and industry in bringing to notice his rare collection of South African specimens of Natural History to the scientific in Great Britain. This collection, we are pleased to observe, is connected with the present "Sights of London." And from

* We may just notice that No. 66, page 21, described in Mr. Steedman's Catalogue as a new species, will be found in the *South African Quarterly Journal* of 1831. The same may be observed of the *Corythaix Steedmanii* claimed by the author. It is also brought to light in the *South African Journal,* by Dr. A. Smith. We may also express our regret that Mr. Steedman has passed unnoticed the *South African Journal,* as well as our splendid Museum. This is curious enough, especially as Mr. S. was a member of the Institution. But, perhaps, the Institution did not happen (as we suspect is often the case,) to appreciate the value of its real friends. We wish with all our hearts a better temper to the Institution. There should be no proud aristocracy in the meetings of Science.

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a report of the Zoological Society, Mr. Steedman has been successful in several new discoveries. In the district of Uitenhage, Mr. Steedman procured a little quadruped, the generic name of which is that of *Cynictis*, intended to express a combination of characters, signifying an animal intermediate between a dog, or fox, and a ferret. The Society has been pleased, out of compliment to the author of the Catalogae, to describe this animal by the specific name of *Steedmanii*. Another animal, also introduced by Mr. S. proved to be entirely new to science --*Antilope Ellipsiprymnus*. It is an inhabitant of the country of the *Damaras* and *Bechuanas*.

The following notices respecting Mr. Steedman's Collection, are gleaned 1st, from the *London Literary Gazette*, and 2dly, from the *Record*.]

At the Colosseum, a new and very interesting combination of the features of African scenery has been constructed, and made subservient to a striking display of natural history belonging to that quarter of the globe. A collection of animals, birds, &c. made by Mr. Steedman, and finely preserved as if yet alive, are picturesquely disposed in *habitats* familiar to their real existence. The whole thus arranged and represented in action consistent with their nature, form a very impressive and instructing menagerie.

The Colosseum.—An interesting addition has been recently made to the usual attractions of this remarkable place of public resort. It is known under the title of the African Glen, and consists of an artificial miniature *fac simile* of a wild and rocky scene in Africa, in which a great number of wild animals peculiar to that quarter of the globe, or rather their skins well stuffed, are placed, as it were, in a state of nature. Here are the tiger, the gnu, the comelopard, the hyæna, the crocodile, and the antelope, in many varieties. Amongst others the supposed unicorn of the ancients, which, by the bye, has two horns, start out on you as it were from their dens and lurking places in the desert, while eagles, vultures, and numerous other birds, in strange form and plumage, appear above and around you on every side. Many of the specimens of both bird and beast are new to our naturalists, and therefore more worthy of attention, so that there are few places of public amusement where one could pass a more agreeable and instructive hour than in the artificial scene which Mr. A. Steedman's industay and zeal in natural history has thus so singularly peopled.

THE BEAR AND HIS GUESTS.

(To be interpreted just as the Reader thinks fit.)

A bear, who had seen rather more of the world than bears generally do, acquired a small taste for literature. He gave occasional entertainments, and selected an arch fox and a witty monkey, with whose stories and jokes he was pleased, to be his constant *téte-a-téte* guests.

One day he condescended to invite the badger, a distant relation of his own, a somewhat clever fellow, to join his little party. The supper was good and all were merry. when the bear, as usual, dropt into his afternoon nap, and began to snore. 'Methinks,' said the badger, 'this is a bad specimen of my cousin's polish, and what I consider excessively affronting; pray, is he wont to do so?' 'Even so,' said the monkey; 'but we have become so used to it, that we hardly notice it now; indeed, he rather does us a favour; for we have our *own* conversation whilst he is dozing.' 'How the fellow keeps sucking his paws!" said the badger: 'I wonder what he is thinking about.' 'Thinking about!" said the fox, 'why, he is dreaming of the apiary he once broke into; and where he got so terribly mauled by the bees—he fancies his paws honey.' 'Bravo! bravo!' said the badger. 'Or it may be perhaps, the remembrance of the sores inflicted on his feet by the hot tiles when he took lessons in *dancing*!' At this they all set up a roar to such loud laughter, that it awakened the bear, who gruffly demanded how *those* whom he had honoured by an invitation could be so impudent as to disturb him? 'Upon my honour, cousin,' said the badger, 'we did not intend to affront you, but since you are so irritable and unmannerly, you shall be informed of the cause of our laughter. We were wondering whether you were sucking honey off your paws, or only healing the blisters you got at the dancing school; ha! ha!'

Our Moral.—It is a false, although generally received maxim, that a favour is conferred on another by an invitation, both being of the same rank; whereas his company being sought, it is the *guest* who confers the favour. A good dinner or evening party, with the society of the purse-proud and ignorant, is a sorry compensation for a sensible man's loss of time. An obligation may indeed be said to take place when an invitation comes from superior rank and learning, and the visitor is treated with courteous affability.

GEOGRAPHY AT THE CAPE.

A Note from Dr. A. Smith, on the subject of his recent Tour.

KNOWING well as I do the interest you take in the promotion of knowledge, I lose no time in making you acquainted with my successes during a late journey to Port Natal and the Zoola country. On the expedition I was absent about six months, and, though constantly surrounded with difficulties and dangers, yet I have been more than compensated for all, by the great additions I have been enabled to make to my natural and geographical knowledge. The extraordinary characters of some of the tribes I visited, excited the most lively sensations, and furnished me with actual evidence of the existence of extreme *despotism*, such as I had never seen before. I think the account I shall be able to publish of them will amuse the world, and will raise the feelings of the humane, so as to suggest some means for putting a stop to the horrible practices of at least the Zoola tyrant. Every department of both the animal and vegetable kingdom offered much to attract attention, and I did not return without making an addition of many new species, particularly of reptiles and fishes. Of both the latter I may say I have obtained types for new genera, and some of them are not a little extraordinary. It is curious that, in the very southern parts of Africa, we have little of the Senegal zoological productions, but at Natal they are abundant, and though there be but little difference of latitude, yet there is considerable change in the animal forms. This discovery has set me to observe the geographical distribution of our creation, and if I can trace the causes of the changes, it may throw some light upon the natural system. The geological structure of the south east coast is also very interesting. The granite, which disappears immediately to the eastward of Cape Town, rises again near Natal; and between these points, we have extensive formations of quartzose sandstone, clayslate with quartz rock, and old red sandstone; the extent and form of those will be shewn in the geological map which I am at present constructing—*Addressed to Sir James Macgrigor.*

MEETINGS.

GENERAL Meetings of various Societies and Institutions have taken place in Cape Town during the last month: 1st. The Literary and Scientific Institution. 2d. The Philanthropic Society. 3d. The Society for an expedition into Central Africa. 4th. The Commercial Exchange. 5th. The Public Library. 6th. The Society for promoting Emigration. 7th. The Agricultural Society.

THE ADDRESS

Of the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette to Lady FRANCES COLE, *on her approaching departure from this Colony.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LADYSHIP!

In pursuing that path of duty to which we consider any Public Writer solemnly pledged of devoting his labours to the moral, religious, and intellectual improvement of mankind, we feel ourselves called upon perhaps at the expense of etiquette, publicly and respectfully to express to your Ladyship our unfeigned regret, that this Colony is so soon to be deprived of your valuable and influential example in private life, as a Christian and a *Mother*,—and in the faithful discharge of those important duties which your Station called you to perform as the *Patroness* of female Society, and the Guardian of its virtues.

With grateful esteem we bear our testimony to the unwearied exercise of Christian Charity, which has characterised your Ladyship's residence in this Colony, and which will long leave behind you in the mind of the Christian Philanthropist, a grateful remembrance of your Ladyship's worth, and of the *extensive good* which you have conferred.

May that benevolence and generosity which clothed the destitute, relieved the distressed, and instructed the Children of the humble poor, (nor forgot our brethren in bonds,) have its full reward: and that your Ladyship may live to see your amiable Family treading that path of virtue and of Christian duty which you yourself have chosen, is the sincere wish of

THE EDITOR.

FAREWELL ADDRESSES

(Which we learn through the Newspapers,) have been presented to His Excellency the Governor Sir G. L. COLE, according to the following order:

1. The Inhabitants of the Paarl, District of Stellenbosch.
2. Representatives of various Churches within the First Presbytery of the Colony, viz:
   Cape Town, Stellenbosch, Malmsbury, Hottentots Holland, Wynberg, and Tygerberg.
3. Kirk Session of the Scottish Church, "on behalf of the Scottish Community."
4. Consistory of the Lutheran Church.
5. Wesleyan Missionaries.
6. Minister and Trustees of the English Episcopal Church of St. George.
7. Inhabitants of Cape Town.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 9. Vol. III.] CAPE TOWN: MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1833. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings per Annum.*

LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

LECTURE X. By Orlando.*

THE SERPENT TRIBE—THEIR PECULIARITIES AND MIND—THEIR MORE REMARKABLE SPECIES—THE ALLEGED SEA SERPENT.

THE Serpent Tribe exhibits the animal mind in another incorporation of material particles, approaching more nearly the Lizard race than any of the preceding classes of animated nature; but yet distinguished from that, and from every other, by peculiarities appropriated to itself.—It has sufficient similarities with all, to shew that it is a part of the same general economy of animated nature; although identical with no other, it has analogies aud relations to all. It is one of the departments of the same grand empire of organized living forms and sentient beings; full of mingled beauty and terror; presenting to us a new exercise of the Divine imagination in its system of Creation; but more exclusively existing for its own enjoyment, and less serviceable to Man or to the rest of Nature, than any other Animal genera that we have been reviewing.

The Serpents have been arranged by La Cepede under eight genera; (1) each including sub-divisions and many species; (2) of which the Vipers are by far the most numerous. (3)

Though destitute of feet and wings, few animals are so nimble as Serpents, or can transport themselves from place to place with equal agility. Whether to seize its prey, or escape from danger, the Serpent moves with the rapidity of an arrow; and emulates,—even surpasses several species of birds in the ease and rapidity with which it gains the summits of the highest trees. Their size greatly varies: some are but a few inches long, while others extend to 40 or even 50 feet. All are covered with scales, or scaley tubercles; and by this analogy are connected with the Lizards and Fishes. Their brain case is constructed, in some measure, like that of the oviparous Quadrupeds; but not reaching so far back in them, scarcely defends the organ of the spinal marrow. Hence Serpents are extremely vulnerable, and easily killed by blows on that part of their head. The rest of their skeleton has a strong resemblance to that of Fishes; but from the nature of their respiration, they cannot remain long under water. All parts of their body have great force, agility, and elasticity. They are most abundant in warm and temperate regions; but increase in size and numbers in proportion to the heat and moisture, and to the freedom of their range. They have less blood than Quadrupeds, and a lower animal heat, and less inferior activity of system: and in these respects they come nearer to the formation of the insects and worms. They are more animated in times of tempest and hurricane, when the electricity of the atmosphere is in the greatest purturbation. Their sense of hearing is dull, but their vision acute. Their eyes for the most part are exclusively brilliant and animated, extremely moveable, considerably prominent and advantageously placed for perceiving the images of objects from an extensive field. They have a membrana nictitans to draw over their sight when the sun's rays are too powerful, or any injury approaches. Their sense of taste is probably of considerable delicacy, as the tongue is very slender, and divided into two points, which admit of its being readily applied to sapid bodies. They touch only by their plates or scales; but as they readily twist these round every substance, their sensations, from the contact must be numerous, and their perceptions of touch proportionably nice and perfect. They give many indications that their instincts and sensations have a superiority over those of all other Animals, except Birds and viviparous Quadrupeds.

Several species of them live quietly about the habitations of mankind, and sometimes enter their houses and fix their residence there. They destroy troublesome animals and noxious insects which they find: but are so far from hurting human beings, that they often pass over their bodies and faces when asleep, without doing any injury. They wander about the rooms with great familiarity, and often seem to choose the finest bed for their repose.

Serpents are sometimes so tamed, as even to shew stronger signs of attachment to their masters, than many kinds of domesticated Birds, or even Quadrupeds; being only surpassed in fidelity by the Dog. (4) Their length of life is unknown, and most likely differs in their various species. (5) They can exist so long without food,

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

(1) These are,—the Vipers, the Boa, the Rattlesnakes, Snakes, the Amphisbœna, the Cœcilia, Langatra, and Acrochord. The genera of Linnæus, at first only six, are now made by his later editors the same, with a mere difference of position; as he puts the Rattlesnake, Crotalus, for the first; and Coluber, the Viper, as his third.

(2) La Cepede sub-divides the Vipers into two classes: one that produces the young completely formed, 27 species; the other which emits eggs from which the young are afterwards hatched, in 169 species.

(3) To the Boa genus, 11 species are allotted; 6 to the Rattlesnakes; 24 to the Snakes; 5 Amphisbœnas; 2 Cœcilias; 1 Langatra; and 1 Acrochord.

(4) La Cepede, 44.

(5) Reasoning from their comparative growth, the Count La Cepede infers, that the great Serpents live as long as Crocodiles.

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that it is probable, like the Tortoise of Mr. White, whose eating season was the Summer, they only seek it at particular periods. (6) They have no voice, but a hiss, as their wind-pipe has no epiglottis to close its upper orifice, and thereby modify the extruded air into modulated sound. Serpents have great strength from the peculiar construction of their body. (7) They are so tenacious of life, that it is difficult to kill them by wounds in the body, or by the exhaustion of air. Severe cold only suspends the activity of their vital principle, without destroying it. The Rattlesnake can bear to be thawed and frozen alternately, without extinguishing its life or functional powers. They have been from all antiquity, and in most countries, celebrated for their great cunning or sagacity; which must be chiefly displayed in their modes of evading their enemies, or of obtaining the prey they seek for, when they desire it. (8)

Some Serpents are eminently beautiful for their brilliant colours, of which several display fine iridescent changes. (9) It is a curious distinction of Animals, which has been lately made, *that all the species of Serpents, of which the young are hatched within the mother, and which are, therefore, born alive, are venomous.* (10) This seems to be more certain than the converse of the rule, that all oviparous Serpents are not injurious.

But it has been ascertained, that the oviparous Serpents contain those species which are harmless and inoffensive. Even the oviparous Vipers have no fangs, and possess no venom. They only offer to our consideration agile movements, elegant and light proportions, and soft or brilliant colours.

(6) Audubon had a Rattlesnake in a cage, which, for three years, refused all food. It is said, that a Viper can live a year without nourishment. Dr. Shaw mentions that he saw at Venice two horned Serpents which had been kept in a large chrystal vessel five years, without any visible food

(7) This strength in Serpents is easily accounted for from the immense number of powerful levers formed by their chine and ribs, acted upon by a body almost entirely composed of muscle, which winds all around the enemy they mean to destroy

(8) Their food is according to their size and kind. Vipers take insects, Beetles, Scorpions, small Lizards, young Frogs and Moles, small Mice and Toads; the great Serpents lie in wait near waters, for Goats and Antelopes; and the Great Boa will attack, and even swallow the Tiger.

(9) The Naja is admired for the splendour of its scales, and the glow of its colours, but it is one of the most venomous Serpents of the East; and it is supposed to have some distant resemblance to the human countenance in its head.

(10) It was M. de la Borde, of Cayenne, who made this important observation

The green and yellow Viper may be seized without risk; and, after taken, it becomes docile, and can in a great degree be domesticated, and made amusive. (11) Though in its natural state it will, if interrupted, erect itself and hiss, either with anger or fear, yet it does no harm. It has been known to exhibit attachment and affectionate feelings to its human friends. (12) The Roman or Esculapian Viper, is as mild and tractable. The Lady Viper unites the same attractive temper, with a superior beauty of form and colour. The Boiga has a still more magnificent appearance, with the same acquiring gentleness. (13)

Of the other Serpents, it need only be mentioned, that the enormous Boa twists itself round calves and sheep, and goats, to crush their bones, and then swallows them whole, as common Serpents absorb a toad. (14) The dangerous Rattlesnakes are too well known to be described in this Lecture; but their pleasing sensibilities ought to be noticed: (15) and also the fact that they do not willingly injure mankind. (16) Nor will our time this evening admit of any detail as to the Genus of Snakes, nor of the remaining classes. The facts which have been selected, will serve to give a sufficient general idea of this Order of those diversified animated beings, which have been appointed to inhabit our highly variegated Earth. In Egypt and Africa, Serpent's flesh has been made an article of human food; (17) and modern as well as ancient nations have made them objects of religious veneration. (18)

The Serpent tribes with which we have become acquainted, are those which appear on land; whether the ocean contains any classes of this Order of beings is not yet admitted by modern Naturalists. Pontoppidan, two centuries ago, described a formidable creature of this kind in the northern seas; but no late navigators having met with such a one, his account has fallen into discredit, though the American and other mariners have reported similar animals to have appeared occasionally on their coasts. (19)

(11) It may be taught to perform a number of evolutions by signal. (*La Cep.*)

(12) Bomare mentions of a Viper, what seems referable to this species: it was so fond of its owner, who kept and fed it, that it often rubbed along her arms, knew her voice, came at her call, concealed itself among her clothes, or even in her bosom.

(13) In the isle of Boneo, the children play with it; carry it in their hands, and twirl it about their necks, arms, and bodies.

(14) For the most part it exceeds 20 feet in length. In Congo they are 25; In the Moluccas, from that size to 30 feet. It is venerated in Mosambique and Japan.

(15) Mr. St. John saw a tamed Rattlesnake as gentle as a reptile could be. It went to the water, and swam whenever it pleased.

(16) They have no inclination to bite, unless disturbed, and then *give notice* by shaking their rattles. (*Bing.*)

(17) Dr. Shaw says of Egypt, 'I was informed that more than 40,000 persons in Cairo, and in the neighbourhood, live upon no other food than Lizards and Serpents.'

(18) The Gentoo Indians revere the Cobradi Capello, as the Mexicans deified the Boa. Mr. Bryant has collected many notices of the Serpent worship in antiquity, in his Analysis of Ancient Mythology.

(19) Several accounts having appeared at various times, concerning a large Sea Serpent seen in different Seas, it may not be right to omit entirely to notice them. They are not of that kind which authorize the judgment to rest its scientific belief upon them, but they seem too many, and too unconnected with each other, to be wholly passed by. Future facts must be waited for, before we can conclusively admit that such an Animal exists; but it may not be unuseful to notice a few of the more recent periodical statements:—On 25th June, 1827, about 45 miles from Cape Ann, (Massachusetts Bay,) one was said to be seen by Captain White, of the *Hope*, about 60 feet long, with 3 fins on its back. It came within 25 feet.—*Salem Gazette.*——Five witnesses deposed that one appeared off Norway, on 24th August, 1827, of a dark colour. Its head, and about twelve feet, were out of water. It swam away in several bends, which had intervals of 40 feet. From these it was calculated that the whole animal was above 400 feet, and as thick as an hogshead. On the 26th August, it was seen 260 fathoms off. On 3d September again, at New Handspike. On 5th, off Lysagen.—*Christian Lett. New Times, 18th September*, 1827. This is the most extravagant account of any recent ones, and reminds us of Pantoppidan's wonders.——Don Lopez, Captain of an Havannah Steamer, reported to the Captain General of that place, that, on 3d Jan. 1830, at 4 miles from the coast, he saw the upper jaw of a great Fish rise about 16 feet above the surface of the water, with others of various sizes playing about it. About 60 feet from its mouth was a great fin or wing, 9 feet high: its tail remained under water. It suddenly sank, but rose, ten minutes farther north. It was larger than a Whale, and of a different size.—*Charlestown Courier.*——In February, 1830, a Sea Serpent was seen off the Isle of Lewis, in the Hebrides, for a fortnight, sporting in the arm of the sea called the Broad Bay. It was from 60 to 80 feet long, of a white colour, with a mane.—*Inverness Courier, March*, 1830.——Capt. Hancock described one, as seen by him in April, 1830, off St. Augustine's Bar, near Florida, his length from 20 to 25 feet; his jaws wide enough to receive a small barrel, with 4 rows of teeth; his head like an Alligator's; his fins 4 to 6 feet long, like a Seal's, and of the size of a common door; the tip of his tail sharp like a harpoon. Leaping forward to catch a porpoise, he sprang 5 or 6 feet out of the water.—*Savannah Georgian, April 23d.*——The *New York Gazette* of 2d Sept. 1831, stated, that a Sea Serpent was seen, the second time this summer, off Boar's Head, Hampton Beach, on the preceding Saturday, and was carefully observed by several persons for fifteen minutes. Such are some of the latest accounts, which seem to relate to different animals of the Serpent form; but the describers and the descriptions are not such as the cautious Naturalist would deem satisfactory authorities.

SUBJECTS OF THE NEXT TWO LECTURES.

XI. On the Formation of Insects—Their Classes and Importance—Their Metamorphoses—Their Actions and Habits—Their Senses, Qualities, Mind, and Feelings. XII. The Formation of Man—The Principle and Process of his Being—The Divine Image and Likeness—Nature of Human Knowledge—Man's Self-formation, Free Agency, and Free Will.

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THE RESPONSIVE MINSTRELS; OR, HERE AND THERE.

BRITISH YOUTH—*Scene*, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

No. 1.

High is the bearing of the soul,
In thinking of one's *Native land*,
When on the heart *Home's* feelings roll
Like waves upon the ocean's strand—
The long tried virtues of our *Sires*,
Their *manners* simple and sincere,
The *beauty* which our bosom fires,
Of our lov'd *Country-women* dear.
The *landscape* which our youth admired,
The *streamlet* which our childhood played,
The *hill* we climb'd till we were tir'd,
The lofty *oak-tree's* ample shade.—
The recollection of our home,
A father's or a mother's tears,
And *we* the cause—where'er we roam,
Can never be effaced by years.

* * * * * *

South Afric' is a great Karoo,
Fringed with *some* trees and fountains,
Above a vault of loveliest blue,
Below the *bush* and mountains.
Here parched by an eternal draught,
The greatest part is desert wild,
With stunted-nature good for nought,
Or rocks that nurse the *vagrants'* child.
There, far extended fields of grain
Wave yellow to our autumn's breeze,
And villa's gay thick stud the plain,
From eastern to the western seas.
Here, on the naked mountain's side,
Where issues forth a scanty rill,
Stands a *lone* house—a full hour's ride,
From neighbours t'other side the hill.
There man meets man at every turn,
And news is swift as *morning* gale—
For what fell out at early dawn,
Is the whole people's *evening* tale.
Here in some dell remote from view,
With *bushes* round for many a mile,
The *wild-boer* dwells in his Karoo,
Unblest with e'en a black-man's smile.
There rivers brimful all the year,
Winding and widening to the sea,
Pass town and spire from whence you hear
The joyous hum of children *free!*

CAPE YOUTH—*Scene*, GLASGOW.

No. 2.

The paradise of earthly joys,
For *me* is seen, far o'er the billow,
Where Table mountain seems to rise
From the dark waves like ocean's pillow.
When wearied with the unceasing dance
Of the untamed insatiate main,
My native shores rise like a trance,
And welcome me to home again.
When seas return to parents dear,
What was committed to their care—
Their son, the hope of many a year,
The answer kind to many a prayer.
When friends I often met in thought,
I hail within my mother's hall,
At meals of choicest food unbought,
And *fifty servants* at my call.
My country is no *waste* to me,
I *know* her vales and shady trees,
I love her lengthened plains to see,
And hear the rushing of her seas.
The deepest solitude I love
Sitting alone on mountains grand,
My own clear heavens wide spread above
Outstretched below *my native land.*
There's something felt upon high hills,
Or when alone far in the wild,
That solemnly the bosom thrills,
And charms the heart of mountain child.
When high above the haunts of men,
The mountains your companions seem,
Which rise majestic from the fen,
To greet afar the morning beam.
The *advanced guards* of earth are they,
To meet at morn the king of light,
The last to bid adieu to day,
And yield their golden peaks to night.
Then many a bright descending star,
Kisses their top and disappears,
While far below is heard the war,
By which the sea their basement wears.
Then high and lonely let me lie,
While from ravines the wind sounds drear,
And while I view the studded sky,
Eternity and heaven seem near.
The splendor and the pride of earth,
Have dwindled to a little span,
What are its joys and thoughtless mirth
Compared to *higher ends* of man?
The mountain tops are peopled sure
With spirits of a holy kind.
For *there* men's hearts and souls are pure
And elevated is the mind.
Man's splendid dwellings far below,
Seem little from the mountain's side,
When heaven and earth come in the show,—
To nothing dwindles human pride!
The engrossing interests of the day,
And all the *lust of the world's eye*,
Are *less than nothing* when a ray—
Beams on you from ETERNITY!
Hottentots Holland. E.

"LOVERS OF PLEASURE."

MODERN EDUCATION.

WHENEVER the weather is inclement, and the church-windows are unmended, and

"Rheum and Catarrh"

prevail, we *read at home*. The other day, a volume of good practical discourses, by a reverend gentleman,* attracted our attention, and that discourse in particular on pleasure, or some similar subject, afforded to our minds a good deal of instruction. We were right glad to find that the Pulpit had taken up the subject, because we happen to know that many good people at the Cape are alarmed at that new order of things connected with modern female education, which has introduced so inordinately among *the young*, either in practice or example, the aids of the fiddler and the dancing-master. Not only these,— their concomitants of

"Silks and satins, scarlet and velvet,"

do most cruelly invade the family purse. The increasing insubordination of children is one of the lamentable signs of the times; but does not this arise from the modern system of early introduction into life—from the shew, finery, juvenile associations, and fashionable boarding schools? Louis the XV. once asked an old courtier which age he preferred, his own, or the present? The answer was—"Sire, I passed my youth in respecting old age, and I find I must now pass my old age in respecting children." And so we would respect and love them, and wish them all manner of *happiness*, as we sincerely do—but this is quite distinct from *pleasure*, for we are led to think that in this world no two forms are less alike than those of pleasure and happiness. Young reader! remember that it was the declaration of the greatest and the wisest of men, when he took the whole world for his large but barren text, that "all is vanity." This, recollect, was not the verdict of a hermit, railing from his cell at pleasure untasted, or at grandeur unenjoyed. No! all upon which he so pathetically preached, he had seen with his eyes—heard with his ears—and in his widely-roving search had experienced in his own disappointed mind, and felt in his own aching heart. Again—*mere* amusement of whatever kind, is confessedly a subordinate concern in life, and sorry are we to find these secondary matters made of *primary* importance in some of our schools. But, then, only think how the dear young creatures enjoy themselves! How brimfull of pleasure each one is — how joyous — and what other substitute system of irreproachable austerity do you propose, inquires an objector? It is an ordinary mistake to imagine that pleasure is great only when it is vivid or intemperate, as a child fancies it more delightful to devour a pound of sugar at once, than to eat an ounce daily in his food. It is happily and kindly provided that the greatest sum of enjoyment is that which is quietly and constantly induced. None possess the nature of true pleasure so well, or possess it so much, as those who find it *within their own doors.* If it were not that the *modes of education* are at present opposed to this truth, multitudes would seek enjoyment, and find it here, who now *fancy* that they never partake of pleasure, except in scenes of gay association and diversion:—

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
—At home, sweet home!

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our quiet lot.

(Dr. Cotton.)

This subject is worthier of far more attention than is in our power to bestow on it, and we leave it to the attention of any Correspondent who may be inclined

* "Practical Sermons," by the Rev. Dr. Okes.

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to dilate on it. In the mean time we may throw out two or three hints as it regards the education of boys. There is, we take the liberty of thinking, a strange want of adaptation in our scholastic institutions to the production of a character at all answering to the christian model: none of our modern methods lead to it: *discipline* is out of the question. The *eye of the master*, or the good old-fashioned *watchfulness of the usher*—even in going to church, or walking the fields, are unknown among us. The *purlieus* of our College discover the unfitness of that situation which has been chosen for a Public School. Then, again, the great truths of our national faith are not recognized within the College walls: we mean they are not taught. Let us be perfectly understood—we are not finding fault with the Teachers; the *system or the situation* are none of their selection or seeking. The machinery may be good for the production of classic literature; but to the formation of habits, the inculcation of principles, and the government of the heart and conduct after the model of that system, which in our creeds and sacred offices is held forth as the only sure and saving system, there is not in our public school any adequate means in existence, to bring about results so important. So far from it, the boys are left, in their commerce with each other, to the guidance of their own wills and feelings. These intimations are thrown out with the purest intentions—they may be also applied by way of caution against the dangerous inroads of modern science—all those systems which exclude religious instruction and merely introduce a vain philosophy—"the dry bones of her diagrams, and the smoke of her furnaces."

THE REMINISCENT.—No. 5.

SHERIDAN,—BYRON,—SHELLY,—SHERIDAN'S DREAM, ETC.

ALMOST every month the periodical Press still continues to turn up fresh ground as it regards that extraordinary man—Richard Brinsley Sheridan. I became acquainted with Sheridan in 1810, and witnessed the closing scenes of his mortal existence in 1816. Nay, more—was enabled to purchase his dead body from the hands of a merciless creditor, whose *law officer* watched his victim even to his bed-side. It is, I think, a great misfortune that Mr. Moore should have become the Biographer of Sheridan. He knew not the man. Professing to be a friend, he has done much injury to the memory of Sheridan. He tells us that Sheridan died considerably in debt. It is not the fact. No man resided for a series of years in so many and repeatedly-exchanged *ready-furnished* town and country houses as did Sheridan. He always paid his rent with punctuality—but during his eventful life he was generally the victim of rapacious servants, prowling *duns*, *unjust* demands, and hungry hangers-on. In other respects, Sheridan was careless of money to a proverb—hence, I verily believe for the space of twenty years he paid *forty shillings* in the pound.—The last days of Sheridan were his best days. This does not seem to have been acknowledged by any who have attempted his moral portraiture. The truth is, Sheridan lived in great retirement towards the latter part of his life. My first knowledge of Sheridan was accidental. He had been paying a visit to the distinguished William Roscoe, of Liverpool. He had strolled to the village of Everton, and was unattended. Here, in a pleasant garden, the Reminiscent was busily engaged in transplanting a few evergreens, when he was accosted by a stranger, who begged permission to rest awhile on a rustic seat just at hand. Here he discovered a book, entitled "Fragments in Prose and Verse, by Elizabeth Smith." He seemed much delighted in turning over its pages, and after the expiration of an hour, he handed me his card, and begged the loan of the "Fragments." Never on any occasion do I recollect his remarkable eyes of a dark colour, and shining as if fire came from them, similar to this. We became friends, and I had the pleasure to occasion his reading, for *the first time* in after years, books which became his favourites, viz:—Cowper's Life and Poems, Foster's Essays, Montgomery's Poems, Pascal's Thoughts, Butler's Analogy, &c. &c.

But I am now to record one or two remarkable anecdotes. On the banks of the Thames (Isleworth), Sheridan occupied a beautiful villa for the summer months. A dinner party of some distinction was assembled on a beautiful Sunday in June. Lord Byron, Shelly, Peter Moore, Tom Sheridan, and others, were among the guests. There was also a remarkably fine youth, the son, if I recollect aright, of the celebrated *Dog Jennings*. Sheridan discovered some degree of mortification at the non-arrival of a guest, Mr. ———' a gentleman having the care of a nobleman's son in the neighbourhood. He was a man of genius, endowed with great metaphysical acuteness. He was, moreover, unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural subjects: he knew every plant by its name: was master of seven languages—in a word, was an elegant scholar, and had distinguished himself over every competitor at Cambridge, and had carried off each prize.

Just at the moment of dinner, a letter was received by Sheridan, containing an apology for the absence of his expected guest—the scholar in question. Sheridan perused the document with emotion, and, handing it to the Reminiscent, begged him to read it aloud. Conceive the astonishment of this distinguished party when they heard as follows: *

Sunday, June 20th.

Dear Mr. Sheridan,

Amongst the great number of characters with whom I have had dealings in the world, I can with truth say, that I have never met one with a heart so much extended by large philanthropy as your own. The soul of friendship and good good humour dwells in you. On this account, as well as on the usual principle of urbanity, I must frankly confess, that I should be extremely grieved to offend you by lack of friendship on my part—much less could I suffer indifference to waste away our acquaintance.—You will wonder at this prologue—to the question then. Had I possessed half a grain of self-command, I should never have promised to you, what on reflection I could not easily perform. You took me by surprise—*I cannot dine with you to-day!*

Having walked extensively among mankind, and read also somewhat of their doings in past times in History, I have gathered acquaintance with the nature of Good and Evil. I have seen happiness pursued by various means, and *disappointment*, the upshot in so much, that the search is almost given up as chimerical. It's strange that this should be an universal wreck! I feel a conviction that it is *not!* To live with God in the world *is* happiness. To live without Him—certain ruin! Under these impressions, I propose spending every future Sabbath of my life, in a manner worthy the honour of the Supreme Good, and in strict conformity with my baptismal vow and christian calling. You may inquire—why was not this done last Sunday, and many other Sundays? True—but the conflict between duty and pleasure is often severe and terrible. I have been long the victim of the mental strife—the soul's contendings—have fallen and *risen*—fallen and risen again. If I were to attempt to describe to you the anguish of my mind when it is at enmity with God, or opposed to His law, I should certainly fail. I have come to the certain conviction that woe is me if I attempt to live without Him. My internal condition is not the only cause of my desired reform. I have, and with God's goodness, shall have for some years the management of ———'s education. The man who would instill good principles, *must have them himself*—all else were empty vanity—*tinkling cymbal or sounding brass.*

Farewell! and believe me, that the period will never come, when that which concerns your welfare in life, will prove a matter of indifference to

Dear Mr. S.
Your faithful and sincere friend,
* * * *

No sooner was the reading concluded, than one of the party exclaimed—'*this is cant with a vengeance!*' Sheridan

* The original letter is in the possession of the Reminiscent.

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interfered, and hoped that the christian motives of his absent friend, as explained on paper, would not destroy the equanimity of any gentleman's temper then present. It had, however, this effect—there was less of revelry, and more decided intellectual converse than on any other occasion of Sheridan's dinner parties.

Several of the guests retired rather early to sleep at Richmond. Tom Sheridan, with Shelly, Lord Byron, and young Jennings, were to *boat it*, with three others, the next day by six o'clock, for London: they did not leave the house. Sheridan arose from his bed, in a state of great mental anxiety, by four o'clock in the morning. He awoke his son, and other guests, praying them on no account whatever to proceed to London by water. Said he—

"Shadows to-night
Have struck the soul of Richard."

I do not like my dream—I pray you listen for once to my serious advice—give up the boat scheme to London." All obeyed the request with the exception of young Jennings—he, with the three others, took to the boat at six o'clock—two hours after this, they were run down by a coal-barge, and every soul perished!

ANECDOTE.

When Capt. Owen, of H. M. S. *Leven*, visited Cape Town some few years since, he met with a youth of good family, but in circumstances which seemed to require some pecuniary aid. Capt. Owen provided the means of assistance, which the youth declined to accept. Capt. Owen discovered at once the secret of the rejection, and addressed him a letter, from which the following is an extract:

"Remember, that he who is too proud to be able to humble himself to accept a kindness, wants the first character necessary to his ever becoming a benefactor. And depend on it, the sacrifice of our *Self Love* on the altar of *Humility*, is more admirable and praise-worthy than the sacrifice of our whole fortune and hopes to obtain an elevated position among men—call it by the name of *independent spirit*, or what you will. There is such a thing as a becoming pride—but there is a *false pride* which has been the ruin of thousands. Concealment is the bane of friendship, and often leads to destruction. Too many of our race, from this false pride, conceal their difficulties, endeavour to extricate themselves by unlawful means, and perish!"*

PIC-NICS—VISIT TO PARADISE, &c.

I am not exactly a follower or a disciple of Epicuris, nor am I one to think ill of that heathen philosopher, although much hath been argued, as my grandmother used to say, on both sides, in the patriarchal style which the good old dame had of constantly twiddling those fifth part of the hands, called thumbs,—a practice which she constantly observed while engaged in a domestic duet with my grandfather; who, good old soul, would quietly sit and murmur, "res tuos agos," though the aged sire dared do nothing more. Yet we confess ourselves to be something of a bon vivant, which you will believe when we impart to you our extreme predeliction for what is termed a pic-nic, a South African pic-nic, which is none of your pic-nicing where a body of aged matrons, after devising a plan to "surprise the young people," and fix upon a bad day, and a still worse spot, to feast upon a dozen legs of cold roast mutton, which their prudent foresight had not anticipated amidst all their conglomerations for the gratification of the aforesaid young people; and where the paucity of table gear has, through the same notable arrangement, reduced you to the necessity of dividing the sinewy flesh with the aid of your fore-fingers and your fore-teeth. We remember in that part of England called London, a pic-nic incident that occurred, which we must relate *ex officio*, by way of precursing the different style we have of conducting such terrestrial enjoyments at the Cape. A fine day and a fair tide, had brought us to Richmond, when, upon one of the islands, weeping in willow solitude, situate in the middle of Father Thame, we deposited John, with all the edibles, for the purpose of affording that useful member time to bleach the table coverlet on the grassy plain, and spread the numerous display of viands, which we had formed a plan to devour upon our return from the park. The last culinary article that was reposed on terra firma, was an asthmatic pair of lungs, commonly called bellows, expressly devoted to Matinées, but which, by reason of the wear and tear of their constitution, augured no good. Be sure, said one of the party upon seeing the old revivers, to get some water boiled, John,—for I can never do justice to these little excursions without the aid of a little Hyson; and if, while we are gone, you can hook a fish or two, so much the better. John responded in the affirmative, and a few long pulls brought us to the shore. A lounge in the park had its luxuries, but the scenic display of a cold collation would have been more effectual in exciting the passions, than the scenery of Richmond Hill. The pretty view of the church, and the sublimity of the devious stream, as it glided through the distant Kingston, was observedly lost to our vulgar eye; but nature, who was ill disposed to let us pass scot free, gave, as the sequel will propound, a Roland for our Oliver. Every eye on our return, as we pushed from the shore, seemed inclined towards the island, though in one coup d'œil every one failed to discover the object for attraction. Surely, remarked an old lady, whose vision had been somewhat obscured by age, John has not eloped with the island. Really, madam, exclaimed one equally perturbed, it appears very much like it. A younger member of the party was perfectly of their thoughts, and was confident that John had found the island some water nymph, who had in their absence persuaded him to remove to Gretna, asthmatic operatives and all: in fact, John was *suspectus de fuga* by every one. By this time the boat had reached the weeping boughs, and to our unanimous comfort no nymph had bestowed her carressive persuasions upon the object of our attention; for there, like England's King in the Forest of Fairlop, was John, perched in the uppermost bough, while a fellow branch supported the edibles, which had been promiscuously collected in the clean damask that now oscillated, in intermundane glory, to the breath of the pervading breeze. John, who felt not

———"His valour cow'd
As Anthony's was by Cæsar,"

was engaged in dropping the raw hook, by no means to comply with the last parting wish of the aforesaid old damsel, "to hook a fish or two," but to collect the semilunar handle of the mustard-pot, which, in his exalted precipitation, he had left behind, and which, through the lucid waters, he could clearly discern. The common sense of all now suggested in a dozen intonations, our error in visiting the island at spring tide, and having rescued John and his charge from their perils by water, we rowed to the shore, where the huddled provisions being re-spread, our famished stomachs did honor to the repast. We are rather of the opinion that the incident gave a zest to the day's amusement, and caused us to be even more assiduous in our gustful devotions; the old lady, too, was rapacious without her favorite Chinese mixture, though she observed, *de gaieté de cœur*, that there would still be time to boil a little water during the meal.

If such an incident is not usually the companion of a pic-nic at home, some other equally agreeable is, and what with horrid wet days and assembling the party, the anticipated enjoyment is greatly diminished before the looked-for time arrives. In England, the uncertainty of weeping clouds at all times renders a fête champetre precarious. At the Cape, during the summer months, we have only dry clouds bursting with southern winds, and as these bring no rain, a fair day can generally be ensured. It is the custom at the Cape, as well as in every other country, to start the "thing," which is usually accomplished by a confederation of "elders," who soon knock it up. A number of

* The original is in the possession of the Editor.

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young people are named as always ready to participate in bringing their proportions, as well as their personal incumbrances, and so many young ladies who will, with "smiling morning face," ensure that the amusements of the day shall be heightened by the sweet elixir of their presence. A few evenings anterior to the anticipated time a rehearsal takes place, when all the requisitions for the event are embraced in slips of paper, and deposited for the ballot—though black-balls bear not a portion of the expected feast. You then extract the morceau with its hidden contents, when right well glad are you if it contain a turkey or two couple of fowls, instead of two four-wheeled vehicles, with sixteen cavellos, for the conveyance of the ladies, or a 3-dozen hamper of Chateau Margaux. On the previous day every thing is sent to the lady, from whose house the cavalcade is to depart at 6 o'clock the following morning, who most kindly classes the consumption, and adds every thing which has been omitted. Linen, plate, salt, pepper, mustard,—"fifty little things to make the thing go off well,"—and a goodly addition of parfaite amour, gold water, pickles, and confects, so deliciously preserved in Southern Africa, all devolve upon the mansion lady, who really has no sinecure of it, and who, during the interval, becomes almost separated, *a mensâ et thoró*, from her family.

And now, reader, we will apologize for this being rather an essay on a matter, than a full description of a Cape feature; and our reason is, that you should attend a pic-nic in *propria persona*, when you will be able to complete the dissertation by judging for yourself of the degrees of happiness exhibited, and the various characters who may be present, and which we can assure you are as ample as the different hues of the wigged Barristers of the Supreme Court,—some of the younger branch of whom do not spoil their countenances by incasing their upper regions in wigs, more like mops than perukes, and are content with an occasional wigging from the other region — the Bench. However, for the present we must content ourselves to try at the same time to pacify you by introducing you to "Hermon's Heights and Missar's humbler Hill,"—to one of the most picturesque and romantic spots which we were ever in, and which, from its transcendant sublimities, has procured to itself the patriarchal name of Paradise. Paradise at the Cape, though not our Eden of old, teems with scenic grandeur. It is private property, but that matters not, as the proprietor generously permits a "right of way" to all such as may be thither inclined. The road through the vista of aged oaks at Newlands, the former residence of a Governor, though not in the best repair, is of itself an avenue to the magnificence of Paradise. After riding about 20 minutes, Anglicè 2 miles, the scene of beauty commences, and the halt of the caravan at the base of the ascent, prepares you at the same time for the picturesque, and an appetite for your breakfast. A winding path, bounded by Proteas and various shrubs, is sufficiently elevated at about 200 yards, to afford a most expansive view of the Cape Downs—an extensive sandy plain—Simon's and Gordon's Bay, Hottentot's Holland Pass, and, on a clear day, the reposing Stellenbosch and Blueberg Farms. A more elevated ascent displays the surrounding country which lies for several miles beyond the deserted stillness of a barren waste. In performing the devious path, you ever and anon startle from its resting-place the rich plumed sugar-bird, (though here a bird of Paradise,) and its aeriel companions, and occasionally arouse the deer from its lair, which, at the approach of man, bounds high over brake and briar into the mountain's perpendicular height. The ultimatum, or place of rendezvous, is introduced to your sight through a narrow entrance skirted by poplar-trees, when the first object which greets your sight is the grateful spreading of cookables and cooking utensils, with a whole phalanx of domestics rearing *such* a breakfast as will satisfy the egregious appetites of the already famished *coterie*. Conceive, for a moment, the state of internal excitement and disquietude which takes place after the body has been in ascending motion for three diurnal hours before its usual time, and during that period in climbing a hill as steep as a modern stair-case, with two ladies gently reclining on either arm, who gradually indicate to you, by a gentle addition of weight, the steepness of the way. One a married lady, too, who, with her earliest-born pulling at the tail of your coat, *en badinage*, and puffing like a grampus. We always on such occasions, as Mawworm says, defend ourselves with a jacket.

This, then, is modern Paradise;—the ancient we leave to those who travel more eastward,—the destination, during the summer months, of all pic-nic-ing tribes, embracing every hazel shade, and in winter strewn with the yellow poplar-leaves, and presenting the prototype of barren and desert despair. We have often sat at the feast, and mingled with the lovers of well-cooked viands, and therefore are enabled to pourtray the great and direful contrast.

All, in the winter season, is still as death, and the ragged ruins seem, as it were, to remind you of the devastation which time and decay has committed upon the secluded pilgrim's retreat, where the haunt of busy man seldom actuates him to disturb the solitude of an hermit, whose morning orisons would never be interrupted by aught under the canopy of heaven, save the ærial tribe who domesticate, and find a secure retreat from mankind within his benign influence.

We will, however, introduce our reader to our assembled company, who have all gained the summit of their ascent, as well as the acme of their intentions; who have performed their labors upon a substantial breakfast, and have rambled in pairs and in trios, in units and in groups, to pass away those hours of relaxation which happily intervene between breaking the fast and stuffing to repletion. Many a pair may be seen standing in converse sweet, while a knot of the parents of the feast may be observed sitting around a stump of aged wood, discussing the importance of sublunary matters, and a bottle of Saint Julienne. An hour too much at any time is an admitted bore, and therefore, we will, during that period, suffer ourselves to be obliviated behind the steam produced by the cooking utensils, and mutually relieve each other by imparting to you that the hour of commencing an attack upon the feed has arrived, and that the temporary table is already groaning beneath the prepared delicès. Think not that your Gaulic vanities present themselves—none of your a la soubise à la mainteuon, or your à marengos, which almost give one the sciatica to comprehend—none of your entrées and your entremets, or your hors d'œuvres; none of your soup maigres, soup potage, potage à la Julienne, potage a croûtes, or such infernal sorbile esculents,—but a well enacted and ordained table, suited to encourage one's gastronomical progress, *usque ad nauseam*, and sinking beneath viands of every description, and resting so near the mother earth, as to obstruct all possibility of intruding your legs beneath. This you would augur to be by no means agreeable, but rest assured that the reverse is the fact, although the ladies manage to make the best tables, *ex necessitate*, or rather out of their laps. At one end, some goodly senior insinuates a soup-ladle into a tureen of fowl curry, which he spills into the soup plates as they are advanced, while his neighbour labors with indefatigable industry to carve its concomitant—the rice; both of which operations are usually managed *without* destroying a neighbour's habiliments. The vis-a-vis, or croupier, echoes the supply, and a brisk application to the introductory matter ensues. But while curry soup, by no means soup maigre or soup Julienne, is disappearing, we will cast a glance at the intervening dishes which make up the line of gustation. Pray, ma'am, what stands before you? These, sir? these are carbonatjes; and what are carbonatjes, we muttered, being as yet in our noviciate. Why, sir, I believe the English call them mutton chops; the French, mouton à la chemise; and the Africanders, carbonatjes: and those long bits of wood, like a stick of cherries, embracing alternately a piece of fat and a piece of lean, of a globular or square conformation, which really appear in "*parata executio*" for one's dentilization—pray what dish may that be? That dish, said a lady opposite, is not very *recherchè* with the English, though much esteemed by those who get accustomed to our tastes, and, I believe, of eastern origin, and is called in India *Cabobs;* we, however, have given it the name of *sasaitie*, as being softer,—allow me to recommend it with a little rice. Sasaitie, or Cabobs, is really no despicable eating. Then follow, in succession, fowls, hams, pasties, side dishes, with all the leguminous matter; pickled peaches and pickled rattan or bamboo, with numerous stores of acidities and limes; stock fish or old *crackers*, alias leather breeches; custards, pies, tarts, fruits, teas, coffees, cakes, and wines of every description, including *good* Champagne (if the man who has been doomed to provide that commodity happen not to be a Bacchanalian dealer,) and Chateau Margaux. Every one makes himself at home; every mouth is employed, and the utmost good will and cordiality denominates it at once a rustic and a primeval gathering. The ladies, too, ensure the going off of the thing well, by looking all pleasantry and peace, while the younger men gradually assume their different hues of countenance and expression, as the influx of vinous matter operates on the morbid system. Some rise into bold hilarity, while others begin to wear the care-worn countenance of continuous thought: such are the opposite effects of deep potations. Many an one cracks his joke and tells his lengthened tale, while his neighbour performs an analogous attack upon an adjacent decanter, having told the number of glasses full which, at the commencement of the meal it contained, but which, in consequence of his duplex vision, or being *entre deux vins*, appears nought but an unintelligible vacuum. Upon the departure of the ladies the illimits of the tongue break forth,—all the iron braces of restraint burst asunder, and women and wine alternately attract the listening auditory. The "Ladies," and "those whom we like best," are drank with reverential enthusiasm, and the different intonations of music's charms break in upon the listening ear. Dutch, English, French, German, and Swede, with every nation's "nationale," by turn gains its ascendency, which never fails, however execrable, to be commented upon by the unanimous response of "Mr. ——'s health and song." However long before the younger branch of the party are ready for a removal, having got immersed in the quagmire of a second comprehension, the agitation of the younger females of the party is displayed by the awakening sounds of an itenerant imp of Apollo, who, with his kit, found his way amongst the kit of *mahogany* on the hampers of edibles, but now, alas! most fairly masticated—*sic transeat gloria mundi*. The damsel's are perceived enjoying a quadrille to themselves, which *la bonne politesse*, as well as *la bonne volonte*, requires to be disturbed, and each selects his cara sposa to tread in fragile unison the ground beneath. In a few minutes all is upon the most proper footing, and while the fantastic toe is wearing nature's rugged mantle out, the refuse of the viands, with all the paraphernalia, is re-packed, the horses inspanned, and nothing left but quietly to walk down the steep hill to rejoin the resting cavalcade, and be driven home as temperately as the affected heads of the drivers will permit Instances are upon record where the reins have been assumed by higher hands, and the "overcome" obliged to retire to the regions behind,

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Upon the arrival at home, a dance generally winds up the diversities of the day, and a good night's slumber prepares every one to resume those hours of industry which the relaxation received, only the better capacitates him to embrace. * * *

LITERATURE.

Treatise on Happiness; consisting of Observations on Health, Property, the Mind, and the Passions; with the Virtues and Vices, the Defects and Excellences, of Human Life. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman, Rees, and Co. 1833.

THE title of this work scarcely imparts any description of the extent and variety of its contents: for it may be regarded as a very large collection of arguments and facts; arranged and digested in such a manner as to serve to illustrate some of the principles which govern men in the ordinary transactions of life. A production executed upon such a plan as this, cannot fail to excite, wherever it is read, a conviction of its utility; because, in developing as it does the nice shades of human character, in penetrating and defining the latent springs of human action, it exposes to the most common capacity the surest means whereby a fault in conduct may be overcome, or a virtue be acquired. But the advantage of such a resource for the mind as this, does not consist merely in the good which it may enable us to do ourselves, but it is also highly calculated for the office of a great moral benefactor of the society in which we may happen to be cast. We have in these volumes a great multiplicity of examples, good and bad; the estimation of the history of which must prove immensely profitable to those who will take the trouble, and who have also the ability, to apply the circumstances of such cases to the familiar occasions of private life. These general remarks on the nature of the work, and of the account of its contents we shall endeavour briefly to illustrate.

After a chapter of preliminary remarks, in which the author comes to the conclusion, that a tolerably good portion of health, a moderate income, a cultivated mind, and well regulated passions, are the chief constituents, in general, of earthly happiness, he proceeds to develop in detail the circumstances which are comprehended within those general constituents. He begins with an account of the nature of the human body. In the chapter on this subject, he considers its popular anatomical and physiological relations, and dwells on the beautiful proofs which its mechanical construction exhibits of the providential adaptation of means to their end. From the consideration of the mere individual, man, the writer extends his remarks to man in the aggregate, and contemplates him in his distribution over the globe, and the varieties in his race, which are to be attributed to the influence of diversity of climate.

The preservation of health forms, by a natural transition, the subject of the ensuing chapter after that upon man; and here we have an elaborate and carefully written review of the nature of food in ancient and modern times. The substances used for food, the proper quantity under different circumstances, and many other points connected with the preservation of health, form the themes of a very important chapter, highly worthy of attention for its practical hints. The same observation applies to the next chapter, that on clothing. With respect to the latter practice, we are altogether disposed to adopt implicitly the opinions of the author upon the rules recommended to be employed in the choice and change of clothes. But there is no part of his advice which we are more inclined to inculcate, than that respecting the very impolitic indulgence which some persons allow themselves in clothing. James, Duke of Ormond, we are told, had ten different kinds of clothing for every day's wear; they consisted of woollen and silk, and these were either simple or quilted, so as to present every gradation of thickness. During the changes of the weather, he was in the habit of endeavouring to accommodate his garments to the state of the day: but it is perfectly evident that the whole of his time must have been devoted to the task, provided that he succeeded on all occasions in having on the garments that were suited to the particular state of the atmosphere to which he was exposed. But a still more whimsical case was that of Cosmo II, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who, thinking that the only preservative of health was the equal temperature of the head, kept in his chamber a quantity of night caps, which he put on or off, according as the thermometer, which he constantly watched, indicated a rise or fall of the mercury.

We pass over the chapters on Air, Temperance and Intemperance, Exercise, and Sleep; not that much which may be deemed useful and important is not to be found in these chapters, but because their contents are comparatively better known than those of the portions of the volumes which we have yet to consider. The chapter on Dreaming contains nothing in the way of novelty: it is, indeed, an exhausted subject, and may be very well described as being incapable of any further elucidation. In the chapter on Wealth, there are some very judicious observations on the qualifications which must be associated with industry, so as to make the latter successful. The industrious man, in order that he may go through his undertakings with the desired effect, must be punctual, prudent, and economical; and it is the presence or absence of these three, or one of them, which makes one man prosperous and another unfortunate. If a person be engaged in any calling, and pleased with it, he should pursue it steadily; he should not be elated to-day and downcast to-morrow; nor should he be indifferent to his present advantages, but anxiously looking for success in future. Of all things, our author recommends that a speculative castle-building disposition should be avoided. They who cultivate a taste for speculation seldom prosper, as they of course never can make use of that essential instrument of profit, perseverance. We entirely concur with our author in the following remarks:

If a man purchase articles of merchandise, and anticipate the amount of his gain, he is greviously disappointed if he does not obtain it. But having received a pleasure from the anticipation, he will be inclined to consider the matter as settled; while the dull and slow process of realising his expectations will appear exceedingly tedious. The actual gain of a shilling, by an engagement attended with labour, will appear tiresome to that person who has calculated on hundreds of pounds without labour. On the other hand, if this speculative fancy has been checked, the consciousness of obtaining a small profit, cheers and stimulates a man to the performance of his necessary business.

Some persons are continually changing from speculations, which they have scarcely tried, to something which is still more unlikely to prove successful. But novelty is the bait; and any thing will do which presents this tempting snare. They risk the substance for the shadow. Like the "camel driver" of Collins, they will leave a certainty for an uncertainty; and then, with him, they may exclaim,—

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz's walls I bent my way."

A person, therefore, who would move on smoothly, must not be very sanguine or speculative. He must look to the present time for his labour, and its results; and he must look to the future for a continuation of his engagements. He must not be dispirited, but he must buffet the waves of adversity, and climb up

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the precipices which impede his progress. Locke, in his Treatise on Education, observes, that "this brawniness and insensibility of mind is the best armour we can have against the common evils and accidents of life; and being a temper that is to be got by exercise and custom, the practice of it should be begun by times,—and happy is he that is taught it early."

Many persons foolishly increase their unhappiness by a thousand fears and anxieties; and not unfrequently by an officious interference with the affairs of others. If, however, a man be proceeding badly, it will afford him but a sorry consolation to discover that others are doing no better; and if he is proceeding successfully, why should he be envious because others are doing as well? Has not one person as much right to obtain a maintenance as another? It is certainly much better for a man to mind his own engagements, and not to make himself anxious about those of others. If he attend to his own concerns, he may go on prosperously; but a continual attention to the business of his neighbours, with envyings and oppositions, will never assist him in his progress.—pp. 159, 161.

Industry, in the succeeding chapter, is contrasted in its effects with idleness. There are few qualifications of more utility, or that come to us more recommended by high authority, than this one of industry. The famous Duke de Sully, the minister, told the court that he had no leisure for amusements: he rose at four daily. Michael Angelo laboured during the night, sometimes going to bed with his clothes on, merely for a short time, and rising again to resume his labour. The minute account which Dr. Johnson give us of the course of life of the great Milton, shows how preciously that illustrious poet valued the use of time. The industry of some writers has been shown in the magnitude of their works: Wickliffe could afford to have two hundred of his works destroyed, and still he may be regarded as a voluminous writer; Prynne, who flourished at the period of the Commonwealth, wrote more than forty folio and quarto volumes; Anthony Arnauld composed more than one hundred works; and Lope de Vegas assures us that he himself wrote, on the average, five sheets per day during his life. In nothing, in fact, are there greater distinctions of merit occasioned between men, than in industry and idleness. Some one reminded Montesquieu that idleness was placed amongst the pleasures of heaven; it should rather, said that great philosopher, be accounted as one of the torments of hell: and this is the judgment which every experienced man will be inclined to concur in. Louis XIV. warned his son that there was nothing, even in the duties of the kingly office, more laborious than idleness; and a duke of the same nation, De Rohan, was known to have said that a greater curse could not befal a man, than having nothing to do. Dr. Cheyne, a late very penetrating and acute physician, used to say, that the head-aches, stomach-aches, colics, nervous pains, and disorders, so much complained of by certain classes in this country, were universally the produce of idleness and fulness of bread. It is related of Dr. Jeremy Taylor, that he once remonstrated with a lady who was bringing up her son in idleness, in the following manner:—

"Madame, if you do not fill your son's head with something, the devil will."

In an interesting chapter on the Nature of the Human Mind, our author boldly stands up for the equality of the intellect of the female with that of the man. The reason why this truth should ever be put in doubt, is that women have not been usally placed in the same circumstances as men. The occupations of women belong to a very different sphere from that which would give them opportunities of worldly distinctions and eminence; whilst men, in pursuing their ordinary occupations meet with a thousand occasions for calling forth their ingenuity and acquiring a reputation. The balance, therefore, is turned against the women, so far as advantages are concerned; but it does not follow that the balance of innate endowments is against them too.

Many females (says the author,) have attained a considerable degree of eminence in poetry, painting, and music, in logic and in philosophy, in war and in government. There is scarcely any science, or polite accomplishment, in which some of the softer sex have not become illustrious. In sprightliness of thought and expression, as well as epistolary composition, they certainly excel. Professor Stewart says, "I am inclined to think, that in the other sex, (probably in consequence of early education,) ideas are more easily associated together than in the minds of men. Hence the liveliness of their fancy, and the superiority they possess in epistolary writing." Females have been capable of comprehending some of the most profound subjects. Descartes dedicated his "Principia" to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Frederick V., and declared that she was the only person who possessed the capability of thoroughly understanding his philosophy; and Jeremy Taylor says that he never met with a person, male or female, of better mental powers than Lady Conway. "She was mistress," he said, "of the highest theories, whether of philosophy or religion; and as she always wrote in a very clear style, so she could argue sometimes, or put the deepest queries imaginable." Dr. Donn used to say of Anne, Countess of Dorset, that her knowledge was so extensive as to embrace almost every subject. Queen Catherine, consort of George II. used to read Butler's "Analogy" at her breakfast-table, with ease and a perfect comprehension of that intricate subject,—a work which gave a learned bishop a pain in his head whenever he looked into it. If we examine the annals of biography, we may find many other females who were celebrated for their mental powers. The school of Pythagoras contained many who were capable of unravelling the philosophical systems of that profound theorist. The difference, then, between the mental powers of the male and the female, is rather in appearance than reality. It depends on the variation of engagements, and the unequal facility for cultivating the intellect. Men are more public—females are more domestic. The former are trained to the pursuit of knowledge; the latter are endowed with a few trifling accomplishments, and then they are inducted into, and encircled with, the various economy of domestic affairs. The engagements of the male call him into the bustle of the world, where is views become enlarged: those of the female keep her within doors, where her faculties are confined by a narrow circle. The former is led, sometimes, for his amusement or improvement, to the science of the heavenly bodies, their peculiarities and government; the latter is restricted to earthly and human bodies—to the rising generation, their cross-purposes and unruliness. The former is bewildered with the music of the spheres; and the latter with music and tears. The sublime principles of light and heat, with the male, are reduced to candle-light and coal-fire with the female. Chemistry with the one, is cookery with the other. How, then, can the latter fly so high, when, having the ability, they have no opportunity?—vol. i., pp. 199—201.

The author, in pursuing the train of his reflections on the nature of the human mind, shows that he is another of those inquirers who believe that the happiness of a future life will consist, to a great extent at least, in the expanded state, of all our intellectual faculties, whereby a fuller and clearer insight of the many things which we can but examine very imperfectly at present, will be afforded to us. He tells us that a celebrated philosopher was so persuaded of this fact, that when he was dying he exclaimed, "I shall now discover more in a few minutes than I have learnt in the labours of a life." There is a great variation in the character of the human mind produced by differences of climate; but our author mistakes for primary, what are really but secondary, causes. There is no physical reason why he who lives beneath the ecliptic should not be as fully endowed with intellectual powers, as he who is born under a temperate sun: all the difference between the two, is the nature of the social condition of the inhabitants in the two places. A Turk can work mentally or corporeally with any other man on the globe; but circumstances forbid the Turkish people to acquire a habit of activity: they are, therefore, and will for a long time to come, be an ignorant people. We do not agree with Goldsmith or our author, in the notion expressed

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by them that a residence in cities is calculated to enfeeble the mind, as compared with a residence in the country. We had ever thought that cities were the centre to which talent and intelligence always were brought; and if not in such a community as a metropolis affords, where shall we find the best informed, the most inquiring, the most intellectual of the nation?

(To be continued.)

THE TYROL; WITH A GLANCE AT BAVARIA.

(Extracts from Mr. H. D. Inglis's new Work, 2 vols. 8vo. 1833.)

THE KING OF BAVARIA.

THE King of Bavaria, although not a "Citizen King," in the meaning in which that expression is used, when speaking of Louis Philip,—is a Citizen King in another and better meaning; his is not a Political, but a social Citizenship; and although he might not choose perhaps to sit down at table with Mr. Citizen, drummer of a National Guard, he will chat as familiarly with any of the workmen in the Glyphothek, as if he were the overseer; and will listen to the suggestions of a man with a mallet in his hand, as patiently—and even thankfully, as if he had not a Palace to go home to, and a Crown to put upon his head.

The King of even a small Kingdom, is an object of some interest,—it may be difficult to say why! but in the belief that the in-goings and out-goings of the King of Bavaria are worthy of record, I shall make no apology for informing the reader, that His Majesty rises at five o'clock the year round,—that immediately afterwards, he takes a basin of soup,—that about eleven, he breakfasts upon coffee, &c.,—the Queen at the same time, breakfasting à la fourchette; that the Royal Family dine at five, and that His Majesty takes no supper. But with all these plain tastes and unostentatious habits, the King shows at times, that he has not forgotten that he is a King. The usual state equipage is in no respect inferior to that of more powerful Monarchs,—and it is possible that the demeanour of a King may be dignified, at the same time that it is affable.

THE PRISON OF MUNICH, AND DETAILS AND REFLECTIONS.

I was greatly pleased by a visit to the Prison of Munich. The principle of this excellently-regulated establishment is, that every one in it gains his own bread. Every prisoner is obliged to work at his own trade,—so that there is no kind of handicraft that is not going on within the Prison walls. It is like a general manufactory,—carpenters, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, shoemakers, dyers,—all are seen plying their trades; but no one is forced to work beyond what is necessary for his sustenance; whatever he gains by his labour, more than suffices to maintain him, is kept until the term of his imprisonment expires, and is then given to him,—deducting a quota for the expenses of the establishment. There is a separate workshop allotted to each trade; the prisoners work in company,—and are permitted to converse upon allowed topics—overseers being of course present. Shortly before I visited the Prison, a man whose term of punishment had expired, received no less than 800 florins (about £83 ster.) upon leaving the Prison. Criminals who are admitted at so early an age as not to have yet learnt a trade, are permitted to make choice of one, which is taught to them. Women, (who are rigorously separated from the male prisoners,) follow their trades also; we see embroidery, stocking weaving, straw-hat making and plaiting, and all the other kinds of labour in which women are engaged: women who have been servants before, are servants still,—cooks are cooks,—housemaids—housemaids. In fact, the interior service of the Prison is performed by the Criminals,—and all their wants are supplied by themselves, or their neighbours. I tasted the soup and meat in the kitchen, and the bread in the bakehouse; and found both excellent.

The proceeds of the sale of articles made in the Prison, (i. e. the surplus remaining after the expenses of the establishment have been paid, and the prisoners maintained,) to be kept for the benefit of the prisoners themselves, generally amounts to nearly 50,000 florins,—upwards of £6000 per annum,—a sum which, properly applied, as it doubtless is, cannot fail to produce most important results upon the future lives of the prisoners for whose benefit it is intended.

I saw some prisoners confined for life; for crimes which, in England, would have sent them to the gallows: these are tasked to a certain quantity of work, and maintain themselves, and benefit the state at the same time. No one has been executed at Munich since the year 1821. By a singularly humane enactment, prisoners for life are allowed some indulgences that are denied to those whose punishment is for a limited term. It is thought, for example, a fair and proper aggravation of punishment, that the use of tobacco should be prohibited to those who may hope by good conduct and industry, to be restored after a time, to the world, with the means of subsistence, and even of rational enjoyment; but this is considered an unnecessary cruelty towards a man whose punishment terminates only with his life.

The utmost cleanliness and simplicity pervades every department of this excellent establishment; a proper discipline, and just restraint, are united to those arrangements that ensure the health and improvement of the prisoners; and the building itself is one of the most complete that I have ever seen set apart for the correction of criminals. There is one singular part of the establishment—a Phalanx of very large and fierce dogs, which, during the night, are turned loose into the open space that surrounds the Prison, and are a sufficient security against escape. When I visited the Prison, there were six hundred and sixty-six persons confined, one hundred and forty of whom were women.

A detail like the above, may well lead to important reflection. The adaptation of punishment to crime,—as well as the true end of punishment, have always been deep and important problems in legislation; and it is certainly the duty of the legislature to collect from every source, information that may direct them right in this matter.

The system pursued in the Prison of Munich, appears to unite all the advantages that ought to be aimed at in legislating upon crime and punishment The State is not burdened with the expense of transporting prisoners to distant colonies, or of maintaining them at home,—nor is the criminal turned out of prison, without a stiver in his pocket, left to the mercy of a hard judging world.

The two great objects ought unquestionably to be, correction of the criminal's habits while under punishment,—and some security, that when punishment ends, these corrected habits may continue. It is well understood now, though not acted upon, that the punishment of crime does not deter others from the commission of it; and that therefore, the two objects above stated are the only wise and legitimate objects of punishment.

Solitary imprisoument — which finds many advocates — may effect the first, but cannot effect the second of these objects: nor does it even always effect the first object—that of correction. It may, or it may not: some minds may be tamed and tutored by it,—and the awfulness of solitude, and the weary, only resource of reflection, must no produce an advantageous result. a different complexion may solitude: impatience of its loss duce a bitterness and doggedness and reflection, in place of leading to wh meditation, may run in a wrong channel. at all events, whatever may be the effects of this punishment in correcting the habits, or rather, in improving the mind of the prisoner, its benefit ceases with its term; and it is impossible to conceive a case of greater cruelty, than that of a criminal who, after being trained by a long course of punishment, for habits of honesty and industry, is then thrown loose upon the world, with no temptation to the one, or call upon the other.

I cannot for my own part, conceive any system so perfectly adapted for the correction of idle and profligate courses, as daily employment in the trade to which a felon has been accustomed in his innocent days,—with a knowledge that his industry is not only procuring him his daily bread, but that it is forming for him a little stock, by which, when his confinement is over, he may carry with him a claim to the consideration of others,—which is the surest foundation of self-respect: it seems a return to honest days: he is again a tradesman, living by his labour,—and laying by the surplus from his necessities; nor am I sure that the society and conversation of others, actuated like himself, by similar feelings, and with similar hopes, under the surveillance of proper persons, is any bar to an improvement in his feelings. Few men are bettered by continued solitude,—however advantageous occasional retirement may be; and if something be subtracted from the severity of punishment, by permitting under proper restraints, an intercourse among the prisoners, it is amply compensated by other advantages. It would be impossible, indeed, to combine solitary imprisonment with the system pursued in the Prison at Munich,—because it would be impossible to have a separate forge for every blacksmith, who indeed cannot work alone,—or a separate workshop for every saddler or carpenter.

The Munich system appears in fact, to come as near perfection, as any human institution can. To be faultless, is a vain hope; to err as little as possible, is all that can be reasonably desired. Whether as respects the State,—the offender,—or society, it seems to accomplish all that legislation can hope for.

The demands of public justice are satisfied without any expense to the revenue; but on the contrary with an advantage. The constant labour of six or eight hundred persons, increases the product of national industry, and therefore enriches the State,—which is also a gainer in another way. Many of the army accoutrements,—saddles,—caps, knapsacks, and belts,—shoes, horse-shoes, and clothing, are produced from Prison labour; and although the prisoners be paid for their labour, there is no injustice in paying for it at a somewhat lower rate than it could be obtained for in the free market. Prison maintenance,—in which no kind of strong drink forms any part,—costs but an inconsiderable sum, so that the surplus is always sufficient to form a respectable fund at the conclusion of the punishment.

Then, if we pass from the state which is benefited, to the offender,—we find a result still more important: industrious habits are recovered,—or formed; the desire of acquisition is addressed,—and the hope of respectability engendered. There are but few men rogues from choice; idleness and poverty—twin sisters, are the fruitful mothers of crime; and after the offender has thus expiated his crime, and in expiating it, improved his own habits and character, he is placed in the world, with a desire for gaining his bread in an honest way, and with

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the means of subsistence until he finds employment, or travels to that part of the kingdom where he may expect to meet friends. It is true, that in some cases the freed offender may squander his money, and recur to his old practices; but it is more likely that he will not; and that the possession of a sum of money greater perhaps than he ever had before, will produce its usual effect,—a desire of adding to it.

Upon a matter of this kind nothing can be so satisfactory as facts. I took some pains to ascertain the result, as far as those in the management of the Prison could inform me; and I learnt that in but few cases offenders were committed a second time,—and that those who had been dismissed with the largest sums, had in no instance returned. Many of the young who had been taught trades in the Prison, were respectable handicraftsmen and tradesmen,—and crime was yearly on the decrease.

As for the results of the system on society, these appear to be equally favorable to society as to the state, and upon the criminal himself. Little more argument is needed in proof of this, than that crime diminishes under the system; and it cannot surely require any proof in favor of so clear a position, as that society is less likely to be injured by the return of some thousands of felons, with improved habits, and money in their pockets, than by an equal number of pennyless vagabonds let loose upon it. With respect to the delusion of severe punishment deterring from crime, it is perfectly well known that the contrary is the fact; that whenever the enactments of law cease to be in accordance with men's opinions, they become worse than useless,—that sympathy with the criminal and not respect for the law is engendered,—and that evil thoughts are born in the very sight of exemplary punishment. Thieves, Forgers, and Incendiaries, have sprung into existence in front of a gallows,—and a man hanging in chains, on a moonlight heath, has begotten a murderer.

I ought perhaps to apolize for the length of these remarks; but the system pursued in the Prison of Munich seemed to be so founded on both wisdom and humanity, that I felt it to be almost a duty to enlarge upon a subject which so well deserves public consideration.

AUSTRIAN RULE OF THE TYROL,—THE TROOPS,—PRESS, &c.

All the regiments stationed in the Italian or southern Tyrol, are Austrian,—both soldiers and officers; and all in the German Tyrol, are Tyrolean soldiers, officered by Austrians. This is a wise stroke of Metternich foresight; and proves incontestably the truth of what I have argued, respecting the diversity in character between the southern and the northern divisions of the Tyrol. Well knowing the feelings that pervade the latter, the Austrians have felt the necessity of avoiding whatever may excite those feelings; nothing could be more likely to do this, than the presence of Austrian soldiers; irritation would produce quarrel,—and quarrel might end in insurrection: they have therefore wisely placed among the Tyroleans their own countrymen; whose Austrian officers, and exact discipline, ensure their fidelity,—and whose connexion with the country, forbids jealousies, and leads neither to irritated feelings, nor remembered oppression. The Italian Tyrol, on the other hand, requiring no delicacy of this kind, is garrisoned by Austrians, who are at any time ready to pour into the upper valleys.

Besides these military precautions, there is a strict inquisitorial police. There is great reserve in speaking upon any political subject, unless where interruption, or espionage is impossible; and such matters, are at no time made the subject of conversation at a public table. Austrian officers and employés mix in all public assemblies; and the theatres and places of public amusement, are placed under the strictest censorship and surveillance.

The Press too is narrowly watched; and whatever might in any way recall dangerous and forbidden recollections, is interdicted. Gold cannot purchase any life or account of Hofer; and at one time, the sword, and other relics of this patriot, now preserved in the Museum, were shut up, and forbidden to be exhibited; but this it was discovered, was pushing the system too far; his memory was too much cherished to render it safe to suppress every memorial of him; and this order was recalled, that the Tyroleans, if they could not follow the banner, might at least handle the sword of a patriot.

MOUNTAIN FREEDOM.

But I am scarcely able to resist the belief, however unphilosophical it may appear, that there is something in mountain air, and mountain scenes, that elevates the mind, and begets a spirit of independence. Mountains are generally left to nature: plains are subjugated to the dominion of art. All the images presented to the senses, among mountains, speak of nature and freedom. There is freedom in the cry of wild fowl; freedom in the untamed step of the animal that roams where it will; there is freedom in the very riot of the streams, and the unfettered course of the breezes; there is freedom in the wide uninclosed expanse that owns no man as its lord. It is all different in the plain. No animals are seen, but those which are subject; the streams flow cautiously along, diverted often from their channels by the industry and cupidity of man; the very winds of Heaven are denied their play; and the soil is taken from the dominion of nature, to be divided among the thousand petty masters who force contributions from it. All this may be fancy; or it may not. The fact however remains the same; and like the inhabitants of other mountains, the Tyroleans love freedom for its own sake. They do not sigh for liberty because their masters are Austrians; or because they are oppressed. To a people desirous of being their own masters—all masters are obnoxious; and whether the Tyroleans were governed by Austria or France, or England, they would desire to govern themselves.

INDIAN CORN FOR FOOD, &c.

However tastes may differ as to the palatableness of an Indian corn diet, the fine athletic peasantry of the Tyrol, sufficiently attest its wholesome and nutritious qualities. Indeed I have generally seen a robust peasantry, in those countries in which Indian corn forms a large portion of their subsistence. The people of Languedoc and Beran, are stronger than those of central and northern France,—and the Biscayans, who eat more Indian corn, than other kind of bread, are greatly superior in strength to the Castilians. In the Tyrol, Indian corn is used in other ways than as an article of diet; the surplus, if any there be, finds a ready market for horses' food; and the husks and sheaths are used in stuffing mattrasses; and also, as a substitute for fire wood. As much flax is generally grown by the Tyrolean peasant, as suffices for the wants of his family; and for employment during the winter.

The cultivation of Indian corn has made some noise in England; and has excited some interest, owing to the idea, that its cultivation would ameliorate the condition of the lower classes; and there have been in fact, two parties in this matter; one, asserting its great advantages, and its adaptation to the climate of England; and the other, denying both. I am no agriculturist; and am able only to state facts. As for the advantages of the cultivation of Indian corn, I can only say, that throughout the valley of the Inn, it is considered the most useful and the surest produce; and that the peasantry who live upon it, are the finest peasantry in Europe.

VILLAGE WORSHIP.

No where perhaps in Europe, are manners so primitive as in the mountain villages of the Tyrol; and in few places, are religious duties more regularly performed, or with more singleness of heart. About six o'clock, just after I had dined, a small treble chime from the village church, called the villagers to prayer; and they all obeyed the summons. The two or three little shops were shut up,—the cottages were locked,—the in doors even were closed; and some seventy or eighty persons—old and young,—the whole inhabitants of the village; were seen straggling along, with their prayer books in their hands. I did not remain alone in the inn, but went with the flock. There was little of the pomp and majesty of the Catholic church, to be seen there: it was as lowly a house, and as unadorned, as any of our Protestant temples but for the single image of the Redeemer, it might have been a meeting house. I saw much apparent, and I have no doubt, genuine devotion among these simple minded villagers; and however much the Catholic faith may be cumbered by ceremonial; or even among some of its professors, debased by superstition, I believe that the Almighty will not reject the devotion that is offered in sincerity.

COTTAGE HUSBANDRY.

The whole of the land owned by this peasant of the Tyrol, appeared to me as nearly as I could judge by pacing it, as well as by the eye, to consist of about four acres. One third of the whole, as the proprietor informed me, was devoted to the culture of Indian corn; of the remaining two acres and two thirds, about half an acre was in wheat, and another half in barley; a quarter of an acre in flax; about an acre, and little more in grass and wood; and about a quarter of an acre in garden, which contained cabbage, potatoes, salad, and a few cherry trees. The Indian corn was all required in the establishment,—about one half for the family, and the other for winter provision for the cow: the sheaths, &c. were used as they are used in other parts of the Tyrol. Of the wheat, there was a considerable surplus; and this, and the barley, were taken to the Brixen market, where they produced more than sufficient to purchase coffee, sugar, wine, such implements as were wanted from time to time, and such clothing for the family as was needed; and formed a small money stock besides, which, after being applied to all the purchases beyond what the establishment itself produced, had amounted then to a considerable purse; but the owner did not tell me the amount; nor would it have been civil to have been more inquisitive. The flax was spun, and wove, and fashioned in the family. The grass was all needed, for summer pasture for the cow; the wood supplied firing,—and the vegetables were looked upon rather as a dainty than an article of common use. The master and his son, with a little assistance from his daughters, managed and tilled the ground, which seemed a good lightish soil; and was remarkably clean; and in excellent order; and all the duties which fall to the care of a small farmer's wife in England, were under the cognizance of the peasant's wife and daughters. No cheese was made,—because the soup consumed all the milk, excepting a little that was saved for butter. Besides the cow, there were two pigs, and a litter of young ones; and a number of hens. The dinner I had seen, was the regular dinner of the house; excepting about two days in the fortnight, when some fresh meat is bought in Brixen market with the money, or a part of it—obtained by the sale of eggs and fowls.

Curious Fact.—If we would preserve ice from melting, the most effectual means would be to wrap it in blankets, which would retard for a long time the approach of heat to it from any external source.—*Lardner on Heat.*

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THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

To write an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly: of this there can be no doubt—nay more, it is mean—dastardly—skulking—depraved! But what could I do? Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook———

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least: it would require the skill of a Sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps; and yet when Colonel Plinth was going to marry his cook

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A vixen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back; and he a man of nice honour—who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aide-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was,—with the most benevolent intention,—conscience—*my* conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well;—but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche that not a moment was to be lost!—Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook———

Rebecca Moggs! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister—a K.C.B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the golden fleece—a man who had received the thanks of parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes!—a man who, had he nobly fell on the ramparts of Tippoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in St. Paul's.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye and a nostril)—had resolved on what I considered a sort of demi-post-mortem match, with—what?

A blowsy, underhung menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm the wounded ancle of his partially efficient leg;—the illegitimate offspring of a Sepoy pioneer's trull;—a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother (the woman—a camp-follower—received an iron ball in the brain from one of Tippoo's guerilla troops in the jungle)—one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal care, in her kitchen;—a scullion!—And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne!

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting; much may be said against it; it is one's *dernier resort:* still it has its advantages—and why neglect them?—Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was—were he but a casual acquaintance or a mere friend—then indeed———

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why really———

But he was hot as curry;—yet not deficient in sense; but dreadfully opinionated—tetchy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning East.

To remonstrate with him would have been absurd; he would have cut me down with his crutch:—he had amassed three thousand a-year.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver: the end sanctified the means; and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She, of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations?

Evadne had never been a mother: the colonel was the only Plinth in the universe; and, posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior, he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness, would, as I felt, set for ever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—innately vulgar—repulsive—double-chinned—tumid—protuberant—

Social festivity was every thing to Colonel Plinth: but who would dine with him, if his ci-devant cook were to carve?—*I* couldn't.

Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken: the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used; and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out-of-the way post-office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery, with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question, in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out:—this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended:—

I rebuked—I argued—I ridiculed—I scorned:—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval* glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock: it was always violent; but on this occasion rather less so than usual. I felt flurried: as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulphing down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid—*billowy*—rufous—the red sea in a storm;—now it was stony—pale—implacable: he was evidently *white hot* with wrath. His eye—usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge—was cold—clear—icy; his look froze me—I had seen him thus before—in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was alarmingly courteous: he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet:—where could Plinth have picked him up?

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable acquaintance as that of Major Mocassin under such infelicitous circumstances. Colonel Plinth had been insulted: but as I had so long been his most valued friend—as we had fought and bled on the same fields—as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave—as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology:—with any other man than Major Mocassin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech; but at its conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament: would he be so good as to explain?

In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a *ruse* to trap me into a confession—remembering my precautions—and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself—I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed, what else could I do?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card:—nothing further could be done:—he hoped the friend whom I might honour on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door, where Plinth stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified—that he must be labouring under a mistake.

"A mistake!" shouted he in that tremendous tone, which for a moment had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippoo—"A mistake, Major Mocassin! There's no mistake, sirrah! Will you deny your own hand writing?"

So saying he threw the letter in my face and retired, followed by Cahooz—

In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle, without disguise, in my customary terms:—"*Yours, ever,* JOHN MOCASSIN!!"

THE LIVE AND DEAD OFFICE.

THE portals of the military *Morgue*, were not yet opened—they waited for the usual signal from the clock of the Horse Guards. Two important looking functionaries stood at the window, one gravely engaged in picking his teeth, the other in paring his nails. Both were choice specimens of the government office *martinet*.

A small but interesting group had gathered about the door: the principal figures were three females. The first of these, an old woman, though bending beneath the weight of years, still eclipsed in stature those who stood about her; many a storm had left its mark on her broad bold brow, the surface was torn and tossed up into wild irregular ridges—it looked like a rugged bit of rock. She was blind.

Close by her side stood a short, fair, blue eyed woman, about thirty years of age, full of excitement and activity, but nervous, emaciated, and bearing on her cheek the hectic banner of death.

Her pale, slender hands, gave palpable evidence, that she had long ceased to take a part in any of those manual labours in which women of her humble situation are usually occupied. Judging from her wedding-ring she had been plump, for it was so much too large, that she had taken the precaution of tying it to her slim finger by a bit of silk.

The third was a tall, well-formed girl, ten or twelve years of age: no two individuals could resemble each other less than the old blind woman, and the other female—they were evidently not of the same family; but this girl by her lineaments had affinities with both. In her countenance, the most striking peculiarities of feature, displayed by her companions, were agreeably united. The conviction flashed on me at a glance, that she was the daughter of the poor nervous, consumptive creature, and that the old woman was her grandmother—genealogically speaking, on the male side: nor, as I soon found, did I err.

The grandmother was placid and resigned, but garrulous. Her present humility contrasted stongly with the records of former turbulence graven on her brow; age, poverty, and blindness had toned down her temper perhaps. Without the least touch of querulousness, she told an asthmatic old man, with whom she was conversing—that up to the age of fifty, she had neither been poor nor blind; at a little before that period of her life, she had been left a widow, with one son. Reuben, against her will, had married little Peggy Lorimer; violent dissension ensued, and her son had recklessly enlisted. A few months after his embarkation for a pestilential colony, Peggy became a mother; the little farm, the paternal inheritance of which Reuben was the prop, soon went to ruin; and when blind, and almost a pauper, the old woman, to use her own phrase, had gone and laid her head in Peggy's lap. Peggy, she scarcely knew how, had contrived to support her, for many years past. The poor thing,

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never having received but one short hurried letter from Reuben since his rash action of enlisting, was pining to know what had become of him. All inquiries had proved fruitless, and the three generations, mother, wife and daughter—comprising all who claimed kith or kin with the soldier, had travelled on foot from Dorsetshire, to ascertain personally, at the Live and Dead Office, what had become of him.

Raw puffs of wind tossed about the old woman's white locks, a drizzling rain moistened her cheeks, and every individual composing the unsheltered group at the office door—except Reuben's feverish wife, where shivering with cold. From within, the flashes of a glowing fire blazed through the window. One clerk was still picking his teeth, and the other paring his nails: the Horse Guards had not yet struck, and the doors were consequently still closed.

At length the clock began to tell us it was ten. Reuben's wife looked as though she thought the bell dreadfully tardy: when nine blows of the hammer were heard she turned pale, and exclaimed in a tone of perfect agony, "Good God! it's only nine!" The bell however, with provoking leisure, boomed forth the finale of its announcement, and a fat flunkey opened the doors.

Being, at the period of my anecdote, quite young and inexperienced, I felt anxious to witness the kind consideration with which an inquiry as to the fate of "a gallant British soldier," from his mother, wife, and child, would be received, on the part of those who were employed to represent "a grateful king and country." The family groupe tottered forward to the two functionaries at the window: on stating their business, they were referred to "the fifth gentleman on the left." I followed them, and heard the application repeated in tones tremulous with terror by the hectic wife.

"Of what regiment?" inquired the fifth gentleman.

"The forty-eighth."

The fifth gentleman was mending a pen, and after having completed the operation, he slowly and carelessly took down a heavy book from the shelf above him. He opened it, and as he ran his fore-finger down one of the pages, the wife, grasping the hand of her daughter on one side, and that of her mother-in-law on the other, gazed at him without breathing. The old women looked passive and resigned—the child stared at her mother.

A second page was turned, and the fifth gentlemen took snuff: then fixing his digit on a line, he uttered, in a breath, without pause or point, the usual calm ferocious answer, "DEAD A SHILLING NO CRYING HERE."

"God's will be done!" said the old woman, "Let us go home and die too, children."

The miserable wife tottered out without a sob.

My business detained me at the Live and Dead Office about three minutes; in that brief period, I heard, from different parts of the room, the same heartless and habitual reply thrice repeated. So much for glory! The younger son of a bishop or a peer, if he die in battle, is eulogized in the despatches, and hypothetically entombed in St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey—his friends can go and see his monument, and the record of his achievements is exposed to the gaze of a grateful nation: but the rural recruit—*the military operative*, if "killed off," is turned into a hole, his name is deemed unworthy of notice in the gazette, and his anxious relatives, on applying for information as to his fate, are thus kindly and considerately answered:—"DEAD A SHILLING NO CRYING HERE."—*(Monthly Mag.)*

Difference between roasting and boiling.—It is found from some experiments, that in respect of economy, it is more profitable to boil than to roast. The loss in general is estimated at from one-fifth to one-third of the piece put down.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

THE SABBATH.

Amongst the Jews, the minutest violation of the Sabbath was punished with death A man who gathered faggots on a Sunday was stoned to death: this punishment was usually reserved for those who perpetrated the blasphemous act of pronouncing in mockery the name of the God of Israel. So inviolable was the Sabbath, so profoundly did the Jews believe in its sanctity, that instances are recorded where life itself was sacrificed in order to preserve the uninterrupted tranquillity and forbearance observed on that day. The Pagans used to ridicule the Jewish people for their attention to the Sabbath; for they could not, by any proofs or reasoning, comprehend why it was, that at a stated moment every week, the Jew abandoned his ordinary and perhaps most profitable occupations; his fields, which required the vigilance of the husbandman, were forsaken; the ass was unsaddled; the house of the Israelite was a silent desert; the fire extinguished; the provisions unprepared; the servants at rest; and the trafficker refusing the proffered coin: nay, when an army of the Jews was led forth, it stopped on the Sabbath day, and even ceased to defend itself on that day from the most furious assaults of the enemy. But though this observance was the object of ridicule alternately with remonstrance, and though we find in the Roman poets some allusion to this amongst other Jewish practices,* yet neither the Pagans nor even the Christian fathers, seem to have been acquainted with the manner in which the Sabbath was spent in the interior of Jewish families This is sketched in a pleasing manner by the author of *The Genius of Judaism.*

The interior delights of the habitation of the Hebrew were alike invisible to the Polytheist and the Christian fathers. They heard not the domestic greetings which cheerfully announced "the good Sabbath," nor the paternal benediction for the sons, nor the blessing of the master for his pupils. They could not behold the mistress of the house watching the sun-set, and then lighting the seven wicks of the lamps of the Sabbath, suspended during its consecration; for oil to fill the Sabbath-lamp, the mendicant implored an alms. But the more secret illumination of the law on the Sabbath, as the Rabbins expressed it, bestowed a supernumerary soul on every Israelite. The sanctity felt through the Jewish abode on that day, was an unfailing renewal of the religious emotions of this pious race. Thus in the busy circle of life was there one unmoveable point where the weary rested, and the wealthy enjoyed a heavenly repose. It was not without some truth that Leo of Modena, a philosophical Hebrew, called this day, "the festival of the Sabbath."

It is beautiful to trace the expansion of an original and vast idea in the mind of a rare character who seems born to govern the human race. Such an awful and severe genius was the legislator of the Hebrews The Sabbatical institution he boldly extended to a seventh year, equally as he had appointed the seventh day. At that periodical return the earth was suffered to lie fallow and at rest. In this "Sabbath of the land," the Hebrews were not permitted to plant, to sow, or to reap; and of the spontaneous growth no proprietor at those seasons was allowed to gather more than sufficed for the bare maintenance of his household. There was also release of debtors. The sublime genius of Moses looked far into futurity, when, extending this great moral influence, he planned the still greater Sabbatical institution for every fifty years. Seven Sabbaths of years closed in the Jubilee, or the great year of release. Then at the blowing of the horn in the synagogue the poor man ceased to want; the slave was freed; all pledges were returned; and all lands reverted to their original proprietors. To prevent an excessive accumulation of wealth, the increase of unlimited debts, and the perpetuity of slavery, this creator of political institution like no other, decreed that nothing should be perpetual but the religious republic itself.—pp. 131, 133.

* Juvenal appears to believe, that it was a custom brought about by the innate indolence of the Jews.

JEWISH CUSTOMS.

So strong is the force of habit, that up to the present hour no Jew will eat of a beast which is not slaughtered by a Jewish butcher. The latter is understood to search the animal most carefully, to see that no blemish exists in its body, and he affixes to the meat a leaden seal, with the word "*Kasher*" *(lawful)* upon it. This seal renders the meat acceptable to the Jewish consumer, for he will not purchase it on any other terms. Now, mean and trifling as the process appears to be, it certainly serves as a guide to point out to a stranger, in any country, if a Jewish family is to be found in it. Of the truth of this remark the author is satisfied from an example with which he is acquainted. Some Spanish Jews, fleeing from persecution, took ship, and landed by mere accident at Embden. They knew nobody in the place, and were in the most anxious state of doubt not knowing which direction to pursue. On entering the city, they met a lad carrying a goose with a label annexed to it: on the label was the Hebrew word *Kasher:* they followed the lad home, and it is needless to say how they were received by the master, for whose accommodation, of course, the approval of the Jew poulterer was thus officially affixed. The author represents, although we do not know for what adequate reason, that the simple circumstance of prohibited food, has reduced the Hebrew nation to the state of the Hindoos, and been the heaviest curse which they have yet had to endure; because, in all cities, they are condemned, by an intolerance not always Christian, but very often merely Jewish, to inhabit separate and obscure quarters: thus in the city of London we have the *Jewry;* in Paris there are *La Rue des Juifs*, and *La Juiverie.* This sort of appropriation of a specific place of residence in most metropolitan cities for Jews, seems to be of long standing. Cardoso, of whom we have already spoken, sought to reconcile this inauspicious fact to a theory of his own, by saying, that these Jewish enclosures had not originated so much in the contempt of the Jews by the population of those cities, as in the arrangements of a particular Providence, which was ever vigilant in providing that Israel

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should be as much as possible removed from the contagion of vice and folly.

There can be little doubt that the misfortunes of the Israelites have been very considerably augmented by the contemptible regulation which forbids them to share in the meat of a Christian. When Napoleon assembled the Jewish Sanhedrim of Paris, a banquet was given by him, at which the late A. Goldsmid assisted. He was allowed to convey his own Kasher dish to the table of royalty: for on no other terms would he have joined the imperial banquet. Absorbed for a short time in the subject of the moral and political reform of the Jews, he was silent: but, suddenly striking his forehead, he exclaimed, "But what can be done for their eating?" Goldsmid hit the nail on the head: for, strange as it may appear, the difficulty of deciding upon the forbidden aliments was the main cause of the abrupt breaking up of the Sanhedrim. It is not known to many, that, at this moment, a Jew's kitchen—that is, a thorough-going Rabbinical Jew, such as Abraham Goldsmid was—is a spot as rife in superstition as the haunt of any witch that ever rode on a broomstick.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In this popular *Three-half-penny* Work, there is in one of the Numbers an interesting Article entitled *The unknown Poets of Scotland.* After describing many of considerable talent, the writer gives the following specimen of felicitous genius from the pen of James Ballantyne, a painter, residing in Hanover-street, Edinburgh. The vein of this young poet is one of peculiar humour, containing a picture of extraordinary distinctness, which must assuredly entertain those whose good fortune it is to appreciate the merits of the Scottish language.

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

Wee stuffy, stumpy, dumpie laddie,
Thou urchin elfin, bare an' duddy,
Thy plumpit kite an' cheek sae ruddy
Are fairly baggit,
Although the breekums on thy fuddy
Are e'en right raggit.

Thy wee roun' pate, sae black an' curly,
Thy twa bare feet, sae stoure an' burly,
The biting frost, though snell an' surly,
An' sair to bide,
Is scorned by thee, thou hardy wurly,
Wi' sturdy pride.

Come frost, come snaw, come win', come weet,
Owre frozen dubs, through slush an' sleet,
Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet
Right bauld an' sicker,
An' ne'er wast keuned to whinge or greet,
But for thy bicker.

Our gentry's we peel-gariie gets
Feed on bear meal, an' sma' ale swats,
Wi' thin beef tea, an' scours o' sauts,
To keep them pale;
But aitmeal parritch straughts thy guts,
An' thick Scotch kail.

Thy grannie's paiks, the maister's whippin',
Can never mend thy gait o' kippin';
I've seen the hail schule bairnies trippin'
A' after thee,
An' thou aff, like a young colt, skippen'
Far owre the lea.

Mang Hallowfair's wild, noisy brattle,
Thou'st foughten mony a weary battle,
Stridin' owre horse, an yerkin' cattle
Wi' noisy glee,
Nae jockey's whup nor drower's wattle
Can frighten thee.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit Paddy,
Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddie,
Ilk tree-legged man, ilk club-taed laddie,
Ilk oily leary,
Ilk midden mavis, wee black jaudy,
A' dread an' fear ye.

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,
Ilk rosin't snab, ilk barkin't nailer,
Ilk flunky bauld, ilk coomy collier,
Ilk dusty batchy,
Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,
A' strive to catch ye.

Ilk thimlin', thievin', gamblin' diddler,
Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler driddler,
Ilk haltin', hirplin', blimdit fiddler,
Ilk wee speech crier,
Ilk lazy, ballant-singin' idler,
Chase thee like fire.

Ilk waly draiglin', dribblin' wight,
Wha sleeps a' day, an' drinks a' night.
An' staggers hame in braid daylight,
Bleerit, blin', and scaur,
Thou coverest him up, a movin' fright,
Wi' dunts o' glaur.

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie,
In teapot, bottle, *stoup*, or cappie,
Fu' snugly fauldit in her lappie,
Wi' couthy care,
Thou gar'st the hidden treasure jaupie
A' in thy air.

At e'en, when wearv warkmen house,
Their sair forfoughten spunks to rouse,
An' owre the inspirin' whisky bouse
Croon mony a ditty,
Thou sits amang them bauld and crouse,
Whiffin' thy cutty.

Thine education's maistly perfect,
An' though thou now art wee an' barefoot,
Thoul't be a swankin', spunky spark yet,
Or I'm mista'en,
Unless misfortune's gurly bark yet
Should change thy vein.

O, why sould age, wi' cankered e'e,
Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glee,
We a' were callants ance, like thee,
An' happier then—
Than, after clamberin' up life's tree,
We think us men.

To the Editor of the Stockport Advertiser.

TO THE REV. MR. B-K-Y, CURATE OF EL DORIDO,

Who was very fond of using hard words in his Sermons.

Rev Sir, The unanimous and humillimous desideration, as well of your parochian as hicunbiquitarian illiterate semipaganian auditors, submissively demonstrateth, that although your spacious premiums and specious introduction of premised perspicuity in prædication, do inveigle our affections for the meliorating of our minds and indoctrinating our agricolated intellects, and do engage our acroamatic organs and infix our ophthalms for the better inhibition of the stellicides of our beatifying instruction, yet, through the calliginous sublimity of internexed conundrums, to nitraating with obstreperous cadencies, you rather inanimate and obfuscate than illumitate and scientificate our abecedarian conceptions, so that commonly we return as plentifully unedified as when we came—we, therefore, out of the sense of our souls' good and benefiting by your ministry, in bonne esperance that your urbanity will not be exasperated at the presentation of these our cordial desires, do, from the nadir of our rusticity, almacanterize to the very zenith of your unparalleled sphere of activity, in conjunctively requesting that your ingenious genious would be placentiated to nutriate our animal appetites with intelligible theology, suitable to our most paidonatical apprehensions, and to recondite your sacrocondite locutions for more scholastic auscultators and scholiasts, and that ourselves, second-selves, junior ones, and servants, all of ignoramus's offspring, may not hear you evaporate in lycophronian cantharus, and gigantize in farraginous raptures, words we never met with in holy write, as corollaries, ephemeris, and such other syssegists or heterogenial language; for that, without dilucidation of their genuine signification, we lose the gravy and system of your doctrine, and our common sense is admiring at the words we understand not. Being, therefore, angustiated with a panic timidity of another Babel's restoration, or lest some sesquigepalian saltembanco should be circumforaneate, or the spagyric bombast of holienliem have experimented a metempsychosis to re-puzzle the quintessentials of our ingeniosities with more amalgamas, cohobations, and fixations, we shall quote St. Austin's saying, *Mallem ut reprehendant grammatici quam non intelligant populi;* and we wish it may be your practice.

And now, eximious Sir, we supplicate your clemency not to look upon these lines as derogatory to your most exquisite parts, for we rather magnify and admire such egregious acquisitions as being very suitable and much in request; and of such Solomon's exclamation doth well, otherwise St. Paul's exprobation of barbarism may be injected, or the help of an interpreter required. *Qui loguitur lingua scipsum ædificat; nam tibi benefacias, sed aliis non ædificatur: sed verbum sat sapienti.* And thus, having copulated our plebeian endeavours we exosculate the subumbration of your subligacles; and sooner shall the surges of the areniferous sea ignify and evaporate than the chain of our duty be in the least unconcaterated or dissolved. Always wishing you health and happiness,

I am,
Reverended Sir,
Litton, April 30th, 1833. CACAMBO.

Joining a Settler.—Extract of a letter from New South Wales.—"We duly reached Newcastle by the packet; and then hired a boat to take us and our baggage up the river, and we arrived at G——'s Settlement a little before 12 A.M. He was out, as one of his men informed us, 'chipping in murphies;'—and my sister being not a little wearied, I desired the man to inform him of our arrival, while we rested on two blocks of wood which served for chairs. In a few minutes G—— came hurrying in, with nothing on (saving your presence) but his shirt and a large kangaroo skin cap, forgetting how he was attired in his anxiety to welcome us. The first salutations over, G——seated himself on another log, still entirely forgetting his trowsers, until I contrived, by a look, to remind him of them, when he *politely* slipped on a pair in our presence and composedly resumed his seat. After some mutual inquiries, he apologized for having everything in such a rough way, and desired his man to let us have dinner. I looked round, but could not espy a table, but in a moment the only door of the dwelling was unshipped from its hinges, and laid on two blocks of wood. Dennis, the cook, now put three clasp knives *on the door*, and exclaimed, in a tone of some bitterness, 'Sorrow take the black fellers, they've brought us neither fish nor wild ducks to-day, and we've nothing at all but a bullock's head and some damper.'* 'Can't help it, Dennis, fetch it in,' said G——. In a few minutes Dennis returned, and to our inexpressible astonishment placed on the table, all reeking from the cauldron, an immense bullock's head, with the horns, hair, and ears on."

Mount St. Bernard.—Mrs. Starke in the last edition of her Traveller's Guide informs us that, notwithstanding all that has been lately

* A wheaten cake baked in the ashes.

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written on the extinction of the St. Bernard dogs, they are more numerous at present than ever, and are still as frequently employed, as at any former period, in carrying baskets fastened to their necks, which contain provisions and cordials calculated to restore those who are nearly frozen to death. Every traveller, she adds, is courteously received at the Hospice, by the Augustine monks, who inhabit it, and the sick are provided with good medical and surgical assistance, and that too without the least preference in favour of rank, country, or even religion.

Strange Custom.—King John gave to one Solomon Attlefield several lands at Kipperton and Allerton, Kent, to be held on the tenure, that the said Solomon, or his heirs, should attend the king when he crossed the sea, and *hold up the head of his sovereign if he became sea-sick.*

Peculiarities of the Flea.—A flea is the only insect whose tread produces an audible sound. Dr Kirby knew a lady who described the march of a flea over her night-cap, to be like the clack that would be produced if the creature walked in pattens.

Riches and Poverty.—The calculation of riches and poverty is truly fantastical: that the man who wants a million should be a prince, and he who wants a groat a beggar; that he who breaks for 100,000*l.*, and injures thousands, should be respected and pitied; whilst he who fails only for a few hundreds, and injures but a few, should be despised and condemned.

The Island Rock.—It appears by a Parliamentary Paper that the annual expenses of the Island of St. Helena to the E. I. Company, amount to the sum of £83,000!!!

Calumny.—The upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man more than the eye of God.

Lord Cornwallis and Tippoo Saib's Children.—Lord Cornwallis, surrounded by his staff, and attended by the principal officers of his army, received the princes (who were delivered into his hands as hostages for their father) at the door of his tent, and having embraced, led them, one in either hand, to seats which had been prepared for them, placing himself between them. When he had done so, Gullam Ally, the chief vakeel, addressed his Lordship and said: "These children were this morning the sons of the sultan, my master; their situation is now changed, and they must look up to your Lordship as their father." Lord Cornwallis, who had received the princes as though they had been his own children, assured the vakeel, as well as the princes themselves, that every attention should be paid them, and every care taken of their persons. Their little faces brightened up; the scene became highly interesting, and not only their own attendants, but all the spectators were delighted to see that their confidence was established, and that they would be soon reconciled to their new friends. The grace and elegance of both the boys, and the propriety of their manners, had a striking effect upon the English, particularly those of the younger one. After some conversation, Lord Cornwallis presented each of them with a gold watch, which pleased them greatly. Betel nut and otto of roses being served according to custom, they departed, and the next day Lord Cornwallis went in state to visit them at the tents which had been pitched for their reception, when they presented his Lordship with two Persian swords. Lord Cornwallis, in return, gave the elder a fowling piece, and the younger a pair of pistols.—*From the Life of Sir David Baird.*

Steam Omnibus.—On Monday afternoon a steam omnibus, built under the direction of Mr. Walter Hancock, an engineer, at Stratford, Essex, and for which he has obtained a patent, made her first trip to Paddington and the city, and was found to answer the fullest expectation of the patentee, as well as the company for which she is intended. The vehicle, which is exceedingly handsome, is about the same length as one of the ordinary omnibuses when the horses are attached, and is capable of accommodating 14 passengers. The guide, who has its management, sits in the front, and immediately behind him the passengers enter the body of the vehicle, which is of the same construction as omnibuses. The boiler and furnaces are in the rear, and between them and the body, or that portion in which the passengers are seated, are the engines. The great improvement in Mr. Hancock's plan appears to be, that the engines act on a crank and not on the axle, and the wheels are propelled by iron chains, passing from one to the other; besides this, the boiler is what is called a chamber boiler, so that it is impossible that any serious accident could occur from its bursting. On setting out, in consequence of the crowded state of the road, it moved on at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; but on higher pressure of steam being put on, the omnibus in a very few minutes reached the Angel, at Islington, and advanced at a rapid rate to Paddington, when, with a fresh supply of water and fuel, it returned to the Belvidere, Pentonville, where it stopped for a few minutes, and proceeded into the city, and ultimately returned to Charles-street, from whence it started. Some doubts were entertained as to whether the carriage could with fair speed ascend Pentonville Hill, which is exceedingly long and steep, but these were completely removed by the trial made on Monday; as a proof of it, the driver of an omnibus, who had an excellent and spirited pair of horses, endeavoured to take the lead coming up the hill; Mr. Hancock, perceiving his subject, put on an additional force of steam, and in a minute he was nearly 100 yards in advance of his adversary. The complete controul which the guide exercises over the vehicle must remove all prejudices as to the practicability of their being used in crowded streets or thoroughfares, for, while he can proceed at the rate of from 1 to 20 miles an hour, he can in an instant stop, and more easily avoid accidents than the driver of an omnibus with horses could possibly do. Several eminent engineers attended to witness the performance of the carriage, who pronounced the efforts and invention of the patentee as completely successful. The vehicle is intended to ply daily from the Bank to Paddington; and others of a similar construction are in the course of preparation for the company. The steam omnibus makes scarcely more noise when at work than the ordinary stage coaches, and the fuel used being coke, neither smoke nor steam is perceptible.—*London Paper of May.*

PROPHETIC VIEWS

Of Mr. Alison, Author of the History of the French Revolution. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1833.

NOTHING can be more evident than that the changes arising from the extension of knowledge cannot be arrested. Prosecutions are no answer to arguments; chains will not now fetter the human soul. The march of democracy cannot be prevented by the wisdom of man; but it is speedily stopt by the laws of Nature. The people must learn from their own suffering, if they will not from the experience of others, that the gift of *unbounded political power* is fatal to those that receive it; that despotism may flow from the *workshop* of the *artisan*, as well as the palace of the sovereign; and that those who, yielding to the wiles of the tempter, will eat of the forbidden fruit, must be driven from the joys of Paradise, to wander in the suffering of a guilty world.

One only ray of hope breaks in amidst the melancholy anticipations to freedom, and the civilized world, from the dreadful sea of democracy which has broken into the states of Europe, and by which France was the first to be overwhelmed.

Genius, long a stranger to the cause of order, will resume its place by its side; she will give to a suffering, what she refused to a ruling cause.

The indignation of virtue, the satire of talent, will be bestowed on the panders to popular gratification; the sycophancy of journals, the baseness of the press, the tyranny of the mob will employ the pencil of the Tacitus, who is to pourtray the decline and fall of European civilization. It is this reaction of genius against violence which steadies the march of human events, and renders the miseries of one age the source of elevation and instruction to those which are to succeed it; and whatever may be our fears as to the temporary ascendency of violence or anarchy from the measures we deplore, we can have none as to the final tendency of such changes to mankind: we can discern the rainbow of peace, though not ourselves destined to reach the ark of salvation; and look forward with confidence to the future improvement of the species, from amidst the storm which is to subvert the monarchies of Europe.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By Vivian.)

Wolves among the Sheep,—Remedial Measures,—Dogs,—Field Sports,—Export Trade,—Moles, &c.

"Missed since Sunday last, a flock of sheep, driven away by the wolves, and of which 15 have been bitten to death. Whoever can give any information respecting the remainder of this flock, in Shambles No. 1, will be rewarded.

(Zuid-Afrikaan, 16th August.)

HERE's another string for the grumblers to harp on, and swell the *Graham's Town* chords of "dear sensibility" in those descants which so often appear touching the rust, locusts, rascally Caffers, vagabondizing Hottentots, and the wickedness of Ordinance No 50.

But the present question is, how are we to rid ourselves of these mutton stealers—the wolves? No doubt remedies will be suggested in this case, as in all other cases, and these will be as "plentiful as blackberries," or tinctures for the tooth-ache. The *Adver-*

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tiser will, of course, advise *free trade,* in which all sorts of *wolves* will fully agree. The *Zuid-Afrikaan* will recommend a *Legislative Assembly:* for, "*Dear Countrymen!*" did we but rule ourselves, not a wolf would appear,—no, not even in *sheep's clothing!* The *Graham's Town Journal* will, *natuurlyk,* cry out for either a Town *Corporation,* or a *vagrancy* law. The latter would scour the country of all wolves, whether aboriginal or of modern import, and effectually rid us of those evils which do so beset us! Now, what is OUR plan? We say—call out our vagrant hounds, those lazy troops which infest our neighbourhoods, and let the wolf be attacked in his lair. This town is overrun with *dogs,*—not merely useless,—but encumbrances and pests. Who can sleep at night, or walk out in the evening, without the *bow! wow! wow!* of some ugly brute attached to certain houses. We do think if all the breeds of hounds, pointers, setters, terriers, Danes, poodles, and pugs, were discontinued, we should sustain no loss; but, on the contrary, obtain an advantage. We should save a quantity of food tantamount to the wants of many hundreds of human beings suffering at home. But, then, what are our Cockney sportsmen to do? Nonsense,—Pigs may be made to point and stand to "birds," and when turned into pork and hams, we are well enough aware afford very toothsome food. But what shall we substitute for dear delightful pugs? We say orphans and poor children should excite more attachment than these disgusting bloated things. O! but our stores and warehouses! We answer these may be quite as efficiently guarded by honest men—of whom there are thousands to be obtained who are out of employ, as by fat mastiffs, few of which are proof against poison enshrined in pieces of boiled liver,—and not one of which is yet capable of giving evidence against burglars before worthy Justice Borcherds. And, moreover, the South African Dog is the veriest gascon in the world. Do but stoop your body and pretend to hurl a specimen of geology at him, when the creature whimpers, howls, turns *trembling coward and forsakes his master.* Here we are led to observe, that our own plan of exterminating the wolves would seem of non-effect. On second thoughts, it does so appear; for we recollect witnessing in the colony a single wolf let loose from a trap, which completely kept at bay upwards of forty of the fiercest-looking of the canine species we ever remember to have seen.

What, then, is to be done with the enemy at the gate? We say, call out without delay the fox-hunting Cape and Indian *Squirearchy.* Let them enjoy their well-trained pack, and become independent of the town nondescripts. And then is it possible to conceive a more noble recreation for a *gentleman,* than riding full speed after a number of hounds, all gloriously giving tongue as they snuff up a delicious Cape scent? What a sublime exercise of the *mental* powers it involves! How it prepares for the duties of the *civil service,* stimulates true mercantile notions to the *counting-house,* quickens the *lawyer's* appetite for *game,* and re-gilds the rind of the Indian visitor's countenance.

Moreover, how splendid is the physical effort of being carried over hedges and ditches, at a racing pace, Tally, O! across a most beautiful *mole-hill* country, and *softest swamps,* with a back and fore-ground scenery, comprising every thing that can delight the most fastidious eye. No wonder that man and horse so frequently *prostrate* themselves like Persian worshippers! And what a laudable ambition to buy horses from Stone, Dixon, or *Baker Moore,* that will not only "live with the hounds," but get in at the death! Nobody but a thorough hunter can imagine the manly joy of beholding the *cherished and protected* game of a country "run into" and torn limb from limb by fifteen couple of magnanimous hounds! And the glory of all is, to be accosted the next day by the sweet smiles of some one of the *fair and softer sex*—"Well, Mr. Jenkinson, I hope you have had good *sport* to-day."*

In a word, then, it would seem that the fox-hunters are the proper constituted personages to destroy the wolves. And that there is no possible *danger* in such extermination, we learn from a late number of the *Advertiser.* A writer on *Field Sports* says, that "persons can enter a wolf's den, unmolested by the animal." How vastly civilized and polite! Sheep-stealers, indeed, how very unlikely! Again, a fellow, whose "strength was inconceivable," (as declared by the same writer,) suffered himself to be *tied, and bound, and taken alive,* by *four* of the hunters. Well, after this, we think it extremely judicious in our government of 1824—which, limiting the clerks of office to one pen and a sheet of paper per diem, directing the total discontinuance of pink tape, removing the signals connected with the Lion's Rump on the one hand, and Simon's Town on the other,—to extend its economical arrangements by withdrawing all rewards or premiums for *wolf-taking.* What government, in its senses, would offer a *premium* for what, in the *Advertiser,* is so very appropriately designated "FIELD SPORTS."

But we must endeavour to carve out a *moral* to these remarks. Ours is a trading colony—*horns and hides* should be our motto; let us examine, therefore, whether it is not possible to suggest a more enlarged attention to our export trade. It is quite astonishing to discover the innumerable uses to which the skins of animals are rendered subservient in Great Britain. We pity the poor cats! In the Metropolis they are the chief holocausts to the god Plato. The inhumanity to which the spectacles of cat-killing necessarily imply, is easily reconciled to a commercial people. The sugar colonies *must* be cultivated; *slaves* are the only creatures fitted to dig about the sugar-cane. Hurrah for the cart-whip! But the cats:—it is declared in the report from the committee on the Bill to consolidate and amend several laws relating to the treatment of animals, &c. that let a man steal a dozen cats per day, and he can live like a gentleman. Cat-skins, it seems, constitute very capital mock furs. They are worth eight shillings per dozen. Dogs, according to the same report, are skinned on the same scale nearly as cats, but they are not quite so productive. It is curious enough that the enemies to Parliamentary inquiry on this head, are the fox-hunters;—the Berkeleys, Ansons, Lowthers, and Darnleys. The savages of America scalp their victims; the English fox-hunters are content with *tails.* Their motto is—the more foxes the more fun

* Madam, we suspect, thinks very little about the farmer's or cottar's corn-fields, nor consider that in the holes made by the horses' feet, which stand full of water—*every blade of corn in those holes will die.* And she may, perhaps, forget that *overworked* horses often drop down dead, that they often commit suicide—refuse to eat, and die! Mr. Andral, in his "Lectures on Mental Alienation," states that suicide is not uncommon among the inferior animals. "Asses," he observes, "when *overworked,* have been known to refuse all food, and thus died of inanition." Let our Cape *Sunday outers,* who *race* and prance on the roads leading to Rondebosch, Wynberg, and Simon's Town, think over their guilty conduct.

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—foxes and farmers are the living jewels of the land! But the joke is, these men cry out lustily against the canting signs of the times, and denounce the interference of Mercy as a methodistical crusade against Old English Sports!

We confess this is a somewhat rambling article, and therefore proceed we to notice the Cape Mole. We have often admired the beautiful *mole-skin* adornings of an English lady's pelisse: we have seen it form the ermine of the judge's robe: become an interesting tippet appendage to a lady's neck—enshroud her hands as a muff—or cover them as gloves; we have seen it manufactured into remarkably pretty caps for men, women, and children, and form purses for gold—in short, into innumerable varieties of usefulness. Our opinion is finally, that a greater degree of attention to the skins of animals *in general* in this colony, would greatly multiply our colonial exports.—*This is our case.*

SIGNOR MASONI.

AMONG the novelties of the last month, may be recorded the arrival of a violin player, (Masoni) from Calcutta, on his way to England. The *Signor* managed to bring together two brilliant audiences on two several evenings at the Commercial Exchange. He, moreover contrived, it is said, to purse some *one hundred and fifty pounds* of our currency, with *candle-ends* in the bargain. Now, all this is highly creditable to the state of our funds, and only leaves us the greater to wonder that so many *monthly smashes* should provoke the least *discordant jar*.

But after all, the bravo's "wi' ruffs and dads"* of the audience in favour of the violin player, did a large portion of it really know why they were tickled or pleased? There was no appeal to memory, the scrapings of the *Signor* was not allied to language, and when music is not connected with both, it becomes a mere sensual or vague affair, leaving little permanent impression upon the mind. When, indeed, music awakens national, military, local, or tender recollections of the distant or the dead, the loved or the lost, it then performs the highest office of poetry,—it *is* poetry, as Echo in the golden mythology of Greece remained a nymph, even after she had passed away into a sound. The first music must have been vocal,—

> 'Blest pair of Syrens, voice and verse
> Wed your divine sounds,' &c.

So sang our immortal Milton.

But the *Signor* is a disciple of *Paganini*—only think of that! Poor Paganini!—he that drew together the thousands of London, and disburthened the public of its cash, is now neglected, and cannot find a London audience of sufficient strength to pay for lighting his music room! *Masoni* is doubtless a clever musician; but really we beg pardon to *some* of our readers,—but, despite of the *staccato* and the *pizzicato*, and all the *varorums* of the Signor—

> "I wadna gie our ain Strathpeys,
> For half a hundred score o' 'em."

We rather think *John Bull* at home is of the same opinion. The days were, when a *prima donna seria* would demand for her season two thousand five hundred pounds sterling, a free benefit, travelling expenses paid, and a carriage to be kept for her. When a *primo serio e buffo*, and his wife as *prima donna buffa e seria*, could receive 2,500 guineas for the season, a dressing room, a table with 14 covers, a coach, and an advance of £250. So much for the cooing, caterwauling trills of the opera figurantes!

* 'Dumfries, and a' its bonny Lasses,
"And gallant lads,"
Were drunk in magnum-bonum glasses,
Wi' ruffs and dads.'
(The Siller-Gun.)

THE CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE TO LADY FRANCES COLE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR —Among the numerous Addresses presented to our late respected Governor on his departure, (when shall we see his like again?) several well-merited compliments were offered to Lady Frances Cole; but none, to my mind, would for a moment bear comparison with the tribute paid to her memory by the children of the Sunday School, which had so long been fostered by her assiduous care and personal instructions. At the first meeting of the School after her Ladyship's departure, *the children could not sing for sobbing.*

Yes, honour'd Lady! here we see
Thy best and truest eulogy!
Young children, humble children, raise
A prouder tribute to thy name
Than all, tho' couch'd in polish'd phrase,
That ever from their elders came.

No word is utter'd;—words were weak
To tell the feelings here that speak:
For ne'er did smoothest tongue on earth
Its fervent gratitude avow,
Or mark its sense of genuine worth
With plainer eloquence than now.

Fair words are given and forgot;
Praise is too oft but ill-bestow'd;
Too oft th' unmeaning tribute's bought,
Or gain'd but from a servile crowd:

Attentions love to throng the gate
Where wealth reclines in purple state;
Power and rank can ever claim
The semblance of an honour'd name;
Smiles the delusive flatterer wears;—
But what's the price can purchase tears?

Yes, Lady! disappointed pride
And selfish vanity may chide,
That with a mother's cares intent,
Thy anxious thoughts were rather bent
To train thy children's early youth,
And deck their minds with every gem
Of knowledge, wisdom, justice, truth,
And virtue,—than to pamper *them.*

The honours round thy memory thrown
Are won by sterling worth alone,
And well may leave in scorn behind
The rancour of an evil mind.
The sun, tho' envious tempests lower,
Shines on with undiminish'd power;
'Tis but this low and earthly scene,
Is darken'd by the clouds between.

Thy tribute is the faltering tongue,
The sobs that check the wonted song,
The prayers and blessings of the poor.
Shame on the harden'd heart that sneers
At th' orphan's and the widow's tears
For her they must behold no more!

J.

A NOTE.

CONGRATULATORY FROM THE EDITOR.

As we have *sometimes* stood alone as it regards the *Press* in this colony, in the great question of the *Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species*, we may fairly congratulate our readers as well as ourselves, on the termination of one of the foulest systems that ever disgraced human nature. The evil in question began in avarice. It was nursed also by worldly interest. It was interwoven into the system of the commerce and revenue of the British nation. Hence the merchant—the planter—the mortgagee—the manufacturer—the politician—the legislator—the cabinet minister—lifted up their voices against the annihilation of it. It even set the pulpit at defiance, or rather gagged the mouths of the ministers of religion.* It was like the famous hydra which was said to have had a hundred heads, every one of which it was necessary to cut off before it could be subdued. But the blessing of Omnipotence on the exertions of the People of England has laid the monster low in the dust. And in America too,—polluted at present by Slavery, the evil must cease—nor *here* nor *there* shall we hear any more of the debasing and atrocious punishment of the *lash*. We bid adieu to this subject in the applicable words of the excellent Clarkson at the close of his admirable volumes on the History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.—"Reader! Thou art now acquainted with the history of this contest! Rejoice in the manner of its termination. And if thou feelest grateful for the event, retire within thy closet, and pour out thy thanksgivings to the Almighty for this his unspeakable act of mercy to thy oppressed fellow-creatures."

* There were happy exceptions—hence a *Cunningham* of England's Established Church; a *Thomson* of Scotland; and a *Styles* among the Dissenters, did not fail to lift up their protesting voices against the system—adopting the Prophet's determination—"to cry aloud and spare not."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. M. *On the New Pier—Suspension Act*—is worthier the Newspaper Press than our columns.

We have received a *Prospectus* for a Third Newspaper, "to be published on each alternate Tuesday." This document is clearly *advertising* property, and should be manifested accordingly. We have no objection, at the same time, to record it as our belief, founded on the current opinions of a great many respectable individuals in Town and Country, that the Colony is at length ripe for a Weekly English Journal, which shall not exceed twenty-five or thirty shillings per annum. Many are the communications which we have received on this subject.

A. B. C. is informed, that any general question on *Jurisprudence* would be acceptable. We beg leave to decline inserting in the *Literary Gazette* an individual case relative to a late trial.

On Criminal Debtors has been received, and will be published in our next.

On Lying, will also find a similar reception.

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AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 10. Vol. III.] CAPE TOWN: TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1833. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum*.

CHURCH-YARDS AT THE CAPE.

Proposal for a Joint Stock Company's Cemetry.

It was an ingenious thought of our worthy Colonial Secretary to take our Cape John Bull on his vulnerable side, and to place before his eyes the naked proofs of a clear profit arising from a *Joint Stock Company Church.* The prospect of saving a shilling, is too much in the nature of an angel visit to be treated with indifference by this growling and long-oppressed personage. Hence the avidity to take a share in George's Church. Let us charitably hope, however, that this thirst for lucre will, after all, turn some to spiritual account; and that fire from heaven may fall on the altar and refine all that is unhallowed, drossy, and secular! But, connected with the Church, there is an appendage belonging to us mortals as our *last home.* Yes: as the living have an interest in coming near a power with which they must one day be familiar, it is well to be made acquainted in life with the nature or situation of that *prison-house* in which the *Grim Tyrant* means to dispose of our remnant of humanity.

It will readily enough be seen by our readers that our subject is the Church-yard. The Church-yards of the Cape are sad, cold, dull, dreary, melancholy places of worn-out human nature. The *Reformed* one is a pathless, dangerous *Golgotha* of pit-falls and damps in winter, and of body-searching reptiles in summer. And, as for the one *next door,* it is literally a place of uncovered skulls. And all the christian places of sepultre at the Cape, convey no sentiment to the living spectator but that of disgust. Save me! save me, ye guardian spirits of the dead! from being interred in any of our civic cemetries, cabined in with high windowless *white-washed* walls, where the weeds are rank, the ground tree and flowerless, where the earth is unctuous with the fermentation of accumulated remains; where the tombstones are dark, desolate, and unperused, and human bones are left scattered upon the surface, as if an unhallowed desert, while the desecrated enclosure perpetually rings with the yell of the wagon-driver, and all the profane hub-bub of commercial life. We conceive not of the peace or the sleep of death, amidst this hurly-burly of the mart.

But to the question. It was, we think, a very remarkable oversight in our Church-building promoters in Cape Town, not to have established the Church-yard upon the same *Joint Stock Principles* as the Place for Worship. In such a case, there would have been little necessity for those *charitable subscriptions* which do so frequently beset us on all sides, there had been no occasion for the recent charitable donations to defray Church-yard enclosures. Now, with all due deference to the clergy, the undertakers, sextons, and that body of *regulars* who form the rear-guard in the march of death's doings to the present places of deposit, we beg leave to propose the breaking-up of all the existing and intended enclosures for the dead, and the formation of a grand

Joint Stock Company's Cemetry.

Such an institution seems highly indispensable for Cape Town. Not alone is it, that our population is making rapid growth, but the situation of our present Church-yards demands an urgent attention. These occupy the most valuable portions of those lots of earth which should serve for the living, rather than the dead. As the building of the New Pier which was commenced a short time since is only suspended for the present, to make room for a more extended plan of public usefulness—so much the more is the value of the lands increased contiguous to Green-point and the Chavonne Battery. It requires no spirit of prophecy to *foretell* the swarms of shipping in our Bay in 1834, —hence the necessity of being prepared with new buildings and warehouses. The commercial changes at home will so materially advance the commercial interests of this colony, and remove the mart of commerce N. of Cape Town, that precious will every rood of land be in that quarter. But what do we behold at present? These spots either occupied as burial-places, and enclosures taking place for new ones in the very teeth of the grand entrance from the new Pier. We earnestly trust that His Excellency the Governor will be pleased to interpose his authority in this important case, and that the public will discover its duty in establishing a Joint Stock Company's Cemetry.

There is no novelty in such an association. Liverpool has stood foremost in this field of enterprise. Increasing both in population and commerce, the inhabitants of that justly-celebrated town long felt the inconveniences attendant on the interment of the dead. The burying-places were found too contracted, and too near the living population. It was even frequently difficult to discover room for a grave, without disturbing bodies that had been previously interred, and many instances occurred when they were removed while only in a state of partial decomposition. To remedy the evil, a Cemetry, comprising 44,000 square yards, was formed in a convenient situation, and surrounded by a handsome iron railing. The ground is beautifully intersected by hill and dale. There are catacombs of various descrip-

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tions. The roads and walks are tastefully disposed — there are sloping banks, lawns, caves, seats, shrubberies, forest trees, and even a church, or oratory, of pure Grecian Doric architecture.* Thus has Liverpool given an example to the British nation, both in theory and practice, of forming a public Cemetry, which has been followed in London, by the establishment of a grand Metropolitan Burying-place.

But let us just take a peep at France, and then, perhaps, we shall be less inclined to admit the truth of a commonly received opinion, that the French are people of no reflection, and are solely devoted to frivolity and amusement. Reader! did you ever happen to pay a visit to the Cemetry of *Père la Chaise*, near Paris? If so, how many and choice must be your recollections! It must be admitted by all acquainted with the Cemetry of *Père la Chaise*, that in the precincts of this beautiful and affecting spot, there is not only a more striking assemblage of tasteful decorations and appropriate monumental sculpture, but more pervading evidences of deep, lingering, heart-rending affection for the dead, than can be paralleled in Britain, or in any other country in Europe.† The tombs elsewhere seem to be monuments of oblivion, not remembrance; they designate spots to be avoided, not visited. Those in the Parisian Cemetry seem built up with the *heart* as well as with the hands: they are hallowed by the frequent presence of sorrowing survivors, who, by various devices of ingenious and elegant offerings, still testify their grief and their respect for the departed; and keep up, by these pious visitings, a sort of holy communion between the living and the dead. Never shall we forget the solemn yet sweet and soothing emotions that we experienced at the first visit to *Père la Chaise*. There, on the graves, we beheld crowns, crosses, and wreaths of orange-blossoms, æreanthemum, amaranth, and other ever-lasting flowers, which the mourning relatives had thrown down in honour of the dead. In this sacred place, you walk through a variegated and wide-spreading garden, consisting of hill and dale, redolent with flowers, and thickly planted with luxuriant shrubs and trees, from the midst of which, monumental stones, columns, obelisks, pyramids, temples, and osiered hillocks are scattered in profusion. One thing appeared quite new to us; the lapidary and other inscriptions were of the most perfect order, both in sentiment and *grammar*. The death's head and marrow-bones were out of the question; not a flower was gathered—not a monument defaced—not a stone scribbled over:—*Pourquoi?* Because the lowest Frenchman has been familiarized with the works of art, until he has learnt to take a pride in them, and because the English rabble had not visited *Père la Chaise* with its mutilating propensities.

But the practical inquiry of the reader is, by this time, naturally directed to the spot for *our* Joint Stock Cemetry at the Cape. Well, then, we propose all that elevated ground at the foot of the mountain, N. W. of Chiappini and Rose-streets, to the left of St. Andrew's Church, extending even to the top of Waal-street, as a site well adapted to the objects of christian burial. The ruggednesses, mounds, excavations, hollows and heights, are all objects of interest, and considerably add to the importance of the situation. Here the scenery is sublime, and by planting, preparing walks, and directing an enclosure, we might form a Cemetry which would become at once a source of profit to the shareholders, as well as of pleasing melancholy to the visitor, and of no small interest to families and individuals.

In proposing that all the present and *intended* Church-yards should be broken up, we are fully aware, that we have to contend against those who apprehend, to certain grounds, a *consecrating* virtue from human authority. Now, we have no sort of wish to quarrel with the pious prejudices of the Church of England on this head, and especially now when the "Philistines be upon her;" but we really do think, we might, under present circumstances at the Cape of Good Hope, yield the question of *consecration* to the vast majority of those who do not pin their faith to this rite, or at least, we might commence our new Cemetry, and postpone its consecration until the arrival of the two new Bishops who may touch here on their way to British India. But perhaps the day may come, when the Church shall altogether rid itself of this apparent shackle—its jurisdiction over civil matters in the system of consecration of burial-grounds and surplice fees. And common reason would seem to be on our side, for who has consecrated the sea into which the British sailor, in the cloud of battle-smoke, descends—or who goes down, amidst the regrets of his comrades, to depths to which no plummet but that of God's omnipresence ever reached? Who hath made holy those awful shores of our eastern Africa, in those seasons when "death rides the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner" in his ill-fated vessel,—but He who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, and even in the watery grave provides

"A calmer, sweeter spot than all the rest." *

Who has *consecrated* the battle-field, which opens its pits for its thousands and ten thousands; or the desert, where the weary traveller lies down to his quiet rest? Who has made holy the sleeping-place of the solitary missionary, and of our widely-scattered settlers in all lands? But He, whose hands have hallowed earth from end to end, and from surface to centre, for His pure and almighty fingers have moulded it! Who shall seek for a more hallowed bed than the bosom of that earth into which Christ himself descended, and in which the bodies of thousands of glorious patriots, and prophets, and martyrs, who were laid in gardens, and beneath their paternal trees, amidst muirs and mountains,—and of heroes whose blood and sighs have flowed forth for their fellow men, have been left to peace, and the blessings of grateful generations, with no rites, no sounds but the silent falling of tears, and the aspirations of speechless but immortal thanks? From side to side, from end to end, the whole world is sanctified by agencies wholly independent of that single rite of clerical authority. God's sun-shine flows over it; His providence surrounds it;

* There are also a Minister's and a Porter's house attached to the grounds. Mr. Huskisson lies buried in the Liverpool Cemetry.

† This Cemetry, however, in one sense, is vastly inferior to that of Liverpool—it contains no catacombs.

* The ocean, the *unconsecrated* ocean, is a vast family-vault. What sepulchre so sublime as the mighty ocean, with its unimagined wonders and sumless treasures, its ever-rolling billows above, and its boundless floors below, tesselated with spars, and shells, and chrystal! The ocean is probably as deep in some places as the mountains are high above. Fish are not supposed to be found on the bottom everywhere, any more than birds in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Beyond a certain depth darkness reigns, and life is considered extinct. Many ships which founder at sea, do not sink to the bottom, but so far towards it as specific gravity will allow, and no farther. We mention these things to awaken the attention of our young readers, and submit the following question to their consideration.—How deep will a cast-iron box sink in the ocean, twenty tons in weight, and enclosing a cubic yard of air?

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it is rocked in his arms like the child of His eternal love; His faithful creatures live, and toil, and pray in it; and in the name of heaven, who shall make it, who can need it holier for his last resting-place?

FAREWELL TO SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Table Bay, August, 1833.

1.

FAREWELL to the land where the wild heath and vine,
Their blossoms and tendrils uniting entwine;
Where the orange and citron abound in the dale,
And waving acacias breathe sweet on the gale.

2.

How genial thy clime! thy breezes breathe health,
That blessing more precious than all India's wealth,
Inviting the stranger to haste to thy shore,
Where fondly he hopes his lost strength to restore.

3.

And glorious thy heavens when nightly do shine,
In matchless effulgence, each planet and sign;
And the moon's mellow light uncloudedly beaming,
Round thy mountain king's brow brightly is streaming.

4.

Here Flora has fixed of her empire the seat,
No chill blasts of winter compel her retreat;
In endless profusion her treasures are spread
O'er forest and moorland, o'er mountain and mead.

5.

Pomona, too, scatters with bountiful hand
Her choicest productions abroad o'er the land;
The seasons acknowledge her gentle controul,
As marked by her fruits in succession they roll.

6.

From the deep ocean's bound thy hoar mountains rise,
Majestic elancing their peaks to the skies;
While the dark gathering clouds roll awful above,
Like thine, distant Scotia, the land of my love.

7.

Still green be thy vallies, and fertile thy plains,
And numerous the flocks and herds of thy swains;
Remote each disaster the true heart that grieves,
For leal is the welcome the stranger receives.

8.

Farewell to thee, Afric',—land, sky, and ocean,
Hush'd in my soul be each swelling emotion;
To me, no *relation* e'er hallow'd the scene,
Yet still will I bless thee for that which hath been.

S.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

We may, perhaps, be excused in submitting a few reflections to the notice of our readers on the *music of speech.* To those gentlemen of the Cape Forum or Institute, or to lecturers, or to such as are sharpening their tasks for *Legislative* debate in the Cape Parliament, *(that is to be,)* some attention to the present question would appear requisite.

It is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that the loudest noises perish almost on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical tones will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile of a town or village in which a fair is held, as we have often done, we may hear very faintly the clamour of the multitude, but most distinctly the organs, and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin—a real Amati—be played by the side of a modern fiddle, the latter will sound much the louder of the two: but the sweet brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance to which the other cannot reach. The amateurs always went into the gallery to hear the cremona of Barthelemon, when he led at the Opera. Dr. Young, on the authority of Derhan, states that at Gibraltar the human voice was heard at the distance of ten miles. It is a well known fact, that the human voice may be heard to a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the settler in the woods, or in an open plain, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice at a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means it reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the lion could not penetrate so far. This property of musical sound in the human voice, is strikingly shown in the cathedrals of Europe. Here the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas, if the same service had been read, the sound would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir. Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, and at the greatest distance, are those who, by modulating the voice, render it most musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage. Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of lofty cry, which tended as much as the formality of his discourses in the House of Commons to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard; "his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied," says a writer, describing that great orator; "when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of sound; the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer and animate; and then he had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the whole House sunk before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it impressed every hearer with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator."

CROAKOLOGY;

OR THE CROW LANGUAGE.

We have no intention at present to follow the *Advertiser* in his judicious remarks lately published on the importance of the English Language to the Colonists. No:—we have to do with a less graver subject. We have seen a prospectus announcing a Work in the press, in behalf of a very injured portion of the creation—the *Crows.* The inventions of the age it would seem—*steam,* &c. for instance, has interfered with their *vested rights,* and their beloved language; and, among the crow-circles, remedial measures are reported as about to take place for the establishment of a *Tot Nut van het Algemeen.* But to the prospectus in question: the plan of the Work is to include:

1. An Essay, illustrated by a Series of elaborate Tables, showing the Annual Mortality of Horses, under the present state of the Carrying Trade.
2. The number of Horses which will be dismissed that service, that is, be annihilated, under the Steam Carriage System.
3. The deficiency which will thereby be caused in the supply of Horse-flesh and Crow-meat, at the end of four centuries, calculated from the present year.
4. The result of an extensive series of comical experiments, incontrovertibly proving that Crows' gizzards cannot digest worn-out Steam-Engine Boilers.
5. A solemn monition, warning the entire race to abstain from nest-building;—and
6. Arguments in support of a Proposal that VALENTINE'S DAY shall henceforward be kept every Bissextile, or LEAP-YEAR only.

The Author then proceeds to enter into a philologico-ornithologico-etymologico-lexicographico-orthoepico-grammatical essay to investigate the elementary principles of the *Crow language.*

He proceeds by observing that

The Crow acquires more experience than most birds, because he lives long and travels much; which, as every one knows, is a great source of improvement. He does not suffer a man armed with a gun to approach him within its reach; but a stick does not excite similar alarm in him, and he gaily follows the ploughman very closely, to pick up the worms and grubs which the coulter brings to light: this is well known to country labourers.

Some have attributed this discriminating conduct to the glare of the gun or smell of the gunpowder; be it so: but nature produces neither guns nor gunpowder: in many parts of the globe which crows frequent, their use is utterly unknown; besides, brown barrels are in fashion. It cannot be then by any innate instinct that they thus fly from gunpowder and fire-arms.

What then must we infer from their conduct? That the Crow is a very sensible creature; that he knows by personal experience, by accurate observation, or by information derived from his elders, that these machines produce fire, smoke,

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and noise; and that in consequence of such fire, smoke, and noise, they wound and destroy. He knows besides that the power of man to kill lies in his fowling-piece, which he has discovered has only a certain range, and this he wisely calculates as greater than it really is. A valuable hint to the venturesome, if they would but mind it.

The Crow is a bird of a very communicative turn of mind; a couple hardly ever meet without entering into conversation; this interchange of ideas must add vastly to their stores of information: even when two pass each other in flying, they usually exchange a few passing compliments, cautions, or observations. From their social disposition and from the knowledge acquired by Crows in their travels, is it not very rational to infer that those among them who have been exposed to gun-shot even beyond the reach of it, or who have seen its destructive effects on other birds not yet so far advanced in the improvement of their natural faculties, for instance, on simple-hearted pheasants, or on innocent patridges, should fear it excessively, should have studiously applied themselves to distinguish guns and their effects, and should warn their companions of the danger attending them?

From the long experience and intense study which the writer of this Dissertation has devoted to this subject, and his familiar intercourse with many well-informed individuals of that nation, the writer has distinguished and appropriated innumerable modulations in their speech, although to the inattentive hearer it may appear almost monotonous. A few of these articulate sounds, as a slight specimen, are here presented to the reader, expressed as closely to the original as the imperfect state of the English Alphabet will permit.

Khrau, khra, khre, khri, khro, khrou,
Khraus, khras, khres, khris, khros, khrous,
Khraue, khraë, khreë, khrië, khroë, khrouë,
Khraukh, khrakh, khrekh, khrikh, khrokh, khroukh,
Khrauö, khraö, khreö, khriö, khroo, khrouô.*

Whether these sounds are entire words, like the Chinese, or Fee-fa-fum language; or only syllables, like the English tongue; or single letters, like the deaf and dumb alphabet, had not been determined by the learned of the human race until the present time, although, beyond contradiction, a definite knowledge as to the truth of the above suppositions, is of far more vital importance to the well-being of mankind at large than the generality of those subjects which engage the attention of Most Learned Societies, both in London and at the Cape of Good Hope.

If the endless varieties of intonation with which they use the accents and diacritical points were enumerated and specified, the above Table of euphonious cacophony might be prodigiously enlarged. Their language, like the German, is very guttural, and no one but a native-born Newcastle man can intelligibly articulate the burr with which every word is embroidered.

Specimen of the Crow Language.

The writer affirms, without fear of contradiction, there is more intrinsic sound sense in the following dialogue, than in nine-tenths of the nonsense-verses which are written, published, set to music, and praised, under the specious name of Amatory Poetry.

* The writer could enlarge this vocabulary to a great extent with very little trouble; but forbears, holding in abhorrence and contempt the very reprehensible conduct of those quartoists whose only aim seems to be to make the length of their articles correspond in exact proportion with the inanity of their matter, the absurdity of their opinions, and the triviality of the subjects they dilate on.

SCENE.—*The topmast branch of a lofty tree.*
TIME.—*The 16th of September.*

MR. CROW, Junior.
Dear, pretty, amiable interesting,
Khra, khriö, khroö, khrauë,
Young, Miss Crow, very, shiny, feathers!
khraë, khrauö, khro, khrikh, khrouö, khreë!

MISS CROW.
Young, Master, Crow, very polite!
Khraë, khrouë, khro, khrikh, khrokh!

MR. CROW, Junior.
Fine, Worm, Ground! Worm?
Khri, khrau, khraukh! khrau!
Worm! Worm!—Fine, dead, Horse!
khrau! khrau!—Khri, khre, khros!

MISS CROW.
Fine dead, Horse?—where?
Khri, khre, khros?—khroukh?

MR. CROW, Junior.
Smell! Field, Field, Field, Field, Field,
Khrou! khroe, khroe, khroe khroe, khroe,
Field!—Fine, high, Tree!—Nest?
Khroë!—Khri, khrekh, khras!—Khrië?

MISS CROW.
Fine, high, Tree!
Khri, khrekh, khras!

MR. CROW, Junior.
Build, Nest? Stick, Stick, Stick.
Khrao, khrie? khrous, khrous, khrous.

LITERATURE.

RUSH'S RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON.

This Work seems to have created a good deal of interest in London. It forms a very pleasant personal narrative of an apparently worthy man. Mr. Rush, as Envoy Extraordinary for the United States of America, arrived in London 19th Nov. 1817. Many customs which are detailed in the volume of Mr. Rush, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

It being the rule for a new minister, after having been received by the sovereign, to call on the members of the royal family, Mr. Rush was careful to comply with the practice. The call is made by the minister inscribing his name in books kept at their several residences. His next duty was to leave cards at the houses of the cabinet ministers, and of the other members of the diplomatic corps; he also visited the lord high steward, lord chamberlain, the master of the horse, and a few other officers of the household. The cabinet ministers are understood to be allowed an exemption from the general obligation to return a visit; but the politeness of Lord Castlereagh, it seems, induced that nobleman to waive his immunity in this instance, and he returned the compliment which Mr. Rush had paid him of a visit. Amongst the other consequences of his reception at court, the minister was struck in particular with one which consisted of a series of calls from the servants of official persons for "favours." The nature of these solicitations he had already become acquainted with, as we have seen, at Portsmouth. The first set were the "Palace Drums and Fifes;" the next were "The Royal Waits and Music;" and the third, which surprised the American minister most, was that body which called itself the "King's Marrow Bones and Cleavers." Each made him an address, and had their book to show. The tax on the foreign ministers which these claims imply, had its origin in a long-established custom. Ambassadors, when they quit England, usually receive a sum of one thousand pounds; but to ministers plenipotentiary no more than half that sum is given. So that, if upon the first arrival of the ambassador he is troubled with the claims of the menial officers of the goverment of this country, that government deems it only justice to compensate the ambassador for the losses to which he is thus inevitably put. Now, the hardship on Mr. Rush, and his successors in office, has been, and perhaps still is, that the American minister is forbidden to accept the donation; but as the refusal to pay the "Waits" upon such a ground would require a degree of humiliation on the part of the person applied to, the minister has no resource but to give out the black mail.

Mr. Rush particularly alludes to a conversation which he held with the Duke of Sussex as to the choice of the language in which state papers should be written. The prince observed, that with respect to the French, all foreigners readily acquired enough of it for ordinary purposes; but when treaties were to be drawn up, in which the fate of a nation perhaps depended on the employment of one word differing in its import to the amount of perhaps a scarcely perceptible shade from some other, the necessity of having as far as possible all the advantages derivable from a unity of language was strenuously enforced by his royal highness; and he ultimately proposed that the Latin should be the invariable language of all written instruments to which more than one nation was a party. "Each nation," said the duke, "would then stand upon the scholarship of its public men." Mr. Rush, however, differs from the prince in the selection of the particular tongue for the use of statesmen in the manner just mentioned. He thinks that that language should have the preference which is most likely to be predominant throughout Christendom. In pursuing this view, Mr. Rush informs us that the European dominions of Great Britain have a population of twenty-two millions, in addition to which is to be counted the

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population of the United States; making altogether upwards of thirty-four millions of people, with whom the English language is vernacular Besides this fact, the foreign commerce of Britain and the United States conjointly, far exceed the commercial transactions of all Europe put together, and this superiority cannot fail to have its weight in giving importance to the language, since it is the one that is, under these circumstances, the most widely and the most frequently diffused. Adverting to these indisputable facts, Mr. Rush very properly inquires why it is that the French should insist on the perpetual preference of *their* language by all the world; or rather, why should England acquiesce in their claim? *

Mr. Rush makes the following observations on the Newspaper Press:

Some will suppose that the newspapers govern the country. Nothing would be more unfounded. There is a power not only in the Government, but in the country itself, far above them. It lies in the educated classes. True, the daily press is of the educated class. Its conductors hold the pens of scholars, often of statesmen. Hence you see no editorial personalities; which, moreover, the public would not bear. But what goes into the columns of newspapers, no matter from what sources, comes into contact with equals at least in mind among readers, and a thousand to one in number. The bulk of these are unmoved by what newspapers say, if opposite to their own opinions; which, passing quickly from one to another in a society where population is dense, make head against the daily press, after its first efforts are spent upon classes less enlightened. Half the people of England live in towns. This augments moral as physical power; the last, by strengthening rural parts through demand for their products —the first by sharpening intellect through opportunities of collision. The daily press could master opposing mental forces, if scattered; but not when they can combine. Then, the general literature of the country, reacts against newspapers. The permanent press, as distinct from the daily, teems with productions of a commanding character. There is a great class of authors always existent in England, whose sway exceeds that of the newspapers, as the main body the pioneers. Periodical literature is also effective. It is a match at least for the newspapers, when its time arrives. It is more elementary; less hasty. In a word, the daily press in England, with its floating capital in talents, zeal, and money, can do much at an onset. It is an organized corps, full of spirit and always ready; but there is a higher power of mind and influence behind, that can rally and defeat it From the latter source it may also be presumed, that a more deliberate judgment will in the end be formed on difficult questions, than from the first impulses and more premature discussions of the daily journals. The latter move in their orbit by reflecting also, in the end, the higher judgment by which they have been controlled. Such are some of the considerations that strike the stranger, reading their daily newspapers. They make a wonderful part of the social system in England Far more might be said by those having inclination and opportunity to pursue the subject. pp. 201—203.

* Mr. Canning was the first minister of England to insist on the claims of the English language, in the Government Correspondence with France.—(Ed.)

BOUNAPARTE—MADAME JUNOT, &c.

Perhaps the 5th volume of Madame Junot's Memoirs is the most interesting which have yet appeared. A great deal is said of the promise afforded by a child, Prince Louis, the eldest son of Queen Hortense. This child afterwards died of the croup in Holland. The emperor had been much attached to this boy; and frequently devoted hours of his time to narrations calculated to interest his favourite. A beautiful scene, founded on one of these occasions, is related by the Duchess. One day, at St. Cloud, the emperor began to relate the tragic story of the burning of the ship L'Orient. The young prince, who was sitting on the knee of the empress, got down, in the midst of the story, and, placing himself opposite Napoleon, fixed upon him his large blue eyes, which were animated with a strong expression of interest. Napoleon's talent for narration was quite wonderful; and it was not surprising, that, when in the vein, he should have fascinated the young auditor. The story, in this instance, as we have already stated, was that of a naval battle; and the fire of his words, observes the duchess, seemed to bring to the ears of his hearers, the roaring of the waves, the thunder of the cannon, and the groans of the dying "He placed you," she continues, "on the deck of a vessel, the planks of which, stained with blood, and covered with dead bodies, were already crackling under the action of fire, which sent its thousand tongues, of every diversity of colours, bursting through the hatchways, and climbing in serpentine wreaths along the yards and up the masts. This vessel, which, but a few hours before, rode in her pride, commanding the anchorage of Aboukir, and presenting at her forecastle above five hundred human faces, all full of energy and life, was now a desert; for, whoever of her crew had not been brought down by the enemy's cannon, had hastened to escape a certain horrible death, by throwing himself into the sea to swim ashore. One man only remained there, standing with arms crossed upon his large breast, his dress bathed in blood, and his face black with powder and smoke. He looked with deep sorrow upon another man, lying at the foot of the main mast, with both his legs fractured; breathing still, but losing his blood and life, without complaint: nay, thanking God for calling him from this world, and raising his dying eye to the republican banner of France, which still floated over his head. At some paces from him was a boy, about fourteen years of age, dressed in a blue jacket, without any mark of distinction; a small sword was by his side, and two pistols were fixed in his belt. He looking upon the dying man with an expression of despair, blended with resignation, which impressed the conviction that he also had done with life. This vessel was L'Orient, the admiral-ship of the expedition to Egypt; the dying man was her captain, Casabianca; the youth was his son.

"'Take this child,' said the captain to the lieutenant, 'save yourself and him, and leave an old sailor, reduced to the value of a damaged cartouche, to die alone.'

"'Keep your distance!' said the young hero, 'and save yourself: for me —this is my place; I will not leave my father.'

"'My son,' said the dying man, casting upon his noble child a look which expressed all the happiness the human heart is capable of conceiving, 'my son, I command you to go.'

"At this moment a frightful crash evinced the mastery of the devouring element; the timbers of the deck became burning hot. The lieutenant started forward to seize the youth, who, presenting one of his pistols, threatened to lay him at his feet if he attempted to touch him. 'It is my duty to stay here, and I will stay,' he exclaimed; 'go you: may heaven protect you! but you have no time to lose;' then, laying himself down beside his father, and throwing his arms round him, he added, 'bless me, my father!'

"These were the last words the lieutenant heard; he jumped into the sea and swam towards the shore, which was but two hundred toises distant; ('For,' said the emperor, 'Admiral Brueys, stupid fellow! had crippled all his movements by fighting so close inland,') but he had not made ten strokes towards it before L'Orient blew up with a tremendous explosion. He was saved by assistance from shore,' added the emperor, 'and came to head-quarters; and it was he who related to us the sublime filial devotion of the young Casabianca. 'What have I to do in this world,' said he, in reply to his father's earnest entreaties to him to save himself: 'I shall lose you; and the navy is dishonoured!' He was a noble chid; and I am proud to think that he was related to me.'

"Meanwhile, it was curious to observe the countenance of the young Napoleon. He kept his large blue eyes fixed upon the emperor with an expression of anxiety it is impossible to des-

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cribe; and when his uncle ceased speaking, he came to him, and climbed upon his knee; saying, 'Are you quite sure that is all true?'

"'Why do you wish to know?' said the emperor.

"'Because I shall pray to God for that little boy and his papa,' replied the young prince.

The emperor was affected, and tenderly embraced his nephew, saying, 'You are a brave, good boy; then setting him down, his eye followed his playful movements with all a father's solicitude: he felt that this child was his hope. The empress was very happy in such moments.

WHISTLING AND SINGING EMPLOYED AS SUBSTITUTES FOR CONVERSATION IN IMPRISONMENT.

THAT the French are a very ingenious and inventive people, is readily acknowledged; and in nothing is this quality more evident, than in those devices to which their military officers have had recourse, to amuse and circumvent those whom they intended to subdue. They cannot always be vindicated, in the judgment of strict honour and integrity: yet on some occasions, as on that now introduced, it would be moroseness, rather than morality, to impugn the alleviation of sufferings, by means of a skilful application of ingenuity.

We have no need to bring to recollection the imprisonment of several French General Officers, who were induced to seek their personal safety, by quitting the French army, then in insurrection, after the attack on the Tuilleries on the well-known *tenth of August*, These were arrested in their attempt to escape to Holland; and were first seized by the King of Prussia; from his custody they passed into that of Austria, and were long confined in the castle of Olmutz. It is to the honour of Madame de la Fayette, that she desired and obtained leave to share the captivity of her husband: but other wives were not so happy.

To maintain some intercourse with his family, M. de Pusy, one of the imprisoned party, concealed a tooth pick, and mingling his saliva (not seldom his *tears*) with soot, he contrived to write in the blank pages of some pious works, which he hired from a bookseller in the town, such information as he desired should reach his wife.

It is true, that he was never without a guard in his room, but this guard having little taste for the pious meditations contained in the works procured by M. de Pusy, he slept, as too many others do when such things are in question. That the bookseller had *weighty reasons* for tolerating the destruction of his treatises on serious subjects need not be doubted.

Moreover, it so happened, that although each of these prisoners was kept in solitary confinement, yet they were within hearing of each other, when standing at the windows of their respective chambers. To improve this advantage they bethought themselves of the following method:—There is at Paris a number of tunes, called "Airs of the *Pont Neuf*," or those popular ballads that were sung at the corners of the streets, and in other public places.*

The words belonging to these airs were so well known, that to strike up a few of the notes, was to recall the words which they accompanied. The captives at Olmutz gradually composed for themselves, a musical vocabulary, by whistling these notes at their windows, and this vocabulary after a while became so complete, and even *rich*, that two or three notes from each air formed their alphabet, and effected their intercourse.

They communicated to each other, by this means, news concerning their families, the progress of the war, and when by good fortune one of them procured a gazette, he *whistled* the contents of it to his partners in suffering. When any event particularly interested them, we may suppose, the *chorus* was proportionably loud and general.

The Commander of the fortress was constantly informed of these unaccountable concerts. He listened; he set spies; but the whole being a *language of convention*, the most practised musician would have failed in detecting the intention and real *expression* of the notes he heard.

In vain was whistling forbid: was whistling ever made a crime? was it ever punished? At length the Austrian was tired out; and confined himself to conviction, that amongst the most difficult things in nature, was that of keeping Frenchmen from whistling and singing!

* The immense number of Scotch National Songs would probably enable the natives of Caledonia to hold a similar inarticulate conversational intercourse.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Greatly pleased, and, moreover, considerably instructed by the Lectures in your Journal, now in course, I beg permission to suggest to their enlightened author, that the frequent use of the word animal *mind*, instead of instinct, is calculated to lead astray. Hence we read of bird *mind*, and serpent *mind*, &c. I have been led to make these remarks by the inquiries on this head by some of the junior members of my family. In the hope that *Orlando*, who ever he may be, will explain himself in respect of this question,

I am, Sir, yours,
A PARENT.

NOTE.

At the close of the Lectures which we have had the pleasure to introduce in the *Literary Gazette*, the name of the author of the Lectures will appear, and probably the inquiries of *A Parent* will then meet with attention. In the mean time, we take the liberty of bringing to the notice of our Correspondent the following remarks, which may lead to further intellectual discussion on the subject.

Reason and Instinct have obvious differences: yet the more intelligent animals, in some of their actions, approach so near to Reason, that it is really surprising how small the distinction appears.

The great and most striking superiority of Reason seems to consist in this point: the capacity of knowing and acknowledging our Creator and understanding his commands; this peculiarity of Reason has the solemn effect of rendering its owner responsible for his conduct in obeying those behests.

Reason also is capable of perpetual improvement; Instinct is not. However close, therefore, be their situation at any given time, if one stands still while the other advances, the distance between them will at length become all but infinite.

Which is the greatest calamity of Man, the loss of Reason, or the misuse of Reason?

That which will incur the greatest punishment

Where do the confines of Reason and Instinct abut on one another? What name can be given to that train of ANIMAL THOUGHT which produced the following extraordinary act of justifiable retaliation?

A remarkable fact occurred some time ago in the park of Lord Grantley, at Wonersh, near Guildford. A Fawn drinking, was suddenly pounced upon by one of the Swans, which pulled the animal into the water, and held it there until quite drowned.

This was observed by the other Deer in the park, and did not long go unrevenged; for, shortly after this, this very Swan, which had never been molested by the Deer, was singled out when on land, and furiously attacked by the herd, which surrounded and presently killed the offender, without molesting the other Swans.

If a human observer had cursorily seen the first occurrence, could he have been able afterwards to single out the culprit from his innocent associates?

Was the criminal, the MURDERER, conscious of the delinquency for which he so justly suffered? Would his companions feel the retributive justice of his punishment, and be wary of committing a similar crime?

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

MASONI.

OUT upon thee, Mr. Editor, art thou so encrusted with literature, or so steeped in science, so frenzied with poetry, or so abstracted by philosophy; are thy tastes so few or so exclusive, are thy feelings so selfish or so prejudiced, is thy creed so bigotted or so illiberal, that thou deniest us not only the right to exchange our rix-dollars and our tallow-dips for the entertainments of a Musical Festival, but dost even question the reality of enjoyments which we have purchased at so *high* a cost, but in which thou canst not participate!

Think'st thou truly because thou art unmusical, because thou art uninitiated in the mystery, "quod noscent *fideles*," (excuse the pun,) that our halls shall henceforth echo to the idolatrous sounds of sackbuts, cymbals, and psalteries, or worse, to the drone of Lincolnshire bag-pipes?

Will the "two brilliant audiences" whom you so unceremoniously charge with lèse treason for applauding the performances of Masoni, think'st thou, plead guilty to the soft impeachment, and confess that they mistook the nature of their emotions, that these were not pleasurable, that they derived no gratification from listening to those bursts sublime of sweet sounds which Masoni scattered out his instrument—now in tumultuous harmony, and again in strains so soft and ethereal, that

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the sense almost ached "to read what manner music that m'ote be"

Thus far only can I find excuse for you, by supposing that upon that occasion your beef-steak had been burnt to a cinder, that your penultimate glass of grog tasted too strong of the water, or that some unlucky wight in the crowd trod upon your gouty toe as you entered; in short, that through part pain, part hunger, and part jealousy, you were in rather a cantankerous humour, and would have cried, like Lucentio, "Fiddler, forbear!" if there had been any one to second you.

Now, very true it is, as the Poet Cowper says, that

"There is in souls a sympathy with sound,
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave."

and as you are not suspected to belong to those who have *not* music in their souls, I should be well content to put the philosophic Lucentio's theory of music to the test of experiment upon you, under different circumstances.

I may, for instance, picture you unbuttoning after dinner, "spreading yourself composedly before a sea-coal fire, rolling your easy chair back at a tangent to the bright round table which supports your now half-empty bottle of sack, and sundry dishes, not China dishes, but very good dishes of *naprachees*, stewed prunes, or the like; your rheumatic member entreatingly resting on the woolly back of your antiquated sour-faced Sylvan companion—Crab, the last Number of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* dropping on your knee, and the holy time quiet as a nun breathless with adoration"——

If then, just then, the sound of music should reach your startled ear, and you confess not to its pleasing influence,—there's neither honesty, manhood, nor good-fellowship in thee. All I will then bargain for is, that when you next go forth to dine, I may be there to see

FANATICO DE LA MUSICA.

Note.—It was scarcely possible that certain remarks in our last Number would be tolerated by those whose predilictions are in favor of cat-gut. But our present Correspondent is so good-humoured in his remarks, that it is our duty to meet him in the best temper we can afford. For this purpose, we shall adopt the language of Pope in one of his letters to Mr. Congreve:—"How can you dignify this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of such instruments encounter a wolf now-a-days? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deers, dolphins, whales, or turbots, shewed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern *scrapers*? all of which were tamed and humanized by ancient musicians. Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? It is not from the loss of true ancient music, by which, says Aristotle, they taught all the virtues? Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? Alas! we have lost their true cure."

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

RAISING WATER.

In our present number, the reader will find annexed, a sketch* representing the method of raising water, adopted by the Arabs on the Euphrates. And also that in usage in other countries.

EXPLANATION.—No. I.

The first method is by means of horses or bullocks descending an inclined plane, and pulling a rope over a roller in their progress, so as to elevate a large leather vessel, as represented in the sketch.

In one corner, at the bottom of this vessel, is attached a long leather spout, which is curved upwards, as the vessels ascends; but being drawn out by the tightening of a cord (which works of itself) as the machine reaches the surface, the contents are discharged into a trough coated with bitumen, and the vessel descends to fill again. This is accomplished by the time the animal has ascended to the top of the inclined plane, and has turned round to descend again. These bullock-rollers have a brick shaft descending to the river, and of sufficient diameter to contain three, and occasionally four vessels, all at work at the same time, with as many animals, and a man to each. They appear to have been known and used in Mesopotamia from the earliest times. The bank of the river is covered with them here; and as they are kept working all day, they produce the fertility of Egypt as far in the country as irrigation is extended, beyond which all is desert.

No. II.

The second plan is practised in Egypt and Spain, and also in Canada, where it must have been taken by the early French settlers in that country. These water-levers, with small canals running from them, are very numerous along this part of the river, the banks of which, for a long distance into the country, are covered with verdure, and fringed with a double and nearly continuous belt of luxuriant date trees, as far as the Persian Gulf, and attaining a degree of *perfection* and *productiveness* far beyond that of the Nile.

* No. III. represents the Lithographic Press of Mr. Portermann's, a gentleman who has lately arrived in this colony, and who is desirous of establishing himself in the important business of Lithography.

REPRESENTATIONS OF SHIPS IN THE AIR.

The Art of Discovering the Approach of Vessels when one hundred leagues and upwards distant.

Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, notices the representation of ships in the air by unequal refraction, and observes that the wizard-beacon keeper of the Isle of France, who saw in the air the vessels bound to the island long before they appeared in the offing, must have derived his power from a diligent observation of the phenomena of nature. This is perfectly true, as the contents of the following extraordinary documents just brought to light do most fully corroborate. The letter and certificates from Marat to Daly have been published by a gentleman in possession of copies taken by himself from the original autographs.

He was a *detenu*, and in the year 1806 resided on his parole at Brussels. It being at that period a fashion among French ladies to collect autographs, Madame Guilleminot, sister-in-law to the General of that name, applied to a sister of Napoleon, with whom she was intimate, for a few signatures of celebrated men. The princess mentioned the request to Cambacères, Chancellor of the Empire, by whose direction an immense package of letters from the state paper office was forwarded to Madame Guilleminot. From these the gentleman before mentioned was employed to make a selection, receiving at the same time permission to copy, for his own use, such as he might think fit. He transcribed several hundreds, and among them those which are translated in the present number on the subject of ships. The presence of such documents in the state paper office is partially, perhaps, to be attributed to the recklessness of the Bureau Noir of the police, but chiefly to the frequent seizures of the papers of individuals during the Revolution. Many of the letters forwarded to Madame de Guilleminot had not passed through the post-office; they were original draughts, defaced by erasures and interlineations.

LETTER FROM MARAT TO MR. DALY.

You know, my dear friend, that much of my time has lately been taken up in preparing my work upon Light, Fire, &c. for the press: it is, however, nearly completed; you may, therefore, expect to hear very regularly from me in future. Mr. Bottineau, whom I mentioned to you in my last letter, has experienced here every kind of disappointment. If he be able to raise sufficient money, he purposes visiting London very shortly, where he is likely to meet with more success; for you gentlemen of the British isles will, I am convinced, patronize the discovery which my friend has made. I, who have made a study of optics, meteors, &c. am, I must confess, somewhat sceptical respecting the science which he terms *Nauscopie*, or the art of

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discovering vessels and lands at a considerable distance; but the concurring testimony of hundreds of persons, the certificates he has obtained from officers of high rank,—all tend to shew that there must be truth in his statement; and although he may have been neglected in France, I hope, for the honor of science, that a fair trial will be given him in your country, and that he will not be treated as a visionary. Certain it is, that if his art should prove to be true, incalculable advantages will be derived from it. I have seen an officer who resided six years in the Isle of France, and he assures me that the whole population will corroborate the averments made by Mr Bottineau: but let the latter gentleman speak for himself; the following is his statement:—"As early as the year 1762, holding then an inferior situation in the King's navy, it appeared to me that a vessel approaching land must produce a certain effect upon the atmosphere, and cause the approach to be discovered by a practised eye even before the vessel itself was visible. After making many observations, I thought I could discover a particular appearance before the vessel came in sight: sometimes I was right, but more frequently wrong; so that at the time I gave up all thoughts of success. In 1764, I was appointed to a situation in the Isle of France: while there, having much leisure time, I again betook myself to my favourite observations. Here the advantages I possessed were much greater than before. First, the clear sky and pure atmosphere, at certain periods of the day, were favorable to my studies, and as fewer vessels came to the island, I was less liable to error than was the case off the coast of France, where vessels are continually passing, some of which may never arrive in sight, although the indications I allude to may have been witnessed by me. I had not been more than six months upon the island when I became confident that my discovery was certain, and all that was requisite was to acquire more experience, and then *Nauscopie* would become a real science. As the officers in the island led an idle life, they were frequently on the shore looking through their glasses to discover when a vessel was arriving from Europe. I frequently laid wagers that a vessel was arriving one, two, and even three days before she was actually in sight, and as I was very seldom wrong, I gained a considerable sum of money. The officers attributed my success to a peculiar power of vision I possessed; but then again, they were quite puzzled on reflecting that although they used glasses, I never employed any. In 1780, I wrote to the Minister of Marine, Marechal de Castries, announcing my discovery. In his answer, he instructed the Governor of the island to enter my *announcements* of arrivals in a private register for two years at least. On the 15th May, 1782, my observations commenced. On the 16th May I announced to the Governor that three vessels were near the island. Orders were immediately given to the *vigies*;* their glasses were turned to the direction I had pointed out. Their declaration was—'No vessel in sight.' On the 17th, the *vigies* informed the Governor that a ship had just appeared above the horizon. On the 18th a second came in sight, and on the 26th a third was visible to the naked eye. Viscount de Souillac sent for me on the last day, and made me an offer of 10,000 livres, and a pension of 1,200 livres a-year, on the part of government, if I would disclose my secret; but not conceiving the remuneration sufficient, I declined accepting the offer. Viscount de Souillac, some months after, wrote to M. de Castries: he stated, that I had made the surprising discovery of a new art,—that of being able to observe the arrival of vessels 100, 150, and even 200 leagues distant; that for more than fifteen years I had regularly predicted the arrival of vessels, sometimes three or four days before they could be seen with a glass: that the register kept by order of the Minister shewed that I had almost always been right in my predictions; and that even when I had announced the approach of a vessel which did not actually arrive, it was proved beyond a doubt, that the vessel or vessels in question were foreign ones that had come within two or three days' sail of the island, and had proceeded to their destination without touching at the Isle of France. 'Upon one occasion he asserted that a fleet of eleven vessels were approaching the island; the announcement caused great alarm, as we anticipated an attack from the English. A sloop of war was instantly despatched to look out; but before she returned, Mr Bottineau came to the Governor, and informed him that the signs in the atmosphere had disappeared, and that the fleet had taken a different direction. Some time after this a vessel arrived here from the East Indies, and reported that she had seen a fleet of eleven vessels sailing towards Fort St. William. In fine, that from the year 1778 till 1782, he had announced the arrival of 575 vessels, many of them four days before they became visible. The letter terminated thus—'However incredible this discovery may appear, myself and a great many officers, naval and military, must bear testimony to the *announcements* made by Mr Bottineau. We cannot treat him as an impostor, or as a visionary. We have had ocular demonstration for so many years, and in no instance has any vessel reached the island, the approach of which he had not predicted; those which did approach, but did not touch the island, were in most cases proved to be foreign vessels.' A short time after this letter had been despatched—(this letter, I am certain, reached the office of Mr. de Castries, but, I am also certain, was never perused by him)—I determined to return to my native country, and accordingly took my passage on board one of His Majesty's vessels, commanded by Captain Dufour. I felt somewhat anxious to ascertain whether the effect produced on the atmosphere, when a vessel approaches, would be somewhat similar, as regards the approach of one vessel towards another, and, to my great delight, I perceived it to be the same, although less powerful; but my eyes now became so practised, that not once, during the voyage, did I make a mistake. I announced to Captain Dufour the approach of twenty-seven vessels, while proceeding to our destination: but what afforded me more heartfelt satisfaction than my previous observations, namely, certain appearances in the skies when a vessel approaches land, the observer being on shore—or similar appearances when one vessel approaches another; yet, in my opinion, to be able to discover land from a vessel by the same phenomenon, long before it is in sight, is, if possible, of infinitely greater advantage to navigation. Upon one occasion I told Captain Dufour, that we were not more than thirty leagues from some land. This he denied to be possible: however, upon looking attentively to his reckoning, he was compelled to acknowledge that he was in error, and immediately altered his course. I discovered land three times during the voyage; once at the distance of 150 leagues. On the 13th June, 1784, I landed at L'Orient, and instantly proceeded to Paris. My applications to the Minister to obtain an audience, were not attended to; and the only answer I obtained from the Officer of Marine was, that my memorial was under consideration. Abbé Fontenay, the editor of the *Mercure de France*, having heard of my *pretended* discovery, without even asking to see my certificates, signed by the Governor of the Isle of France, and all the officers of the garrison there, thought proper to turn my discovery into ridicule, and affirmed that it was not 'ships at sea, but castles in the air,' I had found out. In this state does the affair remain; and all I can add is, that should vexation and disappointment terminate my existence before I can explain my discovery, the world will probably be deprived, for some time, of an art that would have done honour to the 18th century."

* Officers whose duty it is to look out for vessels approaching the island.

Such, my dear friend, is the account Mr. Bottineau has given me; he has also explained the phenomenon which, he assures me, in order to understand perfectly, only requires being on the sea shore for a few hours, and that in less than a week I should understand his art as well as himself. As my poor friend looks very ill, I am afraid he will not be able to visit England, the only resource, he says, that is left him. Mr. Moore, who has been studying medicine here for some time, leaves Paris this evening for London, and will take charge of this letter. I have not time to explain to you the phenomenon perceived in the atmosphere when a vessel approaches land, &c., but I will give you all the explanation in my power in my next letter, and very possibly it may enable you, who have so many opportunities of visiting the coast, to ascertain whether the art *Nauscopie* be one of those sublime discoveries that do honour to the genius of man. For myself, if I could conveniently visit the sea shore, I would certainly make more than one trial. When I have sent you the explanation you will judge for yourself—and do not act as the Abbé Fontenay, for one of your poets has said wisely, that "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Adieu.

MARAT.

CERTIFICATES.

No. I.

A letter from the Governor of the Isle of France to the Marshal de Castries.

Au Port Louis, Isle de France, 18 *Feb.* 1784.

Monseigneur,—A letter which you wrote on the 6th of April, 1782, to Mr. Bottineau, a ci-devant officer of the second class in this colony, in the king's service, as well as in that of the company, renders it imperative on our part, to give him one for you, of which he is the bearer. It is an order to be useful to his country that he is about to visit France; and he would experience much regret were his discovery lost to the world; a discovery with which he alone is acquainted, and which others have, in vain, endeavoured to unfathom: it consists in the art of announcing the presence of one or several vessels at a distance of 100, 150, and even 200 leagues. Is this the result of study, or the application of the principles of some science? By no means: all his science is in his eyes. He sees in nature signs that indicate the presence of vessels, as we assert that fire exists in a place when we perceive the smoke; this is the comparison he makes, when speaking to others concerning his art; in keeping his discovery a secret this is the clearest explanation he has afforded, in order to shew that he did not make the discovery by the knowledge of any art, or of any science, or by the application of any previous study.

He asserts, that it is the effect of chance that led him to the discovery; he has watched Nature and found out her secret; this science, therefore, has not, it may be said, cost him any trouble: but that which has required much study, and really belongs to him, is the *art of judging of distances.*

The signs, he says, indicate clearly enough the presence of vessels, but *they only who can read the signs* are able to judge of the distances, and this art, he asserts, is an extremely laborious study. On this very account, he had for a long time been the dupe of his science: *for these last fifteen years he has foretold the arrival of vessels in this island.*

At first it was merely a play; he was in the custom of making bets, and often lost them, because the vessels did not arrive at the appointed time: on this account, he studiously applied himself to find out the cause of his errors, and the perfection of his art is owing to his exertions.

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Since the war has broken out, his *announcements* have been very numerous, and sufficiently correct to create a sensation in the island. We have conversed with him upon the reality of his science; and to have dismissed him, like a quack, would have been an injustice. Moreover, we required proofs, and *he regularly supplied us during eight months with* ANNOUNCEMENTS; *and the result was, that several vessels that had been announced several days beforehand, arrived at the precise time; several others were delayed, and several did not arrive.*

It has since been *proved*, that the delay in the arrival of some of the vessels, was occasioned by contrary winds, or currents, in the ocean. Those which did not arrive, Mr. Bottineau is fully persuaded, were foreign vessels, which passed by; and, indeed, we have since ascertained, that a fleet of English vessels arrived in India which might have been in sight of the island at the time fixed upon by Mr. Bottineau. What we can certify is, that Mr. Bottineau was *almost always right*. Whether this be the effect of chance, or otherwise, it would perhaps be imprudent in us to determine: this, however, is certain, that the circumstance is so extraordinary, in whichever way we consider it, that we endeavoured to prevail upon Mr. Bottineau to make us come to a positive conclusion, either by confiding his secret to us, or to any well-informed person who could be depended upon; but he declined to accede to our request; fearing, no doubt, that he should not obtain a sufficient remuneration for his discovery.

We have the honour, &c.

LE VICOMTE DE SOUILLAC,
CHEVRAU.

(The remaining Certificates, with Bottineau's Explanation, in our next.)

GEOLOGICAL EXPLANATIONS.

To those unacquainted with the subject, many of the terms which are employed in describing the peculiarities of rocks and mountains, will appear as unintelligible, as Egyptian hieroglyphics. To obviate the difficulty, the following alphabetical list is submitted. In a country which developes so much of mountain scenery as the Cape of Good Hope, it were well if the immense displays of Creative Power on this head, were subject of greater investigation than we fear is the case at present.*

STRATIFICATION AND OTHER GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF ROCKS.

Rocks are said to be stratified when they occur in layers parallel to or above each other. When they are found, as granite is in a mass, without any such form or order, they are called unstratified. Strata differ in being more or less distinct, regular or irregular, straight or undulating; they are seldom found perfectly horizontal, and are of very unequal thickness.

Rocks, taken in the mass, are very nearly related to each other, nineteen-twentieths of the whole mineral contents of the earth being composed of five substances, namely, silex, alumine, lime, magnesia, and iron—(for a description of which, see below.)—There are other minerals found in the solid parts of the globe, but they occur usually in veins, and are more especial objects of attention to the mineralogist.

Acids are compound substances, which have a sour taste, and, amongst other properties, they dissolve alkalies, earths, metals, &c.

Alumine is one of the earths, and enters most largely into the composition of rocks, clays, and loams, of which it is the plastic principle. When washed and thoroughly dried, it is of a white colour, and destitute of taste or smell. It is the base of alum, and hence its name.

Arenaceous, formed of sand.

Argillaceous, formed of clay.

Bitumen is an inflammable mineral substance, which burns with flame in the open air. There are numerous varieties of this substance which have obtained distinct names, such as naphtha, which resembles common tar, and asphantum, similar in consistency to common pitch. All the varieties of pit coal contain more or less of this substance.

Calcareous, formed of lime. Calx is the Latin name for that substance.

Carbonate, Carboniferous.—Carbon, or charcoal, is a simple body, of which the purest and most valuable specimen is the diamond. Combined with oxygen, one of the gases composing the atmosphere, it forms carbonic acid, an air which is fatal to animal life when inhaled: a carbonic of any thing—for instance, of lime—is carbonic acid in combination with lime. A carboniferous body is one in which carbon prevails.

Chemical action differs from mechanical action thus:—When a river washes away and carries any portion of the earth to the sea, the waste thus borne down is only mixed in the water, not intimately united with it by any chemical affinity: when, however, oxygen or an acid combines with any of the substances composing rocks, and forms a body different from either of the former two, then this is a case of chemical action. In the first instance, the integral particles were only separated from each other; in the second, they are both separated and united again with the solvents. In the one, a sediment is deposited; in the other, a precipitate.

Conglomerate is a mass of rounded pebbles cemented together.

Cretaceous, having the properties of chalk.

Crystalline.—When fluid bodies are allowed to cool with adequate slowness, their particles are arranged in regular figures, which are called crystals:—Ice, for instance, is a crystal.

Decompose, to separate into more simple parts; to decay.

Ditritus, or *Debris*, the waste of rocks and other substances.

Fissure, a cleft, or chasm, where a breach has been made.

Formation, a certain series of rocks, supposed to have been produced under certain general circumstances, and at about the same epoch.

Fossils, organic remains.

Igneous origin, and *aqueous* origin; the first results from the agency of fire, and the second, from that of water.

Lime, a well-known earth, which exists in great abundance, and under various forms in nature. It is a metallic oxide, that is, a metal in combination with oxygen. Common limestone is a carbonate of lime; gypsum is a sulphate of lime, that is, sulphuric acid, or vitriol, in union with lime. The carbonate is widely distributed in nature, and frequently occurs in beds of immense extent. There are a great number of other calcareous minerals, such as oolite or roestone, which will be described as they occur. Chalk is a very common species of calcareous earth.

Magnesia is another earth, which has also a metallic base. It exists in nature under various states of combination, with acids, water, and other earths, and is found in various mineral springs, and the water of the ocean, united with sulphuric and muriatic acids.

Marl is essentially composed of carbonate of lime and clay, in various proportions. Marl frequently contains sand and other foreign ingredients, and some of them are more or less hardened, while others are friable and earthy.

Organic, having the structure peculiar to living bodies. Organic remains are living bodies converted into earth, stone, bitumen, &c., but preserving the appearance of their original forms.

Oxides are metals and other substances, combined with oxygen. They differ from acids, in having less oxygen.

Oxygen gas forms about a fifth part of the atmosphere, and water contains about eight-ninths of it. It is more amply diffused in nature than any other material body, its attractions being very numerous and powerful.

Shale is a slate clay and bituminous slate clay.

Silex, or silica, is an earth; it is a crystalline substance, and presents itself in nearly a pure state in the varieties of flint, agate, &c.

Strata, [singular, *stratum*,] layers of substances placed above or beneath each other, as slates, &c.

Supracretaceous (*supra*, over or above, *cretaceous* chalk,) above chalk.

Travertino, one of the varieties of lime.

Vertebræ, back bone.

* The Explanations are from Chambers's Information for the People.

EFFECTS OF ART IN CHANGING THE FORM AND FEATURES OF THE HUMAN BODY.

All nations, even in their infancy, have recourse to such customs and fashions as gratify that feeling of vanity which appears natural to man. It is not alone in civilized society that fashion exercises her tyranny; she extends her influence over even the most uninformed of the human race. Savages almost universally delight in painting their bodies, in hanging rings through their noses and lips; and the natives of almost all countries, at an early period of their history, have undertaken to fashion particular parts and features of their bodies into a happier mould. In infancy, especially just after birth, all the bones of our frame are soft and pliable, and admit of being compressed into shapes such as were never designed by the provident wisdom of nature. The head, the face, the breasts, the feet, and other parts of the human body, have been subjected to the most capricious interference, the inquiry into which is not so much a matter of curiosity, as of importance, because we may hereby discover the origin of certain peculiar appearances, which are now characteristic of particular races of men. The head, the configuration of which, in early infancy, is changed with great facility, has been submitted to many alterations in figure. The Scythians, as a sign of their nobility, chose to have it shaped like a sugar-loaf, which was effected by the midwives binding the infant's head with cloth bands. Anciently, the women of Peru had recourse to this absurd fashion; so also had many Indians; and, that this form was occasionally transmitted to their children, is evident, from the birth of several infants, with this congenital monstrosity, having been recorded. A remarkable length of head, by other nations, was conceived a beauty. This the ancient Portuguese produced in the same artificial manner. The Germans esteemed a short head as the most preferable, wherefore we are informed that the German mothers took especial care to lay their children in their cradles in such a manner that the back part of the head should be compressed. Other nations preferred round heads, a fashion which was affected by the Greeks, and also by the Turks, who considered it the most commodious form for the turbans they wear; and the Turkish skull, at this day, is observed to be remarkably round. In the province of Old Port, in the West Indies, the men, admiring the square head, gave it that form by compressing the infant head between boards, which enclosed it on all sides like a square wooden box. The forehead has, in like manner, been made the subject of many capricious fashions. The Mexicans judged those to

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be most beautiful who had little foreheads. The Spaniards, on the contrary, accounted a high forehead a happy distinction; wherefore the ladies drew back their hair, to extend its height beyond its natural dimensions. The Russians admired broad foreheads, to acquire which, they compressed the head from above, so as to increase its breadth. The Italians, on the other hand, endeavoured, by artificial means, to render the forehead more prominent than natural. If possible, a more singular fancy prevailed with some nations, who were accustomed to burn letters on their foreheads. The Siamese, Thracians, and the people of Malabar, adopted this fashion, among whom, both men and women cut into the flesh of their brows, crosses, letters, and numerous fanciful characters. A very receding, or sloping forehead, has been and is still considered a beauty by many of the African tribes, and this they give their children, by making them wear a flat compressing instrument, which has been often exhibited in this country.

Not only has the head been subjected to these capricious changes, but the nose and ears have likewise been submitted to the ingenious contortions of fashion. "The Indians," says an old author, "have their noses slit like broken-winded horses." The truth seems to be, that they made an incision in the centre, down the length of the nose, and used to keep the aperture gaping by pieces of bone or wood stuck in as ornaments. The Chinese consider a short nose a beauty; but some tribes in Africa, and also the Peruvians, reverted this decree of taste, and esteem a large nose the most desirable. The inhabitants of the island of Zanzibar turned the nose from its point upwards, and thus gave it a curved upward direction. The Tartars, and Caffres, and many tribes both in North and South America, took particular pains to flatten the nose in infancy; and this still is a feature desired, and prevailing among most of the natives of Africa. In consequence of their king, Cyrus, having had a hawk-like nose, the Persians considered this shape as a mark of nobility, and adopted every artifice to produce it. This fashion, we find, was also highly esteemed among the Romans, wherefore it has been termed the "Roman nose." Another very preposterous custom adopted has been that of lengthening, by artificial means, the lobes of the ears, and the length to which they have been dragged is indeed almost incredible. We are informed that some Indians, having extended them to half the length of their body, used to lie upon them, making them, as it were, a couch to rest on. In the West Indies, among some tribes the same fashion prevailed, and the elongation was effected by hanging weights to them, which they gradually increased. The Hollanders adopted the custom, and decorated them with heavy jewels. The travellers Condamine and Ulloa saw the lobe of the ear, in many instances, hanging down to the shoulder. Very large ears having likewise been deemed less asinine than at present, were considered beautiful, and diligently cultivated by being continually dragged beyond their natural size. This the Caribs took great pains to effect, as also did the inhabitants of Zanzibar, as well as the Peruvians. Not only were the ears subjected to this species of torture, but many nations esteemed it a very great beauty to have the lobe pierced with a large hole, the great dimensions of which constituted its principal charm. This was effected by means of pegs of wood, the diameter of which they gradually enlarged; this custom was adopted by the people of Malagar. "The gentlewomen of Indostan," says an amusing old author, "have the flaps or nether part of the ears bored when they are young, which they daily stretch and make wider, by things kept in for that purpose, until it at last becomes large enough to hold a ring as big as a little saucer, made for its sides to rest in the flesh; besides which, round about their ears they make other holes for pendants, that when they please they might wear rings in them also." The Brazilians, on the authority of Mr. Southey, insert gourds in the slits of their ears, and increase them in size, until the fist can be put through, and the ears reach the shoulders. The practice of wearing many rings in the ear was common among the natives of Virginia, among the Brazilians, and many nations. The custom of perforating the lobe of the ear, and wearing ear-rings, is extremely ancient, and was condemned by many older moralists, who affirmed that it would have been nothing to wear vain ornaments about the neck and hair, but that it was most absurd and monstrous to "let them into their bodies." We cannot pursue this subject further; but may observe, that we do not think that the beauty of the human form, such as we behold it in the most lovely of the female sex, can be enhanced by the dangling of any jewel from the ear; but, as our learned authority quaintly observes, "the conceit worked very strong in their head who first introduced this fashion."* Almost every person has heard of the practice of the women of many countries, who draw out and enlarge the bosom of their children as soon as they become developed; a custom which prevailed among the Mexican women, and is still practised by the Hindoos, who, while they carry their children on their back, afford them milk by throwing their bosom over the shoulder. It appears, too, that this was once a custom among the Irish; for Meubsel observes, that "the Irishwomen at this day (1653) would give suck to their babes behind their backs, without taking them in their arms;" and adds, "that their breasts were fit to be made money-bags for East or West Indian merchants, being more than half a yard long." The Portuguese of the present day are said to be remarkable for the large size of their bosoms; while the Spanish women, on the contrary, take pains to compress them, and prevent their luxuriant growth. The hands have been, in like manner, made notoriously the subjects of similar fantastic interferences. The ladies of Portugal were formerly ambitious to display long and narrow hands; wherefore the hands of children were, in early years, tightly bandaged, to prevent their increase in breadth. The Hindoos, Chinese, and Esquimaux, are remarkable for their small hands; the sabres of the Hindoos brought into England have the handles too small for the European hand. Among the ancient Spanish women, large hips were deemed desirable; to procure which, they compressed, with cloth bands, the neighbouring superior and inferior parts of the body. In China, from the very earliest period, small feet have been considered so essential to the beauty of personal appearance, that the custom of bandaging the feet of infants to retard their growth prevails among all classes. If a mother, says a traveller, were to break this custom, she would incur the note of infamy, and be punished. But while we are gratifying our curiosity, and smile at these fantastical customs adopted by other nations, we must not forget that we have ourselves, even in these enlightened times, given way to customs as absurd, and as injurious to the healthy condition of the human body. It is not more than ten or fifteen years since the London dandy, then known as the "Bond-street Lounger," assumed invariably a fashionable stoop, lifting up the shoulders, and turning down the neck, till the chin nearly met the chest; and, as if to convey a satire on her own subjects, this despotic genius of fashion immediately afterwards reversed the order of her decrees; and then the same loungers were seen with their bodies erect as ramrods, and their chests stuffed prominently out, as if they were desirous of emulating the breasts of women. We are all too well acquainted with the false notion adopted by ladies, who fancy that a preternaturally small waist contributes to the beauty and gracefulness of their figure; to acquire which, the pernicious habit of tight lacing was introduced, which has given rise to curvatures of the backbone, and deformities of the chest, which are too hideous to contemplate any where, excepting in the cases of a surgical museum. Another abominable practice is, or very recently has been general in this country, that of binding tightly the tender limbs and delicate body of the child just born; another most obvious means of producing deformity in after life. How far the changes of form and feature which we have now enumerated, by transmission from parent to child, may have become permanent, remains to be considered; but, in the meantime, it may be laid down as an axiom, that if we wish to give the body a graceful form, we should encourage its natural and healthy developement, and allow all its muscles full freedom of action.

* See Bulwer, whose amusing book on this subject has the following droll title:—"Anthropometamorphosis—Man Transformed—or the Artificial Changeling Historically Presented in the mad and cruell Gallantry, foolish Bravery, ridiculous Beauty, filthy Fineries, and loathsome Lovelinesse, of most Nations fashioning and altering their Bodies from the Mould intended by Nature." A.D. 1653.

American Silk.—The cultivation of mulberry-trees and silk-worms, in various parts of the United States, is rapidly extending. Orchards containing as many as a hundred acres are now exclusively appropriated to the purpose, and machinery is being completed for spinning and weaving the raw materials, under the direction of competent foreigners.

Cotton.—The first cost of a year's cotton manufactured in England is estimated at 6,000,000*l.* sterling; the wages paid to 833,000 persons employed in its manufacture, in various ways, is 20,000,000*l.* sterling; the profits of the manufacturers may be estimated at 6,000,000*l.* at least. This gives a clear profit of 20,000,000*l.* from the manufacture of not quite one-third of the amount, or the increased value of the manufactured over the unwrought material is 3 1-3 to 1; and nearly a million of persons besides get from it constant employment.

Cheltenham in London.—If a few pieces of silver coin be alternated with pieces of sheet iron, on placing the pile in water, it soon acquires a chalybeate taste and a yellowish hue, and in twenty-four hours flakes of oxide of iron appear. Hence, by replenishing with water a vessel in which such a pile is placed, after each draught we may have a competent substitute for a chalybeate spring. Clean copper plates alternating with iron would answer, or a clean copper wire entwined on an iron rod; but as the copper is apt to become oxidated, it is safer to employ silver.

Extent of the Cotton Manufacture.—The cotton spun in Great Britain last year amounted to about 288,000,000 lbs. Of this vast quantity a tenth was spun in Scotland. The United States supply three-fourths of the consumption, or 213,000,000 lbs. The East Indies about 20,000,000 lbs. The West Indies about 1,600,000 only. All the cotton, except the growth of the East and West Indies, pays a duty of 5·8*d.* per lb. This duty would last year exceed 690,000*l.*; would be as nearly as possible 10 per cent. on the return of the cotton in bond.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The process of divesting milk of its component portion of cream, to an extent hitherto unattainable, has been effected by Mr Carter, of Mottinghan Lodge, near Eltham, Kent, and is thus detailed by him in a paper presented to the Society of Arts:—

"A peculiar process of extracting cream from milk, by which a superior richness is produced in the cream, has long been known and practised in Devonshire; this produce of the dairies of that county being well known to every one by

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the name of "clotted," or "clotted cream." As there is no peculiarity in the milk from which this fluid is extracted, it has been frequently a matter of surprise that the process has not been adopted in other parts of the kingdom. A four-sided vessel is formed of zinc plates 12 inches long, eight inches wide, and six inches deep, with a false bottom at one half the depth. The only communication with the lower compartment is by the lip, through which it may be filled or emptied. Having first placed at the bottom of the upper compartment a plate of perforated zinc, the area of which is equal to the false bottom, a gallon (or any given quantity) of milk is poured (immediately when drawn from the cow) into it, and must remain there at rest for twelve hours; an equal quantity of boiling water must then be poured into the lower compartment through the lip, it is then permitted to stand twelve hours more (i.e. twenty four hours altogether), when the cream will be found perfect, and of such consistence that the whole may be lifted off by the finger and thumb. It is, however, more effectually removed by gently raising the plate of perforated zinc from the bottom by the ringed handles, by which means the whole of the cream is lifted off in a sheet, without remixing any part of it with the milk below. With this apparatus I have instituted a series of experiments; and, as a mean of twelve successive ones, I obtained the following results:—4 gallons of milk, treated as above, produced, in twenty four hours, 4½ pints of clotted cream, which, after churning only fifteen minutes, gave 40 ounces of butter—four gallons of milk, treated in the common mode in earthenware pans, and standing 48 hours, produced four pints of cream, which, after churning 90 minutes, gave 36 ounces of butter. The increase in the quantity of cream, therefore, is 12½ per cent. and of butter upwards of 11 per cent. The experimental farmer will instantly perceive the advantages accruing from its adoption, and probably his attention to the subject may produce greater results."

BRITISH MANUFACTURES.

THE GUN TRADE.

SCARCELY any thing can more strikingly illustrate the vast extent of our local manufacturers, and the freedom of dealing in an article, upon the export of which the political existence of continental states, and even the security of our country might depend, than the gun-trade of Birmingham. Whenever warlike movements are seriously contemplated abroad, the great Warwickshire workshop is resorted to, and customers are welcomed according to their means of payment. The arms which Holland and Belgium employed in the recent struggle, or rather, perhaps, those that might have been required, had the two countries been allowed to continue the contest—were only not furnished by the Birmingham gunsmith because neither the Dutch nor Flemish agents could give that security for payment which was required. Poland, too, unhappy Poland! pending the struggle that, *for the present*, has decided the fate of that country, had its agents in Birmingham, with an order for 50,000 stand of arms; but the singularly novel and unsafe conditions required of the manufacturers,—namely, the safe delivery of the arms in Poland! stood in the way of a ratification of the contract. Attempts were made by parties to meet the emergency; and many cases filled with *iron piping*, were arrested in transitu, the continental inspectors perceiving, at once, the difference of manufacture between tubes for the conveyance of gas or water, and those for powder or ball.

Even the British government itself, if we may admit the authority of a Birmingham Journal, has no objection, under certain circumstances, to re-sell arms purchased from Birmingham, to other countries. It appears that, in November, 1830, the French government despatched agents to Birmingham, where they were led to understand they might, upon the instant, purchase from 400,000 to 500,000 stand of arms. The contemplated use of these arms was the equipment of the National Guard. Upon enquiry, however, the French agents found they were mistaken as to the amount of ready-made muskets to be obtained in Birmingham; and were, in consequence, recommended by the manufacturers to apply to the British government for assistance. Ever since the close of the war, a large depôt of arms had been established in the Tower; and it was known to some in the trade, that of this warlike stock the government were desirous to dispose. Accordingly, the French agents adopted this advice; and immediately entered into a negociation with the English government. At first their applications appeared to be decidedly successful; but, subsequently, owing either to the unsettled state of Ireland, or the commotions and threatening prospects of our own country, the government declined to part with the arms, and the negociation was abruptly broken off. This immediately led to a renewal of the correspondence with the Birmingham manufacturers; the principal agent on the part of the French government being no other person than Mr. Rothschild, the eminent capitalist and money-broker. The total number required by the French government was 140,000 stand of arms, part of which were manufactured by London houses. The whole of this contract was required to be completed in seven months.

The celerity with which fire-arms were manufactured, and the high prices paid to workmen in periods of excitement and demand, are strikingly illustrative of the perfection to which our countrymen have carried this branch of manufacture. At Birmingham, during the war, it was understood that they made a musket per minute, and the contract price at which they were supplied to the British government was 36*s.* each. A serious reduction, however, took place when peace came; so that the prices paid by the French, in the contract above mentioned, and which were considered liberal, were about 28 francs, or nearly 23*s.* each gun. For gun-locks, which, towards the beginning of the previous year, only 1*s.* 6*d.* each was paid, the manufacturers were glad, at the end of 1830, to give 2*s.* 6*d.*

About the period in question, and when the French contract excited considerable attention, especially in connexion with the report that the order was for 1,400,000 stand of arms, a London newspaper asserted that the Birmingham manufacturers would require fourteen years for the completion of so extensive an order. The journal whose authority is before quoted contradicts this assumption, and on satisfactory data; for it appears, by reference to a table in Mr. Parsons's pamphlet on the manufacture of fire-arms, that, in the year 1813, there were fabricated in Birmingham, for the Board of Ordnance, not less than 320,643 stand of arms; and in 1812, 288,741. From the statement set forth in this pamphlet, from authorised returns, it further appears, that from the year 1804 to 1815, more than two-thirds of the fire-arms made for the Board of Ordnance, during the war, were made in Birmingham. Allowing for the reduction of the number of hands which has necessarily taken place within these few years, there is no doubt but at the present time the manufacturers of Birmingham could set up 200,000 stand of arms per annum, while those of London would produce from 80,000 to 100,000.

It will be readily conceived that the fluctuations consequent on such an important but variable trade must be productive of serious inconveniences to the workmen, and even to the town of Birmingham. Such is the fact; and, owing to the comparative extinction of the trade, since the close of the war, the operative departments have often been abandoned by the workmen, for other more certain and permanent sources of employment and subsistence. But when there as been any stir, as with the contract before mentioned, these men, elated by temporary prospect, generally in numbers return to their old avocations.—*(Lardner's Cyclopedia.)*

LITERARY EXTRACTS

SIR ROBERT PEEL *versus* COBBETT.

IN the Mirror of Parliament, May 16th, there is an excellent report of Sir R. Peel's speech, in answer to Cobbett's attack on the honourable Baronet. In one of Cobbett's Registers, a letter is addressed to "Sir Robert Peel, Baronet, and Cotton Weaver." The following is an extract from Sir Robert's speech in reply.

"In the whole range of scurrillity, there is nothing disgusts me so much, as these constant efforts to depreciate men, because they have raised themselves by their talents and exertions above their original condition. Baronet and Cotton Weaver! When the honourable Member wanted to get into Parliament, he did not disdain the aid of a cotton weaver! I will venture to assert, that no man, or a set of men, are bound by such vulgar prejudices of deference to mere rank, as those who affect to stand forward as the especial champions of liberty and equality. It is the greatest insult to them that another man should have emerged from the obscurity into which they are destined to remain. They all talk as if they were Courtenays, or Montmorencys. Yet, no; if they were so, they would be more generous! If they had, indeed, illustrious blood flowing in their veins, they would not grudge others the public honours and distinctions to which they had attained. I know nothing but inherent vulgarity of mind which, in the present age, can induce men to taunt others for having raised themselves from obscurity to public notice and distinction, by the exertions of honest industry, and the possession of unsullied virtue. So far are these taunts from conveying anything like a shame to my mind, and whilst I profess the utmost respect for those who can boast of hereditary honours, I proudly claim equal respect for those new families which owe their honours to the virtues and industry of their founders."

LATE HOURS.

"Whether have I spirit to shake off an intolerable yoke." HUMPHREY CLINKER.

THERE was no contending against it. A fixed displeasure was seated on her countenance, while at intervals she bent her brows firmly, still keeping her eyes riveted on the fire; a slight convulsion of the upper lip plainly showed she was labouring under the influence of some deep mental misery. This is an odd reception, thought I, after frequent attempts to draw my aunt Ursula into conversation; my uncle had been snoring on the other side of the fire-place for an hour.

It was my first visit. My uncle Benjamin and aunt Ursula were brother and sister, and had lived together on a comfortable scale of independence some thirty years. My uncle becoming childless and a widower early in life, had retired from business and taken up his abode with his sister "for better for worse." My aunt Ursula had never married, she might have done so,—she had refused the best offers, and broken the hearts of many,—she was the belle of every ball-room,—she might have kept her carriages. All these facts I have gathered from her own lips.

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A long absence from England had made me ignorant of my uncle and aunt's way of living; I had only returned from India on the day before my visit; and as they were my *nearest* relations, by full three hundred miles, I repaired at once to their neat habitation at Hendon—big with expectation of the delight they would feel at my return, and ready to answer the thousand and one questions I expected to be asked.

Judge then my surprise when, after a slight salutation, and the tea-things were removed, my uncle rubbed his back against his easy chair and fell asleep, and my aunt sunk into the sullen mood I have endeavoured to 'escribe. I began to fear some heavy calamity had befallen my family, which she was unwilling to break to me, but to all questions on such points I received satisfactory answers. Something was wrong—something had happened to sour my aunt's temper; but my uncle seemed to sleep happily and good naturedly enough—it was a matter that evidently had not reached him. I had a right to feel disappointed, and was getting into rather a dignified humour, when I heard my aunt muttering something to herself which ended with "Confound him!" As she said this, she stirred the fire vigorously, and in replacing the poker misplaced the shovel and tongs, Which falling with a splutter and clang awoke my uncle.

"What's the matter?" cried he.

"The matter, brother! the matter!" replied my aunt fiercely, "here's the old story again: three nights last week did I have to sit up for my gentleman! and its the same to-night;—but I knew how it would be;—I could see it as he went out of the gate: but if I don't find out his tricks—"

"Its very tiresome," said my uncle, and he fell asleep again.

Poor aunt Ursula relapsed into her former apparent agony of spirit, and refixed her eyes on the fire, occasionlly ejaculating, "I'll be a match for him—deuce take him—not a morsel of supper!"—and so on.

I remembered to have heard while abroad of a certain cousin who had been adopted as darling by my aunt, and who, like many other darlings, had run his own course, and turned out no credit to her rearing up; I naturally concluded he was the aggressor, and that could not mend the business by inquiring into it.

"Pray!" said my aunt, after suddenly ringing the bell, "Pray!" said she, as Sally entered the room, "what *is* the clock?"

"Nine, if you please ma'am."

"And is Jerry come in?"

"No ma'am."

"Bother him," replied she bitterly: I thought so;—bring up the tray."

The jingling of the supper again awoke my uncle, and he bustled towards it with the good humour of a kindly host willing to do the honours of the table; but my aunt moved slowly, and dragging her chair after her said, as she advanced, "It's my firm belief, brother, that those Miss Jones's encourage him."

"I think it very likely," said my uncle Benjamin.

"Then what *is* to be done?" said she, "am I to be deprived of my natural rest night after night?"

"You have your own remedy," replied my uncle, "get rid of him!"

"Brother! brother! are you mad?" cried my aunt; "are you at your time of life a sufficient guardian to a house like this? No, no, if Jerry has his faults he has his merits also."

"Is it usual," said I, seeing my aunt softening, "is it usual for him to treat you in this way? have you never reasoned with him?"

"Reason indeed—the brute!"

"Why it may not be too late to reclaim him, and the pleasure of doing so would amply repay—"

"Bah!" said my uncle.

At this moment there was a low growl at the outer door, followed by a clear boo, woo, woo, wooh!

"Thank heaven," exclaimed my aunt, rising from the table, "there he is!"

In a few seconds the parlour door opened and in rushed a fine black-tan terrier dog: his tail fell as he caught my aunt's eye, and he crawled imploringly towards me as she reached the little stick from the top of the looking-glass.

"And is this the culprit?" said I, on the servant's closing the door, "I expected to have seen my cousin Stanley."

"Alas!" said my aunt, shaking her head, and looking mournfully at the dog, "He has been dead these four years."

I afterwards learnt that Jerry had been the favourite attendant of my unfortunate cousin in his nightly rambles. My poor aunt Ursula who had loved her nephew, loved his dog also; but Jerry still clung to the old habits of his master. A chain and collar would have done the business, but my aunt was a lover of liberty, and would not hear of such a thing; she bore with Jerry as long as she could, but at last felt compelled to get rid of him on account of inveterate predilection for late hours. J. W.

NEW WAY TO GET MARRIED.

THERE is a singular, eccentric character, a methodist preacher, but, I have understood, a really pious and good man, by the name of Lorenzo Dow, otherwise "Crazy Dow," who itinerates at will through the whole of the United States and Canada, preaching, by appointment, often on the wildest and most romantic spots—from the tops of rocks or in the most sequestered vales. From the top of a rock he will give out an appointment, to be fulfilled, perhaps, five years after; and at the time named Lorenzo and an audience of four or five thousand persons will be found punctual at the spot agreed on. He was preaching in Washington city in June 1830, and I think it was General Green who stated of him that, at the close of a religions meeting,—he observed that he was inclined to *matrimony*. If any lady in his congregation had similar inclinations, she was requested to *rise*. A lady a little advanced in life gave the required intimation. Lorenzo visited her—she became his wife, and shared her fortune with him.—*Mackenzie.*

ON THE SILVER MOUNTAIN OF POTOSI, IN PERU.

A South American writer who ascended to the top of this mountain, has given us the following effusion on the good and bad effects of the riches it has produced. The sublimity, he says, of the surrounding scenery did not so much interest my feelings as the celebrated mountain which has poured forth its lavas of silver upon the world, to animate enterprize, and reward industry; to pamper the luxurious, and minister to the comforts of the sober and the virtuous; to disseminate knowledge and religions, and to spread the desolations of war, marshalling armies in the field, and pointing the thunder of navies upon the ocean; filling cities with monuments of taste and art, and overwhelming them with ruin; founding mighty empires, and levelling them to the dust; inciting, in short, to virtue and to vice, and being the source of much good, and the root of all evil in the world.

WAY TO WEALTH.

Wealth would be wealthier still, and aye to gold aspires:
Wealth, would'st thou wealthier be? diminish thy desires.

BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

The traffic between Birmingham and London will be understood by the following estimate for one year, by the present road and canal conveyance. Passengers, 233,155; goods, 62,398 tons; parcels, 46,799; beasts, 50,839; sheep, 365,000; pigs, 15,634. The expense by the existing means of transit is about 1,331,217*l.*; while by the railway it will not exceed 800,728*l.*; thus exhibiting an annual saving to the country of 537,489*l.* independently of the advantages to be expected from the unrivalled celerity of this mode of conveyance.

A DISCOVERY OF THE SECRET OF MAKING INDIAN CURRY.

(From Capt. Hall's third Series.)

Pound well together twelve parts of coriander seed, two of black pepper, one of cayenne, three of cummin (cumin), and five of pale turmeric; then add a few cloves, a bit of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, and two or three onions. The liquid, or the gravy added to this mixture, consists of ghee, a sort of boiled or clarified butter. The ghee is an article of popular consumption throughout Hindoostan, and the best is made from the milk of the buffaloe. In the north of India, a little milk, or dhye, which is curdled milk, is added; and, amongst the Malays, the custom is to use the ground kernel of the cocoa nut as the gravy of curries. A great many varieties of rice are used with curry, and such is the power of the instinctive attachment of man to the place of his nativity, that the inhabitants of a given district will, under no possible circumstances, be induced to consume any rice but that which is grown in their own territory.

VERY INDIGNANT!

IN the last number of the Cape Town Literary Gazette, is an article headed "Degraded State of New South Wales." We felt astonished that our neighbours should publish such a *libel* on this Country. When the South Africaners abolish slavery, when they improve their poisonous wine, and make as much wool from their sheep as will serve to cover their miserable Hottentots, they may then cast reflections on this Country. We assure them, this Colony never was in a more prosperous state. It is true we have a large proportion of convict labourers, but we see no degradation in this fact, when we know that the Cape Colonists exulted, some time ago, in the idea that they should procure about 200 convicts to form their Jetty, and felt aggrieved that they did not succeed in their application. It is invidious to talk in this manner of a neighbouring Country, as they are obliged to us for easing them of 40,000 lbs. weight of fruit, and 157,000 gallons of wine, in one quarter of the past year. It is to be regretted, that such ill-judged articles should issue from the Press.—*Sydney Herald.*

CHARACTERISTIC OF SCOTCH ECONOMY.

AN old negro, who had been sold and re-sold again and again, with the estate to which he belonged, and had thus passed the ordeal of the ownership of individuals of many nations, was asked, by a student of the natural history of man, which nation he liked best. He replied, "Massa, me like um Spaniard berry much; me like um Frenchman good berry, not like um Spaniard. Me like English buckra sometime, Me no like um Dutchman. But, Massa, worser an all, me no like um Cotchman; rascal Cotchman no good for um Nigger." "Why so?" asked the interrogator. "Golly, Massa," was the reply, "um Cotchman him gib poor Nigger him fish wib only one yeye." The fact was, that a frugal native of the North, having made the discovery that his estate was not so profitable as he could wish, became the first inventor of the process of splitting herrings in twain, and thus making one negro ration do the work of two.—*Murat's America.*

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THE SUN.

A Translation from the Dutch Poet HUIJGENS.

Measurer of our days from heaven—
Year-disposer—glorious eye;
Mist-absorber—spring-returner—
Day-prolonger—summer's mate;
Beast-annoyer—visage-burner—
Fair-one's spoiler—maiden's hate;—
Cloud-disperser—darkness-breaker—
Moon-surpriser—starlight-thief;
Torch-conductor—shadow-maker—
Rogue-discoverer—eyes' relief;
Linen-bleacher—noiseless stroller—
All-observer—gliding all;
Dust-disturber—planet-roller—
Traveller's friend, and day-break's call.

"HOCUS POCUS."

THE terms "Hocus Pocus" have been derived by some from the words used by the priest in the celebration of Mass, when the transubstantiation is believed to take place, "*Hoc est Corpus*," &c.; but a far more like etymology appears in the following extract from the notes to Pennie's *Britain's Historical Drama*:—"*Ochus Bochus* was a magician and demon among the Saxons, dwelling in forests and caves; and we have his name and abode handed down to the present day in Somersetshire."—*Note to the Dragon King.*

Thus, it appears that modern conjurors, in making use of the words, are invoking the name of their *powerful* predecessor.

Patronage.—In Britain, the love of art is not a common passion: every day we see the merest daubers patronized by the highest of the land; and men unworthy of preparing sculptors' modelling clay, employed to make the statues of heroes and legislators. The public run after whatever is strange or new; and whether it be a so-called genius, or merely some far-fetched oddity, the gaping wonder of the multitude lasts but for a season, and is ever ready to welcome new entertainers.—*Allan Cunningham.*

Beating with the Shoe is a well-known chastisement in Persia, and the shoe being shod with iron, and the blow given on the mouth, the punishment is severe. This use of the shoe, observes Mr. Morier, is quite characteristic of the Eastern manners described in Scripture. The shoe was always considered as vile, and never allowed to enter sacred or respected places; and to be smitten with it, is to be subjected to the last ignominy. Paul was smitten on the mouth, by order of Ananias.—(Acts, xxiii. 2.)

Lions.—The distance which lions travel in search of water is enormous: the footmarks of one of these animals have been traced, the next day, upwards of forty miles.

Bottled Tears.—In some of the mourning assemblies of the Persians, it is the custom for a priest to go about to each person at the height of his grief, with a piece of cotton in his hand, with which he carefully collects the falling tears, and which he then squeezes into a bottle, preserving them with the greatest caution. This practically illustrates that passage in the 56th Psalm, viii.: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." Some Persians believe, that in the agony of death, when all medicines have failed, a drop of tears so collected, put into the mouth of a dying man, has been known to revive him; and it is for such use that they are collected.

Compliment to the Female Sex.—In one of the ancient councils, it was proposed as a question of doubt, "whether women were human creatures or not;" and, after a long debate, the question was decided in favour of their humanity.

Lord Byron.—The present Lord Chancellor Brougham was the real author of the famous article in *The Edinburgh Review*, on Byron's juvenile production, "Hours of Idleness;" for which Jeffrey was so severely taken to task in the satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

The Dunmow Prize.—The last time that the flitch of bacon was claimed by a married couple at Dunmow, in consequence of their having been married a year without either repenting of the union, was in 1751.

Poor of Paris.—It appears from an official return of the state of the population of the French metropolis for 1832, that the whole population amounts to 770,286, of which 69,986 are maintained at the public expense.

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

Humanity of the English.—Henry VIII. could not prevail upon any Englishman to put Anna Boleyn to death, so that she was actually beheaded by the hangman of Calais. Stow says that she was executed by the sword; but the people in the Tower show an axe as the instrument.

WIE IS HET, DIE SOO HOOGH GEZETEN.

A Translation from the Dutch Poet VAN DEN VONDEL.

'Tis GOD! who pours the living glow
Of light, creation's fountain-head:
Forgive the praise—too mean and low—
Or from the living or the dead.
No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken,
No space can hold that awful name;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken;—
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same!
Language is dumb—Imagination,
Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;
They are irreverent profanation,
And thou, O God! art all in all.
How vain on such a thought to dwell!
Who knows Thee—Thee the All-unknown?
Can angels be thy oracle,
Who art—who art Thyself alone?
None—none can trace Thy course sublime,
For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The splendour and the source of time—
The Eternal of eternity.
Thy light of light out-pour'd conveys
Salvation in its flight elysian,
Brighter than e'en Thy mercy's rays;—
But vainly would our feeble vision
Aspire to Thee. From day to day
Age steals on us—but meets Thee never:
Thy power is life's support and stay—
We praise Thee—sing Thee, Lord! for ever.
Holy—holy—holy! Praise—
Praise be his in every land;
Safety in His presence stays—
Sacred is His high command!

FAREWELL TO TIME;
Or, Last Views of Life.

LORD GAMBIER.

The late Admiral Lord Gambier, whose death was recently announced in the newspapers, when visited by his parish minister, the Rev. Mr. Ward, Vicar of Iver, said to him, just previous to his departure,—"When I am deposited in the ground, you will have to perform the service; you will say something over me; pray be as concise as possible; but remember these words:—God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life! This is my hope. That is my Rock of Ages, in the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!"

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The General Society for promoting District Visiting, similar to that among the Dissenters, appears to be extending its usefulness. The one in London is connected with 573 visitors. During the last year, 10,455 families were visited monthly on an average; 2,941 children had been sent to school; 2,191 persons had received medical relief; 47 had been sent to hospitals; 10,000 reliefs had been given either in food, money, clothes, or coals; and 102,622 tracts had been circulated. Similar institutions, in connection with the Church of England, are forming in the cities, towns, and parishes of the empire.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

This new Church, according to the French papers, is making considerable progress in France. Its members disown the authority of Rome, or any foreign authority. They perform the whole of their ceremonies in their own language, that the people may understand that which they are called on to profess. They moderate several of the ancient tenets, reduce the number of sacraments, and abolish the celibacy of the priesthood.

ANECDOTE.

Lord Byron and Sir John Malcolm.

At Murray's (the Bookseller,) dinner table, Lord Byron and Sir John Malcolm, with other distinguished guests, were present. Lord Byron talked of intending to travel in Persia. "What must I do when I set off?" said he to Sir John. "Cut off your buttons!" "My buttons! what, these metal ones?" "Yes; the Persians are, in the main, very honest fellows; but if you go thus bedizened, you will infallibly be murdered for your buttons!"

THE PRESUMED ADVANTAGES OF THE CHANGES IN THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

IT will lay open to the commercial enterprise of Great Britain the trade of the Chinese empire, which has lain under the incubus of the monopoly for two whole centuries; that is to say, the trade of 370,000,000 of industrious though distant people, for such, by a very recent census, is ascertained to be the actual population of China. It will remove the remaining shackles from the commerce of India. It will abolish the abomination of a trading government over 80,000,000 of subjects and 60,000,000 of tributaries or allies. It will put a stop to the Indian governments trading with the revenue of the country, and thus incurring, as heretofore, the risk of sacrificing in a single year, a full half million of the revenue. It will relieve the British nation from a tax of 2,000,000*l.* per annum, paid to the East India Company for the article of tea; (!!) it will give us tea at half the present price, or in other words, for the same money, enable us, if so disposed, to consume double the same quantity. It will abolish jobbing at the India House in commercial salaries, pensions, and other items, to the yearly amount of more than 300,000*l.* sterling. It will put down jobbing in voyages and shipping, direct and indirect, to the extent of 50,000 tons burthen. It will put an end to a very gross job in China—the factory there, equal to about 120,000*l.* per annum. It will put down jobbing in British India, in commercial salaries and offices, to the full extent of 120,000*l.* per annum.—(*Westminster Review.*)

How to Revive Gilt Frames.—Beat up three ounces of white of egg with one ounce of chloride of potasse or soda, and go over the frame with a soft brush dipped in this mixture. The gilding will become immediately bright and fresh.

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EXTENT of POPULATION, REVENUE, and DEBT, and the PROPORTION of each to each INDIVIDUAL in EUROPE, AMERICA, and INDIA.

States.	Geographical square miles.	Population.	Revenue.	Debt.	Proportion of Population to Area in square miles.	Proportion of Revenue to Population.	Proportion of Debt to Population.
			£.	£.		£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Russian Empire, - - - -	6,002,774	60,367,000	17,420,000	35,550,000	10	6 8	11 9
Austria, - - - -	194,448	32,838,900	13,940,000	78,100,000	168	8 5	2 7 6¾
France (without its colonies) - -	161,376	32,500,000	39,020,000	194,400,000	200	1 4 0	5 19 7
Great Britain (without its colonies) -	88,560	24,591,396	47,142,033	819,600,000	278	1 18 4	33 6 1
Prussia - - - -	80,240	12,552,278	8,149,000	29,701,000	156	13 0	2 7 7½
Netherlands - - - -	19,136	6,116,685	6,590,000	148,500,000	320	19 0	23 5 5½
Sweden - - - -	126,960	2,900,000	2,170,000	—	23	15 0	—
Norway - - - -	92,768	1,050,132	354,000	252,100	11	6 9	3 10
Denmark - - - -	16,304	1,931,014	1,238,000	3,729,000	118	14 10¾	1 18 4¾
Poland - - - -	36,668	4,035,700	1,206,000	5,740,000	110	6 0	1 3 3¼
Spain - - - - -	135,136	13,909,000	6,420,000	70,000,000	103	13 5	5 0 8
Portugal - - - -	27,552	5,013.950	2,110,000	5,649,000	182	1	1 2 6¼
Two Sicilies - - - -	31,592	7,414,717	3,521,000	18,974 000	234	9 6½	2 11 2
Sardinia - - - -	21,840	4,333,966	2,750,000	4,584,000	198	12 8½	1 1 2½
States of the Church - - -	12,976	2,483,940	1,238,000	17,142,000	191	9 10½	7 0 9½
Grand Duchy of Tuscany - -	6,320	1,300,000	623,400	1,884,000	205	9 8¼	1 4 11¾
Switzerland - - - -	11,636	2,037,000	440,000	—	175	4 3¾	—
Ottoman Empire in Europe - -	160,000	9,476,000	2,475,000	3,667,000	59	5 2½	7 8¾
Bavaria - - - -	22,160	4,037,017	2,973,000	11,311,000	182	14 8¾	2 16 0¼
Saxony - - - -	5,568	1,350,000	1,009,000	3,300,000	224	13 5¼	2 9 1
Hanover - - - -	11,620	1,537,500	990,000	2,384,000	132	12 10½	1 11 0
Wurtemburg - - - -	5,744	1,535,400	851,950	2,505,000	269	10 5¼	1 12 7⅓
Baden - - - -	4,384	1,141,727	901,290	1,670,000	260	15 9½	1 9 2½
Hesse (Darmstadt) - - -	2,960	697,901	537,260	1,184,900	269	14 7¾	1 13 11¾
Hesse (Electorate) - - -	3,328	718,000	476,000	220,000	215	13 7½	6 1½
United States, North America -	1,570,000	12,856,165	5,600,000	7,500,000	8	8 6½	11 8
East-India Company's Territories -	514,190	98,000,000	18,500,000	34,700,000	192	3 9½	7 0¾

TWENTY MILLIONS.

THERE is a clever article in the last Westminster Review, under the head "*Sugar without Slavery.*" The object of the writer is, in the first place, to shew that sugar may be obtained to an almost unlimited extent from the Eastern world—the produce of free labour; and that, notwithstanding SUGAR AND SLAVERY are so generally associated in the minds of Englishmen, that "the sweet may be obtained without the bitter, and that there is no necessary connexion between bondage and muscovadoes."

The Reviewer is utterly opposed to compensation, and observes respecting the vote of twenty millions to the planters—"If it had been to relieve the people from a tax on labour or knowledge; if it had been to serve the cause of humanity at home, or support the true honour of the country abroad, it would have been the maddest of all things to attempt to get 100,000*l.*; but when it was to pay robbers for having robbed us hitherto, the crooked was made straight, and all rough places plain. In one of the wars in the East, a party of irregular horse came to a shepherd: 'We are hungry, give us mutton!' The shepherd killed and set before them, and waited on them at their meal; and when they had done, 'Now pay us for eating it,' said the in-grained ruffians; and their host was obliged to surrender all the money he could produce. *The people of England have been made to pay twenty millions for having their mutton eaten.* All the claim of the plunderers arose out of the fact that they had taken two millions a year from us before, by forcing us to pay a fraudulent price for slave-grown sugar; and *for this* we are to lay down twenty millions more. It is a part of our born-thraldom; and we must get rid of it, like the negroes, when we can."

THE WORLD'S PHILOSOPHY.

(*Translated from the German of Goethe.*)

Go! but hearken to my preaching!
Cast aside thy youthful folly,
Be by times thy young soul teaching,
Of mortals the immortal folly:
Calm and cruel—calm and strong,
Like one who does not suffer wrong,
Live from love and passion free:
Thou must swim or thou must sink,
Thou must venture or thou must shrink,
Thou must serve, or thou must reign,
Thou must lose, or thou must gain—
Hammer or an anvil be!

SELECT NOTICES.

Ignorance.—It has lately been proved before Parliament, that out of 260 malefactors in the agricultural districts, not one could read: that in the town of Bedford, out of 50 criminals, only 4 could read: that in Herts, out of a population of 41,700 only 24,220 were able to read.——*Austrian Jealousy.*—The Press is so steadily watched, that a life of *Hofer* cannot be purchased at any price throughout the Tyrol.——*The Poetical in Childhood and Old Age.*—When I am a man, is the poetry of childhood. When I was a child, is the poetry of age.——*American Missions*—The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, are about to send out FIFTY Missionaries to Bombay, Ceylon, Siam, China, Persia, Black Sea, Cyprus, Samos, Candia, Negropont, Smyrna, Western Africa, Patagonia, Lake Superior, Upper Missisippi, Upper Missouri, Cherokees, Arkansas Choctaws, Greeks, and other quarters of the globe.

Ink Stains may be taken out of paper in a minute or two by applying a little chloride of soda with a feather or hair-pencil; and the paper rendered as fit for use as before by doing over the spot with isinglass, gum-arabic, or the white of an egg.

A Fire Screen for Ladies.—Draw a landscape on paper with Indian ink, representing a winter scene, or mere outline; the foliage is to be painted with

Muriate of cobalt ..... green.
Acetate of cobalt ..... blue.
And muriate of copper..... yellow.

which will all dry invisible. Put the screen to the fire, and the gentle warmth will occasion the trees, flowers, &c., to display themselves in their natural colours, and winter is thus magically changed into spring.—N. B. When the paper cools, the colours disappear, but the effect can be re-produced at pleasure.

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African Expedition —The latest accounts received from this interesting expedition left them in the Nun River; prior to its arrival there, we regret to state that Capt. Harris, the commander of the Quorra, had died of fever. The crews generally were however healthy, and Mr. Laird and Mr Lander were in the best possible health and spirits.

Is the Moon inhabited?—Telescopes must be yet greatly improved, before we can expect to see signs of inhabitants, as manifested by edifices or changes on the surface of the soil. It should, however, be observed, that, owing to the small density of the materials of the moon, and the comparatively feeble gravitation of bodies on her surface, muscular force would there go six times as far in overcoming the weight of materials as on the earth. Owing to the want of air, however, it seems impossible that any form of life analogous to those on earth can subsist there. No appearance indicating vegetation, or the slightest variation of surface which can fairly be ascribed to change of season, can any where be discerned.—*Sir J. Herschel on Astronomy.*

Buonaparte's Recipe for dispersing a Mob.—When Louis the XVI. pusillanimously placed on his head the red cap at the command of the ruffian *Sans Culotes*, Buonaparte, who had wandered from his caffè towards the Tuilleries, could not suppress his surprise and contempt when he saw Majesty so degraded. "The wretches!" said the young artillery man, "they should have cut down the first five hundred with grape shot, and the rest would soon fly." And he added, "as to that fellow with the red cap, it's all over with him."

Distressed State of Literature.—Whether it be owing to the numerous cheap publications, which pillage the contents of every original work worth reading or not, we do not pretend to decide—but certain it is, that the state of literature in London is more depressed at present than it has been for many years. Publishers appear to have lost all spirit, and the book-sellers' shops are as dull and quiet as if the city had been untenanted by the plague.
(Sun.)

Decline of Paganini's Popularity.—An extraordinary change seems to have taken place in the public mind with respect to Paganini; his concerts, on his first visit to this country, were so well attended, that frequently his receipts exceeded £1000, and, on one occasion, £1400 were received, (of which he had two-thirds, leaving Mr. Laporte to pay the whole of the expenses out of the remaining third.) On his arriving here, about two months ago, he was advised to defer giving any concert until the answer caused by his refusal to play for the distressed English actors in Paris should have blown over. It being supposed, however, last week, that this affair had been forgotten, and that there was every prospect of obtaining full houses, Paganini announced a concert for Friday evening. On Thursday, so few boxes and stalls had been taken, that Paganini, despairing of an attendance that would compensate him for his trouble, and dreading, perhaps, that there would be some disturbance arising out of the Paris affair, on Friday advertised that there would be no performance!—*(London Paper.)*

King James's Clasp-knife.—The word "Jockteleg," which is still Scotch for a clasp-knife, was of unknown etymology till a knife was found with the inscription, "Jacques de Liege," who was a famous cutler, and supplied Scotland with clasp-knives. It is said of James VI., that to puzzle his courtiers in England, he one day said to his stable boy:—"Callan, ha'e, there's thretty pennies, gae wa, and buy me a jockteleg; an' gin ye byd, I'll gang to the bougars o' the house, an' tak' a cabar and reesle your riggin wi' 't." That is, "Boy! here is thirty pence, go and buy me a clasp-knife: and if you delay, I shall go to the roof of the house, and take a rafter and thresh your back with it."—*Jamieson's Dict. in Voce.*

Extraordinary Travelling.—A gentleman of Cheltenham left the Pier-head, at Kingston, Dublin, at five o'clock on Monday afternoon, and arrived in Cheltenham at half-past six on Tuesday a distance of nearly 260 miles.—*(London Paper' of July.)*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

MORE COPY!

Reader! wast thou ever haunted with a De'il—black or blue?

"Oh, ye powers, (for powers ye are, and great ones, too,) which enable mortal man to tell a story worth the hearing,—that kindly shew him where he is to begin it,—and where he is to end it,—what he is to put into it,—and what he is to leave out,"—besides the head and front of the offending, which is generally the most dreaded part of it. How many of our readers must have been perplexed when about to indite an epistle, and have groaned over the first ten lines, while the flow of the imagination was getting fairly into wind, and then the pen of the ready writer would become perceptible. Yet how few, perhaps, of our readers, have ever been doomed to experience the internal agitation which WE are sometimes thrown into, when engaged in our other avocations, by one of our De'ils, who, doffing his beaver from its peg, and placing his fungous-looking *black ball** under his arm, rushes into our apartment with a furious aspect, and a demand for "more copy." We are sure, however, some good reader has been, during his life, drawn involuntarily from his warm bed on a cold winter's morning, to shiver along the streets, with his satchel on his back, and has, moreover, laid awake many an hour in dread of the lighted taper, and the house-maid, to intimate to him the hour of elevation. Yet, is this equal to a demand for "more copy?"

"More copy" may, nevertheless, be readily given, when poets, prosers, writers, reviewers, and critics, all crowd to fill our columns with their labors; but at the Cape, the air, however ethereal, is, somehow or other, anti-poetical, anti-prosaical, and anti-everything which savors either of literature or its pursuits. We have heard of such things as Balaam-boxes, and once bought one for our use; but that, oh, the march of degeneracy! has long been converted to a far different purpose: reader, it is now a coal scuttle! What an emporium of first ideas—of essays, critiques, sonnets to blue eyes and black eyes, have we beheld extracted from the editorial reservoir of a London Literary Gazette. How delightful to peruse the manuscript of L. E. L.'s productions. The only difficulty there, was to evince a taste by a choice selection—like a lady in a draper's shop, when the counter is strewn with the richest Gros de Naples and satins. But where are our Cape poets? They come to us like angel's visits—few and far between. Where are our prosers? Husbands who encourage "tired nature" after dinner. Writers? Gentlemen on sick leave from India Reviewers? The officers commanding the garrison: and Critics? Hush, while we tell you who are critics. All the world's a critic. Thou, fair reader! will even criticise this assertion if we are not mistaken. Every man, woman, and bairn who ever came into existence, live amidst their criticisms of the human race

Yet how is this? Can it be maintained that our soft blue skies—our pellucid firmament—our noble mountains—our genial breezes—the ethereal air that we breathe, and the rides and walks which we constitutionally enjoy:

"The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids."

And above all, that monotony which is so loudly declaimed against, are not conducive to make some writers amongst us, energetic;—to call forth those latent talents which many of you possess. Nature hath scattered throughout the entire universe a race of poets, even from the east to the west, and surely when she touched at the Cape, she must have expended a portion of her poetical dust in exchange for our artificial produce. We prophecy that, as a duteous author, we shall have, ere long, to dirge forth "the lay of the last Pringle." The plain ingredient of fact is, that we all want to be amused, yet we are, individually, too inert to devote a few hours in the month to each other's gratification. We have not even a drama that would charm the heart of a school-boy. Histrionic scenes are sometimes attempted, but, like every thing else, they are ill supported. Have we no players? Shakespeare hath said, all the world's a stage. Our parsimony is by no means outrè; on the contrary, our means vie with our will to encourage every

* A black ball is an instrument well known to printers, and is used in pressing the ink on to the type.

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thing which has novelty, and which is attempted for our edification. As an instance of this, let us not forget the brilliant attendances at Masoni's concerts; and that, out of an audience of about 400, scarcely twenty individuals understood music sufficiently to appreciate or to comprehend the *really* excellent *parts* of his performance. We wondered, and so did our Dutch brethren, at seeing a Cape-born youth performing at the theatre the other evening some common-place gymnastics. We must forbear, however, to speak even a sorry word of the Dutch exhibitions and plays, for nothing can be more respectable and neat. Every one appears, from the most insignificant character to the hero of the piece, to devote his ability for the accomplishment of his part. Take also a cursory glance at the house, and rest for awhile on the women—one magic circle of dress, gaiety, and pretty faces;—the pit, a gentle race of husbands, brothers, and lovers, lending their ears and their laughter;—the Gallery, a gallery of pictures, decency, and decorum, though clad in frames of ebon black. In the English plays of late your eyes literally ache in the attempt, as my Uncle Toby would say, to decipher a woman, and the Gallery is but a too faithful representation of England's Deii—one disturbing system of catcalling, thumping and swearing, with an occasional interlude of "Bob and Joan," or a fund of whistling choristers reviving "the good old days of Adam and Eve."

But we are digressing too much, and must finish these desultory remarks, for what was to be the text when a demand was made upon us for "more copy" by our imp, we could scarcely divine. Yet "more copy" was absolutely necessary, and we must go on till we furnish the required modicum,—like a meat jack till the mutton be roasted, or which sounds the more lady like,—a musical box till the machinery gets exhausted. We felt like our medical friends, sadly in want of *a subject*—and like our friends who are dying of ennui, the persecution of our devil. We will, in conclusion, cordially recommend to all men who have leisure hours to dispose of, or those who leave their sanctums at three to a minute, to exert their intellectual ideas of trying to produce a little copy—even if it be but an Epitaph, or some gentle aperient to improve their talents, and to fill our pages. What are the Cape Youths doing—the Collegians? Why ar'n't they made to produce a periodical essay, which we would with pleasure insert within our columns. We have Latin type as well as English. But they do not—alas! we are an incomprehensible set.

THE CROPS.

THE prospects of rich abundance appear from the most impartial accounts, to be unprecedented in the colony. Barley and oats, and the corn lands in general, present a luxuriance of the most cheering description.

GRAHAM'S TOWN READING SOCIETY.
Oh! Oh! Oh!

"AT a General Meeting of Subscribers to the Graham's Town Reading Society, held this day, (Tuesday, the 17th instant,)—It was moved and seconded—that this Society be *abolished* from the end of this month; and that the books, &c. be sold at public auction."—(*Graham's Town Journal, 19th Sept.*)

In Country Parish!—library!
Sure the thought is quite vagary!
Will *farmer-ers*, with heads quite muddy,
Leave their ploughs to take to study;
Bore their heads with Hydrostatics,
Algebra, or Mathematics;
Learn Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongue,
With thousand other things among?
Read Ovid, Horace, twenty more,
Who lived in ages long before?
Chop Logic, study Globes, view Stars,—
Read Homer, Virgil on the wars?
Books, indeed! for such as *We!*
Who have to do with Gee-up-gee!
And tend to locusts and *ox-ides*,
With lots of other things besides—
Such as the work of—Legislation,
To fit us for our future station,
When WE become a——*Corporation!*
To Books, then, Sirs, we will not yield—
"The King himself lives by the field,"
Horns, Hides, and Ivory, Beef and Chops,
All rise from farmers' sweating drops.
For Libraries we ne'er will mourn,
Then—going—going,——*gone!*

SLAVE VALUATION.

The indemnity is said to be estimated at one-third value of the slaves, viz:—one-third of an able-bodied slave £55; ditto one past his prime, £25; ditto a child, £10. Putting the three sums together, the amount is £90, which gives £30 as the average; and £30, multiplied by 700,000 gives £21,000,000, as the third part of the whole, old and young.

POST WAGONS.

THE public will rejoice to learn that every exertion is making in the interior, to carry into effect the proposition of the Postmaster-General for Post *Wagons* from Cape Town to Graham's Town. We sincerely hope the plan will succeed; it will be an immense acquisition to both towns, and more especially in affording accommodation for small parcels and a couple of passengers.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING BE LOST."

NEVER was advice so important as it respects Cape Town, and the desecrated shores of Table Bay. The daily waste from the Butchers' Shambles would amply feed the starving population of an Irish village. Let us take the simple bones alone, which are found in such heaps along the strand. Let us view them independently of their intrinsic value in the service of agriculture, &c. The 15 parts of bone commonly contained in 100 parts of butchers' meat, will yield 6 of a pure substantial alimentary substance; consequently, the 100 parts of butchers' meat which have hitherto produced no more than about 24 parts of aliment, will now produce 30, if the gelatine and fatty substances of the bone be made use of; thus increasing the available portion of animal's flesh by one-fourth, or making four oxen go as far as five. At a late meeting of the *Académie des Sciences*, of Paris, M. Darcet stated that the Committe of the Faculté de Medicine had reported as follows:—1st, That the employment of gelatine not only introduces into dietetics a great improvement, but an economy that should not be neglected; 2d. That the broth of bones is as agreeable as that which is usually employed in the hospitals; and 3d, That it is nourishing, wholesome, and of admirable digestion.

But let us look a little farther on the importance of gathering up the Fragments. The skins used by the gold-beaters are produced from the offal of animals. The hoofs of horses and cattle, and other *horny* refuse, are employed in the production of the prussiate of potash, that beautiful crystallized salt which is exhibited in the shops of some of our chemists. The worn-out saucepans and tin-ware of our kitchens, when beyond the reach of mending, are of use. They are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish for the use of the trunk-maker, who protects the edges and handles of his boxes with them; the remainder of what is supposed useless of even the fragments of these are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists, who employ them, in conjunction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black dye for the use of calico-printers. Bone carts travel all over Great Britain for the article of bones; so do carts for old woollens; and the *rag-business* is well known to be one of vast utility and profit. *Gather up the Fragments.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Everything. A talented speaker at the Minor Institute the other evening, observed, that if Mr. Bowie's judicious remarks on roads, and overcoming the sand-barriers between Cape Town and Stellenbosch, and which were inserted in this Journal, had been christened with a dignified name, no doubt the public would have followed up the plan. It is just because it was not called the GREAT, GRAND, IMPERIAL STELLENBOSCH ROAD COMPANY, that we are still destitute of those *fresh* and cheap essentials of milk, eggs, butter, and vegetables which are so abundant and so excellent at Stellenbosch.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

We look in vain to see thee now,
In spots in which thou dwelt before;
We miss the brightness of thy brow,
And meet thy sunny glance no more!

That glowing youthful heart lies cold.
The dreams which fired his brain are o'er;
The ship-boy's simple tale is told—
He perished near his native shore.

Yet in the lonely watch of night,
Some hearts may on his memory dwell;
And in the soft-winds murmuring flight,
Still seem to catch his funeral knell.

Then as the sea surge dashes slow,
And sleeps the moon upon the wave;
One tear of pensive grief may flow,
Whilst gliding o'er his watery grave.

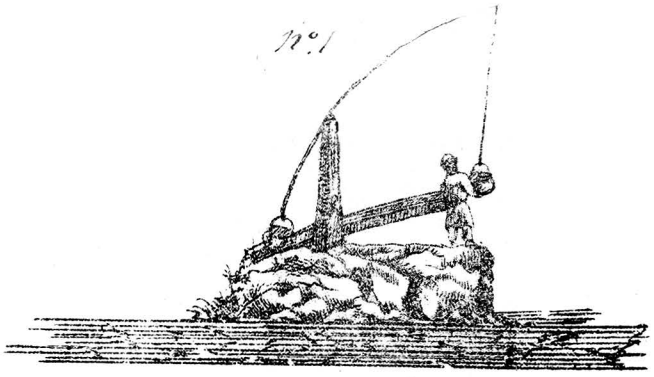
CORRESPONDENCE.

Several Communications are unavoidably postponed.

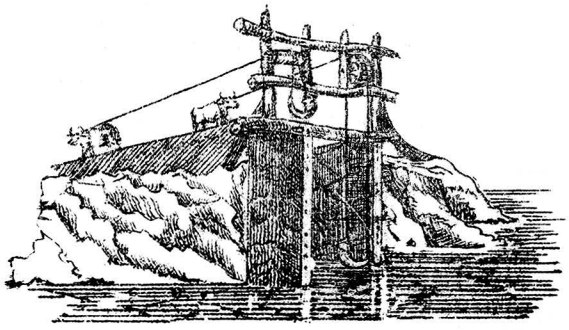
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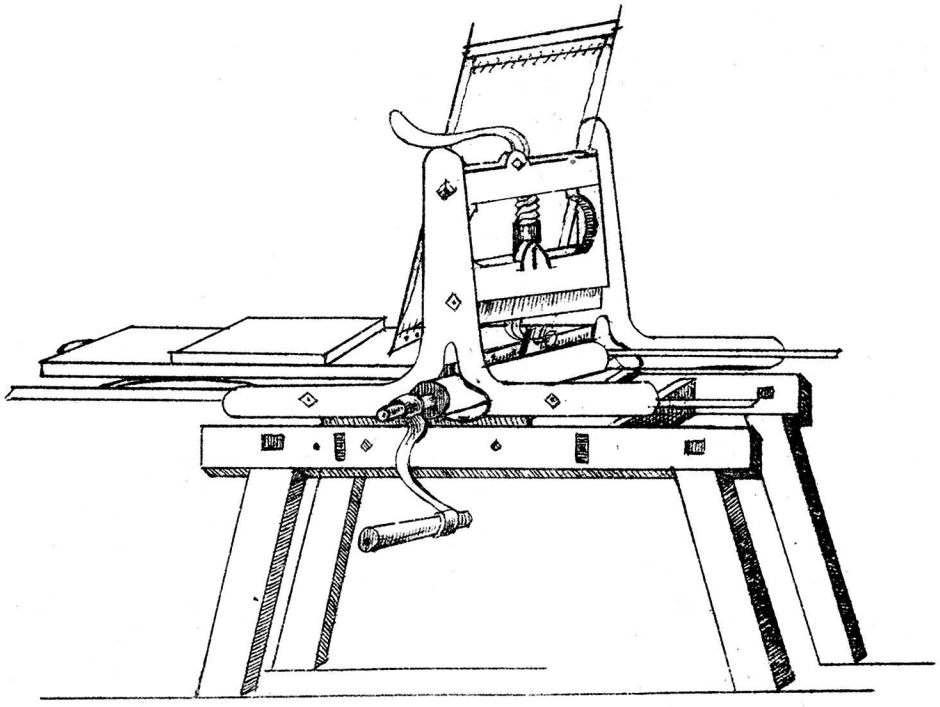
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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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LECTURES
ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Lecture xi. By Orlando.*

[On the Formation of Insects—Their Classes and Importance——Their Metamorphosis—Their Actions and Habits—Their Senses—Qualities —Mind and Feelings.]

The Insects and Worms were the "creeping things" which were ordered to appear among the creations of the sixth day. The Insect race are, in number by far the most considerable portion of animated beings: and whoever duly sudies their habits, economy, and uses, will acknowledge that they have been created with design; and will not doubt but the design was benevolent. (1) The triple metamorphosis or transformation which most of them undergo, has been said to be effected by casting off the different coats or coverings in which the perfect is inclosed; but it may be more near the unknown truth to say, that the perfect Insect is forming or developing in the first or Caterpillar's state, and is completed in its second or Chrysalis condition, from which it emerges into a new and more active existence, which is its last and re-producing form.

Linnæus arranged them into seven Orders; and these into many Genera which were again sub-divided into a large multiplicity of species. The real quantity of these we may conceive when we find that three thousand of them are to be found in Great Britain alone. Those in Britain, are probably not one half of the European Insects; while we know that every other quarter of the globe is still more prolific in species wholly different. Every kind of plant probably affords nutriment, on the average, to three or four species of Insects. Hence there can be little doubt, that the Insect is vastly more populous, than the Vegetable world. Mr. Kirby states the British Insects to be 10,000; and that the number in the whole globe may amount to 400,000 species. In our Cape Colony, the number of Insects is very considerable: and so recently as 1820, M. Lalande sent home 1,500—hitherto undescribed.

The metamorphosis of Insects are their most characterizing peculiarity. In these we certainly behold three distinct animals, as dissimilar from each other, in some genera, as the Bird is from the Serpent and the Shell fish; and yet united into one and the same living being, by the personal identity of their principle of life. This only continues permanent and abiding through their triple change of material form. The bodily substance undergoes the most striking mutations; but the existing and feeling self, remains unceasing and unaltered through all. The same animal crawls in its caterpillar shape; rests or sleeps in its torpid chrysalis; and springs from earth into air, with its new wings, its proboscis, and its antennæ, in its Butterfly or Moth configuration. What a stupendous wonder this magical transformation would be to us, if it were not so familiar! Just for one moment contemplate that Butterfly which I now present to your view. If, at its first exclusion from the egg, and for some months of its existence afterwards, was a worm-like Caterpillar, crawling upon sixteen short legs, greedily devouring leaves, with two jaws, and seeing by means of twelve eyes, so minute, as to be nearly imperceptible without the aid of a microscope. You now view it furnished with wings, capable of rapid and extensive flights. Of its sixteen feet, ten have disappeared; and the remaining six are in most respects wholly unlike those to which they have succeeded. Its jaws have vanished, and are re-placed by a curled-up proboscis, suited only for sipping liquid sweets. The form of its head is entirely changed: two long horns project from its upper surface; and instead of twelve invisible eyes, you behold two very large ones, *and composed of at least* 20,000 *convex tenses, each supposed to be a distinct and effective eye!*

There is no reason to doubt, that all the parts of the Butterfly are in the Caterpillar; as those of the human being are in the oral embryo. The material mechanism, the specific organization, is all ready and arranged; though not at first discernible, from its invisible minuteness. (2) Gradually, this hidden form increases into an object of sight; every limb and function enlarging in just and progressive proportion; until the complete figure, so exactly beforehand conceived, assigned and provided, grows into its last perfection, and emerges like a new creation, into its aerial and beautiful vivacity. (3) It seems like a resurrection from the tomb into a fresh life, with celestial distinctions. It is so analogous to that which the human spirit is appointed to undergo, that the

* Delivered before the Members of the Poker Club.

(1) Samonelle's Entomologist's Companion. All genuine Insects have six legs; a head distinct from their body, furnished with two antennæ; pores for respiration, conducting to tracheæ, arranged along their sides. They are all produced from eggs Some undergo no metamorphosis; others but a partial change; whilst the remainder pass through three stages of existence, after their egg state.

(2) A Caterpillar is not a simple, but a compound animal, containing within itself the germ of the future Butterfly.

(3) In the internal conformation, the changes are even more extraordinary. In the former, we find some thousands of muscles, which in the latter are replaced by others of a form and structure entirely different. Nearly the whole body of the Caterpillar is occupied by a capacious stomach. This has become converted in the Butterfly, into an almost imperceptible thread-like viscus, and the abdomen is now filled by two large packets of eggs, or other organs, not visible in the first state.—*Kirby, &c.*

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lege of wit-crackers, with reasons as plenty as blackberries, cannot turn *him* from the career of his humour.

The village of Stellenbosch is not, I believe, a favorite with Cape folk. To me, its air of retirement and of peace were "quite refreshing." How bitterly did I lament as I galloped along the horrid, stale, and unprofitable flats, that I had not listened to the advice of friends, and preferred the alternative of the veil, to giving my countenance to such enormities as sun and sand-flies.

Perhaps, however, this ordeal heightened the satisfaction with which I entered this pretty Dutch village, and rode slowly through its wide silent streets, lined with fine oak-trees. Here is the parade, traversed by the indispensable ditch; there, the solemn and stately Stadhuis, flanked on one side by the great tronk or prison; on the other, by a noble avenue of oaks; opposite, is "the holy edifice of stone," with its walled church-yard, and the usual monuments of mortality; its gates are open, and the white-washed rows of houses which diverge from the spot, with their fantastically-carved gables fronting the street, look like a troop of boarding-school misses, hair newly curled, and in their Sunday's best, ready to march to the church At any other moment I should, perhaps, have thought the place dreadfully sombre and stupid; scarce a human being is to be seen stirring, not even a beggar, trailing his staff after him, to disturb the summer dust, and you might fancy you were passing through a city of the dead, but for a glance here and there behind some window-frame at the rubicund visage of some burly burgo-master, with fair round belly, seated in his round, narrow, hard, wicker-bottomed, high-backed chair, on one side of a small square table drawn close to the window from whence he is contemplating; on the other side of the board, similarly seated, but enjoying the advantage of a possible retreat from curious observation behind the window-curtain, and into the obscurity of the corner, the comely countenance and ample charms of his portly dame. On the table between them is a China jar, containing a bulky and brilliant bunch of flowers; he is *employed* in smoking and soaking, she in silence and simper; and there sit they, like Beatrice among the bachelors in heaven, as happy as the day is long.

Let no man who would be well with a Dutchman in the country, omit, ere entering his house, to shake hands with him, his sons and his daughters, his man-servant and his maid-servant, and the stranger that is within his gates. I am not sure that ladies are exempted from this ceremony, but as I never found any objection raised on the score of being gloved, and as "a lady's privilege is as potent as a lord's" everywhere, I would recommend them to do the same.

Welcomed within the cold brick-floored hall, your patience and perceptions alike exhausted by the glare and the gravel you have been subjected to, you are backed into a corner of the room by your host, who looks and acts like one having authority, with the words of power—*Sit, Mynheer*. No matter how anxious you may be to stretch your weary limbs, or unwilling, let us suppose, to be seated before him; a spell has fallen upon you, and sit you must upon that same narrow, hard, high-backed chair you saw at the window. Your host seats himself *en face;* and, if you have a companion, he is directed *into* a similar settle against the wall; and now, through the palpable obscure of the opposite corner you begin to perceive emerging a massy form in female costume, whose calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathes repose, a comely full spread matron, evidently not blown with grief like Jack Falstaff, but more probably like the porter at the gate of the Castle of Indolence, "swol'n with sleep." Slowly she advances, and in some guttural exclamation unutterable, save by a turkey-cock, bids you good day. Anon, with a scream like a peacock's, she calls for *Mietje* or *Elsje*. A woolly-headed female domestic appears, with whom the dame retreats into the penetralia of her castle, and presently from within are heard the clatter of knives and plates, and the screaming of children.

By this time you have concluded the purgatorial period of compulsory civility, recover your legs, and involuntarily make for the door, and thence across the court-yard to the stables, that oasis of freedom, that Goshen of liberty, where one forgets the invidious distinctions which "education and government" have placed between man and man, where sometimes it is difficult to discover the difference between man and beast. I go there, however, "on virtuous deeds intent"—to see my steed duly fed, groomed, and bedded,—an operation which, unless you travel with attendance, you will perform for yourself.

Beware of re-entering the house till 8 P.M. Visit the garden, the kraal, the granary; consult the sky for prognostics of the weather, or pluck the grass to know where sits the wind; walk to the first sand-hill to view the country, or, if that be not, "even to the nearest willow on your own business,"—do any thing, in short, out of doors; or, return to the dignity and comfortless repose of the said narrow, hard, high-backed chair, and the pleasures of a tête-a-tête with your host, whom you cannot understand, "for he speaks neither Latin, French, nor Italian," and you have already ended your catechism, and replied to the usual inquiries:—Who are you? Where from come ye? Where go ye? Was ye here before? How long been ye at the Cape? How find ye this place? Be ye a slaughterer? be ye a pedlar? be ye a soldaat? What be ye, then?

(To be continued.)

LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

I.—St. Monica, drawing near her death, sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven, and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.—*Fuller*. Waller has versified this in the well-known lines

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks which time has made.

II.—The death of the talented American divine, Cotton, was thus celebrated by Norton, an old American poet. The lines deserve attention, as they seem to have furnished Franklin with the hint for his epitaph upon himself:

A living, breathing Bible; tables, where
Both covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel and law in 's heart had each its column,
His head an index to the sacred volume,
His very name a title-page; and next
His life a commentary on the text!
O, what a glorious monument of worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth,
Without errata, may we think he'll be,
In leaves and covers of eternity!

III.—My Lord Castlereagh's expression of *a man turning his back upon himself*, must have originated from his previous reading of Shakspeare's Henry IV. part I. act I, sc. 1, where Mortimer is made to say,

——————— All the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.

IV.—There is a passage in Sterne's Tristram Shandy, vol. ii. chap. 17, which is purloined, almost *verbatim*, by that wicked sentimental plagiarist Sterne,

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from Dr. Richard Bentley's Sermon "On Popery." Sterne was well known to have borrowed copiously from Barton's Anatomy of Melancholy—but in the present instance it is the more curious, as the passage in question happens to form the very part of the sermon, read by Corporal Trim, which so overpowers the feelings of the sympathetic soldier, that he declares, that 'he would not read another line of it for all the world.'

V.—The poet Waller speaks thus of Milton's incomparable *Paradise Lost*. "The old blind schoolmaster John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man."—*(April, 1667.)*

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROPOSED CEMETERY.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Your proposal to form a Cemetery in imitation of Pere-la-Chaise, will probably be encouraged as it deserves, and as every one must approve, who has noticed the disgraceful state of the Dutch and Military Burial Grounds, more particularly of the latter, which is crowded to excess, so that it is impossible to open a spot which has not been tenanted by numerous occupants. But it is not my intention to enter upon this subject; my purpose in addressing you is to make a few remarks on the leading article in your last Number, in which the officiating Clergy of the Church of England, and the Consecration of Burial Grounds, have not been represented in the most favorable light. You have classed among that body of *regulars*, as you term them, "who form the rear-guard in the march of Death's doings; the Clergy, Undertakers, and Sextons." I remark upon this passage, that all this body of *regulars* attend the funerals of the Dutch and Scotch, as well as those of the English, except the Clergyman! But can the Clergyman be justly said to follow in the *rear-guard* of Death? Is he not rather the Herald of a joyous Resurrection? Does he not proclaim at the verge of the receptacle of mortality the victory which has been achieved by his Saviour over Death and the Grave? Does he not give consolation to the afflicted relatives of the deceased, by reading the solemn service appointed by the English Church? I must confess, that when I first witnessed a Presbyterian funeral, I was shocked at the coldness, the indifference, the almost stoical apathy with which it appeared to be conducted. There was evidently something wanting to fit the minds of the numerous friends assembled on the awful occasion; something to direct their thoughts to a serious consideration of their own mortality, and to lead them to look to Him for Salvation who has brought Life and Immortality to light. This great deficiency is supplied in the Funeral Service of the English Episcopal Church. That heart must, indeed, be callous, which is not affected by the solemn truths it conveys I have often witnessed its influence, on the surrounding audience; an influence in most instances probably only transitory, but which has frequently proved to have been a powerful instrument by the blessing of God, to awaken the sinner, and to lead him to seek for salvation where it only can be found. Surely no opportunity should be lost, especially when a deceased brother in Christ is consigned to the dust, of exciting serious reflections on a future state, in the hearts of those who are too much disposed to levity, or too much engaged in the concerns of a fleeting existence. The next particular on which I would remark, is the Consecration of Burial Grounds. By their Consecration can only be understood, the separating them by lawful authority, and by prayer, for the reception of those that "sleep in Jesus." If you direct your attention to the service appointed by the English Church for this purpose, you will find nothing in it of a supersitious nature—nothing but every one that names the name of Christ, and looks forward with Faith and Hope to an Eternal Inheritance, must approve. The service does not imply that any actual holiness or virtue is conferred on the soil itself by prayer. The pious prejudices of the English do not induce them to attach any intrinsic holiness to bricks, and mortar, and dust. Churches and Church-yards are consecrated by the chief Minister of the Church; the former for the use of living christians, the latter for the reception of the mortal remains of those who have terminated their christian course; nor was it ever imagined that prayer could not ascend from the unconsecrated closet, nor that those who were buried in a wilderness, or overwhelmed in the bosom of the ocean, would not be partakers of the resurrection, together with those who rest within the precincts of a consecrated inclosure. "The hour is coming," says our Saviour, "in the which all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God." The hour is also coming, as expressed in the Revelation of St. John, "when the sea shall give up the dead that are in it."

The consecration of a Burial Ground is a security against its application to secular uses; it is intended as a lasting protection to the remains of those who have been most dear to us while living, and with whom we hope again to associate in a future state. Such a security is claimed by our affections as men, who are the servants of the same lord, and by that holy communion which ought to influence every believer in Christ. The word Cemetery, which signifies a place of rest and sleep, was first applied to Burial Grounds by the primitive christians. Death, with them, was not an eternal sleep, as it was generally represented by the heathen writers; bnt a sleep from which they hoped to be awaked to the possession and enjoyment of those never-fading pleasures which are at the right hand of God for evermore.

The application of the word Cemetery to the receptacle of the departed, is authorized by the language of our Saviour, who in two instances makes use of the word *sleep* instead of *death*. 'She is not dead," said he, of the daughter of Jairus, "but sleepeth." "Our friend Lazarus," said he, "sleepeth, but I go to awake him." It may be further observed, that the word "sleepeth" in these passages, is to be understood, not in a figurative, but in a literal sense. For the true believer in Christ can *never die*. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me," says our Saviour, "shall never die." The proto-martyr, St. Stephen, is also said by St. Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles, to have "fallen asleep." It may, therefore, be safely argued that the consecration, or the religiously setting apart of a Cemetery for those that die in the Lord, of whom the Spirit says that they rest from their labors, is founded neither on pious prejudice nor superstition.

These remarks are not directed against the opinions or customs of other christian denominations, but are merely intended to obviate, in some measure, the very erroneous opinions with which many appear to be impressed respecting the Funeral Service, and the Consecration of Places for

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Burial, as appointed by the Episcopal Establishment.

PRESBYTER ECCLESIÆ ANGLICANÆ.

Note.—To all the pious sentiments which breathe throughout the above communication, we do most heartily say, Amen! But our esteemed Correspondent has utterly mistaken the drift of our remarks. In reference to a *Joint Stock Company Cemetery* in our last, we submit that in adopting the words "*regulars*, who form the rear guard in the march of death's doings," we meant no allusion to any of the Clergy, either of the Episcopal Church or those of any other denomination. Had we so intended, we should not have placed them in the *rear*. Our observations should apply to that almost daily troop of *automatons*, who march in procession to the *gates* of the Church-yard, and more especially to that portion of it, who, leaving their *public offices* and the business of *clerkship*, become body-carriers for *hire*. We are in possession of abundance of facts on this head; it is quite shocking to find in Cape Town a thirst for lucre, besieging a house where a corpse is, and under the mask of sorrow, seeking and obtaining pecuniary compensation in *making up the march to the grave*.

Again, in our remarks, we offered no disrespect towards the ceremonials of the Episcopal Church. On the contrary—he must have a cold heart who is insensible to its singularly beautiful and affecting burial service. When *rightly administered*, it cannot but command a thinking attention. Nor have we any objection to the harmless ceremony of consecration. But when our Correspondent observes, that "the consecration of a burial ground is a security against its application to *secular* uses," he forgets the deep interest which the *Parson's Cow* partakes, in applying the church-yard grass to the family use. Let us clear as we go; we use the term *parson* in no invidious sense. We adopt it, as Judge Blackstone, and the good Herbert have done, as a term of honest meaning and esteem; and in respect to the cow, we refer to that custom in England, which directs the parish minister to hold fast the milk and butter privileges of the church-yard, with a tenacious hand.

SCIENCE.

REPRESENTATION OF SHIPS IN THE AIR.

(Concluded from our last.)

No. II.

The undersigned, chief officer of engineers of the king in the Isle of France, certifies, that Mr. Bottineau has, at different periods, announced to me the arrival of more than a hundred vessels, scarcely without ever being mistaken; that he announced these vessels two, three, and even four days before the coast signals; and moreover, that he stated when there was only one, or when there were several vessels.

16*th November*, 1780.

Signed, GENU,
Do. TREBOND, Colonel of Infantry.

No. III.

I cannot refuse my testimony to truth, and I give this certificate in acknowledgment of the pleasure and agreeable surprise I have experienced from your continued and certain announces. I advise you to cultivate this science which will prove of immense benefit. The remarks of a few idle persons must not deter you. When Christopher Columbus proposed his discovery, he was treated as a madman by John the Second, king of Portugal, and Henry the Eighth, king of England; and had it not been for Isabella of Castille, who encouraged this celebrated Genoese, America would not perhaps have yet been discovered.

This example and a thousand others, show how prudent it is to withhold one's judgment, on points of fact in systems founded on astronomy or philosophy. I am persuaded that Nature possesses a thousand secrets which are still hidden from us.

5*th November*, 1781.

Signed, LE BRAS DE VILLEVIDERNE,
The King's Attorney General of the Isle of France.

No. IV.

We, Commissary-General of the Navy in this port certify, that having wished to try whether Mr. Bottineau really possessed the talent of announcing (before the usual observers placed upon the mountains,) the vessels that arrive here, and having desired him to inform us in writing of his predictions, he has announced to us within six months, one hundred and nine vessels, one, two, three, or four days before the signals were made from the mountains, and in this number he only was twice mistaken; moreover, he explained these errors by contrary winds or the currents. We have also to acknowledge, and not without great astonishment, that his art extends so far as to inform me whether there was one, or there were several in the vicinity of the Isle, and if they were together or separated.

Port Louis, 16*th May*, 1782.

Signed, MELIS.

Bottineau's Explanation of Nauscopie, alluded to in Marat's Letter.

Nauscopie is the art of ascertaining the approach of vessels, or being on a vessel, the approach to land at a very great distance. This knowledge neither results from the undulation of the waves, nor from quick sight, nor from a particular *sensation*, but simply from observing the horizon, which bears upon it certain signs indicative of the approach of vessels, or land.

When a vessel approaches land, or another vessel, a *meteor* appears in the atmosphere, of a particular nature, *visible to every eye*, without any difficult effort: it is not by the effect of a fortuitous occurrence, that this meteor makes its appearance, under such circumstances; it is, on the contrary, the necessary result of the approach of one vessel towards another, or towards land. The existence of this meteor, and the knowledge of its different modifications, constitute the certainty and the precision of my announcements.

If I am asked how it is possible that the approach of a vessel towards land can cause any meteor to be engendered in the atmosphere, and what affinity exists between two effects so removed; I reply, that I must be excused giving an account of the *why* and the *wherefore;* that it is sufficient I have discovered the *fact*, without being obliged to explain the principle.

Do not even the learned acknowledge that the explanation of meteors is often beyond their comprehension? Valmont de Bomarre says, "Almost all meteors present, in the mechanism of their formation, considerable difficulties, profound mysteries, which all the knowledge of philosophers has not yet been able to penetrate."

After this avowal, it certainly is not my province to explain what the most learned men declare to be inexplicable.

The meteor of which I am speaking, although manifesting its effects, may conceal its principle; and notwithstanding my discovery, does not the least exist.

However, the study of twenty years seem to have given me a right to reason upon a subject that has become so familiar to me; and the following is my opinion on this head.

The vast expanse of water forms an immense abyss, in which substances of every kind are continually entering. The enormous number of animals, fishes, birds, vegetable and mineral productions, which are decomposed in the vast body of water, produce a continual fermentation of matter, which abounds in spirit of salt, oil, sulphur, bitumen, &c. The presence of these gases is sufficiently apparent, from the smell and disagreeable taste of sea-water. These gases, closely united with the sea-water, remain stationary so long as the waters are quiet and not disturbed; or they may only experience a slight internal agitation which is manifested externally in a small degree. But when the water is put in motion by stormy weather, or by an active mass which passes over its surface with violence and rapidity (a vessel for instance) then the volatile vapours that are inclosed within the bosom of the deep, escape and rise in smoke (*fumée*,) composing a vast envelope around the vessel. As the vessel advances, the envelope advances with it, increasing every instant by fresh emanations. These emanations are so many small particular clouds, which by degrees joining each other, form a kind of cloud (*nappe*,) that projects forward, one extremity of which touches the vessel, while the other extremity advances to a considerable distance. This train of vapours is not on that account visible; it escapes observation by the transparency of its parts, and it is lost among the other fluids that compose the atmosphere: but as soon as the vessel reaches a circumference, in which it meets with other homogeneous vapours, such as those which escapes from the earth, one perceives, on a sudden, that cloud (*nappe*,) until then so limpid and subtle, acquire consistence and colour, by the mixing of the two opposed columns. The change commences at the prolonged extremities, which, by contact unite, are strengthened, and coloured; and then, every minute, as the vessel advances, the change is graduated, gains the centre, and at length the *engrainement* being complete, the phenomenon becomes more manifest, and the vessel appears.

Such, in a few words, is the revelation of the cause and the effects of a phenomenon, which, however wonderful it may be, accords, notwithstanding, with physical notions.

Whatever cause may be assigned for this phenomenon, it is quite certain that it is the infallible satellite of a vessel; and that, in consequence of its prolonged form, it manifests itself to the eyes, one, two, three, four, five, and even six days before the vessel itself, according to the state of the weather, and the nature of the obstacles it meets with. When the vessel sails with a fair wind (*en poupe*,) and meets with no obstacle, the phenomenon possesses its greatest celerity; and, arriving several days before the vessel, it affords the observer the means of announcing the presence of a vessel at a considerable distance; but when the vessel meets with contrary winds, it will be understood that this circumstance must have a great influence on the progress of the phenomenon. On this account I state that the phenomenon sometimes appears four or five days before the vessel, and sometimes only one day. This defect of uniformity in the apparition results from the greater or less impediment it meets with.

It will naturally be supposed that there may be weather when the phenomenon cannot shew itself before the vessel: for instance, in a violent gale, which appears, at first sight, capable of carrying away the phenomenon—even dissipating, and entirely destroying it. This, however, is not the case. The most impetuous wind only retards the apparition of the phenomenon, without destroying it. But when the vessel has reached a certain distance from land, then the phenomenon has acquired so much consistence, that it overcomes the efforts of the strongest winds, which, though they agitate it, still leave some part which they cannot wholly disperse.

The whole of my science consists in being able to follow the apparition of this meteor, and distinguish its character, in order not to confound it with other clouds in the atmosphere, and

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which are not to be attended to. In order to make these observations, neither telescopes nor mathematical instruments are required; the eyes alone are sufficient.

It is not even necessary to be upon the coast: where the horizon of the sea can be discovered, the observer can announce the arrival of vessels.

The cloudy mass does not present itself suddenly, and with all its character. The first appearance is equivocal, and only puts the observer upon his guard, who then can commence his study, without being in haste, to certify that the vessel is arriving; but, by degrees, the forms are developed, the colours assume a certain tone, the volume acquires consistence, so that the *Nauscopie* can no longer doubt that a vessel is behind; because these forms and these developements are such, that they can only belong to these kind of vapours.

As the vessel advances, the meteor extends, and becomes consistent. From the moment I became familiar with this singular analogy, I never failed seeing my announces followed with complete success; and this punctuality caused the great astonishment mentioned in my certificates, &c. from the governor, officers, and inhabitants. Convinced of the effect, but not understanding the cause, they could not conceive that a science existed which could give to man a fore-knowledge of events so distant, with respect to time and place. The people attributed these operations to the power of magic; the better informed ascribed them to chance. Nothing, however, is more natural than this principle, which has astonished every one, and concerning which, so much incredulity will be manifested throughout Europe.

BOTTINEAU.

Note by the Translator.

The *Gazette de France* mentions this discovery; and Abbé Des Fontains wrote several articles upon the subject; but the public mind was at that period so absorbed in matters of political importance, that the unfortunate Mr. Bottineau was neglected; and a letter from Marat, at the dawn of the French Revolution, merely states that Bottineau had died. The different biographical dictionaries we have consulted, make no mention of him.

J.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

FOR the last half century the scientific circles of France have been agitated by discussions on the strange subject of animal magnetism. It was first taken up by the learned societies of that country, in consequence of the unusually bold pretensions set up by some of the early advocates of this practice, but particularly by Mesmer, whose name is handed down to posterity in association with the art.

Mesmer was a Swiss physician, who, about the middle of the last century, attracted much attention by his astrological writings. He held that the planets exercised a certain influence over the bodies of men, and that the agent of this influence was electricity. In the next work, however, which he published, he showed that his devotion had been directed towards a new object altogether, and that, instead of the stars, he now chose the magnet as his favourite subject of contemplation. It is well known that Mesmer practised magnetism to a great extent in France, and certainly he gained the reputation of having performed some wonderful cures. There was, however, about him a mystery, in which he may be said to have shrouded himself altogether from the prying eye of curiosity; and those who might have sustained his principles, were disgusted with the elaborate empiricism which so unfortunately characterised his practice. In the meantime animal magnetism throve apace in France; it became popular, and threatened to establish a system, whereby all regular medical science would be completely superseded. The profession took alarm; they united their exertions; and, in a short time after they began to co-operate, a royal ordinance appeared, directing that two commissions of inquiry should be forthwith appointed by the medical faculty. This ordinance bears the date of the 12th of March, 1784. The commissions consisted, the one of the members of the Academy of Sciences, the other of the members of the Society of Physicians. Both investigated the subject minutely, and were decisive and nearly unanimous in their declaration, that animal magnetism was altogether unworthy of credit.

Notwithstanding the high authority of the commissioners, there were many individuals, of great sagacity and learning, who differed altogether from the tenor of the unfavourable report. Jussieu, the celebrated naturalist, was one of these. This distinguished man had been originally appointed as one of the commissioners; he examined the question with his colleagues, and came to a very different conclusion from them on the merits of animal magnetism. Instead, therefore, of signing the report, which condemned the new art, Jussieu declined to do so, and published a full account of his own sincere impressions. In this condition animal magnetism has remained up to a very recent period, still scoffed at by the learned, still practised partly in secresy by a few intrepid men. In England, we scarcely know any thing of the art, except historically, and then it is called to our recollection by the term Mesmerism. It is only a few years back that Mr. Chenevix attempted to introduce the practice into these countries; but, though what may be regarded as a fair trial was granted him, still no other general effect was produced than that of increasing the contempt in which Meserism was previously held. Nevertheless, it is a very curious fact, that in the chief countries of Europe, now and then some individual, fully entitled to the character of a philosopher, was to be met with, who looked upon the principle of animal magnetism as one full of promise. Indeed, it is impossible for one who is well informed in ancient and modern history, not to feel that he has no right to be incredulous when he hears an account of any phenomena which may have been produced by violent moral emotions. In Greece, the Delphic Oracles were universally respected; and the moral feelings of human nature have been at all times made a convenient medium for acting on the physical powers. The testimonies in fact are abundant, which prove the influence of the imagination over the judgment. Hence it is, that those persons who are eminent for their knowledge of human character, have ever been most prone to treat every suggestion connected with the phenomena of life with great attention; and it is to this cause that we attribute the indulgence which has been so frequently granted to Mesmer and his doctrines by individuals apparently the most opposed to him in sincerity and good sense. To such a pitch have men of discernment lately carried this indulgence, this willingness to be persuaded, that, at the very moment in which we write, there exists in Berlin a "magnetic Clinic," in which the practice is permanently established. In short, this general feeling, particularly in France, has been attended with some practical results, which are likely to prove important to the best interests of mankind. In the kingdom just mentioned, so late as the year 1826, the experience of the good effects of animal magnetism was so very striking, that a proposal for a fresh inquiry into its merits was unhesitatingly adopted by the French Academy of Science. A young physician, named Foissac, who had witnessed the effects of the practice, made a distinct proposition to the Academy, when a commission was appointed, consisting of the following members:—Messrs. Bourdois, Double, Itard, Gueneau de Hussy, Guersent, Fouquier, Laennec, Lerous, Magendie, Marc, and Thillage. The commission commenced its labours in 1826, and only made its report in June, 1831, when its contents gave rise to an extraordinary sensation, and ultimately to a long discussion. The report forms one of

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the most curious documents which was ever submitted to the world ;* it contains the results of examinations and experiments which appear to have been undertaken and conducted with the severest caution and circumspection ; and, from the first to the last line, exhibits a spirit of uncompromising preference for truth, which at once commands our confidence and admiration.

One of the most singular and overwhelming of the cases which come under the head of the more recent and important ones, is that of Jules Cloquet, the well-known anatomist in Paris, who had, of his own accord, sent in an account of this case to the section of the academy. He was no magnetizer, but, very likely, laughed and ridiculed the art with as much asperity as the most determined of its enemies. This gentleman, it appears, was called, on the 8th April, 1820, to see a Mrs. P., then residing at 151, Rue St. Dennis, Paris. He found that she had the cancer of the breast, and that nothing but extirpation of the disease could effect a cure. The lady, at this time, had been attended by the physician whom she had long employed, and who was in the habit of magnetizing her into a sleep, or rather somnambule (for there is a great difference between them), to produce an oblivion of her sufferings. The physician, M. Chapelain, was sensible that no other hope of saving his patient from a miserable fate remained than that held out by Mr. Cloquet, and he proposed to the surgeon that he should perform the operation whilst she was in a state of magnetic sleep. The surgeon agreed to it, and the operation was performed accordingly, but was kept asleep for two days, and, upon being awoke, and informed of what has taken place, she experienced, says M. Cloquet, a very lively emotion.

The power which, it was represented, some somnambulists possessed of seeing perfectly through their closed eyelids, formed the subject of some very close and attentive examinations. The result was, that the commissioners were satisfied, for they looked on, that in one case a patient, in this state, was able to read a book by seeing it through his eyelids! But this was not all ; for although his somnambulism continued, yet the patient became very much fatigued, and was invited to play a game at *écarte*, of which he was very fond. He showed amazing dexterity all the while, and always beat his opponent. It is to be remembered, that during all this time the patient was in a state of somnambulism, and, of course, was unconscious of what he was doing. The following is the exact language in which this respectable commission describe a portion of this scene. The name of the patient, it is proper to remember, is Petit :

One of the gentlemen present, M. Raynal, formerly inspector of the university, played a game at Piquet with M. Petit, and lost it. The latter handled his cards with the greatest dexterity, and without making any mistake. We attempted several times in vain to set him at fault, by taking away or changing his cards. He counted with surprising facility the points marked upon his adversary's marking card. During all this time, we never ceased to examine the eyes, and to hold a candle near them; and we always found them exactly closed. We remarked, however, that the ball of the eye seemed to move under the eyelids, and to follow the different motions of the hands. Finally, M. Bourdoise declared that, according to all human probability, and as far as it was possible to judge by the senses, the eyelids were exactly closed. While M. Petit was engaged in a second game at piquet, M. Dupotet, upon the suggestion of M. Ribes, directed his hand, from behind, towards the patient's elbow, and the contraction previously observed again took place. Afterwards, upon the suggestion of M. Bourdois, he magnetized him from behind, and always at the distance of more than a foot, with the intention of awakening him. He carried his hand several times to the back of his head, as if he suffered pain in that part. At length he fell into a state of somnolency, which seemed like a slight natural sleep ; and some one having spoken to him when in this state, he awoke as if with a start. A few moments afterwards, M Dupotet, always placed near him, but at a certain distance, set him again to sleep, and we recommenced our experiments. M. Dupotet being desirous that not the slightest shadow of doubt should remain with regard to the nature of the physical influence exerted at will upon the somnabulist, proposed to place upon M. Petit as many bandages as we might think proper, and to operate upon him while in this state. In fact, we covered his face down to the nostrils with several neckloths; we stopped up with gloves the cavity formed by the prominence of the nose, and we covered the whole with a black handkerchief, which descended, in the form of a veil, as far as the neck. The attempts to excite the magnetic susceptibility by operating at a distance in every way, were then renewed ; and, invariably, the same motions were perceived in the parts towards which the hand or the foot was directed. After the new experiments, M. Dupotet having taken the bandages off M. Petit, played a game at *écarté* with him, in order to divert him. He played with the same facility as before, and continued successful. He became so eager at his game, that he remained insensible to the influence of M. Bourdois, who, while he was engaged in play, vainly attempted to operate upon him from behind, and to make him perform a command intimated merely by the will. After his game, the somnambulist rose, walked across the room, putting aside the chairs which he found in his way, and went to sit down apart, in order to take some repose at a distance from the inquisitive experimentalists, who had fatigued him. There, M. Dupotet awakened him at the distance of several feet; but it seemed that he was not completely awake, for some moments afterwards he again fell asleep, and it was necessary to make fresh efforts, in order to rouse him effectually. When awake, he said he had no recollection of any thing that took place during his sleep.

* Translated by J. Colquhoun, Esq.

LITERATURE.

THE LONGEVITY OF STUDIOUS MEN.

Mr. Madden, in his new work—"*Infirmities of Genius,*" 2 vols. 8vo. has furnished a curious record of the average influence of different studies, on the longevity of those engaged in them. The record consists of a tabular arrangement, in which are several series of the most celebrated authors in the various departments of intellectual labour. Twenty persons are included in each list; the names and ages of each are given, and from the united amount of the latter, is taken the average age to which the members of each of the classes survive. These tables no doubt are curious, but how far they can be relied on as affording unequivocal evidence of the exact influence on the body, of mental fatigue, is altogether another question.

The first table includes natural philosophers, whose names and ages are as follow :—Bacon (Roger,) 78; Buffon, 81; Copernicus, 70; Cuvier, 64; Davy, 51; Euler, 76; Franklin, 85; Galileo, 78; Dr. Halley, 86; Herschell, 84; Kepler, 60; Lalande, 75; Leplace, 77; Lewenhoeck, 91; Leibnitz, 70; Linnæus, 72; Newton, 84; Tycho-brahe, 55; Whiston, 95; Wollaston, 62

The second table is that of poets,—Ariosto, 59; Burns, 38; Byron, 37; Camoeus, 55; Collins. 56; Cowley, 49; Cowper, 69; Dante, 56; Dryden, 70; Goldsmith, 44; Gray, 57; Metastasio, 84; Milton, 66; Petrarch, 68; Pope, 56; Shenstone, 50; Spencer, 46; Vasso, 52; Thomson, 48; Young, 84.

The contents of the remaining tables are as follow :—

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Dramatists,—Alfieri, 55; Corneille, 78; Goethe, 82; Massinger, 55; Marlow, 32; Otway, 34; Racine, 60; Schiller, 46; Shakspear, 52; Voltaire, 84; Congreve, 59; Colman (G.), 61; Crebillon, 89; Cumberland, 80; Farquhar, 30; Goldoni, 85; Jonson, (B), 63; Lope de Vega, 73; Moliere. 53; Murphy, 78.

Authors on Law and Jurisprudence,—Bentham, 85; Blackstone, 57; Butler

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(C.), 83; Coke, 85; Erskine, 73; Filangieri, 36; Gifford, 48; Grotius, 63; Hale, 68; Holt, 68; Littleton, 75; Mansfield, 88; Montesquieu, 66; Redesdale, 82; Romilly, 61; Rolle, 68; Tenterden, 78; Thurlow, 74; Vatel, 53; Wilmot, 83.

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Authors on Revealed Religion,—Baxter, 76; Bellarmine, 84; Butler (John), 60; Bossuet, 77; Calvin, 56; Chillingworth, 43; Doddridge, 54; Fox (G.), 67; Lowth, 77; Luther, 63; Massillon, 79; Melancthon, 64; Paley, 63; Porteus, 77; Priestly, 71; Sherlock, 67; Wesley, 88; Whitefield, 56; Wycliffe, 61.

Authors on Natural Religion,—Annett, 55; Bolingbroke, 79; Cardan, 75; Chubb, 65; Drummond (Sir W.), 68; Dupois, 67; Freret (N.), 61; Gibbon, 58; Herbert (Lord), 68; Jacobi, 56; Paine, 72; Pomponatius, 63; Rosseau, 66; Spinoza, 45; St. Pierre, 77; Shaftesbury, 42; Tindal, 75; Toland, 53; Vanini, 34; Volney, 66.

Medical Authors,—Brown (J.) 54; Corvisart, 66; Cullen, 78; Darwin, 72; Fordyce, 67; Fothergill, 69; Gall, 71; Gregory (John), 48; Harvey, 81; Heberden, 92; Hoffman, 83; Hunter (J), 65; Hunter (W.), 66; Jenner, 75; Mason Good, 64; Parcelsus, 43; Pinal, 84; Sydenham, 66; Tissot, 70; Willis (T.), 54.

Philologists,—Bentley, 81; Burton, 64; Casaubon, 55; Cheke, 44; Hartzheim, 70; Harman (J.), 77; Heyne, 84; Lipsius, 60; Parr, 80; Pauw, 61; Pighius, 84; Porson, 50; Paphelengius, 59; Salmatius, 66; Scaliger (J. J.), 69; Sigonius, 60; Stephens, (H), 71; Sylburgois, 51; Vossius, 73; Wolfius, 64.

Artists,—Bandinelli, 72; Bernini, 82; Flaxman, 71; Ghiberti, 64; Giotto, 60; Michael Angelo, 96; San Sovino, 91; Verocchio, 56; Caracci (A.), 49; Claude, 82; David, 76; Guido, 67; Raphael, 37; Reynolds, 69; Salvator Rosa, 58; Titian, 96; Veronese (Paul), 56; West, 82.

Musical Composers,——Arne, 68; Bach, 66; Beethoven, 57; Burney, 88; Bull, 41; Cimarosa, 41; Corelli, 60; Gluck, 75; Gretry, 62; Handel, 75; Haydn, 77; Kalkbrenner, 51; Keizer, 62; Martini, 78; Mozart, 36; Paisello, 75; Piccini, 71; Porpore, 78; Scarlatti, 78; Weber, 40.

The result, then, that we derive from these tables is, that natural philosophers have the longest lease of existence, the united ages of the twenty enumerated being 1504 years, which gives an average of 75 for each. The results in the other cases with respect to the united ages, and the average each, are—Moral philosophers united ages, 1417—average of the life of each, 70: sculptors and painters, 1412—70: authors on law and jurisprudence, 1394—69: medical authors, 1368—68: authors on revealed religion, 1350—67: philologists, 1323—66: musical composers, 1284—64: novelists and miscellaneous authors, 1257—62½: dramatists, 1249—62: authors on natural religion, 1245—62: poets, 1144—57.

According to the results of this calculation, it would appear that those mental labours in which the imagination is most actively employed, are least conducive to long life.

PIOZZIANA.

A little Work, thus entitled, has appeared. We shall simply select a few of the anecdotes which we find in the book, which has been published from the MSS. of the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi.

Garrick had the following lines engraved in letters of gold in his library at Hamton:

La premiere chose quand on emprunte un livre
C'est de le lire; la seconde, c'est de le renvoyer.

(The first thing one ought to do, who borrows a book, is to read it; and the next, to return it.)

George the Third, being very near-sighted, once touched the sun-dial on Windsor Terrace somewhat roughly. "Let it alone, your honour," said the sentinel. "Dost not know me," said the King, somewhat haughtily. "Yes, Sir, I do; but your Majesty knows I must obey orders." The King immediately put a piece of gold into his hand.

During the period of Lord Mansfield's occupation of the bench, it was usual, whenever the *Merchant of Venice* was played, for *Portia*, in the celebrated speech about mercy, to mimic the gesture, tone, and manner of his lordship.

Piron, the celebrated French academician, was walking one morning homewards from Notre Dame when he was accosted by a blind man, who asked him for charity: he replied, in the language of St. Peter, that he had neither gold nor silver; but of that which he possessed he would readily bestow some portion on the mendicant. He thereupon took out his tablets, and wrote the following verses, which he pinned to the old man's breast:

You that enjoy the light of day,
Relieve a wretched blind man, pray:
Unseen by me, your alms let fall,
He sees them clear, who sees us all;
And when His rays remove all shade,
In sight of all, you'll be repaid.—p. 187.

Corneille was killed by the unkindness of Louis XIV. The poet presumed to offer his Majesty political advice, and the King resented this impertinence by utter neglect.

Samuel Boyce is the name of a very unfortunate gentleman of merit, who was known to the world some time about the close of the last century. Dr. Johnson used occasionally to beg for him, and once that he had received a guinea, bought some roast beef and port wine for poor Boyce. The moment that the latter sat down to eat, he commenced a serious quarrel with the Doctor because he had not also added some mushrooms or catsup!

It is an authentic fact, that one of the Bishops, in the time of James the First—some say the Bishop of Durham—others, as D'Israeli, make him a Welsh Bishop—made an apology to that monarch for preferring the Deity to his Majesty! Dr. Neale, the Bishop of Durham, at the period, declared that James the First was the breath of their nostrils.

A lady once asked Mrs. Piozzi to lend her a book. The latter inquired what sort of a book she liked? "Oh, an abridgement," replied the lady; "the last pretty book I read was an abridgement."

Scarron wrote a dedication to a dog. Mrs. Hannah More once addressed an ode to Garrick's dog, whose name was Dragon.

A man, accompanied by his friend, visited an ancient mansion, and there he saw, among other things, the figure of a lion in marble, represented as open-mouthed and enraged. On beholding the figure, the man exclaimed, "there's my enemy! I more than once have dreamed that I should owe my death to a lion." And so saying, and smiling in scorn as he spoke, he thrust his arm into the lion's mouth. But within was an iron spike, which severely lacerated his hand; and a mortification ensuing, he died in consequence.

The following melancholy narrative was related by Mrs. P. to her friend. It was fully calculated to bear out the inference which she promptly drew from it, namely, that dreadful as was the penalty inflicted upon the father, still the calamity recorded ought to be considered as a just penance for a disregard of that sound principle which ought never to be obstinate in what is obviously not an affair of moment:

A prelate of the Church of England, much admired for his fine understanding, talents, and political liberality, was one day proceeding to take an airing with his wife in their carriage. Just at their setting out, their eldest son, a highly educated and most promising young man, rode up, and desired to be of the party inside. This the bishop peremptorily refused to allow, directing his son by all means to remain on horseback, and ride by the side of the carriage. The youth for a moment remonstrated, but his father insisted, and was cheerfully obeyed. The bishop's lady then begged his lordship to tell her why he so resolutely adhered to his determination of not admitting his son to a seat with them; adding, that in a matter of so much indifference she wished he had yielded. But the father replied that he had not acted without a reason; for that he had been tormented with a dream the night before, when he imagined that he saw his son suddenly thrown from his horse and killed; and that through fear of thinking himself superstitious for the rest of his days, he had persevered in rejecting his son's request. The bishop had scarcely spoken the words, when the horse on which his much-loved son was riding, threw the young man to the ground, and he was killed on the spot. The unhappy parents, the father especially, grieved incessantly for their loss; and Mrs. Piozzi remarked, that, dreadful as was the penalty suffered by the unfortunate father, it was a just infliction on a person who had disregarded one of the grand laws in the code of common sense, which prescribes to us never to be obstinate in what is apparently not an affair of moment.—pp. 227, 228.

RESOURCES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

ON this subject a most extraordinary volume has appeared from the pen of a learned Spaniard—*Pablo Preber*. It is no unusual thing for Englishmen to

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be indebted to foreign writers for the best account of their own history and institutions. Rapin, De Lolme, Dupin, Cottu, and Moreau have, in this respect, laid them under the deepest obligations.

Mr. Preber has, in his important Work, placed before the Legislature at one view, the whole statistical and financial economy of the British Empire, in all its ramifications. Very few persons in this colony have the slightest conception of the means or the capital, the extent or the resources of the empire which engirdles the world, and levies tribute on all nations.

'There does not exist,' remarks Mr. Preber, 'the record of a nation ever ruling such a number of inhabitants, possessing such vast territories, having such immense colonies, and commanding such extensive dominions all over the world, as England does at the present time. They encircle the globe as it were. From Heligoland to Quebec, from this stronghold to the fortified Malta, from the impregnable Gibraltar to the IMPORTANT CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, from the military rock of St. Helena to the rich Ceylon,—scarcely can there be found on the surface of the globe a place where a warehouse of British goods does not rear its head, and a squadron is not at all times ready to defend British property.

'Thus, English capital is spread over all her dominions, and invested in forwarding the productions of her remote and extensive possessions in all parts of the world. It is true, that a grand political and economical question is often agitated in respect to these colonies; namely, whether England receives a compensation for the large capital employed in these possessions; or whether she derives any commercial advantages from them, which she might not have without them; and consequently, whether it would not be much more advantageous to the British interests, revenue, and capital, to emancipate them from her rule.

'But leaving these vital questions to the able contending parties, and entertaining an equal regard for both, the author cannot but agree with one of them, that from the very day on which the adamantine chain above described shall either be *broken or abandoned* to other powers, the mighty England will begin to cease to be the First of Nations; her influence over the commercial world will be diminished; her proud trident will undoubtedly lose the respect it now commands from all nations. But until that day happens, (and, for the happiness of the human race, may it be retarded for ages!) it must be agreed on all hands, that these possessions not only constitute an integral part of Great Britain, but that their value forms an essential portion of the aggregate capital of the British empire.

'It appears that, according to the moderate calculation adopted in all these estimates, there exists, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a capital, public and private, of 3,679,500,000*l.*!

'The greatest part of this enormous capital is beneficially employed in creating substantial property and in promoting industry and enterprise in the multifarious pursuits and occupations by which the necessaries, the comforts, and the luxuries of life are raised and provided. The most useful and important of these is Agriculture, which raises, in all its branches, annual produce to the value of 246,600,000*l.*; or fifty-two millions and a half more than the total produce of this branch in France, considered to be the first agricultural country in Europe. The value of the produce of Mines and Minerals in the United Kingdom, is 21,400,000*l.* The produce and profits of the numerous classes engaged in Inland Trade, amount to the large sum of 48,425,000*l.* And of those important branches to all maritime nations, the Coasting Trade and the Fisheries, the former yields 3,550,000*l.*, and the latter 3,400,000*l.* The annual gains of all those engaged in Shipping and Foreign Trade, amount to 31,308,059*l.* The profits of Bankers may be stated at 4,500,000*l.*; and the income derived from property invested in foreign securities, including the sum annually remitted from India, is estimated at 4,500,000*l.* Lastly, the capital, labour, and machinery employed in all the numerous and extensive branches of manufactures, annually raise produce valued at the enormous sum of 148,050,000*l.*!

'Thus, the grand result of the combination of the prodigious capital above stated, with all animate and inanimate power, is the annual creation of produce and property to the amount of 514,823,059*l.*!!

'Such are the astonishing effects of the wealth, talent, industry, and intelligence concentrated in this extraordinary country: such is the immense capital, and such are the amazing productive powers of this little isle—this "precious stone set in the silver sea,' as the poet calls it. But even *his* portentous imagination was far from conceiving the power which "that little world"—"that fortress built by nature"—would one day reach: he could not even have fancied that thousands of tons of goods would be conveyed with a speed greater than that of the messenger pigeons of Aleppo and Antwerp: he could not have imagined, that, by the combined aid of steam and capital, the productive powers of each of that "happy breed of men" would be rendered equal to the simple exertions of several hundred individuals!

'From all this may be easily concluded how imperfect have been the statements of those who have calculated the productive powers of Great Britain, and compared them with those of France and other countries: this important inquiry and comparison is reserved for another opportunity; while sufficient facts and data are here stated to give the mind of the reader more just and correct ideas of the real productive powers and capital of this country; a country, however, only to be considered as the *mighty heart*, which diffuses strength and vigour throughout all the *limbs* of that gigantic body, the British Empire; while they, by a strong and reciprocal motion, return and increase its vitality, action, and power.

'In the parts more immediately connected with England, and in all her dependencies in Europe, there is supposed to exist a capital of 27,115,094*l.*; and the produce annually raised, is valued at 2,146,198*l.*

'The seven important North American possessions, as may be seen by the Table, have a capital of 62,100,466*l.*; and raise annually produce and property worth 17,620,629*l.*

'The West India Colonies, with a capital of 131,052,424*l.*, raise every year produce valued at 22,499,672*l.*

'The whole British capital in Africa amounts to only 6,444,398*l.*; and these settlements, unproductive like the country itself, yield an annual produce of only 1,066,065*l.*

'To compensate for this, there is in the two fertile islands in the Indian Ocean, a capital of 27,569,781*l.*; and the value of the produce annually raised is 4,291,332*l.*

'While the new, but rapidly improving settlements in Australia already possess a capital of 2,685,000*l.*; and raise produce amounting to 520,000*l.*

'It is almost impossible to obtain sufficient data and facts, on which to make a sound calculation of the immense and diversified productions raised in the vast territories of British India; peopled by such numerous races, all differing from ourselves in habits, religion, customs, and manner of living. However, by the help of a multitude of official documents, and such statistical information as could be collected from the numerous works relating to that region, the total capital of the British Empire in India has been estimated at 1,611,077,354*l.*; and the produce and property annually raised, at 313,200,000*l.*

'Thus, the total aggregate capital existing in all the extent of the British Empire in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, will amount to 5,547,484,571*l.*; and the aggregate value of all produce and property annually raised and created by the combination of that capital, with all animate and inanimate power, to 876,175,755*l.*: the total population to 116,969,978; and the total extent of territory to 4,457,598 square miles; with a superior navy of 27,000 men, and a regular standing army of 96,419 men in Europe, and 223,461 men in India.' pp. 472–476.

A Statistical Table is annexed, from which we take the following calculations.

	Population.	Geogra. Sq. Miles.	Public and Priv. Prop.*
Great Britain and Ireland,	24,271,758	90,948	3,679,500,000
British Dependencies in Europe,	247,701		27,115,094
North Amer. Colonies,	911,229	1,930,000	62,100,466
West Indies,	733,617		131,052,424
Indian Ocean, (Mauritius and Ceylon,)	1,034,736	23,000	27,569,781
Africa,	154,046	91,000	6,444,398
Australia,	39,685	1,499,000	2,685,000
East Indies,	89,577,206	820,650	1,611,077,354
	116,969,978	4,457,598	5,547,484,571

* These are distinguished in the Table.

In the above enumeration, neither the kingdom of Hanover nor the Ionian Republic is included. The latter is, to all intents and purpose, a dependency of Great Britain, although it is in form an independent State, under the protection of the King of Great Britain and Ireland, his heirs and successors.' The population is estimated at 208,100 inhabitants. That of the Kingdom of Hanover is about a million and a half. The population of the West Indies is underrated, as is that of the North American Colonies and Australia. India also, including the dependent and tributary States, contains more nearly 120 than 90 millions. The estimate of the superficial extent of the British empire, which is the same as Balbi's, makes it considerably larger than the Chinese empire, two thirds the extent of the Russian, and almost three times as vast as that of Imperial Rome, which it very far exceeds in populousness. In point of substantial wealth and moral supremacy, the British Domi-

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nions leaves the boasted empires of antiquity immeasurably behind.

One of the most striking features of the general Statistical Table, is the comparative view it exhibits of the imports and exports, and of the estimated value of the produce annually raised in Great Britain and her respective colonies. We shall merely give those of the East and West Indies.

	Value of Produce.	Imports into the United Kingdom.	Exports from the United Kingdom.
West Indies,	22,496,672	9,087,914	5,521,169
Mauritius & Ceylon,	4,291,332	654,666	372,026
East Indies,	313,200,000	6,218,284	4,100,264

Thus, it would seem, that while the annual produce of the East Indies is fourteen times that of the West Indies, this country imports only two thirds as much in value from her Indian possessions, that she does from her sugar colonies in the Western hemisphere. If this circumstance may be thought, on the one hand, to prove the importance of the West India trade, it shews at the same time, how much the prosperity of India has been sacrificed to it. Upon the subject of opening the trade to India entirely, Mr. Pebrer has the followingremarks :

'Would these beneficial results' (those which have followed the partial opening of the trade to British subjects in 1813) 'continue their progress, if the trade was *quite* opened to the British nation?—Ought the British to be allowed to settle, buy lands, employ their capital, and act as the subjects of other nations do, in India? Upon the decision of these questions depends the happiness or misfortune, the prosperity or distress of millions of British European and Indian [illegible]. It cannot be denied, even by the [illegible] 'that this measure would be [illegible] more mischief than good," that the application of British capital, activity, and industry, to India agriculture, deficient as it is in every respect, but especially in *means*, would produce the most wonderful results. The cultivation of sugar, coffee, tobacco, and above all, cotton, might be increased *ad infinitum*. All men conversant with the manners and feelings of the natives of India agree as to their willing disposition, and the absence of all jealousy towards the Europeans, *on these points:* all parties allow, that the soil of India, its extent, variety of climate, and fertility, are eminently adapted to the cultivation of these productions Now, after reflecting how often the production and supply of particular articles has, in a short period, passed from one nation to another,—after remembering how the present of a few Merino sheep, injudicously made by the King of Spain to the King of Saxony, threw Spanish wool out of the English market,—and considering how the cultivation of cotton passed from the Spanish colonies to the North Americans, and how the Spanish American indigo was superseded by its immense production in India, and this is by a very limited number of industrious British individuals, and in a very short space of time,—one is really at a loss to see why the same results should not ensue with regard to sugar and coffee, and particularly, why tobacco and cotton, which are of easier cultivation, and require less skill than indigo, could not be brought to supersede the two staple exports of North America; thereby saving five millions a year, which we now pay for the last article alone, and imposing, at the same time, a good check upon American tariffs. One cannot but think, that England would derive grant advantages by opening the trade to India, and encouraging the investment of capital there: besides increasing the Agriculture, industry, commerce, and above all, the shipping, of her own subjects.' pp. 443, 444.

The author concludes the Section with expressing his regret, 'that, for the sake of the general commerce and intercourse of nations, and the happiness of mankind, England does not direct a part of her force, a part of her immense power in India, towards China.'

'For the first mercantile nation to suffer one of the best parts of the world, with a territory of 155,000,000, to be almost hermetically closed against the rest; to endure daily insults from an infamous despotical government, one of whose maxims is to despise foreigners and trade, and which does not possess a shade of power capable of facing the mighty combined naval and military superiority of the British, is certainly quite unpardonable and unwarrantable, and utterly unworthy of the British nation.' p. 453.

VOYAGES.

CAPTAIN OWEN'S NARRATIVE OF VOYAGES, 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1833.

The following is interesting in several points of view :—

'Having surveyed Europa Island, we made the shore of Buok, and then continued to the southward, on the 20th anchoring on the edge of a bank, with Cape Bazaruta about five miles to the westward: this we did merely to determine the geographical position of that Cape, which is one of the most remarkable features on the coast of Africa, and a counterpart of Cape Inyack. This is the site of the famous pearl fishery of Sofala, and hence those jewels are supposed to have been carried up the Red Sea, together with the gold of Ophir in the days of Solomon, and probably some generations before that period. Cape Bazaruta has sometimes been called St. Sebastian, while a variety of other situations have been assigned to a cape of that name; it is therefore omitted in our charts, to avoid confounding it with another Cape St. Sebastian, on the island of Madagascar."

Again, on the Mapoota shore:

"Fish of all kinds are plentiful, and the party saw a great variety of rare and beautiful shells The pearl oyster is found in every direction, but the finest are said to be near the continent, a little to the northward, which coast is called Buok, where the Portuguese say they have a small establishment upon the river Mambone. As the pearls on this coast have not been fished for several generations, there is not, perhaps, any spot which offers so fair opening for mercantile enterprise. Their sheep are of the Tartar or large-tailed breed, with hair instead of wool: the price demanded for one was a fathom and a half of blue or check durgaree; and numbers of these, together with fowls and goats, were purchased for trifling pieces of the same stuff. For six fathoms, the old king sold fourteen ounces of good ambergris, worth, perhaps, twenty pounds. He had with him about as much more, but would not part with it, having procured as much cloth as he desired. Several women visited our party: they wore belts of large beads, cut out of the columns of conch-shells, and had one custom which we had no where else observed. This consisted in having the upper lip bored through, into which was introduced a piece of ivory, or shell, made in the shape of a horn, very smooth, and about three inches in length. The extremity of this being in the mouth, the lady's principal amusement appeared to be in keeping it in constant motion with the tip of her tongue."

THE FATE OF CAPT. LECHMERE.

"On the third of November, Capt. Lechmere came off from the observatory in a low fever, and during the night was so ill that he was hardly expected to survive until morning; but as daylight approached, the dangerous symptoms abated, and he felt better. Yet the flattering change, however it relieved his bodily sufferings, did not deceive his mind with false hopes; he was perfectly aware of the inveteracy of the disease under which he laboured; and, from the moment of his attack, fully anticipated the fatal result to which it might lead. Capt Lechmere had excited so general a feeling of respect and esteem amongst all on board, that the details of his illness will be readily pardoned. The interest in his fate was strongly exemplified in the attachment of his attendant, William Newman, a marine, who was as much concerned as if he had been his nearest relative; he carried him from place to place like a child, as poor Lechmere's fevered fancy dictated; sang to him, fanned him, moistened his lips, and was silent or still as his patient directed, and at last brought him by his special desire into the captain's cabin, where there was already a young midshipman in almost the same hopeless state. As the bell was striking the midnight hour, he sank into the dreamless sleep of death. His last moments were attended with a romantic interest. The fever being very high a short time before his disease, every means were tried to calm him, but in vain; the same impatient, painful restlessness still prevailed. At length Captain Owen, who knew from experience that singing had a powerful effect in soothing extreme pain, by diverting the mind from its sufferings, and fearful that the heart rending expressions and cries uttered by Capt. Lechmere might produce an injurious effect upon the other object of his solicitude, commenced the pathetic ballad, 'Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowline.' The first note produced a cessation of his frenzy: from raving madness he sank into almost total insensibility, which continued until Captain Owen came to the words, 'His soul is gone aloft!' when a long guttural sound announced that *his* spirit was fled, which was instantly confirmed by his attendant saying in a melancholy tone, 'He's gone, sir!'—'And aloft, I hope!' replied the captain, as he concluded his song."

BIOGRAPHY.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

Richard Roberts Jones, of Aberdaron, in the County of Carnarvon, in North Wales, who resides at Liverpool, is thus described in Roscoe's Life of Roscoe, two octavo volumes recently published.

This most singular person, who is still living, and who continues to display a love of learning and an extent of erudition seldom exhibited within the walls of schools or universities, united with a want of common sense amounting almost to idiotcy, and a squalor and wretchedness of appearance of which a common mendicant would be ashamed, was first introduced to the notice of Mr. Roscoe, in the early part of the year 1806. The impression which his extraordinary appearance and acquirements made

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upon Mr. Roscoe at this time is described in the following letter to Dr. Parr, who had unfortunately left Allerton just before the appearance there of the Welsh scholar:—

"Your letter found me in conversation with one of the most extraordinary beings that ever occurred to my notice—a poor Welsh fisherlad, as ragged as a colt, and as uncouth as any being that has a semblance of humanity. But beneath such an exterior is a mind cultivated not only beyond all reasonable expectation, but beyond all probable conception. In his fishing boat on the coast of Wales, at an age little more than twenty, he has acquired the Greek, the Hebrew, and the Latin languages, has read the Iliad, Hesiod, Theocritus, &c. studied the refinements of Greek pronunciation, and examined the connection of that language with the Hebrew. He reads Latin with the usmost facility, and translates it either into Welsh or English. I asked him whether he knew Italian? Yes, he could read it. I spoke to him in French,—he answered me, and we carried on our conversation in that language.

"He is well disposed, modest, truly pious, and intelligent, but in his exterior motions is certainly like no other creature on earth. He has just entered the room with a wallet of books in all languages, and on my speaking to him, he saluted me with a sort of curtsey instead of a bow. Yet, the expression of his features speaks his mind; and if shaved and docked, he might not perhaps appear so frightful as at present. He has now left his country, where he says he is persecuted, and thrown himself upon our benevolence, of which he thinks he had some proof, on one of his visits here with fish."

This extraordinary being was immediately taken by Mr. Roscoe under his protection. His rags were replaced by decent clothing, and a comfortable bed was prepared at night. So little, however, was he accustomed to the usages of civilised life, that, instead of getting into the bed, he crept under it. Such, also, was his attachment to the squalid habits in which he had lived, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could be persuaded to submit to those ablutions which were absolutely necessary to render a near conversation with him agreeable, or, indeed, safe. One of Mr. Roscoe's first objects was to provide him with some employment to which he had been accustomed, and upon enquiry, it appeared that he had been brought up to the occupation of a *sawyer*. The sequel is thus told in the memoir.

"A recommendation was given him to a person who employed many hands in sawing, and Richard was put down in the saw-pit. He accordingly commenced his labours, and proceeded for some time with a fair prospect of success. It was not long, however, before his efforts relaxed, and grew fainter and fainter, till at length he fell on his face, and lay extended at the bottom of the pit, calling out loudly for help. On raising him up, and inquiring into the cause of his disaster, it appeared that he had laboured to the full extent of his arms' length, when, not being aware that it was necessary he should also move forward his feet, and being quite breathless and exhausted, he was found in the situation described. As soon as he had recovered himself, he returned to the person who sent him, and complained loudly of the treatment he had received, and of his being put under ground. On being asked, why he had represented himself as *a sawyer*, he replied that he had never been employed in any other branch of sawying than *cross-cutting* the branches of timber trees when fallen in the woods in Wales."

Other attempts were made to discover a suitable employment for Richard, but in vain. He was placed in the office of a printer in Liverpool, where it was supposed his complete knowledge of the dead languages might render hsi services useful; but his inaptitude for business, and his inattention to the common decencies of personal cleanliness, soon terminated the engagement. At Allerton, many persons of distinguished learning had an opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary attainments of Richard Roberts, who never failed to leave a deep impression of the singular powers of his intellect upon their minds. It was during the visit of Mr. Coke and Dr. Parr at Allerton, in the year 1815, that the following incident, related in the memoir, occurred:—

"One of his friends happened to have a party to dinner, several of whom were persons of considerable literary distinction; when, by the misunderstanding of a message* after dinner, the door opened; and, to the equal surprise of both the host and his guests, Richard entered the room, his whole dress and appearance being grotesque in the highest degree. The curiosity of the company was excited; and, after the mistake to which this introduction was owing had been explained, he was asked several questions in French, to which he gave ready and correct answers. The conversation was then changed to Italian, in which he acquitted himself with equal readiness. To this succeeded an inquiry into his knowledge of Latin and Greek in which languages he read and translated some passages to the satisfaction of the persons present. One of the party then proceeded to examine him more particularly, when the following dialogue occurred:—

"Q. As you seem to have made no little proficiency in languages, pray tell me what means you take in acquiring a language?

"A. It is according to what the nature of the language is.

"Q. How would you set about acquiring a modern language?

"A. If it was Spanish, for instance, I would take a vocabulary of the language, and examine what words correspond with, or resembled the words in any other language with which I was acquainted; as, for instance, the Latin, French, or Italian; and those words I would strike out of the vocabulary, learning only such as were the original or peculiar words of the Spanish tongue; and then, by the assistance of a grammar, I should soon be able to attain a knowledge of that language.

"All the party admitted, that this was a most judicious and excellent method; and Richard withdrew, with expressions of approbation from all present."

It was on a previous day, during the same visit, that Richard had an interview with Dr. Parr, who immediately plunged into the darkest recesses of ancient learning. The refinements of the Greek language, and the works of the critics who had illustrated it were entered into, and gradually the conversation changed to the Hebrew, its peculiar construction and its analogous tongues. Here Richard had evidently the advantage; and after an attempted inroad into the Chaldee, the Doctor rather precipitately retreated, leaving a token of his liberality in the hands of the poor scholar. Richard being afterwards asked what he thought of the learned person with whom he had been conversing, replied, "He is less ignorant than most men."

* The mistake which Mr. Roscoe alludes to was this. Having been conversing with the friends around him on the subject of the instinct of animals, he mentioned to them the singular habits of a Brazilian weasel (the *Coati Mondi,*) which had been presented to him. One of his sons, sitting at the other end of the table, was desired "to bring in *the beast;*" but, unluckily, not having heard the previous conversation, he conducted Richard Roberts into the dining-room.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A Sailor having returned to his native place, (Liverpool,) after an absence of some years, addressed Mr. Roscoe as follows:

"Kind Sir i take this oportunity of wrighting to you being advised by a Ladey of Liverpool to do so in order to tell you i am a British Sailor that as Lately arrived in England after aving maid moy escape from the Cost of New Zeland ware i was ten years a prisner and is most Most beautifull tatued over the face and bodey, and as wrote a manuscript of every think Consirning the interior of New Zeland, the wars, Mariges, Berings, and the Descriptions of every Animals of Birds Beasts and Reptiles and Menney others of the South Sceas, the Manucsript is valuable and wold make a Book of 200 Pages if wrote by a good Editor being such enformation as Never yet being in print not aving the menes of printing it moy Self i wish to Dispose of it and being advised to wright to you Concerning it i shold wish for you to send me a note wether i must atend at your house or whether you will whait on me at Mr. Calvert's Exibition in the Market Liverpool where the are exibiting me as a curiosity your obedunt Sirvent

"JOHN ROTHERFOOT."

LITERARY EXTRACTS, &c.

REMARKS ON EDUCATION IN THE COLONIES.

By Lord John Russell.

I trust that the time is now past when we are to look for the safety of the Colonies in the perpetuation of a state of slavery and ignorance. And if we are to look for the welfare of the Colonies as founded upon the opposite principle—those of freedom and knowledge—how important is it that *men of sound principle,* and of deep experience, should take upon themselves *the office of teaching* our fellow subjects the duties they will have to perform to their Sovereign and those around them; and that they may convert ignorant Africans into a civilized—a christian community. Until by means of a moral and scriptural education vigorously adopted in the Colonies, we have no well grounded right to hope for improvement.—*Speech, 29th June.*

EXTRAORDINARY IMPOSTURE.

Lancashire has been famous as a country, at different periods of time, for imposture. Ann Moore, formerly of Tatbury, and known as the fasting woman, is only equalled by a Miss M'Avoy, of Liverpool. The nature of the faculty which she pretended to possess, and it will surprise those who have never remarked the extent to which human credulity may be carried, to learn that numbers of sensible and scientific men were persuaded that her pretensions were well founded.

"I have heard," says Sir Joseph Banks, writing to a friend, "so much of a woman at Liverpool, who can see with the ends of her fingers when it is light, but cannot, in like manner, see with the ends of her fingers when it is dark, and have been told that two medical men of

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reputation are convinced that there is no fallacy in this most extraordinary sixth sense, that I am inclined to hope that you will forgive me if I request you to take the trouble of inquiring into the evidence and favouring me with your opinion on the subject."

The imposture, after a very minute inquiry, did not long remain undetected. By the application of a number of ingenious experiments, the trick was made appareut.

SONNETS.

WHEN reverses in business compelled the late Wm. Roscoe, of Liverpool, to part with his invaluable Library, the following sonnet unknown to Mr, Roscoe, found its way into the public prints:

"As one who destined from his friends to part
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, afflictions dart,—
Thus, loved associates! chiefs of elder art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours and lighten every loit,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart—
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

The above gave rise to the following beautiful Sonnet, which appeared in a Liverpool Paper:

"Thou art not friendless now—thou on whose head
The day-star of delight so long hath shone,
Friend of the friendless! though his beams be gone,
And o'er thy path dark clouds may lower instead.
Arm thy strong soul anew! with firmness tread
Thy destined road, and let thy manly breast
In the calm confidence of honour rest,
Rich in the only wealth it coveted.
Live on hope! Seek thy pure treasure there—
There, where the good man garners up his trust;
And if the record of his deeds be fair,
Esteems all else but vanity and dust;
Content to know, whate'er the fate he share,
That God appoints it still, and God is just.
"E. T."

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

Mr. McKenzie, in his Miscellanies about America, gives the following advice to emigrants. His recommendations are homely, from which all classes of persons may derive some advantage:—

"Be diligent—persevere—neither eat, drink, nor wear anything that is not of the produce of your own farm—if you can avoid doing so—until your lands are paid for, and a freehold title recorded and in your pocket. Rather miss a good bargain than grasp at too much with the risk of getting in debt. If your clothes be plain and clean, never care although they be coarse. You will be valued by your conduct, and not by your clothes. As to food, your own mutton and beef, and pork and veal, and butter and cheese, and potatoes and corn, and poultry, &c. raised at home, will render you as independent as King William IV. Drink good water, or plain family beer, (there is no malt-tax or exciseman to interfere with you,) and look forward to the time when the orchard you have planted and enclosed will bear fruit abundantly, and enable you to refresh yourself and comfort a friend with an occasional tankard of racy home-made cyder. As to tea, coffee, smoking or chewing tobacco, snuffing, and the vile practice of drinking spirits, be not tempted by the extraordinary lowness of price in America; '*touch not, taste not, handle not.*' Remember our European landlords.

"It is of no use for silk or cotton weavers, mill-spinners, clothiers, cutlers, watchmakers, calico-printers, and other mechanics who, like them, manufacture wares easily and cheaply imported from Europe, to emigrate to Upper Canada for the purpose of pursuing their respective occupations. They would be met at every corner by the productions of the half-starved workmen of these kingdoms, offered at the lowest rates. Taylors, Tory-parsons, physicians, lawyers, surgeons, shopmen, and clerks, are not at present in great request in Upper Canada; but wagon-makers, merchants, (shopkeepers,) bricklayers, carpenters, stone-masons, cabinet-makers, blacksmiths, and joiners, might probably better their circumstances by crossing the ocean. Common-school teachers, shoemakers, saddlers, coopers, brewers, and bakers, may do well enough, but I think that their chance is not so good as that of the preceding classes. Each man, on resolving to emigrate, should have previously sat down and counted the cost, and seriously asked himself the question, What am I to do when I get to America? He has the whole of that wide continent in which to make a choice, and may readily amend a first choice if he find that it would be to his advantage."

SWEET SUSAN.

(FROM THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE.)

Sweet Susan was a lovely lass,
And *suitors* her *pursued*,
And *sued* to *Sue*, till *suing* crept
Into *desuetude*.

Tom Tees the turnpike-man was first
Who sought the lass to please:
Tees used to *trust* her for the toll,
Thus *teazing* the *Trustees*.

He told her if she'd love him, she
Might pass at any *rate;*
But Sue liked not the turnpike-man,
He had an awkward *gait*.

The cobbler next a *suitor* was,
But his *soul's* joy soon past;
She said he dealt too much in *ends*,
His love could never *last*.

The tailor he *took measures* too,
To make her his for life,
And often said, that she would make
A *pattern* of a wife.

The parish clerk and auctioneer
Said "*Going*," to a frown;
And wish'd her much to say "*Amen!*"
But Susan *knocked him down*.

The undertaker wasn't *mute*,
He made a *morning* call,
Coughing rehearsed and *told* his love,
And said 'twould never *pall*.

But he, altho' so *grave* a man,
Pulled about other *bells;*
And Sue had no desire to see
His *cabinet* of *shells*.

Bill Dough, the baker, *rolled* his *eyes*,
And *eyed* his *rolls*, and said,
"I *need* you"—"but," says Sue, "you're not
Quite to my *fancy bred*."

The grocer also wished to *plumb*
The *current* of her thoughts;
She spoke the word that *clove* his heart,
She'd *reasons* of all sorts.

For he was *grosser* than she liked,
And she refused him twice,
Because he'd had some business
With *Carolina Rice*.

A soldier wished her to obey
At his word of command,
Though he *presented arms* to her,
She wouldn't take his *hand*.

He thought to put by storm at once
Her scruples to the rout;
But she was *formed too deep* for him
This girl I *write about*.

Still tho' she was so hard to please,
To *all* men gave no *quarter*,
Stood *earth* and *fire*, and all that '*ere*,
She couldn't stand the *water*.

Bill Float he was a waterman,
At Wapping he was bred,
And being used to *Wapping sculls*,
He got into her *head*.

He took her in his *wherry* out,
Which she thought *wery* kind;
And while he *rowed* the boat before,
She also *rode* behind.

One day as they went out to sail,
(To cut a long tale *shorter*,)
A *squall* upset the boat, and left
Sue *squalling* in the water.

Bill swam *ashore*, *(as sure* as death,)
Sue could'nt follow him;
For though 'tis true she'd got a *duck*,
Yet that *duck* couldn't *swim*.

They took her out, when she was dead,
And finding, spite their bother,
That they could not *wring* this *belle* dry,
They went and *tolled* the other.

A crowner's 'quest was held on Sue,
And thus they did decide:
That though it was an accident,
'Twas doubtless *Suecide!*

A fancy circumstance there was,
I've heard the people tell it:
Her gown that had been *gingham*, was
Discovered to be *well-wet!*

Now maidens all a lover take,
Whene'er you go to church;
Who, if the boat a *lurch* should give,
Won't leave you in the *lurch*.

A. T. B.

GERMAN SCEPTICISM PUNISHED.

"When the first news of the capture of Varna reached Warsaw, a German trader ventured to doubt its truth, in a large coffee-house, where the company were discussing on the subject, and said that it wanted confirmation. He was scarcely out of his bed the next morning, when a police-officer came into his room without ceremony, and informed him that the grand duke wanted to see him. 'Why—what—' exclaimed the terrified German, 'what have I done?' 'You will soon know,' replied the satellite. With unpleasant forebodings the poor man arrayed himself in his best, and obeyed the summons. 'So,' says Constantine to him, 'you do not believe that the emperor's army has taken Varna—what do you know about Varna that makes you doubt of its fall?' 'Please your highness, I am a poor ignorant man;—I merely thought—' 'You thought; then sir, you must learn to think right.' 'Pardon, your highness—I meant no harm.' 'There is no harm done: do not be afraid. 'Hold!' continued Constantine, seeing the German about to prostrate himself—'a courier is this moment going to Varna, you will go in his kibitka and clear up your doubts.' Away they go, click clack, day and night—the poor German in a mortal fright, under the idea

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that he is on the road to Siberia. They arrive at Vienna, and the courier addresses his companion for the first time since they left Warsaw. 'Sir, this town is Varna; you will have the goodness to put the question to any body you like, and convince yourself. Now, sir, you see these troops—look at them well—examine the uniforms. Are you satisfied that they are Russian troops?' 'I am perfectly satisfied,' answered the German. 'Then, sir,' replied his companion, 'you have no further business here. In a quarter of an hour another courier will start for Warsaw; you will return in his kibitka, and report yourself to the grand duke.' Away he goes again, jolt jolt, in fear of dislocating half his bones, for being free, this journey, from mental anxiety about Siberia, he had leisure to observe that he was made of flesh and nerves. Constantine welcomed him with a horse laugh. 'Now,' he said, 'you will go to that cafe, where you were the last evening you were in Warsaw, and acquaint the company that the Russians *are* in Varna.'"—*Record of Travels in Turkey.*

THE PIRATE.

[FROM THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GAZETTE.]

******* The gong had just sounded "eight bells," as Capt. M. enter'd the cuddy of the E. "care on his brow, and pensive thoughtfulness" So unusual was the aspect he wore, that all remarked it—in general his was a face of cheerfulness, not only seeming happy itself, but imparting happiness to all around. "What has chased the smiles from thy face," said young C. a writer much given to Byron and open neck-cloths. "Why looks our Cæsar with an angry frown? Poetry apart, what is the matter:" 'Why! the fact is, we are chased," replied the Captain—"Chased! Chased!! Chased!!!" was echoed from mouth to mouth in various tones of doubt, alarm and admiration. "Yes, however extraordinary it may seem to this good company," continued our commander, "I have no doubt that such is the fact, for the vessel which was seen this morning right astern, and which has maintained an equal distance during the day, is coming up hand over hand. I am quite sure therefore she is after no good—she's a wicked looking craft—at one bell we shall beat to quarters."

We had quitted the Downs a few days after the arrival of the "Morning Star," and with our heads and hearts full of that atrocious business rushed upon the poop. The melancholy catastrophe alluded to had been a constant theme with us at the cuddy table, and many a face showed signs of anxiety at the news just conveyed to us. On ascending the poop, assurance became doubly sure, for certain enough, there was the beautiful little craft, overhauling us in a most gallant style—she was a long, dark looking vessel, low in the water, but having very tall masts, with sails white as the driven snow.

The drum had now beat to quarters, and all was for the time bustle and preparation; sailors clearing the guns, handing up ammunition, and distributing pistols and cutlasses—soldiers mustering on the quarter deck in full accoutrements, prior to taking their station on the poop—we had 200 on board—women in the waist with anxious faces, and children staring with wondering eyes—writers, cadets, and assistant-surgeons in heterogenous medley. The latter, as soon as the news had been confirmed, descended to their various cabins, and reappeared in martial attire—one young gentleman had his "toasting knife" stuck through the bottom hole of his inexpressibles—a second Monkbarns—another came on exulting, his full dress shako placed jauntingly on his head—as a Bond-street beau wears his castor—a third—with pistols in his sash, his swallow-tailed coat, redolent of saw-dust, doffed, his sword dangling between his legs in all the extricacies of novelty—he was truly a martial figure—ready to seek for "reputation even at the cannon's mouth." Writers had their "Joe Manton," and assistant-surgeons their instruments. It was a stirring sight, yet withal ridiculous.

But now, the strange sail quickly approached and quiet was directed to be preserved. The moment was an interesting one—a deep silence reigned throughout the vessel, save now and then the dash of the water upon the side, and here and there the half-ejaculation of some impatient son of Neptune. Our enemy, for so we had learned to call her, came gradually on in the wake of the ship—no light, no sound issued from her—when about a cable's length astern she lifted to the wind as if to pass us to windward, but the sonorous tone of the Captain, who hail'd her with the accustom'd cry of "ship, a hoy," made her apparently, though she answered not, alter her purpose, for posting her helm she came up to leeward. Again the trumpet sent forth its summons, but still there was no answer—she was now about a pistol shot from our larboard quarter. "Once more, what ship's that? answer—or I'll send a broadside into you"—blew harshly from the trumpet's mouth. Still all was silent—and many a heart beat with quicker pulsation—on a sudden we observed her lower steering-sails were drawn in by some invisible agency,—for all this time we did not see a single human being,—or hear the slightest noise—no—not though our ears listened with painful attention. It was assuming a very mysterious aspect, and Capt. M. gave orders that 2 main deck guns should be fired across her bow, and if she did not answer then, or shew any signal, directed the larboard broad side should be poured into her. The guns were fired,—as if by magic, the starboard ports of the other vessel were lifted—guns run out in an instant—each gun had a lantern above it, plainly visible through the port—M was just giving the signal to fire,—when as suddenly as the guns had been run out, they were withdrawn—we heard "Port"—and the vessel fell off to leeward and in a few seconds was astern We gazed on one another in astonishment; but all was presently explained Our attention had been so fixed that we had not thought of the weather, which had been threatening for some hours, and indeed we had been under snug sail the whole evening. During the various manœuvres I have related, the wind had been gradually increasing, and two minutes after the enemy had dropt behind, it blew a perfect hurricane, accompanied by heavy rain. We had just time to see our friend scudding under bare poles, ere the sleet shut her from our sight, and—we saw her no more,—* * next morning no vessel was to be seen. * * * *

FERN.

PAGANINI.

The resentment against his grinding greediness has overpowered the curiosity and delight of hearing him. One of his own learned and accomplished countrymen has addressed him in the following sonnet:—

Se suona il violino, e tu nol miri
Il crederai maggior del finto Orfeo;
Di lui può dirsi, che natura il feo
Per dimostrar quant' alto il genio aspiri—
Ma se della sua vita i fatti ammiri,
E la sozza avarizia, e l' uso reo,
Che fa dè suoi talenti, un vil Giudeo
A lui preferirai, se non deliri—
Ahi! Paganini, quanto mal tu fai
A te stesso, e all' Italia, che s' onora
D' averti dato della luce i 'rai—
Nei regni dell' Occaso, e dell' Aurora
Viorà tua fama, ma del mesto, il sai,
Regnano in te vizj più grandi ancora.

June 8th. F. DE MOSCATI.

THE CHURCH.

(*From* BULWER'S *England and the English*, 2 vols. 1833.)

"There is another cause of weakness in the established church, proceeding from that aristocratic composition which appears a part of its very strength. Its members never harmonise with the people in political opinion; they often take a severe and active course in direct opposition to the wishes of the popular heart. As a body, they are and profess themselves to be, wound up with the anti-popular and patrician party; whereas, the greater part of the dissenting sects are, more or less, favourers of the popular side; the latter thus acquire power by consulting opinion, and become the rules of the poor by affecting to be their friends. Even where, in the case of the loyal and surbordinate Wesleyan, the politics generally may incline to the powers that be, some individual point, some isolated but stirring question—to day the slavery question, to-morrow the factory bill—occurs, on which the Wesleyan, no less than the bold and generous 'Independent,' is united with the most popular opinions. For I know not how it is, sir, but it seems to me, that wherever a man is very active on some point of humanity, he always finds himself suddenly surrounded by the great body of the English people. Let me not, however, be misconceived; I would not desire the preachers of a serene and passionless religion to mix themselves ostentatiously with the politics of the day, or to be seen amidst their roar and tumult of democratic action; but, surely, if they ought not to be active in support of the people, it is like laying a mine of gunpowder beneath their spiritual efficiency, and their temporal power, to be distinguished in activity against them. Every unpopular vote of the bishops is a blow on the foundation of the church. Religion is the empire over the human heart; alienate the heart, the empire necessarily departs But if, sir, the composition of the church establishment were less exclusively aristocratic; if its members, as in its days of power and of purity, sprang more generally from the midst of the great multitudes they are to rule, I apprehend that, while they would be equally on the side of order and of strong government, their principles would be less exposed than at present to suspicion, and would seem to the people dictated rather by the sacred spirit of peace, than by the oligarchical and worldly influence of temporal connexions. And thus, sir, by a far-sighted and prophetic sagacity, thought the early patriarchs and mighty men of the Reformation It is they who complained that general zeal and diffused learning would cease to be the characteristics of the clergy, exactly in proportion as the church should become more an established provision for the younger sons of the great. It is they who predicted that when the people saw none of their own order officiating in the ministry, the divine sympathy elsewhere in schisms and sects. The lethargy of the established church is the life of dissent."

WEALTH.

"The respect we pay to wealth absorbs the respect we should pay to genius. Literary men have not with us any fixed and settled position *as* men of letters. In the great game of honours, none fall to their share. We may say truly with a certain political economist, 'We pay best, 1st, those who destroy us—generals; 2d, those who cheat us—politicians and quacks; 3d, those who amuse us—singers and musicians; and least of all those who instruct us.' It is an important truth not by Helvetius, that the degree of public virtue in a state depends exactly on the proper distribution of public rewards. 'I am *nothing* here,' said one of the most eminent men of science this country ever produced; 'I am forced to go abroad sometimes to preserve my self-esteem.'"

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Of the navies of Europe the following is a table, including the ships in ordinary, in commission, and building. The smaller vessels under the head of SWEDEN are chiefly gun-boats.

NAVIES OF EUROPE.

States.	ne of attle ips.	gates.	mall essels	Total.

THE BRITISH SETTLERS.

A Sketch of the Establishment, Progress, an Present State of the British Settlement c ALBANY, on the Eastern Frontier of th Cape of Good Hope, from the date of i foundation in the Year 1820, to August, 183 By JOHN CENTLIVRES CHASE.

THE following Memoranda, contrasting the original state with the present situation of the British Settlement of Albany, were drawn up a short time back in order to exhibit the progress of the Immigrants, and to answer the frequently repeated question, "Whether success has, or has not, attended the efforts of the Settlers as well as the objects of the English Government in encouraging them to abandon their native hearths?) All they pretend to give, is a mere bird's-eye view over a period of thirteen years of great (perhaps extravagant) expectation, long deferred hope, and at last, of grateful and extraordinary realization; and as thus, with all their imperfections (inseparable to so condensed a sketch), here placed upon record, to serve some future historian of the Eastern Province.

In the year 1820, three thousand seven hundred and twenty British subjects landed upon the beach at Algoa Bay without the loss of a single life where they encamped previous to their journey towards the *Canaan* of their wishes. Under the Block House of that place called Fort Frederick, they found *four* houses, (exclusive of the Fort itself, and a Barrack,) and the resident population, at the most, not exceeding one hundred persons. The trade of the Port then consisted of a few tons of Butter and some Salt, occasionally exported to Cape Town by one or two vessels, whose visits were casual, and like those of Angels "few and far between." From the peasants, animated by his example, forgot their excuses, and hastened with one consent to fetch their tools to follow him. At length every obstacle was surmounted. Walls were erected to support the earth, which appeared ready to give way; mountain torrents, which had hitherto inundated the meadows, were diverted into courses, or received into beds sufficient to contain them; and *the thing was done*. The bridge still bears the name of '*Le Pont de Charité*'—the Bridge of Charity. '*It is impossible!*' said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests which covered the rugged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Rupp—to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough, of twenty-four thousand pine-trees, six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep; and this slide, which was completed in 1812 (and called the slide of Alpnach, from the name of the place where it was situated), was kept moist. Its length was forty-four thousand English feet. It had to be conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or under ground, or over deep gorges, where it was sustained by scaffoldings,—and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, *and the thing was done* The trees rolled down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes. A gentleman who saw this great work, says, that 'such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blow.'

Application.—Say not hastily, then, 'it is impossible!' It may be so to do a thing in an hour, a day, or a week; or by thoughtlessness, carelessness, or indolence; but to act with wisdom, energy, and perseverance, is to insure success. 'Time and patience,' says a Spanish author, 'make the mulberry-leaf satin!' And Periander remarks, that 'care and industry do every thing.'

THE ORCHIS.

That which is thought wrong may yet be right.

A gentleman stated some years ago that a species of orchis is found in the hilly parts of Kent, which has in it *the form of a bee*, apparently feeding on the breast of the flower; and so exact is the resemblance said to be, that it is called the bee-flower, and at a very small distance, it is impossible to detect the imposition. A friend of his, however, who saw this account, wrote to him, saying—'The orchis is found near our sea-coasts, but instead of being exactly like a bee, *it is not like one at all.* It has indeed a general resemblance to a fly, and by the help of imagination, may be supposed to be a fly perched upon the flower. The man drake very frequently has a forked root, which may be fancied to resemble thighs and legs; and I have seen it helped out with nails on the toes.' Now, which of these persons was right? It seems one must be wrong; which of them, then, shall we disbelieve? *Neither! Both* are right! The fact is, there are two kinds of orchis: the *bee*-orchis and the *fly*-orchis. Thus there was an error on the part of the writer last mentioned; for he should not have asserted that the representation on the flower was that of a fly, till he was quite certain that there was not one with the figure of a bee.

Application.—Be very cautious in all you say;—never be too positive;—you will often be wrong when you feel sure of being right. And then never condemn hastily what others say; they may after all be right, though you at first feel certain they are wrong. It is quite possible, you see, for two different and opposing statements to be true. It is said that two knights quarrelled, fought, and wounded each other about a shield that stood between them; the one said it was red, the other said it was blue: but at length some one interfered, and shewed that it had a red side and blue side; that each of them therefore was right; and that had they been wiser, and looked *at both sides*, the strife would have been prevented.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE TO THE WHITES.

The coloured populations are multiplying like the Israelites; and Europe and America are on their side, and anxious to assist in raising up some black or mulatto Spartacus with better fortunes than his prototype. In South America the dark races are rapidly rising to power and command. There are black lawyers and priests, and schoolmasters, and it will not be long before black generals hover on their frontiers.—(*Westminster.*)

THE CHURCH AND THE GRAVE.

I know not how it is, but whenever I come to Church, I derive almost as much spiritual benefit from the sight of the graves and the monuments, as from all the ordinary ministrations of the Sanctuary. They are beautiful and quiet homilies sinking into the soul, as the light dew of the morning sinks into the earth and makes it fruitful. —*The Puritan's Grave.*

A PRODIGY IN PAPERS.

AT White Hall Mill, in Derbyshire, a sheet of paper was manufactured last year, which measured 13,800 feet in length, 4 feet in width, and would cover an acre and a half of ground. In these days, one would hardly be surprised to see a New Penny Periodical started on a sheet of the above dimensions. Such a paper, however moderate in its politics, must of necessity go great lengths; and covering, as it is said to do, an acre and a half of ground, must have an extraordinary wiseacre as its editor. The contributors to cheap periodicals must commence writing by the *foot;* no difficult matter to them, as writing by the *head* seems to be their grand difficulty.

NEW DISCOVERY IN THE PACIFIC.

Capt. Covell, of the *Alliance*, in lat. 4 3 N. long. 168 49 E. of a group of 14 Islands, not laid down in any chart, and they were all inhabited, and the natives spoke the Spanish language:—he called them the Covell Group. *(Philadelphia Paper.)*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

THE SPIRIT OF OUR ADVERTISEMENTS, No. 1.

"THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S *Birth.*"

What an era of refinement do we not live in! The world is bursting with an intellect which sooner or later will ripen into an unnatural *Birth.* Look but at the press, and peruse the Journals which emanate from it. How prolific has the mind of man become within the last century. The very age groans with a race of *illumaniti*—a very army of *literatii.* Every thing has suddenly become changed. In old times, a book was written and published, and read by all the readers in the kingdom—now-a-days *Penny-worth Magazines* float on the æther of existence. In ancient hours a bairn was engendered, and ushered, under the aid and indefatigable influence of some old dimity-gown and puckered petticoat dame, wearing a long and serious aspect, into terrestrial vicissitude. Now-a-days the times are relieved of such domestic charges, while, on the contrary, a race of another kind has sprung up. This reflection was

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made from reading a few days ago the following hand-bill:

"Wanted, a Steward on Board H. M. Ship *Pelorus*, for the young Gentlemen's *Birth*, &c. &c."

We cannot presume but a *Birth* was to take place, and that the anticipated offspring was connected with the young gentlemen, who had kindly lent their moiety of H. M. S. *Pelorus*, and, moreover, advertised for a steward to preside at the awful and unwonted crisis. We further opine, that the consequent *hours of idleness* have followed, and that an addition to the ship's crew has taken place. Added to this, the steward has no doubt been found, and must have done his duty. Nothing seems to be more probable than the presumption; for, in commemoration of the eventful period, a Jubilee will or has happened, as another hand-bill has been published, setting forth that a Fiddler is wanted on board the same vessel Surely such advertisements as these would alarm the inventive mind of the author of Tristram Shandy, if it were but possible for him to raise his genius on earth, and prescribe a plan for the future midwifery of mankind.

STATE OF THE MORAL PULSE; OR, STONY-GROUND HEARERS.

No. 2.

We learn from the Advertiser, Oct. 30th, that "*pathetic* appeals" were made to the audience composing the South African Missionary Meeting in Long-street, on the evenings of the 23d and 24th ult.—That the Rev. Mr. Robertson "delivered a most *eloquent, forcible,* and *pointed* address," and that the audience was "respectable and numerous." The results—£4 : 1 : 0!!!

From the same source we learn, that the Rev. Dr. Adamson preached in the same place "a most suitable and *pathetic* sermon." We also learn that there was an "impression made" in behalf of the "*heathen population.*" (Heathen population at the seat of British Christian Legislation and Missionary Establishments! *Credat,* &c. &c.) The results—£3 : 12 : 6!!!

VERY CHARACTERISTIC.

Gentlemen! I move that *Mr. Speaker* do take the Chair.

I beg leave to second the motion.—*All! all! all!*

Mr. Speaker.—Gentlemen! I am proud of the honour done me. We are met here to determine on a plan for a new vegetable and fish market.

Resolved I. That *Mr. Scribe* be the Secretary.

Resolved II. That *Mr. Collector* be the Treasurer.

Resolved III. That the New Market be immediately commenced.

Resolved IV. That the sincere thanks of the Meeting be given to *Mr. Speaker* for his very able conduct in the Chair.

Thus—

"They Resolve and re-Resolve,
And die the same."

VOCAL MUSIC.

(Not *from a Correspondent.*)

We had scarcely penned in our Publication for September, that "music, when not allied to language, becomes a sensual affair," and that "the first music must have been vocal," when, to substantiate our opinions, and expressly to annihilate those of *Fanatico de la Musica,* a Correspondent who threw a lance at us in the subsequent Number, the *Sherbourne* quietly enters Table Bay, and lands a lady of fair fame and high renown, in alliance with

"Divine sounds and immortal verse."

The lady in question is thus described in an interesting work On Music, by Mr. Stafford, and published by Constable, of Edinburgh:

"Mrs. P. Atkinson (formerly Miss Goodall,) has a voice of much sweetness, possesses great talents, and is, perhaps, one of the most scientific singers of the day."

During Mrs. Atkinson's short stay at the Cape, the public were gratified by the exhibition of three Concerts, and it is quite certain that the enthusiasm which hailed her first appearance was not abated at the last. On the contrary, it was considerably augmented. The truth is, it was natural it should be so; for who could be otherwise than charmed by the purity, uniformity, and richness of her tones, the noble simplicity of the declamation, the accurate articulation both of syllables and sounds, the rejection of affected meretricious ornament, and lastly, by that happy expression of countenance—refreshing and re-producing, which so peculiarly marks the features of this accomplished vocalist.

The selections of Mrs. Atkinson for her Concerts, were admirably chosen from the Italian, Swiss, English, Scotch, and Irish melodies. But those which were decidedly popular at these Concerts, and which were hailed with enthusiasm by the several audiences, were the Scottish Songs:

1st, *Wandering Willie,* by Burns, a new version, and arranged by Mrs. A. herself. The lines

"There's a cheer in thy voice and thy bounding step,
And there's bliss in thy blythesome e'e,"

were received with rapturous applause.

2d, The old Jacobite song—*Charlie is my Darling,* was also received with unbounded delight.

3d, *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch* was another in which much skill and taste were displayed. This song is said to be written by Mrs. Grant, of Carron. The closing description of the Highland enchantress (*Roy's Wife,*) conveys a lesson to all the dissappointments of our own sex.

The hero is quite a model for all forsaken swains; he admires the person of his lover, admits her witchery in the dance, and reminds her in the gentlest manner how she vowed herself to him before she took honest Roy of Aldivalloch. Now, this is much better than if he had gone "dannering about the dykes," and sung songs, long and dolorous of "Woman, inconstant Woman!"

4th, *Auld Robin Gray,* exquisite though it be, was, perhaps, less adapted for a mixed multitude than others of the Scottish songs. It is, perhaps, better suited to the select appointments of the drawing-room. All who are charmed with simple grace and happy delicacy, will love the song of *Auld Robin Gray.* It was written by Lady Ann Lindsay, before her ladyship was twenty years old. Lady Ann married Andrew Barnard, Esq. Colonial Secretary in this Colony in 1807. Lady Ann used her pencil with a masterly hand. She was a great admirer of mountain scenery, and resided at *Paradise,* and once pitched her tent on the heights of Table Mountain, in which she dwelt for a week.

In this glance at the Concerts, we have noticed more especially the Scottish song, because it is so much connected with the natural unstudied grace of thought—the felicitous yet unsought beauty of language. Because it tells us of pastoral lands, and a happy peasantry and people. Because we are associated in the songs with the stars which shine above us, and the names of the flowers over which we walk: because, though thousands of miles distant, the breckan, the gowan, the hawthorn, and the banks and the braes, and the moor, and the heather, and the silvery streams, and the mountain torrents, are all brought before us in picturesque recollection.

Again, a Scotch song is a story—not so with the English. At the same time, we are glad to discover a better taste in progress in this respect in England than formerly. We trust the days of "Cherry Ripe," and "Buy a Broom," and "Moll in the Wad," and "Tally-i O the Grinder," and "Derry Down," and "Rum-ti-tiddly pig bow, wow," and "Ge-ho, Dobbin," and "Tol de roll loll," and "Rumti adity," are well nigh over, and that English associations will be more hallowed in future, by the introduction of that true poetry and music which gladden the hearts of Caledonia's sons

"From the centre all round to the sea."

[illegible] wishes of the popular [illegible]

ly, they are and profess themselves to be, und up with the anti-popular and patrician rty; whereas, the greater part of the dissent- sects are, more or less, favourers of the pular side; the latter thus acquire power by sulting opinion, and become the rules of poor by affecting to be their friends. Even ere, in the case of the loyal and subordinate sleyan, the politics generally may incline to

powers that be, some individual point, ne isolated but stirring question—to day the very question, to-morrow the factory bill—urs, on which the Wesleyan, no less than the d and generous 'Independent,' is united h the most popular opinions. For I know how it is, sir, but it seems to me, that erever a man is very active on some point humanity, he always finds himself suddenly rounded by the great body of the English ple. Let me not, however, be misconceived; ould not desire the preachers of a serene passionless religion to mix themselves ostatiously with the politics of the day, or to seen amidst their roar and tumult of demotic action; but, surely, if they ought not to active in support of the people, it is like ng a mine of gunpowder beneath their spial efficiency, and their temporal power, to distinguished in activity against them. ry unpopular vote of the bishops is a blow the foundation of the church. Religion is empire over the human heart; alienate the rt, the empire necessarily departs But if, the composition of the church establishment e less exclusively aristocratic; if its mem-, as in its days of power and of purity, ng more generally from the midst of the t multitudes they are to rule, I apprehend , while they would be equally on the side of r and of strong government, their princi- would be less exposed than at present to icion, and would seem to the people dic-d rather by the sacred spirit of peace, than the oligarchical and worldly influence of poral connexions. And thus, sir, by a far-ted and prophetic sagacity, thought the y patriarchs and mighty men of the Refor-on It is they who complained that ral zeal and diffused learning would cease e the characteristics of the clergy, exactly roportion as the church should become more stablished provision for the younger sons of great. It is they who predicted that when people saw none of their own order officic in the ministry, the divine sympathy elsee in schisms and sects. The lethargy of established church is the life of dissent."

WEALTH.

The respect we pay to wealth absorbs the ct we should pay to genius. Literary men not with us any fixed and settled position en of letters. In the great game of hos, none fall to their share. We may say with a certain political economist, 'We best, 1st, those who destroy us—generals; hose who cheat us—politicians and quacks; ose who amuse us—singers and musicians; least of all those who instruct us.' It is mportant truth not by Helvetius, that the ee of public virtue in a state depends exon the proper distribution of public reis. 'I am *nothing* here,' said one of the eminent men of science this country ever uced; 'I am forced to go abroad someis to preserve my self-esteem.'"

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 12. Vol. III.] CAPE TOWN: MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1833. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* / *per Annum.*

THE BRITISH SETTLERS.

A Sketch of the Establishment, Progress, and Present State of the British Settlement of ALBANY, *on the Eastern Frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, from the date of its foundation in the Year* 1820, *to August,* 1833. By JOHN CENTLIVRES CHASE.

THE following Memoranda, contrasting the original state with the present situation of the British Settlement of Albany, were drawn up a short time back in order to exhibit the progress of the Immigrants, and to answer the frequently repeated question, "Whether success has, or has not, attended the efforts of the Settlers, as well as the objects of the English Government in encouraging them to abandon their native hearths?" All they pretend to give, is a mere bird's-eye view over a period of thirteen years of great (perhaps extravagant) expectation, long deferred hope, and at last, of grateful and extraordinary realization; and are thus, with all their imperfections (inseparable to so condensed a sketch,) here placed upon record, to serve some future historian of the Eastern Province.

In the year 1820, three thousand seven hundred and twenty British subjects landed upon the beach at Algoa Bay without the loss of a single life, where they encamped previous to their journey towards the *Canaan* of their wishes. Under the Block House of that place called Fort Frederick, they found *four* houses, (exclusive of the Fort itself, and a Barrack,) and a resident population, at the most, not exceeding one hundred persons. The trade of the Port then consisted of a few tons of Butter and some Salt, only occasionally exported to Cape Town by one or two vessels, whose visits were casual, and like those of Angels, "few and far between." From this unpromising and apparently barren spot, a wilderness of rock and sand hills, the Settlers marched to that division of the Uitenhage District named ALBANY, a distance of one hundred miles from the Port, through a picturesque but uninhabited country, where the only signs of prior occupation were the ruins of numerous buildings burnt by the Caffres, in the murderous wars maintained during the preceding twenty-two years between themselves and the colonists, the latter of whom had now been driven out after three unsuccessful attempts permanently to establish themselves, made by special invitation,* and backed by the whole strength of the colonial government; the abundance of game, especially of the Antelope species, observed by the Settlers on their journey, while it heightened the effect of the otherwise silent scenery, was proof enough of the rapid reversion this lovely tract was undergoing towards one of unsubdued nature.

On their arrival at their destination, the Immigrants were scattered in small parties over the surface of this new division of the colony, and the Sun of the end of that year beheld them the Tented occupants of their newly acquired wastes, with a beaten but enraged enemy upon their borders, behind them a depopulated territory of large extent, above the open sky, and, at their feet, a soil requiring patient industry and hard labor to make it yield the necessaries of life.

The only town then in this District, was that called after Lt.-Col. Graham, who in 1812, established it as the head quarters of the troops employed at that time in driving the Caffres across the colonial boundary, it then numbered *twenty-two* houses, including huts.

PRODUCE, MANUFACTURES, or EXPORTS there were none, the necessaries of life were brought from Cape Town or introduced from the neighbouring provinces in exchange for *hard cash alone,* and this the pay of the military body, an expense which the whole colony had to meet in the shape of a Commando Tax, without any return whatever; for the savage beaten out one year or his depredations repressed for a time, was sure to return with encreased force and greater mischief, with "seven devils more wicked than himself," as soon as the pressure of the troops was taken off. CULTIVATION was confined to the gardens of the officers and very few inhabitants of the town. There was no regular communication by POST. TRADE with the Caffres was not permitted, a system of non-intercourse having been the policy of the colonial government for 160 years, that is, from the date of its establishment under Van Riebeek, and *death* was the penalty proclaimed for its infraction. There were no *villages,* no *places of worship,* the Sabbath, according to the remarks of a military officer in 1820, never having travelled farther than the Sunday's River, which is eighty miles to the westward of the boundary. There were no *schools,* if we except the new missionary station at Theopolis, which, exposed to constant and harrassing warfare held a precarious existence. The *population* was trifling, and dependent upon the military alone, who were introduced for the sole purpose of liberating the frontier from savage inroad, and then

* 6th June, 1812,—Proclamation inviting Settlers to occupy the Zuureveldt.

28th Jan. 1814,—Proclamation again offering the Zuureveldt to Settlers.

18th April, 1817,—Proclamation repeating the same invitation.

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to retire. In fine, Albany was a desert space, where the power of fire and sword for the purpose of aggression or avengement had immediately before passed, and with every prospect of remaining so, but for the arrival of the Settlers, and as has before been remarked, after previous expulsions of the natives, three attempts having failed to people it with *native born* Colonists.

Before the end of 1820, the British Settlers who sought

> "A warmer world, a milder clime,
> "A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
> "Peace and repose;"

were placed upon their respective allotments of ground, but their labors for the first four years were attended with continual failure, bitter disappointment, and much severe suffering, owing to the devastation of Rust, Floods, Drought, Caffre incursions, inattention on the part of the functionaries, and a cruel stigma cast upon the character of the Settlers themselves of disaffection to the Government. Discontent naturally became general, and the new settlement was hastening to immediate dissolution, when, at the close of 1824, a sudden, and unexpected change of its circumstances ensued. His Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry wiped off the odium of *disaffection* fixed upon the body in order to screen indolence and neglect, and publicly proclaimed their unsullied loyalty; evils of a political character were removed, (and these had pressed heavily upon the spirit and industry of the people;) pecuniary relief was afforded by Government and from other sources, to those who had risked and wrecked their all in a fruitless attempt at wheat cultivation; a number of enterpizing individuals who, with the alternative of prosecuting an illegal but lucrative trade, or starvation before their faces had braved the penalty of the impracticable and absurd law of non-intercourse, forced the opening of a traffic with the Caffres; others commenced and succeeded in projects of various improvements, and ALBANY, over which the sword of wrath and inevitable ruin seemed to impend by a single hair, at once commenced a march of success, I believe the most unparalleled in the history of colonization, especially after such a tissue of disasters. Of the results of this I shall give a very concise view, a mere simple and unvarnished statement of facts, stating as my authority that of OFFICIAL records.

The Caffre Trade just alluded to, within the first eighteen months from its foundation poured native produce into Graham's Town, chiefly Ivory, to the amount of £32,000 sterling, and it has now settled down into a steady but progressive commerce to the value of £34,000 annually. The Traders have opened up the hitherto unknown country along the southern coast to 150 miles beyond Port Natal, and in the northen interior, to which they have also extended their operations, bringing in yearly about £2000 more: they have penetrated to the Tropic. They have been the pioneers of the missionary who has followed their footsteps. They have established a considerable outlet for British manufactures, as the demand for the insignificant *bead,* usually of Italian manufacture, is being rapidly superseded by the more useful articles of Calico, Kersey, Iron Pots, &c. and to this trade may the safety of the colony, its relief from the tremendous annual charge of the Commando Tax of £4500, and the permanent establishment of the District be ascribed.

The Exports hitherto without existence, from the Settlement *alone*, were for the past five years as follows, viz:

1829,	- - -	£32,273 sterling.
1830,	- - -	34,166 ,,
1831,	- - -	50,140 ,,
1832,	- - -	51,290 ,,

shewing a growth the more promising from its gradual increase. Hides, Horns, Skins, Tallow, Butter, Salted Provisions and Ivory, were the principal items.

The exports of the entire colony in 1821, one year *after* the arrival of the Immigrants, were only three times greater than those from Albany *alone* in the last year; the latter now bear a proportion of more than one-fourth.

Cultivation, which met with such sad reverses in the earlier years of the Settlement, has within the few last been considerably extended, Oats, Barley, and Oat Hay being the principal, chiefly for supplying the Commissariat Department; Wheat has also lately been raised in small quantities, but the visitation of the Rust has not entirely abandoned the frontier districts; it is, however, brought from other parts of the colony at a very cheap rate. Indian Corn and Vegetables grow most luxuriantly. Fruit has become plentiful and the varieties improving. Cattle, Sheep, and Horses are abundant, and every necessary of life extremely cheap.

Wool is an increasing and popular object of attention, there are about 2,000 of the improved breed of Sheep in the hands of the Settlers, and the prices they received for their fleeces last season was 14½*d.* per lb. from the frontier Merchants on the spot. A sum of above £700 has lately been raised by public subscription among the Immigrants for the introduction of the purest stock from Europe, and this branch of agriculture is not only becoming the staple produce of this district, but its cultivation through the success and example of the Settlers is gradually extending itself into the neighbouring elder and Dutch divisions of the frontier.*

Graham's Town has increased from a cluster of 22 houses, to be the second town in the colony, for extent, population, and commerce; there are now in it nearly 600 houses, and 2000 inhabitants, and at the present time 66 more houses of good size are in progress of building.

The Settlers have built eight villages or hamlets, eleven places of worship, and the schools in the Settlement, including the two government and the private establishments, are in number fifteen, at which, about one-fourth of the population are under instruction. It must be remembered, that Albany is by far the *smallest district in the Colony*, none of which, excepting the Cape or Capital, have more than *two* towns including the chief one, *four* places of worship, or at the most, *three* schools.

Within the Settlement have been established 1 Hat, 1 Blanket, and 1 Tile Manufactory; numerous Lime Kilns, 3 Water and 6 Wind Mills, 2 Tanneries, and 2 Breweries. Besides which there is an Infant School, a Benefit Club, a Savings' Bank, a Public Reading Room, and a Commercial Hall.

A Newspaper called "THE GRAHAM'S TOWN JOURNAL; or, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE EASTERN PROVINCE REGISTER," was commenced in January, 1832, and is rapidly encreasing in talent and popularity;

* WOOL.—Exports of Wool from Port Elizabeth:

1830,	. . . .	£222 sterling
1831,	. . . . .	551 ,,
1832,	. . . . .	931 ,,
1833, to 30th Sept.	.	2,372 ,,

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most of its leading articles are written with considerable spirit and knowledge of the wants and situation of the frontier, and it has already been found of great service to the Settlement and neighbourhood.

The population in 1826 was estimated at 5,777, the census of last year makes it 9,913. In evidence that the country is favorable to human life, I give a return of the first party who landed. (in 1820) and which is made up to February, 1830.

Men, Women, and 101 Children, from the age of 14, downwards, together, .	248,
Of these have died 21 Adults and 3 Children, ...	24.
Births since arrival, *surviving*, . .	123.

The village in Algoa Bay now called Port Elizabeth, although in the adjacent district of Uitenhage, may be considered as a dependency of the settlement, (for to its success it) owes its rapid elevation, with its *four* houses in 1820, has been enlarged to more than 100, and its residents rated at above 1,200 persons, and both, it is no exaggeration to say, are increasing with almost the powers of magic. For permanent importance, it is one of the most promising portions of the Cape Colony, and only wants, to command the resort of almost all vessels returning from India, a Light House on Cape Receife, which could be erected and maintained at a small expense, and a Jetty at the landing place, subscriptions for which have been already raised £5000.

Its Exports and Imports, including those of Albany, have for the last five years been as under, viz:

1828,	Imports,	£55,201.	Exports,	£41,290.
1829,	,,	63,491.	,,	59,309.
1830,	,,	99,742.	,,	60,828.
1831,	,,	65,518.	,,	65,351.
1832,	,,	112,845.	,,	86,931.

But in the above account of exports, the amount of the military pay, of the incomes of a number of half-pay officers, pensioners, and many small funded proprietors, and of the missionary expenditure is not included.

The Exports for the first seven months of the present year, are rated at £61,987 sterling; of which £43,462 were *direct to England.*

The tonnage to Algoa Bay the year after the Immigration, that is, in 1821, was 1961 tons, employing 200 men; that of 1830, was 14,208 tons, employing 500 men.

The coasting trade is now performed by thirteen vessels, the average annual number of passengers being two hundred.

There now annually arrive about 50 vessels in this bay.

The number of ships connected with the *direct* trade to Europe are five, and cargoes have already this year been loaded upon nine, and at this time there is enough for two more.

In 1821, the amount of Postage from the Districts of Uitenhage and Albany, *then conjoined*, was £125, that of Albany *alone* in 1832, was £1,203; the whole postage of the colony in 1832, was £3808; to which that of Albany bears nearly the proportion of one-third, while its population, allowing for the egregious errors of the returns, is about one-fifteenth part of the whole Colony.

Such is the result of thirteen years settlement, nearly five of which were those of failure and distress. From what has been related, it may be seen, whether success has attended the efforts of the Immigrants or not; their only present difficulty, in as far as my own knowledge goes, is that of a want of additional laborers to gather in the harvest of growing prosperity, and as a proof of which want, I refer to the many and frequent appeals to the Home Government successively made since 1825 for a new emigration.

Cape Town, 20th Oct. 1833.

FOUNDERING AT SEA.

A FRAGMENT.

"*Their tale is short, the ocean is their grave.*"
(CORNWALL.)

Her white sails glittered in the sun;
And while her onward course she won,
The crouching billows seemed to own
Her right to ride triumphantly.

And all that on her deck then stood
Were gay, and in most joyous mood;
For, oh! they thought their voyage should
Next day be ended happily.

But what may profit human thought?
Man dares—but cannot change his lot:
And hope, though high, availeth not,
With all its vain imaginings.

Scarce had the sun sunk down to rest—
Scarce had the sea-mew sought her nest—
Scarce had all splendour left the west—
Ere rush'd the tempest Spirit forth.

In wrath, it lash'd the waves to foam;
High leap'd they up tow'rds heaven's high dome,
As if they sought to find a home,
Where they might dwell in quietness.

Bright flash'd the lightning through the sky,
Showing to every anxious eye,
The fiercely scowling clouds on high,
And billows raging fearfully.

These gaped to seize their helpless prey,
As prone upon the surge she lay,
Awaiting the dark destiny
To which she fast was hurrying.

Hark! the *spruce* masts are overthrown!
The sails, the spars, the helm, are gone,
And o'er the waste of waters strewn,
In melancholy recklessness.

And now, without a hand to save
From the wide yawning of the wave,
She sinks into her earthless grave,
Down, down thro' waters fathomless.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

A minute!—it has passed away—
Hope came not, with its fond delay;
Brief was the struggle—gone are they,
Whom life inspired a moment past.

And where before, in power and pride,
The bark had spurn'd the rolling tide,
The raging waves in triumph ride,
In all their dreary loneliness.

CAPE RAMBLES, No. II.

GIPSYING.

"PRINCES KASTEEL."

"FIVE to a minute," said we, as the hour of assembling the *forces* was mentioned. Actually in the middle of the night, and the lunar guide of existence will be at its zenith. So much the better, replied our friend, for in one hour afterwards, all nocturnal solitude will be merged in the glorious beauty of a summer's morning. Humph, we ejaculated, but nevertheless we intended to adhere with our promise to be ready. Our usual and unprecedented punctuality had never been called into dispute.

Who can possibly understand the evening's deliberation which precedes a gipsying pic-nic, though we will withdraw our attention from a description of it, as we have previously done so in a former Number of this Gazette. However, every pic-nic is more or less different as the seasons and the places vary. The parties, too, who compose the several joyous *vergaderings*, are of climates, professions, trades, occupations, and caste, seldom the same; their habits, modes, and customs probably assimilate, and are more in accordance, but in one thing they generally coincide—the construction of the edibles. The feed being the *primum mobile*, is always correct, both in quality and quantity. Seldom is there a hamper lost, containing either the minutiæ or more substantial matter, and less frequently a case of claret or burgundy annihilated by the rude movement of the sable sons of earth who carry it to its place of future invisibility. We have visited many spots, grottos, and caves in our short life, even to the mountain's height, and into the internals of nature; we have shivered on Skiddow's top, and frozen on the summit of Ben Lomond. We have felt our very texture oscillate, like the weather-cock of a frigate in crossing the line, on the top of Table Mountain, and groaned in the bowels of the Sepulchre beneath the Peak of Derbyshire. We have been to Paradise and to the Devil's Hole; to Camp's Bay and to Kalk Bay; to the Cape Downs and to Green-point, besides to almost every pic-nic-ing place of resort within the suburbs of the settlement of Southern Africa. But to "Princes Kasteel" had we never been till within the last year; and the powers forbid that we ever go again. We would even close our ears to the gentle and rhetorical persuasiveness of female influence, though we would kiss the kindness which should tempt us to the attempt. We would watch the smiling lip and the pathetic eye—the tender look, and the lisping invite,—but we would never again visit the Prince's Castle. Really, reader, the passage and topography of the road was more difficult than Napoleon's emigration over the hitherto impervious Alps.

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'Twas on a bright morning, and every sound was hushed in the pensiveness of nocturnal power. The south-easter of the preceding night had already spent its last breath with the retiring morning star, and nought was heard to disturb the hilarity of our converse, except the semi-quavers of *old Cupido.*

" Love they say is growing old,
Heigh oh! heigh oh!"

The rosined hero of horse-tail and feline intestine, who was fiddling with fury an old "exquisite" quadrille, on the hindermost seat of the hindermost of four wagons. The wind was from the north west. We sang and laughed, and told fairy tales; and, perhaps, looked a love tale to boot, and wiled away the hours of sweet delusion till the caravan halted in silence beneath the amphitheatrical range of mountains comprising the Constantia and Tokai farms. How beautiful every thing looked. Nature seemed to be holding a jubilee. The prospect was truly charming, the vineyards smiled with the tint of the rising sun, and the quail chirped a most sportsman-like ditty in the adjacent corn-fields. But this was all in the valley.

Above was our object of pursuit, which seemed afar off at the mountain's top—a dark and dismal cavern. Nevertheless, we were determined, despite the distance, and with buoyant spirits and minds intent on our saturnalia, began to ascend the steepy height. Men with sumpter loads *in principio*, and following all the spare horses, which soon came into requisition. We were, indeed, a lively group, as we huddled together, and seemed to emulate the morning in tranquil happiness. Sometimes our similitude approached nearer to the out-pouring of a country kerk, when the straggling party stretched and widened along the ascent, as the individual feeling more sensible of the fatigues of reaching "Princes Kasteel."

Bless us, said we, as we puffed and dropped our substance on a stone which lay by the way side, and sent forth a grunt like a pavior, and watched the rivulet which flowed under our knees, and thought of Sterne's Maria, and looked at the vale below, and surveyed the tiring chain of demoiselles till our human nature began to be very susceptible of tender impressions. We actually sighed—'twas something in the air—both were pure. However, we arose and plucked the "immortal amaranth" which died not at our culling, for it was a mummy of the past. Both white—a perfect alabaster—a red crimson—a rich carmine, which distributed their beautiful groups in the richest profusion over the arid heath. But we dared not pluck, for our tired limbs began to yield to the wearisome way which we were treading, and to have added an ounce would have been too superincumbent. Onward we went, surveying on the one side the masses of stone and rock, on the other the rich country which lay below, and the distant scenery, with the two bays collaterally on either side, till the ultimatum of our perilous road was nearly accomplished. We had ascended a great height, and scrambled over heaps of antediluvian piles of unattached strata—had been on our blessed legs in quiet motion for nearly four hours, and out of our blessed beds half as many more. The excursion was rapidly drawing to a close, and after a further quarter of an hour, "Princes Kasteel" would have displayed to all the Nabobs and Nabobesses in the universe, if any such could have seen us, as merry a group of gipsy-looking bodies as ever assembled on a gipsy party—with a liquid torrent of malt, wines and, spirituous liquors by wholesale, which simultaneously were extracted from the wickered tenement.

Our passage from the summit to the cave, was of rather a perilous kind. The road being none of the fairest sort, our fears were almost equal to our hopes in passing along the height of the mountain's brow which led to the "Kasteel," and which we reached after some slight difficulty. It was in appearance from a distance, a large hole at the top of a perpendicular mountain, and which apparently could be nothing else but a domicile for the neighbouring hordes of baboons and monkies. Its isolation from any human approach, seemed, as it were, to separate it from mankind. But on reaching the cave, the grandeur was truly remarkable. We found it to be a large receptacle, in height, at some parts, about 40 feet, and of equal width, on rather a precipitate declivity with a roof of partly iron-stone and partly granite. At one end there was a small gathering of water, caused from the many drops of chrystal element which sparkled in the morning sun as they fell

——— From the arched roof
Pendent by sable magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing crescents fed
With japhtha and asphaltos, yielded light
As from a sky ———

At another part, bulbs and bushes indigenous to the soil; above, also, hung trees, the species of which the eye could scarcely discover, while the ear was enlivened with the tones of invisible warbling birds, whose gentle notes echoed in the interstices of the rocks. Beneath was a sight as rare as the gems of oriental magnificence, and as splendid as Herod's fragrant groves. Vallies of vines which resembled the spring-tide of nature; hills of geraniums and shrubs, which spread their fragrance and their tapestry on every side, and the cool refrigerating forest of proteas, which waved in the vale, as their silv'ry sides partook of the refreshment afforded by the gentle breeze from the north-west. Here we sat and gazed from our altitude upon the scene, admiring nature in the unbounded range of hill and dale which our elevation commanded, and were fastly merging into a pathetic delusion, when—

——— The small musketry
Warred on by cranes,

went pop, echo pop-pop, echo pop, to the astounding auditorial nerves. We quickly raised our corporeal matter, and discovered the approach of two pages carrying a turkey, which had been left behind for their conveyance. The poor defunct knew not the honor that was done to the *dead*, though the *liver* certainly looked very fine, and *toute à l'envi* of the spitted pig, which by no means seemed as if it had departed in a consumption, as it performed its circumrotary evolutions over a fine roasting fire. In a few minutes the scene of comfort arrived,—unpacking in every quarter was fully pourtrayed, and wines and viands of every description soon covered the damask which had been spread over the unbleached surface. Shortly after, every one was at his post, and a speedy dislocation of fowl and duck was the consequence. The pig lost all remembrance ere he had scarcely reached the festive cloth, and many an one *squeaked* for his portion which had devolved upon another. The turkey, too, invisibly absconded a short while after he had been *unbosomed.* The wines were equally *up*, and the effervescence of the champaigne, with the placidity of the burgundy, departed with *scarcely a groan*—three dozen obliviated into the shade of invisibility, while a due proportion of eau de vie and *pale ale* glided down the same dark stream. In truth, a walk of three hours had rendered every one ravenous, and the departure of the ladies obliged us somewhat too soon to collect our orbs to afford them an assistance in their return. No sooner had we re-passed this terrâ incognita, and reached an actual *terrâ firma*, than a re-visitation to the Bacchanalian remains took place, and sparkling eyes, as well as sparkling glasses, seemed to outvie each other in brilliancy.

"To ladies' eyes around, boys! around, boys!"
'Tis hard to chase ———

A fire, too, of dried silver-wood, was readily kindled, and with equal celerity a kettle-full of limpid water was boiled for making coffee, when the unforeseen absence of that article was discovered which caused an abatement of the fury of our mountain hearth, as well as our expected delight at sipping one tasse of that delicious beverage. This was an unforeseen desideratum in the economy of the arrangement—*mais n'importe*—the ladies murmered not, and why should we have done so? As many as had cavellos mounted, while some took their "sweethearts and wives," and some their fairest cousins, while several walked in silent attendance at the sides of their palfries, like a troop of travellers on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Crusaders could not have been more orderly, till we regained the wagons which awaited our arrival, when with one accord it was agreed that the day had been very merry—the company joyous—that the utmost hilarity had prevailed—that the folk had participated in each other's society—but that the way had been too fatiguing, and that it was and would be the Alpha and Omega of a pic-nic to "Princes Kasteel."

In the evening, the Constantia woods echoed with the "timbrel and the harp, the dulcet and the song," while the dance concluded a most happy and contented day. * * *

REMINISCENCES OF HANNIBAL STRAW.

Some years ago, a slave named Hannibal Straw was imported into England from one of the West India Islands for pugilistic purposes. His frame was Herculean, his agility astonishing for a man of such heavy muscle, and his disposition dauntless. After having acquired considerable local celebrity as a boxer, he was at length regularly matched against a brawny stout-hearted sailor, whom he put *hors de combat* with such ease, as to render him an object of speculation to a Bristol skipper, who witnessed the fight. This fellow, when in his native city—then the hot-bed of pugilism—generally associated with a set of persons who warmly patronized the ring; and it occurred to him, that a good deal of money might be made of Hannibal, if he could be got over to England—for it was evident to the skipper, that the champion himself would have no chance of success in a match with our hero. Morgan, so the skipper was called, accordingly threw himself in Hannibal's way, and by glowing pictures of the glory he might gather in England, through the exercise of his fistic accomplishments, endeavoured to prevail upon the slave secretly to stow himself away in his, the skipper's hold. Hannibal's owner, however, a free man of colour, had always used him so well, and was, moreover, so borne down by bodily ailments and a large family, that, nipping the bud of ambition in his bosom, Hannibal declined the skipper's offer.

On returning to Bristol, Morgan gave such an account of the black's abilities, that he was commissioned by his gang to buy Hannibal, and to bring him over. Accordingly, when homeward bound from the next trip, the skipper included among his cargo the thewes and sinews of Hannibal Straw. Wild with delight at obtaining his freedom, and eager to display his gratitude towards those who had conferred the precious boon upon him, Hannibal panted for a match. Those into whose hands he had fallen, meditated a deep scheme. They proposed, previously to pitting him against the champion for a very heavy stake, that he should enter the ring for something trivial, with a man of minor reputation, and *be beaten.* Honest Hannibal took fire at this—he would not be conquered by any man living if he could help it—he did not see why he might not be permitted to fight fairly—and rather than not do so—with many thanks to the gentlemen—much as he loved liberty, he would rather go back to his own owner.

Finding him proof against all their arguments and entreaties they assumed a different tone, and swore he should rot in prison until he re-

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paid his purchase-money and the expenses of transport which they had disbursed in his behalf. Poor Hannibal quailed at this so perceptibly, that his owners and importers—so they termed themselves—followed up their advantage, by depicting the terrors of an English gaol in such fearful colours, that Hannibal, half frantic, made an attempt to escape. He was instantly surrounded, and nearly overpowered; but goaded to desperation by the efforts made to secure him, he began to put out his strength, and rapidly shook his importers off, as a mad bull would so many puppy dogs. His blood being up, he laid about him with such vigour, that it was not until he had given each of the most conspicuous, especially the skipper, a frightful threshing, that he recollected the purpose for which he had got on his legs—namely, effecting an escape.

He dashed into the street, and ran on he knew not whither—he had never been suffered to go out alone—in fact, since his arrival in England, he had been held in more complete bondage than when a positive slave. A consciousness of this fact had faintly glimmered upon him more than once, and for the last few days he had been by no means comfortable.

It was night, but not so late but that the streets were still thronged, and Hannibal, when he had become tolerably calm, considered himself fortunate in having reached the outskirts of the city;—but what course could he pursue? where was he to go? what could he do? There was no *bush*, as he had heard, to which he could retreat: he was destitute of money—he had no friends—his enemies were in his rear, perhaps on his track—and this thought induced him to proceed with all possible speed in as direct a line as the nature of the country would permit. At day-break he found himself on an extensive heath or down: patches of green fern, drooping with dew, were scattered about him; into the nearest of these he threw himself, fatigued and disconsolate. By so doing he disturbed a lark, which fluttered up in a direct line above him singing cheerily; the lambs on a distant hill awoke and began to gambol; the last star in the centre of the heavens was about to be outshone by the fiery dawn; the small birds were gladly twittering on the thorns; a general jubilee seemed about to commence; and Hannibal, huge Hannibal Straw, who had been brought over to fight the champion, began to blubber like a boy deprived of his bread and butter.

He bitterly lamented that he had ceased to be the property of his old owner, the free man of colour, and literally cried himself to sleep. When he awoke, the dew had gone, the lark was silent, a cow was standing knee-deep in a neighbouring pond, and no sound was heard save the drone of a bee, and the busy buzz of a multitude of flies. It was noon, but Hannibal shivered. He was hungry too. For an instant he thought of returning to his importers; but to speak the truth he was afraid. After having sauntered about the common for some time, without aim or object, he turned into a path, which, passing through a thick wood, suddenly emerged in a straggling sequestered village

On getting into the road Hannibal picked up a horse-shoe; he was a blacksmith by trade, and the incident afforded him a slight sensation of joy, which even the melancholy tolling of a bell from the village church could not subdue. An old gander, without geese, hissed at him from a respectful distance; an idiot boy ceased to throw pebbles at the sun as he passed, and with a grin asked him for a suit of mourning; besides these, Hannibal saw no living thing. The houses, the farm yards, seemed to be desolate. At length, in a nook, on the right of the main road—oh! joyful spectacle!—he beheld a smith's shop, and reached it with a run. The anvil was cold; the fire had evidently long been extinct—its dead clinkers were covered with a thick pall of soot. Beyond the smithy was a kitchen, the door of which stood invitingly open. Hannibal entered, twirling the horse-shoe with great rapidity round his fore-finger. An infant in a cradle was squalling vehemently—a little girl, who had apparently been left in charge of it, was perched on the upper rail of a chair, stealing sugar from a brown crock on the top shelf of a three-cornered Beaufet. At the sight of Hannibal she screamed, and would have tumbled with terror had he not reached forward and caught her. In doing this he awkwardly upset the cradle, and the child rolled under the grate. The little girl struggled to get free from him; and the moment he had placed her on her legs, she ran off too breathless even to shriek. Hannibal then put the baby clothes to rights, replaced the child in its cradle, and by his quaint contortions of countenance, and exhilirating snatches of song—for Hannibal had now forgotten all his troubles in the occupation of the moment—he made the little creature crow with delight.

Meantime the melancholy toll of the bell had ceased, and while the whole of his faculties were absorbed in amusing the young gentleman in the cradle, a train of persons, all clad in black, approached. At a short distance from the smithy they stopped, fell out of column, and formed an irregular group; which, after some slight consultation, flocked tumultaneously into the kitchen. They stared in silent astonishment at the scene before them—Hannibal stopped, got up, and made his most obedient bow.—"Poor fellow," said a pale, fine-formed young woman, raising her blood-shot eyes—"after all its only a black man. I've seen many such, neighbours; there's no harm in him—for look how little Peter laughs"

The woman now snatched the child from the cradle, placed its mouth to her breast, and seemed to derive exquisite consolation, from the little creature looking up into her eyes as it sucked. The other parties still regarded Hannibal with awe—for they had never seen a black human being before. At length the tailor hobbled in on crutches to partake of the funeral feast—for the village smith had just been buried—and speedily set all to rights. He had been at Trinidad, Tobago, and various other outlandish parts; he rejoiced in the sight of Hannibal, for now Simpson could no longer laugh at him for asserting that there were men abroad as black as a sea-coal. Neighbour Simpson gaped at Hannibal like a gudgeon with a fish-hook in his throat. He saw—but scarcely believed.

Under the auspices of the tailor, and the smith's handsome widow, whose favor he had won by his successful attention to her child, Hannibal soon found himself at home. He partook of the burial bread and cheese and ale; and before the guests departed irradiated their hearts with a dawning beam of delight by assuring them that he could shoe their horses, tip their bullocks, point their pitch forks, weld their broken coulters, retooth their harrows, and new-tongue their hinges as well as their deceased neighbour, Blacksmith Batterbee, or any other individual of the craft.

That night Hannibal slept in the loft above the widow's bed-room; the next morning, the voice of the bellows, the roar of the fire, and the clink-clank of the hammer and anvil, awoke her. Hannibal became her journeyman—he had never been so happy in his life—the villagers idolized him for his kind disposition, his skill as a smith, and his prodigious strength. At quoits he was pre-eminent—no man but the tailor's slim son could give him a backfall at wrestling. His odd antics, after his day's work was done, rendered him most beloved of boys, and more than one strapping farmer's daughter seemed to entertain no repugnance to his colour. But the farmer's daughter was not destined to be the happy bride. Hannibal married the blacksmith's widow, and a loving couple they were.

At the age of thirteen I became Hannibal Straw's apprentice—my father was a farmer in the neighbourhood—he had eight children, all lads, of whom I was the eldest. Never had boy better master than was Hannibal Straw, or sweeter mistress than the widow of bandy-legged Jehoiakim Batterbee. I have since seen the daughters of the great—those who have been accounted the loveliest of their generation—but they were plain, compared with Mrs. Straw. Black Hannibal's wife, I should decidedly say, was almost the finest woman in all England, and yet I have often seen her pointing nails at the vice; and it was traditionary, that before she had emerged from her teens she had often wielded the big hammer over a red-hot bar in front of knee-broken Batterbee, her bed-ridden papa's apprentice. Be this as it may, she was a capital wife to Hannibal, and a most motherly mistress to me: both of us loved her—idolized her—and doated on Batterbee's boys, as if they had been his own, and so did I.

The years of my apprenticeship glode away like a pleasant dream, and happier days than mine were, with Hannibal and Mrs. Straw, could not be on this side the grave. I am now grown into manhood, and am far away from the hamlet of my apprenticeship: but I often hear of the state of things, and of Hannibal's well-doing. The hamlet has become a village, and the Straws are now wealthy people. My last letters announce the building of a new church, and the election of Hannibal as one of the church-wardens. My old friend is a great patron of education and the poor. He subscribes also to foreign missions, and visits the metropolis once a-year, in the month of May, to attend the annual festivals of benevolence and good-will to man. Should letters arrive in the course of the succeeding six months, the reader may, perhaps, hear more concerning *Hannibal Straw.* *

TO MY PEN.

I've often wished to know the reason why
You scribble so much nonsense, and I never
Can find it out, although I often try,
For hitherto I've tried in vain; however
I think I've found it out at last, so I
Will just attempt (that is to say, endeavour)
To shew you (what I should have found out long since)
The reason why you scribble so much nonsense.

Now it's as clear as mud—for how the deuce
Could you write any thing but nonsense, when
'Tis plain that you're the *offspring* of a *goose*,
Put in the hands of other *geese*, called men,
To scribble nonsense with; so what's the use
Of keeping you, you rascally old pen?
I'll *cut you up*, (as you have oft done others,)
And so you'll share the fate of all your brothers.

It grieves me much; oh! that it does, my pen!
Thus after all your service to discard you—
I'll never get so good a one again;
No! that I sha'nt:—I do not like a parting last adieu!
You've written many a hundred lines, but then—
The whole was nonsense; and I think its hard, you
Could never write a line of sense! however,
I think you're (as a *goose* quill) vastly clever.

Farewell, my Pen! Your course is nearly run;
'Twould be in vain for me to try and *mend* you.
You would not *mend* at all—you're too far gone:
And so out of the window I must send you.
You've served me faithfully, and always done
Your duty, ever since at Norden's vendue,
I bought you with some more; but you and I
Must part good company; and so—*Good bye!*

Graham's Town. A.

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LITERATURE.

OWEN'S VOYAGES TO AFRICA, ARABIA, AND MADAGASCAR, 2 vols. 8vo. 1833.

Under the direction of Mr. H. B. Robinson, to whom Capt. Owen transferred the whole of his valuable documents, the present interesting volumes have been published. The vessels which composed this expedition were the *Leven* and *Barracouta*, which departed in Jan. 1822, for their destination. The Admiralty, with its characteristic Scotch notions of economy, under my Lord Melville, attached no scientific naturalists to the expedition. An excellent young man, however, Mr. Forbes, was sent out by the Horticultural Society. But he fell a victim to the climate, and he had no assistant, successor, or adjunct. The expedition stopped for a short time at the Cape de Verd islands, the longitude of which they were able to verify by means of a new and singularly simple process. Capt. Owen, by previous experiments, found that the flight of a Congreve rocket, when fired off from a gun, corresponded in exact proportion to its own weight, and this circumstance immediately suggested to him the measuring distances within a certain limit. From these islands the vessels directed their course to Rio, and on the 8th of July entered Simon's Bay in this colony. Capt. Vidal, and all the junior officers, now commenced a survey of the whole peninsula of the Cape, and the shores of False, Hout, and Table Bays. The scale for this survey, measured astronomically from the Devil's Peak to the Peak on Cape Point, was 24' 33" geographical miles of latitude. The surveyors, with Capt. Owen, decided against the numerous dangers which were alleged to exist to the southward of the Cape, and considered the Telemaque Shoals, &c. to be imaginary. A warning is given to seamen in entering Simon's Bay—to avoid mistaking the northern extremity of the high land seen in the night at Muisenburg, for the south point of Simon's Bay. To remedy this dangerous error, the late Commodore Nourse proposed the erection of a small light-house on the Noah's Ark rock. The whale-fishing establishments in False and Kalk Bay, as *shore establishments*, Capt. Owen considers as extremely destructive to the species. Some attention seems to have been paid to certain portions of our then-existing domestic policy. The following is an extract: we recommend it to the attention of the traducers of the African character.

"The system of warfare pursued on the eastern frontier, appeared to have for its object the extermination of the native Kaffers from our settlements, was universally punished by death or captivity. As the peculiar habits of this race rendered them at all times most unprofitable and dangerous prisoners, very few were subjected to the latter misfortune. There were, however, seven of them in captivity on Robben Island, whom the government sent to us for interpreters. They were very handsome, strong, and tall negroes, with habitual freedom strongly marked in their gait and carriage. When first received, their gloomy countenances bespoke their uncertainty as to the purpose for which they were sent on board ship, a circumstance in itself considered by them as worse than death; such is the antipathy and dread of the sea felt by all the native tribes of South Africa.*

"The purposes for which they were embarked having been explained to them, with the promise of being set at liberty in their own country if they behaved well; they were stripped of the greasy skins which served them for raiment, and which were covered with vermin, washed and clothed in wholesome jackets and trousers, and in half an hour appeared as much at their ease as if they had never worn any thing else."

It appears from the sequel that these poor Kaffers failed as interpreters, "but," says Capt. Owen, "*in other respects they were excellent, trust-worthy men.*" He mentions further, that—

"Six other negroes were also selected from the government slaves in the dock-yard, natives of different parts of the eastern coast and Madagascar, to be used as linguists, *all of whom turned out most orderly and useful people*, and were, after some time, discharged in their respective countries, enriched by a considerable accumulation of wages."

In the survey of our coast by the *Barracouta*, much valuable information is supplied. These surveys commenced from Cape Hanglip to the eastward, as far as the Keiskamma River, and from thence northward to Delagoa Bay. In reference to the Cape colony, it is stated

"That in all parts, the approach for ships is free from all danger, with good anchorage ground; but, being quite open, is exposed to the southern ocean. During both monsoons a heavy swell sets in-shore, yet there are few points where boats may not land more than half the year, and there is no doubt that vessels, *properly constructed*, might carry on a coasting trade with much safety and advantage: *the government*, however, have not given *sufficient attention* to this subject, their only settlements upon this coast being Port Elizabeth and Kowie River.* There appears nevertheless, one great source of gain open to enterprise in the great bank of L'Agullus, which is equal to that of Newfoundland, and would probably be as productive a fishing establishment as any in the world. Salt is destructively plentiful, being the principal drawback to the fertility of the soil; while a market for salt fish may be found in every direction, including Cape Town, Bourbon, Mauritius, Mozambique, and even India. Not a European fisherman is now to be seen, excepting the whalers, and nothing but an alteration in the oppressive and unjust fiscal laws, to which the poor Malay fishermen are now subjected, will induce them to venture upon this field for speculation. There are many desirable situations along the south coast for the establishment of fishing-towns; amongst them may be enumerated Hout, Table, Simon's, and Gordon Bays. To the eastward of Cape Hanglip is also a large bay: the eastern side of the peninsula of Cape Vachez offers no less than three good harbours. Between Mussel and Plettenberg Bays is the River Knysna, *an excellent port;* and within sight of the latter, the Bays of St. Francis and Algoa. From Cape Padrao, along the E. coast, are numerous situations adapted for such establishments."

Then certain objections to these ports or rivers are started, which, to the colonists have been hitherto looked upon as insurmountable. But Capt. Owen alludes to the same evils as existing on the Portuguese coast, and adverts to their *remedies*.

"All the rivers (in reference to the E. coast,) are overflowed, and their course lost during the rainy season, when the rush of water carries off the alluvial and other deposits; these are, however, returned by the constant south-east winds that prevail during the dry weather, and which then produce bars of sand at their entrances, making most of them unnavigable for decked vessels, and often dangerous for boats of common structure, the usual rise of the spring tides seldom exceeding five feet. This is also the case on the coast of Portugal, where, however, *much has been done by science and industry to remedy the evil.*

"This may not be an improper place to offer a few remarks on the peninsula of the Cape of Good Hope, and the improvements which suggest themselves for Table and False Bays."

We regret that our limits do not permit us at present to go into the detail of these with other interesting points of consideration which this work presents; we conclude, therefore, with a single additional paragraph, which involves many serious considerations.

"At this point of the colony, the population is already sufficiently numerous to carry any rational works into effect, and a finer opportunity for the investment of British capital will not readily be found.

"The greatest evil in the situation of Cape Town, is the insecurity of Table Bay as a port; and a temptation is thus offered to unprincipled men, who have insured their vessels at high premiums, to choose this spot, for the termination of their voyage. *Of the numerous wrecks which occurred in Table Bay, and its vicinity, during the term of our voyage there was not one, at least where*

* The same may be said of the white colonists. How seldom is it that a Cape of Good Hope boy adventures to sea, and yet one would think that our present youthful population, from its vast increase, must be a burthen to many poor families. With British India, and Mauritius, and Ceylon, and Australia before him, how is it that the Cape lad feels no inclination to seek his fortune like other of the human race? Nay, the very interior of the Cape colony, and the frontier, excite none of his inquiries. He would much rather idle away his time in small talk and gossip, ride on the Rondebosch road, play billiards, smoke a cigar, or feed on snoek and rice at his grandmother's, than take a look at the wide world. Again, in numerous instances, many of the lads in question are unqualified for foreign place. The neglect of the English language, so as to correspond in it, is an immense drawback to the purses of the colonists. Those men have much to answer for, who encourages this neglect. And if the sea-service is *awfu' work* to the African, how much greater is the dislike to *gunpowder!* How many a smart Cape young man, tickled with the show of military display, has entered the British Army—*sold out*—nor "followed to the field some warlike lord!" And then (O, inglorious!) to sit down for life on a government clerkship pittance!

* The terrors of the Kowie mouth have been recently discovered to be imaginary. See an important communication by Mr. Nourse, in the Graham's Town Journal of 21st Nov. 1833.

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we had the means of inquiring, which could not be traced either to extreme ignorance, negligence, or design. The evil that has been done to the colony by the frequent recurrence of such events is incalculable."

AUSTRALASIA.

As we are well wishers to all the Colonies of His Majesty, we naturally rejoice in the well doing of all. Capt. Sturt, of the 39th Regt. has recently published two interesting volumes of an expedition into the interior of Australia, and Mrs. Augustus Prinsep has put forth the Journal of a Voyage from Calcutta to Van Dieman's Land.

The settled portion of New South Wales now extends from the 36th to the 32d parallel, and has been distributed into counties, parishes, and townships; its internal arrangements having been intentionally assimilated as nearly as possible to those of the mother-country. The population of the colony is said to consist of 45,000 free and 25,000 convicts. Its imports in the year ended January 1833, amounted to £602,032, of which £144,793 was the value of commodities imported from foreign states, the rest being the produce of Great Britain and her colonies. The exports amounted to £384,344, of which £81,969 consisted of British and foreign merchandize re-exported, the remainder was the produce of the colony, the New Zealand fisheries, and the South Sea Islands. The chief articles of export, and which were shipped to the mother country, are New Zealand flax, 806 tons, value £15,393; sperm and black oil, 3,186 tons, value £142,921; and wool, 1,515,159 lbs., value £73,559. In 1831, no less than 150 vessels entered the harbour of Port Jackson from foreign ports, the amount of their tonnage being 31,259 tons.

The staple product of the colony is wool. The total amount of this article imported into Great Britain from the Australian colonies (New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land), in 1832, was two millions and a-half of pounds, and it has been sold as high as 10s. per lb.; the best now sells at 5s. The history of this commodity, which promises to become a prime source of colonial wealth as well as of benefit to Britain, by rendering her independent of foreign supply, deserves a short notice, since it shows how much may be effected towards developing the capabilities of a young settlement by an individual. About forty years ago, Mr. John McArthur commenced sheep-farming, and in a year or two, he had an opportunity of crossing his coarse-fleeced sheep with Merino blood. So prolific was the mixed breed, that in ten years, a flock, originally consisting of not more than seventy Bengal sheep, had increased to 4,000. In 1803, Mr. McArthur went to England, carrying samples of his wool, which were so much approved of by a committee of manufacturers, that Government were induced to encourage him in his attempts to produce fine wool in the colony, by directing that he should receive a grant of land for that purpose, in the Cow Pastures, which is now named the district of Camden. In 1806, Mr. McArthur returned to New South Wales with two ewes and three rams purchased by him from the Merino flock of George III.; his flock was removed to the Cow Pastures, and since that period, the wool of New South Wales has been rapidly increasing in value in the home-market.

The accelerated advance of the colony may be dated from the commencement of General Darling's administration; yet it is remarkable that General Darling was not only the most unpopular governor the colony ever had, but is even still pursued by the colonists with an acrimony and a rancour, which can scarcely be accounted for on public grounds alone. Armed with despotic powers, and entrusted with the entire functions of a government, of which coercion was, from the peculiar circumstances of the colony, an essential and obvious feature, at a time when the colonial commmunity, incited by a free press, began to discover that expansive principle, which is perhaps necessary in order to establish a title to rights which are merely in abeyance, Governor Darling was placed in a situation of peculiar difficulty, and his errors should experience the utmost indulgence.

The pleasant little volume of Mrs. Prinsep affords a good picture of the physical and moral characters of British Tasmania. On landing from India at Hobart Town (corrupted first by pronunciation and now in writing into *Hobarton*), Mrs. Prinsep was not a little surprised at its extent and the size of the warehouses. As she walked up the High Street, a thousand English recollections revived,—"carts and cottages, girls in their pattens, boys playing at marbles, above all, rosy countenances, chubby cheeks, and English voices."

After describing the metropolis of Tasmania (which is about a mile and a half square), Mrs. Prinsep gives an account of a trip to Elizabeth Town, twenty-two miles in the interior, to which a *stage* runs twice a-week, which stage is "a cart fitted up with benches like an Irish jaunting-car." On arriving at the town, it was extremely difficult to find it; upon inquiry, it appeared that, besides the magistrate's and governor's houses, and the school, there were but two houses and a half, the third not being yet completed. The views, however, on the road and from the town, were beautiful. Tasmania, in fact, consists, as yet, in its two towns of Hobarton and Launceston.

The details which Mrs. Prinsep furnishes of the economies of this country are not unattractive:

"The sources of accumulation here have engrossed my attention completely, and the island possesses temptations, in my eye, even above the glorious power to be obtained in our East India civil service. See how I am changed! Romance, and even ambition, have vanished; for amongst all the beauties and interests of this place, I am beginning to think none are so beautiful as the interests of capital. The colony contains valuable property, many sources of wealth, security, health, every thing but money, consequently the latter obtains a most profitable return. Interest alone on mortgages, with the very best securities, is at fifteen or twenty per cent. Invest your money in stock for wool, and it brings a return of fifty per cent. per annum—in the whale fishery, one hundred per cent. There are two banks founded upon joint-stocks, and the shareholders are the wealthiest people in the community; dividends now paid are sixteen per cent., shares £100; the banks are constituted upon the safest possible principle—the business is almost confined to discounting bills—security is insisted on, and mortgages declined, lest land should be obtained instead of money. The quarter of the globe in which all these profits are to be safely made is so little known, that capital has not been drawn to it.

From these few remarks, I deduce the certain inference that there is so immediate prospect of any check to that rise in the value of land, and such other property, which is now observable. Money well invested in land here, and allowed to accumulate, will be tenfold its original value in fifteen years. Two hundred pounds would purchase a noble property here; in England, the interest on it would scarcely furnish two boxes of millinery annually! You have no idea of the cheapness of things here; £1,000 will buy a fine, healthy, and beautiful estate of 1,200 acres, 200 of them already in cultivation, and the whole becoming more valuable every year. Corn and potatoes export to Sydney, wool to England; wool averages sixpence a pound. The whole colony is on the advance, and its resources remain to be developed. Fresh lands are granted in square miles, in the proportion of the square mile, or 640 acres, for every £500 sterling of capital, which the applicant can immediately command, to the extent of four square miles, of 2,560 acres, which is the largest grant that is made to any settler without purchase, as the smallest is 320 acres. The total territory in acres is 15,000,000, of which about one-half is rocky, or thickly wooded, the rest arable and pasture; arable being, as one to six of pasture. Total acres granted to Dec. 1829, 1,323,523, consequently unlocated acres, 13,676,447. The wool of Van Diemen's Land is of peculiar softness, and from the greater attention now paid to cleaning and packing, the price is rising. Wheat is of a very superior quality, weighing generally about sixty, and sometimes as much as sixty-five pounds a bushel. Oats are beginning to be raised, barley has not yet succeeded, pease and other species of pulse are plentiful. Skins are also valuable. Seal skins the most so, being worth about twenty-five shillings each in England. Kangaroo-skins are essentially useful in the colony, for hats, and also for shoes, which are remarkably durable; when well packed, and of a good size, these skins fetch nearly sixpence a pound in London. Shoemakers make 100 per cent. on the raw material."

To be sure, this lady is not very encomiastic upon other points, which are in such cases to be put *post nummos*. "The Society of Hobarton," she says, "is very pleasant, and to us has been very kind; but the chief amusement to strangers is the constitution of this society. The population of the future empire of Van Diemen's Land (for in fifty years it must be independent) is founded upon the dregs that have been drained from England. Most of our new friends have sprung from the lowest democracy. Their mother language will soon undergo a change: the next generation will certainly expel the *h* from its place in the dictionary, and admit it as a h'aspirate to the h'apples, and the h'oranges. A little more respectability may perhaps be imported from England or from India, when the advantages this colony holds out is better known." If the history of every house were made public, she observes, it would make Europeans shudder. "Even in our small menage, our cook has committed murder, our footman burglary, and the housemaid bigamy: but these formidable truths are hushed up!"

AMERICA.

A Subaltern's Furlough.—Descriptive of Scenes in the United States, &c. By Lieut. Coke, of the 45th Regt. 8vo. 1833.

This work appears to be the production of an impartial mind, and is written in a much better spirit than that of the Halls, Trollopes, or the new work on America, by the author of Cyril Thornton. Before submitting two or three extracts from the publication before us, we may briefly observe, that whatever changes are going on elsewhere, none provoke more attention or curiosity, than those of America. The press teems with books on the progress of society in America, and all the world seems to be wonder-stricken at that moral impetus which displays itself in the American field of persevering enterprise.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

Since the institution of the Temperance Societies, the use of ardent spirits amongst the

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higher classes of society has been almost laid aside. I have seen a range of well-filled spirit decanters placed upon the dinner-table before upwards of 150 people, and not a single stopper removed. The strongest proof, however, of the great decrease of ardent spirits, appears from the following returns of the number of gallons imported into the United States during seven successive years. In

	Gallons.
1824,	5,285,047
1825,	4,114,046
1826,	3,322,389
1327,	3,465,302
1828,	4,446,698
1829,	2,462,303
1830,	1,095,488

Many hotels have "Temperance House" inscribed in large gilded letters over the door or sign, as a notice that wines and malt liquor only can be obtained there. Like all other new institutions, the Temperance Societies had their enthusiasts at first. Abstinence Societies emanated from them, the members binding themselves to drink pure water only; and, in some churches, neither males nor females were admitted to the communion unless they had enrolled themselves the members of one or other society. All these bigoted absurdities are now softened down into wholesome and sound regulations.

AN HOTEL.

A large varnished and painted board, with the following strange notice upon it, in gilt or yellow-painted letters, was fixed up against the wall opposite the window of my room, in a most conspicuous part of the hotel:—

"Constantly on hand for the
accommodation of travellers,
on the most reasonable terms,
fine linen shirts, cravats,
collars, show bosoms, silk stockings,
gloves, suspenders,
silk and linen pocket handkerchiefs,
razor strops, patent Venus pomatum
for dyeing the hair and whiskers
without injury to the skin.
Razors set to order.
Best chewing tobacco."

But this medley of pomatum and tobacco did not astonish me half so much as the following strange address in the news-room, to the visitors of the largest hotel in the United States:— "Five dollars reward for the discovery of *the villain who cuts or tears the newspapers!!*"

RISE OF AN AMERICAN TOWN.

A town rises in America with an almost talismanic rapidity. Immediately some new line of canal or railway is projected, or a clearing commenced on the banks of a navigable stream, a tavern makes its appearance upon a spot where it is imagined the traveller will require a "drink;" this is followed by a saw and grist-mill, a store or two, *post-office, printing press, and bank*. To use their own expression, "every one goes the whole hog;" the freshets probably carry away the mill, or the bank breaks, and the owners "clear out," to commenee their speculations afresh elsewhere. Where sixty days since had been a complete wilderness, was now a scene of bustle and confusion: a town was fast rising from amongst the bushes; the streets were marked out, and a tavern, several stores, and upwards of fifty houses, were already inhabited.

MORAL EFFECTS OF MRS. TROLLOPE'S CARICATURE OF THE AMERICANS.

Although I should not wish to identify myself with Mrs. Trollope's opinions and sentiments, inasmuch as she evidently is a writer who, in drawing a tolerable likeness, has given a broad caricature of the Americans, and most unjustly impressed those who have not visited the United States with the imagination that no gentlemen are to be met with there, yet I must think her "Domestic Manners" will do good amongst a certain class of people. The effects had even begun to shew themselves before I quitted the country; and I record the following anecdote, in order that, if these poor pages ever meet the eye of the witty and much abused authoress, she may congratulate herself on having already worked a partial reform. When Miss Kemble made her first appearance at the Park Theatre in New York, the House was crowded to excess; and a gentleman in the boxes, turning round between the acts of the play to speak to some one who sat in the bench behind him, displayed rather more of his back to the pit than was thought quite orthodox. This was no sooner observed than a low murmur arose amongst the insulted part of the audience, which presently burst forth into loud cries of "Trollope! Trollope!" "turn him out," "throw him over," &c., and continued for several minutes, accompanied by the most discordant noises, until the offending person assumed a less objectionable position.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

The inhabitants of Hartford appear strictly attentive to their religious observances. There are nine or ten churches to 8500 inhabitants; and, on walking out in the afternoon, there was literally *not one person* to be seen in the streets. Feeling rather ashamed at being apparently the only absentee from divine service, I proceeded a short distance out of the town to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, which was the first establishment of the kind in the States, and is partly conducted by a gentleman who has the misfortune to be afflicted himself in the same manner. The building is a very extensive one, situated on an eminence in the town, and generally contains from sixty to seventy inmates. It was a lovely afternoon, and as I sat upon the grass, gazing upon the town and river beneath, whence neither the hum of voices nor the sound of any one stirring arose, and not a living being was even to be seen crossing the long straight streets, or standing at a door or window, I thought I had never before seen a day so truly set apart as a day of rest, nor one, I would believe, so strictly kept.

BOSTON.

Boston is often called "the paradise of clergymen," and never did a place possess such a proportion of churches; including Charlestown, it has not fewer than sixty; their style of architecture is generally neat. Trinity Church, which has not been long built, is a handsome and substantial edifice, and King's Chapel (or stone church, as some of the republicans call it,) in which the British Governor's pew still remains, more closely approach the English style of places for sacred worship than any others I saw.

The hospitals and charitable societies are very numerous. One of the latter is very creditable to the British Inhabitants of the city: it was established for the purpose of giving *advice to emigrants upon their arrival* in the country, and to render pecuniary assistance to those who may require it, or have been reduced to poverty by the failure of their enterprise. Though established only fifteen years it has given relief to more than a thousand British subjects, the funds being created by annual subscriptions of two dollars and upwards. The Massachusetts General Hospital, which was commenced about the same time by private subscription, is a fine building near one of the Charlestown bridges, and its interior economy well arranged. The origin of the hospital was the bequest by a gentleman of a large sum of money, which was added to by a general subscription throughout the state, and so far exceeded the amount required that the committee built a lunatic asylum at Charlestown with the surplus. Several of the private subscriptions amounted to from 1000 to 5000 dollars, and one even to 20,000.

SINGULAR INSTITUTION.

At Whitesborough, in the vicinity of the city, is the singular but laudable "Oneida Institution of Science and Industry," which, similar to some institutions in Switzerland, combines learning with manual labour. It was established by a clergyman in bad health, who, opening a small school ten years since, discovered that, by the pupils working a few hours daily, they earned sufficient money to defray the expense of their education. Since that time it has been much encouraged and had several benefactors. There is a farm, containing upwards of one hundred acres, attached to it, upon which the students may be seen working for three or four hours daily; and two years' produce will pay their board for that time. It is principally intended for those designed for the Church, but some are also educated for other professions. The merit of the institution, independently of that derived from the system, is, that young men of talent may obtain an education here who cannot afford to go to more expensive establishments.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Tropical Agriculturist. By G. R. PORTER. 8vo. 1833.

WE hail this book as a treasure to the Colonies, and are glad to announce its introduction in our Public Library. Mr. Porter's work contains accounts drawn from the best authorities, and supplied by persons of experience in the management and use of almost every tropical plant of importance: among several others, of

Cotton,	Coffee,	Tea.
Tobacco,	Rice,	Indian Corn,
Millet.	Sago,	Cassava,
Arrow Root,	Cocoa-nut,	Cinnamon,
Clove,	Nutmeg,	Pepper,
Ginger,	Pimento,	Cardamom,
Indigo,	Poppies,	Senna,
Camphor,	Rhubarb,	Aloe,
Castor oil,	Aniseed,	&c.

The chapter on cotton is particularly interesting; that upon tea may be very advantageously consulted. Mr. Porter thanks with Cobbett, that maize (Indian Corn,) might be introduced with great success in England, and quotes from Dr. Franklin a list of its uses, the bare enumeration of which, any one would suppose, might procure it a place on every estate, if he were not at the same time aware that of all prejudiced animals under the sun (next to the Cape farmer), there exists no one so essentially and entirely bigoted to a previously conceived opinion, as an English farmer. In the chapter on opium, we are made acquainted with the astonishing fact, that the revenue obtained from the growth of this plant in our East India possessions, amounted in 1830, to the sum of two millions sterling!

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THE SABBATH.

Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found Thee in Thy temples.—(*Lord Bacon.*)

It is not to be doubted that nations and empires flourish or decay in proportion as habits of piety, industry, and temperance, or of impiety, sloth, and luxury, obtain the ascendancy. The stimulus to the former, the check to the latter, is the Lord's-day. So that the Sabbath is virtually the barometer of the times, and its observance or desecration presents the mark of a rising or falling kingdom.

In its bearing upon individuals also, the Sabbath, like the Lord of the Sabbath, is for the rise and the fall of many. Neither rank, nor wealth, nor science, nor talent, will avail to rescue the violator of its duties from condemnation; whilst the meanest disciple who improves his privileges will be raised to glory, honour, and immortality. The Sabbath has been justly styled the "Queen of Days." Faith, Hope, and Charity are her associates and attendants. The gates of her palace stand open: she invites all her subjects to her presence; and offers liberally to supply their wants. The Ceremonial Law ceased, but the Sabbath abideth. No diversity of metaphor, in its largest profusion, can fully display the value of the Sabbath, to nations, to churches, to families, or to individuals. It is the record of the world's creation; the memorial of Christ's second birth, at his Resurrection. It is the ordinance of our God; the court-day of our King. It is the sign of a covenant, the badge of our profession, the rampart of the realm, the festival of the church, the shield of the state. It is an almoner to the poor, an asylum to the weary. It is the child's instructor, the guardian of youth, the solace of the aged. It is the test and touchstone of religious obedience; the day of jubilee on earth, and the harbinger and type of heaven. It is from this fortress of our faith, this stronghold on the frontiers, that incursions have been ever made on the kingdom of the great adversary. Its surrender would expose the territory already won by the church militant, to sudden and irreparable desolation: its defence, therefore, should be as strenuous as that of the most heroic of the ancients, when they occupied their fastnesses and straits, and contested every inch of ground with their assailants.

LITERARY EXTRACTS, &c.

SCHOOLS IN SARDINIA.

Of 392 villages, more than 300 are provided with schools for the instruction of the country people in reading, writing, arithmetic, religious catechism, and the elements of agriculture.—(*Foreign Quarterly.*)

The same authority states, that 6000 workmen are employed by the Government in the creation of roads.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Out of the one hundred and nine members who had contributed, in 1830, to the transactions, there were—how many peers, think you?—ONE!

"*A sun-beam that had gone astray.*"

JEFFERSON.

(*By the Author of Cyril Thornton.*)

The moral character of Jefferson was repulsive; continually puling about liberty, equality, and the degrading curse of slavery; he brought *his own children to the hammer*, and made money of his debaucheries. Even at his death, he did not manumit his numerous offspring, but left them, soul and body, to degradation and the *cart-whip* A daughter of Jefferson was sold some years ago, by public auction, at new Orleans, and purchased by a society of gentlemen, who wished to testify, by her liberation, their admiration of the statesman,

"Who dreamt of Freedom in a slave's embrace."

This single line gives more insight to the character of the man,* than whole volumes of panegyric. It will outlive his epitaph, write it who may

GOOD GOVERNMENT.

The Governor of Durazzo, a Turk, thus addressed Mr. Urquart, during his recent tour in Turkey:

'It is the part of a wise government to favour and facilitate commerce by every possible means, as that alone gives value to our possessions, and turns our harvests into treasures; but if a government so wretched as ours has been, neither affords it a shelter from the storm, a landing-place from the waves, nor a road across the country, it certainly ought not, in addition, to burden it with charges, which are a profit of one, and a loss of nine.'

MOHAMMEDANISM.

In the Bible nothing can be found, which, fairly construed, can be regarded as contradictory to the true system of the universe, or to any modern discoveries in astronomy and physics. With the Koran it is otherwise; Mohammed is as absurd in his cosmology as the ancient fathers, and his gross blunders would disgust the merest school-boy. His system cannot, therefore, resist the advancement of knowledge and the progress of civilization, but the means of its overthrow must be the science which it contradicts, not of the Bible, of which it *pretends* to be confirmatory. But whatever be the means most likely to prove effectual, it is a fact beyond all doubt, that the religion of the Crescent is rapidly falling into decay.—(*Foreign Quarterly.*)

RESPITE FROM LABOUR.

A writer in *Louden's* admirable Magazine, the Gardener's, observes, "I will mention what I have often been told by a very intelligent young man who laboured two years in a gentleman's garden in the county of Durham, namely, that his master was so convinced of the beneficial results of giving a degree of relaxation to his men, that they uniformly left their work at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and on Saturday at 3 o'clock; and the effect of the practice was, and is, that the place is so celebrated for its high keeping and good management, that a saying has been rendered current in the neighbourhood, that if the gentleman found a weed upon the premises, he pulled it up, and brought it to the gardener's door."

COLONIAL WOOL.

It is now certain that England may soon expect to be capable of being exclusively supplied with fine wool from the Australian colonies. And what is remarkable is, that it can be obtained from Australia at a much cheaper rate than from Spain and Germany. The gross charges on the latter are from 4*d.* to 4¾*d.* per lb.; those on colonial wool amount to no more than 3¾*d.*—(*Journal of Agriculture.*)

NEXT YEAR.

Procrastination is the thief of time.—YOUNG.

I remember reading in some book—a German author, I think—"Shew me your apartment, and I'll be your fortune-teller." There is much reason in this saying, for assuredly if fortune can be foretold by the character of an individual, in no manner can you form a better estimate than by a glance at his domicile. Let any man of discernment enter the chamber of his friend, and attentively survey the signs and appearances therein, and I am much mistaken if he do not arrive at a more just conclusion respecting the character and disposition of its occupant, than ever could Lavater by his physiognomy, or another, and more amusing class

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of speculators, by the lines on hand, or the development of his tympanum.

Is the tenant of the chamber extravagant? it will be indicated by the costliness of its decorations, and the little care with which they are preserved. Is he parsimonious? by the meanness of its appointments, and the evident appearance of comfort sacrificed to saving. The scholar will be known by his books, and their marks of use—the nature of his studies by their contents. Can any one, for example, desire a more complete insight into the character of Mark O'Gormand than by looking at his table? Upon it you see Mrs. Mac Murdo's cookery, well thumbed and dog-eared, with an essay on diet and indigestion uncut. There is the story of a man who, to make a more pompous display of plate, placed a pair of silver spurs on his sideboard: can any thing indicate the vanity of an individual with greater force? In short, whether a man be ostentatious or humble, intemperate or sober, musical or melancholy, may be as easily known in a visit or two, by "signs and appearances," as can the age of a horse by looking into his mouth.

My friend Will Hopeful is a remarkable truth of what I shall in future call the science of Chamberology. Will's apartment is strewed up and down with half-formed models of ships, half carved plans of mines, unfinished draughts of speeches, petitions to Government for lands in the colonies, penned on the back of proposed mortgages on his own estate, copies of letters for the loan of thousands on the reverse of dunning notes for hundreds, and amid this chaos of half digested prospectuses and unaccomplished designs, sits my friend, revelling in all the luxury of an idealist, the delighted architect of a thousand air-built projects.

From this sketch it will be at once perceived that Hopeful is a great projector; but he is not so unsuccessful as many of his fraternity, for he never, by any chance, attempted to put one of his schemes into practice. They are all to come; Will has, therefore, never known disappointment. One morning I found him attentively studying an account of the Carib Islands, and so engrossed was he with some important scheme to result therefrom, that he was not aware of my entrance. His grand project was, to form a settlement on one of these islands for the fishery of turtles, which he said were in such numbers, and the flesh were discovered to be so wholesome, that he proposed to freight annually a certain number of ships with them, and to bring them to England as food for the poor! This he was convinced would be a sure fortune to the speculator, and a national blessing. I inquired when this great design was to commence? he thought about *next year!*

He accompanied me one day to a chalybeate spring, in the fields to the north of London, when I accidently remarked that the nature of the water indicated extensive strata of metallic ore in the vicinity. "Hush! my dear friend," said Will; "never let that secret escape you. I intend to make a national concern of it. I shall petition Government for the grant—get an Act of Parliament for the charter—raise a company with 500,000*l.* capital, and then erect works that will supply all England with iron—aye, perhaps, all Europe." On the usual inquiry of when? "My dear fellow," said he, "always do one thing at a time, that's my maxim. I shall be ready *next year!*"

To enumerate all poor Will's absurdities would be an endless task. At one time he talked of illuminating London with inflammable air—propelling carriages by machinery—recomposing cooper's chips into staves, and all these fine things were to be done *next year!*

I have known Hopeful now more than ten years, and he is still the same both in body and mind. He has the same dark, wandering, speculative eye, the same long, spare figure. He is one of a class of persons that is said never to die, but dries up, and is blown away. The last time I saw Hopeful, he accosted me with "Well, what do you think I am going to do?" "What you have been going to do all your life, I suppose—nothing!" "Your reproach is just," said he, "but I was about to tell you that I see my errors—that I will plan no more, but execute; think of my own affairs, instead of those of the whole human race; pay my own debts, instead of those of the nation: in short, instead of amassing imaginary fortunes by chimerical schemes, I will make a real one by the good old-fashioned mode of honest industry. What do you think of that, my friend?" I cordially shook him by the hand, and most sincerely delighted was I to congratulate him on such a resolution. "And when do you intend to commence this reform, Will?" I inquired. His reply was, "*Oh! next year!*"—*Monthly Magazine.*

THE BRITISH PRESS.

THE IMMENSE VALUE OF ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.

(From Rush's Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London.)

"IN three days a London Newspaper reaches every part of the kingdom, and in three months every part of the globe."

"One of the things that strike me most, is their press. I live north of Portman-square, nearly three miles from the House of Commons. By nine in the morning, the newspapers are on my breakfast-table containing the debate of the preceding night. This is the case though it may have lasted until one, two, or three in the morning. There is no disappointment; hardly a typographical error. The speeches on both sides are given with like care; a mere rule of justice, to be sure, without which the paper would have no credit, but fit to be mentioned where party feeling always runs as high as in England.

This promptitude is the result of what alone can produce it; an unlimited command of subdivided labour of the hand and mind. The proprietors of the great newspapers employ as many stenographers as they want. One stays until his sheet is full. He proceeds with it to the printing-office, where he is soon followed by another with his; and so on, till the last arrives. Thus the debate as it advances is in progress of printing, and when finished, is all in type but the last part. Sometimes it will occupy twelve and fourteen broad closely-printed columns. The proprietors enlist the most able pens for editorial articles; and as correspondents, from different parts of Europe. Their ability to do so, may be judged of from the fact, that the leading papers pay to the government an annual tax in stamps, of from twenty to fifty thousand pounds sterling. I have been told that some of them yield a profit of fifteen thousand sterling a-year, after paying this tax, and all expenses. The profits of "The Times" are said to have exceeded eighteen thousand a-year. The cost of a daily paper to a regular subscriber is about ten pounds sterling a-year. But subdivision comes in to make them cheap. They are circulated by agents at a penny an hour in London. When a few days old, they are sent to the provincial towns, and through the country at reduced prices. In this manner, the parliamentary debates and proceedings, impartially and fully reported, go through the nation. The newspaper sheet is suited to all this service, being substantial, and the type good. Nothing can exceed the dispatch with which the numerous impressions are worked off, the mechanical operations having reached a perfection calculated to astonish those who would examine them.

What is done in the courts of law, is disseminated in the same way. Every argument, trial, and decision, of whatever nature, or before whatever court, goes immediately into the newspapers. There is no delay. The following morning ushers it forth. I took the liberty of remarking to one of the judges, upon the smallness of the rooms in which the Courts of King's Bench and Chancery sit, when the proceedings were so interesting, that great numbers of the public would like to hear them. '*We sit,*' said he, '*every day in the newspapers.*' How much did that answer comprehend! What an increase of responsibility in the judge! I understood from a source not less high, that the newspapers are to be as much relied upon, as the books of law reports in which the cases are afterwards published; that in fact the newspaper report is the best, being generally the most full, as well as quite accurate. If not accurate, the newspaper giving it would soon fall before competitors. Hence, he who keeps his London daily paper, has, at the year's end, a volume of the annual law reports of the kingdom, besides all other matter.

In the discussions of the journals, editorial or otherwise, there is a remarkable fearlessness. Things that in Junius's time would have put London in a flame, pass almost daily without notice. Neither the sovereign nor his family are spared. Parliament sets the example, and the newspapers follow. Of this, the debates on the royal marriages in the course of the present month, give illustrations. There are countries in which the press is more free by law, than with the English; for although they impose no previous restraints, their definition of libel is inherently vague. But perhaps nowhere has the press so much latitude.

Every thing goes into the newspapers. In other countries, matter of a public nature may be seen in them; here, in addition, you see perpetually even the concerns of individuals. Does a private gentleman come to town? you hear it in the newspapers; does he build a house or buy an estate? they give the information; does he entertain his friends? you have all their names next day in type; is the drapery of a lady's drawing room changed from red damask and gold, to white damask and silver? the fact is publicly announced. So of a thousand other things. The first burst of it all upon Madame de Stael, led her to remark that the English had realized the fable of living with a window in their bosoms. It may be thought that this is confined to a class, who, surrounded by the allurements of wealth, seek emblazonment. If it were only so, the class is immense. But its influence affects other classes, giving each in their way, the habit of allowing their personal inclinations and objects to be dealt with in print; so that, altogether, these are thrown upon the public in England to an extent without parallel in any country, ancient or modern. When the drama at Athens took cognizance of private life, what was said became known first to a few listeners; then to a small town; but in three days, a London newspaper reaches every part of the kingdom, and in three months, every part of the globe.

CHANGES IN THE EAST.

WONDERS OF COMMERCE.

Hitherto, in its vast ramifications, the circulation of commerce has been maintained by the very insecurity of the government and by the greater consideration granted to this than to its sister blessings, agriculture and manufacture. In the thousands of leagues from east to west over which it extends, between latitudes nearly parallel, and climates not very dissimilar, if not all, at least many of the objects of commerce might have been produced in many other localities besides those to which they have been confined, and whence they have at present to be exported. It is thus, probably, that Tunis has remained so long in possession exclusively of the manufacture of red cap. Cashmere of shawls; that Mussulepatam has remained peculiarly celebrated for chintzes,

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Bagdat for brocades, Ispahan for velvets, Herat for carpets, Bochara for camelets and felts, Galconda, Guzerat, Mussul and Dacca, for muslins; ebony has continued to be brought from Cochin China, aloes from Chiamsi, benzoin and camphor from Sumatra and Java.* It is on this that our hopes of commercial prosperity must rest, that notwithstanding eastern despotism, the means of exchanging commodities are open. It is established, that our cottons and muslins, calicoes, chintzes, &c., are, if not better, infinitely cheaper than those of the East. Taste is gradually directing itself to our manufactures, and money less expended than formerly on furs, jewels, Persian and Damascus blades, ambey mouth-pieces and shawls. We may calculate, at no remote period, if indeed, political troubles are arrested, of supplying the necessaries as well as the luxuries of the whole of the eastern population, whose attention will thus be exclusiveiy directed to agriculture, and the furnishing of raw produce; when we can take from their produce in return for our wares, or find them the means of exchanging it. These changed circumstances are beginning to produce their effects. Persia, which lately drew raw silk from Turkey for its manufactures, now has commenced to import wrought silk from England; and the current of precious metals, which a few years ago carried yearly 5,000,000*l.* towards the east, is now drawn backwards by the spinning mules and power looms of England.

It is not in looking on the miracles of machinery, or the accumulation of wealth at home, that a just idea can be formed of the greatness of England, or of the influence she exercises on the fate of millions of men with whom she has no visible connexion. Take some remote village of Turkey, and trace there the effects of England's machinery. This village grows corn and tobacco and cotton; it has vines and flocks; it has enough of the necessaries of life for subsistence, and cotton, and wool, and hides, for clothing; and grows no more except the portion required by government, which, if the population is Turkish, is very small. This village, then, employs one half, say, of labour in agriculture, and one half is manufacturing its cotton into cloths, its wool into carpets, its hides into zarouchia, while fields lie uncultivated around it. It is removed from the road, not to be subject to the passage of troops, and so placed as to be hidden from the observation of travellers. Its inhabitants have no inducement to accumulate wealth, or to gain information; they are led to form no new desires, to feel no wants by intercourse or traffic with the surrounding country, because they find weaving their own cotton cheaper and less laborious than raising an additional supply of corn to exchange for the cotton cloth of their neighbours, who have no better machinery or greater expertness than themselves. But reduce prices so as to make it their interest to purchase—present the goods and the means of exchange, the whole scene instantly changes; communications are opened, connexions established, desires created, energies raised, and progress commences. Commerce naturally, in every case, has this effect, but how important is that effect, where the objects of it are the clothing of the mass of the nation? The manufacture of cotton is the principal in-door occupation of the greater portion of the East—of above sixty millions of men, with whom our future commerce will probably be carried on through the scales of the Levant—of men who are applying their labour to manufacture the cotton, and wool, and silk, that clothe them, while their fields lie uncultivated—under a climate producing all those articles which at present give the highest remuneration for labour. Throughout these vast and varied regions, these resources have lain dormant, as in the Turkish village; because hitherto the first object of necessity was not furnished to them cheap enough to induce them to forego its manufacture, and turn their attention to cultivation. How important, then, is it to establish the fact, that our cottons are at a sufficiently low price to induce them to forego the home manufacture! It is superfluous to follow out the vast consequences thence to be deduced; but it may not be uninstructive to remark, that perhaps a few pence diminution of price and charges in a pound sterling, may open or close the door of the market of a village, and for the same reason of a quarter of the globe, to our manufactures.

The village which was insulated before, now seeks to connect itself with the lines of communication with the principal marts; cultivation extends, wealth accumulates, instruction follows, desire for new objects increases, produce is raised, England's looms have called this prosperity into existence.

* This is a general rule with a whole host of exceptions. Silk in India, tobacco all over the East, tombac at Siraz, Sea Island cotton in Egypt. Ali Pasha attempted to transport the culture of the rose from Eski Serai to Castoria; his prototype Zalim of Kotah, attempted also to naturalize the Cashmere at Kotah; it has partially succeeded at Delhi; a colony of Damascus reproduces its steel at Mushed, &c.

MISCELLANEA.

Marriage.—Jacobus de Voragine, in twelve arguments pathetic, succinct, and elegant, thus describes the benefits of marriage.

1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase it.
2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help to get some.
3. Art thou in prosperity? She doubles it.
4. Art in adversity? She'll comfort, assist, bear part.
5. Art thou at home? She'll drive away melancholy.
6. Art thou abroad? She prays for thee, wishes thee at home, welcomes thee with joy.
7. Nothing is delightsome alone. No society is equal to marriage.
8. The bond of conjugal love is adamantine.
9. Kindred is increased, parents doubled, brothers, sisters, families, nephews.
10. Thou art a father by a legal and happy issue.
11. Barren matrimony is cursed by Moses. How much more a single life.
12. If nature escape not punishment, thy will shall not avoid it; as he sung it, that, without marriage:

Earth, air, sea, land, oft soon will come to nought,
The world itself would be to ruin brought.

Recipe for a Wife.—Good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connexion, domestie habit, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversation, talents, elegant manners—*Money!*—[Found in a Bachelor's Portfolio.]

A hint to Belles.—Be not led away by each meteor of a spark, or too readily yield your hearts to an elegant and agreeable exterior, for the serpent is often ambushed beneath the fairest flower. Let not your reason be blinded by love, or your sense enslaved by passion, above all seek not to make captives by personal accomplishments alone, nor trust too much in an enchanting face; for recollect

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

One Letter!—A letter was lately found, in which one friend spoke so freely of another, that it led to an irreconcilable quarrel. "I am surprised," observes W., "that such bitter hostility should arise out of so trivial a cause." "I am not at all," replied J., "it is quite natural; for *a friend* becomes *a fiend* if you drop a letter."

SINGULAR FALLS.

We have heard of the fall of Lucifer, and the fall of Cromwell, and the fall of Wolsey, but one of the pleasantest tumbles upon record, was that of Mr. John Fell, who, when he removed from one part of the Metropolis to another, wrote over his door "*I Fell* from Holborn-hill."

MINISTERS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN HOLLAND.

(Appointed by the King of the Netherlands.)

Amsterdam, { Alex. Mackintosh, D. D. / Alex. B. Mackey, A. M.
Rotterdam, { Wm. Macphall. / Wm. Steven, A. M.
Dortrecht, - - - Jas. Morgan, A. M.
Middleburg and Flushing, Geo. Morison, A. M.

A BOY'S LETTER.

The following specimen of a boy's letter is from *Mr. ~~Annual~~ of* 1832. We do not remember to have seen it, until the other day. There is such a truth of character in it—so much of that spirit of drollery, mixed with mischief, which often prevails in the young human being of the male sex—that we cannot help declaring it to be, in its own words, "capital fun." The letter proceeds from a country boy, to what the polite letter-writer would call "his friend in town:"

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holydays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on Cordroys, and don't care for the cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school, to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a-fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly, to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon, when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you—run away. Remember you turn up Goswell street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll shew you the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by firing it off.

A PUFF.

A seller of cheap articles in Dublin, has the following puff at the head of an advertisement:

'What will the world come to? Only think of silk parasols at 17*d.* and 18*d.* each!" "What will the world come to?" said a son of a sod as he read this; "why, to the *shads* at this rate, what else?"

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WANTED—A WIFE.

THE following curious document has been published in the Parish of North Creake:—

"*May no mis-carriage prevent my marriage.*"

Jeremiah Southgate, of North Creake, Norfolk, intends to be married at Syderstone Church, on Thursday before Michaelmas-day. when that may happen, and to return to North Creake to dine.—Mr. Reeve gives a goose to be roasted; Mr. Elliot gives a hen to be roasted; Mr. Rowe gives a pig to be roasted; Mr. Hendry gives a calf to be roasted; and Mr. Fairclogh Brett gives one stone of flour; and in order that the meat should be well basted, do you see, Mrs. Ludman, Mr. Jarriotte, Mrs. Fitte, Mrs. Sharpe, Mr. Brett, Mrs. Sutton, and Mrs Palfield, do each give a pound of butter. The said Jeremiah Southgate will provide every thing else suitable to so festive an occasion, and hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present disengaged, and he advises them to consider that though there be luck in leisure, yet in this case delays are dangerous: for with him, he is determined first come first served.

"So come along lasses, who wish to be married,
Jeremiah Southgate is vex'd that so long he has tarry'd."

Aug. 1833.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF AN INK-MAKER'S SHOP BILL.

At the Shop *Shun-wang*—very good Ink—fine, fine, Ancient shop—grandfather, father and self make this ink,—fine and hard, very hard,—picked out, very fine and black, before now,—sell very good Ink, prime cost very high. This ink is very heavy,—so is good. No one makes like it. Others who make ink, make it for money, and to cheat; I only make it for a name. Plenty of gentlemen know my ink. My family never cheats, always bears a good name. I make ink for the "Son of Heaven," and all the mandarins round. All A-kwan-tsae's (gentlemen) must come to my shop and know my name!

We have long been in the habit of considering Mr. Warren, of No. 30, Strand, London, and the Lottery Office keepers in America, as the princes of the noble art of "puffing," but have been recently convinced that our friends, the Chinese, leave them far behind. The above translation of an ink-maker's card, will vie with the most perfect of the celebrated Blacking-manufacturer's tributes to the charms of his "liquid jet." It is not easy to say, whether the Chinese jet-maker "keeps a poet," but from the style of the document, there is every reason to believe that the ingenious gentlemen who celebrate blacking in hexameters, and make sonnets on the Doctrine of Chances are not confined to Europe and America.—*Chinese Courier, April* 6.

Patronage.—Not long after Benjamin Franklin had commenced editor of a newspaper, he noticed with considerable freedom the public conduct of one or two influential persons in Philadelphia. This circumstance was regarded by some of his patrons with disapprobation, and induced one of them to convey to Franklin the opinion of his friends with regard to it. The Doctor listened with patience to the reproof, and begged the favour of his friend's company at supper, on an evening which he named; at the same time requesting the other gentlemen who were dissatisfied with him should attend. The Doctor received his guests cordially, his editorial conduct was canvassed, and some advice given. Supper was at last announced, and the guests invited to an adjoining room. The table was only supplied with two puddings, and a stone pitcher filled with water. All were helped; none could eat but the Doctor. He partook freely of the pudding, and urged his friends to do the same; but it was out of the question—they tasted and tried in vain. When their host saw the difficulty was unconquerable, he rose and addressed them, "My friends, any one who can subsist upon saw-dust pudding and water, as I can, needs no man's patronage."—*Watson's Annals of Philadelphia.*

The Polite Magistrate.—"His delicacy was proverbial. I myself was present on more than one occasion when he was engaged on a criminal investigation. 'My honest friend,' said he to a regular ruffian, 'my honest friend, you are found guilty of felony.' At another time I have the most distinct recollection of his taking an examination thus: Sir Diggory questions—(he had a little peculiarity of repeating the answers made to him)—and the man replies; bear this in mind, and you'll understand the affair in a trice. 'My good friend, you are brought before me on a charge of murder; what have you to observe on the subject?' 'Eh, your worship.' (Those hardened wretches are always so ignorant.) 'How did it happen?' 'Why, thus, your worship:—Jem was very saucy, and said has how he would knock the breath out of my body.' 'Good! And what did you reply?' 'Nothing; I floored him.' 'Good! and then—' 'Why, then, your worship, they took him up, and found that his head was cut open.' 'His head was cut open! Good! and what followed?' 'After that, your worship, they gathered him up to take him to the dispensary; but he died on the road.' 'He died on the road! Very good!'"

Moving Trees.—The following is Mr. Baker's account of the experiment (conveying plants and fruit-trees by sea):—"In regard to the means I possess of conveying live plants of the white mulberry of Italy to Bombay, you will indulge with me in the expectation of the success of my endeavours when I inform you that when in Aleppo, for four years successively, I received annually, from Messrs. Martin, Bardin, and Co., of Camberry, in Savoy, 200 to 300 grafted trees of all the fruits of Europe, which were sent to me packed in damp moss, without requiring any watering or care on board ship, but thrown into the hold, like any package of dry goods, and after having been thus necessarily deprived of light, air, earth, and water, for five months, I have sometimes, on unpacking them, found the tree in blossom. It has been planted, and I have, in two or three instances, eaten of the fruit of that very blossom."—*Alexander's East India Magazine.*

Custom-house Homage to the Fine Arts.—It was comparatively an easy matter to get into Tours: the difficulty was to get out of it. In almost all the provincial towns of France, the ignorance and stupidity of the police and other functionaries are very remarkable. Most of them appear even to write with difficulty; and if a question arises requiring the slightest exertion of their own judgment or common sense, they are all at sea. At Tours they refused, for a long time, to *viser* our passport for Nantes, because it was not the original English document, although it bore distinctly the declaration of the prefect of police, that 'it was to stand in the place of the English one, which had not arrived from Calais.' This, however, was the objection of the sous-chefs, and was overruled by the mayor; but he, on his part was anxious to know what possible business we could have in the seat of rebellion. It was in vain to say that the authorities at Paris would have *vised* the passport at once for Nantes, if we had desired it: he, the mayor, 'did not know us—we were strangers in the country, and journeying without apparent object to the centre of disaffection.' In this difficulty the Arts came to our relief. We had fortunately in our possession a few of the beautiful engravings of this volume, and a copy of the 'Picturesque Annual' for last year. The mayor's heart opened as he gazed, 'Aha!' said he, 'that is another thing. They are superb! You English are a very strange people—a very extraordinary people! But come, since I perceive that you are *only a Walter Scott*, why you must go where you please!'"—*Ritchie's Wanderings.*

Parties.—Through life, I have observed, there is no superfluous civility that brings more dissatisfaction to its donor than parties; those that are not invited, become his enemies, while those that are, receive the intended compliment only as their due, and depart ridiculing the inadequacy of his efforts.—It is even worse with those who are concerned in a political party. They make substantial enemies, who never forget them, and acquire friends, who will always forget——to remember them.

The Fleas.—We were much astonished and entertained, yesterday, at the Exhibition of the "Industrious Fleas," in Regent Street. The most curious part of the exhibition is, perhaps, the Ball Room, in which, whilst some of the Fleas dance a waltz, others are in the orchestra playing on instruments, the music of which is audible. The information given to us respecting the process of instruction, which the fleas undergo, by their ingenious tutor, Mr. Bertolotto, was not the least interesting circumstance of our visit.—*National Omnibus.*

Discovery of Oil Painting.—The discovery of painting in oil is generally attributed to Van Eyk, who taught it to Antonio of Messina, and by him imparted to Dominica Beccafumi; the latter taught the art to Andrea del Castagna, who, eager to become the sole possessor of the art, assassinated his friend and benefactor, as he then flourished without suspicion loaded with riches and honours. On his death-bed however the horrors of guilt overtook him, he made a full confession of his crimes, and died detested and execrated by his fellow citizens in 1480, aged seventy years.

Exclusion of Lawyers from Parliament.—By an Act the 5th Henry IV. Lawyers were excluded from Parliament, because they were generally auditors of men on property, and considered as retainers, receiving annual stipends. On the 20th November, in the 20th year of James I. a proclamation was issued in which the voters for members of parliament were directed "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who may seek reputation by stirring needless questions."

British Trade with China.—From a list published in our *Price Current*, it will be seen that the number of vessels under the British flag which arrived in China during the last year amounted to eighty-seven. Of these nine (H. C. ships) were from London direct; twenty-four from Calcutta; thirty-one from Bombay; two from Madras; one from New South Wales; four from Java; six from Singapore; eight from Manilla; and two from cruises on the coast.—*Canton Register, May* 3.

The Signs.—At a public dinner at Brighton, (600 persons present) a speaker said he liked neither Whig nor Tory; he wanted to see a Radical Ministry, Mr. Hume, Premier; and Mr. Faithful, Chancellor.

News from Jamaica, (Sept. 15.)—A packet just arrived in the river, announces that there is at length a feeling of general satisfaction on the Slave Emancipation Bill.

The talent of choosing Men for Office.—A Greek lawyer of considerable celebrity, speaking of the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, Sir Frederick Adam, said,—"*Poveretto ha buone intenzioni qualche volta, non ha il talento della scelta: cosa volete?*" Poor man! he has sometimes good intentions, but you see he wants the talent of choosing men: what can you expect?—*Colonel Napier.*

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OBSTACLES TO HUMAN SUCCESS,
Arising out of the Obstinacy or Jealousy of Others.

YOUNG Linnæus, whose instinctive partialities for natural objects were ignorantly misinterpreted into a disinclination for study, was threatened by his father with being bound to a shoemaker. But the entreaty of his friends, and the importunity of the youth himself, succeeded in bending the mind of the parent, and Linnæus was finally sent to the University; there, however, only to encounter fresh difficulties; for it is well known that whilst there he suffered from the want of books, of clothes, and even of food, being compelled to patch up his shoes with the bark of trees. When, afterwards, Linnæus was sent by the Academy of Sciences into Lapland, to explore the vegetation of that country, he was allowed no more than a pittance which was scarcely sufficient for his subsistence. Again, on his return, after he had begun to give lectures at the University, it was discovered by a jealous rival that he was without a degree; and as the regulations of the institution required that qualification in a professor, so the want of it was urged successfully against him. Difficulties and perils are then the lot of every great mind in this world. Was not Priestly driven from his native town by fire and sword, and, what was still more terrific, the ruthless anger of fanaticism? Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lost his practice, and finally had his house and library burned by the mob, who believed that he must have been studying the "black art." Even Arkwright, who is generally spoken of as one of the most fortunate of men, had to go into the Court of King's Bench to have his right of patent tried, and was compelled to undergo the most mortifying tribulations, and to meet a considerable amount of expense in defending his interests. A still more forcible example of an innocent victim to prejudices was the late Mr. Fulton, who first introduced the steam-boat in America. After being the laughing-stock of every body while pursuing his object, and making experiments, he at length announced that he was prepared to take a boat up the Hudson River, and solicited passengers to come on board and witness his success. Many came, and to their very great surprise, the boat moved forward upon her course. It had not proceeded far, however, before it stopped abruptly, and the general voice immediately exclaimed at the absurdity of the project! "We said it would never succeed!" &c. Fulton addressed them mildly; declaring that he did not know the cause at present, but if they would have a little patience, he would descend and see. He did so, and soon rectifying the error, the boat again moved forward, and amidst the incessant cavilling of the learned and unlearned fools, their momentary expectation of another and a final stoppage, proceeded steadily till it reached Albany, and then returned to New York; thus performing a distance of nearly three hundred miles. When, however, they had reached home, as Fulton writes in a letter to a friend, "he was still doomed to be disappointed: imagination superseded fact; they said he could not do it again, and if he could, what was the use of it?"

But the most unsatisfactory consideration, after all, is this, that notwithstanding the illumination that has been shed in modern times on every subject—notwithstanding the progress of knowledge, and of intellectual light, in every class of society, still the melancholy fact is as true with respect to the present times as it was at any former period, that a man of the greatest genius is as liable to be starved as ever. The causes which used to bring about this sad result, are still, argues our author, in existence, and the only difference in their operation at present, is in nothing more than the manner. * *

SELECT NOTICES.

Parliament.—We recommend to our readers, the perusal of Mr. Hill's speech on Slavery, as reported in the *Parliamentary Mirror* of the 10th of June. One paragraph is striking. "While I am on the subject of compensation," observed Mr. Hill, "let me congratulate the House that the Slave does not add to our difficulties, by himself demanding compensation; for I confess I know not how we should resist his claim."——*Dr. Chalmers.*—This gentleman appears to have been the great centre of attraction in England during the months of July and August. He was hailed in London by all that was distinguished in greatness and in rank. A festival took place at Cambridge, Trinity Hall, at which the Doctor was present. The University of Scotland, and the healths of Dr. Chalmers, Sir D. Brewster, and Professor Forbes, were drank with great enthusiasm.——*Pompeii.*—The supposed discovery of the old port of Pompeii, turns out to be an error. What were mistaken for the masts of ships, are ascertained to be the remains of the cypress-trees, covered by the eruption of volcanic materials from Vesuvius. ——*Egypt.*—The Pasha of Egypt is resolved on attempting to cut the long-projected canal between the Nile and the Red Sea across the Isthmus of Suez; and has sent to Europe to make arrangements for carrying the design into effect.—*Botany.*—The Home Government has sent out a gentleman of known abilities, as Botanist to Australia, with a salary of £600.——*Zoological Gardens.*—No less than 82,507 persons visited the Society's Gardens, near London, in May and June.——*Plate.*—In the days of Charles I. the Duke of Buckingham's service of plate was valued at £80,000.——*Military sacrifice of life.*—The 31st Regt. landed at St. Lucia, 776 strong in May,—by the latter end of October following, there were only sixteen fit for duty."——*Again.*—In four years it is estimated that the Europeans had decreased in the West Indies, from 20,000 to 7,000. ——*Play Acting.*—The average receipts of Covent Garden Theatre for five seasons, ending in 1815, were £86,096; and the average of five seasons, ending 1832, were £47,148!! And three successive lessees of Drury Lane Theatre have totally failed within the last ten years.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(By VIVIAN.)

THE readers of this Journal will, we are persuaded, derive considerable satisfaction in reading the Leading Article of the present Number. It should awaken (as we have no doubt it will,) general attention, and be more extensively published than is within the compass of our own comparatively-confined limits. It is a document that will unquestionably engage the attention, not only of the people at home, but of the Parliament itself. It unfolds the triumphs of industry on the part of the British Settlers, which we think has no parallel in history.

In general, the Cape colony is happily in a prosperous condition, and still brighter days, we trust, under God's good blessing, awaits it. Surely, there is much reason for a day of general thanksgiving for all that is enjoyed in this climate of health and peace. And the more so, when we contemplate the distresses at home, and read the heart-rending accounts just received of the plague, pestilence, famine, storm, tempest, earthquake, and generally depressed state of British India.

PORT NATAL.

We are glad to learn that the mercantile body of Cape Town are about to institute enquiries into the advantages held out for the purposes of trade at Port Natal; and, should these prove worthy, to take measures for the formation and *protection* of an establishment at that place.

SWIMMING.—BATHING.

DEPENDENT as we are in Southern Africa on the facilities and resources of the ocean which are attached to our coasts, and which invite our familiarity, it is quite surprising that the youth of the colony should have so long suffered themselves to remain ignorant

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of the *art of swimming*. We ought at the Cape to be almost amphibious—the art of swimming should form one of the primary elements of our colonial education. But the very reverse is the case. We know well enough that many parents entertain a perfect horror of the water, but that parent acts without forethought, who prevents his child from learning to swim—because the chances are full ten thousand to one in his favour, that, during his noviciate, no accident will occur to him; while there is at least the same odds, if, in after life, he happen to be plunged into deep water, against his being rescued. How many fine young fellows, the pride of their families,—how many young men in the vigour of life, husbands and fathers, have been drowned in comparative puddles, which a child who had taken ten lessons from an older playmate, could have crossed lightly as a cork! But the great *professor* of the art of swimmiug is the FROG,—a creature which, for ages past, has taught the human tyro gratis.

Then, again, think of sea-bathing as a source of purity and health! And do you ask the *time when?* We say, the morning for ever! Be at the sea side before the bee has done snoring, or Mynheer has taken his morning *sopie*—strip while the swallow, preparing for his first flight, is shaking his feathers—before the *snoek* has taken his first nibble, or the *kabbeljau* its matinal snack. Heed not the trash which old women—male and female—babble about waiting until the waters are warmed by the rays of the summer sun,—attend to us, and bathe in the grey dawn.

THE SLAVERY OF CAPE ETIQUETTE.

"THE Colony will not be worth a rush," said a worthy civil servant some few years since,—"the introduction of this rascally press will cause the *topsy-turvey* of every thing. We sha'n't be allowed to think and act for ourselves, and as for 'the good old practice' of knocking your black fellow down or giving him a —— hiding, why the consequence will be that you will be *served out* by the newspapers."

Now, the latter part of the story is all very true, and just as it ought to be. And the press has, moreover, exercised its legal power in the investigation of every subject connected with the thinking and doing of man in his every political, commercial, moral, and religious transaction. We know well enough that these iuquiries most heartily provoked the "proud flesh" of the colony—we mean that portion of it which may be classed among the

Eunuchi sapientiæ,

We are by no means certain that these tenth class of brains are extinct—on the contrary—and, therefore, to our text.

We consider the colony to be greatly behind-hand in intelligence, public spirit, and independence from its devotedness to the superfluities of shallow etiquette and empty parade. We recollect on a certain occasion, the village of Caledon all in ferment, because, forsooth, we trundled a wheel barrow in the minister's garden, and delved with the mattock and the spade. Such conduct was *out of order;* if the *whites* work, the *blacks* won't. And yet the poor villagers were steeped in poverty, and their gardens exhibiting the wildest negligence and confusion. The time was, too, when a school boy was followed by a little slave urchin or old woman to carry his A. B. C book, his *Murray*, his *Korte Schets der Christelyke Leer*, or his *Eerste Gronden der Nederduitsche Taal.* These things are bettered, still there is an immense reluctance on the part of some young men, and in office too, even to convey a book or a parcel, though secured genteely with *pink tape.* As for a *blue bag*, this is quite out of the question. Many are the squabbles we have witnessed on this head. Carry a blue bag, indeed! What next for the poor colonists! And all this attachment to old proudish customs, governs and binds whole families, and extends to the *very servants.* Well do we know the opposition made by *our* head man on the introduction of *coals.* Wood was far the best to cook with, and the old *iron pot* made the meat far more *kostlyke* than the infamous whirl-a-gig, roasting-jack, or House-oven. Then, again the introduction of a *toasting-fork,* was a perfect libel on the sinewy potency of the hand of the toaster. And as for *bellows*, what toyism to introduce a system at once opposed to the good old custom of going down on *all-fours*, and puffing with a living breath, and participating in all the pleasurable sensations of dying of the *choak.* The fact is, that we have obtained a victory over the *iron pot* system, but as for *toasting-fork* and *bellows*, the antediluvians have been a match for us. Nay—to such a pitch does the power of custom operate on the human mind, that we have seen a servant toiling away in bringing water from a distant pump for household purposes, rather than receive it on the premises from *newly* laid resources.

But let us extend our inquiries to a higher grade. What a fuss there is about *first* calls, and *first* visits, and *returning thanks' cards,* and accepting or refusing *invites.* Honest souls that we are, we some years since declined an invitation to dine at Government House—just because we told the truth—that a previous engagement prevented our acceptance of the kind request to partake of

"Fish and good fare."

We gave offence, and on submitting the matter to an *arbiter elegantiarum* of the *beau-monde*, we were seriously told that our conduct was a direct affront to the higher powers, and that we should have broken faith with every engagement, so as to have done honour to the head of the *first circle!*

Again, looking into the towns and villages, how impeded is the march of free and independent intercourse arising from the influence of vain shew, empty parade, and frivolous etiquette. Even disunion is carried to the very churches: and just because the church regulations feed that spirit of etiquette of which we complain. Many are the ludicrous scenes that often occur in the churches: these would be invaluable for a Hogarth to paint, or a Peter Pindar to satirize. *Rules for precedence* are attached to the churches extending to upwards of five and twenty grades of society.* The geneology of the parties is, we suspect, not taken into an account, else there might be some curious data to found reflection. The artificial sub-divisions of society in small places produce misery and disquietude—there are as many sub-divisions as families; each is afraid of compromising its own dignity, and thus discord and animosity prevail.

This emptyness of etiquette, and the attachment to *hollow* customs, discovers itself in almost every weekly newspaper. We see it in the history of death's farewells, *fire escapes*, &c. all of which are nothing less than the spirit of *puff;* not the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff oblique—but the puff direct!

Lastly, let a just estimate be taken of the

* We once entered the *Paarl* Church, when we were accosted by a gentleman in black, who demanded what we were by *rank.* We were really puzzled in this affair; notwithstanding that distributor of degrees, the Cape Almanack, had placed us among the *Squirearchy.*

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etiquette methods and manners of that portion of people, who arrogate to themselves the right of being of a higher order than their neighbours. Their passions and affections, their loves and friendships, are so encumbered with dull rites and irrelevant forms, that they can scarcely live under the load. They accumulate drapery and figure work, till the substance is quite buried under shew, and nothing remains but hollow signs and heartless appearances; till dropping a card at his door is a *visit* to an acquaintance, and sending an empty coach or gig to his funeral is *mourning* for a friend. The worst effect of these forms and superfluities is, they break down the energies of the mind, and thoroughly incapacitate a man from *acting or thinking for himself*, with directness and promptitude. The fatal capture of Louis XVI. at Varennes, was caused as Mad. de Stael declares, "by some delays of form and ceremony, without which, it was impossible for the King to get into his coach;" as for bundling him in at once, and scampering off with him for his life, as though he had been nothing but a man in his senses, it was not to be thought of. True, the danger was pressing, and nothing less than death—but the cocket-hat, the bag-wig, the *gold stick!* and the *silver stick!* and all other sticks, bearing or borne, would you think of neglecting them for a moment, or in any moment?

Our readers will be able to discover the drift of our remarks much better, perhaps, than we can clothe our ideas in language. At the same time, some may be ready to ask—What! do you want to get rid of the polite attractions and good manners, attentions and civilities, of civilized life? No, we do not: but it is the *tinsel* of which we complain; it is the heartlessness of *counterfeit* compliments, the mere artifice of outside show, the pomp and circumstance of the emblazoned courtesies of *pretence*, opposed to which we would place those "ten thousand *quiet attentions*," which, as the late inestimable Mrs. H. More justly observes, "are the surest way to a delicate heart."

THE POOR ATTENDED GRATIS.

This important subject has at length been taken up as it deserves. We have always thought the notice—"*the poor attended gratis*," affixed to a professional man's card, to be a mere clap-trap, degrading he who proposes it and they who receive it. It not only encourages the poor to habits of improvidence, but it teaches dishonesty of principle. What right has that man to come before a medical man as a pauper, when it is well known in innumerable instances, that he and many more similar to himself are shareholders in the Savings' Bank? We should be sorry to check the full tide of charity, flow as it may, but we cannot help thinking that much positive evil is attendant on those schemes of modern charity, in which, perhaps, a singleness and integrity of purpose may be a-wanting. There may be the *dust*, and *smoke*, and *din* of philanthropy; school may rival school, and teachers canvas for scholars; there may be the *bazaar* and the ball; much *female commotion and fair impertinence;* the ladies may stand at their stalls in all the bravery of attire, and traffic, and exposure, but we can tell them that a vagrant charity but ill compensates for a deserted hearth, a distracted economy, and a loose domestic government. *Home! sweet, sweet, Home!* is, after all, the best nucleus of national morality and disinterested charity. But we are, perhaps, wandering from our subject—what we wish to observe is, that we think *the poor*, so denominated, are considerably injured by many of the ill-judged charities of the day;—walking on the public crutch they refuse to rely on their own endeavours,—hence, their endless cravings require endless supplies. Our meaning is better illustrated as follows. A London clergyman has, in a vein of happy humour, pointed out the *abuses* to which the facilities of obtaining public assistance are liable:

He supposes a young weaver of twenty-two marrying a servant-girl of nineteen. Are they provident against the prospects of a family—do they economise—toil—retrench?—No: they live in Spitalfields, and rely upon the Charitable Institutions. The wife gets a ticket for the "Royal Maternity Society,"—she is delivered for nothing—she wants baby-linen—the Benevolent Society supply her. The child must be vaccinated—he goes to the Hospital for Vaccination. He is eighteen months old, "he must be got out of the way;"—he goes to the Infant School;—from thence he proceeds, being "distressed," to the Educational Clothing Society, and the Sunday Schools. Thence he attains to the Clothing Charity Schools. He remains five years—he is apprenticed gratis to a weaver—he becomes a journeyman—the example of his parents are before his eyes—he marries a girl of his own age—his child passes the ancestral round of charities—his own work becomes precarious—but his father's family was for years in the same circumstances, and was always saved by charity; to charity, then, he again has recourse. Parish gifts of coals, and parish gifts of bread, are at his disposal. Spitalfields' Associations, Soup Societies, Benevolent Societies, Pension Societies—all fostering the comfortable luxury of living gratuitously—he comes at length to the more fixed income of parish relief—"he begs an extract from the parish register, proves his settlement by the charity-school indenture of apprenticeship, and quarters his family on the parish, with an allowance of five shillings a week. In this uniform alternation of voluntary and compulsory relief, he draws towards the close of his mendicant existence. Before leaving the world, he might, perhaps, return thanks to the public. He has been born for nothing—he has been nursed for nothing—he has been clothed for nothing—he has been educated for nothing—he has been put out in the world for nothing—he has had medicine and medical attendance for nothing—and he has had his children also born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked—for nothing!

FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK.

Worcester, Stellenbosch, and Paarl,* are remarkable for the dearth of intellect. Indeed, the Dutch clergyman at the latter place lately thanked God from the pulpit, that the *march of intellect* had not crossed the mountains!! At George, Swellendam, Uitenhage, and other places, the *progress of society* is evident. The inhabitants think and read. The people of the *dark places* enumerated, have their physical wants well supplied, it is true; but the food for the mind, as necessary to the moral being of man as bread is to his physical existence, is absolutely wanting: the circulation of ideas, as essential to the existence of a nation as the circulation of blood is to the life of man, is denied to them.

* The English School and the Book Society have fallen at this place, much to the disgrace of the men who should have watched and protected them.

ANOTHER GLANCE AT CAPT. OWEN'S VOYAGE TO AFRICA, &c.

With respect to the important question how far the introduction of civilized society into the scenes of savage life influenced the latter, the members of the expedition are not in a situation to give an answer which can be considered as at all decisive. It is true that the savages in this part of the world have had before them the example of Portuguese settlers for no less a period than three whole centuries, and there is every reason for concluding, that these settlers were as civilized a people as could be chosen from the European nations. But then, when we consider how little the intercourse of the Portuguese with the natives was calculated to make them respect or confide in the strangers, we shall be enabled at once to determine the probability that the unthinking conduct of the Portuguese completely neutralized the influence of their example towards ameliorating the rude natures of the Kaffers. But if we are to believe the authority before us, not only did the Portuguese fail to change the natural habits of these tribes, but they even *destroyed whatever of civilization had existed amongst them;* and it has been observed by the travellers, that wherever the jurisdiction of the Portuguese extended, there, and there alone, did they find it necessary to take precautions against the dishonesty and petty cunning of the inhabitants. Upon this great subject, however, we are willing to listen to the inferences which long experience, united with wisdom, have given rise to; nor is it without a melancholy feeling that we submit our minds to the sad probabilities contained in the following passage, with which this work closes:—

"But after all it is doubtful whether civilization can be imparted, whether it is not a spontaneous growth which must first be planted by the hand of an all-just and wise Creator. The mind of the savage must be prepared by a modification of the fiery passions of his nature, before he changes his state; he cannot at once see the advantages of a civilized over his own wild life, and must therefore by a *gentle and well-directed* hand be subdued to reason; for to try at once to introduce civilization into the mind of the savage, is like breaking the shell of the chrysalis in order to extract the dormant moth. It is one of the operations of nature which time alone can accomplish, and which any hasty or premature attempt serves only to destroy."

THE CAPE MUSEUM.

In the absence of the many sights at the Cape, there is *one* possessing deep interest, and which should be more generally visited and studied than is the case—we mean the *Cape Museum*. The recent improvements, beauty, and enlargement of this splendid collection, is at once the delight and wonder of the visitors. Why are not the inhabitants more alive to an institution so worthy a personal and family inspection?

If we delight to see the evidence of consummate skill and wisdom, where can we find them more abundantly exhibited than in the unrivalled collection of *birds* at our Museum? Or, if beauty

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charm us, where is it more lavishly displayed than in their wondrous plumage? And next to the glorious displays of Creative Wisdom in these beauteous forms, is the exquisite skill of the artists in the arrangement. They have studiously copied nature in the very habits and attitudes of the feathered tribe to such a degree, as to excite the unqualified delight of the beholder. Then, again, the quadruped specimens in the Museum excite feelings of admiration. On this head, we have heard some persons hold, what they have been pleased to term *stuffed articles*, in contempt. Surely it is no unimportant study to the philosopher or the political economist to witness representations of those animals from all parts of the world, which supply the human kind with dress. How many thousands of poor individuals are covered with the skin of the seal: the poorest peasant of any civilized part of Europe derives his clothing not only from one, but many species of animals. The *ox*, the *dog*, the *sheep*, the *beaver*, the *rabbit*, and the *mole;* in almost every instance, contribute their direct contingent to the apparel, to the humblest individual of Europe, who is not absolutely a mendicant; and with reference to the dress and ornamental appendages of individuals of elevated rank, to the animals already mentioned, may be added the *deer*, the *goat*, the *camel*, the *elephant*, the *ermine*, and numerous other animals which supply the various and rich furs of commerce; the *ostrich*, and many other birds; and even the *oyster*, and the *puny coral architect*, also contributes to the wealth of nations.

Again, (for we want to stir up our readers on the subject,) with reference to general commerce, and the arts and economical purposes of life, there are other portions of natural history of no less importance, than the foregoing. How many different substances as *leather*, and *parchment*, and *glue;* and what various instruments either for common use, or ornament, or amusement, are manufactured from *skin*, and *horn*, and *bone*, and *ivory!* With respect to the last-mentioned, of which substance, indeed, it is a highly interesting fact, that the world has not been supplied with it solely from the two still existing species of elephant, but also, and in a very large proportion, from the extinct and fossil species. Under the name of *licorne fossile*, the tusks of the extinct species have *for ages* been an object of commerce in the Russian dominions: and M. Pallas describes the abundance of the fossil tusks to be such, that they are found in every direction throughout the greatest part of north-eastern Russia.

If we only consider the amount of the consumption of *wax* and *honey*, of what importance is not that little insect the *bee!* and the same observation may be made with reference to the *silk-worm*, and the *cochineal!*

Lastly, for it is necessary to bring the present subject to a close, what immense advantages accrue to commerce and navigation, from the traffic in even a very few species of fish; as the *whale*, the *cod*, the *herring*, and the *pilchard!* So great, indeed, are those advantages, that the question of the right of fishery on a particular coast, has sometimes been the occasion of involving the most powerful nations in expensive wars: for these fisheries, at the same time, that they are a source of immense riches to individuals, constitute, as it were, a nursery for the hardiest race of sailors; and thus become of the highest importance of a national point of view.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE SAVINGS' BANK.

SINCE the foundation of this admirable Institution in Cape Town, in 1831, upwards of forty thousand pounds sterling have been deposited. It is also branching out in the Country Districts. In the following places Savings' Banks have been established—Graham's Town, Graaff-Reinet, Stellenbosch, Swellendam, &c. Every success must attend these Societies, as long as their Directors and Managers go forward in the discharge of their duties with persevering fidelity.

CAPE WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

Why does it appear unlikely that our new Jetty will be completed under the present administration?

Because the Reformed Parliament are averse to the creation of *Peers*.

Not long since, an elegant chariot, with a happy-looking couple, drove up to the office of the Matrimonial Court. Curiosity led a crowd of persons to witness the alighting. "Who are they?" was the general inquiry. "All I know about it," observed a bye-stander, "is, that the gentleman is a *flambeaux*." The name of the lady was Flamme.

Passing by the Shambles the other day, A. observed to B. "do but look at the tempting appearance of that loin of pork. How fresh and beautiful,

"Blushing celestial rosy red."

"No wonder," replied B. "when the name of *John Milton*, pork butcher, is written over the door."

Hand Bills.—Two hand-bills of last week announced that Mr. *Wolf* had good slaughter oxen for sale, and Mr. *Shepherd* extra fine sheep.

Sale of Household Furniture.—"All sorts of household furniture; such as Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, Earthen Ware, a House Clock, 30 *male and female slaves*."—(*Advertisement in the Zuid-Afrikaan, signed M. C. A. Neethling.*)

All sorts of Merchandise.—"All sorts of Merchandise, consisting of linen and woollen goods, some bags of sugar, coffee, rice; a shooting horse, with saddle and bridle, two fowling pieces, an able and healthy African *Boy*, 19 years of age, &c."——(*Advertisement, Zuid-Afrikaan, signed J. G. Faure.*)

A Revolution at Sea.—The Fenella. "The vessel and several of the crew were drowned at Port Louis, and the *vessel* was *in the command* of the mate!"—*(Advertiser.)*

In large capitals "FOOLSCAP Paper" has been advertised in Cape Town, as "particularly useful to *Barristers!*" Why were not the *Clients* included in the affair?

Proposal.—The Kat River settlement of the Hottentot nation, is declared to be superior to any thing in Scotland! And the worthy Aborigines of this colony are set up as an example to the Scottish peasantry!!! The name of *Nova Scotia* should be immediately transferred to the Kat River.

The South Easter of the Cape is generally denominated *the Doctor*, on account of the health which it brings in the breeze. "It may be so," said a visiter the other day, "but it is certainly no *Oculist*."

Milk a-day.—The newspapers announce, by advertisement, that Mr. DONALD CAMERON'S cow gives 45 bottles of "Milk-a day." What new fluid is this?

"NOT PRESENT, YOUR WORSHIP;" OR, *An Absentee in Judicio.*

IT is the practice upon the non-appearance of a defendant, for the messenger of the court to call out his name three times in some such clear and audible tones as the London Cries are daily to be heard in the streets of the metropolis. In the Resident Magistrate's Court last week, the messenger called out the *defendant's name* most stentoriously with a thrice good vociferation, and concluded with the important information of "not present," your worship. *The messenger himself was the defendant.*

CONVERSAZIONE, &c.

(From actual Life.)

1. "The Hottentots are the most idle, lazy, *indigent* race on the face of the globe."

2. "After a man has been many years in a warm climate, he becomes so *addicted* to it, that he is quite *neutralized*."

3. "No—I cannot let my cottage; I bought it merely as a *subterfuge* for my family. It is quite charming to have a *digression* to retire to now and then."

4. *(Copy of a Note.)*—"Mr. ——, send by my boy a few *shammy* leathers for my coachman to *preserve* [probably *pickle* was meant,] the *harmourial bareings* of my coach."

A Dutch Translation of a few lines from Milton's Comus.

Lachjes, lonkjes, toverlusjes,
Kneepjes, wenkjes, zachte kusjes;
Kusjes geurig als muskaat,
Zoet als versche *honigraat.*

COLONIAL PUBLIC HOLIDAYS, 1834.

New Year's Day, ...	1st Jan.
Good Friday, ...	28th March.
Easter Monday, ...	31st do.
Ascension Day, ...	8th May.
Whit Monday, ...	19th do.
Waterloo Day, ...	18th June.
THE KING'S BIRTH DAY, .	21st August.
The Coronation, ...	8th Sept.
Christmas, ...	25th and 26th Dec.

VALUE OF TIME.

Reflections at the close of another Year.

Thou evanescent, dying year!
The musing spirit finds in thee
Lessons impressive and severe,
Of deep and stern morality!—
Thou teachest how the germ of youth,
Which blooms in being's dawning day,—
Planted by Nature—reared by Truth—
Withers like thee in dark decay.

What is life but a chain of those brief portions of eternity, which man calls hours, so inseparately linked together, that the first and the last, and every link throughout the series, have a mutual dependence and connection with each other!

Oh! let no one despise an hour! It is fully enough to change dynasties and overthrow empires—to make or mar a fortune—to win high renown or stain a noble name—to end our being or to fix our destiny here and hereafter, in time and through eternity. So awful a thing is one hour—ay, one moment of active being!

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE are sorry that *The Suicide* is too lengthened for our columns.

The contributions by *A Subscriber*, are too common-place for insertion.

Printed and published by W. BRIDEKIRK, Gazette Office, No 2, Church-street

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THE

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

Literary Gazette,

FOR 1834.

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Vol. IV.

To appreciate the value of Periodical Publications, only suppose that they were totally to be discontinued for six weeks. I turn with horror from the frightful idea! I deprecate such a shock to the circulation of table and town-talk. It would operate more unfavourably than the gloom of November is said by foreigners, to operate on the nerves of Englishmen; and after snch a suspension of information, I am afraid the papers would contain nothing but accounts of sudden deaths which had happened in the interval, with the deliberate of the Coroner's Jury—*Died for want of Intelligence.*

(Horace Smith.)

CAPE TOWN:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. BRIDEKIRK, No. 2, CHURCH-STREET.

1834.

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INTRODUCTORY.

SITTING over a delicious cup of Coffee, and *trying* to relish Dr. Webster's *Chanticleer* Voyage to the South Atlantic—this Note came to hand:—

Gazette Office, Church-street.

SIR,—Have you forgotten the Title Page for 1834, and do you mean to have a Dedication, according to custom? if so, we will go to press immediately.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

LONG PRIMER.

Many thanks to our worthy Printer, said we; but as to the Dedication—we must take time to consider the question—this is not a thing which must be done hastily. If there be a Dedication it ought to be a judicious one. And after all, says my Lord Bacon, printed publications should have no Patrons but truth and justice. But the simple *existence* of a Fourth Volume of an English Journal in a Colony teeming with plans, projects, and institutions, alas! of fragile nature and speedy extinction, is an *event* which must not be passed over unrecorded without the IO TRIUMPHE of a congratulatory paragraph. Now, we attribute our prosperity to that independence of sentiment, freedom of discussion, and sound English feeling which characterise the many interesting Papers of our kind and manly Contributors. But what of these without Readers?—Now come we to the

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DEDICATORY.

TO

THE BRITISH MERCHANTS

OF

CAPE TOWN,

TO WHOSE STEADY COUNTENANCE AND SUPPORT

This Journal

IS MAINLY INDEBTED FOR ITS EXISTENCE

IN THE ADVOCACY OF

FREE AND LIBERAL PRINCIPLES,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE EDITOR.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 1. Vol. IV.] CAPE TOWN: JANUARY, 1834. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum*.

Wilberforce.

Oh! is it nothing that the millions knelt,
Morning and evening, with a prayer for him?
Far in the desert-lands his name hath gone,
Breathing of hope, and charity, and love.
O'er many a worn and heavy-laden heart
Hath fallen, like the dew of happiness,
The whisper, from God's wandering servant's mouth,
That many a mile across the pathless sea—
Towards the setting sun—a being toil'd
To break the shackles from their fetter'd limbs.
For years and years the Slave from labour turn'd,
To watch the waning sun—like falling hope—
To bless thee, Wilberforce! and traced thy home,
In his untutored mind, among the halls
And cloud-wrought temples of the golden sky.

* * * * *

Where Ganges rolls her undiscover'd tides,
Where Afric's mountains tower to kiss the moon;
O'er lands where never European foot,
Nor stern *commandoes* have essayed;
Beyond the deserts, whiten'd on their skirts
With *skeletons* of ornaments out-worn,
The name of William Wilberforce shall pass,
With worship of the true and living God.

* * * * *

O, bury him!—with neither pomp nor shew:
He wills it;—and the Christian little needs
Earth's grandeurs in the presence of the Lord.
Lay silently, beneath the simple stone,
His reverend, time-honoured head to rest,
With the deep blessings, unrestrained tears,
Of weeping nations, bear him to the grave!
No cenotaph, on foreign lands, uprear:
Heaven's canopy alone contains his fame:
Against the stream of grasping injury
He fought the battle of the weak and out-cast poor
He died amid the freemens' gathering song,
In the bright morn of Freedom's coming day,
And fell beneath the flutter of her flag!

* * * * *

But, hark! the *Voice of England* cries—
Bury him with honours! Bury him
In the Cathedral's shafted aisle, among
The great and god-like of all time. Strike up
The Organ! Let the choral anthems rise
And shake the storied temple with their hymns!
One joins the dead, and brings a lofty fame
And sacred memory, like saintly light,
To shrine him and to sanctify his tomb—
To glorify his God, and bless the land!
O, bury him! the great, the good, the just!
The moral of his long life rests with those
Whose bitter hearts will rue their bitter deeds.
The funeral anthem shall resound for long,
And far and wide,—o'er mountain, plain, and sea;
Against oppression's stand, his name shall be
A watchword and a cry to victory!
In Fame's broad temple his escutcheon hangs,—
His name embalmed in every Briton's heart.
To ages yet to come, to brighter times,
Whose radiant sun is on the horizon,
Commit the holding of his memory:
Upon the monumental stone inscribe,
"*Sparta had no worthier son than he!*"

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE NORTHERN PARTS OF CHINA.*

The voyage of the *Lord Amherst*, performed by Capt. Lindsay, has not only added very materially to our geographical knowledge of the maritime districts of Northern China; it places the character of the natives altogether in a new light, and opens to us the most cheering prospects as to the possibility of wholly breaking down the partition wall which has for ages separated from civil society a portion of the human race.

The origin and objects of this voyage are not clearly stated, but the sum of what we can collect upon this head is, that the Lord Amherst, with Mr. Lindsay and the Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff on board, sailed from Bengal in February, 1832, for the Northern parts of China; that she was laden with a cargo of broadcloth, camlets, calico, cotton, and other goods. It does not appear from the Report who Mr. Gutzlaff is, but on inquiry we find him to be an excellent Protestant Missionary, a most extraordinary man for the acquirement of languages and his perfect knowledge of the Chinese tongue. His medical skill is also understood to have proved an excellent passport to him in every part of the Indo-Chinese regions that he has visited. But were turn to a further glance of this interesting volume.

After the party had gained sight of the coast for which the ship was destined, they met with a series of very adverse weather, which obliged them repeatedly to anchor in convenient positions near the coast. On all these occasions they landed and made excursions into the adjoining country, and, upon the whole, were greatly pleased with their reception. They either walked in a body, or proceeded up the rivers, in boats, to the cities or towns, and in the coolest manner, not only entered them, but walked up to the Mandarin's house for the purpose of explaining who they were. Now, the general notion which we had hitherto entertained of any attempt on the part of a foreigner to get into the precincts of China, was, that at once he met with an obstacle, and was driven back by main force. Perhaps the impression all over the world that this was actually the case, may explain the infrequency of such attempts; for, that they were very rare is readily proved by the fact that wherever the party from the ship made its appearance before the inhabitants, it was looked upon with utter amazement, and was followed by crowds through the streets, as a spectacle entirely new and inexplicable. It occurred, however, uniformly, that the Mandarins and other Chinese individuals in authority, showed the greatest uneasiness at the presence of the "barbarians" as they were everywhere designated; and the party never failed to be told by these officers that they must depart without delay. It was the knowledge of the Chinese language that enabled Messrs. Lindsay and Gutzlaff to succeed as they did; for, it was by their remonstrances and threats, firmly and manfully made, that they induced the Chinese to listen to them: and the proofs which they met with of

* Report of the Proceedings on a voyage to the Northern parts of China in the ship *Lord Amherst*, printed by order of the House of Commons. 8vo. 1833.

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the facility of making an impression on the inhabitants, present us with an entirely new and auspicious view of their character. It was altogether by this acquisition of the language that the party were able to guide their ship through the dense mass of junks stationed round the ports, and in which they found Chinese officers always ready on their arrival to insist upon their departure, but also exceedingly disinclined, after a few moments expostulation, to carry their menaces into effect. However, in all cases without exception, the party found that any spirit of opposition by which they were annoyed, was wholly confined to persons in authority; the great body of the people in the towns and villages which they visited, not only not joining in acts of hostility, but actually emulating each other in efforts to conciliate and compliment the strangers. Thus, at Shin Tseun, a walled town, built on the left bank of a considerable river of the same name, where the party remained for several days, they were every where surrounded by crowds of wondering inhabitants, whose demeanour was uniformly kind and polite. The little they had was readily offered to the party; and in the villages it was frequently a contest among them who should prevail on the strangers to enter their cottage and partake of their humble fare.

The villagers seemed quite suprised when told the party would be delighted to see them on board their ship; and, the day after their arrival, many availed themselves of the offer, bringing off fish and vegetables. Both here and at Cup-chee several poor people profited by Mr. Gutzlaff's medicines.

The various excursions to which we have been hitherto alluding, were made on a line of coast which circumscribes the northern portion of the province of Canton. The Amherst proceeded forwards, and came at length to the island of Namo, which is the second Chinese naval station of Canton The island itself is divided geographically into two divisions, the one being in Canton, and the other in the province of Fokien. Here the party met with the strongest proofs of the jealousy and suspicion of the mandarins. "Wishing," says Mr. Lindsay, "to go on board one of their war-junks, we were refused admission, under pretence that the admiral had issued positive orders that no one should hold the slightest communication with us. There were several large trading vessels windbound here, and on sailing past one we went on board by the express invitation of her commander, an intelligent and respectable person, who received us with the greatest cordiality. We had been here but a few minutes, before no less than three small warboats with mandarins joined us, and at first commenced angrily upbraiding the captain for entering into communications with barbarians. An interesting and amusing conversation followed, in which we soon found, that, though our opponents were very ready to commence with violent and angry words, yet that a mixture of independent and good-humoured argument very soon lowered their tone, and they ended by apologizing for the uncivil reception the English had met with: the blame they threw entirely on their superiors; and the party then spent half an hour talking on various subjects in the most friendly manner. The point which seemed to puzzle them most, and indeed gave them most uneasiness, was hearing foreigners converse in their own language, and show some knowledge of their local institutions and geography It was, however, decided among them that Mr. Gutzlaff was a Chinese from Amoy; and one of them asked me, says Mr. Lindsay, in a confidential way, to confess that their surmise was true. I took some trouble to explain to him, that, far from such being the case, the gentleman had only been six years out of Europe, and previously to that was perfectly unacquainted with the language. Having given all the information required for a report to the mandarins, we parted on friendly terms, the chief man saying to me, "We shall report you to be well-disposed persons, who thoroughly understand the rules of propriety. Much regret was also expressed at their not daring to avail themselves of my invitation to visit the ship."

In short, wherever the party landed, or to whatever place they proceeded from the coast, they received marks of kindness from the natives. Those whom they met from time to time in the province of Canton, made repeated inquiries of them for opium. The calicoes appeared to attract most notice amongst the poorer classes.—The party proceeded from the coast of Canton to that of Fokien, and cast anchor within a mile of the town of Amoy, a celebrated emporium of commerce. The district where this enterprising town is situated, is one of the most barren in China, and is dependent for the necessaries of life on the neighbouring island of Formosa—this being aptly denominated the granary of the eastern coast of China. The arrival of the party at Amoy created a great sensation amongst all classes; and scarcely half an hour passed from the time the ship weighed anchor, before three separate parties of mandarins, sent by the authorities, visited the Amherst, to inquire into the objects which had brought her to their port. They showed a strong desire to resist the strangers in their attempt at landing, but still were so influenced by the sharp remonstrances of Messrs. Lindsay and Gutzlaff that they excused themselves by saying they were messengers of a communication in the spirit of which they did not sympathize. However, the messages to the ship, and the warnings and threats still continued from day to day, and additional war-junks and boats were sent down to strengthen the state force which was to prevent the strangers from carrying their avowed purpose of landing. But the latter had the prudence to persevere, and they subsequently visited the town without any great opposition, and were welcomed by the numerous inhabitants, who surrounded them in great crowds, and were most kind in their manner. They soon received a government proclamation commanding their immediate departure; but, as they appeared unwilling to move, some mandarins informed Mr. Lindsay, that, if he wished to have an audience of his Excellency the *Tetuh* of the province, he should be gratified. An interview was accordingly appointed, previously to which Mr. Lindsay sent up a petition to explain the character and objects of the mission. At the hour prescribed for the interview, a messenger from the mandarins came to request the attendance of the strangers, who accordingly proceeded to the place already agreed upon, which was a temple on the shore fronting the ship. The description of the proceedings of this meeting is highly interesting, and we shall therefore insert it in the language of Mr. Lindsay himself.

'About 500 troops were drawn up along the beach, making as great a display of numbers as possible, most of them being in a single file. A vast crowd of people covered the beach and the sides of the adjoining hills, presenting a very interesting and animating spectacle. We were received by Le Laouyay, and several other mandarins with white and gold buttons, and by them

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ushered through a double line of troops to the principal hall of the temple, where a party of ten mandarins were seated in a semi-circle to receive us. The outer hall of the temple was filled with military officers in full uniform, with bows and arrows. The party seated consisting of the tetuh and tsung-ping, both military mandarins with red buttons; the funfoo, a civilian of the sixth rank; and several others, with blue buttons, of military rank.

'The tetuh was a stout old man, with a weather-beaten countenance and an open good-natured expression. I delivered my letter into his hands, which he opened, and commencing reading with the funfoo who sat next to him. We withdrew to a little distance, and, seeing that no chairs were offered, I signified my intention not to remain standing before the tribunal, on which we were requested to go into an adjoining department, where tea and refreshments were handed to us. In a short time we were requested to return, and the tetuh then addressed me, stating that it was their wish to treat us with the greatest kindness, as our two nations were on friendly terms; but that we could not be permitted to remain where we were, as it was against their laws; that we must instantly remove to a short distance, and that then we should be gratuitously supplied with all we required. To this I replied, as I had previously done, that it was contrary to English customs for merchant ships to receive gratuitous supplies, and that it would lower their character if they consented to be treated like paupers; that all I wished was the liberty to purchase such supplies as we required; and that such a permission could not be refused by any nation which styled themselves our friends. The tetuh was evidently inclined to concede to our request, and to be as polite as Chinese assumption of national superiority would permit. The tung-ping, who is a Canton man, however, repeatedly interfered, and throughout the whole discussion manifested the most decided spirit of hostility towards us. A conversation ensued between himself and Mr. Gutzlaff in the Fokien dialect, in which he roundly declared that our plea of wanting provisions was merely a pretence to veil some sinister purposes; but Mr. Gutzlaff was not the person to be brow beat by angry words; and he replied to his accusations with so much tact and spirit, that we had the satisfaction to see his opponent completely foiled in his arguments. On this the tung-ping, who was a very violent-tempered man, lost all command of himself, and the tetuh several times interfered to moderate his anger, which appeared to be greatly increased by seeing that the bystanders evidently enjoyed his discomfiture, and were much amused by some of the apt remarks made by Mr. Gutzlaff.' —pp. 23—25.

In this conference the Chinese saw that the determination of the strangers was to refuse any gratuitous assistance, and ultimately yielded to the demands of the party, to furnish all that might be required at a moderate valuation. Mr. Lindsay, after thanking the tetuh, invited him to the Amherst, but his excellency declined the invitation, when Paou Tajin again interfered, and said, "I view your ship and yourselves with equal contempt and anger:" and then turning to Mr. Gutzlaff, he said, "I know you to be a native of this district traitorously serving barbarians in disguise." This was the highest compliment to Mr. Gutzlaff's excellence of knowledge of the Chinese that could possibly be paid to him.

(To be continued.)

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

SHOULD we mourn that Death's Angel on dusky wing,
O'er thy flow'ry path hath driven;
That he crush'd the buds of thy sunny-spring,—
That thy spirit is borne to heaven?

How soon will the visions of Earth grow dim,
How soon will its hopes be faded,
And the heart which hath leap'd to the Syren's hymn,
With sadness and gloom be shaded!

The feelings are fresh but a little while,—
We can bask but an hour in Affection's smile,
Ere the friend and the lover have pass'd away,—
Ere the anthem is sung o'er their wasting day.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RESEARCHES.
NO I.

Increasing Demand for Books,—Book Spoliators,—Guide to the Choice of Books,—Libraries of George III. and Buonaparte, &c.

A greater change, probably, never took place in the manners of the world than that which may be observed in the increased demand for books, and the very considerable portion of time now consumed in reading, compared with the abstemiousness of our ancestors in both these points. In place of a solitary volume of Chaucer, or the amusing history of Froissart reposing in the window-seat, no house is now-a-days duly furnished, without its dazzling files of history, poetry, travels, and theology. In fact, the last new romance usurps the place of the *Complete Racing Calendar*, and even divides empire with the sports of the field and the pleasures of the chace. And this appetite for reading hath extended to us colonists. We may safely aver, that at no period of the colony has the demand for books been so vigorous, so widely extended, but, we must add, so *indiscriminately* supplied. The truth is, and it is our duty to declare the fact, that the greater proportion of the books which find their way to our *market*, are decidedly trashy and exceptionable. They are the mere sweepings of the London publishers,—the *old shop-keepers* of the *Minerva* Press. Very little that is standard, useful, inviting, and digestible, is found at our book-sales: and even many of those which are termed *Religious Books*, are scarcely worth the perusal.

It is readily enough seen, that one or two London quack houses of a secondary class are acquainted with the demand for books at the Cape. But the supplies are wretched, never varied, but constantly *repeated*. Now, what we require, or rather what our youth require, is perhaps, a *Guide to the Choice of Books* At present, our remarks shall be general, or introductory to a series of inquiries on the subject. In our subsequent Numbers, we will conduct our young readers, if they please, to the varied departments of literature in *The Public Library*, and just endeavour to impress on his mind a legitimate taste in the cultivation of literature, by a few critical notices on the works of paramount interest.

Respecting the preservation of the public collection in question, we may observe, as far as we have had opportunities of judging, that it appears to be in tolerably good order, and but few of the books are missing or lost The Graham's Town Library advertised the other day, 300 volumes as awanting to complete its sets of works. Monstrous! That any single book should be missing from the Cape Public Library, is extremely vexatious, and should call for inquiry somewhere. But the truth is, there is not a more pestilent class of nuisances on the wide surface of the globe, than book-borrowers. They who borrow and never return. It is a melancholy fact, that persons who would not wrong you of a six-pence in hard cash, will have no scruple whatever in *keeping* your books. But there is another class of people greatly to be dreaded—your book-*spoliators*—plate-destroyers, mutilators, *back-breakers*, and marginal *scribblers*, aided and abetted by that large family—the *tear-sheets*. But the Novel-readers!—These dear sentimentalists,—they are the best-tempered people in the world. The evils of which we complain, are to them but so many *compliments* to their reading selections and study. How beautiful to a genuine lover of Rosa Matilda, and L. E. L. and "Mary de Clifford," and the Mysteries of Udolpho, are the sullied leaves, and worn-out appearance,—nay, the very odour (beyond Russia) are the contents of what is called *a Circulating Library*. How they speak of the thousand thumbs that have turned over the pages with delight! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in? And then only think (regarding their hues and tinges,) of the time *when*, and the place *where*, and the manner *how* these adornings have taken place. One young lady reads your "Stories of a Bride" in bed, and leaves a tumulus of tallow on the passage descriptive of the *lovers' quarrels*. A second puts the Saxon Bride of "Ivanhoe," and the whole of her attendants, into deep mourning, at the very moment she is plighting him her troth, by overturning an ink-stand upon the narrative. A third, a toilette reader, endeavours to improve Capt. Robinson's style, by

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adding to its lusciousness in disposing of a bottle of *Huile Antique a la Rose* over his "Cyril Thorntorn." A fourth manages to give "Evilina" the benefit of a shower-bath before breakfast, by leaving her out twelve hours upon a garden-seat, to endure the cooling of the midnight rain. So much for your Cherubina's, Celestina's, Angelina's, Selina's, and Malvina's. Now for our Edwin's, and the Edgar's, and Edmund's —the *men* who build all their felicities on obtaining a *first reading* of the trash from the house of Colburn or Bentley. Not a few of these do not scruple to feed the hungry heroes and heroines of your novels, by administering to their necessities half the greasy crumbs of their breakfast-tables; and by a dish of coffee converting the fair faces of Sir Walter's "Mina" and "Brenda" into tawney-coloured mulattoes.

Your sick-readers are also greatly at fault. From the state of many books, their discoloured pages, and *impressions* of cup and saucer, or wine-glass, it is soon discovered who the afflicted people are. One word of advice to these gentry. When taking a dose of "*Dr. Wright's celebrated Pearl Ointment for the cure of Indolent Tumours and all Cutaneous Diseases,*"—be sure to have your book removed at some respectful distance, least the state of your nerves cause you to let the "pot" fall which contains the specific so "strongly recommended by all the faculty." Again, remember that whilst you are greatly busied in removing from your person all "freckles, pimples, spots, and redness," by the adoption of that "indispensable and surprising specific"—"Rowland's *Kalydor*," recollect, that whilst it is remarkable "for beautifying and preserving the skin and complexion" of your own self, it has a very different effect on *sheep and calf*. Take care, therefore, to cause a separation of bed and board between yourself, and your "Kalydor," and the books. For remember, that the upset of that lotion on a neatly-bound octavo, which adds such "a truly comfortable and refreshing appearance" to the rhind of your own countenance, acts directly the reverse on inanimate substances.

But perhaps the *careless* class form a great proportion of readers. They who read—throw aside the book, and leave it to the determination of the cook or chamber-maid whether it shall be returned to its owner, or become curl paper or *materiel* for lighting the fires. Or else, if the return be made in due course, conceive of the manner in which this is frequently done. Many an "Amelia," an "Abbess," a "Julia Mandeville," a "Camilla," a "Geraldina Hamilton," with "Village Belles," "Mothers and Daughters," and the "Children of the Abbey," have been put into *delicate* Mosambique hands, and huddled, unprotected and uncovered, into the market-cart or gig-box,—when shaken, disfigured, tattered and torn, they are either brought back to their place of deposit, or, as it may happen, thrown aside in some livery stable or butchers' shambles. These are not imaginary suppositions,—they are, unfortunately, stubborn facts, and they betoken much that is unbecoming, and ungenerous, and dishonest in they who do these things.

As we have already intimated, our critical notices will appear monthly, as it respects a guide in the choice of books; in the mean time, we conclude the present article by an anecdotal reference to the select Libraries of George the III. and Buonaparte In the year 1795, when His late Majesty was about to proceed to Weymouth, and wished to have what he called *a Library for a Watering Place*, he wrote to his Bookseller for the following works. The list was written by him from memory. It is as follows—copied from the original document in the *King's own handwriting:*

The Holy Bible, 2 vols. 8vo. *Cambridge.*
New Whole Duty of Man, 8vo.
The Annual Register, 25 vols. 8vo.
Rapin's History of England, 21 vols.
Elémens de L'Histoire de France, par Millot, 3 vols. 12mo. 1770.
Siècle de Louis XIV. par Voltaire, 12mo.
——————— XV. par Voltaire, 12mo.
Blackstone's Commentaries, 4 vols. 8vo. newest ed.
Burn's Justice of Peace, 4 vols. 8vo.
Samuel Johnson's Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo.
Dictionnaire Francois & Anglois, par M. A. Boyer.
The Works of the English Poets, by Samuel Johnson, 68 vols. 12mo.
A Collection of Poets, by Dodsley, Pearch, and Mendez, 11 vols. 12mo.
A select Collection of Poems, by J. Nichols, 8 vols. 12mo.
Shakespeare's Plays, by Steevens.
Œuvres de Destouches, 5 vols. 12mo.
The Works of Sir W. Temple, 4 vols. 8vo.
The Miscellaneous Works of Addison, 4 vols
The Works of Swift, 24 vols.

We fairly put it to the well-read bibliographer and philologist, whether the above select list be capable of much improvement.

The following list of books, for a Camp Library, is copied from a paper written by Buonaparte, and given by him to his private secretary to make the purchases. The volumes were to be in 18mo. The sad affectation in the title and contents of the last division, No. VI., will be apparent to the reader.

I. *Science and the Arts.*—Plurality of Worlds. Fontenelle, 1 vol. Letters to a German Princess, 2. Course of the Normal School, 6. Treatise on Artillery, 1. On Fortifications, 3. On Fire-Works, 1.

II. *Geography and Travels.*—Barclay's Geography, 12 vols. Cook's Voyages 3. La Harpe's Collection of French Voyages, 24 vols.

III. *History.*—Plutarch, 12 vols. Turenne, 2. Conde, 4. Villars, 4. Luxembourg, 2. Duguesclin, 2. Saxe, 3. Memoirs of the French Marshals, 20. President Hainault, 4. Cronology, 2. Marlborough, 4. Prince Eugene, 6. Philosophical History of India, 12. Germany, 2. Charles XII., 1. Essay on the Manners of Nations, 6. Peter the Great. 1. Polybius, 6. Justin, 2. Arrian, 2. Tacitus, 2. Livy, vols.—. Thucydides, 2. Vertot, 4. Denina, 8. Frederic, II., 8.

IV.—*Poetry.* Ossian, 1. Tasso, 6. Ariosto, 6. Homer, 6. Virgil, 4. Henriade, 1. Telemaque, 2. The Gardens, (Delille,) 1. Masterpieces of the French Drama, 20. Fugitive Poetry, Select, 10. La Fontaine, vols —.

V. *Fiction.*—Voltaire, 4. Heloise, 4. Werther, 1. Marmontel, 4. English Novels, 40. Le Sage, 10 Prevost, 10.

VI. *Political.*—Old Testament and New. The Koran. The Vedam. Mythology. Montesquieu. Spirit of Laws.* (In all, 320 vols.)

LINES

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO—TO—MYSELF!

On My Thirtieth Birth-day.

Now, prithee, dear Hal! take a moment's reflection,
And bend on the past a contemplative eye;
Although Time may be fleeting,—for wise retrospection
To man, a brief moment, 'twill never deny.

Thine has been, the estate of too many in sooth,
To permit the indulgence of special regret—
Fairy dreams have beguiled and deluded thy youth,
Which, alas! it were cruel and vain to forget.

Love, and Pride, and Ambition have fever'd thy brow,
And thy heart has in tumult and agony beat;
But thy Trust, may I hope? is in Providence now,
And the world shall no longer thy spirit defeat.

In the darkness and doubt of to-morrow, thy lot
Will be chequered with care, and be clouded with grief;
But thy hope in *His mercy* must not be forgot,
His afflictions are truly sent for thy relief.

Then serenely prepare for the Future, and meet
With an humble, yet cheerful, reliance on God.
The events and the chances, which fail not to greet
Human nature, from birth, to the sheltering sod.

Stellenbosch, January, 1834. B.

SOMERSET HOSPITAL.

This Asylum claims precedency in the list of our public institutions; and, having recently made some inquiries respecting it, we feel it our duty to point out its origin, and advert to its great practical usefulness. As we may fairly anticipate, at no very distant period, an annual increase of shipping in Table Bay, we may readily conclude, that the Hospital labours will be greatly augmented.

The Somerset Hospital was founded

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and established (under the patronage of His Excellency Lord C. H. Somerset,) by Dr. Bailey, Surgeon of the Royal Navy, in the year 1818, for the reception of Merchant seamen and inhabitants of the Colony; the want of such an establishment had for a series of years been severely felt by seamen visiting our ports.

The Institution comprises a Lunatic Asylum; a Building for the reception of Lepers; and two distinct departments for male and female patients, capable of containing together 120 individuals; the utility of this establishment is daily experienced, and through the great liberality of the Government, relief is annually given to numbers who cannot afford medical attendance.

REPORT of SOMERSET HOSPITAL, from 1st JANUARY, to 31st DECEMBER, 1833.

Remaining in Hospital, 1st Jan. 1833.	Admitted since.	Discharged, cured.	Discharged, relieved.	Dead.	Remaining in Hospital, 31st Dec. 1833.
56	609	490	37	58	81

TABLE OF DISEASES AND ACCIDENTS.

Abscessus,	7	Icterus,	1
Ambustio,	1	Impetigo,	1
Amenorrhæa,	3	Ischuria,	2
Anasarca,	7	Laryngitis,	4
Aneurisma,	1	Lepra,	9
Apoplexia,	4	Leucorrhæa,	6
Ascites,	1	Lithiasis,	1
Asphyxia,	2	Lumbago,	1
Asthma,	1	Mania,	15
Calculus Vesicæ,	1	Menorrhagia,	1
Caries,	10	Neuralgia,	2
Catarrhus,	16	Ophthalmia,	5
Colica,	1	Paraplegia,	1
Condyloma,	23	Peritonitis,	3
Constipatio,	1	Palpitatio cordis,	1
Contusio,	26	Phagedæna,	1
Cynanche Tousillaris,	4	Phthisis pulmonalis,	7
Cystitis,	1	Pleuritis,	5
Delirium tremens,	17	Pneumonitis,	7
Diarrhœa,	7	Psora,	4
Dislocatio,	4	Psoas Abscess,	1
Dysenteria,	17	Prolapsus Uteri,	3
Dyspnæa,	2	Pyrexia,	3
Dyspepsia,	11	Retentio Urinæ,	3
Epilepsia,	2	Rheumatismus Acutus,	3
Epistaxis,	1	——— ——— Chronicus,	32
Erysipelas,	3	Sarcocele,	1
Febris intermittens,	9	Scabies,	2
Fistula in ano,	1	Scorbutus,	17
Fractura,	8	Scrofula,	8
Gastritis,	1	Scirrhus,	1
Gonorrhæa,	18	Strictura,	7
Hæmatemesis,	2	Syphilis,	116
Hæmoptysis,	2	Synocha,	2
Hæmaturia,	1	Tumor,	5
Hæmorrhois,	1	Typhus,	4
Hemiplegia,	2	Ulcus,	25
Hernia,	3	Varix,	1
Hepatitis,	11	Vertigo,	2
Hydrocephalus,	1	Vesicæ Ulceratio,	1
Hydro thorax,	3	Vulnus,	32
Hysteria,	4		

The Hospital is naturally an excellent school of surgery, and we select one case of recent date, which is worth recording:

LIGATURE OF THE AORTA.

In the case of an immense aneurism of the right external iliac artery, threatening immediate danger to the patient from the near bursting of the sac of the aneurism, and the commencement of mortification in the leg and thigh of the corresponding side, Mr. Bailey, the Surgeon of Somerset Hospital, having declined to tie the aorta, for reasons given by him at a preceding consultation on the case, Dr. Murray, the Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, undertook it on the 26th instant, with the view of affording the man the only chance or gleam of hope (however forlorn,) that remained of prolonging his life.

The patient bore the operation with heroic fortitude, and on the following morning he appeared really better than before the operation; so much so, that there seemed some reasonable hope of his recovery; towards noon, however, an unfavorable change took place, and he gradually sunk, surviving the operation but 23 hours.

Dr. M. is of opinion that this case will go far to decide the unsettled question of the possibility of recovery after tying the aorta,—an operation of which there are only two instances on record which proved unsuccessful; but the failure in these cases was attributed to their having been performed under more unfavorable circumstances rather than to the impossibility of recovery from the operation.

The Profession will, no doubt, look with considerable interest to the publication of the particulars of this case. It is but just to observe, which we learn from an eye-witness, that had the success of the operation depended on the surgical skill with which it was performed, then it would not have been presumptuous to have anticipated the happiest results.

RESOURCES OF THE COLONY

Not developed—Water from the Rock—Rivers available to mechanical purposes—Ignorance very expensive—Lectures on Natural Science required—A Farm lost in the sand—Value of the Mountains.

THE more frequent our inquiries into the resources of the colony, the more are we convinced that but few parts of it have been examined with minute attention, and that there is every where around us, a boundless field of enterprize,—every thing to rouse curiosity, awaken conjecture, and repay human industry. John Galt, of great celebrity, from his numerous publications, in his recent work communicates the following interesting fact:

"My custom in the summer evenings, in Canada, was to prowl alone in the forest. In going along the bottom of the precipices alluded to, I noticed several springs of great affluence, welling from fissures in the rock, and concluded that there were veins and issues of water in the strata, coming from some fountain head. In consequence, I sent for an old German, as famous in those parts for the discovery of ores and springs, as Dousterswivel himself, and employed him to preambulate with the divining rod the table land, on which, in time, I intended to build, in order to ascertain where the well should be excavated.

"I became a little interested, very little at first, in the man's proceedings, but ultimately made him prepare a rod, and took a part in the mystery myself; my own experiment, however, owing no doubt to its being a first attempt, was unsuccessful; but after some time he pitched on a spot for the well, and this was on a top of the artificial mound before described; I determined, however, in spite of reason, to give the German fair play, and accordingly, in disregard to remonstrance, ordered the well to be excavated there.

"After digging through the earthen mass, which was six or seven feet deep, the digger came to the rock, which, with much blasting and perseverance, was penetrated to the depth of between thirty and forty feet, without any symptom of water; at last he reached a porous stratum, in which were the remains of tropical fishes petrified, and the limestone apparently perforated thickly with worms. I have some specimens of this curious subterranean wonder in my possession, but all was yet as dry as hay.

"The well-digger then had recourse to his iron rod, and soon reached with it a subterranean stream of water, which, by rising through the aperture, half filled the well. I offer no comment on this fact, but the well is there, and obtains its water from the perforated rock."

Again, Mr. Galt having contemplated the lakes and quiet streams, or stagnant rivers, set himself to work to find out how these waters could be available to mechanical purposes. He says—

"The practicability of this notion haunted me in my sylvan ruminations, and at last, I hit upon what seemed as important a discovery as steam to myself and it occurred to me, that to make an excavation in the banks, wherever water might be found, like a dry dock for example, and to build within it two mills, one for ordinary purposes, and the other to pump out the water, would supply the desideratum, for it would then be only necessary to conduct a stream to the first mill, which being set agoing by it, the same water might be led on to the second on a lower

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level, and by its working pumped out again into the lake.*

We are fully aware that art and science must lead the way in directing our colonists in their inquiries, and if they could only be brought to consider the advantages of education and reading, we should soon discover a new creation arise in the land. That ignorance is a very expensive thing is best illustrated by the fact, that not many years since, an attempt was made to establish a colliery at Bexhill in Sussex. Certain appearances similar to what occur in the neighbourhood of the great coal beds in the North of England, led to the sinking of a shaft, and the erection of machinery; not less than £80,000 was laid out in this project, which, it is almost needless to add, proved completely abortive, as every geologist would at once have declared it must: the whole assemblage of geological facts being adverse to the existence of a regular coal bed in the Hasting's strata.† A few *practical* lessons or lectures on natural science in this colony, would surely prove of essential benefit. That we require a larger diffusion of education is most certai... So true it is, that a diffused education is economy; that the spending of money on it would be capital put out to large usury; that it is our interest, and the interest of the government to encourage and diffuse it, even on the sole principle of saving waste; for it is notorious, how many buildings have fallen, ships lost, bridges gone down, under ignorant superintendance, workmanship, and bad geometry. And further, as it regards *waste*, we remember some few years since, to have visited a very beautiful little farm in one of the country districts, which was situate at no great distance from the mountain heights. The trees were growing luxuriantly, the joy and the shout of harvest were heard in the vallies, and the garden exhibited fruits worthy of paradise. Three years more transpired, and the place had become a perfect wilderness—the violent action of certain winds, as well as the currents of an *unchannelled* mountain torrent had laid waste all the bright prospects of the farmer, and his whole domain exhibited the picture of a Siberian winter or a sandy desert:—all seemed "death—unrepealable eternal death." But there was a wise and a counteracting force at hand, and a voice from the mountains seemed to say—"Come up hither!" The call was obeyed, a new location was commenced on the side of the range of mountains, and at present, the farm and its auxiliaries exhibit every mark of smiling plenty. Now, it must be observed, that the very mountain torrent, and the unusually severe inclemencies of the weather, aided by the winds which had laid waste the valley, had enriched far larger portions of the hill-side—portions which had hitherto exhibited all the symptoms of sterility. Should the unthinking mind ask how all this was accomplished, the answer is at hand; and it may, at the same time, resolve the question at one time put to us by a country farmer, viz:—"Of what possible use are yonder naked mountains?"

These mountains are the sources of productiveness, they are the physicians to the parched lands, or they restore with ten-fold profit, those lands which other causes have taken away or obscured. For it has been remarked by geologists, as the evidence of presiding design in nature, that the waste of the soil is so nicely balanced by the supply from the disintegration of the upland rocks, which are worn and pulverized at such a rate, as to keep up constant supplies of a good vegetable mould on the surface of the earth.

* The practicability of raising a stream of water back to its fountain head after it has set a mill a going, by machinery, on the principle of the forcing pump may soon be tried. But possibly there exists a power in nature which may be applied with more simplicity. Between the pressure of the atmosphere, which forces water to rise in vacuum, and the attraction of the earth this power may exist.

† Sir John Herschel's Lectures.

FERDINAND HAREWOOD,
THE LAD OF GENIUS.

"Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection."
(Cowper)

To be very candid with the colonists, we have as yet seen very little native *genius* put forth among them: but perhaps genius we have no right to expect; it is only now and then that the first order of mind appears even in Europe:—a Milton, a Bacon, a Shakspeare, a Bunyan, are not the produce of every age. Well, then, have we any *talent* in existence among us? No! For where are our colonial *poets*, or historians, or architects, or painters, or astronomers, or mathematicians, or travellers? It is quite true that we have heard of late of a variety of youthful prodigies. The schools are understood to have raised up many a young hopeful, and with high attainments a troop of juvenile aspirants are proceeding from time to time to Europe. What the end of these things will be, it requires no prophetic ken to determine. The counting-house, mercantile affairs, or the noble pursuits of agriculture, will scarcely reap advantages, whilst a number of poor, pennyless lawyers, doctors, and parsons, will become a burthen on their relations and friends. In the *Friendship's Offering* for the present year, there is an applicable tale, well told, by the author of that beautiful work — *The Puritan's Grave*. It unfolds the folly of inculcating any system of education which has no bearing on the *practical duties of life*.

Ferdinand Harewood, the son of honest parents, was born on a small farm rented under Sir Arthur Bradley. Young Harewood's education received a wrong bias—but the schoolmaster was pleased to declare him a prodigy. As the youth grew up towards manhood, he manifested every proof of *genius*, by his decidedly *anti-agricultural propensities*. The ordinary implements of industry, only fit for slaves, were his utter aversion; no persuasion in the world could induce him to handle the plough or the spade; harrows were his abomination; and from scythes and sickles he turned away with undisguised disgust. His father was too amiable a man to horse-whip the young genius, though he often said that he did not know what the dickens would become of him if he did not learn to work. Ferdinand, not like many of our Cape lads, who are all for the learned professions, because, forsooth, many who enter such, *are licensed to be ignorant*, and can *afford*, when duly *appointed* and *provisioned*, to remain so, was wholly devoted to the study of attempting verses, making poetry while his mother was making puddings, and cooking fat bacon. His poetry, however, got him into note; and, by the instrumentality of the parish clerk, and the parson to boot, the fame of Ferdinand reached the Hall, and quite astonished Sir Arthur Bradley, for Sir Arthur had been at College for years, and notwithstanding all the mathematics, port, and morning prayers, *he* could not write six lines of poetry for the life of him. Sir Arthur determines to send for the genius, and the poet dines with the baronet, and passes a

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very pleasant evening. But the visit set him upon making comparisons, and comparisons are odious. He compared bacon and cabbage with turbot, venison, and such like diet, and gave the preference to the latter. In the next place, the whole village were up in arms against him for having dined at the Hall, and they endeavoured to mortify him and his worthy parents by making sneering remarks about being a *scholard*, &c. But his mother said, "with his talents he may do anything!" so said the parish clerk, so said the parson, and so said Sir Arthur. The worst of these talents, as many a poor family knows to its sorrow, is, that they are, at the same time, the talents with which the owner does nothing. We now come to the death of the poet's father and mother. The goods and chattels were sold, and when one debt was set against the other, all seemed so well fitted, that when all was settled nothing remained, and Ferdinand consulted his *friends*. These grew not thick on every bough—but London was the place to make a fortune, and with a presentation of five guineas from Sir Arthur, and a copy of Cocker from the parish clerk to teach him how to lay the money out, Thompson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts, Ferdinand journied to the metropolis of Britain. To abridge many interesting particulars of his doings in London, necessity compels us;—suffice it to say, that the five guineas were soon spent in board and lodging, He had made use of some letters of recommendation, and his new friends all expressed how delighted they would be to serve him. A dinner, however, none would give him—he did not ask them, to be sure—but it was their business to ask him; it was not, however, their pleasure. Generous people, we have frequently had occasion to observe, like to do good their own way—they object to all kinds of dictation: so it was with Mr. Harewood's friends. They did not give him a dinner, which at best could have served him but a single day, but they gave good advice enough to last for many months: they recommended him to finish a poem he had commenced, and then his friends said he would be sure to do well.

It happened, in the course of his multifarious reading, that Ferdinand had somewhere seen it set down in print that booksellers are the best patrons of genius; so he went to a very respectable bookseller, and, after waiting two hours and three quarters, was admitted to an audience. Ferdinand thought he had never seen such a nice man in his life—so pleasant, so polite, such a pray-take a-chair-ative style of address, that, by a hop, skip, and jump effort of imagination, Ferdinand, with his mind's eye, saw his poem already printed, and felt his mind's fingers paddling among the sovereigns he was to receive for the copyright. At the mention of an epic poem, the bookseller looked serious; of course, it is all right that he should look so—as an epic poem is a serious matter.

"What is the subject—sacred or profane?" "Sacred, by all means," replied Ferdinand; "I would not for the world write anything profane." "Certainly not," said the bookseller; "I have a great abhorrence of profanity. What is the title of your poem?" "The Leviticnd: I am doing the whole book of Leviticus into blank verse. It appears to me to be a work that is very much wanted, it being almost the only part of the sacred scriptures that has not been versified." The bookseller looked more serious, and said, "I am afraid, sir, that I cannot flatter you with any great hopes of success, for poetry is not in much request, and especially sacred poetry—and, more especially still, epic poetry." "Now, that is passing strange!" said Ferdinand. "Poetry not in request! Pardon me, sir; you ought, of course, to know your own business; but I can assure you that poetry is very much in request. Is not Milton's Paradise Lost in every Library? And have not I, at this very moment, the tenth edition of Young's Night Thoughts in my pocket?" "All that may be true," replied the bookseller, relaxing from his seriousness into an involuntary smile; "but modern poetry, unless of very decided excellence, meets with no encouragement." On hearing this, Ferdinand's hopes were raised to the acme of full assurance, for he was satisfied that his poetry was decidedly excellent.

Exultingly, therefore, he replied, saying, "Well, sir, if that be all, I can soon satisfy you, for I wrote some verses on the River Dee, which runs by the village where I was born, and I showed them to Sir Arthur Bradley, who said he had never read any thing so fine in his life, and that they were equal to any thing in Thomson's Seasons! Have you read Thomson's Seasons, sir?" Then, drawing his MS. from his pocket, he presented it to the bookseller, saying, "Just have the goodness to read two or three hundred lines of this poem, and I will venture to say that you will pronounce them to be equal to any thing in Thomson's Seasons. I am in no hurry—I can stay while you read them, or if you prefer it, I will read them to you." The bookseller chose neither; but speedily, though not discourteously, dismissed the genius from the audience, hopeless of all negociation. "Bless me," said Ferdinand to himself, as soon as he was alone, "what a strange place this world is! I never saw any thing like it in the whole course of my life! The man would not even read my poetry, and I was not going to make him any charge for reading it!"

There are more booksellers than one in London, so Ferdinand tried another—another—and another; they were all in the same story. They had evidently entered into a conspiracy against him; but who was at the bottom of the conspiracy it was impossible for him to say, or to conjecture. It was a manifest absurdity, he thought, that all the world should admire Thomson's Seasons, and yet that nobody should admire him, whom Sir Arthur Bradley had pronounced to be equal to Thomson. It now occurred to him, that about this time Sir Arthur Bradley himself might be in London. He knew that the baronet had a house in town, but he did not know where, so he inquired of one or two people in Holborn, and they could not tell him; but finding a court guide on a book stall, the secret of Sir Arthur's town residence was revealed to him; and, having ascertained that it was at the west end of the town, he prepared to seek it out, and, for a while, he was puzzled to find the west end of the town, for it appeared to him that the town had no end. However, as they who seek till they find will not lose their labour, so it happened with Ferdinand Harwood, who did at last discover the residence of his patron, far away, indeed, from any end of the town, for it was in the midst of many squares and streets. It seemed to the unfortunate genius that he was destined to meet with wonders and paradoxes wherever he went, for the servant who opened the door to him told him that Sir Arthur Bradley could not be seen. Is he invisible? thought Ferdinand, and so thinking, he looked astonishment. "Indeed, Mr. Harewood" said the servant, "my master is in such a state, that he can see no one!" "Is he blind?" said Ferdinand. "No;" replied the porter. "Is he deaf?" "No;" replied the porter. "Then I wish you would tell him that I am starving!" Now, the domestics of Sir Arthur Bradley had not any idea of starving; therefore the porter looked upon Ferdinand Harewood with much astonishment, and seemed, for a moment, to regard the starving man as a great natural curiosity; but, when the first shock of his wonder was over, he felt compassion for the youth; for, though he did not know what starving was, so far as himself was concerned, yet he knew it was something greatly to be dreaded, and that he found it a serious inconvenience even to wait for his dinner, of course he concluded that it must be a far greater inconvenience to have no dinner to wait for. The domestic, notwithstanding the invisibility of Sir Arthur Bradley, invited Ferdinand into the house, and into the house-keeper's room; and, when the servants heard that he was starving, they all lifted up their hands, and eyes, and voices, saying, "Law bless us, what, the young man what used to make such nice poetry!" They were incredulous, forgetting that poetry is not good to eat. But when the house-keeper brought him out some cold beef and pickled walnuts, they all saw that he had a marvellously good appetite. While he was eating, they kept asking him many questions, to few of which he had leisure to make reply But at last he finished, and when he had satisfied his hunger, he was desirous of satisfying his curiosity; he made inquiry into the cause of Sir Arthur's invisibility, and he heard that the baronet was in great trouble because his daughter had married without his consent. "I should not care who were married or who were single," said Ferdinand to himself, "if I had such good beef and pickled walnuts to eat every day of my life." Then, addressing himself to his informant, he said, "And, I pray you, what is the great evil of this marriage, that the baronet has taken it so much to heart?" "Sir Arthur is angry that his daughter has not only married without his consent, but that she has degraded herself by a low connexion," was the answer. When Ferdinand Harewood heard this, he supposed she might have married the parish-clerk or village blacksmith; but when he heard that the degradation went no farther than to a marriage with a merchant in the city, he was rather more surprised at the fastidiousness of Sir Arthur Bradley than at the humble taste of his daughter, and he replied "It is well it is no worse." "But he is of such low origin," said the cook. "Not lower than Adam, who was formed out of the dust of the ground," replied Ferdinand.

"Sir Arthur swears," said the butler, "that he will not leave her a single shilling; and that if any of the servants carry any message to her, they shall lose their places; and that if her brother keeps up any acquaintance with her he shall be disinherited." "Bless me, what a Turk!" exclaimed Ferdinand, "I could not have thought that when he admired my poetry, and said that it was equal to Thomson's Seasons, he was capable of being in such a towering passion" While he was speaking, a message came from Mr. Bradley, the son of Sir Arthur, to desire that Mr. Harewood would favour him with his company in the library for a few minutes. Ferdinand obeyed the summons, and the son of the angry baronet said, "Mr. Harewood, understanding that you were in the house, I took the liberty to send for you to ask if you will have the goodness to take a small parcel into the city for me." "Sir," replied Ferdinand, whose spirits and gratitude were amply excited by the opportune refreshment of the baronet's pantry,

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"I would walk to the world's end to serve any individual of the illustrious house of Bradley." "I don't wish you to walk so far as that," replied Mr. Bradley; "but if you will take this packet to its address, you will oblige me; you can keep a secret?" "Ay, that I can," said Ferdinand, and he was about to tell Mr. Bradley how many secrets he had kept, by way of proof and illustration, but the young gentleman had not time or inclination to hear them, and he cut the matter short by saying,—"You have heard from the servants of my sister's marriage, and of my father's disapprobation of it. This parcel is addressed to her, and I must beg that you will deliver it into her hands, and bring me at your earliest convenience an answer" Mr. Bradley, with the parcel, put also a piece of money into the messenger's hand, and the messenger put the money into his pocket without looking at it, but he made as much haste out of the house as he possibly could, in order that he might ascertain whether it were a shilling or a sovereign. He would have been glad of a shilling, but of a sovereign gladder still—and it was a sovereign. So he walked away light-heartedly, singing jubilate, and for a moment he forgot the Leviticud. Then he said to himself, "I shall get more money by going errands than by writing epic poems."

When he arrived at the merchant's house, which was quite as handsome and well furnished as Sir Arthur Bradley's, and saw the baronet's married daughter, the lady very readily recognised him as the Mr Harewood who was distinguished for his poetical talents. "So you have come to London to exercise your poetical talents," said Mrs. Marshall, "I hope you find it answer." "I cannot say much for the matter at present," replied Ferdinand. "I believe that poetry is not done at a premium now," said the merchant, who happened to be present at the colloquy. "Ah, sir," said Ferdinand, not exactly apprehending the mercantile metaphor, but perfectly understanding the word premium, "I only wish that a premium were offered for poetry—I think I should win it. But the publishers are in a conspiracy against me, and will not let the public judge of my talents." "Then, if I were in your place, I would conspire against the publishers, and not let them have any more manuscripts."

"But, sir," how can I live without it?"

"How do you live with it?" "Not at all," replied Ferdinand; "but what else can I do? I have no skill in farming, and no capital to stock a farm withal." "Then, of course, you cannot be a farmer. Can you write?" "Admirably." "Do you understand accounts?" "Perfectly." "Will you try a seat in my counting-house?" "Most thankfully." Twenty years after this, Sir Arthur Bradley was reconciled to his daughter, and Mr. Marshall retired from business, and Ferdinand Harwood succeeded him, rejoicing that he had not succeeded as a poet. The Leviticud is unfinished.

LIBRARIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Sir John Herschel's Address.

It affords us great pleasure to observe that, in several towns and villages of England, the mechanic and the labourer may now obtain useful and amusing books to read, upon the payment of a very small subscription. Such institutions we have no doubt will become generally established. A "Public Library" of this open nature has been recently founded for the use of the people of Windsor and Eton; and Sir John Herschel, who unites to profound scientific attainments an ardent desire for the general diffusion of knowledge, is president of the institution. In the discharge of the duties of that office, he delivered an address to the subscribers to the library on the 29th January last, which has just been published. This little tract is remarkable for its liberal and manly spirit, and its sound sense. In the conviction that it will be agreeable to the author that his benevolent views of the important subject of education should be widely disseminated, we shall venture to quote somewhat largely from this address.

After noticing the immense national importance of endeavouring to enforce the standard of moral and intellectual culture in the mass of the people, the President of the Windsor and Eton Public Library adverts to the regulations by which the books are accessible to the humbler classes. It appears that in this establishment there are two rates of subscription,—the one admitting the subscriber to a reading-room, furnished with newspapers and periodical works and entitling him to the loan of the standard works of the library,—the other throwing open the library only to a humbler class. This is, no doubt, a judicious arrangement. Sir John Herschel regrets that the use of the library is not altogether gratuitous for certain readers. Of the prudence of such a plan we have considerable doubts. Experience has undeniably shown, that what is given away is often little prized by those who receive it; and, besides this, the pay ment of even a penny a week to a library makes the working man feel as independent as the wealthier subscriber. While his mind is being elevated by the process of acquiring knowledge, it must not be degraded by the feeling that others are paying for the means of his improvement.

It has always appeared to us that those who have little leisure for reading, and whose hour of leisure is often an hour of weariness, must be principally attracted to a book by the desire of amusement. Sir John Herschel, has put this point so forcibly that we cannot refrain from giving his argument entire:—

"There is a want too much lost sight of in our estimate of the privations of the humbler classes. though it is one of the most incessantly craving for all our wants, and is actually the impelling power which, in the vast majority of cases, urges men into vice and crime,—it is the want of amusement. It is in vain to declaim against it. Equally with any other principle of our nature, it calls for its natural indulgence, and cannot be permanently debarred from it, without souring the temper, and spoiling the character. Like the indulgence of all other appetites, it only requires to be kept within due bounds, and turned upon innocent or beneficial objects, to become a spring of happiness; but gratified to a certain moderate extent it must be, in the case of every man, if we desire him to be either a useful, active, or contented member of society. Now I would ask, what provision do we find for the cheap and innocent and daily amusements of the mass of the labouring population of this country? What sort of resources have they to call up the cheerfulness of their spirits, and chase away the cloud from their brow after the fatigue of a day's hard work, or the stupefying monotony of some sedentary occupation? Why, really very little—I hardly like to assume the appearance of a wish to rip up grievances by saying *how* little. The pleasant field walk and the village green are becoming rarer and rarer every year. Music and dancing (the more's the pity) have become so closely associated with ideas of riot and debauchery, among the less and cultivated classes, that a taste for them for their own sakes can hardly be said to exist; and before they can be recommended as innocent or safe amusements, a very great change of ideas must take place. The beer-shop and the public-house, it is true, are always open, and always full, but it is not by *those* institutions that the cause of moral and intellectual culture is advanced. The truth is, that under the pressure of a continually condensing population, the habits of the city have crept into the village—the demands of agriculture have become sterner and more imperious; and while hardly a foot of ground is left uncultivated and unappropriated, there is positively not space left for many of the cheerful amusements of rural life. Now, since this appears to be unavoidable, and as it is physically impossible that the amusements of a condensed population should continue to be those of a scattered one, it behoves us strongly to consider of some substitutes. But perhaps it may appear to some almost preposterous to enter on the question. Why, the very name of a labourer has something about it with which amusement seems out of character. Labour is work, amusement is play; and though it has passed into a proverb that one without the other will make a dull boy, we seem to have altogether lost sight of a thing equally obvious—that a community of 'dull boys,' in this sense, is only another word for a society of ignorant, headlong, and ferocious men.

"I hold it, therefore, to be a matter of very great consequence, independent of the kindness of the thing, that those who are at their ease in this world should look about and be at some pains to furnish available means of harmless gratification to the industrious and well disposed classes, who are worse provided for than themselves in every respect, but who, on that very account, are prepared to prize more highly every accession of true enjoyment, and who really want it more. To do so is to hold out a bonus for the withdrawal of a man from mischief in his idle hours—it is to break that strong tie which binds many a one to evil associates and brutal habits—the want of something better to amuse him—by actually making his abstinence become its own reward.

"Now of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of the ten, is what drives him out to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversfied and interesting scene: and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessaries and comforts for himself and his family,—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest

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and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation,—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

"But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class. What a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! What a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it—all contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more, it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect—that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

'Enter the sacred temple of his breast,
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest;
Wander through all the glories of his mind,
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.'

And while thus leading to look within his own bosom for the ultimate sources of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.'

The best sorts of reading to be provided for the humbler classes are pointed out by Sir John Herschel with great felicity. We are well pleased to have so excellent an authority in support of the principle which we have endeavoured to bear in mind, that no distinctions ought to be made between the reading for one class of the community and the reading for another class The patronizing, condescending style in which the working-people are to be addressed is, we trust, worn out. Perspicuous thoughts, expressed in the clearest language,—this is the best definition of a good style, whether for the rich or the poor. The address before us puts this point very forcibly:—

"If then we would generate a taste for reading, we must, as our only chance of success, begin by pleasing. And what is more, this must be not only the ostensible, but the real object of the works we offer. The listlessness and want of sympathy with which most of the works written expressly for circulation among the labouring classes are read by them, if read at all, arises mainly from this—that the story told, or the lively or friendly style assumed, is *manifestly* and *palpably* only a cloak for the instruction intended to be conveyed,—a sort of gilding of what they cannot well help fancying must be a pill, when they see so much and such obvious pains taken to wrap it up.

"But try it on the other tack. Furnish them liberally with books not written expressly for them as a class—but published for their betters (as the phrase is), and those the best of their kind. You will soon find that they have the same feelings to be interested by the varieties of fortune and incident,—the same discernment to perceive the shades of character,—the relish for striking contrasts of good and evil in moral conduct, and the same irresistible propensity to take the good side—the same perception of the sublime and beautiful in nature and art, when distinctly placed before them by the touches of a master—and, what is most of all to the present purpose, the same desire, having once been pleased, to be pleased again. In short, you will find that in the higher and better class of works of fiction and imagination duly circulated, you possess all you require to strike your grappling iron into their souls, and chain them, willing followers, to the car of advancing civilization.

"When I speak of works of imagination and fiction, I would not have it supposed that I would turn loose among the class of readers to whom I am more especially referring, a whole circulating library of novels. The novel, in its best form, I regard as one of the most powerful engines of civilization ever invented—but not the foolish romances which used to be the terror of our maiden aunts; not the insolent productions which the press has lately teemed with under the title of fashionable novels nor the desperate attempts to novelize history which the herd of Scott's imitators have put forth, which have left no epoch since the creation untenanted by modern antiques, and no character in history unfalsified:—but the novel as it has been put forth by Cervantes and Richardson, by Goldsmith, by Edgeworth, and Scott. In the writings of these, and such as these, we have a stock of works in the highest degree enticing and interesting, and of the utmost purity and morality—full of admirable lessons of conduct, and calculated in every respect to create and cherish that invaluable habit of resorting to books for pleasure. Those who have once experienced the enjoyment of such works will not easily learn to abstain from reading, and will not willingly descend to an inferior grade of intellectual privilege—they have become prepared for reading of a higher order—and may be expected to relish the finest strains of poetry, and to draw with advantage from the purest wells of history and philosophy. Nor let it be thought ridiculous or overstrained to associate the idea of poetry, history, or philosophy, with the homely garb and penurious fare of the peasant. How many a rough hind, on Highland hills, is as familiar with the 'Paradise Lost,' on the works of his great national historians, as with his own sheep-hook! Under what circumstances of penury and privation is not a high degree of literary cultivation maintained in Iceland itself—

'In climes beyond the solar road,
Where savage forms o'er ice-built mountains roam;
The muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering nature's dull abode!'

And what is there in the character or circumstance of an Englishman that should place him, as a matter of necessity, and for ever, on a lower level of intellectual culture than his brother Highlander, or the natives of the most inhospitable country inhabited by man? At least, there is always this advantage in aiming at the highest results—that the failure is never total, and that though the end accomplished may fall far short of that proposed, it cannot but reach far in advance of the point from which we start. There never was any great and permanent good accomplished but by hoping for and aiming at something still greater and better."

We add one or two detached passages from this excellent tract:—

VILLAGE ENTHUSIASM.—"I recollect an anecdote told me by a late highly-respected inhabitant of Windsor as a fact which he could personally testify, having occurred in a village were he resided several years, and where he actually was at the time it took place. The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded,' and used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience It is a pretty long winded book—but whether patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules—the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing. Now let any one say whether it is easy to estimate the amount of good done in this simple case. Not to speak of the number of hours agreeably and innocently spent—not to speak of the good-fellowship and harmony promoted—here was a whole rustic population fairly won over to the side of good—charmed—and, night after night, spell-bound within that magic circle which genius can trace so effectually, and compelled to bow before that image of virtue and purity which (though at a great expense of words) no one knew better how to body forth with a thousand life-like touches than the author of that work."

A TASTE FOR READING.—"If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the highest office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations,—a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good-breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up, than in the words of the Latin poet—

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.'

It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous."

CUVIER'S MEMOIRS.

Louise Scheppler,—Oberlin,—Origin of Infant Schools,—the French Academy, &c.

Louise Scheppler, the coadjutor of Oberlin, late pastor of the High Alps, has received a prize of 5,000 francs from the French Academy. Her life and manners are elegantly dwelt on by Cuvier. This woman, resides in a valley in the rudest part the Vosges moun-

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tains. Sixty years ago this valley yielded only very scanty nourishment to a half-civilized population. The families were about eighty in number—they had a government of force—they were divided by hereditary feuds—and acts of criminal violence were committed amongst them. Under these circumstsnces a pious pastor, named John Frederick Oberlin, undertook to civilize them. Like one, who was well acquainted with mankind, Oberlin began by striving to get rid of their poverty, and with his own hands he set the example for all useful labours, and, armed with a pickaxe, he directed them in the construction of a good road, digging and labouring with them; he taught them to cultivate the potatoe; he made them acquainted with good vegetables and fruits; showed them how to engraft, and gave them excellent breeds of cattle and poultry.

He established manufactures, he gave them a saving-bank, and put them in communication with the commercial houses in the neighbouring towns. He began to give them higher instruction and made himself their schoolmaster: select works were provided for them, the influence of which were assisted by his own exhortaitons and example—by degrees religious feelings, bringing in their train mutual benevolence, insjnuated themselves into their hearts—quarrels, crimes, and law-suits disappeared, and Oberlin was at last the only tribunal to which in all their disputes they appealed. In short, he saw this community, just before his death, which at first consisted of eighty families of half-barbarous and starving population, he saw them a body of three hundred families, regular in their habits, pious and enlightned in their sentiments, enjoying ease in their circumstances, and amply provided with means of handing down to their posterity sufficient to render them comfortable too. The whole of those happy results were not however exclusively attributable to Oberlin, for he was materially assisted in his benevolent labours by the individual whose heroic exertions called forth the prize to which Cuvier is now particularly alluding. We give his account of this female.

'A young female peasant from one of these villages, named Louise Scheppler, though scarcely fifteen years of age, was so forcibly impressed with the virtues of this man of God, that, although she enjoyed a small patrimony, she begged to enter into his service, and take a part in his charitable labours. From that time she never accepted any wages; she never quitted him; she became his help, his messenger, and the guardian angel of the rudest huts. She afforded the inhabitants every species of consolation; and in no instance can we find a finer example of the power of feeling to exalt the ntelligence. This simple village girl entered into the elevated views of her master, even astonishing him by her happy suggestions, which he unhesitatingly adopted in his general plan of operation. She it was who remarked the difficulty that the labourers in the fields experienced, in combining their agricultural employments with the care of their younger children, and who thought of collecting together even infants of the earliest age in spacious halls, where, during the absence of their parents, some intelligent instructresses should take care of, amuse, teach them their letters, and exercise them in employments adapted to their ages. From this institution of Louise Scheppler arose the infant schools of England and France, where the children of the working classes, who would otherwise be exposed to accidents and vicious examples, are watched over, instructed, and protected. The honour of an idea which has produced such beautiful results is solely due to this poor peasant of Ban de la Roche; to this she consecrated all her worldly means, and, what are of more value, her youth and her health. Even now, though advanced in years, she, without receiving the smallest conpensation, assembles a hundred children round her, from three to seven years of age, and instructs them according to their capacities. The adults, thanks to M. Oberlin, have no further moral wants; but there are yet some, who in sickness or old age have need of physical aid. Louise Scheppler watches over them, carries them broth, medicine, in short, every thing, not forgetting pecuniary succour. She has founded and regulated a sort of Mont de Piété, of a peculiar kind, which would be an admirable institution elsewere, if it could be multiplied like the infant schools; for it is among the very small number of those which merit the name given to them, for money is there lent without interest and without securities.'—pp. 163.

It is a curious part of this history, that Oberlin, before his death, made a will, in which he left Louise as a legacy to this people.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BRITISH SETTLERS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Sir,—A serious error of the Press having been made in the "Sketch of the Establishment, Progress, and present State of the British Settlement," inserted in the last number of your interesting Periodical, I have to request that you will be good enough to make the following corrections, and at the same time to add a few explanatory Notes for the satisfaction of several Persons who have expressed some interest in the subject of that article, as well as in the Settlers themselves; of whom, perhaps, may with justice be quoted that celebrated observation made upon the British Emigrants to America nearly two hundred years ago, that

"It was not with them as with other men, whom small things could discourage, or small discontents could make them wish themselves home again." I am, &c.

John Centlivres Chase.

Cape Town, 5th Jan. 1834.

Wool,—*page* 182, *column* 3.

The number of fine woolled Sheep in the hands of the British Settlers, exclusive of the flocks near Port Elizabeth, was stated at *two thousand* instead of *twenty thousand*. Since the oketch was written, however, it appears by the Official Returns completed for the year 1833, that the number is 26,000.

Commando Tax,—*page* 181, *column* 3.

This Tax was established by Government Proclamation of the 4th Dec. 1812, "for the maintenance of a Corps for the defence of the frontier," its annual amount, made in part available for the object, was £4,575; and, at the dele time of its abolition in 1829, bore a proportion of 1-13 to the then amount of the Revenue. The Cape Corps, for the support of which this impost was raised, was paid by the Colony until the 25th Dec. 1827, when the expence was made chargeable upon the Home Government.

Post,—*page* 181, *column* 3.

The first regular Post to Graham's Town was despatched in the year of the Settler's arrival

Trade with the Caffrees,—*page*. 181, *column* 3.

Lord Macartney, on the 11th July, 1798, proclaimed death as the punishment for passing across the Great Fish River, *which Proclamation was repeated by Lord Charles Somerset on the 28th Nov.* 1823, in consequence of this cruel adherence to an antiquated and impolitic law, several respectable individuals were thrown into Prison; but owing to the spirited conduct of some independent Heemraaden, who tried these enterprising delinquents, the law itself fell into abeyance, and the present successful and extensive Trade was called into existence. Lord C. Somerset's Proclamation of 13th Sept. 1822, totally prohibited the traffic.

Graham's Town,—*page*, 182, *column* 3.

By the Returns for the year 1833, just made up, the number of Houses is stated at 650, exclusive of the Barracks, one hundred of which it is stated have been added to the previous number during the current year. The population of the Town is now officially declared to be 2501, a number, there is every reason to believe, far below the fact.

There were no Places of Worship, *page*, 181, *column* 3.

Excepting the Institution for Hottentots at Theopolis, there was no Place of Public Worship. From the establishment of Graham's Town in 1812, up to the period of the arrival of the Settlers in 1820, Divine Service was performed upon one or two occasions by the Minister of Graaff-Reinet, a Village 180 miles distant, who visited it for the purpose. The Settlers brought out with them one Clergyman of the English Episcopal Church, and a Dissenting Minister.

NATURAL HISTORY, SCIENCE, &c.

WHALE FISHERY AND UTILITY OF THE ARCTIC DISCOVERIES.

There is every reason to believe, that if the arctic voyages had not been undertaken, the whale fishery, which employs a capital of upwards of a million, which is one of the best nurseries in the world for seamen, and on which Hull, Peterhead, Frazerburgh, and several other towns of the kingdom mainly depend, would have been lost to the country. For many years a great change has been taking place in the habits of those stupendous creatures, which draw the enterprise of the merchants and mariners of England and Scotland into the arctic seas. When the fishery commenced, they were so tame that they were found floating in all the gulfs and bays of Spitzbergen, fearless of harm, and where taken by hundreds, and with-

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out an effort. In a few years, however, this dreadful destruction drove them to the more remote bays, from whence they were soon driven into the open sea, far away from land. But the trackless ocean afforded them no shelter from their enemies; they were pursued, and that with so much resolution, that the Dutch are calculated to have destroyed upwards of 50,000 in no very long course of years. Retiring before their ruthless pursuers, they next took refuge along the line of perpetual ice, which was their habitation when Scoresby wrote his celebrated work. Here as many as 1,400 of them were killed in one year. At last, worn out by perpetual persecution, they have plunged into the regions of eternal ice, where the boldest whaler dares not pursue them. The consequence is, that the Greenland fishery, which was formerly carried on in the sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen, is nearly abandoned, and the whole trade would soon have been at an end if Ross had not penetrated in his first voyage through the mass of ice which renders the entrance to Baffin's Bay so hazardous, and opened to the whalers vast seas never before fished, and which the monsters of the deep are found to frequent in great numbers. The most northern parts of Baffin's Bay, together with Lancaster Sound, Regent's Inlet, &c., are now the great fishing stations, and all these regions have been discovered, or at least laid down with accuracy, by the recent navigators, who opened the route to the less adventurous traders —showed them that the seas abounded with whales—broke the icy barrier which had never been passed since the days of Baffin, and described the coasts and harbours so correctly as to deprive the voyage of the greater part of its perils. The mere pecuniary expense of the voyages of discovery has therefore already been repaid many times, independent of the extension of geographical knowledge and the improvemen of science.

THE MANUFACTURE OF STARCH.

Starch is prepared from wheat: this being well cleansed is steeped in vessels of water, which are exposed to the sun; the water is changed twice a day during the period of eight, or sometimes twelve days, according to the heat of the season. A slight fermentation is then induced, which is considered to have been sufficently excited when the grain bursts freely under the finger. Thus softened, it is put into canvas bags, in order to separate the flour from the husks. This separation is performed by rubbing and beating the grains enclosed in the bags, while laid on a plank placed across the mouth of an empty vessel, which is to receive the flour, as mixed with water it runs through the bags.

Or, instead of being put into these bags, the grain is, from the steeping vessel, removed to a tub of water, and trodden upon. By this operation the starchy part is washed out, and, mingling with the water, gives to it a milky appearance. This fluid is then drawn off through a sieve into another vessel, called the sitting-tub. Fresh water is effused on the grains, and the same process is continued until the water in the treading-tub no longer becomes turbid. While the starch is subsiding in the sitting-tub, the water at the surface assumes a reddish hue; this should be carefully removed from time to time, and replaced by clean water, and the whole should then be stirred together. Sometimes it is again strained through a cloth, the starchy particles are returned into the vessel, and the water is entirely renewed. The starch now gradually precipitates by repose from the water in which it was held suspended, during which, sometimes, and especially if it be a warm season, the mucilaginous saccharine matter of the flour held in solution by the water goes into the acetous fermentation. This causes the starch to become purer and whiter. If this fermentation does not take place, the starch is of a grey colour, but it is rendered white by steeping it in water, slightly acidulated, as the acid dissolves and carries off its impurities.

After the subsidence of the starch, some of the water is drained off by inclining the vessel; the remaining part is suffered to drip through linen cloths supported by hurdles, and upon which the wet starch is placed. When great part of the moisture has drained through, the starch is wrapped up and wrung or pressed between the cloths, that the whole of the fluid may be separated. It is afterwards cut into pieces, which are placed in an airy situation, on slightly burnt bricks, to promote the complete desiccation, partly by the free current of air, and partly by the absorbent quality of the bricks. Lastly, the outer crust is scraped off, and the whole is broken up into smaller pieces: it fractures into oblong irregular masses. Starch has scarcely any smell, and very little taste; when kept dry it continues for a long time uninjured though exposed to the air. It does not dissolve in cold water, but soon falls into a powder; with boiling water it forms a thick paste. One hundred pounds of wheat produce thirty-three pounds of starch and twenty pounds of bran, the remaining part being considered as refuse. The starch-makers are not allowed to sell this refuse, because it still contains some portion of starch, on which article there is an excise duty levied; and it is supposed, with how much reason it were vain to inquire, that the revenue might possibly be defrauded, if this strange prohibition were not enforced. The refuse matter is found to afford excellent nourishment for pigs; and therefore, that it may be profitably consumed on his own premises, every starch-manufacturer is in a manner compelled to combine with his own regular business, the some what anomalous calling of a swine-keeper.

Starch is found in the greater number, if not in the whole of the seeds employed as articles of food. A large proportion is extracted from potatoes,—about five pounds of these roots yielding one pound of starch.

VALUE OF THE ARTS.

LANDSEER—WILKIE.

LANDSEER reminds us of those metaphyscians, who have given animals a soul. He breathes into the brute world a spiritual eloquence of expression, beyond all literary power to describe. He is worth to the "voice of humanity," all the societies in England. You cannot gaze on his pictures and ill use an animal for months afterwards. He elevates your sympathies for them to the level of human interest. He throws poetry over the most impoetical; nay, he has given a pathos to "a widowed duck"

WILKIE is the Goldsmith of painters, in the amiable and pathetic humour,—in the combination of smiles and tears,—of the familiar and the beautiful. Wilkie, like Landseer, is the great benevolist of painting; he dips his pencil in sympathy—carrying down the sentiment of humane humour from man to man's great dependant family, and binding all creation together in one common sentiment of that affection, whose wisdom comprehends all things. It is an anecdote, that for many years an aristocratic feeling prevented Wilkie's "Distraining for Rent" being engraved, *less it should excite an unpleasant feeling towards the country gentlemen!*

Method of making Salt.— In Guiana, in the Western Continent, a species of palm is found, in which the flowers are surrounded by a sheath of great density and strength of structure. This sheath is capable of containing several pints of water, and even resists the action of fire to such a degree, that it is employed by the natives to evaporate the sea water for the purpose of obtaining a speedy supply of salt.

University Shrewdness.—In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very curious portrait of Charles I., done with a pen, in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford, he was greatly struck with this portrait, begged it of the college, and promised, in return to grant them *whatever request they should, make.* This they consented to, and gave his Majesty the picture, accompanied with the request,—*that he would return it.*

Ingenious Fire Alarm.—At the top of a wooden tower attached to the state-house in the city of Philadelphia, in America, is a bell, which has been ingeniously converted into an engine of considerable value. When a fire occurs in any part of the city, the tolling of the bell indicates instantly the quarter in which the calamity occurs. There is one toll to indicate the north, there are two for the south, three for the east, and four for the west. The practical utility, the ingenuity, and, above all, the economy which are found combined in this appropriation of public property will, we trust, make some impression in this country, even though we should leave ourselves to the charge of borrowing a good idea from the Yankees.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

"THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION" *versus* TAXATION.

IT is curious enough, on turning over the pages of History to find, that the Glorious Revolution which placed William of Holland on the Throne of England, produced at the same time from Holland, every species of Fiscal ingenuity, for the purpose of exacting money from the people of England. Out of *ten* branches of excise existing at the close of William's reign, *eight* were introduced *after* the Revolution; of nineteen custom duties only *eight* subsisted previous to the Revolution; and of eight branches of inland duties, six owed their establishment to the Dutch system of finance and extortion; while, above all, *a national debt was commenced,* by *mortgaging* the revenue for a term of years, with authority to borrow money on interest. Taxes were then levied on houses and windows, on malt, on salt, land, paper, glass, hops, soap, starch, hackney coaches, on *marriages! births!* and *burials!* stamp duties were first levied, and the whole existing taxes were doubled, trebled, and quintupled in amount, so that from the 5th of November, 1688, to 1700, the amount of the public revenue, taxes, and loans, exacted by *Koning Willem*, was £65,987,566 : 17 : 8 sterling!

THE COTTAGE—PALACE.

I have been to Bembridge, and read Burder's poetic abridgment of the Pilgrim's Progress, with profit and delight to us all. How much more am I in my element, among my little flock,

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than *scheming* in the world. Drank tea at John Wheler's; his cottage is God's palace.—*Rev. Legh Richmond's Journal.*

Mr. WILBERFORCE and NEGRO.

Yesterday, at the sacrament, I observed kneeling at the rails close to Mr. Wilberforce, a *Negro.* I was much struck, and many interesting associations filled my mind. I find also that it was quite accidental, and Mr. W. knows nothing of him.—*Ib.*

ACCOUNT

Of the Funeral, and Tribute to the Memory of Lieut. Reitz, R. N. *of the Cape of Good Hope, extracted from Capt.* Owen's *Narrative of Voyages to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, &c.*

Mombas.

For the interment of the remains of this much lamented officer, the interior of the ancient Portuguese cathedral was chosen. A grave seven feet in depth was dug near a ruinous piece of masonry, that alone indicated where once the altar had stood. The corpse, decently arrayed in fine cambric, was conveyed to the cathedral, followed by a procession of the first people in the Town. The funeral service was read, and the body consigned to the earth with military honours. An humble specimen of Arab masonry, plastered over, marks the spot. Lieut. Reitz was in his twenty-second year when he died; he was a good musician, and in possession of an uncommon share of wit and good humour, together with a pleasing frankness of manner, that made him respected and beloved by his companions, as also by the Arabs, who ever after spoke of him in the highest terms of admiration, and with many expressions of regret for his untimely fate.—*Vol. 2, page* 147.

ADVICE to TROPICAL NAVIGATORS.

(From Owen's Voyages.)

Good clothing, food, and moderate exertion, without exposure, were always found the best physical, while religious faith, a fearless reliance on the mercy of God, and a mind beyond the reach of fear, were the best moral preservatives. It may in fact be questioned, whether our very losses were not, in some measure, attributable to European medical practice, *bleeding ana calomel* being decidedly the most deadly enemies in a tropical climate. During the whole time of the prevalence of the fever, we had not one instance of perfect recovery after a liberal application either of the lancet or medicine. The author lives to impress upon all tropical navigators his advice, *always to avoid bleeding and calomel, when the fever has actually taken possession of the frame.*

TEMPERANCE RECOMMENDED,

By the late Right Honorable R. B. Sheridan.

Dear Nat Ogle,—Leave off wine, ale, and spirituous liquors,—to bed betimes, and rise early,—addict yourself to good society; in short, follow the example of your's truly,

R. B. S.

Be your disorder fix'd or chronic,
In either case, your cure's a Tonic.
Instead of drawling, be laconic;
But what can aid the change? a Tonic!
Corinthian piers scorn mass-Ionic.
Yet noble nerves require a Tonic!
Tho' no great songster—be harmonic,
Your voice and ear both need a Tonic!
Reply in verse—in verse adonic—
Then I shall *know* you've *ta'en* a Tonic!

BARON CUVIER ON LEGISLATION.

Give Schools before political rights; make citizens comprehend their *duties* that the state of society imposes on them. Then all ameliorations will be made without causing a shock; then each new idea, thrown upon good ground, will have time to germinate, to grow and to ripen, without convulsing the social body. Imitate nature, who, in the development of beings, acts by gradation, and gives time to every member of her most powerful elements. The infant remains nine months in embryo; man's physical perfection only takes place at 20 or 30, and his moral complexion from 30 to 40. His mind is most vigorous at 50. Institutions must have ages to produce all their fruits; witness christianity, the effects of which are not yet accomplished, notwithstanding a thousand years of existence.—*Speech before the Council of State.*

THE PRAYER OF Mr. K.

On hearing that Mrs. K. was brought to bed of Twins.

My wife she hath bestowed on me
A blessing unforeseen,—
Grant, that these "Cupids' visits be
But few and far between!"
For now who knows what scores of sons
My scanty board may bless!—
I used to doat on *little* ones—
But find I like them *less.*
There's J. T. B——, that witty spark!
'Pon honour he declares—
My house resembles Noah's ark—
Where things come in by pairs
But at *that* Patriarch's famous launch,
His dove, when out she flew,
Brought Noah back one olive-branch—
Ah! *mine* has brought me *two!*
Yet, don't suppose, my friends, that I
Of Mrs. K. complain;
I only trust most fervently
Things mayn't chance so again!

AUSTRALIA.

The proportion of bad soil to that which is good in New South Wales, is certainly very great; I mean the proportion of inferior soil to such as is fit for the higher purposes of Agriculture. The most serious disadvantages under which the colony of New South Wales labours, is in the *drought* to which it is periodically subject. Those seasons, during which no rain falls, appear to occur every ten or twelve years.—*Sturt.*

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE NOSE AND NOSE-MAKING.

Queen Elizabeth, noted for her large nose, ordered that all who spoke ill of her person or government, should have their ears and noses cut off.—*Hallam.*

M. Labat, ex-surgeon of the Viceroy of Egypt, has contributed a humorous paper on the subject of Rhinoylastie, or the art of nose-making, to Broussais Annales. We shall make a few extracts for the amusement of our readers. No deformity, we are told, is more disgusting than the loss of a nose. History informs us that the chaste Eusebia, abbess of the Monastery of St. Cyr, at Marseilles, and 40 of her nuns, cut their noses off, to save themselves from being ravished by the Saracens, who had gained possession of the town—a dreadful alternative! The English chroniclers relate instances of equal magnanimity on the part of some of their fair countrywomen, during the period of the Danish invasion. From Diodorus Siculus we learn that, by command of Actasan, the noses of all the inhabitants of Kistipoor were cut off, in order that these robbers and assassins might be known wherever they went; their town was afterwards called Nasica-Tipoor. Among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, the loss of the nose was the punishment inflicted on adulterers; and, to add to ignominy, the injured husband had the privilege of being the operator. No doubt the incisions were, according to the precepts of modern surgery, free and extensive! M. Labat was travelling through Egypt in 1824, and arriving at Foha, he observed a great number of people who had lost their noses. His guide informed him that the neighbouring district had long been infested with banditti, and that it was necessary to inflict a severe punishment upon such robbers as were seized, in order to intimidate the rest. The same penalty, was awarded, also, to adultery, that crime being considered as the arch or master-theft of all. Our readers may recollect the lines of the poet Musianus—

"Si mæchis rasum mos esset tollere nasum
Multi per mundum sine naribus esset eundum."

Charles the 2d punished one of his noblemen, for some satirical observation, by the loss of his nose; and who has not heard of the notary's wife in Paris, who wreaked her vengeance on her husband's paramour, by tearing her nose clean away!

There are many curious details in the traditional history of the nose. According to Herodotus, it signified, in the symbolical language of the Egyptian ritual, a wise and cautious man. We know how highly the Greeks and Romans esteemed the long and square-pointed nose—"longus, quadratusque nasus," and many of their leading citizens thus derived their appellatives, as Ovidius Naso, and Scipio Nasica. The French language has borrowed many idioms from this most honourable member—thus, we say "*il a un bon nez,*" to mean a discreet person; "*on lui a donné sur le nez,*" a mortified person; "*se casser le nez,*" an unsuccessful person; "aire au nez," to rail or ridicule another; and we even apply the terms "nasilard, nasiloques, homme qui parle du nez," to the poor unfortunates who are noseless altogether, following, no doubt, the practice of the scholiasts, who derive their "lucus a non lucendo." Travellers assure us that the Tartars squeeze and flatten their children's noses, for the sapient reason, that it is a great folly to have one's nose sticking out in the way of the eyes. Their neighbours the Brahmins, on the other hand, seem to have been the original nose-manufacturers. Galen travelled in the East, and gives us a description of the operation; the skin of the cheeks was drawn forwards, and, to facilitate the extension of the integuments, several longitudinal incisons were made in them, so that the flaps might be brought into contact with each other from their side.

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Celsus recommends that the incisions be made close to the ears; and in other respects he follows the preceding method—"non creatnr ibi corpus, sed ex vicino adduntur; quod etsi in levi mutilatione fallere oculum potest, in magnâ non potest." Baron Larrey has successfully employed the ancient operation in two cases—*vide* Journ. Complem. des Sciences Med. Mai, 1821, and the 4th vol. of his works. The plan proposed by Dieffenbach, differs little from the rhinoraphy recommended by Celsus. That curious old boy Olaus Nagnus, suggests the use of a picce of the flesh from a living fowl, as a substitute for the lost nose!! In the 16th century, two brothers of the name of Boiani, Neapolitans, acquired prodigious fame by their skill in repairing noses; unfortunately for poor Tycho Brahe, who lost his nose by a sabre-wound in a duel, they did not visit Denmark. In 1587, Tagliacozzi published a tract, entitled "Epistola and Hieronimum Mercurialem de Naribus multo ante abscissis reficiendis;" and ten years after his "Chirurgia Nova de Narium, Aurium, Labiarumque defectu, per Insitionem Cutis ex humero." So proud were his fellow-citizens of Bologna of this celebrated rhinoplast, that they raised a statue to his memory, and in his hand he held a nose! The taliacotian cure was a very tedious and fatiguing one to the patient; for, as the flap wnich was to serve for the new nose was obtained from the arm or fore-arm, it was necessary that the upper extremity should be kept folded across the face, so that the bleeding wound on it, and the raw edges of the nose, be kept accurately in contact until perfect union had taken place; for not till then, a period usually of 30 days, was the radicle of the flap to be divided Tagliacozzi particularly recommends that the nose be made large enough—"melius est amplas gestare nares, quam imminutas et deformes" a modification of the above operation was tried by some surgeons. They made an incision through the integuments of the middle and anterior surface of the fore-arm; they then made the edges of the mutilated nose raw, and applied them to this wound, retaining them in accurate contact with each other. At the end of 15 or 20 days, when adhesion had taken place, two triangular flaps where dissected from the adjacent integuments of the fore-arm, and left hanging to the nose; these were then brought in opposition with each other, forming thus a raphé, or bridge of the nose, and retained by sutures.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

—*Ation* is a modern finish, which has been much in use since starv*ation* was heard in Parliamentary language. It will splice very conveniently with either a verb or a noun, which has carried it even to bother*ation*. At a rout-*ation* you may meet with a great deal of talk-*ation* and scandaliz-*ation*;—at a concert much fiddle-*ation* and faddle-*ation*;—and at a festive entertainment, much eat-*ation*, drink-*ation*, breakfast-*ation*, roast-*ation*, and every kind of luxurious anti-starv-*ation*.

W & V.—The offensive error of the Londoners in the tranpositional use of the letters W and V still continues. Thus *Weal* for Veal; *Winegar*, instead of Vinegar; *Vicked* for wicked, and for instance:

Alderman.—Villiam, I vants my Vig.

Servant.—Vitch vig, Sir?

Alderman.—Vy the vite vig in the vooden vig-box, vitch I vore last vensday at the westry.

We give one more extract from Dr. Pegge, by way of beacon to those gentlemen who may be aspirants to a seat in our legislative Council.

You have often, no doubt, Sir, heard luxuriant Orators in Parliament talking *about it* and *about it*, without your being able to understand the jet of the argument. Let me then introduce to you a true mercantile COCKNEY in the House of Commons; one who has regularly risen, from sweeping the shop, and snoring under the counter, to ride in his coach, and dose in St. Stephen's Chapel, and who affects no language but such as, he would tell you, his father *learnt* him; he would shew a sovereign disdain of rhetoric and elocution, and give his own reasons in his own words thus:

On a motion to adjourn, in order to get rid of the question, Mr. ———— Member for Horsly-down, said, "I rise, Mr. Speaker, to say a word on the motion now *afore* the House; and *that there* is *this here*. The point is, *shall us* adjourn, or *shall us* not? Now, Sir, I never *know'd no* good that ever *com'd* from hasty decisions; and therefore I shall support the motion, but upon a different ground from that on which the Honourable Gentleman stood when he made it. I would *ax* the Honourable Gentleman, whether, if he had not *see'd* that this question *mought* have been lost, he would have *went* so far as to have moved the adjournment; but that is *his'n* affair; and I shall *wote* for it, and because why? Delays are not always so dangerous to the good of the community as the Honourable Gentleman may think. When I shall be *ax'd* by my constituents, what *went with* such a question? can I, without blushing, say, it was lost for want of due consideration therefore! Sir, I *wote* that we adjourn; and, it being now early in the day, and none of us perhaps either *a'dry* or *a'hungry*, we shall thereby have an opportunity of *fetching a walk* for *a few while*, and each may consider with *his-self* on the main question, and how far it is attended with profit or loss to his country."

WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH's Poetry is of all existing in the world, the most calculated to refine—etherealize—to exalt;—to offer the most correspondent counterpoise to the scale that inclines to earth It is for this that I consider his influence mainly beneficial. His poetry has repaired to us the want of an immaterial philosophy—it *is* philosophy, and it is of the immaterial school. No writer more unvulgarizes the mind. His circle is small,—but for that very reason the votaries are more attached. They preserve in the working-day world the holy sabbath of his muse—and doubtless they will perpetuate that tranquillising worship from generation to generation, till the development of the few shall grow into the custom of the many.—*Bulwer.*

Warning to Will makers.—The late Mr. Thelluson, by one of the most imbecile acts that ever disgraced the human intellect, so arranged his will, that the whole of this fine property, which he intended to give his heirs, was for many years in the Court of Chancery. If the good, but foolish old man were now to look from his grave and see the amount of the reckoning which that property has now to pay for his foolish and ridiculous gratification, he would scarcely stand such a shock. The reader will stare at the account.

The amount of costs and salary paid to the Solicitors by the Executors -	£9,169	8	1
Ditto of costs by the Accountant-Gen.	88,943	4	2
Ditto on passing Receiver's Accounts	18,330	7	3
	108,442	19	6
Paid Surveyor - - -	10,748	11	8
Paid poundage or Salaries to Receivers - - -	23,456	4	11
Paid ditto for the Brodsworth Establishment - -	36,178	17	11
	£178,827	14	0

TO THE PEOPLE.

THERE is a false likeness among you, my dear friends; a vile, hypocritical, noisy, swaggery fellow, that is usually taken for you, and whom the journalists invariably swear by; a creature that is called "THE PUBLIC." I know not more pragmatical conceited animal than this said *Public*. The PUBLIC is the grub of the day; he floats on the mere surface of time; he swallows down the falsest opinions; he spouts forth the noisest fallacies; what he says one hour, he unsays the next: he is a thing of whims and caprices, of follies, and of frenzies.—*Bulwer.*

LINES

COMPOSED ON A SICK-BED,

By S. T. Coleridge.

THE Heir of Heaven! henceforth I dread not death,
In Christ I live,—in Christ I draw my breath
Of the true Life. Let Sea, and Earth, and Sky
Wage war against me: on my front I shew
Their mighty Master's seal! In vain they try
To end my Life, who can but end its woe.
Is that a Death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes!—But not *his*: 'tis DEATH itself *there* dies.

A QUESTION FOR ALGEBRAISTS.

Two Arabs had sat down to dinner, and were accosted by a stranger, who requested to join their party, saying, "that as he could not get provisions to buy in that part of the country, if they would admit him to eat only an equal share with themselves, he would willingly pay to them for the whole." The frugal meal consisted of eight small loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs, and three to the other. The stranger having eaten a third part, and each of the two Arabs a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying, "my friends, there is that which I promised to you, divide it between you according to your just rights." A dispute, of course, arose respecting the division of the money; but a reference being made to the Cadi, he adjudged seven pieces of money to the owner of the five loaves, and only one piece to him who had owned the three loaves. Yet the Cadi decided justly.

SIR P. LAWRIE.

The late Lord Mayor piques himself on his acute perception of crime, and forgetting the great leading principle that every man is considered honest until proved a rogue, he treats every man as a rogue until proved to be honest—an excellent Dogberry maxim, and stands in full force against his *worship* The fabrication of saddlery is not the most efficient course of study for a professor of jurisprudence; neither is a parer of pig-skins the best qualified for a judge. The following is a specimen of an *acute* magistrate of former days, disposing of a *charge* of piracy. He must surely have been a "citizen and saddler," or a Queen's-square stipendiary:—

Magistrate.—"Harkee, sirrah; you pitiful ill-looking wretch; what have you to say why you should not be tucked up immediately, and sent a sun-drying like a scarecrow? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner.—"Not guilty, an't please your worship."

Magistrate.—"Not guilty! say so again, and I'll have you hanged without any trial. Answer me, sirrah, how will you be tried?"

Prisoner.—"By God and my country."

Magistrate.—"The devil you will! Why then I have nothing to do but to proceed to judgment."

Officer of the Court.—"Right, your worship, for if the fellow should be suffered to speak he

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may clear himself, and that's an affront to your worship"

Prisoner.—"I hope your worship will consider———"

Magistrate.—"Consider! How dare you talk of considering, sirrah."

Prisoner.—"But I hope your worship will hear some reason."

Magistrate.—"I'd have you to know, rascal, I don't sit here to *reason*, I go according to *law*. Is my dinner ready?"

Officer of the Court.—"Yes, your worship."

Magistrate.—"Then, harkee, you rascal at the bar, you must be hanged because you have a hanging *look*; you must be hanged of *course*. That's the *law*. Take him away, gaoler."

SELECT NOTICES.

Hard Drinkers.—Burns greatest solace was whiskey and tobacco. Byron's love of wine made him savage instead of mirthful; and when commenced drinking so largely of gin, he assailed the character of Burns, and called him "a strange compound of dirt and deity" Cowley died by lying out drunk in a field one night. Dryden drank hard, but wine did not exhilerate his spirits. Parnel was a great follower of drams. Churchill was often found drunk. Prior was very intemperate, and Pope hastened his end by drinking spirits.——*Jenner.*—Krausse has calculated that before Jenner's immortal discovery, 400,000 were annually immolated in Europe by the ruthless monster—small-pox.—— *The Juvenile Vagrant Society.*—At a Parish Meeting in Holborn on this subject, Mr. Fearon very properly expressed his fears less the children sent to the colonies should be *enslaved* H. Amsiock, Esq. R. N. and Secretary under Capt. Brenton, said in reply,—"I have had a long acquaintance with the colonies, and have no apprehensions of any attempt being made to reduce them to a state of *practical* slavery!! We neither send them to the slave nor the penal settlements!!! It is true, slavery may be said to exist at the Cape of Good Hope, but then it is in a *very modified* form, and relates only to household work!!!!———*Expressions.*——The Duchess of Chandos would pertinaciously insist upon calling the drawing room *drawling*-room.—— Most of the despatches of the British Admirals have began very religiously—"It has pleased Almighty God, &c." but Lord Rodney, when he gave a drubbing to De Grasse, comprehended a new idea; the Admiral writes, "It has pleased God *out* of His divine Providence, to grant to His Majesty's arms a most complete victory."—— *Apology for eating Pork.*—Sir John Sinclair says in his Code of Health—"Pork is a savoury food; and as this animal is of *no use* to man when alive, it is, therefore, properly designed for food." —— *His present Majesty.*—Previously to the first appearance of the Royal stud in the name of William IV. the trainer had an audience of His Majesty, and humbly requested to be informed what horses, it was the royal pleasure, should be sent to Ascot Races? "Send the whole *squad*," said the King, "*some* of them, I suppose, will win."——*Precision.*—Honest Manton wrote 119 sermons on the 119th psalm.——In the Civil Wars, Stephen Marshall beginning to preach, divided his text into twenty-four parts, one of his hearers ran home for his night cap and slippers. ——*Noah's Ark.*—This vessel which took a hundred years in building, was, according to Bishop Wilkin, 547 feet long, 91 broad, and 55 high. It contained 72,625 tons! Sir Thomas Browne has a fine answer to the oppugneas of the scriptural deluge,—"That there a deluge once, seems not to me so a great a miracle, as that there is not one always."——*New World about to be Discovered.*—"To all the World. I declare the earth to be hollow and habitable within: containing a number of concentric spheres, one within the other, and that their poles are open 12 or 16 degrees. I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the concave, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking." Signed Jno. Symmes, of Ohio, late Captain of Infantry.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE KING'S PROCLAMATION

Of the 4th day of September, 1833.

On the 1st of August next, *begins* the reign of universal liberty throughout the vast regions over the earth, where the sceptre of our Sovereign Lord the King is acknowledged; and on the 1st day of December next, the *monopoly* in human flesh in this Colony shall cease; or in the words of the Blackman's Charter, all Slaves "will upon, and from that day be absolutely and for ever manumitted and set free." Yes, upon that day, slavery in this Colony is numbered amongst the crimes denounced for punishment by the Law. The consequence of such a singular change as this, must occasion in society, has been ingeniously provided for by the Government; for whilst, by the rapidity and decision of their acts, they have nearly satisfied the abolitionists, they, on the other hand, have succeeded in turning the Slave-owners into friends of the measure But it was not merely to the down-fall of slavery and compensation of the proprieter, that Government were to confine their care. If they stopped short, after a mere abolition of slavery, what was to become of the slave? The ministry hesitated but little, and the Act contains ample provision for securing the interests of both parties in question.

It seems an exceedingly wise provision of the Act, that by an *intermediate* state of attachment to the soil, the negro should for a time, retain possession of his present habitation, and during the time of his contract pay for it, and for the periodical supplies of clothing, by a *reasonable* portion of labour in lieu of money. Before the expiration of the term of apprenticeship, much will certain require to be done by Government, the Clergy, and the Missionaries; but much more by the landed proprietors themselves. No *good* master need fear a want of hands to assist him in the labours of his estate. Let him turn his attention to the cottage system—let him seek to make a happy peasantry around his farm. Let him set apart garden allotments, and let the cow and the pig be associated with such arrangements. Then come the schoolmaster and the missionary. And by the bye, this act of redemption is worthy of notice in its important particular of *toleration*. It gives for the first time, a *Toleration Act* to this Colony. It removes every sort of restriction hitherto felt by the ministers or teachers of the christian religion, whether lay or ordained, in their labours to diffuse it; the only limitations to their perfect freedom being the same as those which exist in the mother country.

Another provision of this statute is, that to ensure a wise and impartial administration of the laws under the present and future circumstances, a body of gentlemen to act as special magistrates are to be appointed, unconnected with local prejudices, and independent of colonial influence,—whose presence every where dispersed, cannot but inspire confidence, and promote the march of civilization and general improvement.*

LITERATURE.

The South African Directory and Almanack, for the Year 1834. By George Greig. Pp. 280.

This Annual contains a large fund of colonial and general information, and carries with it, its own evidence of great practical utility. The Calendar exhibits its usual perfection of accuracy, and in the astronomical arrangement, historical interspersions, and reminiscenses, the reader will not be disappointed in looking out for events to come, or in taking a retrospect of the past The farming and horticultural directions embrace a great deal of physiological information, interesting and useful: in a word, there is in the two hundred and eighty pages before us, matter enough to furnish the reader, almost daily, with renewed materials for exercising his thoughts, and contemplating the progress of society, and the growth of the public Institutions at the Cape of Good Hope.

MEDICAL TREATISE,

By R J. Zeederberg, M. D.

We have been pleased with the Thesis of this talented native of the Colony, on obtaining the degree of Doctor of Medicine in Edinburgh's famed University. The subject, which is written in Latin, is on *Peripneumonia;* or, Inflammation in the Lungs, a disease prevalent in every climate of

* It is said that a number of poor ignorant farmers in the distant parts of the Colony, are acting like Pharoah, and are determined "not to let the Children of Israel go" free. And that they are seeking asylums in savage countries. So much the better—there will be more compensation-money for those who remain behind Will nobody recommend certain other Patriots to join in the graud march!

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the world. The treatise before us, describes, in the first place, the many distinct or specific *kinds* of inflammation, and the author founds his theory on the opinions of the celebrated Dr. Cullen Mr. Zeederberg then proceeds to point out the causes of the disease and methods of cure. We are told that *cold* sustained in any part of the body which checks perspiration, and occasions a great determination of blood to the lungs, is the cause of Inflammation. A particular attention to clothing, more particularly the wearing of flannel, is a preservative which parents would do well always to bear in mind. In the methods of cure, the author recommends the *low system*, in which *the lancet* stands pre-eminent.

This learned production is written in fair and classical language, but we smiled over a paragraph at page 9—in reference to a patient being carried off after a short attack of the disease—"Ubi homo breri post morbi accessionem extinguitar;" which, in the literal, we take to be, *extinguished* or *snuffed* out.

This Thesis, under the influence of the proper sense of filial affection, is dedicated to Mr. R. A. Zeederberg, of Cape Town.

REPORTING PROGRESS.

JANUARY, 1834.

Retrospect.—We have had the pleasure of seeing all the great questions, and all the great undertakings, connected with the welfare of this colony, which we have either advocated or recommenced, settled or proceeding towards a settlement We need only to refer to the liberty of the Press; the abolition of the partial and injurious laws affecting the free-coloured population: the abolition of slavery; and in the improvements in agriculture, not to mention a multitude of less conspicuous but highly valuable changes which have been effected within the last *ten years*—to satisfy our readers that we have no ground of complaint against Providence. *S. A. Commercial Advertiser.*

Whale Fisheries.—During the last year there have been symptoms of decline in our fisheries; owing, we believe, to three great wants, viz: the want of capital, the want of hands, and the want of *skill.*—*Ib*

Government Circular.—In reference to His Majesty's Proclamation for the abolition of slavery, a circular was issued on the 7th, requiring the Public Functionaries, but more especially the colonial clergy and ministers of every religious persuasion, to unite with the local government, &c. and requesting them to cause His Majesty's Proclamation to be desseminated as extensively as possible.

Agricultural Society.—The Annual Meeting was holden on the 8th, in the Commercial Exchange, Hon. Sir J. Wylde, LL.D, in the chair. The 2nd annual Report of its proceedings has been published Agriculture appears to be advancing in all its branches The Prizes this year were awarded as follows: Messrs. Korsten, Scheuble, & Co Cradock's Town, near Port Elizabeth, for the nicest sample of wool. 2d prize to Messrs. Breda, Reitz, & Co. 3d, to Mr. Davis near Cape Town, for a sample of bacon Four Silver Cups were distributed as follows: Mr. Marais, Drakenstein, for the best sample of Wine. Mr. Collison, Cape Town, for the best sample of Brandy, Messrs. Deneys, Cape Town, for the best sample of Beer, and to Mr. O'Connell, of George, for the best sample of Hops.

Arrival of His Excellency Sir Ben. D'Urban.—His Excellency, with Lady D'Urban and Suite, landed from the Mount Stuart Elphinstone on the morning of the 17th. The Governor was received by the whole of the Public Authorities; the streets were lined with the military—colours were every where flying, and the Artillery fired a salute. Besides these public demonstrations, the whole population of Cape Town, had turned out in the streets, or were at the windows or tops of the Houses. There seemed to be in the anxious and respectful demeanour of the immense multitude, the wish imprinted on each countenance, in reference to Sir Benjamin D'Urban and his family,—as recorded in the 118th Ps. verse 25.

Port Natal.—A highly respectable and numerous meeting of the inhabitants took place at the Commercial Hall, to consider the propriety of establishing a settlement at Port Natal. Mr. Borcherds was called to the Chair, when a series of Resolutions were adopted, the 6th of which embodied a memorial to His Majesty in Council, praying for an adequate Military force, &c. The movers and seconders were Mr. Advocate Cloete, Dr. McCartney, and Messrs. M. Breda, Korsten, Phillips, (of Albany,) Ebden, Chase, Gadney, Pillans, Merrington, Greig, H. Ross, and Chiappini.

Exports.—The last quarter's Return of Exports during the months of October, November, and December, 1833, is of the most satisfactory nature, and furnishes additional proof of colonial prosperity.

Public Schools.—The Grammar School, under the direction of the Rev. E. Judge, A.M. the Rev. Dr. Okes' School, and the South African College, were re-opened on the 27th. The latter was recommenced with religious service in the Reformed Church.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Graham's Town.—We are all a *wool-gathering* here—merino's are all the fashion, and a surprisingly happy change has taken place in the prospects of the settlers. An Agricultural Society has been formed, uniting in co-operation with Uitenhage and Graaff-Reinet Our "Journal" does not hesitate to say, that the fire thus kindled, has been lit by a spark blown hither from Cape Town. Mr. Collis, a trader, is about to start for Port Natal, (over-land,) and to commence business there on a grand scale. The field of enterprize beyond the boundaries of the colony is opening up, and presents a boundless extent for investigation. Our Missionaries are all of them more or less engaged—it were desirable that in translations of the scriptures into Caffer—the English text should also accompany the work. In the Schools it is surely high time to teach the English language.

Beaufort.—New year's day, the thermometer was as high as 88 degrees in the shade. There is a great need of mechanical labourers here. Many buildings are at a stand-still for the want of such. We have not been visited (like many parts of the world) with pestilential diseases,—with hurricanes,—with unfavourable seasons,—or with rebellion; but, on the other hand, it is gratifying to find the colony fast improving both in respect of agriculture and commerce. We are blessed with the necessaries of life in abundance, and which are attainable by the humblest individual, if possessed of common prudence and industry.

George.—People complain here of the great want of an English Service in the Church. And such utterance is most just. There are a great many English families around George, and such deprivation is a great drag-chain to the prosperity of the towns and villages of the interior. It frequently prevents many a family with capital from fixing its location in these places. Not only so, where the service is conducted in one language, and that, too, a *foreign* language, it affords but poor encouragement to the Government English Schools. The School and the Pulpit should be allies instead of enemies. Most men in all the public offices speak and write in both languages, why should any appointment take place to a *Church* paid by Government, unless the incumbent be as qualified as other men are, to speak in English. The press has been at fault on this head—let our statements of this grievance be heard at the Colonial Office, and let us beseech His Excelleney to remedy the evil of which we complain.

Graaff-Reinet.—A load of fine wool was brought this month to our market, to the great satisfaction of the friends of colonial improvement It was well washed and packed. The sum actually realized by this single freight was a trifle under Rds. 500.

Caledon.—The storm which seemed to gather against our Village Pastor for anticipating the downfall of slavery just one day and three-quarters of the actual official notification of this mighty event, has ended in sun-shine. The district is prosperous—the Moravian Brethren in their Missionary labours—

'Pursuing the noiseless tenor of their way,'

and best demonstrating that

'The bird that flutters least is longest on the wing.'

The Hot Baths continue to be visited as usual. The village might be greatly renewed by the example and presence of a few public-spirited individuals. Such would no doubt prove a match for the idle and the talky, who often infest the villages, and between whom and Truth there is no connection.

Swellendam.—A comfortable Inn is much required here, and the facilities of procuring horses. Water is abundant—and is even wasted. The Government Villa of the Civil Commissioner is quite an ornament to this part of the country. No man, however ambitious, could require a more charming spot for the enjoyment of his *otium cum dignitate.* The attendance at the English School is but small—but the master does his duty. Country people have no idea of school discipline, and never second the efforts of the teacher. The Fair has failed—the Sessions are just over, and only think of the blockheads of Jurymen, who, in a case where several were indicted, and when the Judge in the clearest manner pointed out that only one of the party was guilty, and that not a shadow of evidence had appeared against the others, yet these sapient *legislators* brought in a verdict of *all guilty.* Public business (at the offices,) is soon over here in the day, but Mr. Aspeling is ever ready at his post, and is an excellent magistrate. Much is due to Mr. Barry for his prompt methods of doing business. To the farmers he is a liberal purchaser, and is ready to supply money or goods for their produce. A good deal of surprise has taken place on the report that the new minister of the Reformed Church is about to open a school and take in boarders from Cape Town. *No man can serve two masters!* What, *if the hungry sheep (in this extensive district,) look up and are not fed?* But what can parents think who desire an efficient education for their children, in removing them away from the Public Schools of the metropolis, with all the accompaniments of polite education,—for instance, French, and Music and Drawing, and Books and Lectures, and a *knowledge of the world,*—for the sake of rencontre with the mediocrities, the self-denials and mortifications of an unlettered village.

Stellenbosch.—This populous town is improv-

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ing, and would make still more progress, could an *English Service* take place once a week in in the Church. It is the interest of all the inhabitants, both in a spiritual as well as a pecuniary way, to lay this to account. Many visitors, who might become residents, are kept away by the lack of such services,—*Dutch* being the only language introduced in the Church of the English Government. * * * * The medical attendance here is of the most valuable kind, and provisions are amazingly cheap And a good road is only required from hence to town to throw in loads of provisions—meats, drinks, and vegetables into Cape Town at rates lower by 50 per cent. than what the inhabitants now pay. It must not be forgotten that the people of the district are ready to make the road at their own expense, provided Government will permit it—or do the work itself.

Hottentot's Holland.—The English School here is most prosperous, and very efficient are the pupils. The Rev. Mr. Edgar, minister of the parish, is the master. This is the only instance in the colony in which Mr. Barrow's plan is adopted. He proposed, when editor of the *Government Gazette*, that the country ministers should also become teachers of the English language. The arrangement at this pleasant village on the part of the excellent pastor, does not interfere with his clerical duties. The whole of the parish can be visited in half-a day. Besides, the school is open betimes in the morning, and the work done when some people are sleeping. But the disinterested conduct of the minister is beyond all praise. He receives the stipend from Government for conducting the school, and disposes of it to liquidate the debt of the church. The strand near the village is becoming celebrated as a watering place. It presents a beautiful shore, and may be considered the Worthing of the Cape. The present applications for lodgings are beyond precedent.

N. B. No communications have been received from Worcester, Tulbagh, Clanwilliam, Cradock, Somerset, or Uitenhage. We shall be glad to hear from these places.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

Going-a-Wrecking.—"Life is but a journey, let us live well on the road," is the inscription on Mr. Peck's sign-board, at the Gentle Shepherd, near Simon's Town. On this principle we suppose the four gentlemen acted, who started last week to the sale of a wreck off Dyer's Island, about two days journey from Town. The bill of fare has fallen into our hands, viz:

1 Ham,	2 Turkeys,
6 Tongues,	3 doz. Sausages,
2 Pine Cheese,	6 loaves of Bread,
1 box of Biscuits,	3 doz. Champaigne,
2 gallons Brandy,	3 doz. Madeira,
4 dozen Claret,	100 bottles of Beer,
1 doz. Seltzer Water,	&c. &c. &c.

6 boxes Seidlitz Powders,

The Calculators at Fault.—On the 25th of last month (Christmas,) the whole population of Town and Country were all in readiness to witness an eclipse of the moon, which was predicted in the *Advertiser* to appear about 8 o'Clock at night. The moon, however, shone as resplendantly as ever, and no obscuration took place. The next morning meeting a little fellow connected with Mr. Greig's Office, the inquiry was made—"Where is the eclipse you told us about?" "O! Sir," was the reply, "it was put off for a day,—it will certainly appear to night." The boy was correct.

Killing two Birds with one Stone.—A medical gentleman announces to the Cape Public, by *advertisement*, that he has just married a wife, and for the information of the ladies in general, tags to the information "Obstetrick Doctor."

Kaapsche Almanak.—In Mr. De Lima's Almanack, which is, by the bye, outrageously high-priced, we discover one or two literal novelties. We read as follows:

"Moore, Edward, messenger to the cottage of the late Mr. Advocate Joubert."

"Home, James, *must* be James Horne."

"Bance, John, must be James Port Captain."

"*Whiskey* & Co, Brewery, 59, Dorp-street."

Anecdote.—"I am going to build a cottage," said a medical gentleman, who is celebrated as an extractor of teeth; "And pray tell me," said he to his friend, "of what order it shall be, and how I shall name the place." "You can't do better," said the other, "than build in the *Tuskan* order, and call it "Forcep's Hall."

A Writer on the Cape Cookery.—In the Journal of Agriculture, great fault is found with the culinary matters of the colonists, and the writer declares it to be his belief, that all the profits of merino wool, will not tempt the farmers or their wives to forgo the greasy temptations of sheep's tail. It is true enough, that we do not greatly excel in the gastronomic art, especially if we contemplate every kind of meat boiled to rags, or burnt up by roasting; game without gravy, and turkeys without *stuffing*. And, moreover, beans *run to seed*. brought to table and drowned in sour wine, (a substitute for vinegar,) potatoes peppered with nutmeg, and cabbage strewed with pounded cinnamon and sugar. But we check ourselves, —let us not forget our ancestors in English history, and their modes of decking the table. Only think of their peculiar tastes—pepper, oil, and lemon associated with patridge —larded hog's feet, and bacon tart,—pork with molasses,—mackerel with gooseberry sauce,—and roast rumps of beef well covered with virgin honey !*

The Reason Why.—The other day, a merchant affixed to his notification placard in the Commercial Room, the word Sydney, to which a vessel was to sail, was written *Sidney*. "That's an error," observed a bye-stander, "and I'll tell you the reason why. That—*i* ought to be *y*, and that's the reason **Y**.

Extraordinary Bill of Fare.—The Advertisement of the Agricultural Society the other day, announced to the public, that "a dinner of the members" was to take place.

EXTRACT

OF AN ADDRESS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION TO SIR G. L. COLE.

Our resources are very limited when compared with the objects to which they may be profitably devoted, or rather when contrasted with the means for their accomplishment, the works to which our position and circumstances invite us are boundless. But all parts of the empire are influenced by our condition and our progress. They are interested in the statistics of a country so new and so peculiar,—in its facilities for the progress, improvement, and extension of its population and power,—in the materials it offers to Art and Commerce,—and in the discoveries it may afford to Science. Every generation will profit according to the energy, perseverance, and liberality of its efforts. There may be o rapid accumulation of knowledge and advantage from combined, constant, and well-directed endeavours to obtain them, or on the other hand, much which men need, or would value, may lie dormant till awakened in the slow or accidental gradations, by which individual exertion creeps to its discoveries. We would as an Association seek the benefit of our country by combining together the small efforts which each has the means of making. But this Colony can do little singly. It is only an individual amid the members of the empire, and we would fondly cherish the hope that other countries will never be indifferent nor refuse their help toward proceedings which tend to benefit them all. We are therefore convinced that if the ease, safety, and advantage of exploring the great Regions to the North of us were appreciated by the National Government, we might expect early and effectual aid for that purpose. We would also confidently anticipate that something may be done to forward a suggestion made by your Excellency, that part of the ground adjoining to Government House may be converted into a Botanic Garden, or a Preserve for native Plants which it is of importance to examine, or foreign ones, which it must be beneficial to naturalize. We respectfully request that your Excellency will make representations in England on our behalf in regard to these objects, and your Excellency may rest assured that this Institution will be ever ready to devote to them any resources or endeavours which our circumstances may enable us to afford.

* Allowed to the boys of Westminster School 100 years since, on days of public rejoicing.

SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

Mr. Von Ludwig, in prosecution of his zealous and effective endeavours to naturalize the productions of other lands, has succeeded, during the last year, in procuring thriving plants, now growing in his garden, of the following species:

Amonium Zinziber, Ginger; Maranta Arundinacea, Arrow Root; Olea Europea; Calampilis Scabra; Zamia, new sp.; Phaenix Reclinata; Hibiscus, several species; Phormium Tenax, New Zealand Flax; Eucalyptus, several species; Cassia, several species; Mimosa, do.; Laurus Cinamomum; Nux Ministica; Salvia Splendius; Ipomæa, several species; Budleya Madagascariensis; Heliotropium] Peruvianum; Cyclamen Pyrenaicum; Cyclamen Persicum; Casuarina, several species; Coffea Arabica; Camelia Japonica, 18 varieties; Mangifera Indica; Cactus, several species; Gardenia Thunbergii; Urania Specciosa; Bromelia Ananas, 4 varieties; Gloriosa Superba; Dracoena Ferrea; Aloe, several species; Democarpus Litchi; Laurus Nobilis, Eugenia Uniflora; Anno squammosa; Tamarindus Indica; Bombax.

INTERESTING APPEAL FROM THE ISLAND OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA.

THE following official document has been kindly placed in our hands. Southey in one of his poems fortels the day when instruction shall visit all lands:—e'en

"The smallest habitable rock beaten
By lonely billows, shall hear the sounds
Of humanized Society."

And here is a happy illustration of it at Tristan da Cunha.

WE, the Undersigned, being three of the Senior and principal Inhabitants of the Island of Tristan da Cunha, do hereby agree to furnish any respectable middle aged people, (as man and wife,) who are willing to and capable to undertake the office of Schoolmaster and Mistress, with house and all necessaries for their subsistence, as well as to present them every year at Christmas with a tenth part of the amount of sale of our produce, so long as the Schoolmaster and Mistress shall conduct themselves with propriety, and chuse to remain with us. And we do further agree, that any persons sent us with a Certificate of good conduct and necessary qualification, signed by the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, or by Admiral Warren, (the Naval Commander in Chief,) shall be considered by us eligible to the situation, and their passages to this Island paid to the Master of any merchant vessel bringing them immediately on their arrival, (the sum of passage money having been agreed upon by either the Governor or Admiral before-mentioned.

Signed by us at Tristan da Cunha, this 17th day of January, 1834, on board H. M. Brig *Forrester*, in the presence of Commander Booth, R. N.

WM. GLASS, Governor.
RICHARD RIELLY, his X mark.
JOHN TAYLOR, his X mark.

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RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE NORTHERN PARTS OF CHINA.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

(Concluded from our last.)

PROCEEDING in their course from Amoy, round the northern coast of China, they were obliged, by stress of weather, to anchor the *Amherst*, under the direction of Mr. Lindsay, off an island called Keetan, where they had an interview of a singular nature with a mandarin, who was the government admiral of the district. His Chinese name was *Tsung-ping*.

'This mandarin, whose name is Wan Tajin, is a native of Keung-shan, and had lived some time in the neighbourhood of Macao, where he had frequent opportunities of seeing foreigners. He was received on board the Amherst with the respect due to his rank; a salute of three guns was fired, and every attention paid to him; but it appears that the ideas he had there acquired of foreign character, did not lead him to imagine that much courtesy was requisite towards us. He began the conversation by abruptly asking various questions, hardly giving me time to reply: "Where do you come from? What is your nation? What business have you here? You must be gone instantly," &c. &c. I had just commenced a reply, when his Excellency turned sharply to Mr. Gutzlaff, and said,—"You are a Chinaman;"* Mr. Gutzlaff denying it, he told him to take off his cap, that he might see if he wore a tail; which being done, he said, "No, I see you are a Portuguese." I now told him that the ship was English, which he treated with perfect discredit, saying, "I have lived at Macao, and know the barbarian customs; your ship is from Macoa." I again replied that it was strange in his Excellency to accuse me of falsehood in this manner, and that both myself and the ship positively were English, in spite of all that he had known and learned at Macao. I then took a pencil and wrote on a slip of paper, "Ta-ying-Kwo (Great Britain) is my nation," and placed it in his hands. On receiving it he burst into the most scornful laugh, and exclaimed, "Nonsense! the great English nation! the petty English nation you should say! You tell lies to me." Up to this moment I had kept my temper perfectly, and answered all his insulting remarks with civility; but I confess that the grossness of this last speech completely overcame the natural placidity of my disposition. I snatched the paper, which he was still laughing at, out of his hands, and seizing hold of the admiral's arm, I said, "As you have come to my ship merely to insult my nation (the Ta-ying-Kwo) and myself, I insist on your instantly quitting it; and suiting the action to my words, I was on the point of handing him out of the cabin. His Excellency now saw that he had carried the matter too far, and commenced apologizing. "Pray excuse me; I did not mean to offend; you know well there is the Ta-se-yang and the Leaon-se-yang (the one is generally applied to Portugal, the other to Goa,) I thought there was also the Ta-ying-Kwo and the Leaon-ying-Kwo; I acknowledge my offence, and again beg you will excuse me." This ingenious apology was accompanied with a profusion of bows, and behaviour as cringing as it had before been insolent. He staid on board a considerable time, but his manners and conduct were so singular as to raise a suspicion that his judgment was not quite sound, which was corroborated by some of his officers who accompanied him, and who expressed much regret at the indecorous behaviour of their commander. I certainly, on no other occasion, witnessed such grossness of manner as was exhibited by Admiral Wan; for, the demeanour of Chinese mandarins in public is generally distinguished by a considerable degree of dignity and decorum.'

* Mr. G. is a Prussian Missionary.

Remaining here for some days, the party established with the natives, who were at first shy and reserved, a communication, which was particularly satisfactory to them, because they constituted the first Europeans on whom these people had laid their eyes. The party next entered a river which led to Fuh-chow-foo, the capital where the governor-general of the provinces of Fokien and Che Keang resided. Mr. Lindsay drew up a petition to this authority, in which he stated that an English ship had arrived with a cargo, the chief articles of which he enumerated; and, having expressed his willingness to sell these to the people, he proposed to take either money or tea in barter, the latter he heard, being of excellent quality in the district. The petition was finally sent to the governor, as we shall see; and the Amherst passed up the river, in which it anchored near an island called Koo Keang. No sooner was the ship seen by the people, than they came down in multitudes from curiosity, and indeed, in the first few days, they so impeded the crew in their business, as to require that the Captain of the ship should hang a rope across the deck, beyond which none were to pass. In conformity with the very politic conduct which they had adopted during the whole voyage, the party here, as elsewhere, fixed up a tablet, on which an inscription was engraved, implying that medical assistance would be afforded gratuitously. The Chinese have a very strong confidence in the power of foreign physicians, and it was therefore with great delight that they read this address. On the afternoon of the day of their arrival, two respectable men came on board, and earnestly solicited a few of the party with whom they conversed, to land and see them at their village. Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Gutzlaff complied with the invitation, and proceeded to the island and there took tea in the shop of their host. The people of this island as they walked over it, exhibited a great desire to obtain some tracts which the travellers carried with them, and which were of a moral, religious, and scientific nature. "Having walked," says Mr. Lindsay, "over the island, we were about to return to the ship, when our two friends again assailed us with entreaties to return and partake of a small entertainment they had prepared for us; this we could not refuse, although it was already dark, and they led us to a public hall of the village, where we found a table spread with an excellent Chinese dinner, to which we were invited to dine. Our hosts would not be seated, but stood and waited on us, at the same time keeping off the dense crowd, which soon filled every part of the hall. The younger ones climbed on the rafters, and every place from which a glimpse of the strangers could be caught. Nothing, however, could exceed the decorum which was kept up, or th e general feeling of kindness and goodwill which seemed to prevail towards us. This anecdote is trifling in itself, and unconnected with the public business of the voyage. I have mentioned it," says Mr. L. "as indicative of the natural friendly disposition of the Chinese towards foreigners; and I am happy to say that nothing occurred during our residence here in any way to lessen it."

Led by his experience, Mr. Lindsay did not hesitate to propose an expedition to the capital itself of the province, Fuh-chow-foo, in order to present his petition in his own person. On his ascent up the river, he was met by several mandarins' boats, which were carrying officers from the capital to hold communication with the strangers; but, by acting on their resolution to yield nothing to intimidation, the lat-

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ter were allowed, though frequently stopped, to proceed without further molestations. After pulling for about twenty-five miles, they at last came within sight of the far-famed bridge, on both sides of which the town lies; and, having arrived at a public office on the south side, boldly inquired for the viceroy's palace. They were told that it was on the opposite side of the river; the boat veered about, and they dashed to that side. The bridge was covered with the awe-struck inhabitants; and, when five of the party landed, they were surrounded by an immense crowd. They had to proceed about a mile and a half through the suburbs, when they arrived at the city; here, they entered a spacious building, through a vaulted passage, to which, however, there were no gates, and afterwards walked a quarter of a mile more, when they were ushered into a public office, the door of which was immediately closed after their entrance, in order to keep off the crowd. Here, the utmost amazement was expressed by the officers, who could not imagine for an instant how such an apparition could have come upon them, since the strangers were obviously beings in a form and shape, and with an exterior which they never had seen before, and yet had no guides to lead them. A mandarin soon came to take down the names and surnames of the party, upon which Mr. Lindsay showed his petition, saying, that he wished to present it in person. The officers told him that every thing should be settled by the next day, and that, upon that night, they should be conducted to a respectable house, not far from their ship, where they would be hospitably and kindly treated. The strangers, trusting to these promises, returned to the place where they had previously landed, but found that their destiny had really been appointed, not for the land, but for the water; and they must retire to a boat selected on purpose for them in the river. After some altercation, they agreed to go to this boat, but, on reaching it, found that it was a common trading vessel, filled with persons of the lowest class. Mr. Lindsay, with his party, instantly returned to the shore, and, going straight to the custom house, told the people that they intended to spend the night there. The residents immediately complied, and they had scarcely been seated there, when the mandarin named Whang, who had already been the person to procure them the boat which they were forced to abandon, made his appearance. As the place was government property, the party was induced to leave it, particulary as another mandarin who had already shewn them kindness directed them to a public office belonging to a Tartar general, where they would, as he promised them, be taken care of. But scarcely had they established themselves there when they were again visited by Whang, who was insolent enough to tell them that barbarians could not be permitted to remain on shore, and ordered them contemptuously to rise and go back to their boats. Mr. Lindsay and his companions now became indignant, and burst forth into a torrent of expostulation against Whang, telling him over and over again that they meant to stay where they were; and so saying, they drew a large table from the corner of the room, and placing their stores upon it, took their seats around it. "It was midnight," says Mr. Lindsay, "before the matter was finally settled, and the mandarins all left us to our repose. The old mwan-chow who had brought us here appeared much annoyed and said, It is not my fault, but Whang is my superior; and both himself and several of the others expressed themselves ashamed of the inhospitality shewn towards us. It is worthy of remark, that, from the moment we put their authority at defiance, the demeanour of many of the mandarins who appeared before indifferent became cordial and friendly, and even Whang's tone of contempt and insult changed to that of persuasion and argument. It is a singular fact, and one so contrary to general principles of human nature, that nothing but practical experience can convince one of the truth of it; but, in every case, both on matters of greater and smaller importance, I have found that little or nothing either can or will ever be obtained from the Chinese government or its officers by humble entreaty and conciliatory arguments, but that the moment the tone is changed, and a resolute determination is evinced of carrying your point at all risks, it will be conceded with apparent readiness, particularly if the claim is founded on justice and moderation; and, what is more singular they appear to look on you with more good-will and cordiality in consequence."

Shangae in Keang-soo, a celebrated emporium of China, was the next place which the Amherst visited. Here their approach was disputed very strongly, but firmness and courage triumphed over every opposition. All the wharfs, as Mr. Lindsay says, quoting from his journal made at the time.

'All the wharfs were crowded with people, who were attracted by our appearance. We landed in front of a large temple, dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, where we were subsequently lodged. The crowd opened right and left to give free admission, and we walked through it into the temple, where a theatrical performance was going on, which our appearance immediately stopped, as every one's attention was turned to us. I asked the way to the city and the taoutae's office, and we proceeded at a rapid pace in the direction indicated As we approached, the lictors hastily tried to shut the doors, and we were only just in time to prevent it, and pushing them back, entered the outer court of the office. Here we found numerous low police people, but no decent persons, and the three doors leading to the interior were shut and barred as we entered. After waiting a few minutes, and repeatedly knocking at the door, seeing no symptoms of their being opened, Mr Simpson and Mr. Stephens settled the point by two vigorous charges at the centre gate with their shoulders, which shook them off their hinges, and brought them down with a great clatter, and we made our entrance into the great hall of justice, at the further extremity of which was the state chair and table of the taoutae. Here were numerous official assistants, who seeing us thus unexpectedly among them, forgot totally our unceremonious mode of obtaining entrance, and received us with great politeness, inviting us to sit down and take tea and pipes.'

In the further intercourse which the party had with the authorities, Mr. Lindsay showed a degree of boldness and contempt for them, by which they were not only completely astonished, bnt humiliated, readily complying with every demand which he made upon them, and endeavouring to conciliate him and his party by the exercise of the most liberal hospitality. Notwithstanding all this kindness, the government was making preparations in the meantime to force the barbarian vessel to depart, and from the account of the warlike resources collected by the government, which is given by Mr. Lindsay, it appears that their ideas of war were conceived on a most ludicrous scale. Several excursions into the neighbouring country were performed by the party, and in those districts which they visited, where the people were not restrained by the presence of mandarins, they exhibited the greatest attention and kindness to the strangers, all without exception behaving towards them with evident partiality, and many loading them with presents of vegetables, fruits, &c. It was during this part of the voyage that Mr. Lindsay witnessed a curious

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instance of the severity of military discipline in China. A mandarin, whose cap with a gold button was borne before him, was marched about in procession between two executioners, blindfolded, with a small flag on a short bamboo, pierced through each of his ears; before him was a man bearing a placard with this inscription:

"By orders of the general of Soo and Sung; for a breach of military discipline, his ears are pierced as a warning to the multitude."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Graham's Town Journal.

THOUGHTS ON OUR HUMANE POLICY, AND THE CIVILIZATION OF THE NATIVE TRIBES.

"Thou shalt not kill."

SIR,—I congratulate you on that decision of character which you have manifested in the case of a recent *military* appointment to a *civil* station; and I thank you for that kindlier view of Caffer politics which you have taken than was wont to be discussed in your now greatly-improved Journal. My present object is not to tilt with the military gentlemen, many of whom are known to be inestimable men, but I would just throw out the fact for their consideration, and those who appoint them to civil duties, that by an order of the home government, all *civilians* are immediately to vacate the army. (such as garrison appointments.) Of course, the large revenues derived by the Governor of Gibraltar from *local* revenues are to be abolished. And, instead of holding out temptations to officers of the army to yearn after and make applications for civil service in connection with half-pay or otherwise, it is intended to establish *a scale of rewards* to *merit;* the amount of which is fixed at £8,000 a-year.

Now, as to our border tribes, it is high time the subject should be taken up broadly and fearlessly, and the press woefully hides its light under a bushel, if it suffers itself to be hoodwinked any longer on this subject. You, in your *Journal*, Sir, and the *Advertiser*, have done your duty.—May you persevere in your honourable career.

Strangely have we applied our christian philanthropy for a series of years past towards winning the frontier tribes to the standard of peace and good-will. Instead of exercising in the least degree our boasted civilized superiority, we have brought into the field all the fierceness of savage life—all the hatred, contempt, distrust, and cunning of those who are the mere children of untutored nature. We have been true *Ishmaelites* in the case, —*Our hand against every man, and every man's hand against us.* But let me advert to a fact in my own experience. I visited the Frontier, and was about to proceed to various parts of Caffraria. An authority, with much earnestness, begged me to desist. Dangers innumerable were pointed out—death and destruction were presented in reversion, in all manner of hideous shapes—the Caffers were intent on murder and pillage; in a word, the Frontier towns and villages were all in the most imminent danger. If I still determined to run the risk of forfeiting my life by advancing it was considered of paramount importance that myself and servant should be well armed. Without adopting the advice given, we entered Caffreland, being *armed* with a couple of quince twigs gathered from the hedge. We visited many parts of the country, as well as numerous kraals: we were sometimes benighted, and frequently thrown among bands of Caffres, who hailed us with every demonstration of respect. Everything was peaceable and quiet, and everywhere the hand was held up, not to curse, but to bless. In fact, I found out by actual experience, that the authority at Graham's Town had done injustice to the character of the Caffres, originating, probably, in some false report respecting them.

A general history of the wrongs of Africa may one day or other be gathered up. He that would do justice to the subject, would naturally expatiate on the monstrous, the wholesale persecutions perpetrated on the defenceless by the strong,—and which custom has almost legalized. I am not now adverting to the practices of commandoes and their auxiliaries—the boers; there have been cruelties and wrongs innumerable in the over-reachings and chicaneries of *business;* and it is awfully true, that the lust of *gain* has no where made so fierce and fell an exhibition of its hardihood as in this quarter of the globe. As the wealth and rising advancement of Graham's Town is so manifestly dependent on trade with the native tribes, it were well if the principles of this trade were *always* conducted with even-handed justice, truth, and integrity. It is not sufficiently considered, nor indeed is it sufficiently *known*, how powerful is the influence of truth and candour in conciliating the good opinion and the good offices of the savage. The latter is keen enough to distrust those whom they perceive to be unworthy of confidence. Real integrity is not without its voucher in the hearts of others; and they who maintain it, are treated with confidence, because it is seen that confidence can be safely reposed.

Perhaps, Sir, in no better way could we pay the debt we owe the Caffers, than by calling together (as some one has suggested) the Chiefs of every tribe, and, at a general public meeting, founding a society expressly for the purposes of civilization. In such a case, the inhabitants of Albany, and especially those of Graham's Town, are more intimately concerned. I think at such a meeting it would not be desirable that any gentlemen should be present dressed out in the paraphernalia of death's emblems. The "pomp and circumstance" of any war-like appearance would not be advisable. But I am aware that I am digressing, and shall therefore come to the *moral* of the present subject, by a reference to historical fact, in the progress of settling among tribes, either uncivilized or savage. I must premise, Sir, that in producing these facts, (even without comment,) they will be met by some men with a sort of instinctive opposition: they, nevertheless, deserve serious consideration, and will not be lost *to that small but increasing number—whether in this colony or elsewhere, who maintain in principle, and illustrate by their practice, the great duty in conforming to the laws of christianity, without regard to dangers or present advantages.*

A living writer of eminence, and one quite aloof from enthusiasm, (Southey) bears this remarkable testimony:—"There is but one community of christians in the world, and that unhappily of all communities one of the smallest; enlightened enough to understand the prohibition of using the sword to exterminate their brethren of mankind—taking for their guide the command of our Divine Master, in its *plain, literal, and undeniable sense;* and conscientious enough to obey it, subduing the very instinct of nature to obedience."* The reader of American History will recollect, that in the beginning of the last century a desultory and most dreadful

* Southey's History of Brazil.

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warfare was carried on by the natives against the European settlers; a warfare that was *provoked*, as such warfare has almost always originally been, by the injuries and violence of professed christians. The mode of destruction was secret and sudden on the part of the barbarians, and their cruelties were too horrible to relate. From this warfare the settlers sought safety by abandoning their homes, and retiring to fortified places, or to the neighbourhood of garrisons. But amidst this desolation, the *Society of Friends*, who were a considerable portion of the whole population, were stedfast to their principles. They pursued their occupations in the fields openly and unarmed; and without any weapons, either for annoyance or defence. And what was their fate? They lived in security and quiet. The habitation, which, to his armed neighbour, was the scene of murder and of the scalping knife, was to the unarmed Quaker a place of safety and of peace. *Three* of the Society were, however, killed. And who were they? They were three who had abandoned their principles—a spirit of distrust taking place in their minds, they took up arms and perished.*

The fate of the Friends during the Rebellion in Ireland, was nearly similar. It is well known that the rebellion was not only a time of open war, but of cold-blooded murder; of the utmost fury and bigotry, and the utmost exasperation of revenge. Yet the Quakers were preserved even to a proverb; and when strangers passed through the streets of ruin and observed a house standing uninjured and alone, they would point and say—"*that is the house of a Quaker.*" So complete was the preservation which these people experienced, that in an official document of the Society they say—"no member of our Society fell a sacrifice but one young man; and that young man had assumed regimentals and arms."

Again—whatever the quarrels of the Pennsylvanian Indians were with others, they uniformly respected and held sacred the territories of William Penn. The Pennsylvanians never lost man, woman, or child by them, and whilst those around them were suffering, and trembling for their existence, these were the people who possessed their country in peace and security. Pennsylvania continued to enjoy this repose for more than seventy years, and subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for her defence. "The Pennsylvanians became armed, though without arms; they became strong, though without strength; they became safe, without the ordinary means of safety. The *constable's staff* was the only instrument of authority amongst them for the greater part of a century."* I cannot wonder that these people were not molested. There is something so noble in this perfect confidence in the Supreme Protector, in this utter exclusion of "slavish fear," in this voluntary relinquishment of the means of injury or defence, that I do not wonder that even ferocity could be disarmed by such virtue.†

In conclusion:—'There is reason to expect,' says Dr. Johnson, 'that as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at last be reconciled. When this enlightened period shall arrive, we shall be approaching, and we shall not till then approach that era of purity and peace, when "violence shall no more be heard in our land, wasting nor *destruction* within our *borders*." That a period like this will come, I am not able to doubt; I believe it, because it is not credible that the Righteous One will always endure the butchery of man by man; because He has declared that He will not endnre it; and because I think there is a perceptible approach of that period in which He will say—"*It is enough.*"—"Shall the sword devour for ever?"

With every good wish,
I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
HERMES.

* Barclay.

* Clarkson.

† Ramond, in his "Travels in the Pyrennees," fell in from time to time with those desperate marauders who infest the boundaries of Spain and Italy,—men who are familiar with danger, and robbery, and blood. What did experience teach him was the most efficient means of preserving himself from injury? To go "unarmed." He found that he had little to apprehend from men we inspire with no distrust or envy, and every thing to expect in those from whom we claim only what is due from man to man. The laws of nature still exist for those who have long shaken off the law of civil government. The assassin has been my guide in the defiles of the boundaries of Italy; the smuggler of the Pyrennees has received me with a welcome in his secret paths. Armed, I should have been the enemy of both; unarmed, they have alike respected me. In such expectation, I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever. Arms irritate the wicked, and intimidate the simple; the man of peace amongst mankind has a much more sacred defence—his character."

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR COLONIAL IMPROVEMENTS.

By WM. DUNN, *Esq. Resident at Sebastian's Bay.*

[THE following communication has been addressed to our publisher. Though somewhat too lengthened for our columns, we consider Mr. Dunn entitled to obtain a fair hearing. In the discussion of his varied subjects, we ask how it happened that the great staple commodity of the frontier (wool) should have been omitted. Mr. Dunn is evidently of sanguine temperament, and we like him the better for it. No man ever succeeded as a traveller or an agriculturist without possessing an ardour approaching to enthusiasm. Mr. Dunn has, we know well enough, laboured long in the field of enterprise, and amidst many diversified privations and discouragements, has pursued a manly course.]

BREEDE RIVER, SWELLENDAM,
1st February, 1834.

Mr. W. BRIDEKIRK,
Cape Town.

SIR,—As I presume you are a publisher as well as a printer, I have taken the liberty of laying before you a few thoughts relative to Public Improvements. I was induced to commit these to paper, in consequence of the offer of a gold medal by the Dutch Society for the enlargement of Civilization and Literature, (of which Mr. Changuion is Secretary,) to the person who should propose the best plan of improvement. In case I was successful, I desired the medal might be retained by the Society, but my packet was too late for the post. Perhaps some Society, or some new Publication, would accept of the enclosed, or it is equally at your service. I wish there was a Cape publication (like Young's Annals of Agriculture) in which the opinions of the editor were unknown. Why may it not form the commencement of some cheap periodical? Perhaps Mr. Changuion's Society contemplate such a publication; but it is advisable to do so soon, that our poor farmers may be assisted in finding purchasers for their grain now that God has sent them so fine a harvest. I will thank you to interest yourself on the subject: I would sooner have the enclosed printed and published in my own name, than longer withhold what I consider of great importance to make known.

Rivers in New South Wales, which often end in a morass, are minutely examined but no survey can I obtain of this noble river, which may be said to be an arm of the sea. By the introduction of fresh water here, I have rendered the only navigable river in the colony available to the purposes of commerce. It is obvious, from the neglect of Saldanha Bay, that the want of fresh water will render the finest port in the world useless. My exertions here have consumed my health and strength; the foot of man could hardly be traced when I first settled on this side of the river. I wish government would make the place private property, or some means could be devised to assist me. An English mind at once decides that, if this river runs into the oldest-settled and richest part of the colony, and *if* exports are the only source of wealth, that the metropolis of the colony should be here. I have seldom read of such facilities for commerce as at Breede River. A leading wind out of the river carries a vessel on her voyage, if she is bound to the eastward; if she is bound to the west, as calms prevail

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morning and evening, she may be towed out with the wind at east, and pursue her voyage; if she arrives at Breede River Mouth from a foreign voyage, should the wind be adverse to her entering the river, she then lays in smooth water, as the wind blows off the land; if the wind is the contrary, she can enter the river.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
—— WILLIAM DUNN.

HINTS, ETC.

It has been proposed that every person capable of committing his thoughts to paper, should present to his brother colonists some account of his immediate neighbourhood. Thus a topographical description of the Cape of Good Hope might be formed, (similar to that of Sir John Sinclair's,*) and general improvement everywhere promoted

Every society succeeds as far as it is moral—"If there be any virtue and if there be any praise," it arises from religion—I therefore propose—

1st. That associations of two hundred persons be formed throughout the colony, who will subscribe in money or produce to the amount of five rix-dollars per annum each, for the support of a minister. The fees at marriages and christenings, with the above Rds. 1000, would be found sufficient to induce pious men to give up the whole of their time. If they merely preached two sermons on a Sunday, the individual subscription would only amount to about one penny per sermon, and a room could easily be built by mutual co-operation.

2dly. I propose that the Bible Societies deposit Bibles where the quarterly avont-maals are celebrated, which shall be sold at a reduced price, (and on credit, if required,) so that every one who can read may possess the word of life.

3dly. I propose that the field cornet and the four elder landed proprietors form a standing committee in every field cornetcy of the colony, for the purpose of establishing and conducting an English Manual-Labour School The boys being employed four hours per day in the cultivation of a garden-farm, would ultimately furnish food for the establishment; and, if possessed of a useful library, diligent youth would be enabled to educate themselves in the higher branches of learning.

One of the most striking improvements of the age we live in, is the virtual lessening of distances by affording facility of transport—it is the common theme of the colony—"that facility of transport is the great desideratum." Every suggestion, therefore, from the local inhabitants, relative to the means of obviating difficult mountain passes in their respective neighbourhoods, should be minutely examined.

The British Parliament, *many* years since, by their improvements of the roads in the Highlands of Scotland, and their subsequent forming of canals, laid the foundation of the present prosperity of North Britain.

We have but one navigable River in the Colony, (Breede River) which was lately nearly abandoned from the want of fresh water. This is now abundantly supplied at the new residency, and ships of large burthen can anchor close to the shore—vessels of 200 tons can with safety enter the River, and large barges can ascend sixty miles. Should the Breede River be made navigable for boats to Worcester, it would reduce the General Land-Carriage of the Colony by about 200 miles—and the River Zonder-End which runs into Breede River is already a kind of navigable canal.

Whether any communication could be effected between Breede River and one that runs into St. Helena Bay remains to be proved, but rumour is favorable to the enterprise. It is worse than useless pleading that *our* rivers are subject to land floods, &c; the colonists must refrain from poring over the difficulties of the country, and observe the obstacles that have been overcome elsewhere for the promotion of water-carriage, (Eccles. 34, 9,) "A man that hath travelled, knoweth many things." The land floods in the Oporto River are so rapid, that vessels are secured by six or seven cables to the shore, and many of the rivers in Europe are liable to torrents. It is vain to say, we have no trade that will compensate for the great public expenditure that improvements would occasion. If such reasoning had been admitted, the once almost impenetrable Highlands of Scotland would not have been pierced with roads at the expense of the nation.

Facilities of transport *create* trade. The number of passengers, &c. between Liverpool and Manchester is greatly augmented by the new Rail road, and the establishment of *one* steam-vessel *creates* the *necessity* for a second.

The staple article of export in the districts bordering on Breede River is grain; and it would be a moderate computation, considering the extent of these districts, to say that five hundred thousand muids per annum could be readily furnished for exportation if the navigation of the River was extended.—Grain, from being bulky, it cannot be brought from a great distance by land-carriage and exported to a profit. The two hundred miles of land carriage from the neighbourhood of Breede River to Table Bay incurs an expense of about eight Rix-dollars per muid on wheat, but if general exportaion was effected from the higher parts of the River, expense might be reduced (by employing large vessels) to ninepence per muid. The Farmers instead of being very frequently absent from their families for three weeks, and withdrawing their oxen from the legitimate objects of farming, and fatiguing themselves and cattle, would remain at home and attend to the hourly claims which a farming establishment demands. There are favored situations where the most incalculable return of grain would be produced—and there is scarcely a plant in the world which might not be naturalized in some one of our districts. Access of communication with these favored spots might concentrate at the Cape of Good Hope whatever is most esteemed in every other part of the globe.

Why should Parliament authorize a public expenditure for the making of Canals in Canada, and reject the improvement of the Cape of Good Hope? It may be truly said—"we *have* not, because we ask not." This Colony being more prized than the Canadas by the HOME GOVERNMENT, as being a military station and the stepping stone to India.

Ships have cleared from Breede River, both to the Mauritius and to St. Helena, and we therefore only want an extended boat navigation to Worcester; *this* can be accomplished either by improving the Drift, or by forming circuitous cuts around them. The first Drift in Breede River only occurs at about sixty miles from its entrance. Slight interruptions by drought in summer should form no impediment to the general success of the enterprise, for the frosts of Europe impede navigation.

If formerly, near twenty thousand muids of grain were shipped from Breede River in one year for colonial consumption alone, surely the stimulous of a foreign market would procure a supply of five hundred thousand muids, as the Swellendam district itself contains seven hundred Farmers.

The people of Birmingham only manufacture arms when there is a market for them. At a distance from Cape Town, the farmers are hardly paid an equivalent for the carriage alone of their grain, and the population of the Cape District can be fully supplied by the growers of corn in their immediate vicinity.

It should first be ascertained, whether a foreign market *can* be found. The farmers who have confined themselves to the growing of corn for their own household only, would, from the novelty of the offer of *constant* purchasers, pour in their grain to the stores of Breede River, from the distance of some weeks, and would be all ruined if wheat, barley, rye, and oats could find no sale.

Great Britain favorably receives *colonial* grain.—The trade to India and China being open, will cause a rush of adventurers, and our introduction to some millions of new customers in India and China may occasion an extra demand for our incomparable wheat.

Our local situation with regard to India, together with the resort of outward and homeward-bound vessels to our ports for refreshments, place us in more favorable circumstances, than the growers of wheat in New South Wales; and we have a preference to the Canadas, as *they* can hardly supply a European deficiency of harvest. In the same year, by reason of the ice, our farmers from the want of a market, have hitherto very wisely abstained from growing more grain than their domestic necessities required; but give them a stage for action—remove the obstacles of lengthened journies, (fatiguing to man and beast,)—place a market within reach, by the introduction of water carriage; and whether of Dutch, or German, or of French extraction, or from the hard-wrought race of Britain, the Cape farmers in general, will energetically respond to the demands of commerce.

One of the surest means of succeeding in trade, is to arrive at cheap production. With regard to *our* being able to produce cheap grain, we have NO rents to pay—*No Tithes—No Poor Rates*—and, *a very few Taxes;* for the quit-rent and loan-rents may be said to answer to the interest of the capital, which, in America, is necessarily invested in the purchase of land;—who can, therefore, compete with us as to cheapness of production? Our wheat is far superior to English wheat, and the return of Price Currents will always convey information, whether the value of an English quarter of wheat allows a profit on the exportation of eleven schepels, which is the same amount.

If our barley or oats are inferior, the merchants can provide superior seed; and we have the advantage of furnishing many articles not within the reach of the English agriculturists. Our wine, and the various productions of the grape, aloes, tobacco, dried fruits, cotton, probably coffee, possibly tea; and no doubt oil, (as gobd as the Italian,) might be exported; and, moreover, we have hardly any winter, and a healthful climate. It is not enough that grain may be *occasionally* exported to a profit—it must become a staple article of export like fine American flour. The government can do no more—the most impassioned bigot for free trade, rhymers against the Corn Laws, and Mr. Huskisson himself (if alive,) would not require more freedom in respect to trade in grain, than that which is by law established at the Cape of Good Hope.

It may be answered—that my expectation of so large an extra exportation of grain as 500,000 muids, supposes that many vessels be added to the Colony. This may be true, but it is equally true, that there is scarcely a single manufactory at the Cape of Good Hope. We import our iron, earthen ware, tea, sugar, &c. and the greater part of our clothing. We have, therefore, very much to *learn* and much to counteract by exports, and it will take shiploads of grain to pay for a cargo of woollens and cottons; in fact—imports impoverish, and it is exports alone that are a source of profit.

The Home Government which regards this as their favorite colony, will no doubt appoint surveys of every river in South Africa. The introduction of steam vessels imposes a new duty on our navy—they should *now* examine rivers which were never thought within their jurisdiction, until the present time, when steam vessels of large burthen are found not to draw more than two, three, or four feet water.

The connection of this colony with Great Britain, offers to our colonists advantages to which other ages were strangers—the British

* Statistical Account of Scotland.

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Press confers by its cheap publications, capabilities of extraordinary magnitude, and the *English Language should be sedulously and generally cultivated.*

Prosperity usually follows religious habits. Let, therefore the colonists earnestly endeavour to establish churches and schools in every Field Cornetcy. If Government pay ministers and schoolmasters, the taxes must be proportionably increased; but *if* ministers and schoolmasters are paid by the people, they have the advantage of selecting their own clergy, and their own teachers.

The intended exertion of the Cape Town Society for extending our acquaintance with the interior of Africa, are entitled to every praise: yet the difficulty of retracing the steps of *the intended expedition* hereafter, and the obstacles of lengthened journies of hundreds of miles overland, will greatly retard the advantages which are expected:—Not so, if the facilities of water carriage are referred to.

I allow, nevertheless, that the British Settlers in Albany have happily succeeded in establishing a land commerce with the interior, which has almost doubled the exports of the colony; but their success might have been augmented had they ascended the rivers. From the Report of Dr. Smith, it is evident, that the rivers on the East Coast of Africa are so capacious, that the bars of some of them can be passed only with difficulty by a wagon at low water. Our steam boats which draw only two, three, or four feet water, would therefore ascend these rivers with the greatest ease, and should not our Naval Officers, (having no enemies to meet,) be made the auxiliaries of our merchants, by taking soundings, and even exploring the sources of these rivers; surely, it would be no misuse of the powers of our numerous steam vessels now attached to our Naval establishment, (one of which I presume is on this station,) if they were *Civilly* occupied during the intervals of *War*

If it were asked to what country the glorious Monarch of Judea resorted for his gold, it would certainly be answered—"To the Rivers of the Eastern Coast of Africa:" and notwithstanding, it would be better for the colonists to cultivate their *unrivalled* wheat, than to go in search of the precious metals; yet the receipt of gold in return for the cottons and woollens of Manchester and Yorkshire *is not to be despised.* But it is not alone on the East Coast of Africa that water carriage would introduce to an acquaintance with the interior; the Western Coast *teems* with large rivers, where an expedition could at once arrive, which would anticipate by many months, any intelligence which land travellers could communicate, even supposing they surmounted the dangers which overwhelmed Messrs. Donovan, Green, and Cowie.

Independent of the Orange River, whereby light boats could communicate from one station to another, (the bar of it being impassable) Capt. Chapman who surveyed the Western Coast by order of Commodore Nourse in H. M. Sloop *Espiegle*, in the early part of 1824—reports that, in Lat. 22 53 South, 13 miles North of Walvisch Bay, there is a river "of some consequence."—Another river 17 10 South, "remarkably spacious, having a constant discharge from its source far back in the mountains." In Lat. 15 8 South, a river is described running into little Fish Bay; and in Lat. 14 15 South, is the Victoria, "a fine river, with fresh water close over the bar, and good entrance for boats." Our scientific expeditions have not been successful: but our Missionaries have advanced unrestrained, and are cheered on by the religious Public at home, who have never hesitated in supplying pecuniary help for that cause of civilization, in which we, as colonists, are most interested. Lamentable to say, there are debased minds here, who grudge the Natives that instruction which is afforded to them from the hard-earnings of the *British People.* However, the benefits of *British generosity* is now extended to the colonists themselves, to whom the *British Public* pay twenty millions of pounds sterling for delivering them from the overwhelming expense of the slave system: for, after a few years, as a labouring man hardly earns food and raiment, these twenty millions will be proved to be *more* than a free-gift: for free labourers will work better than slaves, and will increase in numbers in consequence of their liberation. But above all, and better than forty millions of pounds sterling, the colonists will be delivered from that incubus of considering a man of colour inferior to themselves. *This* retards the energies of the colonial mind, and so reminds us of what our Lord said on another occasion, that we are almost prompted to say—"How hardly shall they that have riches [slaves] enter into the Kingdom God."

However incorrect the principles of conquest were, which have gained for us our Indian Empire, yet the despised saints at home have infused into the most distant parts of these possessions, through Missionaries and Bibles, a saving knowledge of the Redeemer.

If the result has thus almost sanctified the improper means used to establish British ascendency in India, what a consummation of good may we not expect, if our advance into the Interior of Africa is guided by the *single* aim of doing good to the Natives. We have a guarantee in the *integrity*, and the *voice* of the *British People* expressed through their Representatives in Parliament, that no love of dominion will ever again prompt the advance of the British arms.

Great Britain looks for a recompense in the elevation of savage nations: and through Missions and Bibles, and the Press, render them happy and capable of sustaining the relations of commerce.

The Caffer Tribes may rely on their integrity being respected, and the people of the Interior will find that the British have no other end in view in cultivating their frrendship, than the promotion of the arts of peace and advancing their happiness. Let, therefore, the new expedition to the remote Interior, carry with it the blessing of God, by having for its *first* object the selection of a forward position for Missionaries. Let a kind of *Point D'Appui* in the kingdom of misrule, be advanced to the very farthest point in the Interior, where the necessaries of life can be produced and a communication kept up. Thus the Cape of Good Hope Society which has remained dormant, whilst the inhabitants of other later settlements have kept pace with the improvements of the age, will claim a consideration with the excellent of the earth. This Colony, equal in climate to the most favored parts of Southern Europe, may become like Italy, the resort of the British gentry, and the valetudinarian in search of health. Our *inferiority* as to our *state of society* has hitherto prevented our being visited by the opulent; and we have seen capital pass by us and settle in a *Convict Colony!!!* at double the distance. May God turn this land of Hope into the happy fruition of British feeling, British principle, and British institutions. J. D.

Destruction of the Bushes near the Cape Flats—Mountains near Town—the planting system required—Destroyers of the Silver Tree—Commissariat Purchases, &c.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In looking over some of the back numbers of your Magazine, I noticed some judicious remarks on the present state of the Cape Flats or Downs, and the *tearing-up* system on the part of a number of persons of the roots and bushes for the purposes of sale, by which the roads are becoming worse and worse, and the sand is overwhelming the country. I regret that the thing still continues, and it is my duty at present to re-echo your warning voice to those who, being in authority, can put down the evil.

Again, Sir, can you account for the barren, sterile appearance of some of the mountains which enclose Cape Town? If not, I may be able to throw some light on the subject. The Lion Mountain,—under Table Mountain—the Devil's Hill, &c. are strangely unclothed by trees or shrubs, whilst at the same time, it is well known, how adapted for the soil, and how flourishing would be the plantations of Ericas, the Pelargoniums, and the Protea argentea of Linnæus (Silver Tree.) This latter tree might with care have made the mountains a beautiful scenery of "wood crowned heights," but how reverse is the case. A few of the last-mentioned trees do spread their foliage on the mountains S. E. of Cape Town, but their growth is notoriously impeded by the juvenile and other vagrants, who, on Sundays, sport among the plantations and destroy the young plants. Then, again the Malays, slaves, and coloured population in general, are great pests to the spread of the Silver Tree. For the uses of smoking as a substitute for tobacco, whole forests of young silver trees are destroyed. The other day a poor creature was taken into custody for washing the contents of the wardrobe which he carried about with him on a Sunday, near some solitary mountain stream. Far better would it have been for the official, if he had put down the tree-destroyers in the neighbourhood. Lastly, Sir, it is said, (which I trust is not correct,) that the Commissariat, with its characteristic notions of thrift, purchase wood at a cheap rate from these mountains, which should beautify and adorn the capital. Sir, with every good will towards this department, I do hope it will (if the thing be true,)

"Cease to do evil,"

and just afford the fourth-part of a farthing a pound more, for the required supplies, which may be obtained from Rondebosch, or other parts of the neighbourhood.*

I am, Sir,
A Mountain Man.

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* An erroneous opinion often prevails, that trees seldom thrive near the sea-coast. The Evergreen Oak *(Quercus Ilex)* is found well adapted for planting in such situations.

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SWIMMING.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

I was much gratified by observing in your No. 12, some judicious remarks on swimming and bathing; I have, with yourself, often felt surprise at that apathy on the subject which is manifested by the Cape colonists, and have often endeavoured to account for it. Being one of the early settlers who marched in procession to Graham's Town, &c. the English youth and boys of our party used greatly to astonish the Field-Cornets and others of the authorities who happened to be of Cape birth. In landing at Algoa Bay, and in crossing the rivers, they would behold with wonder the juvenile daring of our young swimmers. At one time I recollect at the Cowie, the boors who were there with a numerous train of wagons, declared the river impassable for hours to come. But the youngsters,from their dexterous swimming habits, soon determined it otherwise. Many accidents might have occurred in fording the rivers by the diversion of the oxen, &c. but for the useful assistance of the English lads, who on these occasions discovered great skill in taking the lead and securing much valuable property as ,well as lives. Many are the lives lost in this colony by the inability to swim. I hope some greater attention will be paid to the subject than heretofore.

I am, Sir, yours,
ONE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Albany.

AMERICAN NOTIONS OF SOMERSET HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—My attention was recently directed by your short notice of Somerset Hopital to pay it a visit. I was glad of the opportunity thus afforded me during a short sojourn in Cape Town, because I was desirous of reporting on the state of medical science on the shores of Arabia, and at the Cape, when I should arrive once more at Boston, U. S.

I fully agree with you, that the Somerset Hospital claims precedency in the list of your public institutions, and I consider it highly honourable to your monarchial government, that it deals so liberally towards its subjects, on the score of the patronage given towards the support of the Hospital, which is *open to the people of all nations.*

As you suggest the Hospital is naturally "an excellent school for surgery,"—this, however, can only take place under proper administration. But certainly, as it respects the Lunatic Asylum, nothing appears to me, to have been worse contrived; and common humanity seems to demand that some very considerable improvement should be made in this department. Under the management of the resident Surgeon, as far as I could discover, every attention is paid to the comforts of the lunatic inmates, but the accomodation is wretched—the sexes scarcely separated, and in taking their exercise, they are exposed to the gaze, not only of strangers who visit the Hospital, but to the patients of all descriptions, who must witness scenes occuring to the unfortunate maniacs which were better concealed, and which must prove highly distressing to those patients in the Hospital, whose diseases require quiet, and silence, and rest.

Respecting the interesting surgical case recorded as attached to the Hospital Report—it reflects lasting honour on Dr. Murray, (the name of the gentleman I think) who undertook it. The profession look naturally with intense interest on the publication of the details. But, Sir, conceive the surprise of many of the surgeons in Cape Town, whom I had the honour to meet, who were ignorant of the case until it appeared in your Journal. In Europe all "hole and corner" surgery is now happily exploded from the public Hospitals, and I feel confident that the medical men in general in Cape Town, would have felt much obliged to the resident Surgeon had he informed them of this case of rare occurrence. There should not exist, I imagine, any objection against the appointment of fixed operating days at the Somerset Hospital, (as in the case of the British and American Hospitals,) so that the profession may bear witness to the practical operations within the House; —when this is done, Sir, then Somerset Hospital will become more extensively—*an excellent School for Surgery.*

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
JALEEL BROOKSBANK.

Table Bay, 20th Feb. 1834.

CHEAP PERIODICALS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—This age seems to be the age of mediocrity—the penny age, for the penny publishers and the penny readers seem to have no ideas beyond the confines of these humble selections of the day. Such publications do, in my opinion, cause considerable injury to the strength of intellect. They teach nothing sound—but a smattering of most things. They draw away the reader from the study of books, and lead to a frivolity of taste. But men will be wiser bye and bye—they cannot eventually submit to be "*pennywise* and pound foolish." I should not, Sir, have thrown together these hastily composed remarks, but for the purpose of expressing my surprise, that you with a few others should become instrumental in spreading a *pottle* instead of a *bushel* literature, for the use of the growing population of the colony.

ANTI-SUPERFICIAL.

Note.—In answer to the above writer, we cannot help expressing our regret, that the standard and stock works of literature are obtaining at the present time, so low and limited a sale—and that few volumes larger than a duodecimo or cabinet size, stand a fair chance of repaying a publisher. But in one point of view, the cheap publications have done good; they have brought a new article into a dull market, when nothing old could tempt purchasers. Still we admit, that we look upon the penny publications but as temporary expedients, better adapted to *diffuse* information rather than *advance* it.

ON CAPE OPIUM.

[WE readily give a place in our columns to the following observations on Opium, by Mr. Kunhardt. The growth of this detestable weed has been strongly recommended to our colonial agriculturists, but we trust their thoughts will be directed to objects more conducive to the general welfare, than the cultivation of Opium. For instance, to the growth and manufacture of *Cotton, Hemp, Coir, Mangrove, Rape. Linseed-oil, Palm, Cocoa-Nut, Lavender, Mimosa, the Olive, the Bamboo, the Cane, the Hop, the Sugar-cane.* Let the impartial reader take up Col. Tod's truly great work on India, and he will discover that the culture of Opium has tended more to the physical and moral degradation of the natives of that country, than the combined influence of pestilence and war.]

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Ich sage dir, ein kerl der spekuliert,
Ist wie ein Thier auf dürrer Heide
Vom bösen Geist herumgeführt,
Und rings umher ist grüne weide.
Göthe, Faust.

AFTER an interesting, though laborious analysis, I shall venture a few hints on the propriety of cultivating Opium in this colony, a subject which has lately excited public attention, and on the advantages or disadvantages likely to be derived from its cultivation.

It appears* that the importation of Opium to China since 1816, has never been so extensive as during 1829 and 1830. Two kinds of Opium are imported there; one from Patna and Benares, and another from Malwah. The importation of the first, in 1830, amounted to 7143 chests; of the other, to 6857; together 14,000 chests; to value of 12,057,157 Spanish dollars. Trade to China will be free! We may have, shortly, speculations amongst our merchants direct to China, our produce will therefore find its relative value in the place.

But to have a share in the China Opium trade, it will be requisite to produce the Opium at least as cheap as in India; how far this is possible will be proved by experience.

As to the quality of the Opium produced by Major Parlby, I confidently assert that the specimen is superior to the Indian generally brought into market, but I must at the same time

* Manufactur Journal.

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observe, that it has been prepared with a care, which, in the manufacture of opium to a greater extent, may be found wanting. The attention paid to its preparation is particularly proved by the very trifling quantity of fibre found in it; it ought to be questioned, therefore, will the produce be equally good if not prepared with that care? and will that care be repaid by the cultivation of it?

In the European market there is but a very trifling chance of success; the difference from Turkey Opium being very striking. It contains, like all India and home-made Opium, more parts soluble in water; various tests, particularly Muriate of Baryta and Acetate of Lead, act in a different manner on it. Should the cultivation of Opium, differing from Turkey, be lucrative, it ought to be so particularly in England, where the cultivator is protected by an import duty. The experiments of Mr. Ball procured him already in 1796, a premium for the best specimen of Opium. Messrs. Cowley and Stains collected in 1823, 196 lbs. of Opium, which sold at 36*s.* per pound, (N. B. Opium was very dear then,) and Mr. Young appears to have been still more successful. Notwithstanding all these favourable trials, it is not probable that Opium will be made in large quantities in England,* and why not? In England every part of the plant is useful; the oil of the seeds, and the dry cakes are turned to advantage. Let me answer that it is certainly not for want of capital, industry, or enterprise, but because the Opium produced finds no market. And yet the analytical investigations of Pagenstecher and Vauqelin, show us that home-made Opium contains almost all the component parts of Turkey, notwithstanding it will never be admitted into medical practice as long as Turkey Opium can be obtained.

The quality of Opium cannot yet be decided on with precision by the most minute chemical analysis, much less can we rely on the favourable results in a few medical observations.

It is a strange fact indeed, that there has been no medicine attracting the attention of chemists to such a degree, and that there is none of equal importance to the medical profession, or about which we remained in so great and almost perfect obscurity as to its component parts, as to the substance contained in it most active on the human constitution, and as to the original process of its preparation.

The labours of men, immortal for their merits in advancing chemistry, and famous for the accuracy of their researches, have been employed in a series of chemical decompositions of Opium for the last 40 years. Our views have become gradually changed by the various discoveries of Derosne, Serfuner, and others. Is it not a fact then, at once puzzling and interesting, that only a few months have elapsed since new publications have made us again acquainted with three entirely new substances discovered in the Opium, and set down by their peculiar characters, viz: the Meconia of Couerbe and Dublanc, the Narceine of Pelletier, and the Codeine of Robiquet.

As to the most active component parts in Opium, scientific men, the ornaments of the present age, differ yet in opinion; although to Morphia, in combination with vegetable acid, the superiority is yielded.

About the original process by which the real Turkey Opium is obtained, nothing positive can be recorded, for, in fact, we know not yet whether it is derived from Papaver Somniferum or Pap. Orientale, two distinct plants. The accounts of travellers, as Chardin and others, are different, and even contradictory. The mode of obtaining the best Opium is generally asserted to be by wounding the capsulas, and letting the exuding milky juice harden. But Saravasi and Saxe, who accompanied Buonaparte to Egypt, tell us that another and very superior kind is obtained by boiling the Poppy-heads, and mixing the concentrated extract with the hardened juice spontaneously exuding, by wounding the outer coat of the capsulas, the mass is then formed into cakes to be dried in the sun; others again inform us that the juice of the Poppy-heads is brought into fermentation with particular parts of the plant, and if Kerr* gives an account of the manner in which Opium is made in Bengal, he speaks merely of the well-known India Opium.

This will sufficiently show that it would be presumptous to expect favourable results from our Opium in the European market.

But suppose even that we had all possible chance of success, and granted that our Opium would become a lucrative article in the China trade, would it not be worth while to reflect for a moment on the moral effects of the cultivation of this commodity in the Cape colony? A single glance at once shows us weak and degenerate populations, though once strong and mighty, where ever the Opium is produced. Will it be advisable in a rising colony, where we observe an unhappy propensity for intoxication with the original natives, where the large, energetic, and useful part of the community embrace the Mohamedan faith, to teach them an easy method of obtaining an article which they can only now procure at a high price from persons defying wise laws, prohibiting the sale of it? Would we not soon have the miserable visages of Opiophages, instead of those full faces of the beer-consumers, a beverage at once nutritive and wholesome, of which an over-indulgence requires already determined habits of debauchery, and yet can never be so prejudicial. Much could be written on the miserable existence of the Opiophage, and the temptations to which the Mohamedans are subjected by Indian and Chinese visitors, but let this suffice. I cannot help thinking that the cultivation of Lint Seed, the manufacture of Castor Oil, to expel the importation thereof to this colony, are subjects deserving particular attention and energetic exertion. In my next, I shall offer a few suggestions on this subject, and at the same time point out to those who may be inclined to cultivate, the price they will likely obtain for such produce.

KUNHARDT.

* Todd, Thomson, page 471.

* Medical Observations and Inquiries of a Society of Physicians in London, vol. vi. 1778.

A FABLE.

Imitated from the Spanish of Don Tomas de Yriarte.

Ningom partiaclar dabe ofemderse de lo que se dice en comun.

The Governor and the Governed; or, The Elephant and other Animals.

In climes that we shall never reach,
When beasts possess'd the power of speech,—
(But I'll defy e'en college men
To specify the place, and when;)—
'Tis said, an Elephant, most wise,
Saw, with disquiet and surprise,
In conduct, manners, and discourse,
There were errors, that, by force,
(As he perceived,) or reasoning plain,
It was his duty to restrain:—
This to effect, at early dawn,
He summon'd, on a spacious lawn,
All quadrupeds beneath the sky,
And fowls that walk, and birds that fly;—
And in a speech of decent length,
Replete with argument and strength,
Harangu'd them with a lawyer's power,
And wondrous well, at least an hour!

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Vices of every sort and kind,
And each depravity of mind,
As envy, malice, accusation,
And scandal, met his reprobation:—
He said, that anarchy and strife,
Were ills that would embitter life;
That power abus'd, and pride, and shew,
In disappointment end, and woe;
While virtue often waits on health,
On industry, respect, and wealth;
And spoke a truth, that men should know,
"Content makes happiness below."

Now this address, the style, the cause,
Met, from some hearers, great applause;
They thought it full of solid sense,
And urg'd us not to give offence.
Such was the opinion of the dove,
The symbol of connubial love;
The lamb, who pass'd his time away,
In innocence and harmless play;
The partridge, loyal in th' extreme,
Bees that laborious ever seem;
The noble horse, with courage blest,
The dog, of gratitude possess'd;
And oft' the sparrow chirp'd with glee,
And crow'd the cock in ecstacy.

But lo! though these the matter prais'd,
A clamour by the rest was raised.
The tiger, all his rage assuming,
Declar'd the censor was presuming,
In which the rav'nous wolf agreed,
And vow'd that he'd avenge the deed;
The serpent too, began to rail,
His venom shew'd, and coil'd his tail,
While others, with less fatal rage,
Vow'd naught their anger should assuage;
And hence, the seed of discord sown,
The viper, moth, and listless drone,
The crafty fox, replete with guile,
And sturdy ass, inur'd to toil,
Rose up,—and all, with one accord,
Swore they'd not hear another word.—
To whom, as nothing mortified,
The reasoning Elephant replied:
"Good friends, what I advance as true,
"Applies to me, as well as you;
"I name no crime, in terms severe,
"But if you will not feel the force
"Of my well meant, and plain discourse,
"I beg this riot you will cease,
"And straightway journey home in peace."

In works design'd for general use,
'Tis painful oft to see abuse,
Level'd with much severity,
Not at the errors critics see,
(While they, an author's writings scan;)—
But at his foibles as a man.—
Yet many, full of spleen, delight
To censure faults in those who write;
Pleas'd imperfections to disclose
Of persons, or caprice expose;—
To all those bright conceptions blind,
That issue from the vigorous mind:—
Anxious to dim a writer's fame,
By coupling folly with his name. D.

COLONIAL LITERATURE.

The New South Wales' Magazine, Nos. 1 and 2. Printed at Sydney.

We have been favored with the sight of the two first numbers of this interesting and useful publication. We heartily wish, in the words of the Editor, that it may prove as the germ of a work that shall gradually strike its roots into the affections of the people —spread out into a vigorous maturity— and shake from its prolific boughs, fruits for every taste. One thing respecting it, which we are bound to commend, is, its honest tone of independence. It does not form a nucleus of homogeneous principles, worked up and softened down to a standard previously fixed by the Editor; but on the contrary, forms an arena accessible to all seekers after truth, quite distinct at the same time from personal asperity or party violence.

The two numbers before us contain much varied local information,—literary, scientific, and miscellaneous. "The First Press" of New South Wales is an excellent article, and a just tribute is paid to the memory of the first colonial printer, the late Mr. George Howe. Poor Howe was subjected to a censorship. Well do we remember, observes the writer, with what pathos Howe would descant on the hardships he had to endure. With tears rolling down his cheeks has the hoary veteran detailed to us the horrors he was often and often doomed to feel, on receiving back his inspected sheets. Sentences altered, till he could scarcely recognise a fraction of their original import—paragraphs struck out which were vital to the sense and consistency of his articles—and sometimes whole colums amputated at one blow—were the sweet rewards of his editorial toils."

Oh! the blessings of a Censorship! What Englishman can endure the thought?

Among the Horticultural improvements we find it stated, that the cultivation of the vine has afforded substantial benefit to the country. The names of the principal growers are mentioned, among which appears that of Sir John Jamison, who has formed a *terraced* vineyard,—the most picturesque of all the forms in which the vine can be trained. We also find that ale has been produced by Mr. Cadell, formerly an eminent brewer in Edinburgh, of so excellent a quality, that it is equal to Hodgson's Pale Ale. Starch is also manufactured with success.

JESUITISM.

A Correspondent inquires—"Is there any reason to be given in these days of Christian liberality, why a colonial law should exist of so recent a date as January, 1839, by which any person landing here who shall be a Jesuit, "or member of any such Religious Order, Community, or Society," shall be dealt with as a criminal, and banished the colony? And further, can the inquirer be favoured by any statement, from which it could be proven that the opinions or the doctrines of the Jesuits are dangerous to the state?" A few words in reply.

The opinions of the modern Jesuits differ in no respect from those of former years. The French legislature drew up a list of the Jesuit opinions extracted from their authentic publications. This list was published under the sanction of Parliament by an *arrêt* of the year 1762.

We have room but for a glance at this code. The leading doctrine of the Jesuit morality was called *probabilism* —an extraordinary adaptation of all principle to the convenience of the party and the time. Probabilism is defined to be that doctrine by which, in the conflict of two opinions, one of which is the more *probable* and suitable to the moral law, and the other is the more favourable to personal desires and purposes, the doubter is held justifiable in adopting the more *convenient side.*

A doctrine so monstrous, and opening so vast a channel for all kinds of iniquity, might be considered a *primâ facie* moral impossibility. Its establishment would palpably break down at once all the barriers of the moral world, make law, religion, and the general conventional honesty of mankind, a burlesque, and leave all things at the mercy of a prejudiced understanding, or a corrupted conscience. Such was the doctrine of *probabilism;* and there is tremendous proof that, whatever might be the guilt of the principle, it was sustained by the guilt of the practice.

Of all the doctrines of the order, there was not one which received a more constant sanction of its leading authorities, than this monstrous perversion of common sense and common principle. Of this we shall quote an example—

"In the case of a matter before a judge, where both sides are equally probable, the judge may lawfully decide in favour of his *private friend.* He may, moreover, decide first on one side, and then revoke his opinion, with the object of *serving his friend*, provided it be done *without incurring scandal!*"—(*De Valence, 1609, tom.* iii.)

Another of their remarkable doctrines was that of *Philosophic sin,* namely, that—

"The most criminal action cannot offend the Deity, nor be obnoxious to Divine Justice, provided the perpetrator is either unacquainted with the existence of the Deity; or does not *think of him at the moment,* or does not *conceive* that *he is offending him.*"

"It is no crime to take in secret that which would have been given if we had asked it; and although we may know that its being so taken would be contrary to the will of the proprietor, no *restitution* is necessary."

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"If an individual is stupid enough to believe invincibly that a desire to commit homicide is no sin, there is actually *no sin* in the desire."—(*Platelius, plan d'un Cours.*)

"The revolt of a cleric against the king is *not high treason*. Because a cleric is *not* the *subject* of a king. (Obviously from his having a superior sovereign in the Pope.)—(*Emmanuel Sa, Aphorismes des Confess.*)

"The spiritual power, if it shall discover that the temporal is an obstacle to the spiritual end, may, and should, repress it by *all sorts* of means and expedients that it may find necessary. The spiritual power may change kingdoms, and take them from one to give them to another, in its capacity of spiritual sovereign, if that be necessary for the salvation of souls."—(1596. *Controverses*, l. v. c. 6. *Du Pontife Romain.*) He proceeds, "Christians *cannot* be suffered to *tolerate an infidel or heretic king*; if that king attempt to draw his subjects into heresy or infidelity. Yet it belongs to the sovereign pontiff, who is charged with the care of religion, to judge if the king does or does not draw his people into the heresy. It thus rests with the sovereign pontiff to decide on the disposition of a king.

"If the Christians of old did not depose Nero, Dioclesian, Julian the Apostate, and Valens the Arian, it was *because they had not sufficient power*."—(*Ibid.* c. 7.)

THE ASSISTANT SCHOOL-MASTER ABROAD.

[A REMINISCENCE.]

I remember a few years since, to have been attracted by an advertisement, which set forth, that the situation of senior assistant in Mr. B's academy was vacant. As the first crow picks the first worm, I was off by the peep of day next morning, and in the evening was set down by the stage at the school-house gate of Mr. B. A country clown of a servant received me, and said—"You're come I suppose to offer for the place of he that died," he remarked in the most familiar tone imaginable; "but I don't think you'll do, for master said the next should be a strong un." Out of all patience at this, I demanded to be instantly shewn into the parlour. With a shrug of the shoulders the man complied, saying as he left me, "You mustn't sit in the great chair, because that's master's."

Whether he had been aiding and abetting John in his dirty work I know not, but another quarter of an hour had elapsed, before with face newly washed and shining shoes, Mr. B. entered the room. For that quarter of an hour, which seemed an age, I was left to indulge my own thoughts as it is called;—and what indulgence! Remorse for the past, despair of the future, all that I had done, and all that I had omitted to do, struck a horror on my spirits which I cannot describe, and which none but those who have fooled away their opportunities as I have done would be able to understand. I thought of the high promise with which I had entered on my university career, of the meagre performance with which it closed, of a father's disappointed hope, of a sister's tears. In short, I *indulged* in reflecting upon all those little disagreeables which coward conscience flings in a man's teeth when friends and fortune have deserted him. Then the many small, but no less irritating evils of the situation I was seeking, stuck like so many burrs upon my fancy; to become at once an underling tyrant, a Dionysius the little, an *anceps syllabarum*—to waste my whole voice soul, and energies, on hopeless stupidity, or malicious inattention—to be eloquent on the right position of an accent, indignant at a false quantity, enthusiastic on a particle—to such a life was I destined by poverty, at least for the present; and how could I be certain that the practice of one short year would not so far pulverize the power of my mind, so assimilate them to the minutiæ of the objects about which they were engaged, that I should never again be capable of any noble or manly exertion? I may become, I thought, a willing, a contented pedagogue for life. A moment more, and I should have been working my way through snow, sleet, and slime, back to London, and my unpaid-for garret. My hand was on the lock, when Mr. B— entered; a rude concussion, and a mutual beg pardon, perfected our introduction. Bowing was impossible—the slightest inclination on my side would have brought my head in contact with his nose, and the wall was too near *him* to allow of that back fling of the foot, so necessary to a schoolmaster for the completion of the performance. With much movement of legs and arms he motioned me a chair. There was a certain baggyness at the knees of his breeches, contracted from much sitting, and a whiteness at the elbows of his coat, that marked the nature of his profession; but no single ray of intellect illuminated the waste of his countenance. Every question, reply, and rejoinder, in the dialogue which ensued, seemed to throw me farther from the situation at which I was aiming: and it became evident, before the end of our conference, that no one acquirement of which I was possessed, would be requisite in Mr. B's. intended assistant, and that all which I had not were absolutely indispensable. I did *not* believe without reservation in Dawes's miscellanea—I had never learnt the *Propria quæ maribus*, nor ever heard of the grammar school at Leeds; and what was worse than all I could not undertake to carve a leg of mutton for fifty hungry boys so as to satisfy *all*. But I had been educated at Cambridge; no matter, Mr. B. had taken an *underline* degree at Oxford. I *had* studied Porson, but Porson was of Cambridge; and Herman—"Pooh, he was a Dutchman."

"Well, then," I exclaimed, not a little indignant at the contempt manifested for my classical knowledge, "I have read Aristophanes, Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristotle, Plato, ——."

"No donbt, sir, no doubt," said he, taking ungenerous advantage of my pausing to recover my breath, "I dare say you have read all these authors, and a great many more. But excuse me, *est modus in rebus*. There is a manner of doing things; besides this is *not* the *sort* of knowledge which I look for in my academy. My system, sir, is an entirely new one, a mode not pursued in any school or university but my own. It will be necessary that my *seniaur* assistant should have devoted his time and attention almost exclusively to the formation, sir, the derivation, and the radical foundation of nouns, adjectives, and verbs."

As this dictum was delivered from the head master of an academy in a high-backed elbow chair, well furnished with pads and cushions, to an expectant usher, wet and shivering, on a meagre cane-bottom, I merely ventured to reply, that I thought knowledge of that kind, was in some degree inculcated in every school in the kingdom. A smile of odious condescension, that seemed to pity the ignorance he was about to cover with confusion, was his only answer; and rising from his chair, like one who meditates mighty purposes, he rang the bell, and bid the servant summons master Williams immediately into his presence. While master Williams was being screamed for through the premises, I thought I might turn to subjects of lighter import. I spoke of the theatres and the opera. He heard with apparent attention, and I fancied that I had interested him by my remarks, till his reply, alas! shewed too clearly, that his whole mind had been all the while occupied in the labour of producing a small pun—"These, sir," said he, "are not the subjects which engage our thoughts here. We know of no theatre here, but the theatre of the Greeks—no opera but the *Opera Vergilii*."

The laugh which followed this speech, reverberated by the expectant usher, occupied by the remaining time till master Williams burst into the room; he was one of the young gentlemen by the way who had witnessed my misfortunes before the door. A painter could have desired no better specimen of a school-boy. Long, straight, uncombed hair, a Saturday frill, brown corduroy trowsers, worn at the knees with marble playing, and shrunk more than half way up the spindle shanks, blue worsteds, in folds, and rusty calf-skin shoes, were the distinguishing characteristics of the exterior of master Williams. Of his mental accomplishments I was shortly to judge. "Come here, sir," said the master, in a patronizing voice, "come here and shew this gentleman, that we do know something, even at ——. Just stand upright, look at me, and blow your nose, my boy. Now, answer my questions." Master Williams *parroted* half a dozen stupid answers to as many ridiculous demands upon his memory. "Pray, young gentleman," said I,—"That's right, you may go," exclaimed Mr. B. drowning my voice, and affecting not to perceive my intention of taking up the examination myself. The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than the young phenomenon snatched his hands from his breeches pocket and bolted.

"And now," said B. "now that I have practically developed my system, will you favour me with a translation or two from some ancient author." I replied that I had no objection, and muttered something of testimonials from my tutors. "Testimonials!" exclaimed he, "yes, sir, no doubt: we all know what Cambridge testimonials are; every applicant has testimonials. I would rather take my own opinion than that of all the Cambridge classics together." Well, my trial, as he called it, began; I proceeded, apparently to his satisfaction, until in turning an English passage into Latin, I used the expression, *studebat eloquentiæ*. "The accusative, if you please, after *studeo*," he thundered out, "at least so it has been ever since I have been head master of this academy." "Never before," I thought, and might have quoted Cicero's authority in my defence, but what had an expectant usher to do with Cicero? So I bowed to my superior in silence.

"Proceed we now, sir," said he, shutting the books, "to state the duties required to be performed by my *seniaur* assistant. He must be in the school-room every morning at six o'clock precisely,"—"Winter and summer, sir?" "Yes, sir; all the year round; I myself take the chair at half-after eight. From nine o'clock till the half hour during which time the boys hear prayers by me, wash themselves, and take their morning meal, he will be at liberty—" "To take his breakfast, I suppose sir?" "Yes, or employ himself in any *other* way he likes. From half-past nine till two, he will be in school again, hearing lessons in classics or mathematics, as it may happen. At two, he will dine with the boys, and carve for them. He will return to the school at three."—"And the salary, sir," I cried, "is"—"At six he will be free, at least—no, not free—he will of course have to look over the exercises of the day."—"And the salary?" I repeated in agony.—"He will walk, on Sundays, twice a day to church, hovering on the flank of the line, and seeing that the boys keep open order—nothing annoys me more than to see them huddled together like so many charity children."—"And the salary, sir?"—"Then as regards order on the common, especially when it's dirty, as to-day, for instance.—" "And the salary"—"Why, to tell the truth, I don't think you'll suit; still I've no objection to try you on a reduced scale." "What may be your minimum, sir?" "I am not illiberal, sir: to a D.D. I believe to have given as much as a hundred a-year. But then he was an Oxford man—an

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Oxford Doctor, sir? To a bachelor I have gone so far as seventy-five; that is, where they have had large families to support in comfort and respectability—I think you said you were not married."

I was looking for my half-drowned hat, which I had placed beneath one of the chairs, determining to be off before he should rouse my indignation, by an insulting offer of thirty-five or forty pounds a year, when the door was opened, and in swam a fine woman, about forty—fashionably attired—affecting *un air pronouncé*, but rather *gauche*, and a *leetle* vulgar.

"I was not aware that you were engaged," said she, with premeditated confusion, but evincing no intention to retire.

"It's only an usher—another candidate my dear," said B. "Oh! indeed." She had already scanned me with her eye, and notwithstanding the state of my attire, I felt that she was far from disgusted. I bowed—she curtsied—motioned me to the arm chair from which B. had risen on her entrance, and was about to throw herself on a settee, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she hastily approached the pedagogue, exclaiming, "Oh! Mr. B. you can have no conception of the filthy state of those plebeian little wretches, the grocer's wife's boys are in; they are actually dabbling in the duck-pond. Sweeping the common with my opera-glass, from my boudoir window just now, I luckily detected them. You know their horrid vulgar mamma is coming this evening. You must exert your personal authority, for not a monitor, not an usher is to be seen."

Finding that my new acquaintances were not inclined to offer more than the amount of a *paltry salary which a Government Clerk gets at the Cape of Good Hope*, I wished them a good morning and departed. And this was lucky, for on my way home, I fell in with a *rider* in the *patten trade* We entered into conversation, until at length we so won upon one another, that he engaged me as his clerk, on a salary of £220 per annum I have enjoyed this situation many years, which, next to ironmongering, shoe making, and tailoring, I am happy to say are most prosperous in old England, and are in themselves—

"Above all Greek,
Above all Roman praise."

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

METHODS OF SPENDING TIME DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

During the early part of the middle ages, learning was held almost in contempt in palaces and castles. There lay however, generally in the hall of these rudely splendid dwellings, a large volume of legends and tales, meant for the use of all who might think proper to apply to it for entertainment, but it was simply resorted to by the priests of the castle, as frequently neither the barons bold themselves, nor their retainers nor families, had sufficient education to be able to read even in such a book. We have lately got the means of a valuable peep into the interior of such towers, through the publication by Mr. Pitcairn of his investigations of the ancient records, in which he has supplied us with extracts from the accounts of the lord high register of Scotland, and brought otherwise into notice curious facts generally before unknown. Many of them refer to the days of James IV., and give an account indirectly of the entertainments of that monarch, and other grandees of those early days. Much of their time appears to have been spent in hunting, hawking, and other such sports, bes des their tournays and other war-like exercises; but, like our own little boys, they were much engaged also in playing at the common hand-ball against a wall, which in those days was called *cachee*, or the cage-ball. Much of their leisure was also spent in hearing the coarse jokes of buffoons, or listening to the tales of minstrels, who interested them about the doughty deeds of men even more barbarous than themselves; or in partaking of the pleasure afforded by the rudest plays or masques, in playing at "tables," cards, and dice, or, to use the expression of the day, in "daffing" away the time at the social board There are no marks in these extracts of his majesty's learning, taking that term in its usual acceptations: but he seems to have had the capacity of *writing*, for upon one occasion a pen-horn and an ink-horn appear to have been bought for him at a shilling, and at an after-period, the same articles got for him seem to have cost only ninepence. But our learned readers may be anxious to know something also of his majesty's library, and the two following entries give us a little information as to it too,—viz. that in 2d April 1502, there was paid eleven pounds "to Walter Wodd's wife for a buke to the Queen's grace," and in 22d Dec. 1507, fifty shillings were "paid for three prented bukes to the King, tan frae Andrew Millar's wife." Those wives were probably hucksters or venders of small wares, near some of the palaces used at Sterling, or Linlithgow, or Falkland, or perhaps in the Canongate of Edinburgh; and it is not a little amusing to look back to days when such persons were, to use the language of our *sign boards*, the "Booksellers to his Majesty," and to contemplate in idea the state and extent of the sovereign's store of books at this age.

Such was the state of manners and literature in our country, even among the higher ranks at that period. And recollecting the general barbarism which prevailed, it is almost unnecessary to contrast that time with our own, in point of happiness, virtue, and occupation. But the graphic pen of Sir Walter Scott, in his description of a Scotch laird of a much later period, viz. about the era of the Porteous Mob, enables us to make a comparison of the manners of that time with those of our own day. The person alluded to is the auld laird of Dumbiedykes, one of the characters mentioned in his novel the heart of Mid Lothian, who, the author says, "brawled, swore, betted at cock-fights and horse-races, and whose humours and pranks" were the themes in the neighbouring alehouses. The picture of him is completed by that writer in the language of douce Davy Deans, when he compared with him his son, the younger Dumbiedykes. The fault of the young man, as that venerable man marked, was "cleaving to the warld, and the warld's gear, a wee o'er meikle:" but then he said the laird was in many respects unlike his father, for he was "nae profane company keeper, nae swearer, nae drinker, nae frequenter of alehouses, or music houses, or dancing-houses, nae Sabbath breaker." All well instructed men are not, as a matter of course, well behaved ones; but some of this old laird's vices appear, like Lord Bacon's, to have been as much those of his times and his situation as of his nature; and if the elder Dumbiedykes had lived in our own day, and been well educated, it is not impossible that he might have been a respectable gentleman, engaged in rural affairs, filling up his vacant hours with good literature, and the temperate society of enlightened friends, while he was benefiting his family by judicious improvements of his estate, and the community by his meritorious attention to the business of his country and other public affairs.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

It is really quite amusing to read of the tricks and fancies of many of the political meetings in Great Britain. We read of one, when *six groans* were proposed, seconded, and carried against the Emperor of Russia, and three against Don Miguel! But at a Carlow meeting, a Rev. Gentleman delivered an oration from which we extract a passage:

"But, Mr. Chairman, mark the insultingly magisterial vigilance of a certain Grand Jury. (Ha, ha, ha!) On pretence of dreading the manufacture of pikes, they summon all the blacksmiths of the country to appear in the court-house; they institute a public investigation into their characters; they make all the above-said blacksmith gentry take the oath of allegiance (as the blacksmiths expressed it) down on the *nail*, and then forsooth, they grant licences to these unoffending poor tradesmen to pursue their avocations. This farce was got up and performed, as you are all aware, amid the scorn, the derision, and the contemptuous railing of every man, woman, and child in the country. It was said that every licensed blacksmith (ha, ha, ha,) should have a *log* about his neck, by way of rendering him harmless. (Ha, ha, ha!) Come, let us give one universal laugh at the comical act of logging blacksmiths. (Here the whole assembly burst out into a tremendous fit of laughter.) Let us give another louder laugh. (Here the laugh of the multitude became terrific.) Let us give a third laugh ten times louder still. (A third time the ten thousand vociferated one stupendous laugh, which actually shook the ground on which they stood) I am glad you have given these mighty laughs. They are the exact suitable expressions to point out your contempt of the blacksmith humbug. As well might they summon at this moment all the pump-sinkers, and all the quarry-blasters, and make them take the oath of allegiance (ha, ha, ha!) for fear they might conspire to blow up the earth. (Ha, ha, ha!) Ho! the blacksmith investigation is really comical, and rather a good thing in its way, inasmuch as it gives a fine illustration of the hyper-sapient wisdom of our rulers—in fact, the country should be delighted, inasmuch as this proceeding has caused more merriment among the lower and higher classes than any judicial act hitherto published in Ireland. (Ha, ha, ha!)"

Was this laughter occasioned by the thought that the blacksmiths of Carlow or Kildare could be suspected of forging pikes, or at the simplicity of the Magistrates who imagined that oaths could bind them?

HOW TO MAKE THIS WORLD A PARADISE.

In Dr. Chalmers' admirable Bridgewater Treatise, he brings forward, among many others, another argument in favour of the righteousness of the moral Government of the Creator—from the *sense* of pleasure or of pain which arises from the taste and feeling of moral qualities. The effect of this adaptation of men to act on each other, is quite surprising in its consequences. Dr. Chalmers has, upon this subject, a beautiful passage, which we insert more on account of its innate merits than for any value we attach to it as an illustration of the author's theory:

By the purely mental interchange of these affections, there is generated a prodigious amount of happiness: and that, altogether independent of the gratifications which are yielded by the material gifts of liberality on the one hand, or by the material services of gratitude

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on the other. Insomuch, that we have only to imagine a reign of perfect virtue; and then, in spite of the physical ills which essentially and inevitably attach to our condition, we should feel as if we had approximated very nearly to a state of perfect enjoyment among men—or, in other words, that the bliss of Paradise would be almost fully realized upon earth, were but the moral graces and charities of Paradise firmly established there, and in full operation. Let there be honest and universal good-will in every bosom, and this be responded to form all who are the subjects of it by an honest gratitude back again; let kindness, in all its various effects and manifestations, pass and re-pass from one heart and countenance to another; let there be universal courteousness in our streets, and let fidelity and affection and all the domestic virtues take up their secure and lasting abode in every family; let the succour and sympathy of a willing neighbourhood be ever in readiness to meet and to over-pass all the want and wretchedness to which humanity is liable; let truth, and honour, and inviolable friendship between man and man, banish all treachery and injustice from the world; in the works of merchandise, let an unfailing integrity on the one side, have the homage done to it of unbounded confidence on the other, insomuch, that each man reposing with conscious safety on the uprightness and attachment of his fellow, and withal rejoicing as much in the prosperity of an acquaintance, as he should in his own, there would come to be no place for the harassments and the heart-burnings of mutual suspicion nor resentment or envy: who does not see, in the state of a society thus constituted and thus harmonized, the palpable evidence of a nature so framed, that the happiness of the world and the righteousness of the world kept pace the one with the other?—Vol. i. pp. 172—174.

THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

Of the Pacha of Egypt, Sir Alexander Johnston says:—

The Pacha of Egypt, a chief of a clear and vigorous mind, observing the advantage European states have derived from a similar policy, has publicly encouraged the introduction into Egypt of all those arts and sciences which are calculated to improve the understandings of the people, to mitigate the effects of their religious feelings, and to secure the stability of the local government; he has assimilated his army and navy to those of Europe, and subjected them to European regulations and to European discipline; he has formed corps of artillery and engineers upon European principles; he has attached regular bands of military music to each of his regiments, with European instructors, who teach the Arab musicians according to the European notes of music, to play upon European instruments the popular marches and airs of England, France, and Germany; a short distance from Cairo he has established a permanent military hospital, and placed it under European surgeons, and the same rules as prevail in the best-regulated hospitals in Europe; and he has formed a school of medicine and anatomy, in which not only botany, mineralogy, and chemistry, are taught, but human bodies are publicly dissected by students who profess the Mahomedan religion, and who are publicly rewarded in the heart of a great Mahomedan population according to the skill and the knowledge which they display in their different dissections. At Alexandria he has established a naval school, in which the Mahomedan students are instructed in the several branches of geometry, trigonometry, mechanics, and astronomy, connected with naval architecture and the science of navigation, and a dock-yard under the control and superintendence of a European naval architect, distinguished for his talents and his skill, in which, besides frigates and other vessels of smaller dimensions, four ships of the line, three carrying one hundred and ten guns upon two decks, and one of one hundred and thirty guns, have been recently built; he has opened the old port, which was formerly shut against them, to all christian vessels. He has encouraged the formation of regular insurance offices, and authorised christian merchants to acquire a property in lands, houses, and gardens. He has employed an English civil engineer of great eminence, on a very liberal salary, to improve all the canals in the country and the course of the Nile; he is about to construct carriage roads from Alexandria to Cairo, and from Alexandria to Rozetta and Damietta; and M. Abro, the cousin of his minister, is about to establish upon them public stage-coaches, built on a model of one sent to him from this country; he has introduced steam-boats, which navigate upon the Nile, and steam engines, which are used for cleansing and deepening the bed of that river, and for various other public works; he has patronised the employment by Mr. Briggs of two Englishmen, taken for the purpose from this country, in boring for water in different parts of the desert, and he has discovered through their operations some very fine water in the desert between Cairo and Suez; he has encouraged the growth of cotton, indigo, and opium, and the former of these productions is now a great article of trade between Egypt and England, France, and Germany; he has established schools in the country, for the instruction of all orders of his people in reading, writing, and arithmetic; he has sent, at great expense to himself, young men both of the higher and lower ranks of society to England and France, for the purpose of acquiring useful knowledge; the former in those branches of science and literature which are connected with their service in the army, the navy, and the higher departments of government; the latter in those mechanical arts which are more immediately connected with their employment as artisans and manufacturers; he has constituted a public assembly at Cairo, consisting of a considerable number of well-informed persons, who hold regular sittings for forty days in each year, and publicly discuss for his information the interests and wants of his different provinces; he patronises the publication of a weekly newspaper in Arabic and Turkish, for the instruction of his people; and finally he protects all Christian merchants who are settled in this country, not only in time of peace, but also in time of war, and afforded the European merchants who were settled at Alexandria and at Cairo, a memorable instance of his determination to adhere under all circumstances to this policy, by informing them, as soon as he received intelligence of the battle of Navarino, that their persons and their property should continue as secure as if no such event had occurred. I have dwelt at some length upon this subject, because I have felt it to be my duty, in consequence of the information which I have received as Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence, to give publicity in this country to those measures by which one of the most distinguished of our honorary members has restored to Egypt, in their highest state of perfection, all the arts and sciences of Europe; has emulated, as a patron of knowledge, the conduct of the most enlightened caliphs of Bagdad; and has afforded, as a Mahomedan, a bright example for their imitation, to all the Mohamedan sovereigns in Europe, Africa, and Asia."

Tenacity of Life.—The genus of animals called sea-nettles is very tenacious of life. If one of these creatures is sliced, either perpendicularly or crosswise, each slice forms a new and complete being, in which will be found the mouth, stomach, and every other organ, as perfect as in the original. The young of these sea-nettles sometimes come into the world from the mouths of their mothers.

Fluent Orators.—It was a notion of Dean Swift's that a man with a multitude of ideas could never speak well, whilst one with a limited number could address an audience without interruption. Ideas he used pleasantly to say were like a congregation in a church, the thinner they were, the less difficulty was there in emptying the church.

Manner of naming Countries.—The origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular searches for gold and silver, and, finding none, they often said among themselves, "aca nada" (there is nothing here). The Indians, who watched them closely, learnt this sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards the French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards, come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labour was lost by tarrying in that country, and incessantly repeated to them the Spaniards sentence "aca nada." The French, who knew as little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly-recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of Canada, which it has borne ever since.

Beauties of the Statutes.—One of the most amusing of the results which the reckless system of multiplying Acts of Parliament at least used to give rise to was the introduction of particular clauses relating to persons and things which had no earthly correspondent connection with each other. A remarkable example of this was brought to light during the last session. In going through the Acts of Parliament for precedents on the question of admitting Quakers into Parliament, the Committee found out that one of the most important provisions relating to this point was absolutely inserted in the body of an Act for preventing the under exaction of tolls or fees on the River Thames, and to prevent the spreading of disease among horned cattle!

Bakers in Paris.—The number of bakers in Paris is limited. Every baker is obliged to record his daily sale, and compelled, by a statute enforced by the Prefect of Police, assisted by the advice of the Syndicat (a body of men selected from among the bakers, with a chief, appointed by the Prefect) to lay up in the storehouses of the city of Paris a certain number of sacks of flour of first quality, which are taken back, or renewed, according as the season is less or more favourable to keep them in a state of preservation. This stock, the produce of all the bakers, is to provide for the subsistence of the inhabitants in case of dearth. The price of bread is regulated by the Prefect of Police, and is kept lower than the current price in the country, when too dear; but if cheap in the country, they keep up the price in Paris long enough to make up for the deficiency experienced by the bakers when obliged to undersell. If a baker has not the means to carry him on the length of time during which he is obliged to undersell, the Syndicat supplies the money out of the funds possessed by the said Syndicat, whose duty it is to watch over the interests of the bakers in general, and the subsistence and safety of the inhabitants. The bakers of Paris are wealthy, and could not carry on business without being possessed of a large capital.

Hints to Actors.—Madame Clairon attributed her growing prematurely old to the influence of the griefs and distresses which it was her constant province to represent on the stage; and the *malade imaginaire* of Moliere is said to have proved fatal not only to Moliere himself, but to the actor who succeeded him in the part. Pliny has a still more remarkable anecdote to the same effect: he states that there was an actor who imitated the feelings of the gout so naturally, as at length to bring the disorder upon him.

Bird Catching.—The following simple but ingenious method of catching wild fowl is practised in Mexico. The lakes of the Mexican vale, as well as others of the kingdom, are frequented by a prodigious multitude of wild duck, geese, and other water birds. The

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Mexicans leave some large empty gourds to float upon the water, where those birds resort, that they may be accustomed to see and approach them without fear. The bird-catcher then goes into the water deep enough to hide his body, and covers his head with a gourd; the ducks come to peck at it; and then he pulls them by the feet under water, and in this manner secures as many as he pleases.

The Lean Patient.—"What is the cause of my leanness?" said a thin gentleman, who would have given half his fortune for half of my fat; "what is the cause of my leanness?"—"*Demandez ce à ce Dieu!*"—"Pho! demand a fiddle-stick's end!—I want *you* to tell me, Sir—*you*, Sir;—what is the cause of my leanness?"—"Well—*soyez tranquille*—be quiet a minute: there is a predisposition in your constitution to make you lean, and a disposition in your constitution to keep you so." This explanation, about as satisfactory as Dr. Thomas Diaphoreus's explanation of the properties of opium—"*quia est in ea*," &c &c. did not soothe the irritability of my lean inquirer, who became, if possible, more shrunken and wizened as his heart increased. Seeing the nature and temper of my antagonist, I went to book with him in another way:—"Why, Sir, as to the causes of leanness, there may be many that an ingenious theorist might suggest;—I speak to you, Sir, as *to a sensible man*."—The storm and heat began to subside; an oily word is like an emollient;—"I speak to you, Sir, as a sensible man, and I am aware that it is not sufficient to talk to *you* in general terms, of constitutional peculiarities, digestive organs, and alimentary functions; you must have a positive specific cause; and, if possible, an explanation of that cause, as plain as the specification of a patient."—"Just so; that is what I want—you speak like a *sensible man*—(the retort courteous.)—Every effect, Sir, must have a cause; and I want to know whether the cause may be in the stomach, or any particular part of my inside, and if so, whether by particularly directing our attention to that part, wherever it may be, we can in any way alter its nature?"

But "*revenons à nos moutons:*" finding that my patient's mind was bent on *localities*, I suggested the intestinum cœcum for his consideration—the newly discovered organ of fat! He had never heard of it: this was what he *expected of me;* (another retort courteous, for which I owed him one.) "This was news! What was it? how was it?"—"Why, Sir, some are of opinion that the cœcum contains a certain ferment—some that it is destined to secrete an important fluid—others take it for a *second ventricle*, wherein the prepared aliments may be stored up, and so long retained, till a thicker and more nutritive juice may be drawn from them;—and how it is a depot of fat, you will find in the 'Philosophical Transactions.'"—*Wald.*

A modest Editor.—We advise our subscribers to buy a portfolio for the *Yankee*, or to make something of the sort for themselves, out of two pieces of pasteboard, or thin board, with straps over the back, or a bit of cloth, nailed so as to secure the two covers. *Our Yankees are worth it*, and they will find it so, as we pursue our way. There is no knowing how long we may choose to be a slave; and if we stop, they will wish they had taken our advice, *for they'll never get such another paper.* We don't say this to make them buy two copies a-piece; for we have no interest in the matter, and our publisher has but few to spare now; and the few that he has, he will not have long.—*The Yankee.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

CANE AND BAMBOO.

Canes, which are used so abundantly as a material for forming the bottoms of chairs and other articles of furniture, are of eastern production.

The Indian cane grows straight and tall without branches, and is surmounted by a tuft or crown. Its bark is thickly beset with straight spines, but this being removed, the smooth cane is disclosed, having no marks of the thorns which grow on the outside.

Sumatra produces this plant very abundantly. The Dutch were formerly the exclusive importers of canes from that place into Europe, and we were accustomed to purchase them from this people, who studiously withheld all information concerning the plant from which they were obtained, fearing lest travellers should discover how plentifully they were produced in the woods, and that others beside themselves should divest the cane of its thorny covering, and appropriate it to useful purposes, without having recourse to their intervention.

Such a matter could not, however, long be kept secret. As our mariners found their way to the eastern islands, and different parts of the Indian ocean, they became well acquainted with the cane plant, and the great variety of uses to which it might be applied. At Java as well as at Sumatra,—at Japan, Malacca, Siam, Pegu, and many other places, the rattan was found in great abundance. The natives of Java cut the cane into fine slips, which they plat into beautiful mats to sit upon, manufacture into strong and neat baskets, or twist into cordage. With them it supplies the place of our string or twine, for all their parcels are neatly tied up with thin fibres of cane. The fruit it bears, which, when ripe, is roundish, as large as hazel-nuts, and lies in clusters, they sell in their market as an article of food. They sometimes suck out the pulp by way of quenching their thirst, and at other times pickle the fruit. Here, as at Sumatra, and indeed throughout the eastern islands, vessels are furnished with cables formed of cane twisted or platted. This sort of cable was very extensively manufactured at Malacca. "Here," says Dampier, "we made two new cables of rattans, each of them four inches about. Our Captain bought the rattans, and hired a Chinese to work them, who was very expert at making such wooden cables. These cables I found serviceable enough after mooring the vessel with either of them; for when I carried out the anchor, the cable being thrown out after me, swam like cork in the sea so that I could see when it was tight, which we cannot so well discern in our hemp cables, whose weight sinks them down; nor can we carry them out but by placing two or three boats at some distance asunder, to buoy up the cable, while the long-boat rows out the anchor*." In Japan the ingenious natives not only make all sorts of baskets of split cane, but work it up into cabinets with drawers, &c., which are woven in the neatest and most elegant manner.

That gigantic reed, the Bamboo, is applied to a still greater variety of purposes. Indeed, among the Chinese, it may be said to be used for almost every thing. Marco Polo informs us that in his time they had canes fifteen *passi* (thirty English feet) long, which they split in their whole length into very thin pieces, and then twisted them together into strong ropes 300 passi long, that were used to track their vessels on their numerous rivers and canals. M. De Guignes says, that in the course of his journey through part of the Celestial Empire, he often saw Chinese making this description of rope: the artisans were mounted on scaffolds twelve or fifteen feet high, and let the cord fall to the ground as it was platted: and M. Van Braam, another modern traveller, speaks of this bamboo cordage as being admirably light and strong. The sails of the Chinese junks, as well as their cables and rigging, are made of bamboo. The old Venetian also describes a pavilion of the Grand Khan, the roof of which was made of bamboo cane richly gilt and varnished. These bamboos, he says, were each three palms in circumference, and ten fathoms long, and being cut at the joints, were split into two equal parts, and laid concave and convex to form gutters. The missionaries inform us that not merely the roofs, but entire dwellings are constructed of bamboo: this is particularly the case in the southern province of Se-chuen, where nearly every house is built solely of this strong cane. Moreover, almost every article of furniture—mats, screens, chairs, tables, bedsteads, bedding, &c. are all made of the same material. This same curious people convert bamboo into paper: in short, as Van Braam remarks, "scarcely any thing is to be found in China, either upon land or water, in the composition of which bamboo does not enter, or to the utility of which it does not contribute." The same extensive use of the hollow reed is made in Japan, nor is it much less employed in Java, Sumatra, Siam, Pegu, the Ladrone islands and other eastern countries.

The Chinese extract an article of food from the young shoots of the bamboo; nor is this practice, any more than that of making candle-wicks from its fibres, confined to China: both obtain in Japan and some other neighbouring countries.

Although the bamboo grows spontaneously and most profusely in nearly all the immense districts included in the southern portion of their empire, the Chinese do not entirely rely on the beneficence of nature, but cultivate the gigantic reed with much care. They have treatises and whole volumes devoted solely to this subject, laying down rules derived from experience, and showing the proper soils, the best kinds of water, and the seasons for planting and transplanting this useful production.

* Voyages, vol. ii.

MIMOSA BARK.

There is at present every prospect that the use of the extract of bark will at length be adopted, and that this substance will form an important article of commerce between Great Britain and Australia. In the year 1832 the extract of the bark of two species of mimosa, which are cut down for the purpose of clearing the land, was imported from Australia, and was sold to some English tanners at £5 per ton, under the name of extract of wattle bark. It was found on trial to produce as much leather as between four or five times its weight of oak bark of fair average quality. It is not quite equal in strength to the extract of oak bark, but the importation price more than counterbalances this inferiority, and this will be the case, notwithstanding the distance of New South Wales, as long as mimosa-trees are cut down in clearing land for cultivation.

The bark was stripped from the trees in August, September, or October. The rough outward bark was taken off, and the inner bark while green crushed in a mill with fluted copper rollers like a sugar-mill. It was then put in a copper boiler containing clear water, 12 lbs. to 100 gallons, and boiled gently during two hours; the decoction was then strained through a sieve into broad flat copper pans, and evaporated to the desired consistence. One ton of bark produced 4½ cwt. of extract when brought to the consistence of tar. If made hard as pitch, then only 300 cwt. would be obtained; but the evaporation if carried thus far will char the extract, which must on every account be avoided, since its tanning properties are then entirely destroyed. A ton of the best white oak bark produces 500 cwt. of extract, two thirds of which is pure tannin. The Mimosa is therefore rather less rich in tannin than oak bark, but where it so abounds this difference is not of any importance. Five tons of this extract sent from Van Diemen's Land were also favourably received. This extract was prepared rather differently, being boiled for twelve hours and then strained; then boiled for twenty-four hours

* Account of an Embassy to China. vol. ii.

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and strained, and again boiled for an equal time and again strained.

The wattle bark, in its unprepared state, has been shipped to this country in small quantities, and the advantage arising from its importation in the form of an extract, has induced thsoe persons interested in the subject to engage the attention of some of the first chemists in its examination and preparation. Professor Davy, of the Royal Dublin Society, has, in consequence, very recently prepared from the bark a dry extract by the employment of a new method of evaporating, by means of which the extract cannot by any possibility be charred. The adoption of this simple method in Australia would ensure the importation of the substance in a state uninjured for use; while in the solid form its transport will, in every way, be less expensive. The present price of mimosa, or wattle bark, is £7 to £7 10*s.* per ton.

SELECT NOTICES.

Sic Transit, &c.—"Blenheim, the noblest place in Britain," observes Mr. Louden, "is going rapidly to decay. The lake is turned into a morass covered with rushes, &c."——*The best Landholders.*—The same authority notes, that in a recent tour, the only highly kept gardens which he saw were those of small proprietors, professional men, merchants, or bankers. Every gardener knows that a situation under a rich tradesman, merchant, or small landed proprietor, is productive of far more comfort to him than one under a nobleman.——*Cuvier.*—When the Baron paid his accustomed visits to London, the first thing he did after his arrival in the city, was to go out and see all the new *caricatures* in the shop windows. They afforded him more than amusement, for he considered them as curious documents of the moral and political history of certain periods.——*Wholesale Murder.*—In Bounaparte's campaign in Russia, there fell, during 173 days in succession, an average of 2,900 men per day. More than *five hundred thousand* human beings in less than six months! Subseqnently to the peace of Amiens, more than *four millions* of human beings have been sacrificed to the personal ambition of Napoleon Buonaparte. Let his memory perish!——*War.*—It is calculated that England and France were at war with each other for a period of *two hundred and sixty years!*——*Wilson the Ornithologist.*—The remains of this delightful naturalist lie buried in the Swedish Church Yard, Philadelphia: his grave is in a part of the ground where the birds assemble in the trees and sing their songs of sweetest notes.—*(Finch.)*——*Scottish Factories.*—Sir David Barry who visited the Factories of Scotland on commission, during last year, found the chief food of the mill-workers to be, in some instances, potatoes *exclusively*, with a little herring or fat; others *enjoyed* porridge with milk or beer; others potatoes, oat-cake or broth, or kail.——*Stove Girls.*—In Glasgow, the most remarkable persons engaged in a dyeing and printing establishment, are females, termed stove girls. They hang up the prepared webs to dry in the stoves, and afterwards to take them down. They earn 7*s.* 6*d* per week! "I have been," says Sir David Barry, "in the stove, and seen them at work around me whilst the thermometer in my hand marked 140° of Fahrenheit!"——*Weaving.*—At a hand loom weaving Factory in Glasgow, the boys and girls stand on a cold damp earthen floor, in a close damp cellar for 13 or 14 hours a day! They earn *two shillings* a week and live on potatoes and salt!!

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By Vivian.

THE SECEDERS.

Reader! We appeal to you whether or not our Vivian department does not beat the dry editorial details of the other columns of the Gazette all to sticks! The fact is, and the truth must be told, the Editor is by far too *grave* a *subject* for us. He has entered his protest against the few joking lines in sequel, and complains that we are driving hard to make this a *sporting* Magazine. But what of that, Our lease of this department is not yet expired, therefore, we will cling to our bill of rights to the last.

Sombres and *anti-risibles* would do well to recollect that a little good humour shakes the wrinkles out of the heart, and frightens old Time from treading on our toes. Growling should be left to wild beasts, and croaking to the ravens. Ha! ha! ha! should in our opinion, when printed, be set up in capital letters, a prop of admiration between each to prevent its bursting its sides. The very hieroglyphic makes one snigger,—so festive, social, and joyous in its character. A fit of good humoured *laughter* is of essential service in certain morbid cases, as the Faculty will tell you: and many a quinsey in the throat has been broken by a joyous play of the muscles. Yes, this delicious alchymy not only converts a tear into the quintessence of merriment, and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth, but lights up the dullest eye with a twinkle, and throws a flash of sun-shine over the cloudiest visage, while it irradicates and embellishes the most beautiful. And the great Sydenham has declared, that the arrival of Punch in a country town or village, has done more for the health and spirits of the lookers-on, than all the stuff of 'Pothecaries Hall. So much for reason, now for rhyme.

ARGUMENT.

At a public festival, it is reported in Town, that one or two gentlemanly individuals made a public secession from the Temperance Society, respecting which they had formerly been the uncompromising advocates. The following song is supposed to have been uttered in honor of one of the new converts.

Come brother John, come here, John,
Attend to me awhile,
I've something for your ear, John,
May happily make you smile.

(Old Song.)

The man who cannot drink, John,
For other things may sigh;
When reason 'gins to wink, John,
The pulse plays wild and high:—
When the care-nought mood is stealing, John,
O'er the moments as they pass——
And the sweet oblivious feeling, John,
About the fourteenth glass.
Let him whom care has school'd, John,
To meet misfortune's stroke;
Let him whom hope has fool'd, John,
Still lay his thoughts in soak;
Drown all his fond regrets, John,
"In bumpers flowing o'er,—
Forget his love and debts, John,
And mind his griefs no more."

You see I quote from Burns, John,
That star of brilliant hue;
From some I steal by turns, John,
And often steal from you;
Bob Burns loved strong glenevit, John,
That best of barley bree;
May bounteous heaven give it, John,
In streams to you and me!

But, know you how to brew it, John?
An art that all should know,—
As we were won't to do, John,
Some twice four years ago.
Sir Morgan, have you read, John?
The knight of whim and glee,
And pondered what he said, John,
His *glorious Recipe.*

Let your fruit be efficacious, John,
Your water hissing hot,—
Your jug, the most capacious, John,
That you or yours have got:
Of sugar quite enough, John,
Of spirit all your store;
And you'll brew such goodly stuff, John,
Was never brew'd before.

Take with you, ere we part, John,
(I leave you with regret,)
The warm wish of a heart, John,
That ne'er dissembled yet:
May you and I get still, John,
As *fresh* as we would be,—
And those, who wish us well, John,
Shout—*here's to the barley bree!*

Note.—Plato, who has recorded the acts and conversations of his master Socrates, tells us that the sage Philosopher had no objection to a good cup of wine. The account in his *Symposium* of a party, which sat out all the rest of the company is amusing, and will probably go far to apologise for any little venial mistakes on the part of the moderns. Some of the most illustrious Athenians were present at the ancient meeting; among others, Alcibiades, Socrates, and Aristophanes. Things were so cheery, that Socrates, before the parting, *compelled them all to confess, that tragedy and comedy are the same thing!*

PURE TRUTH.

ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO THINK.

It is one of the most valuable discoveries of modern times, that commerce is more profitable than conquest by shooting people dead, and that, in the long run, the merchant has the advantage of the soldier. The factory is your best garrison; the market, the strongest camp; camlets, broad cloth, blankets, punjums, and other manufactures, are the best species of ammunition in laying seige to a town or port; and steam bids fair, by its pacific conquests, to supersede that boasted invention of the barbarous ages, gunpowder,—except for fire-works.

CHINA—DISTRICT OF FEE FA FUM.

A ray of political light has dawned upon China. The mandarins are assisted by councils of five. The debates are unfortunately carried on with closed doors, but from the Report of a Sun Beam, the following is a specimen of the intellectual prowess of the worthy members.

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1st SPEAKER.—I most firmly, and without the least exitation conceive that his X L N Ciiis proposal would prove, and will be discovered if put in execution, of which I, in my humble opinion, do not entertain the least sparkle or shadow of doubt—most beneficial to the welfare, prosperity, and success—not only of the present, but of the succeeding conspicuous, promising, and most illuminated generation.

2d.—All fudge! no prosperity—*maar* the propositie of his X L must be taken.

3d.—De handle van de Slaaven, no good, maar de pipple mut de Geelde hebbe. Zondar dat—plenty Bankrupt. Syne X L speak seer goot.

4th.—Dat is vaar de gentlemans last *Spik*. Very goot opinie—maar de waggen-*hood* negotie mut nit forget de give courage aan de kopman van de Nisner.

5th.—I canna' just bring my mind to vote at the present siderunt.—I most humbly, and with all due respect, submission, and unfeigned loyalty and attachment to His most Gracious Emperor's Representative, his X L, do take the liberty of simply wishing that the question be postponed until I have consulted my well and truly tried friend, Bonze Myrrh Hing Ton.

(From the Tea-Whoo-Hoo! Psha, Show-Chong—Imperial Star.)

REPORTING PROGRESS.

OLD LADY RIX.

DIED, at the advanced age of 161 years, our dearly beloved granny, old Lady Rix, which loss, we feel assured, relations and friends will participate in; at the same time we request to be excused all visits of condolence.

SCHEPEKENNIS & Co.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

"Great was Diana of the Ephesians"

Afflictions sore, long time she bore,
Physicians were in vain;
At length did please the higher pow'r,
To ease her of her pain.

The most remarkable feature in the character of the old lady, was her love of money and hoarding up treasure. Her covetousness led to dishonesty—for only to covet is to wish to be unjust. Then her hypocrisy was of the most fearful kind. She was the appointed guardian of the poor fatherless and motherless, but never interfered in any case where poverty stood at the door, or when her servants could obtain no fees. She, at the same time, always wished to be thought very charitable, very honest, very useful. When the rich died, she would be the first with her visits of condolence; no matter how distant the abode. In such a case her state carriage with four horses and attendants in deep mourning would be sure to be called out at a moment's warning. Her religion was of the most singular kind: she *lent* money to the churches in the hope of obtaining the best seat in the upper sky;—latterly, however, she inclined towards materialism, or rather to the notion that she was an immortal even on earth—that she was never to die. And when reminded of the possibility of a change in her circumstances, she would get into a fit of passion, and either by herself or her *under* servants, would scold the public at a terrible rate. In these displays of temper the disloyal feeling would break out, and then a preference was given for the government of Algiers, or that of Chaka, late king of Natal.

The old lady had a singular aversion to any ink but that used in her own chambers, and like the devil, professed a mortal aversion to printers' ink. Now and then indeed she was detected writing in one of the papers anonymously and dealing out to herself a good character. And she contrived at one time in the most remarkable manner to ingratiate herself in favour with the *Civil Servant*, who cried out in 1822, *Great is Diana of the Ephesians*. He however preferred the singular charge that the old lady was so slovenly in her methods of keeping accounts that her servants *helped themselves* when pressed by need. This was however in earlier times than the present.

The other defects in the old lady's character are, that her household accounts were badly kept—that no annual balance sheet of her public income and expenditure was made known to the world—hence the mystery and secrecy of her methods of doing business. She was greatly instrumental in keeping up high prices, and assisting monopolies. She always argued for the *Granary* system, by which the poor had either no bread to eat, or must pay her friends full 100 per cent. profit for that article.

Again, the old Lady was notoriously famed as a *Flesher*, and such was her liking to others of the same trade, that she granted them loans on mortgage to any extent She likewise sold at public auction the flesh of human beings, considering it in the light of goods and chattels—tables or chairs—merely gifted with the instinct of walking about, and expressing articulate sounds.

One thing was remarkable in the conduct of the old lady. Her Chief Butler or President is a person of genuine learning, a good, well-disposed, upright man. But strange to say, on opening the Will, the old lady has not left him a single shilling of legacy. To her President this conduct cannot be too severely reprobated.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN QUARTERLY JOURNAL.

This scientific publication, which was formerly a quarterly periodical, is now issued monthly. The chief contributor appears to be Dr. A. Smith, who writes the papers on African Zoology. These must be invaluable to the scientific naturalist. Among the other papers, are Accounts of the Amakosae, a Tribe of Caffers adjoining the Eastern boundary of the Cape Colony, by Dr. Morgan, Assist. Staff Surgeon. From these we select one extract:

The following is the estimated population of Cafferland:—

	Men.	Women & Children.	Total.
U'Gika's Sons and Uncles,	6000	30,000	36,000
U'Botuman,	2000	10,000	12,000
U'Queno,	3000	15,000	18,000
U'Dushanie and Children,	4000	20,000	24,000
Un Thlambe and Children	5000	25,000	30,000
Un Phundis,	2000	10,000	12,000
Congo and Family,	3000	15,000	18,000
Total,	25,000	125,000	150,000

The amount of the military force of Cafferland is above 18,000, of which number any enterprising chief might bring 12,000 together, to support him in any measure that would meet with the universal approbation of the Caffers.

The most interesting communications to the Journal are, we think, those by Mr. Chase—*On the Progress and present State of Geographical Discovery in the African Continent, made from the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.* These essays will be read with profit by all those who feel an interest in the progress of discovery and civilization in the lands of their nativity or adoption.

ASSOCIATION FOR EXPLORING CENTRAL AFRICA.

The time is now approaching when this spirited Expedition from the Cape will proceed to the field of enterprise. A very numerous public meeting of the inhabitants—civil, military, and mercantile,—took place in the Commercial Hall on the 21st. His Excellency Gen. D'Urban in the Chair. The Report, a highly interesting one, was read by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Chase. The speakers on this occasion were the Hon. Judge Menzies, A. Oliphant, Esq, His Majesty's Attorney General, Sir John Herschel, Col. Wade, Rev. Dr. Burrow, and Messrs. Von Ludwig, Ross, (H.) &c.

His Excellency the Governor (we learn from the Report,) has granted leave of absence to Dr. Andrew Smith, who conducts the Expedition, and has allowed a military party to accompany him under his orders, consisting of one European officer of the 98th Regt. and two private soldiers; and one non-commissioned officer and four private soldiers of the Cape corps. His Excellency has further granted a quantity of ordnance stores; and the Board of Admiralty, through Sir John Herschel, have forwarded for the use of the Expedition, a valuable collection of philosophical instruments, with directions, also, that it be assisted with other varieties from the Royal Observatory at the Cape.

NEW MARKET.

Considerable surprise generally prevails on the apathy which apparently exists as it regards the intended Vegetable and Fish Market—the foundation of which was hailed by the public with enthusiasm. If, as it is reported, the thing has been delayed out of courtesy to a few inhabitants of Market-square, such policy is, we think, very mistaken to say the least of it. Such an institution in the square, would yield a mine of profit to all the traders in the vicinity, besides saving the valuable lives of the unprotected sellers of vegetables, &c at present occupying the square, or other parts of the town. Besides, all private interests should surrender, as in the metropolitan improvements of London—to the public good.

TABLE BAY.

It appears, that during the last 25 years, four thousand five hundred and sixty-eight vessels, (exclusive of coasters,) have entered this bay, and out of these 44 (forty-four) have been wrecked, which is something less than 1 (one) in the hundred! It should be added that the cargoes of the wrecked vessels have been generally saved, the chief losses being the hulls of the vessels.—*Advertiser.*

THE SEASONS.

February went out like a lion, and March came in like a lamb. Taking it altogether, the summer has not been very oppressive, with the exception of sundry days of extreme heat. The South-Easters have not been so prevalent as in former years, and from June until the middle of February, the rains in Cape Town have been frequently abundant. In fact, we had one or two summer floods, and these will account, perhaps, for the insignificance of the *Musquito* tribe this year, whose awful twang and irritating bite have not annoyed us. Nor have the *Frogs* been heard with their love-notes. The old people, until about the end of February, dwelt largely on the advantages of the *good old times* of South-East, and attributed all their infirmi-

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ties to the few and short visits of the moderⁿ South-East winds. But on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of the month, they must have been quite satisfied that the *Vortex* was in the midst of them, convulsing all things, both animate and inanimate. Houses were unroofed, trees were torn up, wagons had well nigh become balloons, ships were driven out to sea, boats capsized, and birds unwinged in their flight. Many of the swallow tribe were seen dropping down dead from the unparalleled fury of the S. E. wind.

PORT ELIZABETH.

After many years of patient waiting, our English Episcopal Church is at length opened for divine worship—but at the same time is in an unfinished state. The jetty, long talked of, is now to be commenced. The value of the goods imported and exported in the two last quarters of the last year was £70,904, exclusive of the goods imported from Table Bay.

RONDEBOSCH.

—— Hail to the State of England! And conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church;
Founded in truth, by blood of Martyrdom
Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared
In beauty of Holiness, with ordered pomp
Decent, and unreproved. *Wordsworth.*

At length a spire "whose silent finger points to heaven," is uplifted at the pretty village of Rondebosch. This Church, built by the voluntary subscriptions of Episcopalians, and other denominations of christians, and which is a model of beautiful simplicity, was set apart for divine worship on the 16th instant, by the Rev. G. Hough, Senior Colonial Chaplain, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Judge. His Excellency the Governor, with Lady D'Urban, and a respectable congregation, attended the solemnities on this interesting occasion. The Rev. E. Judge, A. M. has been appointed Chaplain.

WYNBERG.

This beautiful village has at length progressed in the best sense of the word. A handsome Church, 60 feet by 30, on a Gothic plan, with a Belfry and Tower 80 feet high, is now building. The situation is highly picturesque, commanding a boundless extent of woodland and mountain scenery.

The funds are, it must be confessed, inadequate to meet the expenses, but as Subscription Lists are open at the Commercial Hall and Public Library, it is hoped many will come forward and *give liberally.*

MAURITIUS.

It is quite natural that much party feeling should exist here against Mr Jeremie. He is, nevertheless, a man of surprising nerve, possessing a courage equal to any thing in the records of history. He is also a man of inflexible integrity, and is not to be diverted from the cause of Public Justice. He is as unwearied in the performance of business, as the present Lord Chancellor.

The unprecedented hurricane of the 25th of Jan. will be the ruin of many. The sugar crops have been cut off—the roads rendered impassable, bridges destroyed, and a fleet of shipping in the harbour either wrecked or crippled. Port Louis sustained incalculable injury by the deluge of rain which fell. Many of the streets became a perfect sea, and the stores, cellars, and ground-floors of the houses were all afloat.

THE YANKEES.

Table Bay has astonished the natives, by the *American* forests of shipping which have honoured our shores with a call during the month. These have been for the most part whalers, those sons of enterprise which contribute so much to the glory of our brethren in the United States. They have one and all paid just tributes to the advantages of our port, and the prompt and cheap supplies with which they have been furnished. Many of them were *temperance ships,* having nothing on board as a beverage but water, and we have seen their Captains on shore at dinner who, when even the wine was presented,

"Touched not—tasted not—handled not"

We must candidly confess, we differ from them in this respect—but surely *every man to his own liking*

Contemplating with astonishment as we did one evening, the dexterity with which a whaling crew managed their boat and plied their oars when pushing off from the Jetty, it was impossible to resist an impulse to pay them respect. They heard our shout——

"Success to America,"

when their leader rejoined with enthusiasm

"The same to Great Britain, with all my heart."

INFANT SCHOOL.

The fourth Anniversary was held in the Commercial Hall on the 27th,—His Excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban presided. Lady D'Urban, Lady Herschel, and a numerous attendance of ladies and gentlemen witnessed the pleasing spectacle. The speeches delivered on the occasion were of the highest order of intellect, and are well worthy of perusal, as reported in the *Advertiser* of the 1st and 5th of March.

CRADOCK.

A hail-storm has been experienced at Cradock, which killed 15 goats belonging to a farmer in the district. The hail-stones are described as large as pullet's eggs.

TYGERBERG.

To the great joy of the country-people here a resident Clergyman has been appointed to the New Church at Tygerberg, and the Rev. JAS. BECK, A. M. has been nominated by the Home Government to the pastoral charge. Mr. B. is the first native of the Colony who has studied wholly at a British University—and that, too, with singular success. The Rev. Mr. BECK happily discourses in the languages Dutch and English, with great acceptance to the hearers of each.

THE SULTAN OF JOHANNA.

The Sultan has wisely submitted the perusal of his official papers to His Excellency the Governor, and we are glad to find a prompt and kind attention to the claims of this injured Chief. "This Government," observes His Excellency in reply, "You may be assured is impressed with the most favourable sentiments of your Highness, which cannot be affected by any attempts to injure you."

THE LITTLE SKIFF.

Arrived in Table Bay on the 5th inst. the *Circe,* a vessel of 22 tons, S. Reynolds, Capt. and two men; from London 2d August, and Saldanha Bay, 28th Feb. to this port, in ballast.

The following are places of arrival and departure:

Augt.	2,	left Deptford.
	12,	,, Scilly
	21,	,, Madeira.
	23,	,, Canaries.
	30,	arrived Cape Verds.
Sept.	19,	left ditto
Oct.	6,	crossed the Line.
	23,	arrived Abrolhas, (So. Am.)
	26,	left ditto.
	30,	arrived Isle Grand, (So. Am)
Nov.	1,	left ditto.
	3,	arrived St. Sebastina, (So. Am.)
	13	left ditto.
Jan.	1,	arrived at Elizabeth Bay, (Africa.)
	18,	left ditto.
Feb.	7,	arrived at Saldanha Bay.

NEW BANKING COMPANY — GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE — ADVERTISEMENTS OF GRAHAM'S TOWN.

AN attention to Political Economy is happily characteristic of the present age. It was practically studied in this Colony for the first time, when a Joint Stock Insurance Company was started. When a people are united each one with his neighbour, or when they are sufficiently educated, it is astonishing how many channels of public utility are set a-going, all tending to the advantage of the community in general. And this leads us to inquire how it is that the *New Banking Company* is delayed? Mr. Canning was always of opinion that a Joint Stock Bank of Deposit and Circulation gave an additional stimulus to the trade, industry, and public spirit of a country, very distinct from that of a Government Bank. He probably thought at the same time, that Government should leave trade and commerce to those who pay the taxes and fill the treasury. The merits of the Colonial Government Bank of this Colony have been sufficiently discussed in the public papers; but there is one thing which appears to us very singular—that Government should still keep up a Printing Office! It would be a great saving to Government to get rid of this Gothic appendage, now of small utility, and more especially as there are three distinct Presses in Cape Town. And now that we are on the subject of the Press, we cannot help remarking on the apparent inconsistency of the methods adopted by the Authorities of Graham's Town, who, on giving notice to the inhabitants that all dogs without owners will be killed on a certain day, (or any *other* official notice,) transmit their information some 5 or 6 hundred miles to the Cape Town Gazette! Why not employ the local Press?

POETRY.

(Received too late for insertion in its proper place.)

THE TWO DEATH BEDS.

I've watched the sinner's dying bed,
Delirious and wild with dread;
I've seen his proud and rolling eye,
Glare with the soul's dark agony.
From side to side I've seen him toss,
And madly then blaspheme the Cross:
His brow was darkened with despair,
Hell, ere its time, was swelling there.
Oh! 'tis a wild and horrid sight,
To see a soul thus take its flight;
Dying with sin yet unforgiv'n,
In hate with man—at war with heaven;
To watch it on the grave's cold brink,
Then pass—but where, we dare not think.

I've seen the Servant of the Lord,
Whose trust was in God's holy word,
Die with a frame with anguish riv'n,
Yet calmly die in hope of heav'n;
I've seen a sweet and winning smile
Play o'er his faded cheek the while;
I've heard his soft yet solemn voice,
Call those around him to rejoice —
Nor o'er his death with hearts forlorn,
In hopeless sorrow 'ere to mourn;
His faith was strong—his hope was clear,
O'er such a death there needs no tear;
Or if it fall that drop should be
Of joy that such a soul is free.
No more with pain or grief oppress'd,
That soul hath gained a Saviour's rest;
Afar hath winged its hallowed way,
To regions of eternal day;
Grant Thou, who reign'st in heaven on high,
I so may live, that thus I die.

Wynberg. * * *

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AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.

FIRST NOTICE.

We have recently given a few outlines of the interesting Voyages of Capt. Owen, and that performed by Mr. Lindsay, and others of the Lord Amherst. We now proceed to the notice of Capt. Morrell's Voyages, in one thick volume, printed at New York.* Capt. Morrell is an American; hear this, ye worshippers at the shrines of the Trollopes, and the Halls, and the Cyril Thorntons! Nevertheless, we do declare, that it never was our lot to peruse a record of personal adventures which exhibits a nobler or more heroic spirit than that manifested by this worthy American. There has (we believe) been no report of expeditions of this description from America, hitherto known to us, which appears more fully to justify our opinion of the character and capabilities of her enterprising sons, than the one now before us. The brave, bold, rough hardy sailor of our own England, for a thousand years, presents himself in this American, in all the bold relief which we might expect to find in the original.

Captain Morrell, a native of the State of New York, on Long Island Sound, gave an early proof of his restless and enterprising disposition, by abandoning his family at seventeen and going to sea, for which he shewed a determined passion from his earliest years. Proceeding to New York, he quickly found a berth in a vessel, which was just about to sail for Lisbon with a cargo of flour. This was in March, 1812; and on the return of the vessel, when she approached the American continent, it was her chance to be taken by the English, in consequence of the hostilities which had broken out in the meantime. His next adventure was in a privateer, destined for France: the ship, whilst cruising on the coast of that kingdom, was taken by an English frigate, the crew of which boarded the American vessel. The whole of the party on board were ordered into the British ship, and brought to England, where they were placed in imprisonment at Dartmoor. The author speaks well of the treatment which he received during his incarceration: he found in this dreary abode above eight thousand Frenchmen, and about half that number of Americans, all prisoners of war. Here they received every indulgence that could be expected under such circumstances; and though they had no more than the customary "prisoner's allowance" of food, what they had was good and wholesome. They enjoyed the privilege of an excellent market, at the regular prices of the country, where every thing offered for sale was obliged to be of the best kind. No imposition was allowed to be practised on the prisoners by the English farmers. They had their own cooks and nurses in the hospital, and the doctor was one of the best and most humane men. His name was M'Graw, and he was justly beloved and respected by every American in Dartmoor prison. They had the liberty of a large yard from daylight until dark; and a certain number of the prisoners were each day permitted to go outside the walls to work, for which they were regularly paid by the captain of the prison. Within the walls they amused themselves with schools, dramatic performances, and a variety of games and plays. "In fact," says the Captain, "I cannot conscientiously accuse the British of any inhumanity towards the American prisoners during all my detention of thirty-one months in St. John's and at Dartmoor, excepting the atrocious massacre at the latter place in April, 1815, after the peace." The history of this affair is familiar to every reader. The American prisoners were fired upon, by order of the infamous Capt. Shortland, when eight were killed, and thirty-seven wounded!

Captain Morrell had not been long returned to his native country, when his enterprising spirit impelled him to seek gratification on his favourite element. He heard many stories of romance recorded in connection with the South Shetland Islands, and the seal voyages in the South Seas, and was soon placed in a ship destined for the seal trade, as first mate. In this voyage he had a specimen of the perils to which the navigation was exposed, and was led by his bold spirit into situations which none but a desperate person would venture to seek. The ship, however, returned in April, 1822, in perfect safety, to New York. Upon the very day of his arrival there, the Captain was applied to, to know if he would accept the command of a schooner, which was going out in the course of a month, on a voyage to the South Sea, to catch seals, to trade, and make discoveries. He jumped at the proposal, and in June of the same year set sail, in company with another schooner. The two vessels were provisioned for a couple of years, and their destiny was a cruize during that period, in the South Seas, the Atlantic Seas, and Pacific Ocean. This voyage, and three others which succeeded it, supply the whole of the contents of the present volume.

In the very commencement of his account, the Captain does not hesitate to assure us, that in his opinion, and from his experience, the day is not distant

* A Narrative of Four Voyages to the South Sea, North and South Pacific Ocean, Chinese Sea, Ethiopic and Southern Atlantic Ocean, Indian and Atlantic Ocean, from the year 1822 to 1832. Comprising Critical Surveys of Coasts and Islands, with sailing directions; and an Account of some new and valuable discoveries, including the Massacre Islands, &c. &c. &c. By Capt. Benj. Morrell, Jun.

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when a visit to the South Pole " will not be thought more of a miracle than to cause an egg to stand on its point." He states that this has been long his opinion, and that the results of the voyage, the steps of which we are now about to retrace, satisfy him of the certainty of his predictions. The great object of that voyage was to acquire a more accurate knowledge than any one before possessed of the Antarctic Seas, and to ascertain the practicability, under favourable circumstances, of penetrating to the South Pole. The progress of the vessels in the Southern direction is accurately noted by the Captain; and having occasion to remain for a short time in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, he gives a copious description of the beauties of that city. The Captain visited also and explored the coast of Patagonia, and saw sufficient of the inhabitants to make him disbelieve the common notion of their being giants. Having taken an ample survey of this coast, the party pursued its way to the Falkland Islands, situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, about eighty leagues east from Cape Virgin, in the Straits of Magellan. The author speaks very favourably of the productions of this Island; and describes the species of birds which frequent it.

In entering the Falkland Sound, Captain Morrell came in sight of three islands, one of which, called Eagle Island, he states, was the scene of an act of perfidy by the officers and crew of an English ship.

In continuing the course of the ship, between the south and east, the captain crossed the spot which has been described as the site of the celebrated Aurora Islands. He declares that there are no such islands in existence, and that he knows of other navigators who, like himself, searched for them in vain. The account of these islands is contained in a publication of the Hydrographical Society of Madrid, and their latitude and longitude are very particularly described. But it is the captain's opinion, that the reputed discoverers must have mistaken for islands, a series of icebergs with earth attached to their sides, and covered with snow on their tops.

It is observed by the author, that, whilst in south latitude, up to 64, they met with many fields of ice, but that the further they descended southwards, the less did they encounter them. Steering still southward, they crossed the antarctic circle, and getting into latitude 96 deg. 11 min. and lon. 48 deg. 15 min. E. they found no field-ice whatever, and even of ice-islands very few were observed floating. They also discovered that the winds in this latitude blow three-fourths of the time from the south-east or the north-east, very light, and attended with more or less snow every day, and that the westerly winds were accompanied with severe hail-squalls. The captain, who has passed the antarctic circle several times, on different meridians, has uniformly found the temperature both of the air and the water to become more and more mild the farther he advanced beyond the sixty-fifth degree of south latitude, and that the variation decreases in the same proportion. While north of this latitude, say between sixty and sixty five south, he frequently had great difficulty in finding a passage for the vessel, between the immense and almost innumerable ice-islands, some of which were from one to two miles in circumference, and more than five hundred feet above the surface of the water! When it is considered that they have always about three-fifths of their bulk *under* water, some idea may be formed of their enormous magnitude. He has several times come so near to them, when the weather was so thick and hazy that he could not see twice the length of the vessel, that nothing prevented his striking, but a timely application of the sweeps to bear them off. It was always his endeavour to keep at a respectful distance; for they are sometimes so nicely balanced, that, should a very large piece become detached from below, the whole mass above water, being thus rendered top-heavy would instantly capsize and plunge beneath the surface, when wo to the vessel that lies in its way. Even at the distance of one hundred yards, ships have been lost by the vast waves and whirls occasioned by these rolling mountains. But there is no evil, perhaps, which is not accompanied with some redeeming quality. The shelter which is sometimes afforded by these dangerous friends has preserved vessels from injury, if not ruin, during a gale of wind, especially as the sea is never rough where the ice-islands are sufficiently numerous to break the force of the waves.

Another observation of Captain Morrell is, that he found every spot which he visited beyond the sixtieth degree of south latitude entirely destitute of soil or vegetation; it rather rose in vast mountains or columns of impenetrable rocks, ice, and snow. He states it further to be his opinion, that ice-islands are never formed except in bays, or other recesses of the land, and that field-ice even is not produced in deep water at any time, or in rough seas. If these impressions be correct, this very important inference is devolved from them, namely, that if there be no more land to the south than that with which navigators are already acquainted, the antarctic seas must be less obstructed by ice than is generally supposed; and it follows, as a further inference, that an unobstructed sea for voyages of discovery is open as far as the south pole.

The ship, under the circumstances already mentioned, tacked about, and proceeded to Staten Land, an island forming the southern extremity of South America, where he intended to fish for seals. He presents us with a very excellent account of these animals, at least, the species which frequent this archipelago.

Before quitting the position in which he fished for the seals, Captain Morrell earnestly recommends shipmasters who intend to double Cape Horn, always to pass to the westward of the Falkland Islands, which will ensure them smoother water and better weather. Experience has convinced him that the coast here, at the proper season of the year, is not more dangerous than our own coast in the fall. All navigators would be satisfied of this fact, would they discard from their imaginations the horrible romances they have heard and read about Cape Horn, and judge for themselves with unprejudiced minds—most of these nautical legends being only fit to class with the fiction of the Flying Dutchman.

He has wintered and summered off Cape Horn and its vicinity, but never witnessed those extraordinary gales which we so often hear spoken of. He has never encountered worse weather on this coast than is experienced every autumn and spring in a passage from New York to Liverpool. In doubling Cape Horn, a ship may carry her royal-yards with as much ease as she can along our northern coast in the seasons before mentioned, and in the early part of winter.

MY NATIVE PLACE.

DUNDRENNAN ABBEY,

Where Queen Mary spent her last night in Scotland.

Dundrennan Abbey! lovely scene!
Last refuge for the Scottish queen;
E'er hunted from her country's shore,
She left it to return no more.
Thy walls are mould'ring to decay,
And time hath changed their hue to gray;
The ivy decks thy ruined cells,
From thee are heard no evening bells—
No hymn is sung—no pray'r is said—
Nor anthem breathes above the dead;
The wind sweeps through thy Gothic aisle,
Thou lonely, ruined, roofless pile.
And wild flow'rs in luxuriance bloom
On many a faded, nameless tomb;

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Rank weeds are in the Abbot's bower,
Where grew the rose—fair England's flower;
No voice is heard within thy hall,
A death-like silence reigns on all—
And yet I love to gaze on thee,
All changed and altered though thou be.
Near thee, beneath a hazel shade,
My mother in her grave is laid;
My sister sleeping by her side,
On these I've wept—and who would chide
The tears a fond child's eyes may shed,
When her who bore him 's cold and dead?
There is an oak within thy glen,
Its age beyond all human ken,
Round which my brothers used to play,
In childhood's free and happy day;
They're wand'ring now on land and sea,
And ne'er may meet again by thee:
That oak hath withered on its stem,
As if it sadly mourned for them.
I've seen thy hills—I've seen thy streams,
All bright when in the land of dreams.
Queen Mary's mount,—Queen Mary's spring,
To those my thoughts shall fondly cling,
While life shall flow within my veins,—
Scenes worthy of a poet's strains;
Kirkconnel Moor, where lies the tomb
Of one who met a martyr's doom,
When Turner, with his bloody men,
Swept hill and dale, and moor and glen.
The sun hath set—the evening breeze
Is murm'ring gently through the trees,
And faint is heard the billows roar,
Soft breaking on the distant shore;
The deer are wand'ring from the hill,
The heath bird's cry is clear and shrill;
The hare feeds on the dewy blade,
Near where her hidden form is made;
The rooks have raised their noisy cry,
As homewards to their nests they fly;
The fox hath left his den to prowl,
I hear his wild and dreary howl;
The night-bird whoops her lonely cry,
And chaunts her dirge where dead men lie;
With these I'm left to muse alone,
On scenes and days long passed and gone.
When death shall set my spirit free,
Oh! may my grave be made near thee;
For me shall sound no funeral bell,
The autumn winds shall breathe my knell;
The mossy turf shall wrap my breast,
And calm and sweet shall be my rest:
I ask no stone to mark the place,
No friendly word my fate to trace,—
A lonely and a nameless grave—
Oh! 'tis not much from thee I crave:
To ruined arch—to cloistered cell—
A long, perchance, a last farewell.

Wynberg. **

TO A ROSE ON A LADY's BOSOM.

May that beautiful Rose,
On the spot where it glows,
Find a lambent repose.

May its freshness impart
Vernal bloom to that heart
Which shall never depart.

May its hue and its grace,
On that figure and face,
Leave a permanent trace.

May its exquisite scent,
Still a beauty invent,
Still a virtue augment.

And may Heaven decree,
That the Rose ever be
Still an emblem of thee!

Stellenbosch. HARRY B.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM A SETTLER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Albaniana.

No. I.

PRECIOUS STONES IN ALBANY.

A KNAVE OF DIAMONDS.



"All that glistens is not gold."
(Shakspeare.)

THE British Settlers of Albany, before they left the *hospitable* shores of their own country,—that is to say, shores which refused a number of them any longer their usual allowance of beef and pudding, or rather the opportunity of labor which command these indispensibles for an Englishman's existence,—had entered into an agreement with the government that each head of family should, on landing, receive a grant of ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, which, at the most, is not above one-thirtieth of what was considered sufficient to subsist an African-Dutch Boer.

To men who mostly had not occupied more of their mother-earth than would fill the mignonette-box before a three-story window in some street, lane, or alley of the great modern Babylon, (for the British Settlers were, and I take it more for a glory than reproach, LONDONERS,—*vulgo, Cockneys,*) and whose legs had never, perhaps, stretched in their own land, beyond certain radii, the centre of which was "*the place where Hick's Hall formerly stood,*" or probably "*The Town Hall in the Borough,*" to Tyburn, Baggnige Wells, and perhaps once in their lives to the Gypsies' Canaan, *Norwood;* (the place, I believe, is since—ah, me! refined and *reformed,* and named Beulah Spa!) such a prospect of agrarian wealth as ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND!! was a sore temptation. Thousands rose to the hook, and it was swallowed at with such eagerness, that above *ninety thousand souls,* or bodies, were candidates for expatriation to the Colony with the promising title of THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. Out of this number, above four thousand "*came and saw;*" and, as might have been expected, were disappointed, for the Cæsarian laconism of the "*conquest,*" although now the well-deserved boast of the Settlers, has only of late years been added to their history.

To the title-deeds of these *precious* (in more senses than one) and munificent grants of one hundred acres, was appended certain very *cautious* reservations; such as the government right of making roads, of course for public benefit,—the right of levying taxes, such as the government might find convenient at present or hereafter, and the right of that awful dignity, "THE CROWN," to all mines of gold, silver, and precious stones.

It was in the very early days of the British Settlement, and perhaps in some of its wildest, before repeated disappointments had arrested the full tide of that buoyant spirit peculiar to a fresh Immigrant, (stopped for a period, but, thank God, once more in its full flow,) and had congealed its mirthful disposition, that a Settler called upon the Provisional Magistrate (rest his soul!) of the newly-peopled wilderness, a military man, who was rather a crusty character, not very popular, and whom no one delighted to honor, but rather enjoyed to mystify, to consult him upon a subject, the importance of which could be at once gathered from a cast of the most anxious features, assumed for the purpose.

"I am informed, Sir," said the sharp-visaged visitor, "that the government impose certain reservations in the titles of *our* ESTATES." "Hem, yes!" replied the unmoved Justice, lolling in his easy chair. "And among them," continued the apparently much-concerned querist, "discoveries of *precious stones* are included!!" A strange thought suddenly flashed across his worship's brain; visions of El Dorado, of Golconda, and Peru flitted before him with the rapidity of lightning. "What!" exclaimed the multo-functioned functionary, for he was Judge and Jury, Coroner and Lord Lieuten-

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ant; in short, he was as all functionaries were in those *orderly* days, *servants of all work*,—Factotums. "What!" and rising from his chair, "do, Sir, please be seated; well, then, you have discovered a mine of precious stones, eh! on your *own* estate, eh!" "Why, no, Sir," replied the hundred-acred gentleman, with affected and provoking hesitation, "I—I—cannot—exactly—state that—I—have—discovered any—precious stones, but I have found *a precious lot of stones*!"

The port and claret-complexioned frontispiece of the worthy (they are always worthy) magistrate thus insulted in his curule chair, first assumed all the prismatic hues—red, yellow, blue, down to deep violet, and then suddenly blanched with rage, and then——. Well, I shall tell the remainder some other day; and for the present refer you to my *Belle-vue* above.

BROTHER SETTLERS CONTRASTED.

Anno 1830. Anno 1820.



"*Look here upon this picture, and on this.*"
The counterfeit presentment of two *brothers*.
"HYPERION TO A SATYR."
(Shakspeare.)

RARE COMFORTS—BREAD AND WATER.

DRY TIMES, SIRS!!



In the times alluded to in the former reminiscence, when men, just newly transplanted from the land of intelligence, of *free thought*, and *free speech*, had not been *tamed down* to colonial usages, at least such as *then* existed, to suppress their indignation and contempt, because it was dangerous to proclaim such feelings, or convenient to conceal them; a state of things almost as injurious to the community as absolute licence, and more so than the unrestrained use of that safety valve, the Public Press; there were many amongst the settlers, who *boldly spoke out their opinions* of passing events, and some not too *wisely*, nor *too well*. Amongst these was a ci-devant Irish Captain of Militia, who had joined the ranks of the immigrants, and who, from a capacity peculiar to his countrymen, was always getting into one scrape or another; he had an appetite for a *broil*, would have been a martyr for the sake of a *steak* (or stake, hang the orthography of the word.) It was the de'il's fault or his own, and I leave them to settle the matter—

"Jolly companions every one."

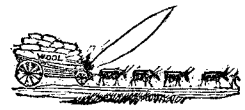
Two years of failure of the wheat crops, which had devastated the greater part of the colony, had in the British settlement itself, literally made *bread*, (however vulgar it may be to quote an old home adage,) "*a sight good for sore eyes.*" A drought too, afflicted the country, which in general seasons is somewhat deficient in that pabulum of existence, and Albany, the new land of promise, suffered severely from both these inflictions, because a shoal of eaters aud drinkers, with throats rather dry, and stomachs of singular, (no, rather *plural*) capacity, thanks to a warm and too fine a climate, had been thrown suddenly into the colony without any notice, consequently any preparation, and without any possibility of immediately shifting for themselves.

Captain Paddy (I cannot appropriate to him a better or more significant *alias*,) happened at this period to have occupied the peculiar attention of some of the gentlemen of the local court, doubtless for the perpetration of some unheard of virtue, some extravagant excellence, I really forget the precise nature of the allegation; and was, as *might be expected*, convicted. After summing up the evidence, the *Deputy Landdrost*, for such was the barbarous title of His Britannic Majesty's local representative in those long-to-be-remembered days, adjudged that Captain Paddy should "be confined in the District Jail for three days, upon *bread and water*."

"Och! and by the powers, thank you, Sir," cried Captain Paddy, with his stentorian voice and rich emerald-ian brogue, "thank you, Sir; then I shall get *two* of the *scarcest* articles in the Colony!"

Captain Paddy's wit and philosophy prevented his incarceration.

SHORT TAILS.



"This is the way WE wag-on."

J. C. C.

THE REMINISCENT, No. 6.

A GOVERNMENT CORRESPONDENT.

It is inconceivable—the silly measures which guided many of the acts of the Sidmouth administration. It is a fact which seems to have escaped the notice of political writers, that the Government of England directed monthly returns of the state of the villages: *i. e.* the state of public feeling, from the Post Office Keepers. In England, it is well-known, that many of these are exceedingly ignorant men. It was my lot to take up a temporary abode in a village near Stafford, at the residence of the candidate for the election of the Borough at the next forthcoming dissolution of Parliament. This gentleman had made himself popular by many public acts of beneficence, and was the founder of a Provident institution not only there but in many other places. It was my task to lay hold of the London papers at the Post Office as soon as the mail should arrive. The Postmaster and myself became on terms of talking intimacy, when one day he bowed. humbly hoped to be forgiven, and asked for advice on a delicate subject: the poor fellow expressed in whispered tones his incompetency to carry on a Government correspondence, and solicited my assistance;—he at the same time produced what he termed a rough copy, and begged (entre nous) for my correction. I requested to be possessed of the MS. and promised a more suitable reply. The Post Office Keeper's letter was worded precisely as follows:

"My Loard!

This is to inform your Loardship that there is no news particular in this part of the countery but how long soever this will keep so is moral impossible for aney living man to say. The parliment men that are acoming down to the Borrow next year, it is likely will kick up

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a row—but thers no help for that. I almost forgot to put down that thers a man going about our place* that looks a little suspisious like, and I am very dubrious that no good will come on it. He goes in poor peeples housses—and gives away little books and sich like. One o them was printed on it, REFORM or RUIN. I think as many in our nayborwood do that he should be taken up and put in the cage. He's a tall spare man—dark haire and ies—black coatt with a long tale—has also black pantylowns with spatter dashers.

I am with no more at present
yours to oblige
****

P. S. Humbley hopes your Loardship will not take it amiss my wishing to have an exismans place for my oldest sun. Hes uncommon good at his pen and takes a delight in it. He larnt at Mr. Gillums school on the green—3 doors from the Hen and Chickens."

My friend, the candidate, read this document with unbounded delight. He saw with that ready tact and skill which he was well known to possess, that the subject could be turned to good account. He dictated the following letter, which the Postmaster immediately forwarded to Government:

"My Lord!

I have the honour for your Lordship's information, and in compliance with your Lordship's circular of the 14th ultimo, to inform your Lordship that every thing here and in this neighbourhood bears abundant proof of happiness and content. The people to a man are, perhaps, the most faithful and loyal which England's sovereignty can boast. Here are no clubs or political papers to be found, which, perhaps may, in one sense, account for the good, and orderly, and quiet dispositions of the inhabitants. But, my Lord,—in truth, it is my duty clearly to point out, that the happy state of the people here has arisen from the introduction of an institution called The Provident Institution, (founded by R. I. Esq.) a scheme so new and so popular, that were it only put in practice elsewhere and everywhere, would tend to make the British empire the abede of comfort, loyalty, and peace!

I have the honour, &c."

The thing took—the gudgeon was caught, and my friend was called before the Minister of State. His reception was most cordial—his plan of Provident Institutions, &c. &c. was unfolded, and the minister discovered in his guest, a man of extraordinary acuteness and knowledge of the world. He obtained by this interview, an introduction to Windsor Castle and the Court of France, also a chair in the Magistracy of Brighton, conjointly with Sir David Scott.

The last honour, many months afterwards, was a successful termination of the contest at Stafford. But no sooner was the victory declared, when a few days afterwards, *Richard Ironmonger*, M. P. was, from nervous debility, numbered with the dead!

* He turned out to be a pious itinerant minister. His tracts were purely of a religious character.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND,—ORIGIN OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE,—NATIONAL DEBT.

MANY of the Jews of Amsterdam, a famous haunt formerly for opulent Israelites, came over to London with King William III. and when the Bank of England was set up and obtained the privilege of dealing in all the articles *pawned* into that corporation, these Jews became some of its most active and necessary agents. The charter directed that a book should be kept in the Bank, in which all assignments and transfers of its stock, should be registered. To effect this, and to enhance the price of the stock, were matters impossible to vulgar spirits; the Jews only could perform it properly, and it being placed in their hands altogether, the Stock Exchange, with all its complicated machinery, arose. Medina, the Jew, was the first who turned the Stock Exchange to any great account. He accompanied Marlborough in his campaigns, and by the priority of his political intelligence soon contrived to amass a large fortune. The first site of the Stock Exchange was the Bank: but as the members increased they became troublesome, and Change Alley was at length fixed upon as the pandemomium of jobbing. It has been repeatedly the object of attack, serious and ridiculous: but like the Irish fox, which thrives upon curses, the Stock Exchange flourished more and more every year, and it ultimately obtained such influence as to force itself into the dignity of an appendage of the government. The immense operations of the state in 1802, when the government borrowed forty-nine millions in that single year, gave a stimulus to the Stock Exchange. The members no longer submitted to the degradation of meeting at a coffee-house; they entered into a subscription, and, in 1802, erected the present building of the Stock Exchange; for the management of which an administrative body was established. The regulations for carrying on the concern, and for the admission of new members, are fully described by Mr. Pebrer (On the Resources of Britain.) The result of the activity of this body, subsequently to 1802, when they erected their building, is seen in the increasing amount of the debt since that period. The members of this corporation were not content with speculating upon merely British materials; but they went from London to Paris, and from that capital again to Petersburgh or Madrid, so that the rentes of France, and the bonds of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain and Portugal, and Poyais to boot, were lately as familiar subjects of traffic, as British Consols, or omniumin the time of the loans. It must have been altogether through the influence of the Stock Exchange that so many unjustifiable loans were raised in England. Thus, through the agency of that powerful body, there were supplied in the way of loan to foreign powers, in the interval of seven years, between 1822 and 1829, no less a sum than seventy-two millions six hundred and ninety-four thousand five hundred and seventy-one pounds!

The debt, which we have traced up to the commencement of the present century as amounting to more than five hundred million, was wofully augmented by Pitt, after the peace of Amiens was put an end to. In 1803, no less than nineteen millions were added to the debt; twenty-six millions more increased it the next year; thirty-nine more the following year, and in the succeeding one a fresh augmentation took place, of not less than thirty-three millions! The utter uselessness of this expenditure, directed as it was against Buonaparte, when that astonishing man was pursuing his triumphant career on the continent, preyed so upon Pitt's mind, that it sunk beneath the pressure. But his admiring disciples, Percival and Castlereagh, like all imitators, carried the principles of their master to an extreme; and to be convinced of that, it is only necessary for the impartial reader to remember that in 1809, above seventeen millions and a half were added to the debt in the shape of a loan; in 1810 and 1811, thirty-one millions more; in 1812 and 1813, one hundred and fourteen millions additional. This was not all, for in 1814—1815, ninety-eight millions more were added by the Castlereagh administration.

The Vansittart project for lessening the debt really only added to it, as is proved by the fact that in 1813 whilst twenty-four millions were redeemed of the debt, not less than fifty millions were added to it, and in 1814 there were twenty-seven millions redeemed, but then no less than one hundred and six millions were newly created. So that in point of fact, after the peace of Paris, the total amount of the debt was exactly eight hundred and sixty-

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four millions, eight hundred, and twenty-two thousand, four hundred and forty-four pounds sterling,—a sum, by the way, which it would take about four times the existing amount of coined money to exhibit in material value. The observations of Mr. Pebrer on this important subject, seems to us to possess considerable interest. We have no hesitation, therefore, in presenting them to our readers.

Thus we have seen, that the national debt of England originated in the real or fictitious wants of her rulers. We have remarked, that some of her proud kings pledged their crowns, their royal robes, and even the jewels of their wives, to borrow money, while others shamefully defrauded their creditors; but it appears that the British people, more than any other, constantly insisted on being repaid the cash they advanced to their sovereigns. We have noticed the practice of contracting loans for short periods, assigning at funds to redeem the principal and interest; and that practice changed, by the adoption of new principles. We have seen that a system, till then quite unknown, was introduced by William III.; and that the funding system was brought into action, in all its essential branches, in the very reign in which it originated. It has been shewn, that the national debt, amounting at the Revolution to only £664,000, was increased to above £146,000,000! by two aristocratical factions—by the sums expended for the preservation of Hanover—and by the expenditure in several foreign wars; and that men in power not only imposed on the nation such an enormous burden, but contrived to raise money by drawing upon posterity, and establishing the first regular system of corruption, avarice, fraud, malversation, and gambling.

The reign of George III., however, commenced with better auspices: ten millions of the debt reduced; the Sinking Fund of Price was adopted; and above four millions and a half more were redeemed, in the interval of peace, and by Pitt's measures. One of these, that bold and wise project, the Restriction Act, gave the greatest power to the propelling engines of the Funding System, namely, the Bank—the Sinking Fund—and the Stock Exchange, which acted in union, and consequently with a force proportionably increased. We have traced the origin and progress of this system, and have seen its immense power, and the use and progress of it to increase the debt. We have seen Pitt, pursuing his policy of foreign interference, widen the range of that system; and his successors carry it to the greatest extreme, by issuing enormous sums in Exchequer Bills, and by creating 160 millions, and redeeming 27 millions, in one year. The general effect of all these combined powers and operations even exceeded the expectations of the most enthusiastic founders of the system; but the grand general result was, the creation of a national debt of 864 millions!!!

Lastly, we find that the ministers, combining with the Bank, began by reducing the interest on Exchequer Bills from 5¼ to 3¼ per cent.: to that operation succeeded the conversions of 5 per cent. stock into 3½ per cent.—or 5 per cent. into 4—and lastly, of 4 into 3½. The restoration of cash payments also took place in this period. We have seen the Sinking Fund often and shamefully infringed upon, until at last it has been entirely annihilated. The absurd manner in which the operations of this fund have been conducted has been demonstrated by the fact of there being 25 millions more debt in 1823 than in 1818, although 120 millions were issued to the Commissioners for its redemption. In short, we find ourselves, at the end of this period, with almost the same amount of debt as at its commencement.

It appears then, that this enormous debt has been chiefly raised by means of the Bank and the Stock Exchange, aided by the delusion of the Sinking Fund; and that it has been principally expended in wars, most of them undertaken against the true interests of a maritime, manufacturing, and commercial nation like England—a nation whose happy topographical situation renders her entirely independent of continental broils and quarrels. Its amount has been immensely increased in time of war; while the reductions effected in time of peace have been exceedingly limited. In the first period of peace, of twelve years' duration, ten millions were reduced; in the second, which lasted ten years, only four millions and a half; and in the last and longest, exceeding fifteen years, the amount of the reduction has been so trifling, that it seems almost incredible.

FLOWERS PROSCRIBED, AND A GREAT VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH BEANS.

When the Dutch patriots were rampant in 1787, flowers of an orange colour were prescribed; and the officers of justice were for some time employed in removing anemones and ranunculuses from the Hague.

Old Admiral Geary had a remarkable antipathy to the French. Whilst enjoying the otium cum dignitate of a retired life at Polesdon, he manifested this dislike in a most singular way. His gardener had long watched over a choice and beautiful crop of early beans, and once was asked by the Admiral "the name of those green looking plants." "*French Beans*," replied the gardener. "Then by the powers," rejoined the Admiral, to the utter dismay of the planter, "here's death and destruction to every Frenchman of the gang." The Admiral then fell furiously to work, and with his gold-headed cane demolished the crop, and *left not a bean behind.*

A FAREWELL TO THE CAPE.

POUR ET CONTRE.

Fare thee well! I abandon thy boisterous shores,
Where the wide southern ocean unceasingly roars;
And thy desolate regions of mountain and rock,
Where the Hottentot *serf* tends the foreigner's flock;
And thy glens and ravines fraught with African gloom,
For the dastardly wolf, an appropriate doom;
And thy torrent and cataract, swift to o'ertake
The tumultuous brook, 'ere it steal through the brake;
And thy hills, and thy vallies, and flowering plains,
Where, for ever, the Floral divinity reigns;
And thy tedious Downs, formed of sand-hill and waste
Which with rushes and heath is unsparingly graced;
And thy rarefied air, with what grief I abjure,
Which, transparent and buoyant, and gratefully pure,
Brings the far removed object apparently near,
And the distant sound faithfully home to the ear;
And thy landscape, when seen by the magic effect
Of the broad light and shadow, with which it be deck'd;
And thy mountain surcharged with the flocculant cloud,
Like a demon revealing himself from a shroud;
But, no more to my heart shall these visions appeal,
I am dead to thy soil, though alive to thy weal;
I resign thee to-morrow, awake to the call
Which now summons me back to the Plains of Bengal.
There, the wandering Ganges, a feculent stream,
Sweeps in sullen repose, 'neath the tropical beam;
There, the succulent earth scarce a hillock displays
Which the labour of man might not easily raise;
And, alas! little sanative buoyancy there
Marks the commonly humid and motionless air.
Let me bid an adieu! to thy vineyards and fields,
Where the clustering grape its oblivion yields;
To thy hedges of oak, and of quince, and of rose,
Around which, in profusion, the blackberry grows;
To that separate hedge, where the quince and the vine
Their luxuriant branches in friendship entwine;
To thy sugar-bush, teeming with blossom and sweet,
Which the farmers, as well as the sugar-birds, eat;
To thy silver-tree woods and umbrageous rides,
Where in silence and solitude nature presides;
To thy broad oaken avenues, stately in mien,
Which at Newlands and Wynberg are happily seen;
To thine awful plantations of oak and of pine,
Whose impervious ranks might a spirit confine;
And a word to thy oxen, yoked twenty a team,
Which a curious spectacle travellers deem;
To thy flexible horses, which, fourteen in hand,
Seem as pliant as four to the driver's command;
To thy wiry-haired sheep, with sebaceous tails,
At the which your legitimate wool-grower rails;
And adieu! to thy mixed population, a race
Who, on Hist'ry's page, may soon merit a place;
From thy settler, who quitting the land of his birth,
Has, in Africa, fixed his old British hearth;
To thy Caffer, and Bushman, and Hottentot kind,
Whose dominions have been so unmeetly assigned;
From thy ignorant Boer, whose sequestered abode
Stands afar in the wild, near the course of a flood,
To his prædial slaves, a deplorable breed
Who, by wise dispensation, are soon to be freed;
From thy spurious white, who, colonial-born,
Form the class, whence, hereafter, thy strength shall be drawn,
To thy freeman of colour, whose various skin
* * * * *
Fare thee well! one and all, whether English or Dutch,
Whether foreign or native born, matters not much.
May thy hands and thy hearts be in unity bound,
And "my Country!" from each be the generous sound.

February, 1834. B.

HINTS TO STUDENTS.

ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF SENTENCES.

The proper construction of sentences is of very great importance in composition. However interesting the subject of a work may be, the work will fail to please us, in which the periods are so constructed; as, *firstly*, to leave us doubtful of their meaning; *secondly*, to distract our judgment by including in *one* period, what should be the subject of two or more periods; *thirdly*, to weary us by their feebleness; and, *fourthly*, to disgust us by monotony or by harshness.

We have been thus particular in pointing out the above faults, not because they are the *only* faults of which a writer may be guilty, but because they are the chief, and because they are the most usual faults of young writers.

Ambiguity arises from two causes; a wrong choice of words, or a bad arrangement of them in sentences. Of the wrong choice of individual words we have already spoken. We have now to impress upon our young readers, that a sentence may be very ambiguous in its meaning, although each word of a sentence be correctly chosen. To avoid ambiguity, we must not only use *proper words*, but we must also use them in their *proper places*. Thus, the individual words of the following sentence from one

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of Bishop Sherlock's Sermons are well chosen, yet the misplaceing of one word renders the sentence ambiguous, if not nonsensical:—

"It is folly to pretend to arm ourselves against the accidents of life, by heaping up treasures, which nothing can protect us but the good providence of our heavenly Father," "*which*," as the above sentence is arranged, refers to the substantive "*treasures*," which immediately precedes it; and thus we are told, that against *treasures* nothing can protect us but the good providence of our heavenly Father. But this was not the bishop's meaning; and the merely changing the situation of four words renders his real meaning as grammatically apparent as it is morally excellent. The sentence should stand thus:—

"It is folly to pretend, by heaping up treasures, to arm ourselves against the accidents of life, which nothing can protect us but the good providence of our heavenly Father."

The next important point in the construction of sentences, is UNITY; and this point is not merely important but indispensable to a good style. A sentence should express one proposition; and though the sentence may consist of many members, they should be so intimately connected as to impress the mind with one object. Long sentences are at once the delight and bane of young writers; who, lest they should be censured for the extreme use of short sentences, run into the opposite extreme, and crowd into one period things which have so little connexion, that they might fairly be made the subject of many periods. This error is so annoying to a reader, that it is far more safe for a writer to venture upon the opposite extreme; of breaking his discourse into many short sentences. In order to preserve the unity of a sentence, it is necessary to avoid the unnecessary use of parentheses. These are sometimes necessary to the sense, and an ornament to the composition, but, generally speaking, their effect is bad.

We shall only name one more requisite to the unity of sentences:— it should always be brought to a full and perfect close. By this we mean, not only that the proposition properly forming the subject of the sentence should be completed, for without that completion there is, in fact, grammatically speaking, no sentence at all; but also that, after that proposition is finished, another proposition shall not be commenced. It frequently occurs, that when we come to the word which ends the legitimate sentence, some other circumstance arises which ought to have been made the subject of another sentence. Whenever this occurs the sentence is faulty, and may in fact be said to be more than finished.

QUESTION FOR DISCUSSION.

Whether mankind owes more praise to Friar Bacon on account of his astonishing discoveries; or, on account of his concealing, from motives of humanity, his discovery of Gunpowder?

In his works, Bacon first describes the effects of the explosion of GUNPOWDER: but as this would not have been fully sufficient to appropriate the discovery to himself, and might have been regarded by his future readers as mere rhodomontade, he gives, with pardonable vanity, so clear a direction for making the article, but so enveloped in mystery, that while it certified him as the inventor, it completely hindered any fatal results from its being put into practice.

In describing the effects produced by this chemical composition, he says, "Sounds like thunder and flashes of light may be seen in the air, and even with greater horror than those which are made by nature; for a small substance, properly prepared, about the size of a man's thumb, makes a horrible noise, and produces a dreadful flash; and by this a city or an army may be destroyed in several different ways."

But, in order to prove his right to this discovery, should others ever happen on the same results, he specifies unintelligibly the ingredients of which this dreadful thundering and flashing composition is made:—"You make this thunder and coruscation, of Saltpetre, Sulphur, and *Luru mope canubre*, if you understand the art of compounding them." (We need not say that he wrote in Latin.) These incoherent unmeaning words, *Luru mope canubre*, were the stumbling-block of all his readers and commentators; and it was not until after the same discovery had been made by Berchtholdt Schwartz, a century later, that the above words were ascertained to be an anagram of the expression, "*Carbonum pulvere*,"—"*the Powder of Charcoal:*" these three substances being the component parts of GUNPOWDER. Thus, while he appropriated to himself the discovery, he completely obviated the dreadful effects which he supposed would result from its being made known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

BOTANICAL COMMUNICATION.

SIR,—In your last January Number, there appears an Article headed "South African Museum," in which the list of Plants given requires some correction, and the article itself appears to convey the idea, that the plants are now introduced for the first time in the Colony; an inaccuracy which, I am convinced, Mr. Von Ludwig cannot approve of,—Mr. Von Ludwig being placed in a very honorable station, as a benefactor to the Colony, in the introduction of useful plants, more frequently of greater value than military victories.

If none of your botanical readers have addressed you on the above-mentioned paragraph, I take leave to send the following list, &c. which will, if you think proper, enable you to correct that which is already printed; the notes appended will, perhaps, be acceptable to the future cultivators.

B.

1. Zingiber officinale.
2. Maranta arundinacea.
3. Olea europaea.
4. Calamphilis scabra.
5. Zamia sp.
6. Phoenix reclinata.
7. Hibiscus sp.
8. Phormium tenax.
9. Eucalyptus sp.
10. Cassia sp.
11. Acacia sp.
12. Myristica moschata.
13. Salvia splendens.
14. Ipomaea.
15. Buddleia madagascariensis.
16. Helistropium perunianum.
17. Cyclamen pyrenicum.
18. Cyclamen persicum.
19. Cassurina sp.
20. Coffea arabica.
21. Camelia, 18 varieties.
22. Mangifera indica.
23. Cactus sp.
24. Gardinia Thunbergii
25. Urania speciosa
26. Bromelia ananas.
27. Gloriosa superba.
28. Dracaena ferrea.
29. Aloe, several sp.
30. Euphoria Litchi.
31. Laurus nobilis.
32. Eugenia unifiora.
33. Anona squamosa.
34. Tamarindus indica.
35. Bombax sp.

NOTES.

No. 1. Ginger. This plant originally introduced to the Colony in the 17th century.

2. Arrow-root. Introduced 1817, and distributed to several persons.

3. Olive. Introduced in 1821, and again in 1829; two varieties.

5. Zamia. A native sp.

6. Phoenix reclinata. The seeds of this are used as coffee, &c. the leaves for thatch, hat, and matting; increased by suckers; a native of Albany and E Coast.

8. New Zealand Flax. This is a valuable and new introduction; may be increased by suckers.

9. Eucalyptus sp. Large timber. Eucalyptus robusta may be seen in Government gardens, introduced by Sir Lowry Cole.

12. Nutmeg. For an interesting account, see Botanical Magazine.

15. Buddleia has been long in this colony.

16. Helistrope, do.

19. Cassurina. Valuable timber; one species in Government gardens.

20. Coffee. An old introduction.

21. Japan-Rose. Six varieties at the Cape, 1827.

22. Mango. Two varieties have been in the garden of Mr. Breda for years.

24. Gardenia. A native tree.

29. Aloe sp. These, I presume, are native species. The Succotrine and Barbadoes Aloe are, I believe, the only exotic species in the Colony. The former introduced by the Rev. Mr. Hesse, and the latter by Messrs. Borradailes, in 1829.

30. Litchi. A delicious fruit from China; may be increased by cuttings.

31. Sweet Bay! I think there must be a mistake in the sp.

32. Eugenia. A beautiful and fine flavoured cherry-like fruit; increased by seeds and cuttings. This shrub forms dense hedges at Mauritius.

35. Silk-cotton-tree. This is a splendid genus, the silky-cotton envelloping the seeds is used for stuffing cushions, &c. the texture of the cotton is too brittle and short for spinning.

FRONTIER PRESS.

[IT is wholly out of our province to interfere with the business of the Pulpit, nor is it our wish, in any respect, to discuss the merits of the modern theology; at the same time the press, on whatever subject, is entitled to legitimate review; in this respect, we make no apology for the introduction of the following critique,—holding ourselves at liberty, at the same time, to submit a few thoughts on the subject.

We are not quite sure that Mr. Shrewsbury has altogether excelled in the present Sermon on "Worldly Pleasures," at the same time a more awful perversion of the texts of Scripture has never been so apparent, we think, as in the "Reply by a Layman."

As to the main question, we conceive that diversions of every kind must always be subordinate to the exercise of the mental faculties. And in such a world as ours, where so much is to be done, and when time is so short, and life so brittle, we cannot conceive how the pleasure-taking people can find time for so much waste of life in the pursuit of, after all, an *ignus fatuus*. Pleasure and *happiness* we apprehend to be wholly distinct from each other, for happiness consists in a quiet series of almost imperceptible enjoyments, that make little impression on the memory. Every free breath we draw is an enjoyment; every thing beautiful in nature or art is a source of enjoyment; memory, hope, fancy, every faculty of the intellect of man is a source of enjoyment; the flowers, the fruits, the birds, the woods, the waters, the vicissitudes, and the vast phenomena of nature, created, regulated, and preserved by the mighty hand of an omnipotent Being, all are legitimate and reasonable sources of enjoyment within the reach of every rational being.]

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To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Among other works published in this colony, I have seen two Pamphlets, one by the Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury against worldly pleasures, and a letter in reply by "*A Layman*," both recently printed at Graham's Town.

Mr. Shrewsbury might have chosen a text more applicable to his subject; and, however, suited the sermon may have been to the congregation of Graham's Town, it is to be regretted he consented to its publication, without a careful revision. It perhaps may not be possible to collect more appropriate texts from scripture than those which the author has chosen to prove the doctrine he advances, and on which all real christians are agreed; but I think he has not been judicious in the application of some; for instance, proposing to recite them at the race course or the card table. Had Mr. Shrewsbury availed himself of the advantage to be derived from allusions to the writings of christian ministers of every denomination, he would have considerably strengthened his argument, and so supported, "*A Layman*" might have been deterred from exposing himself by attemping a reply.

It should not be matter of surprise, that those who sedulously seek pleasures and are enabled to kill time by entering into worldly amusements, should attempt their defence; but, when scripture is wrested from its meaning, and turned into ridicule by an inaptness of gradation, which a child could discover, we see a character exemplified, determined to maintain its opinion at the expense of truth. "*A Layman*" has extracted John vi.—40. "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life? Jesus said unto him, thou knowest the commandments, go thy way, sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven." How this can defend the sums of money lavished on the race course, I, for my part, am at a loss to perceive. Neither does it support the argument that "salvation is dependent" "upon an observance of the law," for by the law shall no flesh living be justified. Mr. Shrewsbury never attempts "to degrade the Son of God to his own level," or to shew that there is "a perfect conformity of conduct between Christ and mere man," but he knows our Saviour is the brightest model of purity, and the only perfect example the world has produced, and that the nearer we approach the resemblance of character with the Redeemer, the better we deserve the name of christians.

To infer, because we are commanded to "pray in secret," and that, as "the races do not usually occupy more than four hours," it is clear they do not interfere with religion, is absurd. To whom would "*A Layman*" apply this sentiment, merely to the spectator or to the owners of horses, or those who spend their time and waste their substance in training, purchasing horses, &c. &c. or to those who beggar themselves and families in this *innocent amusement;* or alike to all! Will he allow that fraud, vice, ambition, gambling, drunkenness, swearing, quarrelling, envy, are shewn on a race course, and that even human laws class with criminals, those who by their presence, and tacit acquiescence, abet the crime; and still declare that, those who frequent a race course partake of an *innocent amusement.* "He that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds."—ii John, ii. 11.

"*A Layman*" quite mistakes the end for which God placed man on earth. Does he enter it to eat, drink, and be merry; or to serve the Lord his God with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength? Is it to enjoy sensual and trivial pleasure, or in a state of probation, to see whether he will serve his God, or whether he will serve him not? Will God be satisfied with a divided heart? He who professes christianity belies the character and name of christian if he dares place his foot in a society where he would be ashamed that God should find him. Even Seneca could say, "I never bring so good a temper out of company as I take into it. What I had been regulating is put out of order. What I had banished from my mind gains admittance again. Thus I receive great hurt from having much company." And what says the scripture—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

To quote from authors in support of what "*A Layman*" condemns, would be to cite the Homilies of the Church of England, and the works of every valued character, from the period of our Saviour to the present day; but I shall content myself with one from the work of Mr. Wilberforce, and another from President Dwight's Theology.

"Religion prohibits no gratification or amusement that is *really* innocent. The question, however, of its innocence, must not be tried by the loose maxims of worldly morality, but by the *spirit* of the injunctions of the word of God; and by the indulgence being conformable to the injunctions of christianity, and to the tempers and dispositions of mind enjoined on its professors. There can be no dispute concerning the true end of all recreations. They are intended to refresh our exhausted bodily or mental powers, and to restore us, with renewed vigour, to the more serious occupations of life. Whatever, therefore, *fatigues* either body or mind instead of refreshing them, is not fitted to answer the designed purpose. Whatever consumes more *time*, or *money*, or thought, than it is expedient (I might say, *necessary*) to allot to mere amusements, can hardly be approved of by any one, who considers these talents as precious deposits, for the expenditure of which he will have to give an account. Whatever directly or indirectly must be likely to injure the welfare of a fellow creature, can scarcely be a suitable recreation for a christian, who is to love his neighbour as himself; or a very consistent diversion for any one, the business of whose life is to diffuse happiness.

"Rich and multiplied are the springs of innocent relaxation. The christian relaxes in the temperate use of all the bounties of Providence. Imagination, and taste, and genius, and the beauties of creation, and the works of art, lie open to him. He relaxes in the feast of reason, in the intercourses of society, in the sweets of friendship, in the endearments of love, in the exercise of hope, of confidence, of joy, of gratitude, of universal good will, of all the benevolent and generous affections; which, by the gracious appointment of our Creator, while they disinterestedly intend only happiness to others, are most productive of peace and joy to ourselves. O! little do they know of the true measure of man's enjoyment; who can compare these delightful complacencies with the frivolous pleasures of dissipation, or the coarse gratification of sensuality. It is no wonder, however, that the nominal christian should give up reluctantly, one by one, the pleasures of the world; and look upon them when relinquished, with eyes and wistfulness of regret: because he knows not the sweetness of the delights with which christianity repays those trifling sacrifices; and is wholly unacquainted with the *nature* of that pleasantness which is to be found in the ways of religion.

"When the pulse indeed beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour: when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes: then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion; but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us: when sorrow, or sickness, or old age, comes upon us, then it is, that the superiority of the PLEASURE of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid."—WILBERFORCE.

"It is evident that we are at all times, and in all places and circumstances, surrounded by God. In our walks, AMUSEMENTS, buisness, at home and abroad, when we are asleep, and when we are awake, God is with us as really and as evidently, as we are with each other.

Every thought in our minds, every word on our tongues, every action of our hands, is perfectly naked to his all-seeing eye.—"But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. xii. 36. Of what amazing importance is it, then, that these thoughts, words, and actions, be acceptable in His sight; be such as we should be willing to

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have Him witness, such as He can approve, justify, and reward. Those certainly are the only wise, the only prudent human beings, who continually remember the great truth; who at all times in their *amusements*, as well as in their serious buisness, say—"Thou God seest me." No consideration is so solemn, so affecting, so useful as this. None possesses the same influence to restrain the hands or the heart from sin; to produce, preserve, or quicken obedience; or to awaken unceasingly the most profitable attention of the soul to its everlasting welfare, or its remembrance of that awful judgment, when all its thoughts, words, and actions, will be displayed in the sight of God's countenance, and become the reason and measure of its final removal."—DWIGHT.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
ANOTHER LAYMAN.

ON THE MIMOSA BARK.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Your article on the Mimosa Bark, vol. 4, p. 29, I hope will incite some enterprising person to try what may be done with the Cape species of Acacia, and also to cultivate the Australian species mentioned in your columns. For if it be worth the trouble and expense to send the bark and extract from Australia, it cannot fail to answer commercial speculation to ship the same (if produced) from the Cape of Good Hope.

Acacia longifolia, or Wattle of Australia, is already in several gardens of this Colony, and may be grown to any extent, and in almost every description of soil; and it is not unlikely that the extract may be procured in larger quantities from the wattle, if the tree is treated as recommended for the colonial *Taybosch*. (Rhus lucida.)

There are several other species of Australian Mimoseae in the gardens of the Cape, but the A. longifolia appears to thrive the best. The whole species are highly ornamental in blossom, and many of the tribe curious in the form of the petio, which assumes the appearance, and performs the necessary function of true leaves.

I may here remark, that in this Colony the planting of trees is of the first consequence and neither pains nor expense should be spared in furthering an object which is to produce lasting benefits It matters not where shade only is required, whether the trees be merely ornamental, fruit-bearing, or serviceable as timber; it is the duty of those who may have it in their power not to neglect to "PLANT TREES."

N.B. The Mimoseae are cultivated from seed. B.

LITERATURE.

A VISIT TO THE INSTITUTION OF LA TRAPPE.

THE Institution of La Trappe, the inhabitants of which are usually called the Monks of Melleray, was originally founded by Englishmen. Their names are not recorded; but it is said, that whilst wandering through France to find out a fit spot where they might found a Religious House, they decided upon Melleray, (on the road from Nantes to Chateaubriand,) in consequence of finding, in the hollow of an aged oak growing there, a hoard of honey. The Monks at present resident there, are chiefly English and Irish, sixty of whom, after having spent some time at Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, proceeded to Melleray in 1817.

Mr. Richer has published an account of his recent visit to La Trappe. He tells us that they are by no means the idle drones which some have represented them, but that they are the agriculturists of France; that they have introduced all the most improved modes practised in England into the management of their land, and that in no part of the country is any agricultural produce at all fit to compete with theirs in the market. Their flower-garden, too, is cultivated with the utmost care, and it includes some of the most beautiful exotics. If in farming they are superior to all others, in mechanics they are entitled also to precedence. Mr. Richer was cordially and hospitably received by the monks. When he arrived, the brethren were going to prayers in the church; the visitor went with them, and was gratified with what he saw, as appears from the following account:

The first *religieux* who entered rang the bell, the next did the same, and thus all did it in turn. The *religieux de chœur* took their places at the upper end of the nave, the lay-brothers, habited in brown, remained at the entrance. The cross, the chandeliers, the ornaments of the altar itself, are all wood; only the lamp and the *encensoir* are inlaid with brass. The simplicity which reigns throughout this asylum is extended even to the costume—all ranks wear the same description of garments, nor has the reverend father Abbot himself any thing to distinguish him from the rest, except his cross of box wood at his breast, suspended by a violet ribbon, a ring on his finger, and the wooden cross of the ancient bishops. The service began—for the first time since I entered the cloister I heard the voice of the monks; for, in obedience to their vow of silence, they are never heard to speak excepting at the foot of the altar. I was struck with the august chant of the fathers; it is not the *plain chant* of our churches. The Trappists, desirous of returning to the ceremonies of the primitive church, have left the Gregorian chant for that of the faithful in the early ages, which seems to me, on account of its simplicity, better adapted to the devotions of solitary life. Before us was placed a picture of the virgin, at the foot of which was written, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." After *complies* all the brothers prostrated themselves in the middle of the church, in profound silence, broken only by the pendulum of the clock which marked the seconds; it was as if the voice of time wished to associate itself with the thought of eternity. They afterwards chanted the *Salve Regina*. A *religieux*, at the bottom of the aisle, began alone, and majestically, the prayer. All the others, still bending towards the earth, answered him in a low and lengthened note, as if the accents of grief had succeeded to those of triumph. All the fraternity then went to the chapter-house: on a signal being given by the superior, they all fell with their faces on the earth, and remained completely immoveable.

The *Miserere* finished, they arose, and passed one after another in their way to the dormitory, before the friar, who sprinkles each with holy water, and with his benediction the exercises of the day are concluded. From the church we returned to the *parloir*, to sup. our table was served with neatness if not with luxury. We had neither meat nor fish, but vegetables, eggs, and milk, were served up with less frugality than might have been expected, and the good fathers, who refused themselves every thing beyond what was barely necessary for their support, were downright prodigal to their guests of all they had to give.—pp. 341—343.

During the night Mr. Richer heard the matin bell; the solemn sound echoed through the cloisters with the grandest effect, and then all was profoundly still. The next morning, Mr. R. and his companion attended at mass. He says, that during the devotions, several of the monks left their places, and knelt on the steps of the sanctuary: this they did as a public penance for infringing some rule. It seems, that when they are late at prayers, or fall into any negligence, they prostrate themselves on the ground, where they remain until they have a signal from the superior to rise. The visitors were then led into the dormitory, which is a long gallery, with cells arranged on both sides. We quote the following description from this interesting narrative:

The cells are without doors; a couple of planks, a pillow of straw, and a worsted coverlet forms the bed of each Trappiste. There is no distinction of persons: the *celle* of the Abbot is in the middle of the dormitory, and his bed in no respect differs from that of any other. On these hard couches they throw themselves without taking off their clothes, linen being forbidding to them, on any plea whatever. They go to bed at eight. From the dormitory we went into the chapter, a large hall, where at stated hours the brethren assemble to listen to devotional readings, and to accuse themselves to each other of the faults they have committed against the rules.—p. 346.

In going through the convent, the kitchens, the bake-houses, the brewery, the cow-houses, the dairy, the stables, the gardens, the fields; among smiths, pewterers, masons, joiners, carpenters, cartwrights, bookbinders, tailors, and shoemakers, we did not hear a single word spoken. It was the first time I had seen men

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gathered together united among themselves, yet hold no communion with each other—there was something strange in the sight of so much occupation and such total silence—without, no sound but that of the blacksmith's hammer; within, none save that of the clock. In the garden I saw the cemetery, which I was desirous of entering. I believed that each Trappiste went into it every day to dig his own grave—but I was mistaken—this error, however, has been repeated in every account of them, and credited as every thing extraordinary always is; and M. de Chateaubriand himself has perpetuated it in his *Genie du Christianisme*. A trench is solemnly opened and hollowed out in the presence of a general assembly, to be in readiness, as a grave for the first who may die—and this is the simple fact. When a *religieux* is about to depart, he is carried into the church to receive the last sacrament, after which he is carried back to the infirmary, where he remains extended on straw and ashes, until he draws his last sigh—there he exhorts his brothers, ranged in silence round him, to persevere in their holy life—it is not they who console him, it is he, on the contrary, who encourages them; when he expires, he is wrapped in his woollen robe, and laid without a bier, in the grave which is waiting for him—a simple wooden cross is raised upon the humble mound, and on this funereal sign is written the age of the brother, the date of his profession, and the name under which he was received into the community.—pp. 348.

Mr. R. obtained permission to dine in the refectory with the Trappists. About one hundred and twenty were present. He continues:

Before each was placed a soup, of vegetables boiled with water and salt—butter being forbidden them; to this was added rice milk, half water—some potatoes, and a half pound of black bread. Water was their sole beverage, every thing was served on pewter—at the side of each was a napkin, and a wooden goblet and salt-cellar—their napkin was a morsel of coarse cloth, six inches square. During the repast, one of the brothers read to the rest in French—about the middle of it an Englishman took his place, and read the same portion in his own language, to his countrymen, nearly one-third of the community being English and Irish. Several of the brothers reserved a part of their portion for the evening. In the summer they have a light repast at six o'clock, but in winter they have only one meal in the day. From time to time the friar's bell warned them to be on their guard, to prevent their thoughts from wandering: that instant all was still—the reader suddenly stopped, without even finishing the word he had begun, and the brothers, motionless as statues, in silence lifting up their souls to God.*** After dinner, we went from the refectory with the *religieux de chœur;* the lay brothers ranged themselves on each side of the hall, and bent profoundly as we passed. The community went in procession to the church, reciting the *Miserere* and the *De profundus*.—pp. 349, 350.

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

If the present times be chargeable with increase of crime, it will be admitted that there is a striking change in the grade and character of the criminals—a certain order of things has made state offences infrequent. Enactments against treason are now a dead letter in the statute book. The headsman's axe rusts in the armoury of the town. "Noble Lords," and "Gentlemen of ancient descent" seldom appear at the bar of justice—and rarer still, does capital punishment fall upon any, removed by birth and fortune from the lowlier classes of the community.

That this change is attributable to any reformation in the principles of the upper ranks, would be a very questionable inference. In our days the high-born and the wealthy have small inducement to violate the salutary restrictions of the law. However the moral code is infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privilege and honor, aristocratic delinquency is chiefly comprised, and loss of character and caste the severest penalty incurred by the offenders.

There are, however, within our own recollection some melancholy exceptions to be found. Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals — and as the well being of society demands, the impartial hand of justice visited the offence with unmitigated severity.

Of the few unhappy cases, *one* will be remembered with lively regret. For no crime were there more apologists—for no punishment more general sympathy—and while his sentence was accordant with the letter of the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like Major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusileers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed—little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The 21st Regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teasing argument resulted—unfortunately that evening the mess table had been deserted for the Theatre, where the officers had patronized a play, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner messroom, closed the door, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and in the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack-room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental phrenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife, and surrounded by his infant family. Throwing himself on his knees, he supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit "that every thing was fair." The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated entreaties of his opponent replied "Yes—it was fair—but, Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me," and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment—and, contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risque a trial, and in due time surrendered himself. as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The governor, confident in the honour of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint—he occupied the apartments of the keeper—went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestricted communication with all that sought him—and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget the 13th day of August, 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the major's trial, and when I entered the court-house, the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomier, if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned through the court, was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression, from the shading produced by an accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil!—In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny—his noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified—and, while on every countenance beside, a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash, or motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened- one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—*Guilty*, was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then, planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap, and, all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken by smothered sobs—but when the sounds ceased, and "Lord have mercy on your soul" issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers who thronged the court ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail, an assurance that he would not escape was required and given—and to the last, Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meantime strong exertions were made to save him—petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant. But the judge declined to recommend the convict, and consequently, the Irish Government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the King.

The mental agony of Campbell's attached wife was for a time severe beyond endurance,

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but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London to throw herself at the Queen's feet, and implore her commiseration To cross the channel before steam had been introduced was frequently tedious and uncertain, and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted; a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm stayed at the other side. She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved best on earth were numbered, and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke into the harbour, while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing boat, which under close-reefed canvass was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark was for a time uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast head, and frequently shut the vessel from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed—the pier was weathered—and amid the cheers of their companions, and the caresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate even in that remote spot had excited unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs. Campbell enquired "if the weather was likely to moderate?" The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. "Oh God! he will be lost," she murmured—"Could I but cross that angry sea, he might yet be saved!" Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing-boat, who were securing its moorings. A momentary consultation took place, and with one consent they offered to carry her across or perish. "It is madness," said the old man, "no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken. The lady was placed on board; the skirt of the main-sail set, and after a passage as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shores in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded, that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner, and followed her carriage with their eyes, invoking blessings on her journey.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased, by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and the death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain ——— seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness, which are so peculiarly the province of women. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless—"Shall I break faith with him who trusted in it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honour"

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. ——— urged him earnestly to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keeper's room they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip. "Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of escape—horses are in readiness, and"—The convict put his hand upon her mouth—"Hush!" he replied, as he gently forced her out, "would you have me to violate my promise?" Bidding her 'good night,' he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awaking the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution, the Chaplain slept in his room. This gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant, and now that hope was at an end, he laboured to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last his courage was unshaken, and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step, and while the rope was being adjusted, the colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room the executioner, frightfully disguised, presented himself suddenly. Campbell involuntary shrunk from this loathsome being, but as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness for an instant, he calmly desired him to proceed. and take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the 42d regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town; and the same men he led to a bayonet charge against the invincibles of Napoleon formed the jail guard to witness his execution The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious end of their lion hearted comrade, were indiscribable When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door, a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was respectfully removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Instantly every face was upturned to heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgment seat, and when the board descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

After being suspended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell, and a hearse in waiting received it and drove off rapidly. The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family cemetery, and in the poet's words, "They laid him in his father's grave"

THE NEGRO MATHEMATICIAN AND ASTRONOMER.

How often are we told that the intellect of the Man of Colour* is naturally constituted of a character inferior to that of his white brethren! Can it be said that a man who has had no opportunity of acquiring mathematical science, is therefore incompetent to acquire it? Yet this is the argument of numbers of whites, who, if this mode of reasoning be correct, must be inferior in natural talent to the individual whose attainments are the object of the reader's attention.

If any one should adopt so inconclusive an argument, let him reply to this question: "Can you calculate an *Ephemeris?*"† If the reply is in the negative, then, in fairness, the respondent must acknowledge his inferiority of intellect to the coloured subject of this brief notice.

Benjamin Banneker was a black man, immediately descended from parents on both sides of pure African blood. He was remarked and esteemed in the circle of his acquaintance for the correctness and gentleness of his manners, and was well known and respected among scientific men as a Mathematician and Astronomer.

In early life, his acquirements were confined to the common elements of education; but afterwards, assisted by such books as chance threw in his humble path, and incited by his thirst for knowledge, supported by his own indefatigable mental energy, and guided by his genius alone, he acquired an extraordinary knowledge of the higher branches of learning.

Mingling the calm pursuits of science with the active every-day occupations of husbandry on his own land, he devoted much of his time to study and contemplation: to no reading was he more attached than to that of the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Banneker was for many years the calculator of an Ephemeris adapted to the geographical situation of the State of Maryland, North America, and generally used in that and the neighbouring states. He died some years ago at his residence in Maryland, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Is it not revolting to reflect, that, under less favourable circumstances, this Negro Newton might have expired under the tormenting lash of an ignorant, brutal, soul-less, unfeeling taskmaster, accused, perhaps falsely accused, of having dug fewer cane-holes, or cut fewer canes, than avarice demanded, caprice ordered, tyranny exacted, or cruelty enforced?

* Man of Colour is an expression in general use signifying a Negro.

† *Ephemeris* is from a Greek word signifying "*daily*," and is appropriated in science to a register, calculated beforehand, of the daily motions and situations of the heavenly bodies. In Navigation it is of the utmost importance, and the compilation is committed to the care of our most eminent astronomers.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

THE VALUE OF TIME may be calculated and enforced by the mean duration of HUMAN LIFE: in this country, at least in the Metropolis, about one-half of the rational and accountable creation die under four years of age; and perhaps, were the calculation to be universally extended, upon the average, thirty years existence to each would equal, if not exceed, the life of the individual; from these thirty, ten years may be deducted for childhood, during which period few rational pleasures are cultivated; this reduces the possession of time to twenty years; and, if we allow one-half to sleep and sickness, we shall then have ten years left for the promotion of intellectual improvement and general happiness.

Is this the average portion of active existence allowed to MAN? And is this the Being that is complaining of the tediousness of life, and the slow flight of time; that is continually seeking some new diversion, some fashionable amusement to consume his TIME? and, when his TIME is consumed, bitterly complaining of the BREVITY OF LIFE? yet very rarely reflecting on its UNCERTAINTY! Alas! for the inconsistency of my fellow-creatures! Alas for my own!

The fact affords us this important lesson, which cannot be expressed with more point than the Wise Man's inference from the premises —"Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with *thy might*.

It suggests the necessity of using

1. *Diligence in acquiring Useful Knowledge.* Have you yet a few years before you commence the anxieties of life on your own account? How are you improving their fleeting precious moments? Are you wasting any of them?

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2. *Diligence in Business.* Are you the possessor of only TEN years of life, and those perhaps half spent, and do you stand idling in the market place, the very centre of activity? But little need be said here, an idler is universally despised.

3. *Economy of Time.* Are you the possessor of only TEN years, and those, it may be, nearly exhausted, and are you seeking expedients to kill time? Alas! go on with your reduction, and from these ten years deduct those lost by negligence, or wasted in idleness, or murdered by vice, and what is the final result?

4. This reflection suggests *Energy in Benevolence.* Look around on your fellow-men; you mean to do a great deal of good, but you are hesitating—considering—calculating, what you shall do: and while you are thus hesitating, the poor and distressed are starving—sickening—dying!—dying in ignorance, misery, and vice.

But, have you already far outlived this calculation, and do you see many probable years of existence still before you? Be it so: sit down then, with pen in hand, and calculate—how many years you have employed in your proper sphere of duty? how many years or days have you filled up in acts of beneficence to men, justice to yourself, or devotion to your Maker? Farewell, Reader; pursue these inquiries alone; "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write" —and may CONSCIENCE do its office!

LAVATER AND THE POOR WIDOW.

The benevolent Lavater, the countryman of Tell, fell a martyr to the Cruelty of War, at the loss of that Independence under French usurpation which the former founded.

Lavater was a pious and conscientious minister of the Gospel, but is better known as the author of a most ingenious, although very fanciful, system of Physiognomy.

He was wounded by the bayonet of a ferocious French soldier, in the storming of Zurich by Massena, in 1799, and died in consequence of that wound; at his funeral, so great was the esteem for his memory, that all the French officers then in the place requested permission to follow his remains to the grave.

The following is an extract from his private diary:

Jan. 2, 1769:—"Awoke at six o'clock—remembered that I am mortal—gave thanks to God, and read the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of St. Matthew. What a treasure of pure morality! I now went to my avocations, and continued them until noon.

"My wife asked me during dinner what sentiment I had chosen for the day. 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow turn thou not away.'—'Pray how is this to be understood?' said she:—'Literally.'

"Just as I arose from dinner a widow desired to speak with me. 'You will excuse me, dear Sir (said she), I must pay my rent, and I am six dollars short. I have been ill a whole month, and could scarcely keep my poor children from starving. I have laid by every penny—but I am six dollars short, and must have them to-day, or to-morrow—pray hear me, dear Sir.'

"Here she presented me a book enchased with silver. 'My late husband (said she) gave it me when we were betrothed, I part with it with reluctance, and know not when I can redeem it.' I put my hand into my pocket and touched my money: it was about two dollars and a half. 'It won't do (said I to myself), and if it would I want it.'

"My wife entered the room. Conscience whispered 'Give to him who asketh.' My wife whispered. 'She is a pious, honest woman.' 'I have but two dollars (said I), and she wants six.' The widow was going—my wife bade her stop in the passage. 'Don't you know (said she to me in private) there are six dollars in your bureau?' I pressed her to my bosom, and dropped a tear. I gave the money to the woman. 'O how shall I thank you (said she), I have nothing but this poor book.'—'Keep your book and your money, and thank God, and not me. Indeed I do not deserve it, because I hesitated.—Go, in the name of God, and say not one word more.'"

It is said that the author of the "*Sentimental Journey,*" when himself was in easy circumstances, permitted his aged mother to pine in unnoticed and unassisted penury. Can all the pages of that writer equal the practical benevolence of the simple-hearted amiable subject of the anecdote above-mentioned?

COMMERCE WITH AMERICA.

The sale of Books annually in the United States is calculated to amount to the value of ten millions of dollars; in addition to which is to be considered the value of the sale of newspapers, and the amount of that item is about three millions of dollars. It may be of importance to English booksellers to be apprized, that since March, 1833, a considerable change in the duties on imported books to America has taken place. On English books a drawback of three-pence per lb. is now allowed on their exportation to the United States, or other foreign countries. The publishers or proprietors of new or copyright works and stereotyped publications, printed in Great Britain, may profit by the change made in the United States tariff. This drawback, added to the difference between the tariff duties of 1828 and 1832, will form an additional inducement to English publishers to print an additional number of copies of each new work, for the American market, to be sold there at a price far below the rate charged in England. In this they have the example of the government; for by its regulations glass, paper, soap, &c. made in Britain, are sold lower in Quebec than in London, or at the door of the manufactory.

ANECDOTE
OF THE LATE DR ADAM CLARKE.

Among the questions asked before admission as a preacher in the Wesleyan connexion, is the following: "Are you in debt?" Which upon being put to Dr. Clarke, sadly preplexed him, as the following extract illustrates:

"Though rather a whimsical incident, this question was likely to have deeply puzzled and nonplussed Mr. Clarke. Walking in the street that day with another preacher, a poor man asked a half-penny. Mr. C. had none, but borrowed one of the preacher who was walking with him; that preacher happening to go out of town, he could not see him during the day to pay this small sum. When he stood up with the others, he knew not what to say when the question '*are you in debt?*' should be proposed; he thought, if I say *I am in debt,* they will ask me '*how much?*' when I say I owe one half-penny, they will naturally take me to be a fool. If I say I am not in debt, this will be a lie: for I owe one half penny and am as truly under the obligation to pay, as if the sum were twenty pounds, and while I owe that, I cannot consistently with eternal truth, say 'I am not in debt.' He was now most completely in a dilemma, and which way to take he knew not; and the question being put to him before he could make up his mind—'Mr. Clarke, are you in debt?' he dissolved the difficulty in a moment, by answering—NOT ONE PENNY."

Real Freedom and Real Imprisonment—No prison can deprive the Good Man of liberty: he is at ease in his own mind. The Evil Man, roam where he may, is incarcerated in the deepest of dungeons: his mind is manacled in horror. The difference is in the mind, not in personal circumstances.

Guilt is a dungeon that darkens the soul beyond the power of the sun's brightest beams to illuminate it. The perturbed spirit finds itself ill at ease the world throughout. He who carries Hell in his bosom, would be wretched even in Heaven.

THE REJECTED ONE!
A TALE OF THE PIG AND WATCH-BOX.

"Cruel, cruel fate!" said the young Augustus Blenkinsop, dropping a tear into the empty porter mug, "wherefore dost thou torment me thus? I have a prepossessing leg, an inimitable tie, and a mind far above buttons—yet I was born to disappointment! Evil, thrice evil, is the fate that dogs the representative of the Blenkinsops;—thou art rejected of men."

The eyes of Stoker gleamed with the intelligence of those of a deceased mackerel.

"Help yourself," said Stoker, with emphasis, replenishing the pot with Henry Meux's best XX.

"Kindest of men," cried Blenkinsop, "love may perish, but friendship never dies!" The pot not being born beneath the same horoscope with the speaker, was not rejected.

"Come, Blenkinsop, my boy," said Faucitt, filling his pipe, "no long faces here. Let's have a song,—or 'spoose you tip us a bit of autobiography. Waiter,—another quart of stout; remember what the great Dr. Watts says—

"Woe is the child of thought, and kin to fear,
One yields to pipes, but both must yield to beer!"

"My sorrows," answered Blenkinsop, can yield to neither O, Leged, emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou said—

"O, hang Leged," said Faucitt, "let's have none of him."

"Certainly not," said Stoker.

"Well then, friends, listen and be dumb; but first, I'll trouble you, Stoker, for the other mug!" A deep silence followed, broken only by the protracted breathing of Augustus at his draught, until, having rivetted his eyes for a moment on the bottom of the pewter, he set it down with a sigh, and proceeded.

"Need I tell you that I am the only son and heir of Reginald Nicodemus Blenkinsop, of Dot and go one Hall, county Somerset,—that his father was—

"We knows all that already," interrupted Stoker.

"Rash young man!" said Blenkinsop, with solemnity; "the blood of a hundred sires burns within me! but I forgive you. You know I was born with considerable expectations—that godlike fortune seemed to welcome me from the hour of my birth, and the heavens, for a time, appeared to smile benignantly on the scion of an ancient stem. In the words of the poet—

"None of the poets," shouted Faucitt.

"Certainly," said Stoker.

Blenkinsop looked sternly.

"Alas!" said he, "those were the last hours of unadulterated happiness that I ever enjoyed. I went to the university—I studied hard—I bought an alarum clock—eschewed wine parties—proctors reverenced me—my tutor smiled upon me—my acquaintance cut me—I read for my degree—I stood the examination—heavens and earth, I was *rejected!*"

The two friends exchanged looks of astonishment, though in a peculiar fashion.

"Next morning I was far from Oxford. Rouse thee, O Augustus!" exclaimed I to myself, "and let not this misfortune overwhelm thee. The Spartan mother shed no tears over her departed son, and why shouldst thou mourn for a paltry degree? No! rather like my sires of old, will I take my father's sword from the wall, and go forth against the enemies of my country to conquer or to die!' So saying, I lighted a cigar. The Blenkinsops have always voted with ministers—I had interest at headquarters—I was promised a commission, and I at once purchased my regimentals, and let my moustachios increase. 'Never,' cried the enraptured, though alas! suffering tailor, as he gazed upon the martial figure that issued from his hands all scarlet and gold, 'never seed I a

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gemman vot looked better!' And he spake right. I felt then within my bosom the ardour which lighted up as with a spell the soul of Anthony, and drove Themistocles to the combat; and I called to mind the glorious saying of Miltiades, 'Cowards die many times, but a brave man never dies!'"

A prolonged whistle issued from the lips of the petrified Faucitt.

Stoker squinted with a horrible obliquity of vision.

Blenkinsop sighed.

"My evil destiny again interposed. That very evening I received a letter from the War Office. Fire and steel! what did I behold! Cruel Hobhouse! Relentless Hill! Implacable Wellington! My application was *rejected!*"

I fixed my useless sabre in the wall, and retiring to the other end of the apartment, prepared to die like Cato; but the carpet caught my spurs, and I fell prostrate on the ground. I rose an altered man, and sitting calmly down, I drank deeply of thought, and brandy and water cold without. After all, said I, war is a savage pastime; the soldier is but a hireling. So saying, I drew another cork. Life, I resumed, is but short; thou knowest this well, O immortal Flaccus!

"Oh, confound Flaccus!" said Faucitt.

"Certainly," said Stoker.

"Yet despair not, Blenkinsop! Thou wert formed to shine in the court, and not in the camp; surely there is many a beautiful maiden, saturate with silver, who would be proud to be called Mrs. Augustus Blenkinsop!

"Miss Emily Pelican was both rich and beautiful; she had the figure of a Cleopatra, and the mind of a Sappho! She had published a volume of poetry, called, "The Undispairing One of Kamtskatka," and she had two thousand a-year! Her hair was of the hue of sunset, a rich and glorious crimson, and her eyes were of a pale, etherial green. The first moment I saw her, I loved her; and hope whispered me that she was my affianced bride. I gave a *post obit* to a wealthy Shylock, Manassch Ben Melchiseek, who at cent. per cent. furnished supplies. Stulty again suffered, and I sported a cab. The sweet Emily received me favourably, and I won the good will of her maiden aunt, by escorting her twice to church."

Faucitt thrust his tongue into his cheek; and Stoker significantly elongated his outstretched hands, resting his left thumb upon his nose. The very bars of the grate grinned.

"I sat with my beloved in the same box at the Opera. I was her partner at balls, her attendant every where, and I thought at last I could discover the symptoms of a reciprocal attachment. The crisis was approaching—bills came fast pouring in, therefore my love must be confessed.

One day she was reclining on an ottoman, caressing a corpulent poodle, while I lay stretched before her on the carpet, in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator. Tenderly, yet impressively I seized her hand, and modulating my voice to its lowest and most musical tone, I ventured to say, "Emily, sweet Emily! do you love?"

A roseate blush overspread her countenance. "Spare me, Augustus!" she murmured. 'Ah! dost thou confess the soft enslaver,' said I starting to my feet. 'O thou terrestrial seraph! speak—tell me—wilt thou wed?' A blush still deeper than before dyed her burning cheek. Gates of paradise!—and when?' In half audible accents she whispered—"Wednesday!"

I seized her hand again: O Cupid! fairest denizen of Olympus! What do I not owe thee for this—Wednesday! Sweet, sweet Emily! adored Miss Pelican! On that propitious day shall I lead you to the altar! On that day shall I place the sacred ring upon——

She started with a look of astonishment—*you* lead me to the altar! On Wednesday I am to be married to Captain Ferdinand Fitzspurs!"

My brain spun round—a red gleam of fire flashed before my eyes—a bolt of ice quivered in my heart—I staggered, and reached the street, I know not how. O the agony of that moment! I feel it even now—my heart—my brain! O Stoker—O Faucitt—how hard it was again to be *rejected!*

"Werry," said Faucitt.

"Werry," reverberated Stoker. And he grinned like a bag of nails.

"I rushed home like a demon. Fury was in my heart, and I kicked over a stall of oranges—I reached my lodgings, and entered my room—amongst an infinity of bills lay a packet, carefully sealed—was it a remittance from my relenting father—I seized—I opened it—madness! my two last articles for the Monthly Magazine, *rejected!* O friends, do you not pity me?—

"I do, pon my credit," said Faucitt. The interestsng youth had just emerged from the Insolvent Court.

"I do, pon my honour," said Stoker. He had been horsewhipped at Epsom, for cheating at a thimble-rig.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Glories of the Law.—In a late amusing publication of Charles Butler's, he mentions some astonishing instances of legal absurdity. A gentleman having six estates, wished to settle one on each of his sons, and the heirs of their bodies respectively, with what lawyer's term *cross remainders* between them, where on failure of issue in one line, the estate passes to the other branches. Mr. Butler, being directed to prepare the deed, conceived at first that one proviso would be sufficient: he then thought six would do; but on examining more minutely how many clauses would be requisite to legally express the whole settlement, he found that it would require 720, being every possible combination of the number six—$1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 6 = 720$. The other example is still more striking. Ten gentleman, partners in a mining company, wished to provide by deed, that if any one of the number advanced money to any of the others, it should be considered a sort of mortgage on the borrower's share, and have preference to all subsequent charges. The number of contracts necessary to make this provision with the due legal accuracy, were found to amount to 3,628,800, being all possible combinations of 10. On each of these clauses the benevolence of government has imposed a stamp duty of 25*l.*; so that the whole duty would have mounted to 90,720,800*l.* Ninety millions of stamp-duty on a single and simple deed! Well might Fortescue write a laborious treatise, "De laudibus Legum Angliæ."

Hypochondriasis.—The celebrated Dr. Watts though a puny man, took a fancy, in his latter days, that he could not pass through a door; an error which was only corrected by his passing through the portal of Death.

Every practitioner must have seen or heard of persons fancying themselves made of *glass;* I once had occasion to visit an *earthenware* patient. A fat gentleman sent for me, having met with an accident, not very serious in its nature, but very painful. Lotions, bandages, and plaisters were applied, *secundum artem,* and the case went on most prosperously:—but in proportion as he got on surgically he fell off physically, and, instead of being pleased and thankful, he became querulous and morose. Remembering Bouvart's Scale for Convalescence, and, that "Good morning, Mr. Bouvart," was the announcement of a perfect cure, I guessed this was my patient's case. I did not, however, perfectly comprehend all its bearings, till his valet, a very shrewd fellow, said, "Bless you, Sir! you must not mind him—he's only coming back to his old ways." "Old ways?"—"Yes, Sir, he's going to be a tea pot!"—"A what?"—"A tea pot!"—*Wadd.*

How to make the Demand equal to the Supply.—An unprofitable consignment of spectacles lying upon a merchant's hands at Lima under the old Spanish regime, a corridor was applied to, who gave an order that no Indian should appear at divine service unless ornamented with spectacles: the cargo was of course instantly sold at an enormous profit.—*Spectator.*

Influence of Climate.—M. Von Buch informs us, that where the spruce and the Scotch pines, or where any sort of bushes will not grow nor thrive, the nature of man seems equally defective. He sinks in the struggle with necessity and with the climate.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By Vivian.

A respectful remonstrance has been received relative to one or two notices in this department of the Gazette, which appeared in the last Number. But we think it our duty to *hold on* our course, trusting that the colonial mind is by this time out of *leading-strings* and the *go-cart*, and that lolly-pops, bull's-eyes and suckers, are no longer suited to the taste of those who are now grown into men. As for the *cant* of *personalities*, respecting which so much has been said "about and about it," it is scarcely worth while attending to it for a moment. The word will soon become obsolete, and the sooner the better.

Let it be remembered that the acts and opinions of public men are public property — it is the same with the people in general. Criticism even deals with the minutiæ of a man's wardrobe. The fame of old Dr. Parr's Wig has reached far as

"The Equator to the Poles."

And the talented old gentleman used to rejoice over the public notices of his big wig. Not so good Dr. Folliot, in Crotchet Castle. "Sir," (the Doctor is addressing the supposed writer of a paragraph,) "you have sketched me off even to my nose and wig. What business have the public with my nose and wig? You have dished me up like a savory omelette, to gratify the appetite of the reading rabble for gossip. The next time, Sir, I will respond with the *argumentum baculinum.* Print that, Sir; put it on record as a promise of Dr. F. which shall be most faithfully kept, with an exemplary bamboo. Sir, my blood boils! What business have the public with my nose and wig? Sir, begone! and henceforth touch me not! There, put that in your pipe and smoke it."

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And even in controversial matters, on any subject, we never were of those, who declaimed against the right of free inquiry, for without it the world would move but tamely, and the mind would become stagnant. The tranquil equability which distinguishes a streamlet isconsidered emblematic of peace and regularity, but we prefer the more vigorous current, which, though it may endanger the banks of its channel, conveys freshness and liveliness for a recompence. Lastly, as to authors: whoever publishes, whether in folio, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, pamphlet, or advertisement, has no choice, but contentedly to abide what he may dislike. Even the most unfriendly censures may be made to produce many compensatory advantages. But we hasten to notice a species of literature of no small *interest* to the reading public and the Press.

GEORGE ROBINISM AT THE CAPE;
Or, the Philosophy of our Advertisements.

THANKS to the immortal Gods, the spirit of George Robins has dawned upon the Cape. And we may be allowed to be a little sweet upon ourselves in being the first to call the attention of the "swinish multitude," or pig-headed public to that display of genius which now peeps forth in our almost daily advertisements. Let us, in the first place, glance at the advertising notions of the *Good old Times* of interdiction and exclusive privilege. We just dip into the State Papers of the Cape Gazette, beginning Anno Domini 1806.

1. Here is a charming young widow making known the death of a "tender husband," and she tacks to it a little piece of *negotie winkel:*

"In consequence of this distressing calamity, will be sold, Europe cows, goats, peppermint," &c.

2. What follows is no uncommon want, where mothers are strangers to their infants, therefore we quite applaud the idea of putting forth the following inestimable request:

"Wanted, a good breast of milk."

3. And this want having been of course supplied, it is too good a *spec.* to be lost on the milk-men. So what follows is all natural enough:

"To let, two wholesome breasts of milk."

4. "Dear sensibility! source of all that is precious in our joys, and costly in our sorrows." So said that man Sterne, whose soul was lodged in triple-brass as to parental affection. But here the case is different. Here is a worthy widow sorrowing over an old gentleman of *ninety-two:*

"*This night* has afflicted me with the bitterest *sensations*, in the demise of my worthy man."

She refuseth to be comforted, and concludes with the following desire,—

"Nobody must condole with me."

5. Here is an Advertiser, who acknowledges his gratitude to the good Earl of Caledon, for

"Having been *graciously pleased* to grant the undersigned permission to leave the colony."

The undersigned, at the same time, leaves a legacy to the colony—no invaluable affair, by-the-bye, at a time when good women were scarce—

"He begs with this opportunity to bid adieu to all his friends, trusting the Almighty will bless them, together with his wife, whom he leaves under *their* protection."

6. Now come we to the first dawnings of advertising genius; here is Brinsley Sheridan's puff oblique—

"The public is hereby informed, that the *Institute* for the education of young ladies, under the direction of the undersigned and his wife, is by *no manner of means likely* to be discontinued, as *some people* seem to think."

No, no; by no means, ye story-tellers—

"On the contrary, it will be carried on from the *first of April* next, [an awkward day, by-the-bye,] for the private account of the undersigned."

7. "Hail, holy light!" the reader will not have forgotten, is an effusion from our inspired Milton. But some men *love darkness rather than light*, observes one still more inspired. This, perhaps, will account for the following singular notification by order of *the Senate:*

"No person shall be allowed to open lanterns on any pretext whatsoever, under a penalty of Rds. 25."

When the inhabitants of St. George's, a couple of winters ago, lit up, perhaps they were not aware, that they were all liable to "fine, corporal punishment, or imprisonment."

8. In such a community as ours, *Price Currents* must always claim a precedency among the negociating *literati*. We, therefore, gather up Mr. Strombom's farewell advertisement.

"Mr. Strombom not having any more use of his slaves *or* horses, intimates that they are to be had at the following fixed prices.
His best Cook, Rds. 2000,
Two ditto ditto, Rds. 1,200,
Two House Servants, each, Rds. 1,500,
A Carpenter, Rds. 1,500,
A Gardener, Rds. 1,200,
Assistant Coachman, Rds. 1,200,
About six Work Boys, each, 1,000
A female *Woman*, with 2 Children, Rds 2,000,
Another, with one Child, Rds. 1,800, &c.
Also, his *Press*, and an *Iron* Chest, &c."

9. The following is quite unique, and we guess the advertiser had his eye on the fitness of his Slaves as landlords for the Canteens.

"He (Mr. Van Wielligh) will dispose of various utensils, wine, and brandy-slaves."

10. A Lodging-house Keeper expresses his regret at parting with

"Dignified and exalted characters at Stellenbosch!" A farewell to each is "extremely distressing to the Advertiser."

11. After all, the *Old Times* were the times of intellect. This is a degenerate age. We all know the story of the buried Pict, who bit off the end of a pickaxe, with which sacrilegious hands were breaking open his grave and called out with a voice like subterranean thunder,—*I perceive the degeneracy of your race by the smallness of your little finger*, videlicet, the pick-axe. When shall we ever hear again of any thing similar to the following notices of Cape intellect.

1. "The Quadrature of the Circle discovered by Mr. Schonegevel, is hereby respectfully dedicated to the Royal Society of England."
2. "Among the Kitchen utensils, A. W. will dispose of a Slave well calculated for a *Billiard Maker*, a Slave Girl with her Child, Dutch pipes, and *empty* bottles."

Nota Bené.

In our next we shall come more fully into the spirit of *George Robinism.* We are obliged to leave off thus abruptly, owing to some villainous twitches in our great toe.

OPEN DOORS! OPEN DOORS, &c.

(From the Tea-Whoo-Hoo! Psha! Shou Chong Imperial Star of China.)

By late arrivals we have much news from the Cape and Europe, of considerable interest. We sympathise truly with the poor Barbarians of the African promontory on the *close system* which so awfully prevails there. The Legislators, it appears, meet with *closed doors,* and the poor people are absolutely unacquainted with the methods of council-business, or who

"Suits the action to the word, and the word to the action."

Maar, the *weakness* of the exclusive system of our own districts, is well known, but as *the people* are now-a-days everything, and "locks, bars, and bolts," mere ginger-bread affairs,

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the Cape Barbarians have only to act as Messrs. Lindsay, Gutzlaff, Simpson, & Co. of the *Amherst* did, during a recent voyage on our Northern Coast. We extract the following from the Barbarian Press:

"Having arrived at the Taoubae's office, which is an expensive building, the *lictors* hastily tried to shut the doors, and we were only just in time to *prevent it;* and, *pushing them back*, entered the outer court of the office. After waiting a few minutes, and repeatedly knocking at the door, seeing *no symptoms* of their being opened, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Stephens settled the point by two *vigorous charges* at the centre gate with their *shoulders*, which shook them off their hinges, and brought them down with a great clatter, and we made our *entrance* into the Great Hall of *Justice*, at the further extremity of which was the State Chair and Table of the Taoutae" *

Again: our sensibilities have been greatly touched at some of the dreadful customs of the Barbarians of the island of England. We learn by their newspapers, that men of well-dressed habits often meet and shoot each other in cool-blood. We are glad to learn that many of our *dear countrymen*, with that humanity which is so closely allied to their natures, are about to call a public meeting at Hex E ter Hall, in order to send a few missionaries to the Barbarian island, to endeavour to convert the poor creatures from the practice of what they call duelling. The deluded *inconsistents* pretended, a while ago, to be shocked at the immolation of women amongst our neighbours, the Hindoos—but of the custom of immolation, Duelling, according to our humble notions, is the sister. Why does a Hindoo mount the funeral pile? To vindicate and maintain her honour. Why does a barbarian Englishman go to the heath with his *bang, bang?* To vindicate and maintain his honour. What is the nature and character of the Hindoo's honour? Quite factitious. Of the Duellist's? Quite factitious. How is the motive applied to the Hindoo? To her fears of reproach. To the Duellist? To his fears of reproach. What, then, is the difference between the two customs? This—That one is practised in the midst of gross darkness, and the other in the land where the Book of the Precepts of Jesus is the professed law of the land!

* This paragraph is approved by the *Advertiser*, in a Leading Article of the 22d ultimo.—(*Vivian.*)

THE COLLEGE.

COLLEGES are the ancient lights of the world—some of them now burn dimly, and require *trimming*. We know nothing more delightful than the recollections and associations of those happy days spent at a College. But we believe the fact to be, that they are not the brightest men of a country, or of the College, who obtain honours. The course of study by which prizes are won, requires more of labour and memory, than intellect. Colleges are schools for *grown persons*,—hence, the founders of the South African College were clearly guilty of misnomer when they magnified their school into a college. We always knew that the Institution contained within its bosom many excellent and *sincere* men among its office-bearers,—at the same time we foresaw, years ago, that its *legal* advisers were too many for the purposes of peace and good-will. Then there was about the thing a vain confidence, an apparent contempt for all other establishments—it was lauded by the Pulpit and the Press—

"Cheered by the boxes,
Clapped by the gallery, and
Applauded by the pit."

And there were in honour of the "babel"—the *Mountain* that was never to be removed, church processions, and speeches, and festivals, and illuminations, and midnight music—

"Shout and revelry."

In fact, it was the *rattle* of the *people*—it was the *people's* triumph, the *people's* victory—independent of that old-fashioned affair — termed *Government!*

But the real friends of education predicted the coming *day of adversity*, and at length the lowering clouds announced the tempest. The vessel drifts!—the breakers are a-head—upon the rocks she must go. *What must we do?* is the general cry. A general council is held, and it is unanimously and wisely determined to apply to that source of help and strength which was at one time looked upon with indifference. As the poor prodigal son—the College repents, and is received with compassion by a kind, tender, and legitimate Father. This good Samaritan, the Government, finding the College *half stripped and wounded, &c.* comes generously forward with those needful supplies which saves the almost dying, and bids it be of good cheer.

In plain terms, His Excellency the Governor, in the most kind and prompt manner, offers from £150 to £200 per annum to assist the funds of this public school. A most useful public grant for the purposes of colonial education. Learning needs not wealth, but competence: riches and poverty are alike injurious to it; the one cloys, the other chills it. There were some personages connected with the college who had not brains enough to appreciate this handsome gift of Government. But the good sense of the many prevailed, and this kind interposition in behalf of the Institution was hailed by the true friends of the College as a real God-send.

We have now every confidence in the future prosperity of the College. It is happily associated with the Government of the country—but will continue as free in its operations as the Commercial Exchange, when Government held its thirty shares, and possessed the right of five votes in its administration.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A Meeting of "Slave Holders" was holden in the Commercial Hall on the 22d instant. Some Resolutions, and a Memorial to His Excellency the Governor, were adopted. The recommendation to apprentice children of six years of age until they attain to that of 21, we trust, will not be listened to for a single moment. Indeed it is quite contrary to the Act of Parliament. Here would be fifteen years of slavery entailed, on the freshness and prime of human life. The Resolutionists *humanely* intimate that a shorter period than 21, "would be unreasonable towards the Master, injurious to the skill and the *morals* of the servant, and mischievous to social order!" How considerate *all at once* for morals and social order! Do the "holders" apprentice any of their own children or relations for a similar term of years and upon the same principle? No—no, the Reformed Church of the Colony tells you that the years of puberty commence at the ages of fourteen or fifteen Hence the extreme anxiety to get the catechism by rote, and be confirmed, as a prelude to the marriage act We consider the age of 15 and 16 in this climate to be tantamount to that of 21 in England, and we trust the whole of our coloured population will enjoy that perfect freedom at the age of 15, to which they are so justly entitled.

GRAHAM'S TOWN.

A respectable visitor thus reports of the Government Grammar School at Graham's Town (Monday, 10th March.)—On looking in at the School, we found present this day 113 pupils, viz: 106 boys, and 7 girls. The number on the books is 116, and a regular attendance is most strictly enforced. The School is ably conducted on the National System. Extra hours are devoted to those who desire an acquaintance with the higher branches of learning, —Mathematics, Latin, &c. &c.

UITENHAGE.

After the tuggings of an overland journey from Cape Town to the Frontier, a respite here to recruit and brush-up for a visit to the far-famed Graham's Town is absolutely necessary. One finds a good deal of interest in looking about, even in a country village where there is the least disposition to be communicative with its local *omnium gatherums*.

The Clergyman of the Reformed Church (a

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native of Scotland,) is by one consent a man who

"Points to brighter worlds,
And leads the way."

His Dutch discourses possess all the *onction* of one that speaks from the heart,—nor are his English sermons less impressive and faithful.

Of the Government School——this may form a separate article on some other occasion. In point of utility and reputation, here is a boarding and day school, conducted by Messrs. Walker and Wainwright, which deserves greater encouragement than it seems to possess. They modestly bound their pretensions to teaching the Latin rudiments. As a Preparatory School where the really useful branches of education for the boys of parents who are not ambitious of their passing by the Counting-house, the Plough, or the *Wool-sack* for the distinguished felicity of becoming itinerant advocates, travelling pill-doctors, or "Meesters" in a Boer's house, nothing seems to be better than the course pursued in this seminary.

In many instances the Settlers on the Frontier have their children taught Dutch—others Greek and Latin! The reasons for Dutch are, that you can come better at the Caffers through this language! If the good folks will determine that their lads shall know something of the classics, will not the excellent translations which abound suffice for all the purposes of useful life? And as for Dutch—the best way to win the Caffers is to learn their own language. The Wesleyans say that the Kaffer language is used, with certain variations, by 600,000 souls. Now that a complete Kaffer Grammar has appeared by the Rev Mr. Boyce, it is surely high time for the Frontier Schools to introduce a few classes for the learning the language of their neighbours and future customers.

Provisions are in this village cheap to a proverb, water abundant, and house-rent moderate.

GRAAFF-REINET.

Drought has sent many of our neighbouring farmers across the boundaries. Many will, doubtless, return to civilized life—but some will, from a natural predilection to gypsey modes, become *squatties*. The farmer vagrants on the other side of our District are much more numerous than some people imagine, and with such rambling notions as a great many possess, with but little acquaintance with the doctrines of *meum and tuem*, it is readily enough to be apprehended how much the civilization of the native tribes will be thrown back. From custom, the wanderers have hitherto obeyed the orders of the Civil Commissioner, but the time is fast approaching when the King's authority must not be impeded by an imaginary boundary line; otherwise, fugitives from justice, unprincipled men, bankrupts in pocket and reputation, will be exercising discord and other evils among the Tribes with impunity.

PAARL.

During the summer, several visitors have taken up a temporary abode here, as a pleasant situation for health and change of air. But these visits have been of short duration. It is altogether, as far as it regards the English language, and Divine Service in any of its English forms, an Anti-British Village. The English Government School is abandoned. The *why and the wherefore* should be made known. And what is to be deplored is, that many children of English families scattered in various parts of the Paarl, have forgotten their own language, and are speaking a wretched mongrel Dutch—which few can understand but themselves and fellows.

PORT ELIZABETH.

If Anthony Oliphant, Esq. the King's Attorney, or Conservator of Public Morals, would be pleased to devise an Ordinance for the regulations of the Markets—specifying the hour of business, the fees,—and that for all goods sold on the market, the money to be received by the Market-master,—a questionless good would arise. The most pennyless on the Frontier Market are those who bid the highest prices,—and then, when the Farmer comes to the Store, with all its "beggarly account," the purchaser cries out—"I have no money, you must take *negotie*" The truth is, the *Truck* system too awfully prevails in this country. Many a Hottentot family knows this to its own sorrow. A Market-master, to be free from local interest, should be appointed by Government. Under the impression that he is under the sacred cognizance of the law, the Farmer would bring his produce to market with far more freedom than is now the case. At present (without Government interference) it is *all fish* that *comes within the net* of either buyer or seller. It is a lawless struggle for a bargain at any rate, or by any means, however vile and disreputable.

WORCESTER.

The Church Service in the English language is now performed here by the Rev. H. Sutnerland. The necessity of this practice becoming general in all the churches of the colony, on Sundays, will soon become apparent. In most of the towns, the number of English inhabitants is rapidly increasing.—*Advertiser.*

A MODERN PHILOSOPHE;
OR, A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

THE petty dealings "Of the old Dutch Colonial Government under the administration of an exclusive Company," are thus noticed in a late number of *The South African Quarterly Journal.* "No subject was too elevated or too mean for the Old Government," observes the writer. "It could soar to the deposition and disposal of a foreign sovereign and independent Prince, or sink to the regulation of a petty traffic in pickled cabbage."

Minute of Resolution of Council, dated 17th June, 1722.

"Resolved, That no more Pickled Cabbage shall be sent to India."

But if the Old Company were dealers in a small way, what shall we say of a modern scion of the ancient *noblesse*, who announces the other day—first his degree as

"Philosophical Doctor,"

and then concludes his card, viz:

"☞ *For sale, excellent cauliflower seed.*"

SUITABLE BOARDING.

IN the absence of good book-binding at the Cape, according to the old rule of leather and paste, we think the affair should be taken up by the timber merchants. *Board* will be found to be the best and the cheapest, and if our plan were adopted, the frequenters of a Library might know the subject of a work without being at the trouble of taking it from the shelf. For instance—thus to catalogue a little. We would bind

"The Sorrows of Werter" in *pine.*
"Hoyle's Games" in *deal.*
"Bankruptcy Laws" in *sloe.*
"Navigation Laws" in *elm.*
"Sea Laws" in *beach.*
"Anecdotes of Dogs" in *bark.*
"Lives of the Pugilists" in *box.*
"Tales of the Crusaders" in *lance-wood.*
"The Siamese Twins" in *pear*
"Skellet on the Cow" in *melk-hout.*
"The Tutor's Assistant" in *birch* or *beet-root*, with *caned* sides.
"Memoirs of Jonathan Wild" in *peach.*
"Literary Gazette" in *pop'lar.*

THE LATE ARRIVALS.

From a glance at the last London journals of January, literature seems to beat a remarkably low ebb. There is scarcely an advertisement which announces any new publication of interest. Galt has put forth his last work—*Tales of the Study;* and there appears to be a good pamphlet in circulation, entitled "A Refutation of the Calumnies of the Quarterly Review respecting the Lord Chancellor."

Two periodicals of Republican principles, with a view to give greater publicity to the views of each, have made a considerable abatement in prices. The Westminster is now published at 4s. instead of 6s. And Tait's Edinburgh Magazine at 1s. instead of 2s. 6d.

The new volume of the Annual Register contains interesting biographical notices of Earl Fitzwilliam, Sir J. Malcolm, W. Wilberforce, Rowland Hill, and Hannah More.——A new Record Office, on the site of the Rolls' Garden, is now determined upon.——A fierce war is raging against the Penny Magazine, and the Works published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. It appears to us to be mere booksellers' squabbles—sheer jealousy against Mr. Knight, the publisher of the Society's publications, supported by Colburn and his New Monthly, and Literary Gazette, &c.——Success seems to attend the Lander expedition. Favourable accounts have been received, under date 3d of Nov. —Another Mummy has been opened in London by Mr. Pettigrew. It turns out to be the body of Horsiesi, an incense-bearing Priest of the Temple of Ammon, at Thebes!——An Observatory and Professorship of Astronomy is about to be established at Edinburgh,—government allowing £300 a-year to the principal, £100 a-year to the assistant, £1000 towards the building, and £100 per annum to maintain the house.——Seven new newspapers were to start at Madrid on the 1st of Jan.——*Works forthcoming.*—1st, A Work of Fiction, describing the grand and romantic scenery of SOUTHERN AFRICA and the Indian Ocean, will shortly appear It includes the extraordinary history of the Prophet Chieftain *Makanna*, after whom it will be named 2d, History of the British Colonies, by M Martin 3d, Life of Rev. R. Hill. 4th, The Letters and Journals of a Gentleman filling a Judicial Situation at Swan River. 5th, A Series of Sermons, by the Ettrick Shepherd. 6th, The Life and Campaigns of General Sir John Moore.——*State of the Country*—The British Empire may be congratulated upon the sound state of trade, and upon the solidity of the demand for every article of merchandize.——*The Church.*—The fury against the Established Churches of England and Scotland is not yet spent, but the storm appears gathering in all directions. May a *moral conductor* become the safe-guard of the nation's hope and trust!——*Deaths.*—Capt. Hoppner, R. N.; Mr. Sotheby; Lord Grenville; Mr. Brougham; Mr. G. Lambe; Richard Martin; Col. Wardle; Gasper Hauser, the mysterious German; Mr. A. Picken; Bishop of Limerick, (Dr. Jebb); Lord Kingsland; Lord Exmouth; Sir C. Majoribanks, M.P. for Berwick.——Mr. Babbage has refused the honour of Knighthood proposed to him by Government, considering it in the light of an insult to be offered a foreign (Hanoverian Guelphic) order.——The army of Belgium is established for the year at 110,000 men, with a contingent of 12,000.— There is an article in the United Service Journal for Jan. of some interest, by Major J. Mitchell—On the Expediency of immediately occupying Egypt and Candia.——In the same Journal there is an excellent paper On the practice of Prize Fighting, with its concomitant demoralization and debasement of the people. The list of Prize Fighters, and their associations with crime, is a sad breviary of the *morale* of the Prize-ring.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 4. Vol. IV.] CAPE TOWN: APRIL, 1834. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* / *per Annum.*

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.

By Capt. MORRELL.

SECOND NOTICE.

Capt. Morrell presents a very copious account of the various sea-ports on the coast of South America, on its western shore, washed by the Pacific Ocean. Amongst the islands called the Gallipagos, his vessel remained for two months, during which time the crew took about 5,000 fur seals. The ship then proceeded to Juan Fernandez, celebrated as the residence of Alex. Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe. It was from Selkirk's Journal, who lived on the island four years and four months, that the materials for De Foe's Robinson Crusoe was taken, a book that has never been equalled in popularity since the art of printing was discovered, (if we except Bunyan's Pilgrim,) a book that has had, and still has, more influence on the minds of youth, than ever had the legends of chivalry in Spain, or the dramas of Schiller in Germany.

The cargo with which Capt. Morrell succeeded in filling his ship proved, on his return to America, to be very valuable, and the owners prevailed on Capt. M. to take another voyage of two years or upwards to the Pacific Ocean. The Captain continued his nautical observations on the S. American coast with his usual perseverance, and adds very considerably to the practical information of a former voyage. In his survey of the islands in the Pacific Ocean which he visited, the Captain takes occasion to dwell for a brief space on the results of Missionary labours. And as this subject is of great importance, we deem it to be only justice to Missionary benevolence, to place before our readers the testimony of an eye-witness who presents himself to us under circumstances of impartial and unquestionable credit. Let Capt. Morrell be heard for himself:

"In this place I beg leave to detain the reader by another short digression, to show that the results of missionary labours abroad have been misrepresented, misunderstood, and much under-rated. Among the native islanders of the Pacific Ocean, the good they have done is incalculable. I consider most, if not all, of the persons who have visited these islands in the character of religious missionaries, as the benefactors, not of the natives merely, but of the human race. I shall not allude to what *spiritual* benefits they may have conferred on those whom they have been instrumental in turning from Paganism to Christianity, but I rest their defence on the good they have done to the cause of civilization, science, and commerce. They have opened new channels for lucrative trade, which were formerly closed by the ferocity of cannibals. They have extended a knowledge of literature and the useful arts to countries where they were never before known, and may be said to have created new countries of civilized men.

"If commerce be a blessing to the world—and who, at this day, is bold enough to deny it?—then the missionaries to the Pacific Islands have done much to promote its interests, and have thereby added much to the sum of human prosperity and happiness.

"Let us, then, do justice to the missionaries, and bid them God-speed. If they have merely caused two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, they deserve the approbation of the world. They cannot act from selfish motives, when they voluntarily submit to so many privations, sufferings, dangers, even death itself, to benefit others. They leave the comforts of home, the associations of their early years, wives and children, lucrative situations, and expose themselves to all the dangers of the sea, to the fatigues of a long voyage, to war, pestilence, and famine; and all for what? Not to acquire worldly riches for themselves or their friends, but to impart what they conceive to be spiritual riches to strangers and savages; to cause them to pursue the path which leads to happiness, and to teach them that all mankind are their brethren, and that they must no more massacre the white men who visit their islands, but treat them with hospitality and kindness.

"This the missionaries have done—this they continue to do—and every ship-master should say, God prosper their labours, unless, indeed, he prefer to obtain refreshments for a starving crew by force of arms But, all ships have not sufficient arms or men to force a landing against thousands of ferocious savages with poisoned weapons. There have been instances where the ship's company, officers and all, have been too much weakened and emaciated by famine and scurvy, to maintain a contest with savages. Such have either perished with hunger, or became themselves the food of cannibals.

"Such instances certainly have been, and these islands are still inhabited by the descendants of the same people What force of arms could not effect, the gentle manners and mild persuasions of pious missionaries have accomplished. No sooner does a ship stop there *now*, than the inhabitants vie with each other in acts of kindness and hospitality. The best their country affords is offered, and freely offered, to refresh the wearied and weather-beaten mariners, whom they meet on the beach, and, armed with nothing but smiles of welcome, inquire their wants. Here the stranger can eat and drink, and sleep, in perfect security, under, perhaps, the same roof beneath which human flesh was once an article of food. Who have effected this wonderful change in the short period of one generation? I answer, this is the work of missionaries. GOD BLESS THEM!" —pp 157, 158.

The ship next anchored amongst the islands forming the archipelago of Chiloe. Chiloe is the largest of the group. Speaking of the ladies, he (Capt. M.) states, that the first thing which struck him was their liberal use of ornaments, such as gold hair-combs, splendid ear-jewels, bracelets on the arms, chains around the wrists, rich chains of gold around the neck and waist, with shoe-buckles of the same valuable material. He was reminded in many instances of Rebecca in Sir W. Scott's Ivanhoe. But the hoop-dresses of the ladies, and their short petticoats, quite upset the American's notions of order and beauty. But the Captain has music in his soul, and was quite delighted with the lady skill on the guitar, harp, spinnet, harpsichord, and piano-forte.

Interesting descriptions are given by the author of Callao and Lima, and other places on the same coast. At Port St. Francisco the inhabitants of the town are principally Mexicans and Spaniards, who pass a very indolent life. But the deficiencies of the town, the Captain thinks, are amply atoned for by the abundance which is found at the mission of St. Clara, lying not far off the interior. Here ten ships at a time

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may be stored, at a moderate expense, with every requisite accommodation. The mission was founded in 1777, and contains about 1200 native Indians. The author considers the Missionaries to be of a superior order of Catholic evangelists, and what is a pleasing feature in the history of their converts is, (we quote the author's words,) "that the sins of lying and stealing are held by the converted Indians in the utmost abhorrence, and they look upon them as two of the most heinous crimes of which a man can be guilty, murder alone excepted." The next of the islands visited by Capt. M. was the Sandwich group, and here he offers a piece of advice to all navigators. In crossing between the parallels of latitude 20 degrees and 30 degrees north, a vessel should never run in thick weather, and even in the clearest of weather they should always have one or two men at the *mast-head*, day and night. The reefs, which are all formed of coral, may be seen from the mast-head, by their light reflecting on the top of the water, day or night, double the distance that they can be seen from the deck, and in time sufficient to avoid them, if there be a breeze of wind. As another reason for keeping a look-out from the *mast-head*, it is observed, that in running free or before the wind, a vessel is running on the back of the breakers, the foam of which cannot be seen from the deck until the vessel is close on board of it. But from the *mast-head* a man can see the foam over the breakers at a sufficient distance to give time enough to tack ship, or haul off.

At five degrees S. latitude the party landed at a town called Sechura, of the inhabitants of which the author speaks favourably, as exhibiting the marks of cultivation; they are hospitable, social, kind, and obliging: and they are in the habit of *bathing* every morning before sun-rise, from which practice they derive a vigorous degree of health, such as is easily perceived in their persons. Spinning and weaving appears to be an employment pretty general among the women. Capt. M. on this second voyage again anchored at Callao, and on due consideration and inquiry, he discovers that though the present generation of Patagonians is not remarkable for extraordinary height, yet it is probable that there might once have been a gigantic species of them, of which the existing people are a degenerate race. One thing, however, he is satisfied about, that there is just as strong a testimony in favour of a former gigantic race in Patagonia, as there is in favour of the former existence in Europe of a race of animals now known by the name of manmoth. The bones, and even entire skeletons of this huge creature, are found in the British Museum; and "I have observed," says Capt. M. "in the interior of Patagonia, the bones and entire skeletons of men, who, when living, must have measured more than seven feet in height."

After an adventurous and toilsome voyage of more than twenty-one months, Captain M. returned to New York with a cargo of 6,000 fur seal skins. But soon after this he is engaged with a firm of ship-owners, for the purpose of proceeding to the coast of Africa on a trade-speculation. Capt. M. set sail in June, 1829, and, after a short passage, the *Antarctic* entered Table Bay of this Colony.

Having left the Cape, of which, in the volume before us, there is an account, historical as well as geographical, the Captain proceeded to the neighbouring islands in a northern direction, and finally anchored on the E. side of Penguin Island. At about 10 A.M. the sand winds, he says, came off; and to his great satisfaction he had an opportunity of witnessing, for the first time in his life, one of those moving pillars of sand which has been spoken of by the celebrated Adanson. It rose about five miles inland from the head of the bay, and moved in the direction of the wind towards the S. W. increasing in magnitude as it advanced, until it left the shore, when it began gradually to diminish as it crossed the bay. This moving column of sand passed within a cable's length of the *Antarctic*, at which time it would measure 15 or 18 feet in circumference, of a conic form, and about 200 feet in nearly a perpendicular height from the water, leaning a little to the S. W. Its heat in passing the vessel was sensibly felt, while it emitted a strong odour not unlike that of sulphur, which was soon dissipated, however, by the strong gusts of wind which came off from the shore, raising the thermometer to 113 degrees. This column finally fell into the water.

A considerable number of his pages is devoted by the author to the object of shewing the capability of the eastern side of the African Peninsula, particularly the unappropriated tract lying between the English and Portuguese colonies, to become a fertile source of profit to any commercial country which might take it under its *protection*. Continuing his voyage along the coast of the old kingdom of Benguela, the country around the capital which is called St. Philip, and is a place of great trade, abounds with oranges, pine apples, melons, plantains, bananas, palms, date, cocoa-nuts, guavas, figs, grapes, and a variety of other fruits The vine also flourishes, as well as cassia and tamarinds. But the agreeable associations which such a luxurious natural spectacle afforded to Capt. Morrell were sadly put to flight, by the presence of no less than four infernal slave-ships from Brazil, waiting in the Bay of Benguela to complete their cargo of human beings. One of the vessels stood close to the American, and the Captain, from the first moment of anchoring, could have no rest on account of the shrieks and groans which he heard from the wretched captives in the slave-ship. Thinking illness was the cause of their sufferings, he caused one of his boats to be manned, and proceeded to the slave-ship, which he boarded without the slightest ceremony. He was received by the officers on deck with surprise, and when he announced the object of his visit, they heard him with marks of derision. He, nevertheless, proceeded to the scene of suffering, and exclaims — "Gracious Heaven! What a horrible spectacle was presented to my view!" The descriptive scene which follows is too horrible to relate.

We must pass over all further notice of this report of a third voyage, and shall glance over Capt. Morrell's fourth and last expedition to the N. and S. Pacific Indian Oceans, &c. It is, however, important to add, that parting with the *Antarctic*, the vessel in which the third voyage was performed, that she had *no ardent spirits on board* during the whole time.

On the 2d September, 1831, Capt. M. accompanied on this occasion by his wife, proceeded in the *Antarctic* from Sandy Hook Light, the Cape de Verd islands being the first place at which they were destined to rest. This part of the voyage was disastrous, as nearly all on board were struck with a fever. Several of the crew died, but the disease totally disappeared before the arrival of the ship at Tristan d'Acunha. From this they proceeded to the Auckland group, of the natural history of which the Captain gives us a very elaborate account. These islands once abounded in numerous herds of fur and hair seal; but the English and American seamen have nearly exhausted the breed, for whilst Capt. Johnston, in an American ship, took from one of these islands

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about 13,000 good seal-skins, in 1831 there was not a single skin to be found there. From these islands the *Antarctic* sailed towards New Zealand, and anchored at a short distance from Molyneaux Harbour. As New Zealand is at present an object of considerable attention, on account of its production of an excellent species of flax, &c. &c. we shall not hesitate to present to our readers the account which Capt. Morrell has collected concerning its inhabitants. He states, that they have some excellent domestic habits, and evince extraordinary ingenuity in a few arts.

"Having no metallic vessels for boiling their food, they contrive to cook their fern-root and their potatoes by means of two hollow stones, in which they first put the roots, surrounded by a few moist leaves of some well-flavoured plant, and then applying the hollow sides of the stones to one another, heat them thoroughly for a due length of time, at the end of which the contents are well stewed and palatable food. They make wooden vessels, and carve them with much taste; cultivate their fields with great neatness, with nothing but a wooden spade; construct large and well-finished canoes; and prepare fishing-tackle and other implements in a wonderful manner, considering their limited means and want of tools. Their principal mechanical tool is formed in the shape of an adze, and is made of the serpent-stone, or jasper. Their masterpiece of ingenuity is carving, which they display on the most trivial objects, as well as in the elegant figure-heads of their canoes, &c. Their cordage for fishing-lines, nets, &c., is not inferior to the finest we have in this country, and their nets are admirably made. A bit of flint, or a shell, is their only substitute for a knife, and a shark's tooth, fixed in a piece of wood, serves for an auger or gimlet. They also fix on a piece of wood, nicely carved, a row of large shark's teeth, setting them in a line, and their sharp edges all one way. This answers for a saw, which they use in their carpenter-work, and also for the purpose of cutting up the bodies of their enemies who are slain in battle. Their wars are conducted with the utmost ferocity. They have short spears, which they throw like javelins, from a distance; long ones, which they use as lances; and a board, thick, sharp-edged weapon of stone, called *patoo-patoo*, with which they strike each other in close combat, and which sometimes cleaves the scull at a single blow. They devour the bodies of their enemies, but not from a physical appetite or relish for human flesh, as many suppose. Such an appetite or relish was never yet experienced by any cannibal that ever existed. The horrid rite is performed merely to appease a moral appetite, far more voracious than that of hunger. It is done to express the extent of their hate, their vengeance, or, rather, an insatiable malice, that would pursue its victim beyond the confines of the grave; for, it is an article of their religious creed, that the soul of a man thus devoured is doomed to eternal fire."

In latitude 4º 50' 30" south, and longitude 156° 10' 30" east, the *Antarctic* cast anchor near an island, for the purpose of fishing on the coast, which appeared to be well supplied by the species coveted by the crew. Here the natives showed every kindness imaginable, and the Captain obtained permission of the chiefs to dig garden-ground, and to sow valuable European and other seeds.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A CHAPTER ON CAPE SCENERY.

TO DAY-DREAMERS.

LET those on whose apathetic minds the Beauties of Landscape have no effect,—Let those whose sluggish spirits the freshness of the dawn never raised, and the calmness of the twilight never soothed,—Let those in whose hearts the cheerful sounds of animated nature awaken no responsive echo,—Let those, and such as those, pass on—this Chapter is not to them. They may sneer at or pity it as nonsense,—they may class it with affected sentiment, if they choose,—but this we can only tell them, the admiration of nature is a source of enjoyment from which they are cut off,—its purity they can never appreciate,—it is far removed from that over-strained and sickly feeling which finds food for sighs in a fallen leaf, for tears in a withered flower.

Many who would turn with disdain from the slightest doubt of the cultivation of their minds, who would deem such an insinuation unworthy of reply, many of those can see no object in a walk save the excitement of appetite, and the benefit to health resulting from exercise. They could look on the romantic beauties of the Camp's Bay Kloof,—they could pass beneath the rugged masses of the Lion's Head, even when mellowed in the rays of the setting sun,—they could behold the Sun himself sinking in glory beneath the unbroken horizon of that vast ocean whose billows are thundering beneath them,—they could look on such a scene without a feeling of its beauty or its grandeur! It was to be seen yesterday; may be seen to-morrow, or any day. Aye, there are men in whose hearts the shady woods that clothe the foot of the Table-rock and Duivelsberg to the east, never excited a thought unconnected with the *Rds.* *Sks.* and *Sts.* they might produce.

Our scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of the town is barren enough, it is true, but grand in its barrenness. The Table Mountain is always a striking object in whatever view he is taken; in the glaring light of a vertical sun, when relieved by no shadow on which the weary eye may repose, he seems resting in still grandeur;—in the evening, when touched by the level rays with their soft lights and broadened shadows, his weather-beaten face assumes a benignant aspect, and seems to smile on the town in his own valley, on the shores of his own bay;—in the storm, with his grey head enveloped in the cataract-like folds of the table-cloth, he scowls o'er the landscape like a giant in wrath;—but with his craggy shoulders wreathed in those light fleecy clouds that sometimes float around him in the cool morning—ere the sun has yet strength to disperse them—he unites beauty with his majesty—and affords a subject of contemplation well calculated to awaken the better feelings of the heart.

The demand for fuel has sadly destroyed the beauty of the Table Valley; the silver-tree woods that once graced its sides have fallen beneath the axe; no young trees supply their place, and the dwarfish bushes that struggle for existence amid the grey rocks, are but a poor substitute in the beauty of the landscape; except the fir-groves behind Leeuwenhoff, the Platteklip ravine is, perhaps, the only spot in it sufficiently picturesque to induce an extension of the evening walk beyond the shade of the Government gardens. But he who will endure the uninteresting sameness of the hot dusty road between Cape Town and Rondebosch, may then prolong his ride in the shade through the woods of Newlands to the romantic skirts of Wynberg-hill; there, the scene is full of variety—the open heath the gay flowers, and the green proteas, refresh the eye; the taller bushes, mixed with the shining branches of the silver trees, festooned with creepers, occasionally present the finest groups of foliage; while the Table Mountain and Duivelsberg, or the distant Stellenbosch range, form a back-ground worthy of such scenery.

These,—all these beauties must have forced themselves on the attention of every one who has seen them; they are perfectly accessible to the horseman; many, within reach of the carriage. But grander by far, and lovely in their grandeur, are those spots that lie hid in the bosom of the Kloofs, high in the side of the mountain, they are only attainable by him whose strength and elasticity of limb will hold good in the rough scramble through the bushes and over the rocks of the steep ascent; there he will find what appeared from below to be stunted proteas and grey stones, magnified, on near approach, to masses of crags and mimosa trees; there nature reigns with sway uncurbed by the hand of man, for the stumps

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bearing the mark of the axe are as yet few. There he will find gems of scenery of that sort which has been well described as "Beauty reclining on the lap of Terror."

He whose ideas of Landscape Beauty have been wholly acquired, or even only partially trained in the drawing school or picture gallery, who looks on the works of nature with a scientific eye, and there are many such, who can see no beauty in a scene where they can't trace a likeness to any of those peculiarities of effect that Claude, Salvator Rosa, or any old Master with a fine sounding name delighted to handle,—he who thinks it beneath him to honour with a second glance a landscape that will not look well in his Sketch Book, may save himself the trouble of climbing so high; the mere Sketcher will certainly be disappointed; he will find all his Views towards the hill to consist of fore-ground, with neither sky nor distance; from the hill, all sky and distance, little fore and no mid-ground; looking along the steep sides, though the irregular succession of crags jutting through the foliage are splendid as he could wish, he will seldom be able to balance one of his Sketches. But to the real admirer of nature, with eye unfettered by the rules of art,—who views her handiwork unconnected with the slightest idea of linseed oil or varnish, of scumbling or glazing, a day spent in scrambling of this sort will be one of unmixed enjoyment; let him start 'ere the morning gun has awakened the slumbering echoes of the Table-rock, let him reach the upper Block House on the Devil's Hill, in time to behold the rising of the sun; let him skirt the foot of the cliffs, and see each ravine in the morning light,—and, if he has chosen his day after a fall of rain, the soul-stirring effect of the wild scenery in each will be ten-fold increased by the foaming waterfall then dashing through it. He may spend the heat of the day in the cool Kloof above Kerstenbosch, in the uninterrupted enjoyment of his own thoughts, or of some favorite author, and descending into the valley of the Liesbeek when the shade of the mountain begins to stretch towards Wynberg Hill,—return to town in the cool of the evening

The scenery of the Kerstenbosch Kloof will be found well worth the attention of the embryo artist or black-lead sketcher. A rivulet (the infant Liesbeek, I believe,) rises in the flat on the top of the mountain, and finding its way over the precipice above the Kloof, flows through it with a trickling murmur that mingles well with the drowsy hum of the inse hommelbei, the cry of the beckbecary, and the twittering of the graceful sugar-birds. This rill swells after rain to a raging torrent,—roaring, tearing, and foaming through the rocks and bare gnarled stems in its course. The decayed trunks, the skeletons of trees, bleached white by many a winter's flood and summer's sun, catching the rays and relieved from the gloomy foliage behind, form the finest subjects for the student of light and shade, and effect; while the frowning crags. The succession of waterfalls, the large stones heaped loosely together on the banks, among the stems of the trees, with the bushes peeping through, or here and there covering them with their varied foliage, —specimens of nature's own rock-work which the finest attempt of art, with all its studied irregularity, never could equal,—will afford him lessons in grouping his scenery, which may be studied day after day, and week after week, each change of position or point of view disclosing fresh beauties, and imparting new ideas of his art. While the frowning crags——I can't describe them—go there and see. P. McK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JURISPRUDENCE—COMMERCIAL FAILURES.

To the Editor of the South African Commercial Advertiser.

SIR,—A series of investigations into the cause of every bankruptcy in this colony would, I think, form a valuable part of knowledge. Such inquiry could not, I conceive, be in better hands than your own, and I take the liberty of directing your discriminating attention to the subject. No reflections are here intended on those individuals whom pressing misfortunes have laid low, but I submit that the profligacy of very many of the Insolvent and Composition cases in this colony, is as notorious as the sun at noon-day. And in seeming defiance of the perpetual obligation to pay debts, is it not truly alarming to witness the increase of the innumerable legal channels for their recovery. Every where there is a dun at work, or an agent, or a collector, or a notary,—everywhere a brief for the lawyers.

The amount of property which the commercial part of the community loses by insolvency, is great enough to constitute a considerable colonial evil. The fraud, too, that is practised under cover of insolvency, is doubtless the most extensive of all species of private robbery. And I have witnessed cases of singular effrontery, in which the guilt of the party was conspicuous to the world, and yet from some defects in the *terms of the law,* or that it was a *flash* question,—*not guilty* has been returned. Thus they who are bankrupts to-day, riot in ease and affluence to-morrow; they smile at the creditors whose money they are spending, and exult in the success and impunity of their wickedness.

That there is a great deal of truckling, shifting, shuffling, shirking, *concealing* abroad, in reference to the payment of debts, is glaring enough. Just look into the insolvent cases where the ties of consanguinity are extensive, and behold the chicaneries of a *distribution of property,* preparatory to a surrender of the estate. Surely a stricter inquiry on this head than has been hitherto promoted, is self-evident. And it would appear desirable that laws regarding Wills, Legatees, and Heirs, should undergo revision.

Perhaps nothing would tend so efficaciously to diminish the general evils of insolvency, as a sound state of public opinion respecting the obligation to pay our debts. We should no more sit at the table, or take the hand of a *fraudulent* person, than if we knew he had obtained his money last night on the high-way. If Public Opinion held the conduct of a *deceiver* to be of the same character as theft, probably a more powerful motive to avoid insolvency would be established than any which now exists.

We hear frequently great outcries about the increase of crime, and we find men daily declaiming on the necessity of laws to suppress what the call vagrancy, and fortelling the robberies which they allege will take place when the coloured population shall enjoy the rights of British subjects. And they express great anxieties for a law which shall compel this race of men, and the aborigines of the colony, to state *by what means they obtain a livelihood.* I think, Sir, such a law, if passed for *the whole of the people,* instead of one or two of its proportions, would non-plus many an inhabitant of this town, should the question be proposed. That crime does increase is true,—but it is principally in those

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quarters where we should least expect it. It is in money-transactions that the guilt is more apparent. To every single individual who loses his property by theft, there are probably twenty who lose it by criminal debts. Such facts evidently furnish weighty considerations for the government of the country, as the guardian of the public welfare. Justice and policy alike indicate the necessity of more efficient security against the want of probity in debtors than has hitherto been furnished by the law.

It will be already seen that I have not included in these strictures, those who have been reduced to surrender their estates from untoward circumstances. That these are the oppressions of the merciless creditor, I fully believe; that there are those who would immure men in a prison for committing no crime, is a fact not to be questioned, and that there are others who would

"Seize a last blanket to-day,"

and *shout hymns* to the praises of a God of Mercy on the morrow, is, alas! too true of depraved human nature.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
HERMES.

THE PARADE, BRIDGES, &c.

A Correspondent suggests the facilities at hand, combining cheapness and duration, in exchange for the wretched worn-out state of the wooden foot-bridges leading from the parade to the Custom House, Butchers' Shambles, Commissariat Offices, and Jetty. Iron Bridges requiring no repairs, may be cast at the Foundry in Broad-street, which would be a most desirable substitute for those now in a weakly state of dilapidation, and which are frequently dangerous and impassable altogether. The seats, too, in the Parade, are now gone to ruin; iron ones would stand good for many years, and could be manufactured on moderate terms.

The Parade-ground is becoming sadly rugged, and requires a new whole covering of gravel. The time was when a pebble on the Parade larger than a pea would be discarded, and when a single blade of grass was not tolerated.

THE HESSIAN BOOTS; OR, "NOTHING LIKE LEATHER!"

I NEVER knew but one man who was really attached to hessian boots. It was my friend S——, and his attachment amounted almost to reverence. He always wore them summer or winter. Although a martyr to the gout, his respect for hessians overcame all desire for an easy shoe, when his fit was at the highest. I have seen him writhe with pain under the infliction, and yet smile complacently at the polished calf of his favourite leather. When night came, a stranger might observe his ruffled temper, as he encountered the boot-jack and slippers; they were to him the heralds of departing bliss. He sighed as he drew them off; and woe to the person whose business it was, if the boots were not in readiness in the morning at the moment he required them! Yet he was not punctilious in his dress; he wore not hessian boots for their smartness; he cared little whether they were clean or dirty: his love had a deeper root—it sprung from gratitude.

It is extraordinary how chance or mishap may suddenly bring to light the most inestimable qualities in very common and, to all appearance, very trifling things. Hood has immortalized a wig as "a life-preserver," a property few could have guessed at. The wearer, falling into the clutches of some wild Indians in the back-woods of America, was sentenced to be scalped; and the operation was quickly performed—but the knife passing fortunately between the scull and the frizzled top-knot, the artificial scalp came off in the Mohawk grasp, thus leaving the proprietor minus only his wig.

To pass from the head to the heels, it would be difficult to conceive how a pair of hessian boots could have rendered so important a service to my friend S——; yet they did. They were a life-preserver to him, and he treasured them accordingly—but let him tell his own tale.

"I dare say," said he to me one day, after an affectionate glance downwards, "I dare say you wonder at my fondness for hessian boots, but I am bound to them from respect to myself and family. But for these bits of leather, sir, I should not be standing before you at this moment: they saved my life, sir. Thirty years ago (it was the winter of 18—), I was riding a little cross-grained chesnut cob over my own farm, when the beast making a sudden start, I was thrown off my guard and off the horse at the same moment. Well! instead of standing still (the horse I mean), as he should have done, he scampered away, as fast as his legs could carry him, across a forty-acre field; and what is worse, sir, my right foot hanging in the stirrup, he dragged me along with him. Luckily for me, there had been a heavy fall of snow, which doubtless saved me many broken bones; but, what was a hundred times more fortunate, I was wearing hessian boots, sir. Well—when we had got to the opposite hedge, what with rolling and tumbling over and over, I had become a perfect snow-ball; and, luckily for me again, there was a ditch, which as I slid in, my foot slid out—out of my boot I mean; and away went the cob, boot and all. Well—there I laid a senseless lump of snow; and, God knows, but for one circumstance, I might have laid there till the thaw came. It so happened that my eldest boy was out, wandering about with a gun shooting rooks and crows, and such like, as passing near the spot where I laid, he up with his gun at what he thought was a crow on the edge of the bank. Now, what do you think it was, sir? it was nothing more no less than my left hessian boot, the only visible part about me; rather a critical moment, you'll say, if I could have known the rights of it; but, luckily for me, I was insensible. If I had moved my foot the least in the world, he'd ha' shot me as sure as a gun; but the boot was quiet; so he was doubtful of wasting a charge of powder and shot, and crept up towards it, holding his gun ready all the while. Well!—in course he knew his father's boot, when he came close, and wondered how it come there. Well! he tugged and pulled but all to no purpose—there it stuck; he little knew at the moment that his father's leg was inside. However, by this time, assistance was at hand; my horse it appeared had excited some surprise at home, where he had found his way, with my boot hanging at the stirrup; so one and all set out in search of their master; but my belief is they'd never have found me, if my hessian boot had not shewn itself above the snow. Well, sir! I was carried home and thawed inside and out, and luckily for me, very little damage done. Now, sir, I conceive my life was saved, in the first place, by my right boot coming off; and, secondly, by the left boot keeping on: and I'll only appeal to you as a man of feeling, whether, after such a warning as this, it does not become me to wear hessian boots for the rest of my life!"

T. W.

BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE CRABBE, LL. D.
POET OF THE POOR.

As our readers are no doubt fully aware, Crabbe, the "Poet of the Poor," is numbered with the dead. But his memory is precious, *the fragments respecting it are gathered up so that nothing may be lost.* The first of a series of eight volumes, containing the life, journals, and annotated Poems of Mr. Crabbe has been published by his son;* and is a document of

* Curate of Pucklechurch, (Gloucester.)

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no inconsiderable interest. In a few words, respecting the poems of Crabbe, it may be safely said, that in these, the peer, the peasant, and the mechanic, will find every thing to elevate their aspirations, and yet nothing to quicken envy or uncharitableness. In his works—we find the christian poet, —his satire strong, but never rancorous—his lessons of virtue are earnest, but modest—his reprehensions of vice severe, but brotherly. He was well known in *sentiment* to be an Episcopalian churchman, bordering even on the ultra side of High Church principles. Hence his sarcastic censures on those connected with the interests of Dissenters. But what of that? The Dissenters of Trowbridge knew the Rev. Mr. Crabbe to be (however mistaken in some things) a good and a worthy man—one who concealed not his opinions, but carried his heart in a chrystal vase that all might see it, and they followed of their own accord in the procession to his grave, and delivered funeral discourses at their meeting-houses, and mourned over him.

Mr. Crabbe was a most exemplary parish priest, and was *simple and unaffected* in his manner. He was frequently *familiar* even in the Pulpit. He has been known to say, "upon my word I cannot see; I must give you the rest when we meet again" Or, he would walk into a pew near a window, and stand on a seat and finish his sermon, with the most admirable indifference to the remarks of the congregation. He was always like his own Author-Rector in the "Parish Register,"—"careless of hood and band!" &c. Mr. Crabbe was born in a very poor family, hardly raised a step above the common fishermen of Aldborough, (Suffolk,) in a mean cottage on a squalid shore; and bred up from infancy to boyhood with no ambition of his parents, higher than that of seeing him established in life as an exciseman, or, perhaps, *a clerk in the custom-house* of an insignificant sea-port. He was taught to read by an old dame; and after he could read at all, he was indefatigable in reading. Observing his bookish turn, a salt-master sent him to a commercial school at Bungay; and afterwards to one of a better sort at Stowmarket When George was about his fourteenth year, it was resolved to bind him apprentice to a surgeon-apothecary; but before a situation could be found, he was employed on the quay of Slaughden, in piling up butter and cheese. At length he was apprenticed at Wickham-Brook, a small village near Bury St Edmunds. Besides the duties of an *apotheek*, he was employed in the drudgery of the farm—for his master had more occupations than one —and was made the bed-fellow and companion of the plough-boy. One day as he mixed with the herd of lads at the public house to see the exhibitions of a conjuror, the magician having worked many wonders, changed a white ball to black, exclaiming,—"*Quique olim albus erat nunc est contrarius albo*—and I suppose none of you can tell what that means." "Yes, I can," said George. "The deuce you can," replied he of the magic wand, eyeing his garb, "I suppose you picked up your Latin in a turnip-field." Crabbe completed his apprenticeship at Woodbridge; but he never liked the profession, but always took an immense pleasure in botanical pursuits. Here he fell in love with Sarah Elmy, the niece of a wealthy yeoman, an amiable and beautiful girl, who, after a lapse of twelve years, became his wife. The apprenticeship expired, Crabbe returns to his native place and worked on the quay. He at length manages to get to London and walks the hospitals. His resources exhausted, he once more returns home and becomes assistant to an apothecary. But his passion for botany proves injurious to him, for his ignorant patients seeing him return home from his walks with handfuls of weeds, decided that as *Doctor* Crabbe got his medicines in the ditches, he could have little claim to payment. In the summer of 1778, the Warwickshire militia were quartered in the town. Col. Conway took much notice of Crabbe, and presented him with several Latin works. Meantime he had perused with attention the works of the British poets. He now began to indulge in the dreams of a young poet, and in a sudden moment, 1779, he resolved to seek his fortune in London. On this occasion he wrote a pious effusion in his note book, which concludes thus:

"Whether I live, or whether I die, whether I be poor, or whether I be prosperous, O my Saviour! may I be thine! Amen!"

George Crabbe settled his little affairs, went on board a coasting smack, and landed at the Tower-wharf of London, master of a box of clothes, a small case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in money. Before he left Aldborough, it must be observed, that he had been brought very nigh death's door by sickness. In this affliction he was made to kiss the rod, and recognize the hand of the smiter. On his recovery he had *family worship* regularly in his little lodgings, where his only sister superintended his affairs for him; and from this period all who observed him agree that his whole subsequent life was that of a virtuous, religious man.

The next extraordinary chapter in the book is the narrative of Crabbe's struggles, miseries, patience, and long-suffering in London. The tale is told by his son in a plain unadorned style, which does honour to his head and his heart. On arriving in town, he had but one acquaintance there, Mrs. Burcham, an old acquaintance of Miss Elmy, wife to a linen draper in Cornhill. O! there is (after all) much real goodness in people of this rank in life! He was welcome here, whenever he chose to pay a visit. Crabbe dined with the Burchams every Sunday; and fifty years afterwards he told Sir W. Scott, that he remembered their noon day leg of mutton baked in the pan, as the highest of luxuries. And chiefly that he might be near his draper-friends, he took lodgings in the house of Mr. Vickery, a hair-dresser in Bishopsgate-street, who afterwards rose to distinction in his trade, and who still survives in old age to pronounce the "well done" to the memory of the Rev. Geo. Crabbe. Poor Crabbe now commenced poet, and was doomed to be slighted by Lord North, Lord Shelbourne, and his bookseller, who became a bankrupt soon after Mr. Crabbe's "Candidate," a poem, had been published. The young poet was now reduced to great distress—happily, he applied for assistance to Edmund Burke. He was called before that great man, a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent, rejected by the publishers, and his last shilling gone. Burke, at the very first interview, took him by the hand, welcomed him to his house, and treated him as a son. This is a bright passage in Burke's history, which has been overlooked. Young Crabbe was now established under the roof of his disinterested patron at Beaconsfield. Under his eye, "The Library" and "The Village" successively issued from the press,—and Reynolds, Johnson, Fox,—in a word, all Burke's friends,—partook his interest in his new *protegé*. We cannot afford space to relate some after particulars relating to this period—but, singular to relate, in 1781, Mr. Crabbe, from the bent of his inclination, became an ordained clergyman; and where do you think, reader, he first commenced his "goodly race?" Why, he became Curate to his native Aldborough! He, the coolie at the wharf,—he, the farmer's boy, the apothecary's apprentice, who left his home, a deserter from his profession, convicted of "the crime of poverty,"—denominated a hare-brained visionary, returns to his birth-place a man of acknowledged talents, a successful author,—a priest at the altar of the living God!

Of course, there was a good deal of mortified pride at Aldborough. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" was said of old respecting *Him*, who is still the world's best Friend and only Hope! Some time after this, Mr Crabbe, through the unwearied kindness of the great Edmund Burke, became domestic chaplain at Belvoir Castle. But Mr Crabbe was not in his element under the roof of the Duke of Rutland. His adherence, however mild, to the Whig tenets of Burke's party, may not have much gratified the circles of Belvoir. And it turns out to be a fact, that he had more than once "to swallow bumpers of salt-water, because he

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would not drink Tory-toasts." But at Belvoir Castle, Crabbe had the good fortune to meet with men who became his friends. These were Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, Lord Thurlow, &c. In after years, Mr Crabbe added to these, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning, Lord Holland, Lord Grey, Mr. Wilbraham, Dr. Mansel, and Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Bowles, Mr. Moore, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Mackenzie, &c. Lord Thurlow, the rough Chancellor, used to say of Crabbe, that he was "as like Parson Adams, as twelve to a dozen." And it is a recorded fact in honour of Crabbe's genius, that after the return of Sir Walter Scott to Abbotsford, in 1832, when he was sufficiently himself to ask his family to read aloud to him, the only books he ever called for were his Bible and Crabbe's Poems.

For twenty-two years, after the publication of "The Borough," "Tales of the Hall," "The Parish Register, "The Village," &c. &c, Mr. Crabbe withdrew wholly from public view. But let it be recollected, that he was all this while a most devout, holy, indefatigable parish minister. He never allowed any call, either of pleasure or worldly business, to interfere with the discharge of his professional duties. If a peasant was sick, and wanted him at his bed-side, that was always a sufficient reason for suspending any journey or engagement. No sympathy was like his,—and probably to no human ear were ever so many sad tales of anguish and penitence revealed, as to that of Mr. Crabbe in his ministerial capacity. Moreover, during the nine-and-twenty years that he was a *country* clergyman, he continued to practice as the medical attendant, *gratis;* supplying all with medicines at his own sole cost, and not shrinking, when the occasion pressed, even from the most painful duties of the accoucheur. * * * On the day of Crabbe's funeral, all business in Trowbridge was suspended; the streets crowded, and the church full. The choir on the occasion selected the beautiful anthem:

"When the ear heard him, then it blessed him;
And when the eye saw him, it gave witness of him.
He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him:
Kindness and meekness and comfort were in his tongue."

WORKING PEOPLE:
WHETHER CLERKS, MECHANICS, OR LABOURERS.

PERFECTLY distinct from *party* politics, we are right glad to discover at home, a rising spirit in behalf of the industrious working classes of the people of England. Too long have these worthies of the Commonwealth been subject to bondage worse than Egyptian slavery But justice, though sometimes tardy, is nevertheless sure The emancipation of the weaker of our brethren (the *Blacks),* will of course break in twain the fetters of our kinsmen, the *Whites.* Already the shout of freedom has commenced in England, and the animal machine is no longer to be sacrificed at the shrine of the monster AVARICE! Had the Government of the country but taken up the question, it would have formed an interesting feature in its *reformed* annals. Or had the British Worthies —the Philanthropists, attended to the subject, it would have added an additional lustre to their far-famed benevolence. As it is, we are thankful that the men generally denominated *Radical Reformers,* have attended to the scriptural injunction of *doing justice and loving mercy.* In all parts of the country we discover, from the recent European communications, a disposition abroad (independent of the landholders,) to relieve the peasantry of the country from the galling inflictions of the *pains and penalties* to which they have been long subject. Societies appear to be every where forming, possessing features very distinct from those hitherto conducted on infidel principles. It is quite true that these societies are formed and recommended by men hitherto considered agitators and disturbers of the country, but we think we discern a far better spirit in the following document, which has been extensively circulated, than in any other tract that has been published by men of a similar calibre of mind.

CATECHISM
OF THE
Society for Promoting
NATIONAL REGENERATION:

Whose object is, to remove as far as possible, the social and commercial evils now esisting, and which, by their rapid increase, are fast destroying every vestige of happiness and order.

"Judgment is turned away backward, and "Justice standeth afar off: for Truth is fallen "in the street, and Equity cannot enter. Yea, "Truth faileth; and he that departeth from "evil, maketh himself a prey: and the Lord "saw it, and it displeased him that there was "no Judgment."—ISAIAH, chap. 50, verses 14, 15.

1. Q. What is society?

A. A number of rational and moral beings, united for the mutual happiness and preservation.

2. Q. Explain this further.

A. It is an association of human beings, to enable the individual members to produce wealth and distribute it—to form the character of the rising generation, and to govern the whole body in such a manner as to obtain the greatest possible amount of happiness, health, intelligence, and wealth.

3. Q. Explain further the legitimate object of human society.

A. The happiness of the human race, *without distinction of class, sect, party, country or colour,* in obedience to the divine command,— "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,*" and in accordance with the Christian principles of universal charity and kindness.

4. Q. Is the present state of society such, as generally to enable honest and industrious men to practise these golden rules, without being in danger of going to bed pennyless every night?

A. No—"He that departeth from evil, maketh himself a prey."—*Isaiah* lix. 15.

5. Q. What obstacles now exist in society which thus prevent the observance in practice of these golden rules?

A. Individual *competition* and unrestricted though mistaken *selfishness,* are the obstacles which require to be removed, in order to obtain the legitimate and beneficial purposes of society. "They hunt every man his brother with a net;" "The best man is a *brier*—the most upright is sharper than a *thorn hedge.*"—*Micah* vii. 2. 4.

6. Q. What are the most obvious means for producing the contentment and happiness of society under its present circumstances, or in other words, its REGENERATION?

A. First, the inculcation and bold assertion and maintenance of *Christian principles:* and in connexion therewith, properly devised arrangements to enable society to *produce* the greatest amount of the most valuable wealth in the shortest possible time, and with the highest advantage to the producers; and to *distribute* this wealth most beneficially for society at large. Secondly, by other arrangements, combined with these, to nourish and cultivate the *physical, intellectual, and moral powers and faculties of every child.* in order that it may become as useful, valuable, intelligent, good, and happy as possible, and so to unite these separate arrangements in their due proportions, that they may always proceed together in order and harmony, and thus effectuate the greatest permanent benefit to every member of society

7. Q. Is it *now* practicable to form arrangements throughout society that will produce improvements so extensive and important?

A. It will be comparatively easy of accomplishment when *liberty of expression* without evil to the speaker, can be secured for the conscientious views of every individual *upon the state of society,* and the operations of our present commercial system, without prejudice on account of the political party or religious section to which a man may be attached; and also, without prejudice on account of the *relative* situation of persons, especially that of masters and servants.

8. Q. Then you consider this liberty of expression without offence or prejudice, to be a first step towards the practice of real Christian charity?

A. *Yes;* for until this great change be effected in the practice and dispositions of men, it will be vain to expect any essential improvement in the worldly and moral condition of society, or in the practice of social virtues, inasmuch as the TRUTH, regarding the *sources* of social and commercial evils, cannot be established without this free discussion.

9. Q. State further what it is, which *now* prevents the introduction of practical measures to effect a beneficial change in the present deplorable and increasingly disastrous state of society.

A. *The want of correct views*—First, in those who *govern* the most civilized nations; secondly, the want of the knowledge in *their subjects:* and thirdly, *in this country especially, the overwhelming ascendency of the love of our money over the love of our neighbour.*

10. Q. What power do governors possess to remedy these evils?

A. *Much* that is required to make the population of every country rich, intelligent, good, and contented.

11. Q. In cases where these governors do not exercise this beneficial knowledge and power, what practical measures would you recommend for adoption?

A. It is recommended that the productive and more useful classes of society, in all countries, should unite among themselves to accomplish peaceably, and by *moral force alone,* those changes, which it would have been *far better for the Government of the civilized countries of their own accord* to have commenced and effected.

12. Q. Suppose the union of all the industrious and more useful classes to be effected, what ought to be the first measure for them to adopt?

A. They should fix a MAXIMUM OF TIME

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and a MINIMUM OF REMUNERATION, for their daily labour.

13. Q. What ought to be the maximum of time?

A. EIGHT HOURS A DAY—or from eight o'clock in the morning till mid-day, and from two o'clock in the afternoon till six o'clock in the evening.

14. Q. Why would you fix *eight* hours?

A. 1st. Because—it is the longest period that the human race (taking the *average* of strength, and *allowing to the weaker, the rights of existence as well as the stronger*) can endure, of physical exertion, so as to be healthy, intelligent, virtuous and happy. 2nd. Because of the modern discoveries in chemistry and mechanics, which render it *unnecessary* to require a longer period of physical exertion. These discoveries, which Divine Wisdom and Goodness hath permitted and intended for the *relief* of his creatures, and to *lessen* the duration as well as the intensity of their toil, have been hitherto perverted by mistaken selfishness, and individual competition: so that with these improvements, human *labour* has *increased* and its *rewards* have proportionably *diminished*. We own these mechanical and chemical discoveries to be the gifts of God, and that by the present system we virtually despise and pervert them; and we perceive that the practice of doing so, has been partly introduced by *ignorance*, and acting upon mistaken theories; and much more so, by the baneful selfishness of a few *artful* capitalists, who sacrifice the interests of millions to enrich themselves. And thus from these causes principally, what happened of old hath happened unto us, and, "*That which should have been for our welfare, has become a trap*,"—Psalm lxix 22. 3d. Because by eight hours' labour, under proper arrangements, a superfluity of wealth may be created for *all*. 4th. Because no man has a *right* to require his fellow man to be employed longer than is generally beneficial to society, merely that *he* may grow *rich* by making many *poor*. 5th. Because it is the *real interest* of every human being, that every other human being should be *healthy, intelligent, contented, and happy*.

15. Q. What other considerations should lead us to strive for the attainment of these objects?

A. Above all, we should consider that mankind are possessed of IMMORTAL SOULS, and of minds capable of incalculable expansion and enjoyment: and although man in his present state is necessitated to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; yet it should be the endeavour of all classes to *mitigate* and *not to aggravate* his physical toil, to *redeem* time for his spiritual enjoyment, and for the cultivation of social virtues, to the greatest possible extent. Thus we conclude, that any state of society which dooms man to mere physical exertion, is unnatural, and opposed to the intentions of Divine Goodness.

16. Q. What ought to be the minimum of remuneration for *eight hours'* daily employment in the service of mankind, that is, in producing food, lodging, clothes, furniture, or knowledge, or pleasure, for our fellow-creatures?

A. The *return* for these services ought to be *a sufficiency of all these things, to the honest and industrious* producer. The original imposition of labour was manifestly attended with this promise, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread;" (Genesis iii. 19); but the present system tends to *reverse* this merciful condition, and *in effect* says, "In proportion as thy face shall sweat, thy bread shall fail."

17. Q. What other advantages is the honest and industrious labourer entitled to?

A. Sufficient time for religious duties; for "*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*" Also for mental improvement and rational pleasures.

18. Q. Can men who *wilfully and knowingly* uphold and perpetuate a system, which thus tends to impoverish and brutalize mankind, be entitled to be considered *honest* men or *sincere* Christians?

A. By no means—for "by their fruits ye shall know them." Matthew vii. 20.

19. Q. But suppose such men to make great professions of piety, and to be highly and generally esteemed as such?

A. "Satan himself is transformed into an Angel of light." 2 Cor. xi. 14.

20. Q. Can the physical and mental powers, wisely applied, produce all these necessaries and comforts of life, and a surplus?

A. Yes; and if there was either necessity or utility in it, they could in a short time, under a wise direction of human powers, applied to land and capital now in existence, produce wealth, to which no assignable limit can be fixed.

21. Q. Then you, in fact, recommend that knowledge and happiness should, by these means, be *insured* to the productive classes?

A. Yes; we recommend also, that for this end all the producers of wealth and knowledge, whether employers or employed, should unite to obtain for their productions, and in return for their industry, from those who neither produce knowledge, nor wealth, nor anything really useful to mankind, a sufficiency of the necessaries and comforts of life. But that if those who do *not produce* wealth, will *not thus* remunerate the producers, they break the natural compact of society, and ought at least to be left to produce those things for themselves.

22. Q. The first step you recommend to the Union of the Productive Classes being to fix a maximum of time and a minimum of wages, what do you *secondly* recommend?

A. That they should zealously endeavour to put an end to all injurious and all immoral habits, now prevalent amongst them, and especially intemperance; which habits, their excess of labour, and deprivation of moral and intellectual culture have greatly tended to produce. And that they should daily exhibit in their intercourse with each other and with the world, the *Christian virtues of forbearance, charity, and kindness, and upon all occasions show a* readiness to return *good for evil* and *blessing for cursing* after the example of *the Great Redeemer* of mankind; until by a perseverance in such conduct, the evils which now afflict society shall be greatly diminished, if not removed.

23. Q. Do you believe that a Union of the Productive and Useful Classes is calculated to bring about such a virtuous, intelligent, and happy state of society?

A. Yes; by the blessing of God, great advances might be made towards it, if both employers and employed can now be induced to unite, in measures the most obvious, for their mutual benefit.

24. Q. But should either one or both be yet ignorant to comprehend this enlarged interest which you have described, what course should be adopted?

A. If both parties are not yet sufficiently informed, to perceive the overwhelming interest which they have in these measures, then the intelligent and best disposed who *do* understand these principles, and know the benefits they will produce when applied to practice, are called upon by their desire for happiness, to use every means in their power to enlighten both parties for their mutual advantage.

25. Q. But suppose the employers should not now perceive these things, as they do not suffer *so much evil* from the present practices *as the operatives whom they employ*, and that the latter *should* discover the *full* extent of the errors of the principle, by which their labour is called into action, what course would it be wise and prudent for the employed to adopt, to put an end, in the shortest time, to the unnecessary misery which they and their families now experience?

A. They have but one course left for them to pursue—they must *unite* as all other associations of men have done for their mutual safety and interest, and by their *union* induce the most *enlightened* of their *employers*, and the *public* to aid them, to do without the assistance of such of their present employers as cannot be induced to join them in these fundamental measures for their own security, and the regeneration of society.

26. Q. Is the time arrived for this great change to be effected, without throwing society into confusion, or doing a greater evil by raising some portion of society in the scale of happiness, and depressing other large portions, perhaps the greater number?

A. We believe the time *is* come, when this highly-to-be-desired change may be accomplished not only without any real injury to any portion of mankind, but also with the most substantial permanent advantage to the whole of the human race, and moreover we are persuaded that the *present* system cannot proceed without producing the violent and complete breaking up of society; for it is evident that the diffusion of knowledge (partial as it now is) and the existence of almost any degree of liberty, are utterly incompatible with the increasing depression of honest industry in our own country especially.

27 Q What is the object intended to be attained by the establishment of the Regenerating Society?

A. The happiness of the human race.

28. Q. By what means?

A. First, by introducing into *every day's practice*, the fundamental precepts of the Christian religion—universal charity and kindness: secondly, through the abandonment of the commercial principle of *individual competition:* and thirdly, by a suppression of immorality.

29. Q. Cannot the Christian precepts of charity and love be practised under the commercial system of individual competition?

A. No, never; and it is in vain longer to continue the useless attempt.

30. Q Then all sincere friends of Christianity and Truth must ultimately adopt these practical measures?

A. Without the adoption of such a plan, we do not see how the fundamental precepts of the Christian religion can be effectually carried into practice.

31. Q. What will be the consequences of delay and procrastination?

A. NATIONAL CONFUSION AND RUIN.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

THE THREE WESTMINSTER BOYS.

PART FIRST.

IN Mrs. Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine, we find in her "Nights of the Round Table," the following pleasing article. We recommend it especially to our young readers:

The Magic Lantern, which belonged to Mr. Dodsley, was elegantly and ingeniously formed. He chose to exhibit its wonders himself; and, story and picture aiding and illustrating each other, agreeably occupied several nights of the round table.

"Peep, and tell us what you see, Charles," said the Reverend showman to our old friend Charles Herbert.—"An old building, forms, desks, a lofty large room, many boys and youths, and three apart and prominent."—"Let *me* look," cried Sophia,—"Westminster school, I declare! and those three boys!—one very noble and graceful; the next dark, thoughtful, resolute, with keen eyes, and compressed lips; and the third—O! how gently, yet brightly he smiles, dear bashful boy, as his dark, bold companion extends his arm, haranguing

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and pointing forward to some high distant object!—A picture is it,—a figure in state robes? —or is it to the insignia, blazoned on that desk? —Nay, I daresay he wishes to be head-master."

"Have you all seen the three school-fellows?" asked Mr. Dodsley; "look at them well, for here they part on the path of life, never to meet again. Presto! change:—What see you now, Sophia?"—"Still the stern dark youth, and the gentle timid one:—they are older now, but I know them well. The noble-looking boy has disappeared. The scene seems chambers in the temple. Through an open window I have a glimpse of gardens: piles of huge books are lying on tables, floors, and shelves. The dark resolute youth pores on a black-letter folio, and makes as it were notes and extracts. The other leans by the window, gazing over the gardens, a small open volume fluttering in his relaxed hand. Ha! I read on it "Thomson's Seasons.'"—"Yes, Sophia, your gentle law-student is an idle rogue; he has been seduced into the 'primrose paths of poesy'—let us see the result;—meanwhile here is another picture."—"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried the admiring girl, "A large ship!"—"An outward bound Indiaman," said Mr. Dodsley.—"All her sails set," continued Sophia. "How proudly, how statelily she ploughs her way, breasting the waters like a swan. And there, on her deck, that noble gentleman, the third Westminster boy,—and yet not he,—walking so proudly as if in accordance with the majestic motion of the brave ship. I am glad to meet him again:—and all those military attendants—the gaudily-dressed musical band,—the plumed officers,—and he the centre of all! What a great man he must be, and how well honour becomes him."

"Shall we follow his progress to the East, or return to yonder gloomy, sombre chamber in the temple?"—"Both," cried several young eager voices; "we must trace them all,—all the three school-fellows."

The next view was of a large Oriental city, its architectural splendour and magnificence of outline glittering in the dazzling, but uncertain brilliance of the morning sun; domes and minarets, Mahomedan mosques, and Indian pagodas, fountains, and palaces, and stately dwellings, sparkling in the outpouring of the increasing flood of intense and golden light. Over this scene were grouped and scattered Mussulmans, Arab warriors, Brahmins and Sepoys,—all in diversified and picturesque costumes,—ornamental palanquins, European officers richly dressed, and mounted on beautiful horses; elephants prancing in their splendid trappings; females and children, their dark skins and silky hair, and large black eyes, contrasting with their white and gaudily spangled dresses; dancing girls, and marabouts,—all, in short, that could compose a picture of Oriental beauty and splendour; and that princely man, now of middle age, on the large white elephant, still the centre of all.

The scene changed slightly, and discovered the interior of the magnificent saloon of a residence that appeared royal, where the noble figure, whom Sophia still rightly declared the third boy of Westminster school, received, in Oriental state, homage, paid with the lowliest prostrations of the East, from a long train of nawaubs, rajahs, and envoys, illustrious captives or princely tributaries, whom his policy or his prowess had subdued to the dominion of England. Royal and magnificent were all about him; his aspect grave, dignified, and elate, his step and air majestic; yet the shadow of deep, anxious thoughts, of heart struck care, at times darkened his embrowned visage. Whence then had fled the generous, sunny, open smile, that lightened the grey walls of Westminster school;—the noble, free expression of the younger man, who so proudly trode the deck of the outward-bound Indiaman?

"Alas! what change!" said Sophia; "I almost dread, yet long to follow him farther."

Dim, troubled, misty scenes next flitted by; battles hid in smoke and obscurity; the wide plain of Hindostan flooded or desolate,—naked huddled millions, signs of disaster, famine, and misery; and in the foreground still that princely man, his features ploughed with care, knitting his brow in fierce anger and disdain, stamping on the ground, while his eastern slaves cowered around him, as he hastily perused letters and despatches, his English secretary, attendants, and aides-de-camp standing back, anxiously scanning his looks, and reading his troubled mind in his working and eloquent features.

The scene passed, and he was next seen in an English ship, more stately if possible than the former vessel, freighted with all the rich and rare productions of the East; but the bright look had waxed dim, the buoyant step of the outward-bound voyager was now heavy and slow. Anon, and he lay reclined on a couch on the deck, under a silken and gold awning. A physician felt his pulse; black servants in splendid costumes fanned him; others approached with profound salams, bearing perfumes, and offering service, as they might have done to a divinity. Indifferent to all, his eye remained riveted on one paper, on a few cabalistic words, which, like the damned blood-spot on the hand of Lady Macbeth, would not out, could not sweeten.

"Turn we again to England," said Mr. Dodsley, shifting the scene, "to our stern ambitious, iron-minded man, of invincible purpose, of unconquerable perseverance and, let me add, of strong intellect, and yet stronger ambition:—there you see him, the slough of the Temple cast, in the King's Bench, in the Court of Chancery, in the Commons' House of Parliament, every energy of his mind in perpetual activity, already surrounded by satellites, the ministers or slaves of his will, subdued by that mighty and resistless will to its own purposes of selfish aggrandizement, of intrigue and political ambition, and, it may occasionally be, of pure patriotism. And now, every obstacle overcome, underminded, or boldly trampled under foot, see him make one grand spring to reach the height at which every act of his life has aimed; while all men, the stronger as well as the feebler spirits, give way to his resistless progress, or cheer him on to the spot where lie the coveted rich robes, the patents, and the purses, and by these the mighty insignia of the Lord High Chancellor of England."

"I begin to long for a glimpse of our gentle boy now," said Sophia, "dreaming over his 'Thomson's Seasons.' Has he been borne down by the torrent which has carried his bold and daring companion so high and far?—Our gentle interesting boy!—has he been cast away like a weed, or has he cast away himself?"—"You shall judge," said Mr Dodsley,—"Here is our lost one——" And there he was, the very boy, developed in the thin melancholy, wo worn man, sitting lonely on a tombstone, under the elm of a country churchyard.—"He is curate of that church," said Sophia; "and I dare say he has lost his wife or his child. How refined and how expressive are his faded features; a look of meek resignation, stealing over the traces of some deep mysterious affliction."

"He never was in orders, nor yet had wife or child, my sprightly guesser," said Mr. Dodsley. "Mental blight, dark and fearful trial, and the utter desolation of worldly prospects, have passed all over him; but he is, as you see, better now,—there is even an occasional flash of humour kindling over those placid features,—of which, however, gentle kindness, deep, holy submission, is the fixed and habitual expression."

"It makes my heart ache to see him so far thrown out," said Sophia; "for even at Westminster I liked him best."—"He was my boy, too," cried Fanny. This was not quite correct, for Sophia had expressed strong sympathy with the "noble boy," as she called him, and great admiration of the oriental Vice-King; but Mr. Dodsley accepted her own interpretation of her altered feelings, and said, "He was 'a stricken deer that left the herd'—nor was he free from blame; but his dark hour is past. Shall we follow him to his humble abode, not far from those churchyard elms, or return to those scenes of splendour, of grandeur, of substantial wealth, of real power, in which his early compeers preside, guiding or wielding the energies and the destinies of nations?"

"Follow him, Sir," said Sophia; and the boys, though anxious for more stirring pictures of life, politely yielded to her wish. The quickly-shifting scenes exhibiting a dull, dingy, and even mean-looking house, in the centre of a small, fifth-rate market town, and again a low-roofed parlour in that house, very plainly furnished with things neither fine or new, and still less fashionable. Here sat an elderly, but comely gentlewoman knitting; and before her stood a plain tea equipage, waiting, as the next scene showed, the arrival of the loiterer under the churchyard elms, whom she seemed to welcome with the placid smile of long-tried affection. This scene looked brighter than the former. The old window curtain was let down, the old sofa wheeled in, the tea-kettle was steaming,—and it was singing also, no doubt, if pictures could give out sounds; the shadows of a blazing fire of wood, were dancing and quivering on walls and roof, and shining on all the polished surfaces of the furniture; and a couple of hares, at a touch, were seen in another scene, leaping from a box. They gamboled and wheeled on the well-brushed carpet, their benevolent master and protector looking on their sports, and caracoles, and gambades, with pleased, affectionate, and even interesting eyes.

"How lively those scenes—they are nature itself, Mr. Dodsley," said Miss Jane Harding. "Your magic lantern is the finest mimic representation of life I ever saw."

"I know whereabouts we are now," cried Sophia, in a low, earnest, yet delighted tone of voice. "Olney! Cowper, Mrs. Unwin!—Ah! sulky Tiney, and Mrs. Bess the vaulter!" "Let me see, let me see!" cried the younger children, and Sophia had now a much stronger object of interest than the pictured scene, which she left to Fanny and Charles, and the other little ones.

"But the studious, thoughtful youth, who pored over the folio in the temple," she cried, "the dark-browed, stern man of the Chancery Court, Cowper's early friend, who was he?

"Edward Thurlow, Lord High Chancellor of England."—"And that other boy—the Westminster scholar?" said Sophia.

"Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India. These three youths started from the same point. In birth, Cowper was certainly the most distinguished of the three;—of their respective talents we will not now speak—great men they all were—good men too, let us hope. The lot was cast into the lap. All started for the prize:—by routes how different did each gain the appointed place where all human travellers meet! What then were their gains?—which was happiest in his course of life? But we must follow them farther: true is the Italian proverb, which says that no man can be pronounced happy till he is dead! Which of the three Westminster boys became the best man? Which most nobly fulfilled his duties to his God, his country, and his kind? Which—now that they are all gone to their reward—enjoys the widest, the purest, the highest fame? Which remains the best model to the youth of England? Not one of the three faultless, without doubt; but which of these three great men comes nearest the mark at which you, my boys, would aim?"

"I suppose Lord Thurlow was Chancellor before Henry VII.'s time," said Fanny Herbert; and Charles added in explanation, "*Our* history of England only begins then, so we don't know Lord Thurlow. Sir Thomas More, you remem-

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ber, Fanny?—he was a merry, kind man, that Chancellor."

"Your history goes back to a decently remote period," said Mr. Dodsley, smiling at the observation of the young historians. "Lord Thurlow held this high office at a very recent date, in the reign of George III., at the same time that Mr. Hastings exercised the mighty government of the East, and Mr. Cowper lived in neglect and obscurity, composing his poetry."

"If we were to judge by our little audience," said Mrs. Herbert, "one of your questions, nay, perhaps two, are already answered. The modest poet, living apart in that nameless obscurity, already enjoys not only a higher, but a more universal fame than either of his youthful compeers. All our good little folks here know him, less or more, in his daily life, as well as in his beautiful verse; they read him, and quote him, and love him; and, by daily draughts from his stores of wisdom and of love, nourish their moral and intellectual nature to a strength and stature it might never otherwise have attained."

"I fear you are a confirmed Cowperite," said Miss Harding to her sister. "But what say you, young gentlemen?"

"Hastings for me!" cried Mr. Frank Cansadine, the Irish youth. "Hastings, Prince and Conqueror!"—"And for me the woolsack," cried George Herbert. "I would rather, I think just now,—but I may change my mind,—be High Chancellor of England, than England's Sovereign; to the one a prince is born, the other a *man* must achieve."

"If," said Norman Gordon, the Scottish youth, "one could be an Eastern Vice-king, or English Chancellor, and author of the 'Task' at the same time, one would be at no loss to decide;" and he half laughed at the profound silliness of his own cautious conclusion.

"You would unite impossibilities, Mr. Norman," said the Curate. "Cowper's poetry required not only an original cast or bias of mind, but a preparatory course of life, and a mental discipline quite peculiar—very different, indeed, from that of a lawyer and politician or Eastern legislator and conqueror. We must take our three school-boys and men exactly as we find them; and determine the claims, and estimate the happiness of each on his own merits, nor think of what might have been."

The younger children liked pictures better than discussion; so the whole group solicited Mr. Dodsley to proceed with his exhibition, which he did, still adhering to the original idea.

NATURAL HISTORY.

SELTZER WATER.

(By the Author of "Bubbles" from the Brunnen of Nassau.)

Seltzer water—to all sojourners in hot climates is one of the most healthful of luxuries. Some like the water pure and unmixed, others dash a little sugar only in the glass, Germans generally prefer it with Rhine-wine, and French voluptuaries with Champagne, while many of the softer sex appear to be of opinion that the most delicious of all compounds is Seltzer water and milk. We do not enter into this controversy.

'The moment we entered the great gate of the enclosure, which, surrounded by a high stone wall, occupies about eight acres of ground, our first impression was: that we had discovered a new world inhabited by brown stone bottles, for in all directions were they to be seen—rapidly moving from one part of the establishment to another—standing actually in armies on the ground—or piled in immense layers or strata. Such a profusion and such a confusion of bottles, it had never entered human imagination to conceive.

'On approaching a large circular shed, covered with a slated roof, but open on all sides, we found the single brunnen, or well, from which this celebrated water is forwarded to almost every city in the world. A small crane with three arms, to each of which there was suspended a square iron crate or basket, a little smaller than the brunnen, stands about ten feet off; and while peasant girls with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, are rapidly filling one crate containing seventy bottles, a man turns the third by a winch, until it hangs immediately over the brunnen, into which it then rapidly descends. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling of course takes place; but in about twenty seconds this having subsided, the crate is raised; and while seventy more bottles descend from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls bear off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, and range them in several long rows, upon a large table or dresser. No sooner are they there, than two men with surprising activity put a cork into each, while two drummers, with a long stick in each of their hands, hammering them down, appear as if they were playing upon musical glasses. Another set of young women now instantly carry them off, four or five in each hand, to men who with sharp knives slice off the projecting part of the cork; and this being over, the poor jaded bottles are delivered over to women, each of whom actually covers three thousand a day with white leather, which they firmly bind with packthread round the corks,—then a man seated beside, without any apology, dips each of their noses into the boiling hot rosin: before they have recovered from this operation the Duke of Nassau's seal is stamped upon them—and off they are hurried, sixteen and twenty at a time, to magazines where they at length repose in readiness for exportation. When it is considered that a three-armed crane is drawing up bottles seventy at a time, from three o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night (meal hours excepted), it is evident that without very excellent arrangement some of the squads either would be glutted with more work than they could perform, or would stand idle with nothing to do. No one, therefore, dare either to hurry or stop: the motto of the place might be that of old Goethe's ring with the star upon it—*ohne hast, ohne rast—haste not, rest not!*

'Having followed a set of bottles from the brunnen to the store, where we left them resting from their labour, we strolled to another part of the establishment, where were empty bottles calmly waiting for their turn to be filled. We here counted twenty-five bins of bottles, each four yards broad, six yards deep, and eight feet high. A number of young girls were carrying (each thirty-four of them at a time) on their heads to an immense trough, which was kept constantly full by a large fountain-pipe of beautiful clear fresh water. The bottles were filled brim-full (as we conceived for the purpose of being washed), and were then ranged in ranks, or rather solid columns, of seven hundred each. . . . . .

'We had no sooner, as we thought, bidden adieu to bottles—than we saw, like Birnham Wood coming to Dunsinane, bottles approaching us in every possible variety of attitude. It appears that all the inhabitants of Nieder Selters are in the habit of drinking in their houses this refreshing water; but as the brunnen is in requisition by the Duke all day long, it is only before or after work that a private supply can be obtained; no sooner, therefore, does the evening bell ring, than every child in the village is driven out of its house to take empty bottles to the brunnen. The children really looked as if they were made of bottle. Some wore a pyramid in baskets on their heads; some were laden with them, hanging over their shoulders before and behind—some carried them strapped round their middle—all had their hands full, and the little urchin that could scarcely walk came hugging in its arms a single bottle. The road to the brunnen is actually strewed with fragments, and so are the ditches; and when the reader considers, besides all he has so patiently heard, that bottles are not only expended and exported, but actually *made* at Nieder Selters, he must admit that no writer can possibly do justice to that place, unless every line of his description contains at least once the word bottle.

'As soon as I reached the village inn, I found there all the slight accommodation I required: a tolerable dinner soon smoked on the table before me; and feeling that I had seen quite enough for one day of brown stone bottles, I ventured to order (merely for a change) a long-necked glass bottle of a vegetable fluid superior to all the mineral water in the world.

'In the morning, previous to returning to the brunnen, I strolled for some time about the village; and the best analysis I can offer of the Selters water, is the plain fact, that the inhabitants who have drunk it all their lives, are certainly by many degrees the healthiest and ruddiest looking peasants I have any where met with in the Duchy of Nassau.'

Next day being Sunday, the travellers had the locality of the brunnen to themselves:—

'In the middle of the great square were the stools on which the cork-covering women had sat, while, at some distance to the left, were the solid regiments of uncorked bottles, which I had seen filled brim-full with pure crystal water the evening before. On approaching this brown-looking army, I was exceedingly surprised at observing, from a distance, that several of the bottles were noseless, and I was wondering why such ones should ever have been filled, when, on getting close these troops, I perceived, to my uttermost astonishment, that about one-third of them were in the same mutilated state. The devastations which had taken place resembled the riddling of an infantry regiment under a heavy fire, yet few of our troops, even at Waterloo, lost so great a proportion of their men as had fallen in twelve hours among these immoveable phalanxes.

'The governor was good enough to inform me, that bottles in vast numbers being supplied to the duke from various manufactories, in order to prove them they are filled brim-full (as I had seen them) with water, and being left in that state for the night they are the next morning visited by an officer of the autocrat, whose wand of office is a thin, long-handled little hammer. It appears that the two prevailing sins to which stone bottles are prone, are having cracks and being porous, in either of which cases they of course in twelve hours leak a little. The officer, who is judge and jury in his own court-yard, carries his own sentences into execution with a rapidity which even our Lord Chancellor himself can only hope eventually to imitate. Glancing his hawk-like eye along each line, the instant he sees a bottle not brim-full, without listening to long-winded arguments, he at once decides "that there can be no mistake, that there shall be no mistake," and thus, at one tap of the hammer, off goes the culprit's nose—"So much for Buckingham!"—*Bubbles*, p. 330.

The bottles filled for exportation in 1832 were, according to the governor's book—*large*, one million thirty-three thousand six hundred and sixty-two;

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small, two hundred and sixty-one thousand five hundred and twenty-one: and besides this there is a *gratis* consumption on the spot, and its immediate vicinity, of at least half a million of bottles. The large bottles, when full, are sold at the brunnen for thirteen florins a hundred. The duke's profit in 1832, deducting all expenses, appeared to be as nearly as possible fifty thousand florins; and yet this brunnen was sold to his highness's ancestor for a single butt of wine!

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potatoe-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"God's 'bud! Terry, man, what would you be afther doing there wid them praties, an' Phelim O'Loughlan's berrin' goin to take place? Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait."

"Och! no, sis Terry! I must dig this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confesshin to Father O'Higgins, who houlds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother take the stashin!" sis Mick, "sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties." as he said, went over to Father O'Higgins, where he was shewn into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen-fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and wished the childer "had it at home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he," will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it, an' it wou'd be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gorsoons at home, to say nothin iv meself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying—"I won't take it—why wou'd I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," repeated he, "an' its nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? an' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it!"

Well, into his great coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kil't an' ruin'd, horse an' foot, now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary at all, at all? By gaunies! I must thry an' make the best of it, any how," says he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Och! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only, sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never having done the like's afore, sur, niver!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your Riverince, I will tell it; but, sir, I'm ashamed like!"

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your Riverince, I wint one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' ingaged, I was shewed into the kitchin to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hangin' in the chimbly-corner. I looked at id, your Riverince, an' my teeth begin to wather. I don't know how id was, sur, but I suppose the Divil timpted me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

Why then, your Riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your Riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God; but first an' foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaize, sur."

Terence received absolution, and went home, rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

SMOKING.

(By the Author of "Bubbles," with a Note from the Quarterly Review.)

Almost all German lords of the creation hid themselves in holes and corners to enjoy smoking their pipes,—and surely nothing can be more filthy, nothing can be a greater waste of time and intellect, than this horrid habit. If tobacco were even a fragrant perfume, instead of stinking as it does, still the habit which makes it necessary to a human being to carry a large bag in one of his coat-pockets and an unwieldy crooked pipe in the other, would be unmanly: besides creating an artificial want, it encumbers him with a real burden, which, both on horseback and on foot, impedes his activity and his progress: but when it turns out that the said artificial want is a nasty, vicious one—when it is impossible to be clean if you indulge in the habit,—when it makes your hair and clothes smell most loathsomely,—when you absolutely pollute the fresh air as you pass through it,—when, besides all this, it corrodes the teeth, injures the stomach, and fills with red inflammatory particles the naturally cool, clear, white brain of man,—it is quite astonishing that these Germans, who can act so sensibly during so many hours of the day, should not have strength of mind enough to trample their tobacco bag under their feet, throw their reeking sooty pipes behind them, and learn (I will not say from the English, but from every bird and animal in the state of nature) to be clean; though certainly, whatever faults there may be in our manners, our cleanliness is a virtue which, above every nation *I* have ever visited, pre-eminently distinguishes us in the world. During the time which was spent in this stinking vice, I observed that people neither interrupted each other nor did they very much like to be interrupted,—in short, it was a sort of siesta with the eyes open, and with smoke coming out of the mouth. Sometimes, gazing out of the window of his hof, we saw a German baron in a tawdry dressing-gown and scull cap, (with an immense ring on his dirty fore-finger,) smoking, and pretending to be thinking; sometimes we winded a creature, who, in a similar attitude, was seated on the shady benches near the Stahl brunnen: but these were exceptions to the general rule, for most of the males had vanished, we know not where, to convert themselves into automatons which had all the smoky nuisance of the steam-engine without its power.'—*Bubbles*, pp. 216-219.

Our author says pretty truly, that man is the only unclean animal—perhaps no unsubdued living creature is ever happy for a moment when not perfectly *clean*. He is also quite right in saying that the use of tobacco is carried to a most disgusting and unhealthy extent in Germany; but no such *counterblast* as the above 'bubble' will produce any abatement of the nuisance. The universal answer will be, 'The gentleman does not smoke—so much the worse of him. He prefers his bottle of port and his snuff-box to Johannesberg and a Meerschaum. *De gustibus non disputandum.*' As regards ourselves, we have only one remark to offer; and that is, that we heartily wish the regulation, which almost all over Germany forbids *smoking in the streets,* were introduced in England. At certain times of every day Regent Street, so well entitled to form the principal *promenade* of London, is rendered intolerable to all decent persons by the eternal whiffing and spitting of Spanish Patriots and shopboys in fine waistcoats.

ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS.

1. "Beware of what acquaintances are formed. It sometimes happens that emigrants are thrown upon arrival, among classes who have formed a jaundiced opinion of every thing around them—of the colony, of its administration, its resources, its general state and condition; and whose chief delight now is in gaining proselytes to their own notions. Whatever information these communicate, will be tinged by the state of their own minds; and as a general rule, therefore, every thing that so reaches the ear of the emigrant should be received by extreme caution. Equally to be guarded against are another class, or those who always view things in their brighest colours; for a young colony presents of itself a peculiar field for the man of enterprise and speculation, and if these be nourished by too much encouragement from persons whose acquaintance with the place lends a sanction to their opinions, magnificent schemes are sometimes formed without duly considering the impediments that lie in the way, one which, instead of ever being completed, bring ruin on the projector.

"2. Beware of becoming a politician or of belonging to party. An emigrant should leave all things of this sort in the country to which he has bid adieu. He cannot afford to have his mind or his time divided between what his new avocations demand of him and such pursuits as these. Delightful as they may be also, they are perfectly out of place in a young colony, the governing principal of whose inhabitants should be the moral coveyed in the bundle of sticks. Let an emigrant once take a greater interest in cobbling the affairs of government than in cultivating his land, and it requires little of the spirit of prescience to fortel what will be his fate.

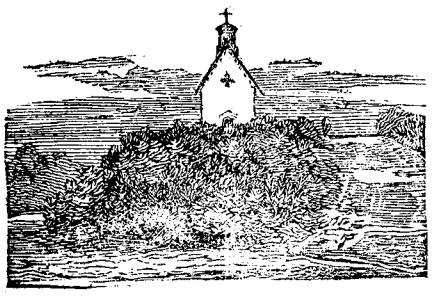
3. "Never forget you are in a country where, for a few years at least, prudence requires that the veil of oblivion should be drawn over many of the comforts, and still more of the luxuries of life, to which, perhaps, you have been accustomed for many years. Whatever may be your circumstances, things of this sort cannot be indulged in for a time without departing from those maxims of prudence which have been already inculcated.

"4. Be extremely cautious how you are led into making purchases, or forming bargains of any sort. Almost every one you meet will have the best horse, the best cattle, sheep &c., the island produces, for sale; but let the second best be good enough for you; or rather remember, that there is nothing so good that something

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else may not be found which will equally answer the purpose; or, again, that it is better sometimes to be without a thing a week than to have it one day too soon."

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.



(RONDEBOSCH.)

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me
When Village bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour
Spent in Thy hallowed courts, O Lord—
To feel Devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of Thy word.

And, dear to me, the loud 'Amen,'
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And, dear the simple melody,
Sung with the notes of rustic art;
——— That holy, heavenly harmony,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall;
But, on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends and dries them all.

Oft when the world with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then, dear to me, the Sabbath morn,
The village bell, the pastor's voice—
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

——— Go, *man of pleasure*, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours are the prophet's car of fire,
Which bears us to a Father's arms!

(CUNNINGHAM.)

THE BELGIANS.

THE Flemings are the great-grandfathers of us Englishman; a native of the northern countries has only to go there, and find the language, people, manners, scarcely differing from their own. There is no reason, in these days of steam-boats, why England and Belgium should not be connected in as close a bond of intimacy as Westminster and Southwark. One thing only is wanting,—to get rid of the oppressors at home. The Belgians have their oppressors, in the shape of a *manufactory* interest. These are the Dutch faction; and their object is to prevent the introduction of British goods, and keep up the remnant of the old "Continental Sykin."—(*Westminster Review, No.* 39; *Article, Importance of Belgian Independence.*)

RUSSIA—*v*—INDIA.

THE theory of preserving India from Russia is brief; give the Indians all that England *can* give them and Russia will not, and multiply Englishman to be the distributors. The Russians take India!—they had better think of defending Petersburg. The Russian Empire will be split into six republics, one and indivisable, before Russia gives or receives the knout at Calcutta.—(*Ib.*)

RURAL ECONOMY.

To Destroy Moles in a Garden.—Collect earthworms, kill them, and mix them with the powder of *nux vomica*. After the mixture has remained for 24 hours, take the worms and place one or two here and there in the routes and holes of the moles.—(*Bulletin Universel.*)

MALTHUSIAN DELUSION.

THE evidence of the Committee of the House of Commons on the state of agriculture, (1833) which occupies 700 folio pages, states the following interesting fact:—"That there are not more labourers in England than could be beneficially employed in the cultivation of the soil, provided the farmers could afford to employ them." This single established fact is quite sufficient to demolish the whole Malthusian theory of the possibility of the population increasing beyond the means of subsistence.

LITERATURE.

[WE have just caught a glance at a Publication of some interest (as its title indicates,) to the inhabitants of the Colony. The following flattering and partly ridiculous notice of the Work is extracted from the *New Monthly Magazine*. The Reviewer was not probably aware, however, of the singular *Omissions* which is understood by better judges to be characteristic of Mr. Kay's Travels]

Travels and Researches in Caffraria; describing the Character, Customs, and Moral Condition of the Tribes inhabiting that portion of Southern Africa; with Historical and Topographical Remarks, illustrative of the State and Prospects of the British Settlement on its Borders, the introduction of Christianity, and the progress of Civilization. By Stephen Kay, Corresponding Member of the South African Institution, &c.

The civilization of the immense savage population with which the British possessions in Southern Africa are environed is becoming every day, both in a moral and political sense, a matter of deep and increasing moment. Under this impression we have perused the small but judicious work before us with feelings of far greater interest than its varied contents, amusing as they are, would otherwise have excited.

With extensive opportunities for observation, it fortunately happened that the present author combined a spirit of investigation and the advantage of much general information; so that, independently of its serious object, the work is valuable as a book of travels, contains more miscellaneous information than a single volume of such a size would seem to promise.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Kay, as to the propriety of rendering missionary stations, when *discreetly* managed, the foundation of our commercial intercourse with the coloured *Africanders;* but, from a strong impression that it will be from the promontory of Africa that the tide of civilization, with the blessings of Christainity and freedom, will ultimately overflow the whole of that immense continent, we would place far more stress than he has done on the propriety, nay, the necessity (in a political sense), of the appointment by Government of civil agents to reside with the different tribes, as advised by his Majesty's Commissioners in their Report on the Cape.

With the same views we would strongly recommend that the original costume of the Kaffer nation—the kilt, &c.—should be carefully retained, as the partial assumption of a second-rate European dress would soon render them ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of their inland neighbours, and effectually counteract the force of their example in more important matters.

For information in some particulars which he considered beyond his purpose, the author has very properly referred the reader to other works, among which we would requote those by Lichtenstein and Thompson, with the addition of the delightful "Letters from Southern Africa," by Rose, not mentioned, but really entitled to high praise for their descriptions of the sublime and beautiful in landscape.

In concluding we would remark, that, though rather too much inclined to the gloomy side of the picture, the view of the native tribes, as given by this writer, fully accords with our previous impression that they are the most intelligent, brave, generous, and picturesque race of savages known: indeed, their very vices and superstitions, dreadful as they are, frequently arise from untamed force of character and vigour of imagination, as the rankest weeds spring from the richest soil.

Some traditional records of the principal tribes are well condensed; and the historical details, quoted from Pringle, relative to the patriotic usurper and pretended prophet, Makana, are romantic and interesting. Upon the whole, we can only wish for many more such missionaries as Mr. Kay, and the fostering interference of a benevolent Government, to render the now wild *Africanders* of the wilderness, in less than half a century, most important allies to the British Crown in Africa.

SELECT NOTICES.

WE find by the English papers, that the opposition to the Church Establishment continues to rage with redoubled vigour. We look at this question as one of the most remarkable "signs of the times," and watch its progress with sincere interest. The form under which the opposition manifests itself, is naturally affected by the civilization and intelligence of the age. In days of an imperfect refinement and scanty literature, this hatred would unsheathe the sword, and light the pile. The savage violence is gone, but new weapons are taken up. There is the unhallowed portion of the press—the specious sophistry—the licentious effrontery of sceptical writings—the dogmas of unassisted reason—the siren strains of a voluptuous poetry—the noisy brawling of the political infidel demagogue—all waging war against the apostolic churches of England and Scotland.

In the month of January, the Church of Christchurch, (Surry) was abandoned by its different officers. The clock was stopped, and there were no churchwardens, no bell-ringers, no pew-openers, no fires; but a congregation attended, and a clergyman of the name of South addressed the people, his services being

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afforded gratuitously. He dwelt much on the modern persecution of the church.——*Denmark.*—The King of Denmark having been plentifully supplied with all sorts of books and pamphlets by many of the people of England, has put forth an official notice stating, that if the practice be pursued the packets will not be taken in.——*Sweden.*—The Stockholm papers congratulate the King on his having relieved the country from foreign debt.——*Duke of Wellington.*—His Grace has been installed Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The Duke pronounced his Latin address in a most excellent and impressive manner. It was classical in style, and in substance eloquent.——*Tradesmen in Paris and London.*—The vulgar English notion of a French tradesman, is that of a cringing, bowing, servile fellow. The truth is, there is more servility behind a single counter in Bond street or Pall Mall, than in all the commercial Houses of Paris united! The counter of a Parisian tradesman is his throne, and his customers may come and bow to it. He descants upon the merits of his wares, not as if he wanted to sell them, but as if proud of them. He sends no goods out for inspection; and only despatches them home when bought, at his own time and convenience. They are paid for on delivery: *no credit is given* No offer, as in a London shop, to *procure* the article wanted; no assidiousness, no obsequiousness! The spectacle daily to be observed in the streets of London of well-dressed men, decently-educated men, standing bare-headed in the wind, rain, or snow, while the women in their snug carriages are playing with rolls of ribbons, rumpling pieces of silk, &c. is utterly unknown in Paris. Much of this independence, however, may be ascribed to the ready money system. Tradesmen are not, as in London, at the mercy of their customers. Great names are not inscribed year after year, and permanently, in their books of credit.—(Tait.)——*Government.*—The Radicals, a party so called in Great Britain, are quite delighted at the idea of naming the following persons as perfectly qualified for office. They publish the list in alphabetical order to avoid any invidious precedence!!! Oh!—Mr. C. Buller, Mr. E. Bulwer, Mr. Clay, Lord Durham, Mr. Hume, Mr. Grote, Mr. Loydd, Sir W. Wolesworth, Mr. O'Connell, Sir H. Parnell, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. J. Romilly, Mr. Faithful, Mr. Shutt, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Warburton and Mr. Cobbett.!——*A good Man of Business.*—Pitt used to say of Sir John Anstruther, that he was the best attendant on his duties of any member of Parliament.—"He was never present at a debate, nor absent from a division, from the time Parliament sat until it rose."——*Watering Places.*—When there was a difficulty in getting to these places of summer resort, (Margate, for instance,) then *all London* was anxious to visit Margate. But the mind wants excitement, and now because people can reach Margate by steam, (at rates ridiculously cheap) nobody visits Margate. According to the papers, the public buildings are falling to decay, and the grass growing in the streets.——*The Polar Expedition.*—Capt. Ross and his nephew have dined with His Majesty at Windsor, and Capt. R. is not a little astonished at the geographical knowledge displayed by the King on this occasion.——*Belgium.*—Prince Leopold has introduced steam carriages in Belgium with great success. He has also introduced a system of national education for the people, on a plan similar to that of the system founded by the disinterested Joseph Lancaster.——*Silk.*—"Silk," observed a Turkish peasant to Mr. Urquhart, "has been yellow gold to us for years past, it requires no sowing or reaping in the field—no cattle, implements, or seed.——*New Testament.*—In all the New Testament there is not one example of the *Dual Number.*——*Patrons.*—Patrons are but too apt to reward their authors with compliments instead of something more substantial. Sorbiere, being treated in this manner by Pope Clement IX. complained in the following terms:—"Most holy Father, you give ruffles to a man who is without a shirt."——*The Chancellor.*——Lord Brougham has pledged himself to bring in a Bill next Session, by which his own salary is to be reduced from £14,000 a-year to £8,000 a-year.

ADDITIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SUGGESTIONS OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

[We earnestly recommend the attention of the Public Authorities to the following observations, communicated by no common observer of men and things. They are written, we are fully aware, without any reference to the gentlemen at the head of the Town Administration,—who appear to perform their duties in proportion to the means placed at their disposal. The general state of the town, buildings, bridges, the fish-market, shambles, and the shores of Table Bay, seem to require legislative inquiry without delay.]

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Allow me through the medium of your columns to bring to the notice of the proper Authorities, the disgustingly filthy—the loathsome and highly insalubrious condition of the streets of Cape Town. It can surely only require pointing out in the proper quarter, the evils which must necessarily result from the state of the streets adverted to, to obtain the subject that attention it so justly and earnestly demands. The subject being one, as I think I shall be able to make it appear, of really vital importance, and interesting every member of the community: health being of all blessings the most highly to be valued. For allow me, as a professional man, to say, that it is utterly impossible the air in Cape Town, polluted as it is by the heaps of filth, and foul state of the gutters of its streets, can be respired by its inhabitants with impunity.

The diseases at the summit of the scale of malarious influence, or which attend the respiration of malaria, or an impure and poisonous atmosphere—Cholera and Fever, it is true, have never, I believe, prevailed at Cape Town; the latter, I mean, in its more virulent and epidemic form, or the public attention would have long since been attracted to the subject; but nevertheless, an infinitude of minor ailments, flowing from the same cause—malarious influence, are of every day occurrence; affecting the system in the numerous disorders of the stomach—bowels and liver, and of the brain in nervous affections; head-ache, sore eyes, and rheumatism. Disorders, sufficiently characteristic of their origin, and too common in Cape Town to be undeserving of attention: and to this catalogue I might, and with justice, I am of opinion, have added, fever,—which, I believe, is of no uncommon occurrence.

Nature, perfect in all her works, has, for our preservation, endowed us with certain senses, to be exercised in discriminating and avoiding what is pernicious to our nature, rather than in the gratification of our appetites. The sense of taste for example; this bears the same relation to the stomach, as the sense of smell does to the lungs: and this, every one—man, woman, and child,—has the discrimination to exercise upon every proper occasion, and eject from the mouth as pernicious, and refrain from whatever is offensive or unsavory to the palate. But few regard the manifestations of a sense of infinitely more importance to the health and well-being of the animal—that of smell. Paramount in importance, inasmuch that the air, the pabulum vitæ, inspired through the nostrils, and subjected to this beautifully-ordained discriminating function, has from the lungs, into which it is received, immediate admission into the blood; and, consequently, should the manifestations of this sense be neglected, and the air inspired be vitiated, the blood thus polluted must, in circulation, at once contaminate the whole system; and hence fever, and the numerous nervous and anomalous affections which are of such constant occurrence in large towns, from the respiration of impure air. And impure air, that certainly will be considered, and poisonous too, circulating in Cape Town, with a knowledge of the fact, that one of the gasses most offensive to the smell, and exhaled from animal substances which (as fish and flesh) abound in Cape Town in a state of decomposition or putrefactive decay, is sulphuretted hydrogen—a gas, so highly deleterious to animal life, that a single inspiration of it has been known to produce apoplexy and death;—and experiments have also proved, that air contaminated with but one fifteen-hundredth part thereof, is shortly destructive to animals which have been exposed to its influence.

The influence of malaria on the human species, it may, however, be observed, will necessarily have reference to its intensity,—to its virulence with respect to composition,—to individual susceptibility to impression,—as well as to many other contingent and modifying agencies to which the system may be at the same time exposed,—and hence its various effects. For the same reasons, also, persons in the enjoyment of pretty robust health, may, and often have sufficient resisting power to its influence, and escape disease, as we see exemplified in persons subjected to many other causes of disease—epidemic influences and contagion: but not so the delicate and weakly, whose liabilities to disorder must be as proportionately increased.

Much, Mr. Editor, might be added, but enough has, I think, been said, to prove that the subject is one of the highest importance to every member of the community, and not undeserving the attention of the authorities I would direct to it. The disgustingly filthy state, and offensive smell of the streets in Cape Town, not only being a great nuisance to every individual passing through them, but what is of much more importance is, that their condition and polluted atmosphere is highly pernicious to the health of its inhabitants. Before concluding, I may be permitted to direct attention to a few particulars in the way of remedy. It can hardly be necessary to point out how much every housekeeper is interested in keeping his premises and drains clean and as free from every bad smell as possible. The ventilation of the house, and free admission of air to every part of the premises, is also of much importance, seeing how much alone must the air be contaminated by the respiration of so many persons, as well as other animals existing about them. The servants in Cape Town should not be permitted to sweep the drains, and throw the dirt from houses into the streets; or if allowed, it should be at dawn of day, that it may be carted and removed before or soon after sun-rise. And on no account should the filth from the street-gutters be swept up, and be allowed to remain in heaps exposed to the influence of the sun and fermentation through the day: when the gutters and streets are swept, which should be as often as possible, the filth should be as instantly removed. Attention to these, and a few other particulars of the kind, that is to say, the removal of the fish-market, or at all events having it kept clean; and the same I would add of the shambles; and, flooding the huge drains, or, what is preferable, covering them, I am of opinion, would render Cape Town one of the most healthy in the world: its climate, soil, and situation being, in this respect,

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wholly unobjectionable. Whereas, should the subject be neglected, there is but too much reason to fear that Cape Town, at no very distant period, may be visited by Cholera, Epidemic Fever, or Dysentery: indeed, to the prevalence of South-Easters during the hot season preventing stagnation, ventilating the town, and purifying the air, it is alone, I am of opinion, that it has hitherto been exempted from some visitation of the sort.

MEDICUS.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By VIVIAN.



THE river of human life is divided into two streams—occupation and leisure; or, to express the thing more accurately, that occupation which is prescribed, and may be called the business of life, and that occupation which arises contingently, and not so much of absolute and set purpose, not being prescribed. It is good for every man to have some regular and stated occupation, and none are so much to be feared and shunned as those useless characters in a country—*your gentlemen at large.* Man may be practically too free: we were sent into the world under the condition, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." Let us rest assured that habits of industry inculcated in early life—

("Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it,")

is, of all other things, the great ingredient of human happiness. It is the idle, the lazy, the slothful, the negligent, the ignorant, that become the Devil's best servants. But with all this industry, this labour for daily bread, either by the pen,

"the plough, the mattock, and the spade,"—

some honest labour, no matter which, it is certainly most desirable that every man should have seasons of relaxation and leisure. Unhappy is the wretch whose condition is to be perpetually bound to the oar, and who is condemned to labour in one certain mode during all the hours that are not claimed by sleep, or as long as the muscles of his frame, or the fibres of his fingers will enable him to persevere. "Apollo himself," says the Poet, "does not always bend the bow."

It is thus that WE feel inclined to recreate each week of the month, by taking a few notes of the passing things around us. And we proceed in the present instance to glance at certain novelties which have attracted our attention during the last revolving period.

THE DISTILLERY.

Never did a man give a better proof of his fitness for the execution of a given work than Postlethwayte, when, in his Annals of Trade and Commerce, he observed—"These are the arts which keep the mass of the people in useful action, and their minds engaged upon inventions beneficial to the whole community; and this is that grand preservative against that barbarism and stupidity which ever attend an indolent and inactive or *prejudiced* community: the due cultivation thereof of practical manual arts in a country, has a greater tendency to polish and humanize mankind than mere speculative science, however refined and sublime it may be."

Attracted by the columns of smoke which issued from the elegant premises of Mr. Francis Collison, in the Somerset Road, we took a look at his new Distillery: it is really a beautiful specimen of the art of machinery, and is working with all the order and perfection of the heavenly bodies. The steam-apparatus is on the new and most approved principle for the distillation of spirits, essences, oils, &c. And possesses this advantage, that it is never found necessary to heat the juice above a temperature of 100°. Extracts prepared in this way are found to be greatly preferable to those obtained by evaporation at a high temperature; they are considerably stronger, as the active principles in the juices are not decomposed by re-action between their elements, favoured by heat; and they are free from all burnt or unpleasant flavour. There are not a great many *sights* at the Cape, (independently of the wonders of the polyglot family of human kind,) but the one above mentioned is decidedly worth contemplating.

THE STEAM MILL FOR GRINDING CORN.

Here is also a new introduction at the Cape, indicative of the march of mind. At the Steam Mill of Mr. Prince we behold engineering brought into active play, superseding the old powers of wind and water, and possessing, *it is said,* many singular advantages. But we solicit information on this head, and greatly as we admire the wonderful mechanical operations of the Steam Mill, we would simply desire to learn its economical advantages over the common wind-mill. A wind mill with four sails, let it be remembered, measuring 70 feet from the extremity of one sail to that of the opposite one, each being 6½ feet in width, is capable of raising 926lbs. 232 feet in a minute, and of working on an average 8 hours per day. This is equivalent to the work of 34 men; 25 square feet of canvass performing the average work of a day-labourer. A mill of this magnitude seldom requires the attention of more than two men.

THE CAPE FOUNDRY.

This introduction in the colony by Mr. Hunter, is most *striking* to those who never have witnessed the marvels of machinery. Here casting in iron, or the progress of converting fusible metal into any given form, by pouring it when in a liquid state into a mould, is at the Cape a source of novel attraction. Yet, because of its novelty, because it is a new introduction, it is a positive fact that there are men who shrug up their shoulders as to its importance! Hence the Foundry does not receive that encouragement which it deserves. It has many low, grovelling, sordid interests to contend with. *We are not ripe* for the thing is an exclamation which we have heard, whilst others look upon it as a sort of hell upon earth! It does not come within our scope to enumerate every article for which science and commerce are now indebted to the iron-founder; among the more striking may be mentioned those which have superseded the use of wood and stone; as frames for machinery, wagon-races, spandrils for roofs, columns, bridges, seats, bells, barges, and even churches; to say nothing of bearers, doors, window-frames, and the like, which have become common in our day.

THE BREWERY.

We mention this (*par excellence*) because it is in contiguity with the *sights* already enumerated, and because, moreover, it is really a well-arranged Whitbread's Brewery in miniature. It was designed, built, and set a-going by Mr. Le Breton; it has now become the property of the gentleman owning the Distillery. Success to malt and hops, say WE: and of these two things we can state with satisfaction, that we beheld at this Brewery the *Farnham pockets* in their true and original dress, and Cape barley in large quantities, purchased at our own market, weighing 51½ lbs. to the English bushel. These are no bad signs of a good brew.

DR. MCCARTNEY'S LECTURE.

On the evening of the 31st, Dr. McCartney entertained a numerous and distinguished audience in the Commercial Hall, by lecturing on the following passage from Shakspeare. It was accompanied with music, (by the band of amateurs under Mr. Biel.) The Lecture was well received.

—— "Look how the floor of Heaven
"Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,
"There is not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
"But in his motion like an angel sings,
"Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins,
"Such harmony is in immortal souls;
"But which this muddy vesture of decay
"Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

MR. FAIRBAIRN'S LECTURES ON EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

The resumed course of Lectures has taken place at the Exchange, and the last two of the present season have been decidedly the best.

BELL-RINGING.

We are glad (right glad,) to learn, that a ring of bells is at length ordered for St. George's Church, which church is now happily rearing its head far above the secularities of the things around it. The mysteries of bell-ringing are very great. It would take 91 years to ring the changes upon 12 bells, at the rate of two strokes to a second. The great merit of bell-ringing is, that of all devices which men have sought out for obtaining distinction by making a *noise in the world,* it is the most harmless.

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THE MIRACULOUS PILE OF STONES.

(FROM A TRAVELLER.)

IN the vicinity of Praamberg I passed a pile of stones about 25 feet square. and 8 in height, denominated by the boers "The Devil's Neck," owing to a tradition existing among the Bushmen, that at one time the arch-enemy was vanquished by some of their race, and buried at this spot. On approaching it, the Bushmen who were with me dismounted, and taking each a considerably larger stone placed it solemnly on the pile. One who spoke Dutch informed me that if they neglected to do this, the horses' necks would turn round, and that in future they themselves would be unsuccessful in hunting. He also stated, that if any Bushmen were sick, they repaired to this spot, and by rubbing the place where the pain was felt against the stones, they were relieved. A farmer who has long resided in this remote part of the colony, assured me that numbers of Bushmen have been seen rubbing themselves against the pile, exclaiming, "'t issi, 't issi,"—pain, pain.

DEPRESSED STATE OF THE *MARKET*.

AT a public sale the other day, at the Office of the High Sheriff, how much, think you, was the highest bidding for a Black Man? Why—Four Skillings!!!

PLANTING.

MANY of the ever-greens on the Parade were, by the violence of the winds of the last season, blown down. Many are the gaps which are now presented to the eye. By way of hint to all those whom it may concern, the season of planting is fast approaching, and we earnestly hope in a *restoration*.

ROAD TO STELLENBOSCH.

Our house-keeping book has of late caused a *chop-fallen* aspect on the pent-house of our brow. The prices of potatoes, butter, milk, and vegetables in general, are serious affairs to poor people like ourselves, as well as our neighbours in similar circumstances. Now we ask for no place or pension, but we request to be nearer a cheaper market than that presented by the monopoly one in the vicinity of Cape Town. And this can only be done by our lawful guardian, the Government of the country, and to *it* we look with confidence for some redress on the subject. We are much afraid (in reference to these high prices,) that Council would scarcely take up the business, at least that part of it holding *vested rights* in the high prices of parsley, onions, and potatoes, butter, and milk. Let us only get a new line of road to Stellenbosch, and a cheap and superior market will be brought to our very doors. Socially, economically, commercially considered, the matter is well worth the attention of Government.

Note.—Sir Henry Parnell has just published an excellent "Treatise on Roads," 8vo.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

WHY is Wales larger than England?—Because it contains more *Morgens*.

When is a bed no bed at all?—(*Cape* answer)—when it is a little *Buggy*.

When is *Stationery* no Stationery?—(Answer from the purchasers at the Stamp Office,)—When it is a little *runny*.

Why is a *Dutch*-woman's long legs like a couple of Telescopes?—Because they are a pair of *Verre-kykers—(far-kickers.)*

A COUNTRY CALL.

To the Inhabitants of Cape Town.

Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!

March, march! Church-street and George's street,
Pepper-steeg, Koffy-steeg, march forward in state!
March Grand Parade, and famed *Kromme-elboog-steeg*,
Which limps on its crutches like *Government Gate!*

Come from the *boards* of *broek* manufactories,
And ye who are crowded apart from fresh air,
Fly from the scene where Old Nick the chief actor is,—
From *Duns*, and *Per-centers*, and *Vanity Fair*.

March from your *pent-house*, Mynheer of the City,
Start for the country, oh! *run, neighbours, run!*
Up Clerk and Principal—for once—t'were a pity
To live all your lives, without *seeing* the sun.

Oh! think dearest *Capenaar*, how lovely the roses
And wild-flowers blooming, that perfume the air.
Oh! rusticate instantly—(*pas op* for your noses,)
Thro' *Zieken*-straat, *Boquet*-straat—*Hottentot*-square.

Think! think of the moon-beam that sleeps on the river,
Of the rock and *pure ocean*, the mountain and dell,
Of the foliage so bright, and the fir-trees that quiver,
And the fountain that plays in its own coolest cell!

Oh! think of these loveliest sentimentalities!
Your convict-like drudging *must* make a man spare;
Then quit the low scene of life's sordid realities,
Haste! haste to the hills and vales—*try* the fresh air!

DIALOGUE BETWEEN UNFORWAGT AND PRIMO, COOLIES, No. IIIIV. AND VXI.

Mi Massi givi pickkinino pappelo po Massi S. Massi S. give otro pickkinino pappelo, po esto. Banki givi parda po mia Sinore. Mia Sinore Bind Quart po Sinore S. cki suo pickkinino pappelo cki da po Massi S. fa paga a Banko o fa paga a kantore de fogo. Mia Massi zeegge ki sto Massa S. gi toma nova po centa parda, ko stampo, e cki Massa S. scriba zuo name a la Baasso e manda a Banko o Massa H. manda o Kantore de Fogo po Massa S. suo conto e cki esto Massa S. gagna tres po centa parda po sola scriba sua Nama—Massa Bind Quart.

DISCOVERY OF THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

MUCH theory is afloat on the subject of the lost ten tribes of Israel. The celebrated, and, we think, excellent Joseph Wolff, has done much by way of research to set the matter at rest. But we humbly conceive that he has failed so to do. And the truth is, the discovery belongs to OURSELVES.

That the Tribes of Judah and Benjamin flourish here, must be quite evident to all those who

'*Take their walks abroad.*'

And never, perhaps, on any particular occasion, did the Israelites muster stronger, and become a more conspicuous body, than at the trial of one of their brethren the other day for theft. But if we wish to meet the Tribes in all their

'Pride, pomp, and circumstance,'

we must take their Festival-day—*Saturday* in each week, and unite with them on

'*The Grand Parade.*'

Here they are in all their glorious diversities of size, shape, colour, country, and complexion:

'*Black, White, and Grey;*'—

"cherry-ripe" for all subjects connected with the immortal *rix*.

Here they are building all their felicities, placing all their hopes, and staking their very souls on the interests of those desultory masses of shapeless, unintelligible, and antediluvian things which find a welcome on

'*The Grand Parade.*'

Here they are, the happy monarchial inspectors of that bivouacry of invalided utensils which become the periodical "pride, grace, and ornament" of

'*The Grand Parade!*'

But from these tribes a new sect or branch has sprung. These are the bond-*ites*, the usury-*ites*, the twenty-per-cent.-*ites*, and the schepekennis-*ites*. As for the Hitt-*ites*, they have sadly degenerated, and never meet you face to face. This has arisen from their intermixture with the Africans, among whom there are many who promise much and perform little, who bluster, and storm, and rail, but never "come up to the scratch," whose wit and humour are strictly confined to some old saying of Frederick the Great or Voltaire, (handed down from father to son,) and whose courage is only conspicuous in challenging you—before the *Magistrate's Court*—or sending you an anonymous letter. This is the only species of gymnastics with which they are acquainted. As for the Amour-*ites*, they are to be found in town and country, and they quote Walter Scott in justification. And the Gad-*ites*—wait a little a good Sirs, no more of your wanderings without leave or license—*Lor is a going for to put* a *bit* in your mouths, and a drag-chain for your feet. You have no right *for* to sleep in, and sniff the open air! How dare you prefer the wild mountains for your home, rather than domicile in the towns and cities? Live in the bush, indeed! strange and uncivilized people! it must not be: *go-carts* are preparing for your benefit, and your nursery will be the *licensed* canteen! There is another branch which must not be forgotten—the Puh-*ites*. They profess *joint-stock* notions, and have set up in the building line—happily confined to churches. The Man-ass-*ites*, as they are found all over the world, will of course find relationship at the Cape. They are fond of exhibiting their persons, talking vastly big and fine, and puffing cigars. The Shuam-*ites*, (the cordwainers,) are extremely numerous at the Cape. The Team-*nites* are on their last legs: free trade has nearly closed the doors of Bohea and Company in St. George's-street. Those enumerated are especially connected with the Tribes in question; but these are times of great innovation—hence the Gett-*ites* and Hav-*ites*, are said to be about emigrating to other lands in consequence of heavy losses.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ON the 29th, the Annual General Meeting of the Subscribers took place, when the

Hon. A. OLIPHANT

was called to the Chair. The meeting was as usual an interesting one, and the attendance highly intellectual and respectable. The Annual Report of the Committee was read by the

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Hon. Sir Jno. Wylde, LL.D. who, with the following other gentlemen, took a share in the business of the day:—Dr. McCartney, Rev. J. Pears, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Sanford, Hon. Mr. Stoll, Sir John Truter, Mr. W. Hawkins, H. E. I. A., Mr. Advocate Cloete, Mr. Merrington, Mr. Clerke Burton, Mr. H. Buckton, &c.

A letter of resignation from Mr. W. Wilberforce Bird (a member of the Committee of the Library for the last ten years,) was read, and received with feelings of deep interest. The Meeting with one unanimous consent, passed a Resolution expressive of its deep regret, and acknowledged the powerful services of Mr. Bird at all times in furtherance of the prosperity of an Institution over which he had been so long one of its able guardians.

After some popular discussion, all the Resolutions (including the thanks of the Meeting to the Committee of the last year) passed unanimously, and the sense of the meeting having been taken by ballot, the following gentlemen were returned as duly elected to serve in Committee for the ensuing year:

G. Sanford, Esq.
Hon. Sir J. Wylde, LL. D.
John Murray, Esq. M. D.
John Marshall, Esq.
Mr. Advocate Cloete, LL. D.
Lieut.-Col. Thomson, R. E.
Rev. G. Hough, A. M.
Rev. Jas. Adamson, D. D.
Wm. Gadney, Esq.*

We were sorry to hear *a* remark thrown out against that regulation of the Library, which enjoins that its rare or expensive editions of the Bible shall be reserved within its walls. The same of the Book of Common Prayer—polyglot edition, forsooth!! Again, as to the works of fiction, there was some peppercorn of difference on this head. What we happen to know from due examination, is, that the works of imagination have borne but a very slight proportion in the Library accessions in comparison with those of science, belles lettres, history, biography, voyages, and travels. If people will but take the trouble they will learn this fact for themselves. An annual synopsis of the supplies is always at hand—the catalogue is widely scattered; and on the cover of the present number of this Journal let them take an honest view of the recent abundant additions to the Library, and then say how the account stands. Besides we have no right to compel others to adopt our own exclusive course of reading. Men *will* differ. The imperfections of human language, the various capacities of human intellect, the wide diversities of education, the countless varieties of human feeling, tend to these differences. And the bed of Procrustes will never bring them all to one standard.

The weekly Press has put forth some critical remarks on the works of imagination as connected with the Library, and very properly trusts that the subscribers will not compel their Committees to pervert their "taste for study into a degrading thirst for the "zoor krout" of unimaginative weavers of fiction." The subscribers have done their duty on this head. They have placed their confidence in nine gentlemen connected with *family interests;* and two of their conservatives are clergymen—

"The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause."

But on looking over the stock of the works of imagination on the shelves of the Library, subsequently to the public meeting, glad are we to find this class of books not confined to *contemptible* authors. There are two sets *only*, which appear from the Minerva Press. The main collection of this department is chiefly the produce of *known* authors, and as we take it not deserving to be ranked with the race of *unimaginatives*. For instance, among the works produced by ladies, we find the following writers in the Library collection:

Mitford,	Norton,
Ballie,	Edgeworth.*
Lander,	Hawkins,
Brunton,	Sherwood,
Lee,	D'Arblay,
H. More,	Austen,
Porter, (Sisters,)	Barbauld.

Among the gentlemen—

Irvine,	Marriot,
Fielding,	Atherstone,
Cooper,	Lister,
Bulwer,	Hogg,
Inglis,	Scott,
Gleig,	Johnson,
Picken,	James,
Roscoe,	Frazer,
Galt,	Croly,
Crocker,	Banim,
D'Israeli,	Hope,
Smith (Brothers,)	Cunningham.

But our space precludes any further reference to names.†

A few general remarks on the question at issue shall conclude the present notice. Is it denied that there is oftentimes a great deal of valuable truth in fiction? Fiction may be false in its facts, but true in its character; while what you call veritable history may be true in its facts, but false in its conclusions; and, after all, what is fiction but recollection?

But fiction may be absurd. Just so, and for that reason it is, that many illustrious worthies of our times have taken up their pens to make it subservient to the purposes of moral instruction. Various means may be employed to produce the same end. Some preach virtue. Some only practise it. Some make a picture of it, and some a poem. And lastly, some adorn it with the garb of fiction, that it may ensure a welcome where it would not otherwise obtain an entrance. Fiction may be compared to a key which opens many minds that would be closed against a sermon or a discourse on moral philosophy. Nor is it without authority in the writings of distinguished christians‡ The wide range of allegory affords innumerable subjects for instruction, and many a weary wanderer through the valley of the shadow of death, has been cheered by the remembrance of that almost inspired work—*The Pilgrim's Progress*.

But the Scriptures themselves afford the highest evidence that this style of writing *may* be made serviceable, as a means of reproof and conviction. Where can we find any thing comparable to the affecting story of the "ewe lamb," addressed to the King of Israel, as a violator of the laws of virtue, honour, and generosity?

* New Member.

* The *Advertiser* is pleased to exempt the writings of Miss Edgeworth from any censure. Now it is curious enough (so widely do men differ) that the great *Robert Hall* observed that he never discovered a single line of either morality or religion in any of her writings.

† It is but fair towards the London bookseller to observe, that his parcels of books are generally selected with much sound taste and judgment.

‡ The Rev. Jno. Wesley used to observe that *Tom Jones* contained an admirable portraiture of human life; and in the Library there is a novel, *The Fool of Quality*, or History of Henry, Earl of Moreland, with a recommendatory preface by Wesley. It was originally published by Mr. Brooke. It is a work which was recommended by the late Mr. Wesley to all the preachers in his connection.

COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE.

The Annual Meeting of the Members and Shareholders of the Commercial Exchange has taken place, and a dividend declared of One Pound Sterling on each Share. The public accommodations of the Exchange are considerably extended, and new works are in contemplation to render it still more perfect.

The Committee chosen by the last Meeting are as follow:

Messrs. R. P. Jones,
Ebden,
Chiappini,
J. T. Buck,
Gadney,
Simpson, and
Sutherland.

ANECDOTE.

FLAG AT THE CASTLE.

In the days of yore, when there was a considerable difficulty on the part of the Colonial Press to represent any real or supposed grievance without some one or other *taking offence*, the following hint was thrown out by the editor of a newspaper. "A correspondent regrets that His Majesty's flag at the Castle should have remained so long in rags and tatters, and transmits Rds. 10 as a donation towards the purchase of a new one." The very next day a new flag was hoisted, and soon after Col. Cary waited on the printer, requesting a bill and receipt for his subscription towards the newspaper. Having received the same (the amount being one pound,) the Colonel put down 5*s*. and said, "there, this 5*s*. and the Rds. 10 which you acknowledge to have received on account of the Castle-flag, will discharge my account. The Colonel then said "Good day, sir," and walked away, apparently highly pleased at making so good a bargain.

THE AMERICANS.

We have read in the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, that the Commissioners of Baltimore, appointed for the Colonization of the free people of colour of that State on the Coasts of Africa, have fixed, in the *first instance*, upon *Cape Palmas*, and not *Port Natal*, as was first intended.

"LINE UPON LINE—PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT."

DEDICATED TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 5. Vol. IV.] CAPE TOWN: MAY, 1834. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* / *per Annum.*

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.

By Capt. MORRELL.

THIRD NOTICE,—(CONCLUSION.)

We noticed in our last, the arrival of Capt. Morrell at an island in lat 4° 50' 30" south, and long. 156° 10' 30" east, and, notwithstanding the good understanding which was maintained between the natives and the strangers, still the utmost precautions were nightly provided against the accident of a surprise. The men from the ship at length commenced operations on the island for building, and laying out the ground, and were cheerfully assisted by the islanders until the armourer commenced operations; but when the furnace had been put up, and the bellows began to play upon the coals, the natives, astonished and alarmed, fled from the scene. They were soon prevailed on to return, but amongst them were persons who stole some of the iron, with a part of the tools. These thefts commenced one by one, but afterwards multipliedso that the islanders, under the influence of the chiefs, formed one party, and the thieving body, which increased in numbers, another, and both now began to be engaged in serious conflicts. The two chiefs, Nero and Henneen, had done every thing for the purpose of stopping these robberies by their subjects, but at last it turned out, that, notwithstanding all their show of regard to the strangers, a theft of some importance was committed in which the chief, Henneen, was a principal. The captain hearing this, went to Nero, but the conduct of this savage explained every thing. The occasion, however, was one of extraordinary advantage, and was not to be lost for a trifle, so that Captain Morrell redoubled his attentions, and by hospitality and presents seemed to have eternally fixed the chiefs as his friends.

It was on the morning after a night of recreation, spent by the chiefs on board the Antarctic, that the Captain's ears were startled by a sound, which sent the life-blood curdling to his heart; it was the *war-whoop,* and he knew the fatal yell. It would be but to harrow up the feelings of the compassionate, to go through a detail of the results: it must be sufficient for us to state, that the part of the crew on the island rushed to the shore opposite the Antarctic, and there they found the two sentinels, their shipmates, basely butchered, and about three hundred savages, with bows bent, to dispose of them in a similar manner; a shower of arrows assailed them, and three men fell, and the rest were wounded. A whale boat at the moment of alarm was despatched from the ship with ten sturdy oarsmen. In the mean time the gallant seamen on the island were determined to sell their lives at the dearest price, and for every white man that fell, half a dozen of the savages were made victims. Just when fourteen of the party had been murdered, and the remaining seven were in a state of total inability to fight any more from exhaustion, the whale boat reached the edge of the shore. The oarmen commenced a well-directed fire upon the savages, which made them fall back and allow the seven to retreat to the boat; four of them were badly wounded. The savages rallied and made a rush upon the boat, but it was soon in deep water. One portion of the natives continued firing at her, while the greater part took to their canoes. As the boat was full and consequently slowly rowed, the canoes were able to gain upon her; the boatmen fired their muskets, but the falling of the victims seemed only to add fresh fuel to their sanguinary appetites, for they rushed forward with the greater desperation. The captain, now dreading the total destruction of the men in the boat, brought the broadside of the schooner to bear on the canoes by means of springs on the cables. The guns were loaded with canister and grape shot, and, by a signal, directed the boat to be moved towards the stern of the vessel. By this arrangement, the canoes, about twenty in number, were presented in a detached group, quite distinct from the boat. The Antarctic opened her flaming battery at once, and two of the canoes were in an instant seen floating in minute fragments on the waters. The effect was what may be expected, the canoes which were untouched by the broadsides, retired to the banks, and the boat was enabled to come alongside the ship in perfect security. The poor wounded were then removed into berths, and the Antarctic had now only a force of eleven efficient men to defend her in case of an attack from the savages. Almost immediately, an immense flotilla of canoes made its appearance, and there is no doubt that, from the numbers of the natives which filled these boats, they would have been able to take the ship, had it not been for the providential springing up of an easterly breeze, which carried on the vessel so rapidly, that the canoes by degrees were obliged to drop astern, and finally to give up the pursuit. It appears that the natives of the particular island to which the strangers became obnoxious, were joined at this crisis by the inhabitants of all the surrounding islands, who were, no doubt, persuaded that the general interests of the whole required a common effort to annihilate the enemy. During the whole of the

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night which succeeded this memorable day, the captain kept looking at the island through a telescope. Fires, he tells us, were kindled on the beach in every direction, among the dead bodies of the unfortunate crew, from which those hell-hounds were cutting the flesh, and roasting it in the fire; and then, with savage ferocity, tearing it to pieces with their teeth, while from the half-cooked fragment the fresh blood was running down their ebony chins.

Soon after, they began to drag the bodies of their own fallen comrades to the edge of the beach, and then buried them in the bosom of the lagoon. When they had finished this necessary task, they proceeded to gather up their plunder, and divide the remains of the slaughtered strangers among them; after which, each party of warriors embarked in their respective canoes, and started for the several islands to which they belonged, and which the last reached about dusk. All this he distinctly beheld, and when he looked again, fires were being kindled on the different islands, until they ranged along all the beaches that fronted the schooner. Around these fires the natives appeared to be very busy for the greater part of the night. This was, no doubt, for the prosecution of their horrid orgies; but, fearful that treachery lurked beneath their operations, that these fires might be intended to deceive the strangers, and that they intended to attack the Antarctic under cover of the darkness, every man was kept at his quarters during the whole of that melancholy night. Eighty muskets were loaded with buckshot, and laid upon the trunk. The guns and swivels were all double-shotted; the matches kept lighted in their places, and one man was stationed in each top, to keep a sharp look-out for canoes; their matches were also lighted, and the top-swivels in complete readiness. During the night, the ship cruised about among the shoals and reefs of the lagoon, anxiously waiting the tardy approach of daylight, which at last was hailed with joy and heartfelt thankfulness.

As the islands where they met with such extraordinary treachery were hitherto unknown to the civilized world, Capt. Morrell gave them the infamous designation of the "Massacre Islands." The Antarctic then proceeded to Manilla, where the captain and crew were received with great hospitality, and where Mrs. Morrell awaited her lord. Nothing could pacify the captain's conscience when he bethought him that some of his men might still be living and be objects of persecution in the Massacre Islands. He determined at once upon a plan of going back to the Massacre Islands with such a force as would make the enterprise a rational experiment for the recovery of any of his shipmates, who might by possibility still survive, to form subjects of gratification for the monsters in whose hands they still unfortunately might remain. Many of the merchants and ship-masters in Manilla took pains to dissuade the captain from this hopeless enterprise; but his invariable reply, and to his eternal honour it should be remembered, was this: "I could never again enjoy life, until my mind was relieved from its present horrid suspense. Should one of my crew be still living, a captive to those ruthless, remorseless cannibals, what must have been his agonizing distraction of mind to see the Antarctic depart for ever from his view; what must be his hopeless despondency during her lengthened absence; what would be his ecstasy of delight to see her return!"

His wife, with that spirit of valour which is instinctive to the sex whenever the proper occasion calls for such an exertion, insisted upon being one of the party; and with her and sixty-six Manilla-men, together with nineteen Americans on board, the captain boldly steered back for the Massacre Islands. The ship was under the necessity of anchoring before a neighbouring island, forming one of Monteverdeson's group, where the captain had experienced, on a previous occasion, the most treacherous conduct; but he and his men thought it best, under these circumstances, to conciliate the islanders, who, in their turn, put on an appearance of the sincerest friendship. The captain, however, was not deceived by this tranquillity, but took the necessary precautions against an attack, and, had he been imprudent enough not to have done so, he would have met a dreadful fate. About three hundred of the natives attacked the ship from their canoes, just as the sun was setting, but they were received in such a manner as almost petrified them with terror; for when the smoke disappeared, they were seen like so many porpoises tumbling about, their canoes in fragments, and their war weapons floating in every direction. Pity for their ignorance and depravity would not allow him to repeat the fire, particularly as he saw every reason to believe that the savages were in no disposition to renew the onset.

At last the Antarctic came to an anchor directly opposite the village where the dreadful massacre had taken place. Her course was vigilantly marked by the islanders, who, flushed with their former victory, concluded that the crew was in the same state of weakness in which they found it at the last visit, and therefore they lost but little time in acting upon that belief. A flotilla speedily presented itself, which must have been contributed to by the whole of the group of islands, and the savages having taken their stations, commenced by a shower of arrows. The captain now gave the word, and a brisk fire of cannons, swivels, and musketry was kept up for ten minutes; and a pause ensuing, to let the smoke pass off, the wretched natives were seen scattered, and all that survived making the best of their way to the shore. Captain Morrell's chief object in returning to these islands, was, to give an opportunity to any of the crew who might be still living as prisoners with the savages, to return to the ship, and he adopted the plan of getting nearer to the shore, in order to fire on the town, for then it was likely they would make use of such a person as a mediator. The anticipation proved to be correct; for, shortly after a well-directed broadside, which shivered the houses to their foundations, a small canoe was seen to put out from the shore; it contained a painted creature, perfectly naked, but who eagerly made for the Antarctic. This was one of the missed, named Shaw, who, by the merest chance, was kept alive by the savages, who had destined him to die and to be afterwards eaten by his executioners. It is needless to say how Shaw was received; and, from his account, which is given at full length by the captain, it appears that he underwent the severest privations and petty persecutions from the natives, who beat and mocked him. He was enabled in this forced visit to confirm by his own observation the horrible fact that the natives were cannibals. The men on board, on hearing the description from Shaw of the treatment which he and his comrades had met with, became wound up to desperation, and it required the greatest skill and address of the captain to prevent them rushing in a body upon the island, and putting every man and woman in it to death. Shaw not only bore testimony to the fact that these savages were cannibals, but he remarked, that, during his residence on the island, he never saw any children. From this he concluded that infanticide was a general practice.

The chastisement which the natives had now received was sufficient to shew them the necessity of humbling their tone; and, as there appeared to be a facility opened for procuring terms from them, Captain Morrell then formed a plan of taking one of the islands, small, and then uninhabited, for the purpose of catching the delicious fish which happened to be very abundant about those islands. A regular negotiation was concluded between him and the chiefs; and, after having delivered to the latter the specified number of axes, hatchets, adzes, chisels, plane-irons, gimlets, spoke-shaves, knives, scissors, razors, looking-glasses, and beads of different kinds, the captain took possession of the island. Here, a series of buildings was soon raised for the curing of the fish, and above that again was erected a sort of wooden fort, which was made arrow-proof, for the permanent defence of the works. The time of the captain's men, he now saw, was nearly lost, in consequence of the necessity they were under of every moment repelling the attacks of their treacherous enemies, whom they baffled frequently, with the greatest skill. Thus, Thomas Holmes, one of the crew, being on shore at the Massacre Island, filling some water-casks from a spring, was suddenly surprised by fifteen of the natives, all of whom instantly aimed their pointed arrows at his breast. At the same moment Holmes presented his musket, which caused them all to drop down upon their haunches. Perceiving that this manœuvre produced the desired effect, he held his fire, slowly retreating backwards towards the shore, with his piece still ready for an aim. The natives continued to follow him, and several times attempted to discharge a volley of arrows; but, he as often presented his piece, which invariably caused them to squat upon the ground. In this manner Holmes continued manœuvring, without discharging his piece, or giving them

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an opportunity of notching their arrows, until he reached the edge of the beach; when, fearful of his eluding them entirely and effecting his escape, they made a furious rush upon him, which compelled him to pull the trigger, and their leader fell, just as he was on the point of discharging an arrow. This was the brother of the treacherous Henneen, whose death he was thus seeking to avenge. A buckshot entered his heart, and two others, who were wounded by the same discharge, fell to the ground. The gallant tar then retreated as fast as possible; but, before he had got beyond bowshot distance, he found that the remaining twelve were aiming their arrows at his body; upon which he again presented his musket, which produced the same effect as before; and ere they could recover themselves, he was beyond the reach of their arrows, being taken up by a boat sent to his assistance from Wallace's island. Had he discharged his musket when first surprised at the spring in the forest, he must inevitably have fallen a prey to those ferocious cannibals. His presence of mind was fortunately equal to the emergency, and the Antarctic was not deprived of the services of this brave British seaman.

Experience had now sufficiently shewn to the captain that the perseverance of the natives was likely to last longer than his own capability of resistance; he wisely considered the reasons which might prompt him to remain, as compared with those which tempted him to depart His decision was in favour of the latter measure; and, after sacrificing the works which the crew had erected on the island, named, from one of the party who had been massacred, Wallace's island, the captain bade a final adieu to the barbarous race, whom he had so much reason to dislike. Shaw, in his narrative, adds, that nothing which can be called religion appeared to be known to these islanders. The chiefs alone indulge in polygamy, every other male being contented with one wife. The females, in their reserved and modest demeanour, presented a most favourable contrast with the men.

We now arrive at the termination of the last of Captain Morrell's voyages; and it is with deep regret that we part with him at a moment, when we have reason to fear that his generous enterprise was unsuccessful. It is fortunate, however, that untoward events could never, in their visitation, fall upon a mind more able to resist their pressure than his: for it never was our lot to peruse a record of personal adventures which exhibits a nobler or more heroic spirit than that manifested by Captain Morrell. Deeply fraught as our naval annals are with stories of distress, and familiar as most of our readers are with those graphic scenes, still to the British public we strongly recommend the present volume, as calculated to fix the interest of the most indifferent amongst them, and to awaken in their minds reflections such as will not speedily be forgotten.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW MARKET, &c

[We are inclined to agree with our Correspondent in sequel, that the proposed cost of the New Market is too insignificant for the purposes of convenience and duration. There is one point of great consideration—water: this should be laid on the premises in various directions according to the method adopted in the New Market of Covent Garden. We are quite aware that this magnificent affair, built by the Duke of Bedford in 1827, does not come within our means at the Cape; still many useful hints may be taken from the description of it by Mr. Louden, (with embellishments) in the Gardener's Magazine for 1831, p. 265]

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Sir,—It is with pleasure I learn that the Committee in charge of the intended New Market are actually in earnest at last, and that tenders are to be supplied for the work. A few words of advice on the subject of tenders may not be amiss in these times, when the public buildings are falling about our ears in all directions, or are in a state of dilapidation. The price specified for the New Market is, I believe, £1600. But surely nothing very durable or ornamental can be raised for such a sum. Now as to the tenders. Contract is undoubtedly, according to all experience, when conducted on proper regulations, the surest way of securing the superiority of the proposed work. A contractor of known skill and integrity may always be preferred to any other person who may be the most deserving in respect of cheapness, in case that a competition is raised: but if such a contractor cannot be obtained, then an advertisement must be had recourse to.

But when tenders are delivered in, it is very important to take care to act upon right principles in making a selection from them. The preference should invariably be decided on by taking into consideration the skill, integrity, and capital, of the persons who make the tenders, as well as the prices which they offer; for if a contractor be selected without skill, or integrity, or capital, merely because his tender is for the smallest sum, the consequence will inevitably be imperfect work, every kind of trouble and disappointment, and frequently expensive litigation. The true principle to go upon in selecting a contractor is to lean in favour of liberal terms; and rather to overpay than underpay him. He should be made quite confident by his bargain, that he will receive a fair profit for his time and labour; he will then embark in his work with spirit, and be led by a desire to gain reputation to perform his agreement to the satisfaction of all parties; but when, in following an opposite principle, a contractor is led by competition to undertake a work for a price that is too low, he starts, from the commencement, by having recourse to every species of contrivance for avoiding the fair fulfilment of what he is required to perform; every thing is done in an imperfect way; sub-contracts are made at inadequate prices, a continual contest is carried on between the contractor and the inspector, and most commonly the whole concludes in a law suit, the ruin of the contractor and his securities, and great loss to tradesmen and others by debts due by the contractor and his workmen.

An Observer.

ON ROADS.

(Wretched state of the Interior Roads.—Sir Henry Parnell's Treatise on Roads, Bridges, Fences, Toll-Gates, &c.)

A Gentleman on whose veracity we can rely, reports to us that the public roads of the colony from Cape Town to the Frontier, were never in so wretched a state as at the present moment. And he points out "the remarkable indifference of the public Authorities in the country districts, to the subject."

We do not know the character in which a public man deserves more to be respected and admired, when he directs his abilities to the promotion of some purpose connected with the domestic economy of the people. In this point of view Sir Henry Parnell interrupts the tranquillity of a life which fortune had rendered easy, in order to serve, by his voluntary labours, the interest of his fellow men. Sir Henry's Treatise on Roads is worth attention, and we take leave to select a few notices from the volume which has just issued from the press.

After an introduction, which is chiefly occupied with historical matter, the author commences by laying down rules for tracing the line of a new road. He insists upon the propriety of always having recourse, in the first instance, to an actual survey by instruments of the country, and not to trust to the eye alone. A surveyor should, therefore, be employed, and he should take the levels of all the various lines that appear most favourable. A map should then be made, and so shaded as to show the exact nature of the country in respect of high grounds and valleys, streams, ponds, houses, churches, &c. A section of the soil should also be made, for the purpose of exhibiting the nature of the strata. The golden rule in the formation of a road is to take the line between two points—that is, the shortest has the greatest level, and which demands the smallest amount of expense. But the nature of the country must always be considered, and the numerous obstructions to be surmounted in many places constitute an important part of the science of road-making. Sir Henry accordingly has a long chapter on hills, and gives some curious information on the descent of those of certain heights by common vehicles. He shows that an inclination of 1 in 35 is found by experience to be just such an inclination as admits of horses being driven in a stage coach with perfect safety, when descending in as fast a trot as they can go; because, in such case, the coachman can preserve his command over them, and guide and stop them as he pleases. A practical illustration that this rate of inclination is not too great, may be seen on a part of

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the Holyhead road, lately made by the Parliamentary Commissioners, to the north of the city of Coventry, where the inclinations are at this rate, and are found to present no difficulty to fast driving, either in ascending or descending. For this reason it may be taken as a general rule, in laying out the line of new road, never, if possible, to have a greater inclination than that of 1 in 35.

Sir Henry, with good reason, complains that the great mistake of road-making in hilly countries has been this—that after the roads ascend a considerable height on one side, they are sure to descend again on the other side, before they gain the summit of the country through which they pass; so that the ascent is greatly multiplied, and the delay of the traveller is in proportion Thus, on the London and Barnet road, the number of perpendicular feet which the horses must ascend is upwards of 1300, though Barnet is only 500 feet higher than London; but then in coming from Barnet to London—that is to say, making a total descent, of 500 feet—it actually happens that a horse has to make an ascent of nearly 800 feet. Sir Henry concludes that several hundred feet might be saved by judicious improvements in these roads

He next considers the necessity of surmounting the obstacles of rivers, and appears to be of opinion that a great deal too much timidity is felt about the expense of bridges, when the line of a road would naturally be shortened by them. People do not imagine, when they are called on to pay for the building of a bridge, for the purpose just mentioned, how much they may save in time, and in the cost of materials and repair for many years to come.

In reference to bogs and marshy ground, Sir Henry is of opinion that it is always best to avoid them; for let the artificial road be ever so well constructed, still it is upon a soft foundation, which yields; and in another chapter, the author shows how much the burden of horses is increased by carrying loads over an elastic road. If, however, it be unavoidable to carry the course of the road over such soil, then the expense of proper drainage must be incurred; and a high embankment, in order to compress the porous sub-soil, is a measure of absolute economy. In all cases a good indication for the line of a road will be afforded by existence of proper materials in a given locality; and another general rule is, that a road should be so directed as to secure to it an uninterrupted exposure to two atmospheric influences, namely—the sun and the wind. Water allowed to remain on the materials of roads wears them away very rapidly, particularly when they are crushed by vehicles.

In the second chapter, Sir Henry enters at large into the principles of the art of constructing roads, and he commences by stating that the first and most obvious principle of all, is that which is most commonly violated. The quantity of hard materials at present employed never exceeds scarcely a thickness of five or six inches; where that very depth of small stone, to make a good road, should be laid on a regular foundation constructed of large stones, and set as a rough pavement; and in the illustration of his views, he applies the mechanical principle of Sir Isaac Newton to roads. He then considers and estimates the kinds of external force which operate against the momentum or tendency to move in a straight line by carriages travelling over those roads.

The next class of roads is that called paved roads, which Sir Henry shows, when made on proper principles, are much superior to common roads in enabling horses to draw very large burdens. Sir Henry complains that the London pavements, up to a recent period, were constructed with a great degree of negligence as to the important principle of a solid foundation, and as the bottom of these pavements was formed of all sorts of rotten materials, some portions of the surface necessarily gave way before others. A little more attention has lately been paid to the pavements in London, and lately, Fleet Street has been paved with considerable care; the stones were properly shaped and dressed, and evenly laid: the ground was dug out twelve or eighteen inches deep, and a body of broken stones was put into the space thus cleared out for a foundation, and the joints of the paving stones, when set, were grouted with liquid lime. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the pavement soon got out of order, and became uneven and extremely defective in a few months after it was made. The cause of this failure was the stones for the foundation having been thrown in loosely, by cart loads at a time, and merely levelled before the paving stones were laid on. The great defects in the London pavement, with respect to the shape of the paving stones, and to proper bottoming, are, in a great measure, to be attributed to the errors committed by the persons who have had the management of making contracts for it.

The manner, too, in which the contracts were effected may be considered as leading, in a great measure, to the imperfection of the London pavements; Sir Henry thus lays down a complete plan for paving London, in which the directions are very copious and detailed. An allusion to the practice of Macadamization is made, by Sir Henry, for the purpose of showing the folly and expense of the attempts made to render it applicable to London.

The author then proceeds to the full consideration of roads partly paved, and partly made with broken stones, and of roads with a foundation of pavement, and a surface of broken stones: the value of the latter sort of road, is illustrated by the history of the proceedings, which took place for the formation of the Highgate Archway road. Several attempts, which cost a vast deal of money, were made, but ineffectually, to secure a good way, by that great northern thoroughfare. At length Mr. Telford's plan, of a foundation comprised of Roman cement and gravel, was adopted with the happiest results. The baronet proceeds to lay down a plan, forming a road, which shall consist of a foundation of rubble stones, and a surface of broken stones; for cheapness, and for durability, particularly when employed for cross turnpike roads; this formation is preferable to the next plan, which he describes, of a road exclusively composed of broken stones. Such roads as the latter are not fit at all for thoroughfares, and they are the roads on which the greatest havock is made by hard frosts and thaws. Gravel roads should be thought of in localities only, where stone materials for roads cannot easily be procured, and, even then a good gravel road can only be formed, by making a convex surface, of which the middle portion shall be of the depth of sixteen inches, while the borders shall be only ten inches, and further by taking the greatest care to drain effectually, the sub-soil on which the gravel is laid.

Of the appendages necessary to roads, fences are of the first importance, and our authority states, that the stone fences are not only cheaper and better, but they are much neater on road sides, than hedges. Nevertheless, he gives copious directions for the raising of quick fences

Such is the classification of the sort of roads, which it is useful to make known, with a view to the application of the useful principles which it embraces, and which by their adoption, may not only save public money, but greatly add to public convenience. In the next division of this work, Sir Henry enters into the particular details of the execution of his general plans. He begins, with noticing those more complicated operations, connected with roads, which are of a nature to demand the skill of the stone masons. The construction of bridges, then is an important branch of these, and the principal object the building of them, in the view of the road makers should be;—first, the most eligible situation, as regards direction of the road;—secondly, the proper width for the roadway;—thirdly, the inclination of the roadway over the bridge;—and fourthly,—the number and span of the arches. In the next place, the building of walls for supporting roads, such as breast walls and retaining walls, will require the mason, who will likewise have to give his attention to cross-drains, inlets, outlets, depots for holding the materials used for repairs of roads, toll-houses, lamps, and mile-stones. The directions respecting the toll gates and bar show, in a remarkable manner, the minute attention Sir Henry has paid to all departments of the great subject; a toll-gate, he tells us, should never be placed on a hill or at bottom of one. When carriages are going up hill, the horses must make a great exertion to put a carriage into motion after being stopped at a toll gate. Many fatal accidents have occurred from having toll gates just at the bottom of hills. When circumstances render it unavoidable that a toll-gate should be placed at the bottom of a hill, the gateway should be very wide. If a single gate be used, it should not be less than fifteen feet in the clear: but, in such a situation it is much better to make double gates, meeting in the middle, without a centre-post; by these means an opening may easily be had of from twenty-four to thirty feet in the clear. Toll-gates should be painted white, to make them more easily seen in the night time They are frequently made too high. When this is the case, they are more expensive and unsightly than low gates, and their additional weight acts as a powerful leverage in straining and pulling the hanging post out of its place.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM A
SETTLER'S SCRAP BOOK.

Albaniana.

No. II.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



DESCRIBING A MODERN SETTLEMENT.

Vital Spark.

It is very annoying to myself, as well as to all the multitudinous chroniclers of modern settlements, that we are debarred the advantages of our elder brethren, the Historians of Antiquity, in the possession of those distant and dusky periods called the Fabulous Ages. Bless ye, courteous readers, if these were our birthright, which, alas! they are not! how we would plunge into the mists of obscurity, and dive into the unfathomable depths of past centuries, and bring up shapes and shades of all by-gone times to amuse and instruct ye! how we would revel in the twilight of those remote times! with what ecstasy we

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would ramble and gambol, antic and riot in those imaginative periods, what a story of gods, heroes, giants, dwarfs, genii, and demons we would weave in this our present tale, in which we would put to shame Berosus, Manetho, Sanconiathon, and the whole host of papyri scribblers, laugh to scorn old Herodotus, the father of history, stare out of countenance the Mammoths and Mastodontes themselves, make "Leviathan, that huge beast," glad to scramble away for fear of a stroke of our critical pen in remarks upon his obesity, knock down the ancient Cyclops with their own hammers, or their each remaining eye out with some of those huge stones they have the credit of piling up in various parts of this globe, for no use whatever; in short, it is impossible to say, had we their advantages, what we would have done or dared. Alas! alas!! this may not be, we must content ourselves as we are, remembering the sublime lines of the mighty moralist of "Broad Grins," the saintly Colman the Elder, that

"——— What's impossible cannot be,
And never, never, comes to pass."

It is not alone that we sorrow over the loss of the fertile period just glanced at, but we have also the other misery of remembering that we have adopted a country discovered and inhabited so long after the second fabulous reign, the times emphatically denominated the *Dark Ages*, which would otherwise have given us food enough for embellishment; for have we not the *materiel?* in glittering streams, fitted to be sung by any water-bibbing poetaster or wandering minstrel; umbrageous woods, gloomy enough to shelter any midnight murderer "by your leaf;" caverns calculated to cover any "hole-and-corner-gentlemen" banditti; defiles yet to be polluted by invading forces; crags upon which Baronial Castles ought to be perched, and over which stupid serfs might be scragged and dangled in mid-air—"gallows high;" have we not all these favors of providence to make our land illustrious like those of Europe? and yet, why have we not improved these advantages? Out upon the genius of this age! Out upon THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD! Who, with a grain of generous feeling, a scruple of conscience, or a dram of spirit in his composition, would live in a vile, nasty, spick-and-span new country like this, along with people—one half of whose very scalps are covered with wool—and the other whose heads are stuffed, instead of brains, with wool,—who are intent upon nothing else than wool-gathering; aye, but it *is* great cry and little of the commodity, as a certain old gentleman muttered to himself in his shearing season, and there's some comfort in that!!

The Schoolmaster abroad.



TALES EMBELLISHED WITH WOOD-CUTS!

Devoid of the blessings to which we have drawn the gentle reader's attention, we must therefore date the brief anecdote we are about to rescue from oblivion, some fourteen or twelve years back, the era of the formation of the South-Eastern Settlement by the wandering Sons of Japhet, the founder of which—and that's another source of regret—cannot in after years even be alluded to metaphorically as the CECROPS of his time, inasmuch as he did not *see crops* for many years after his arrival. Woe-worth-the-while, it is evident that we cannot negotiate a loan from fiction, but that truth — hateful, undisguised, unadorned, simple, naked, shameless truth, (fie upon it, I wish it had even a fig-leaf,) must be our guide, and we must commence our modern Genesis even at the eleventh hour, would it were our Exodus instead, from this parvenu land of parvenus.

"In the beginning," then, that is in the ancient days of the Albany Settlement somewhere about the 5824th year of this globe, the 2582d of the era of Nabonasser, and the 1198th of the Hegira, —we come down with extreme hesitation, you see, to this lower point,—or the year of grace 1820 or 1823, that District could boast of two extraordinary Heralds or Messengers: one was *civilly* attached to the Landdrost, in his capacity of Lord-Lieutenant of the province, to "do his spiriting gently," and the other as a sort of Belgo African, "two single gentlemen rolled into one" personification of those British Court-of-King's Bench heroes y'clept John Doe and Richard Roe, whose existence the lawyers swear is one of the many legal *fictions*, so well known to themselves, but of whose bodily *reality* there are too many to bear *tangible* evidence.

Christopher Clericus, generally called "*peculiar*" Clericus, from his frequent use of the term, for he always spoke of the peculiar circumstances of every case coming under his review, was the "Mercurius" most immediately attendant upon the Landdrost; he was, however, no Ariel, and whatever levity the accusing angel may hereafter tax him with, it will not be with lightness—on the contrary, sub Luna, he was imposing in weight, imposing in size, imposing in speech, imposing in figure, and how farther imposing this chronicler has no present means of knowing.

Jan Crooked-wood was his official coadjutor, and as we have expressed somewise strongly, and somewise longly, our love of antiquity, we should do violence to our principles if we left out of sight that Jan was the *elder* appointed functionary of the two messengers. Who, brother Immigrants, can forget Messenger Jan's first Avatar on our astonished senses at our arrival? with his blossoming countenance, his then portly figure, his new suit of sables sheen, his massy silver chain and Gorget, on which an attempt had been made (evidently in fear of transgressing the second commandment) to represent the British Arms and Supporters, and the awe-inspiring inscription as a terror to evil doers, especially to ourselves so ignorant of the Dutch Laws and the Dutch Language, "GERECTS BODE;" that is, had it been interpreted, "*Messenger of the Court of Justice.*" His one-fifth English, two-fifths Dutch, and remainder Patois, the last proportion a composition of Kaffer, Hottentot, and "the thousand and one" other dialects, not most euphonius, used in this colony; who can forget? Can any one of you, my brother Settlers?

Heaven bless the mark! but in these by-gone reminiscences I am almost forgetting the very story which I intended to tell at the outset, and of which Peculiar Clericus and Jan Crooked-wood were the Dramatis Personæ. Well, then, an unfortunate Settler, whose name has not survived his catastrophe, and which it is now unnecessary to rake up from his long-buried ashes, had been taken suddenly and violently ill, under circumstances of considerable distress. A report was made by some of his neighbours to the then Landdrost, who dispatched a commission consisting of the worthies already mentioned, Clericus and Crooked-wood, to minister the relief

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required, and to report the result of their mission. After a short absence they returned, and Christopher Clericus, and his coadjutor Jan, having been admitted into the Landdrost's presence, the former, bowing most reverentially, made the following grandiloquent speech: "Sir, I regrets to report——that before ve arrived at the location of the unfortunite hobjeck of your umane solicitude—ve found the wital spark *extinct*——." "Ya, Mynheer!" instantly vociferated Crooked-wood, "Ya, Mynheer! dat's waar—de arme, de poor man vas dood, ——en—*he stink vary mooch!!*"

Antiquity.



"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."

J. C. C.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

COBBETT.

IT is seldom that we obtain a sight of the writings of Cobbett. A few stray numbers of his Register have, however, fallen into our hands in the course of the month; as also a number of his Monthly Magazine, a new undertaking on the part of the Member for Oldham. We discover no change of tone in any of these productions, but the same perseverance put forth in *calling names*, abusing the Whigs and the Clergy, and recommending his Indian Corn, Garden-seeds, and list of Books of his own production. In one of the Registers we find him highly indignant at the *Morning Chronicle*, and, after a plentiful bestowment of Billingsgate phraseology in a letter written to the "Base Editor," concluding thus: (it is pleasantly written, and affords a fair bird's-eye view of the whole system of rural economy.)

"In desiring you to take some *honest* labour, as I told you before, there are always kennels to rake and stones to crack; but, besides these, there is weeding the corn in the summer; in harvest time, there is carrying the victuals and drink to the fields for the reapers and the mowers; there is raking after at barley and oat-harvest, there is tending pigs in the stubbles and keeping off rooks when the wheat is sown. It might not be safe to trust you at that, but there are thistles to cut off in the meadows and new great roads, collecting the horse-dung for manure, and carrying it off into heaps in your cap. You might, when they are at dung-cart, help to shovel up, and the under-carter will show you how to keep from under the horses' feet, and, above all, out of the reach of his whip: for if you do not, you will then be made sensible, I can tell you, to a real, corporeal "lash." In the winter time, there will be stone-picking and backing out bavins and rods, after the copsers. So that there is an abundance of occupations, not only innocent in themselves, but *useful* and healthful at the same time. You might here put in full practice the doctrine of "*utility*," and assist to contribute to that *accumulation*, which is the very soul of the Broughamite system, and which, when applied to *dung*, is of vast importance in the country.

"In this favoured county, you would find boundless scope for your enterprise. In the fall of the year, hopping; not hopping on one leg, but with *both hands*; that is to say, *picking the hops* off the bines, and putting them into baskets or bins. How many hundreds of men, beyond all measure your superiors, have I seen within these two days, returning home from this useful employment! At one place, where the work is not over, I could not help experiencing some disappointment, at not seeing you stuck up at the side of a bin. After the hopping, comes the stripping of the poles, another pleasant and blood-stirring occupation. Red and black is better than black and yellow; and the former is the colour which you would, I trust, very soon begin to assume; or, if you be unchangeable, then you must acknowledge yourself, that the sooner you disappear from this world the better. In the spring of the year, having passed a part of the winter in chopping rags for the hop-gardens, but with a sharper instrument than you use upon the neck of the poor old *Chronicle*; in the spring of the year, there is the opening of the hills, and taking off the cuttings; then, in the month of May, comes that delightful employment, for which you seem destined by nature, namely, trampling green rushes till they be pliant, and then using them in tying the rising shoots to the poles. After this comes the weeding in the corn, and picking the caterpillars off from cabbages.

"Now, as there are all these really useful employments, and as you have strength and mental capacity sufficient for them all, what ground have you for saying, that, in order to be able to eat, you must slander me. "Ah," say you, "eat, but, what sort of things am I "to eat?" *Sort*, indeed! As much variety as you please, amongst the different sorts of patoes; but, the devil is in it if you, who want a "rural police" to compel the people to eat Brougham's potatoes, can be unprincipled enough to put forward a claim to anything beyond that "*nutritious root!*" However, I do not positively say, that great diligence on your part; that an active and judicious use of your fingers and thumb in hop-picking, or in destroying the miscreant caterpillars, might not bring you, in addition, a pound of good pork, in the course of the week. To be sure, you would have no sofas and carpets, thinking yourself happy as a prince with a stool to sit upon, and a clean brick-floor upon which you would not drop many crumbs, I'll warrant you.

"What a happy life! What innocence, what *utility*, what time for meditation and philosophic reflection; what sweet sleep, and, with all these almost at your command, have you the audacity to say, that in order to be able to live, you must slander me!"

HISTORY OF A PURITAN'S SERMON.

STUDIED in a jail, preached in a barn, printed in a garret, sold at a pedler's stall, uttered by a bishop, and ordered to the press by a bench of Justices.

PROGRESSIVE DEGENERACY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

M. HEURIEN, Mem. de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, has favoured the world, tom. i. p. 125, with a chronological scale of the different stature of the human race in various ages. This ingenious calculator, after surmounting many difficulties, with a patience worthy of one who labours in the cause of his fellow-creatures, at last fixes the average height of mankind at successive periods, as follows:

	Ft.	In.
Adam, ...	123	9
Eve, ...	118	9
Noah, ...	103	6½
Abraham, ...	28	0⅜
Moses, ...	13	0
Hercules, ...	10	3¾
Man in the days of Romulus,	8	0
Ditto at the birth of Christ,	7	2½

FREE MASONRY.

UNDER the head *Alibenistics; or, Freemasonic Philosophemes*, there is in *Fraser* for November, a remarkable paper of interest as well as curiosity. The writer observes, that all writings that enter deepest into the spirit of God's Scriptures, are dearest beloved of Freemasons. Such names as Selden, Grotius, Milton, Foster, Chalmers, Douglas, the romantic Chateaubriand, and the inspiring author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm. After many eulogies in praise of Masonry, the writer makes the following observations:

"We, of course, allude to Freemasons initiated into the deep spirit of divine philosophy, and not mere nominal professors. True masons,—those who are made *free* by their free devotion to God's spiritual service, and *accepted* by emulating the self-immolation of their celestial prototype of heaven and earth for just and disciplined worthies,—we would discourse of these, and these alone. It would be as unfair to judge of Freemasonry in its hidden sanctuary within the veil, by its irregular members, as to judge of its religious illustration without the veil by merely nominal Christians.

But for true, or free, or speculative masons. These are the men who, attached to their celestial Saviour with filial enthusiasm incommunicable, and to each other by fraternal sympathies that melt them into beautiful unanimity of immortal emulation; these are the men who feel a more especial and endearing interest in the whole history of mankind. To them, whatever is "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best" in all the records of humanity, hath a kind of kindred familiarity of association unknown to others; for in all true men they recognise their ancestry or their brotherhood, and they watch the broad line of their genealogical descent with the reverent fondness of a lineal and loyal progeny. In their history, they love to contemplate the magnificent economy of Providence for the gradual per-

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fectionising of all lapsed intelligences. In this they view every variation of churches and states with tranquil and unbroken satisfaction, and from it they look forward to the future with that fine, free, and fearless confidence which Christian Philosophy alone inspires.

In the present times, these relations to society have assumed a somewhat deeper and still more thrilling intensity; they know well enough that old age hath come upon the earth, and that the latter day is at hand; and that the prophecies relating to her dissolution and bright regeneration are, ere long, to be accomplished in their fulness.

They confess, with rejoicing, the vast spread of intellectual light and freedom that now gilds the concluding pages of our planet's history. They believe, that the true and venerable principles of church and state will be confirmed and illustrated in their breadth, and length, and height, and depth, by the last and prophetic experience of pious and patriot sages, ere the kindling judgment breaks out upon the astonished world."

PLANTING TREES.

Dr. JOHNSON *(writing in this very room in which I am now sitting)** says Cobbett, in some sort advised his readers not to plant trees; for that, the moment a man planted a tree *"he began to think about dying."* Never was there a more cowardly or more pernicious observation. Let the opinion prevail, and there never can be a tree planted in the country for children. What! Base wretch! Rake money together to give to them; but not plant a tree to grow up for them! And yet the melancholy rubbish of this man is admired. There is a coffee-house which I see out of my window, bearing the name of the Dr. JOHNSON, whom I always call Dr. DREAD-DEVIL. How much better the sentiment of SHAKSPEARE, or the sentiment which he puts into the mouth of JULIUS CÆSAR:—

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
"It seems to me most strange, that men
"should fear!
"Seeing that death, a necessary end,
"Will come, when it will come."

Cobbett then proceeds to recommend the immense importance of planting the *Locust Tree*, and details some interesting proofs of its utility, (far above that of the oak, which is all spine,)—the locust tree producing no sap, and never perishing in any situation whatsoever.

ATHENS AND ITS PILFERERS.

THE whole city, says Mr. Milne, in his recently-published "Memorials of Greece," is one mighty ruin, in which the destructive power of time, cannon-balls, and great and petty pillages, are visible. The smaller temples, particularly, have incurred damage from these petty pillages, and English midshipmen have the doubtful credit of doing most in that way, and they come armed with chisel for the purpose, as may be seen by the mutilations of the exquisite friezes and capitals of the smaller columns. The author gives the copy of a note which was dropped by one of these youthful Goths, which forms quite a curiosity in its way. It seems to be addressed by one of the young plunderers to another, and exhibits a marvellous indifference to the nature of the contemplated offence:

"Dear James,—I have lost the *ear* that I took away from the one of those *stone women* on the top of the hill; Smith has got the other, so as I don't like his having a prize which I have lost, will you have the goodness, as you are going there to-morrow, to *chip me off the nose* neatly, and let me have it before we sail.

Yours ever."

* Bolt Court.

HOFWYL.

(From Mr. Dyke's Travelling Mems. 2 vols. 8vo. 1834.)

From Berne the distance to Hofwyl is trifling, and Mr. Dyke made a visit to this latter place. It is almost superfluous to remind the reader that Hofwyl is the seat of the famous seminary of Fellenburg, where agriculture, amongst other practical sciences, is taught. Mr. Dyke's account of this establishment is highly interesting.

There are schools for the superior and inferior classes of society, both male and female. The number of *Pensionnaires* is bout 400, among which may be found, English, Danes, Germans, Spaniards, Russians, French, Italians, &c. &c. There are twenty tutors to each agriculture, the languages, natural philosophy, belles lettres, botany, and in short, every other useful and polite knowledge. Music, drawing, sculpture, singing, &c. have also their separate masters. The gymnastic school is on a large scale: here we saw balancing poles, wooden horses, ropes, and all the necessary apparatus. There were also several fine horses for the Riding Academy. M. Fellenberg has fixed his college in the centre of two beautiful farms, where his eleves become practically acquainted with the different modes of agriculture. One of these is intended as a model of what farms ought to be, and the other is used for experiments. There are also at Hofwyl a swimming pond, with convenient dressing-rooms on its verge; and, adjoining the farm-yard, a repository of almost every known implements of husbandry, models of agricultural instruments, &c. We saw, too, a variety of workshops for the manufacture of any implement required. In the stalls were 66 head of cattle, which are regularly curried, and fed with potatoes and green provender. The pigs are confined in byres, and fed from troughs.

Among other things, we visited the dairy, where the milk is kept in a deliciously cool state; the kitchen, where cooking was going on in a wholesale way; and the washing house, a place in which a dozen people are regularly occupied in tending the apparel of the students. In the principal college we walked through the school-rooms and sleeping apartments, in the dining room there is an apparatus, by means of which the dishes are conveyed up from the kitchen beneath. The same chapel is used alternately for Protestant and Catholic; the paraphernalia of the latter being enclosed in a recess during the hours of the former worship. In the musical saloon were pianos, harps, an organ, violoncellos, &c. One thing must not be omitted: M. Fellenberg, more happy in his philosophic views than Mr. Owen (who derived his idea from Hofwyl, where his two sons were educated), has succeeded in his plans and endeavours to combine instruction, religion, and recreation. There are no prizes or humiliating punishments. A judicious praise or well-timed rebuke he has found to be quite sufficient; consequently, there are fewer unamiable feelings engendered at Hofwyl than at most other seminaries. As to music forming a part of education, the worthy philosopher says it is "precious, as softening the character, and calming the passions; fortifying the love of order, and of the beautiful; strengthening the bonds that attach man to his country, and raising his imagination and his wishes towards heaven."

RAFTS ON THE RHINE.

The rafts have the appearance of floating villages, from the wooden houses erected on them by the crew. Cattle and sheep are conveyed for the use of the men during the voyage. These extraordinary rafts consist of pine-trees fastened to each other, and, nearer Switzerland, are composed of a few trees only: as the navagation becomes less obstructed, they receive at various places numerous additions, until the raft becomes the enormous machine we witnessed. They are often upwards of a quarter of a mile long, and seventy and eighty feet broad, having a draught of seven feet water. The crew is as numerous as that of a man-of-war, varying from 500 to 800 men, who guide the course of the raft by rowing at the end. The consumption of provisions on a raft, from its original starting place to its destination, is 45,000lbs. weight of bread, 20,000lbs. of fresh meat, 10 cwt. of dried ditto, 12,000lbs, of cheese, 12 cwt. of butter, 35 large sacks of vegetables, 500 olims of beer, each holding 180 bottles, and six or eight butts of wine, of seven and a half olims each. The live stock is butchered on the voyage, in addition to this. A capital of 400,000 florins is requisite for its equipment.

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE BY A BRITISH SOLDIER.

It happened, during the last war between the United States and Great Britain, (may there never be another contest so unnatural) that a British soldier upon a raft of palisades, which had been cut on the margin of this basin for the fortifications at Queenston, was sent adrift into this whirlpool by the parting of a rope connected with the shore, in the attempt to float the raft out of the basin into the river below. The force of the currents not being duly estimated, as the raft approached the vortex, drawn by the hands of other soldiers on shore, and claiming a passage at what was deemed a prudent distance, the too feeble cord snapped asunder to the amazement and horror, not only of the unfortunate man afloat, but equally of his comrades, who were compelled, without any means or hope of extending relief, to witness the unhappy fate of the devoted victim. In a moment the raft was seen careering with increased rapidity towards the visible and open centre of the whirling waters, where its immediate and total wreck was justly deemed inevitable; and down it went, and the man upon it, with "convulsive splash," and now nothing was seen. The spectators shrieked in sympathy. A soldier has his fellow feeling. For he is a man. Had their

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comrade fallen in battle, they might have trampled on his carcass in the onset of a charge, in disregard of his sufferings. And when they should come to bury him, they might say: "Thou hast died nobly." But that he should be thus unexpectedly and fearfully swallowed up by the flood, their nerves were ill-prepared for the shock. He was gone, and with his disappearance disappeared all hope. But what was their surprise, while, with vacant stare and every feeling astounded, their feet fixed immoveably to the earth, they gazed upon the scene, the raft entire, and their comrade clinging to it, suddenly shot up on the surface of the waters, and seemed to be floating back to their embrace. "Well done! bravo!" they cried, rending the vault up region with their gratulations, and clapping their hands and leaping for joy. Alas! instead of making towards the shore, or coming within reach of the throw of a line, (for every one was now in stretch of all his powers to afford relief, and the unfortunate man crying for help,) the raft was borne irresistibly along the current before described, and in a few moments began again its rapid sweep towards the vortex. Again the men on shore were thrilled with horror in expectancy of the fate of their companion—and he, smiting his breast in despair, fell upon his knees, lifting his face towards heaven, and seemed to be making his last commendations of himself to the mercy of God, and the next moment down again he plunged, and was swallowed up in the deep. His comrades stood still, and gazed upon the vacant waters, awaiting in breathless anxiety the emergence of the severed fragments of the raft. For notwithstanding it had been firmly bound together to conflict with the violent forces of the passage, there was little reason to expect that it would sustain unbroken the second shock of such encounter, as that to which it was now doomed; much less, that their luckless comrade would appear again adhering to its parts. Nevertheless, to their unspeakable joy, the raft and the man emerged as before. The welcome of this second preservation for a moment rekindled hope, and suggested every possible expedient to accomplish a connexion between the shore and the raft. But all in vain. The unfortunate man, in the agony of despair, supplicated their aid. But what could they do? Again, the raft and its yet living tenant were on their wheeling and rapid circuit toward the fearful vortex. Again he fell on his knees—and again he plunged into the deep, and disappeared. Who now could hope in such a case?—Even if he should emerge again, it would only be to make the same round, and fall again into the power of the same merciless and insatiate appetite. Yet he did emerge, and bade farewell to his comrades, and they bade farewell to him: "God bless you!" said he. "God have mercy on you!" said they, in broken accents. "God have mercy on me!" he cried—and again he disappeared in the whirl of the waters.

Death took him into his embrace, inflicted on him all its pangs, and then threw him back, as if in vengeance, only to draw one breath of life; and then grasped and tortured him again, then threw him back to life; and then stretched forth his hand, and seized him again. And at every approach, Death seemed to say: Behold, how terrible I am!

Did he rise again?—Aye, he did, and the raft and the man continued this perpetual round, until the intelligence was conveyed to Queenston, some three miles below, and a boat drawn out of the river, and transported on wheels, and launched from the lofty bank of two hundred feet, down through the trees upon the basin, and the man was taken off to serve yet longer, and fight the battles of his king. And for aught that is known by us, he is still in his regiment. Scores of times he faced the frowning terrors of the scene,—made the deep plunge as many times,—took breath at every interval—and was saved at last.—*(Colton's American Lakes.)*

THE BRAVE AMERICAN INDIAN.

At the age of twenty-one, his heroic deeds had acquired for him in his nation, the rank of "*the bravest of the Braves.*" The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners, existed in this nation. An unfortunate female, taken in war, of the Paduca nation, was destinated to this horrible death. The fatal hour had arrived. The trembling victim, far from her home and her friends, was fastened to the stake. The whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain to witness the awful scene. Just when the funeral pile was to be kindled, and the whole multitude of spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, this young warrior, having unnoticed prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, liberated the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, and mounting the other himself, he made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive. The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the immediate act of the Great Spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village. The released captive was accompanied three days through the wilderness towards her home. He then gave her the horse, on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of the journey, and they parted. On his return to the village, such was his popularity, no inquiry was made into his conduct, no censure was passed upon it. And since this transaction, no human sacrafice has been offered in this, or in any other of the Pawnee tribes. The practice is abandoned. *Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause!—Colton.*

AN OXFORD STREET (LONDON) REMINISCENCE.

SOME few years ago, a shabby looking gentleman, carrying in his hand a fiddle, enclosed in a green bag, entered the shop of an eminent hosier in Oxford street.

"I want," said he, addressing himself to the obsequious man of hose, "a pair of silk stockings."

"Here are a dozen pair," replied the shopkeeper, "of such a quality as no other house in London can offer. They are cheaper than dirt, and more durable than iron, and when they are worn out, they will cut down into capital socks; but that will not be for many years."

"Excellent qualities!" replied the shabby gentleman, with the fiddle; "but what is the price?"

"A trifle," returned the seller; "only twelve shillings a pair."

"Then put up one pair for me," said he of the green bag, "and I'll pay for them." At the same moment his right hand dived into the extreme recesses of his breeches pocket, as though he were endeavouring to select something underneath. He was not successful.

"Gracious Goodness!" cried he, "I have either lost my purse, or left it at home, and I know not how I can possibly do without the stockings; for you must understand, that I am going to play at a celebrated concert to night, and must have them to wear."

"Well, sir," replied the hosier, "that shall not trouble you; we'll send them to your house."

"Unfortunately," whimpered the man of sweet sounds, screwing up his features to the dimension of a dried codling, "I am not going home; but I will, by your kind permission, leave my fiddle as a security for the twelve shillings, only requesting that you be careful of it, and hang it up (for it is a valuable instrument,) on that nail, which I see disengaged over the chimney of your back parlour."

"With all my heart," replied the hosier and immediately conducted the musician into the parlour, where he hung up the fiddle, and having received the stockings, left the shop.

About two days after this event, a person entered the shop, and bought two or three trifling articles. Being suddenly seized with a spasmodic indisposition of stomach, he requested permission to recover himself in an arm-chair of the parlour. The hosier's humanity and civility were equal to his industry. He attended his customer with much assiduity, and by help of a little brandy, rubbing, and chafing, restored the gentleman. As soon as he was well, he began to look about the room; to admire the pictures; to compliment the hosier on his taste, when his eyes rested on the fiddle.

"What! my friend," he exclaimed, "are you a musician?"

"No, sir," said the hosier; "that fiddle belongs to a poor fellow who bought a pair of stockings of me two days back, and probably has not yet been able to raise money enough to pay for them, and redeem his fiddle."

"Allow me," said the gentleman, "to look at it—I am a judge of these matters." The fiddle being delivered to him, he drew it from the bag, and having examined it said, as though to himself, "This is really a prodigious fine fiddle!" He then placed it to his shoulder, and negligently passing the bow across the strings, produced a few notes, which appeared to the hosier of such exquisite delicacy, that the passion of gain was for a few seconds suspended.

"This fiddle," said the stranger, "appears to be a Cremonæ of the best tune—Mr. Nottingham," he continued, looking up at the hosier, "I have known you some years, and have dealt always with you—I know you are an honest man—I will not inform you what is my opinion of the worth of this instrument; but here is a thirty pound note, for which you will give me a receipt; and if, when the wretched musician again makes his appearance, you can purchase it for fifty pounds, this note, which I have now put into your hands, shall be your own." When he had thus spoken, he gave him the note, together with his card; and having received an acknowledgment for the note, departed.

He had scarcely been gone from the shop above an hour, when the musician, in a great hurry, and much worse clothed than before, ran hastily into the shop, and, putting down the twelve shillings on the counter, requested to have his fiddle.

"Ah!" quoth the man of yarn, "I'm delighted to see you, I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you;" and, taking him into the back parlour, informed him of the liberal offer which the gentleman had made who had been there in the morning.

"With respect to the fiddle," said the musician, "I am well aware that it even exceeds in value what you have offered; nor would I think of selling it, but that my distresses are great, and customers are difficult to procure. To tell you the truth, I am now under arrest, an officer is with me outside, and I have only been allowed a few moments to fetch my fiddle, in order to carry it to a friend, who is ready to advance me upon it a certain sum of money sufficient to relieve me from arrest." The hosier saw that such was the fact.

"I will go with you, said he, "to the gentleman's house, and receive the fifty."—"Impossible!" replied the musician. "He may be from home, or otherwise; I cannot take the risk. The person I allude to is waiting my return."

The wily hosier now began to suspect that the fiddle would escape, and that the thirty pounds commission would be lost. He therefore resolved on a bold venture, and added twenty pounds of his own.

"Wait one moment, said he to the musician, "and you shall receive the fifty pounds." The musician hesitated, as if reluctant to part with

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his fiddle for the price: he surveyed it with tenderness, and said, "'Tis my necessities alone which induce me to part with thee, thou cheerful companion of my life—the better portion of my existence. But we must separate; and having been a long time the delight of thy master, thou must become his support."

Tears were visible in the eyes of the wretched musician, and, with a trembling hand, he delivered the instrument to the hosier, and having received the fifty pounds, hurried away from the shop in a very distressed state of mind. The hosier almost repented making such a gain from so poor a man But "business is business."

As soon as the fiddle became the property of the hosier, he ordered a coach, and repaired to the house of the gentleman whose card he possessed. The servants informed him that their master was at home, and he was soon introduced into the library. He found himself in the presence of a gentleman very different in appearance from him whom he had seen in the morning. However, he produced the fiddle, a receipt for the money he had paid, and the card, and begged to know when he could see the owner. The gentleman appeared surprised, and, indeed, the man of stockings very soon became convinced that there must be some mistake. The gentleman acknowledged the card to be his, but declared himself quite ignorant of the transaction. The hosier was struck with dismay, and returned home in a most disconsolate state, yet not without hopes that the person who had advanced the money would soon make his appearance to claim the fiddle he had so much coveted. At all events, the instrument was valuable, and he might, after all, make a handsome profit. He was relieved from all suspense by the arrival of a customer, who was a musical instrument maker; who, having examined the instrument, declared it to be a Dutch fiddle, value about eighteen and sixpence! The sound of a fiddle, ever after, threw the hosier into fits!

O'CONNELL's CHARGE AGAINST THE DUTCH.

THERE is a curious illustration of the Protestant propensity to act with abhorrence of Catholicity, to be found in the history of the Dutch in Ceylon. They (the Dutch,) when they became masters of the sea coasts of Ceylon, found within their territories about half a million of native Christians, all, of course, Catholics, who had been converted principally by the Jesuits, the companions and successors of the great St. Francis Xavier; but instead of encouraging them, they commenced a most cruel and unrelenting persecution of all the Ceylonese Christians, who refused to embrace Calvinism. They invented or adopted part of the Irish penal code, by rendering it impossible for Catholic children to inherit any of the property of their Catholic parents, besides using more direct force and personal punishments for professing Catholicity, but without being able to extirpate that religion. They, therefore, resorted to another and still more atrocious proceeding.

The species of Gentooism professed by the native Ceylonese was the religion of Buddha, an obscene and horrid religion, which had organized itself into a faint resemblance of the Christian hierarchy In fact, that religion could not subsist for any length of time without the regular gradation or orders of their priesthood Such, however, was the success of the Jesuits and other Catholic missionaries, that the hierarchy of the Buddhists in Ceylon was broken up, and the religion itself was nearly extinguished at the period of the Dutch conquest. What did the Dutch do? When they found that they could not put down Catholicity otherwise, they actually entered into an arrangement with the King of Candy, who reigned in the interior of the island, and lent him a frigate, and fitted out for him an embassy, which they conveyed to the Isle of Java for a fresh college of Buddhist priests. They brought these priests back to Ceylon, and thus actually re established the Buddhist hierarchy, to preserve the natives from Catholicity! Perhaps nothing in the history of man was ever more revolting.

ROSSIANA.

Captain Ross since his return, as may be supposed, is quite a lion. He is, if not "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," at least "the observed of all observers;" and many are the mansions anxious to be honoured with the presence of the Polar hero. Like the Chinese in Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," he is expected to say and do wonderful things—and great surprise has been occasioned by the fact of his acting much the same as he used to do. A certain dilettante dame hearing that the Captain had declared he considered an Arctic fox a dainty, actually got a cub from Leicestershire dressed for his dinner on a recent invite; and was quite astonished to see him work away at a haunch of venison instead.

"Pray, Captain Ross, (asked a city lady at dinner in Portland place,) did you not *take* any cold *out* in these inclement regions?" "No, madam, (replied Ross, who is a wag,) I *found* enough there on my arrival, I can assure you."

"Is it a fact (inquired Sir Clod) that the whales weep?" "Not that I know of!" answered the navigator. "Bless my soul, then, (replied the civic luminary,) what do they mean by saying they have so much *blubber* about them?"

"I suppose (said Tom Macauley, cracking an old joke), you used *icy*-coals for *cool*-inary purposes." "Yes (rejoined Ross); and, moreover, we had nothing else to drink." "That's odd enough (said Tom, rather smartly), for by all accounts you had plenty of *brwn* (brewing) out there." There is no *bearing* Tom's fun. It was well known that the expedition was fitted out at the expense of Felix Booth, the distiller, who was Sheriff at the period of Ross's departure. In compliment to his liberal patron, Ross called the land near the Pole, "Boothia." The chief of the natives discovered in that quarter he christened "Old Tom" The abori*gines* Ross describes as being a *spirited* race in some instances, but generally speaking, dull; in fact, says he, "I never met a *rum* fellow amongst them."

"Pray (asked a clergyman), have they any religion or idea of the Deity?" "They have two (replied Ross); *Thaw-r* is worshipped in the summer, and *Ice-is* (Isis) in the winter."

"I should think an Esquimaux would make a capital assessor at an election," said Sam Rogers. "How so?" asked the Captain. "Why who are better judges of the *state* of the *Poles?*" answered Sam

But, however, this is all mere *badinage*. Seriously speaking, Ross declares that the discoveries he is daily making of the altered state of affairs at home, quite exceed all he made at the North Pole. His recollection of the dreadful *icebergs* are quite obliterated by the contemplation of the changed state of the *Scotch burghs*. In fact, the remembrance of his woes and troubles in the dismal Arctic regions, he assures us, are lost in the feelings of horror with which he contemplates the awful changes in the character and constitution, political and economical, of England

"The Esquimaux, (emphatically says the Captain,) if the measures of the anarchists be persisted in, will be happier in his clime of cold and darkness, than the Englishman in this, his once boasted land of freedom and prosperity."

We believe him. The Captain has not gone "so far north" for nothing.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN CAPTAIN ROSS AND CAPTAIN HUMPHREYS,

ON THEIR FIRST MEETING.

Capt. Ross: I have been thinking, Humphreys, what Lord Melville, and Croker, and my old enemy, Barrow, will say to my discoveries. I have prepared despatches for the Admiralty at least ten times, sealed them firmly, and enclosed them in a small wooden box, in the hope that that might be found if I perished.

Capt. Humphreys: Lord Melville and Croker! why, man, they are out long since; don't you know Sir James Graham is First Lord now.

Capt. R. What Sir James Graham? Of course it is not the radical member for Cumberland, who makes the motions about sinecures.

Capt. H The very same, and as stingy in office as he was snarling out. Even the King, though so fond of the service, can't stop his pruning and lopping.

Capt. R. The King! why I thought he preferred the army, and neglected the navy.

Capt. H. Ah! I forgot to tell you. Old George is gone. We've got William IV. now,—the Duke of Clarence that was.

Capt. R. Indeed! what sort of a king does he make? Is he a strict disciplinarian? I hope he has not infringed on the liberties of the people, nor ordered Brougham and Denman, who abused him so at the Queen's trial, to be strung up at the yard-arm? Why, what a horrible renegade Sir James Graham must be! I wonder the Duke would take him.

Capt. H. The Duke! Brougham and Denman? Renegade? Strict disciplinarian! Ah, my good fellow, I see you are a thousand leagues out of your reckoning: we've changed the poles of the earth since you left us.

Capt. R. I hope you've not had a revolution.

Capt. H. Oh no, but we've had Reform,

Capt. R. What! Has Lord John Russell carried his motion to give Members to Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham? Did the Duke and Peel consent?

Capt. H. The Duke has been turned to the right-about three years since. Earl Grey and the Whigs are now in office.

Capt. R. Is it possible? Grey is a fine fellow, but rather proud of his order: however, you say reform is carried: how do Grey and the borough-mongers go on together?

Capt. H. Just as the dog Billy and the hundred rats did; he has worried them every one; there is no such thing as a boroughmonger in the kingdom—they are all gone to Davy's Locker.

Capt. R. Nonsense, you make game of me. Why, what has become of the Tory majorities of Parliament?

Capt. H. Reduced to a miserable minority in the Commons, and kept in decent order in the Lords. All the large towns have representatives; the rotton boroughs are annihilated. The king turned reformer, and then it was up with the Tories. The Reformed Parliament has emancipated the West India slaves, opened the China trade, and reformed the Irish Church.

Capt. R. What! why these are miracles! Pray have the Whigs found out a way to pay off the National Debt?

Capt. H. No, that and the North-West passage will be discovered together.

Capt. R. But tell me, has the King forgiven Brougham and Denman?

Capt. H. Judge for yourself: the first is a Lord, and keeps the King's conscience; the second is Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

Capt. R. Good Humphreys, tell me next, do people walk on their hands or their feet now in England?

Capt. H. The fashion had not changed in that respect when I sailed; but what think you of their travelling at the rate of thirty knots an hour—a hundred people are so drawn by one engine?

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Capt. R. Now, Humphreys, don't bounce; no tricks upon travellers; you at home are turning Munchausens now.

Capt. H. As I live, it's true; the Duke of Orleans went the other day from Liverpool to Manchester in an hour and five minutes.

Capt. R. The Duke of Orleans! I hope the French have not invaded us; yet old Charles X. must have hated the English Reform.

Capt. H. To be sure he did; he was running as fast as possible the other way, that is, towards pure despotism; so the French capsized him, and put his cousin the Duke of Orleans at the helm. They call him Louis Philip, and he makes a moderately good King, and keeps the French quiet, though the liberals say he does not go far enough. His daughter married Leopold.

Capt. R. Prince Leopold, you mean; do they live in England then?

Capt H. Prince Leopold! No, lack-a day, one has to teach you the whole alphabet over again. King Leopold—King of Belgium; that is a new kingdom sprung up, separated from Holland; the Belgians did not like playing second fiddle to the Dutchmen, so they mutinied, and chose a Captain of their own, and they've got our Prince Leopold.

Capt. R. And what said the Holy Alliance to that?

Capt. H. Said! Why, Nic was beginning to be saucy, and talked of sending an army to France; but the Poles revolted, and it took a twelvemonth to lick them; they fought like lions, but what signifies, when they were surrounded by such a set of devils? At last Nic got them down, and then he cut their throats. As to Austria and Prussia, they did not like the look of things, as the Frenchmen were clearing for action, and calling all hands on deck. So they thought it better to sheer off.

Capt. R. Why, Humphreys, you stop my breath; I can't receive all this at once, and I fear you're bouncing, Humphreys, or else the world is turned topsy-turvy, whilst I have been locked up in ice these four years, almost as fast as a toad in a block of free-stone. I thought if any body had climbed to the top of the tree in England, it would have been Huskisson.

Capt. H. Poor Huskisson, he's gone; he was run down by an engine at the opening of the Liverpool railway, and killed.

Capt. R. What? Oh! horrible! I am almost afraid to ask who is alive. But tell me, how is my old neighbour ——, and his daughter, a pretty little girl just left school.

Capt. H. Little girl! She is Mrs. ——, and has a fine boy a year old.

Capt. R. You don't say so: the chit. Well, I see the world's going on upon the old principles still; but every thing seems to be done quicker in England than it used to be. What is Walter Scott's last tale?

Capt. H. Ah! he has told his last; we have got to the *Finis;* the bright star has set. But I have news for you, the course of the Niger has been discovered.

Capt. R. The Niger? Who is the lucky man?

Capt. H. Two young chaps called Lander; one of them was the attendant of poor Clapperton. They are well-behaved steady lads, and they have done what so many fine fellows perished in attempting. They have traced the river to the Bight of Benin. One of them has gone out again; and it will be well if the dysentry does not catch him this time.

Capt. R. (sighing) I was not born under so fortunate a star. But I have done what man could do, and suffered more than most. Even Barrow will confess that.

Capt. H. Every body will confess it. Cheer up, man, you have solved the problem one way at least: you could not find a passage where there was none. Four winters in the ice is what no man ever endured before. The world will give you every credit for bravery, perseverence, and skill, not to be outdone.

Capt. R. Do you think so?

SCOTTISH CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

Liverpool, 31st January, 1834.—The following testimony is thus declared:

"We, the undersigned ministers, elders, and others, members of the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, residing in this town and neighbourhood, consider it an imperative duty, at the present crisis of public affairs, to make the following declaration:

"That, differing more or less in our religious doctrines with the English Dissenters of all denominations, and holding in great abhorrence the tenets of the sect generally styled English Presbyterians, whether Unitarians, Socinians, or Arians, we particularly disagree with the whole of them; by upholding, as we do, the vital importance of a National Establishment for the maintenance and increase of pure and undefiled religion.

"That we consider the Established Church of England, in doctrine, as one of the most pure and undefiled of the Christian Churches.

"That we regard her as the noblest ally of our own National Church, in the defence of the bulwarks of Protestantism, against our impure, insatiable, common adversary.

"That we reverence her, as having furnished more than any Church whatever, in her authors, the most successful champions of the cross of Christ, against infidel writers.

"And that we should account as a calamity to the whole christian world, the spoliation of the Church of England, or its overthrow, as the National Church of the greatest portion of the British Empire."

LINES
FROM COTTAGE SAMPLERS.

(Copied in Westmoreland.)

HERE reigns content
And Nature's child Simplicity:
— Long since exiled from
Polished realms.

ANOTHER:—
'TIS Industry supplies
The little Temperance wants;
And rosy Health sits
Smiling at the board.

EXCUSES.

Dr. FRANKLIN had a servant who was *never in the wrong.* At length the master's patience became exhausted. "My good fellow," said he, "you and I must part. I never knew a person good at excuses, good at any thing else."

REFORMING A SCOLD.

In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal, took up a whole wagon-load of methodists, and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, "Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning to night." The magistrate asked if they had done any thing else? "Yes, sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship; they convarted my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

OLD FULLER,
The Church Historian of 1608.

THE following pious thoughts, with many others, were found among this good man's papers soon after his decease:

LORD! Teach me the art of patience whilst I am well, and give me the use of it when I am sick.

LORD! Be pleased to shake my clay cottage before thou throwest it down. May it totter awhile before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect of itself: for I care not how short my passage may be, so it be safe. Never any weary traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of *me.* Make me always ready so as to receive death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table.

SELECT NOTICES.

Hayti.—Boyer, the present President of Hayti, is a dark mulatto, of the middle size, and about 45 years of age. His troops are well clothed, disciplined, and placed on a respectable footing. The uniform is blue, that of the officers adorned with gold, and white trousers. The naval force consists of three ships thus named—the *Wilberforce,* the *Abolitionist,* the *Philanthropist.*——*Cologne.*—No less than 50 manufactories of Eau de Cologne are in activity in this city.——*Zurich.*—Theatres or balls are not admitted within the precincts of Zurich. Concerts, however, are common.——*New York.*—There are now 76 Omnibuses in New York, besides 200 licensed Hackney Coaches.——*The Clergy.*—From the Parliamentary Returns, we extract the following:

Total number of resident Clergy, - - -	4,649.
Non-resident by exemption, - - - - -	2,506.
Non-resident by licenses, - - - - - - -	1,968.
Cases not included among exemptions and licenses, - - - - - - - - - -	33.
Total number of benefices, - - - - - -	10,560.

Temperance Meeting.—Twelve hundred members of the Preston Temperance Society, recently met together in the Exchange Rooms to take tea. A band of music attended. The tea-kettle held 200 gallons. Forty reformed drunkards officiated as waiters.——*The Dissenters.*—Lord Jno. Russell is to bring before Parliament a bill for the relief of Dissenters.——*Impressment.*—A Petition to Parliament against the impressment of seamen for manning the Navy, has been numerously signed by the merchants, bankers, ship owners, and traders of London.——*The London Churches.*—It would appear that it is determined to take down

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many of these beautiful edifices in the City of London. At a Court of Common Council, one of the speakers voted for their destruction on the plea that scarcely 25 persons attended some of the Churches. Sir Peter Laurie said, that he thought if popular preachers could be obtained, the churches would be filled. Mr. Figgins observed, that one of the now empty churches used to be crowded to excess, even two hours before the commencement of the service. The clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Gunn. The question for pulling down was carried! ——*Dunkirk.*—The price of the quartern English loaf at Dunkirk is 4½. Butcher's meat of all sorts, 4¾ per lb. English weight. Pork, 4d. Good ale, 2d. per quart.——*Vaccination.*—The immense benefits of vaccination are clearly unfolded in a recently published Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the subject. It is a curious fact, as stated in the Report, that the children of poor persons are altogether unfit to furnish healthy lymph for the purposes of vaccination, and very seldom do they shew a fine vericle. When wanted in the country, lymph is sent from London in tubes hermetically sealed; but experience has shewn that lymph collected in any great quantity, or exposed to warmth, will ferment and become *effete*, and, of course, inefficient. The source from which the Vaccine Board derived their original lymph, was a patient of Dr. Jenner's in 1799. The disease was taken from cows.——*Eton School.*—It is singular, that the study of mathematics should not be recognized at Eton, as a part of its public business.—— *Aged Peers.*—There are no fewer at present than seventy peers, all holding seats in the Upper House, who are between 70 and 80 years of age. Among the most aged are —Lord Wodehouse, 93; Lord Lynedoch, 84; Lord Scarsdale, 83; Lord Stowell, 89; Lord St. Helens, 81; Earl of Eldon, 83; Earl Fortescue, 81; Earl of Ranfurly, 80; Lord Carrington, 82; Earl Powis, 80; Lord Middleton, 80.——At a late fire in the shop of Mr. Richardson, the bookbinder, in the Adelphi, the MS. of the *School for Scandal*, in the hand writing of the late R. B. Sheridan, which had been left the day previous for binding, was destroyed.—— The dispute between the government and the bank of the United States embarrasses commerce to a high degree. At the Havannah, the trade of which is chiefly with the union, great distress at present prevails.——The demand for wool is so great that, according to an Oxford paper, sheep have been shorn, and sent to London market in *flannel waistcoats*, in order to prevent the flesh from being deteriorated by the cold.——It has been determined at a general session of the county of Devon, that the grand juries shall be in future chosen by ballot.——The late H. E. Gosling, Esq., has bequeathed 1000*l.* in aid of the funds of King's College, which is to be expended in completing the river front of that building.——A Russian vessel lately brought to Cronstadt the skeletons of three mammoths, found in a subterranean cavern in the island of Podrese, one of which, it is said, the Emperor Nicholas has signified his intention to the French ambassador of sending to Paris, to be placed in the Gallery of Natural History at the Garden of Plants.—*French paper.*——Sir T. Telford, the engineer, has presented to Parliament his report for a more healthy and efficient supply of water to the metropolis. The survey, it will be remembered, was undertaken by government at the suggestion of Sir F. Burdett. The estimate of the expense is calculated by Sir T. Telford at 800,000*l.*——Captain Ross has placed his petition, claiming remuneration for the expenses of his late expedition, in the hands of Mr. Cutlar Fergusson. It is understood that the government will not offer any opposition to a grant. ——A large steam-ship, built for the King of Naples, was launched last week at Limehouse, in the presence of the Neapolitan ambassador. ——Literary and scientific institutions, for the cultivation of the mental faculties, are every where advancing—even in London, where the extreme application of the industrious classes appear least favourable for the purpose. One for the city of London has been flourishing for a considerable time, and now includes a great number of the young shopmen of that part of the metropolis. Its funds are in so prosperous a state, that it has been able to erect a theatre for scientific lectures, and to engage men of considerable eminence as lecturers. The members publish a little monthly miscellany; which shows some literary talent. Another called the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, though of more recent formation, is also going on well. Classes for natural philosophy, languages, and music, have already been formed; and a theatre, with library, laboratory, and museum, is fitting up. The mechanics of this great district have also an institute, under the name of the Marylebone Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The drapers of the city have still more recently (Jan. 23) formed an association called the Drapers' Institution, to provide, by voluntary contributions from the drapers themselves and the public, reading-rooms, scientific lectures, libraries, and temporary assistances to such of the members as may, by unavoidable circumstances, be brought into a state of distress. In all these societies, one grand saving principle is observed—the exclusion of all political and theological controversy.——The London and Westminster Bank is to commence business during the present month *(March).*—— The establishment of the South Sea House is to be broken up, by which a considerable saving will be effected.——The new trustees to Lady Hewley's charity are already appointed; they are all Independents, with the exception of one Baptist.——The political unions, which not long since exercised so much influence, are generally described as in a declining state.——Incendiary conflagrations continue in several districts of England.

NEW INVENTION.

THE ANDROMETER.

The andrometer (literally the man-measurer) is an instrument which has lately been invented, for the purpose of taking an exact measurement of the various proportions of the human figure. The inventor, Mr. James M'Donald, tailor, West Register Street, Edinburgh, has obtained for it the approbation of the Society of Arts in this city, and has taken out a caveat with the view of protecting it by a patent. Till the latter object is fully accomplished, or till the ingenious mechanist has obtained the notice and patronage of government, it would be improper to describe it minutely; but we may state, that, as far as Mr. M'Donald's plans have already gone, he is able, by one experiment, to give measurements of the whole height, of the length of limb, the length of body, the length of arm, the height of the crown above the shoulders, the breadth of the shoulders, the breadth of haunch, and, what is most curious of all, of the flexure of the spine, of any individual, whatever be his shape or stature. He anticipates that his engine (for so it may be called) will be of direct and material service in the cutting of clothes, in ascertaining the proportions of soldiers with a view to the detection of deserters, and aiding the exertions of painters and sculptors. The most important purpose, however, to which it may be applied, is the calculation of the relative strength of men. Strength, as some of our readers must be aware, and still more the capability of enduring fatigue, depend greatly upon proportion of parts. No man, perhaps, is exactly proportioned; at least, out of more than two hundred whom Mr. M'Donald has measured, not one has been found to tally with a certain standard of relative measurements which may be called *perfection.* Perfection, alas, is not to be found in man—no, nor in women either, though the poets have occasionally, by their flattery, seemed to say so. More than this, no man is found whose arms are exactly of a length, or who has not one shoulder and one haunch a little lower than the other. As the nearer that men approach to the standard, the greater is their strength, it obviously may be of great importance in many departments of civil life, and also in the army, to have an engine by which the approximation of individuals to that standard may be calculated. For instance, a military commander might thus assort his men in parties of nearly equal physical power for various duties, so that none might fail before the rest, and the whole object might be with certainty accomplished. It is our earnest hope that Mr. McDonald will succeed in turning his ingenious contrivance to some account for his own benefit; for labours such as his are but too apt to prove of service to every one but the individual principally concerned.

MORTALITY IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

THE results, then, the tables of Mr. de Jonnes, may be stated as follows:—That 1 out of every 28 inhabitants dies yearly in the Roman States, &c.; 1 in 30 in Italy generally, in Greece and Turkey; 1 in 39 in the Netherlands, France, and Prussia; 1 in 40 in Switzerland, Austria, Portugal, and Spain; 1 in 44 in European Russia and Poland; 1 in 45 in Germany, Denmark, and Sweden; 1 in 48 in Norway; 1 in 53 in Ireland; 1 in 58 in England; and 1 in 59 in Scotland and Iceland. Thus we see that the fewest chances of life, and its shortest duration in Europe, are not, as might be supposed, dependent on the influence of a severe climate, such as that of Norway, or a marshy soil like that of Ireland; and it will be at once seen that the duration of life is brought to its very minimum upon the site over which the beautiful climate of Italy is suspended. On the other hand, experience, contradicting the suggestions of our judgment, fixes the seat of that salubrity which confers old age on the human being, on the rocks of the ice bound regions of Iceland, and amid the fogs of Scotland.

The British Islands, of all countries in Europe, are the most favourably endowed in this respect: the yearly loss by death in those islands does not exceed 18,200 in every million of the inhabitants, or 1 in every 55; whilst in those countries whose shores are bathed by the Mediterranean sea, the proportion of deaths to population is nearly double the amount.

The countries next in succession are those of Norway and Sweden, as, *ceteris paribus*, for three persons that die in the south of Europe, scarcely two die in old Scandinavia; and the same comparative advantages are enjoyed also by Denmark and Germany. But for countries so imperfectly supplied with the necessaries of life as Russia and Poland, the blessing of longevity which they enjoy is quite unaccountable. The population of those two States form together a population of sixty millions of men, whose lives most commonly are prolonged nearly half as long again as the extent of those of Italy, and exactly double that which is assigned for human existence in Vienna.

The medium amount of the duration of life, that in which the proportion exists of 1 death to 40 inhabitants, is to be found in the cantons of Switzerland, in the provincial districts of Austria, in the peninsula of Spain, all of which are under the influence of a dry atmosphere and soil. Both France, the Netherlands, and Prussia, approximate closely to this proportion; and these countries will, undoubtedly, surpass it, unless war, or some other devastating scourge, suspends the progress of ameliorations which are going forward in these countries. Throughout the rest of Europe, the mortality amounts to a thirtieth of the population, and often it increases more and more, in consequence of causes which have for a long time put the

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prosperity of the communities on the coast of the Mediterranean in considerable danger. Upon the whole, then, the just calculation is, that the yearly mean average in Europe, on more than two hundred and ten millions of inhabitants, is five millions two hundred and fifty-six thousand deaths—a mortality of one-fortieth part of the whole, distributed unequally between the inhabitants of the northern and those of the southern division of Europe. The first division has only 1 death in 44 of its population; in the second, the mortality is 1 in 36. In the countries situated to the north of France, twenty two thousand seven hundred individuals, out of every million of the population, are yearly consigned to death. The proportion is twenty seven thousand eight hundred in those territories which lie in the south—a difference of more than five thousand, which is equivalent to a two hundredth part of the population.

Now, if we carefully consider these numbers, as well as the figures of the tables from which these numbers are drawn, we shall see in operation two great causes which preside over the rest, in determining the relation of mortality just described, or, in other words, which fix the number of chances of the continuation of human life. The first of these causes is the nature of the climate: and the second is the presence or absence of civilization. With respect to climate, it may always be regarded as favourable to health, when it is cold, and even when it is severely so, or when the humidity resulting from the proximity of the sea is combined with a low temperature. The least proportion of mortality in Europe occurs in maritime countries which are in the vicinity of the polar circle, as, for example, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland; it is likewise found in those countries in which, as in Russia, for instance, the influence of the climate is not promoted by the influence of civilization, and is of itself sufficient to secure long life to the inhabitants. In temperate latitudes it is not found, as we should be disposed to expect, that life is particularly exempted from mortality; even with the best climate, moral improvement on a high scale is is essential. In those southern countries where the climate would seem so congenial to the human frame, it happens, on the contrary, that it is subject to the greatest number of accidents. Thus, in the smiling plains of Italy, more than half again the chances of death are to be found than are in the wintry cold regions of Scotland; and beneath the beautiful skies of Greece, life is not half so secure as to its continuance, as it is, surrounded with ice in Iceland.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

Nine tenths of the religious instruction of the country is given by the people who itinerate, and who are, with very few exceptions, not, withstanding all that has been said to the contrary, men of great zeal and sincerity.—(*England and America.*)

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By Vivian.

THE PENSION LIST.

Most heartily do we wish that the present shaking of the frame-work of the olden Governments of Europe, may "teach brutish man to know wisdom;" that it may turn many to the righteousness of industrious habits, and, by removing from under them the *public crutch* on which they now walk, learn them the happy art of *going alone.*

To very many pensioned individuals the signs of the times must be awful, and it is no wonder that it should be so. Witness by the late arrivals the debates in Parliament on the Pension List. "Something fell from the Ministers in debate," observes the *Morning Herald,* "about the *propriety* of having a fund out of which *Men of Science and Letters* might be rewarded or provided for above the reach of want."

Ah! how few of such meritorious individuals have ever adorned the pension list of England. A Government has sometimes placed a political writer on that list, not because of superior talents and superior merits, but because he had a claim on their party for the venal assistance of his pen, or because it was thought proper to retain him for future services. In a country where Otway, and even Butler, perished for want of bread; where the bones of the glorious John Dryden could scarcely obtain a funeral; where Goldsmith only escaped from bailiffs to the tomb; where, in fact, poets, moralists, wits, philosophers — men whose genius enriched the language, purified the taste, elevated the morals, and made new accessions to the science of their native land; the instructors and the civilizers not only of the English people, but of mankind;—in a country where numbers of such men have been left to struggle with the sordid anxieties of life, and to perish in the obscurity of neglect, or amid the horrors of a prison; in such a country, we say, the rich feast of the public bounty has been, and is, sumptuously spread for the children of indolence who flutter in the sunshine of Court favour—the butterflies of the hour—or the more dangerous tribe of worthless characters who minister to the vices of the great, and the example of whose prosperity has a demoralising effect upon the public mind.

What a boast was made of the pension to Dr. Johnson! But, as the lawyers say, *exceptio probat regulam.* And when some additional to the economical stipend was asked for to prolong the life of the great moralist and lexicographer, by allowing him to take a continental journey, in compliance with medical advice, it was refused. Yet the memory and the works of that man shall live, and we trust the morals which he inculcated will flourish long after many generations of Cabinet Ministers, ambitious of power for themselves alone, and armies of vulgar, but overpaid politicians, shall have passed from the scenes and the recollections of men.

THE ABORIGINES.

The true lords of the soil, the Hottentots at the various Missionary Institutions in the Colony, are, from the various testimonies of disinterested travellers, doing well, and making rapid progress in civilization and religion. Various public meetings of the Hottentot nation have taken place at several places, and Hottentots have argued well, and unanswerably, on the advantages of Education, Infant Schools, Temperance Societies, and the Public Worship of Almighty God. The same may be said of a large body of Caffres, at whose public Meetings a great interest has been excited.

At Gnadendal an Organ has been introduced in the Hottentot Church; and, moreover, *a Printing Press* has just been added to the Institution. Taking the growing improvement of the Missionary Institutions into consideration in all parts of the Colony, together with that of the Hottentot settlement on the Kat River, it will be readily enough seen that the aborigines will have so progressed in knowledge, that they have now the start of the Boers by fifty years.

Relative to the Printing Press, we contemplate much good to be done by it. At Kat River there are many intelligent Hottentots quite capable of conducting the Press, and maintaining their just pretensions and rights. Let them follow the example of the North American Indians, and let those who wish to see an example of the editorial labours of Indians, take up a most powerful book in two volumes, (8vo. 1833,) by Mr. Colton. It is entitled a Tour to the American Lakes, and discloses the character and prospects of the Indian race. The *Cherokees* are a cruelly persecuted people from the avaricious cupidity of some of the surrounding American States. But the civilized world might be challenged for an exhibition, from the files of its literary records, of a more vigorous and manly composition than that maintained by the Indian Editor of the *Cherokee Phœnix.*

We take this opportunity of recommending most earnestly Mr. Colton's book to all those who wish well to their fellow men. And let the reader take up the second volume, pages 202, 203, and those consecutive, and let him disguise or stifle his emotions *if he can!*

IMMIGRATION TO THE CAPE.

A public writer observes, (1833) "this year the English government is making, to use the expression of Lord Goderich, 'another experiment,' *by providing the funds* wherewith to convey to South Africa a number of destitute children: the prodigious number of twenty! Considering that the population of England is fourteen millions, this experiment may justly be called child's play.—*England and America.*

ATTEMPT TO IMPEDE THE MARCH OF LETTERS.

(*The proposed Ordinance for regulating the Post Office.*)

We take some degree of credit to ourselves, for being the first in the field to sound the tocsin on this subject, and probably to have accomplished some partial benefit to the community at large.

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But our gratification would have been complete, had Council in its wisdom thrown out the Bill altogether. It was, in the first place, an ill-advised introduction, and we pity those in the back ground, (apart from Council,) whose small brains suggested the discussion of the subject. Even in the modified state of the Bill, the inhabitants of the country districts, in reference to the periodical literature of Europe, will be seriously affected. It is altogether a plan for levying *a fine* on the *Moral Government* of the colony,—it is a *tax* on the philosophy of the human mind, it is an *embargo* laid on the *capital* of the learning, skill, and industry of the literary character; it is an *impost* on *the necessaries of life*,—for Books, Pamphlets, Magazines, and Newspapers, may now be reckoned as such.

Again, our regret is, that the draft of the Ordinance in question should be considered as a *Government measure*. So far as is practicable, a government ought to be to a people, what a judicious parent is to a family and neighbourhood—not merely the ruler, but the Guide,—the *Instructor*,—the *Schoolmaster abroad*.

But further, we trust the day is not far distant, when the enlightened Governments of Europe will discover it to be the truest wisdom and policy to defray the whole cost of national postage. What! extend to all the privilege of franking? Yes: and because for one reason you would destroy the privilege by extending it. Is it not dreadful to think of the many thousands of our poor and over-worked peasantry at home, who cannot enjoy any *lettered* communication with their widely-scattered friends, because of their inability to pay the postage? We think much would be gained to the Government of a country in the way of promoting domestic happiness and contentment, could poor people afford to carry on an interchange of communication by letters. We are for the UNIVERSAL FREEDOM OF POSTAGE.

THE EXECUTOR'S GUIDE.

As most of our readers are aware, the old Orphan Chamber administration has dropped into

"The oblivious pool,"

and the legal division of the personal property of intestates is placed by an Ordinance of the Government of the Country, under the management of the Master of the Supreme Court. To afford every information on the subject of the new *Law* relating to registration of Wills and the administration of Estates, Mr. Burton has, with much zeal and ability, compiled and published *(gratis)* for the Country Districts, THE EXECUTOR'S GUIDE, containing a complete abstract of the Law in the form of plain instructions.

But "the recent abolition of the Orphan Chamber Jurisdiction," to adopt the words of an association for the administration and settlement of Estates, which has been set on foot during the last month, (irrespective of Government,) "having at once thrown the management of intestate Estates into a *new channel* of administration, has caused so great a *concussion* and *surprise* in the colony, at least among a *certain* portion of its inhabitants, as to have led to the formation of an establishment by *private* [!!!] association, &c."

Then follow certain rules with a list of names—Mr. Daniel Denyssen,* President.

Now all this may be well enough, but is there any real objection to the "new channel?" or its connection with *Government?* But we put the question in the language of our good friend Mr. Jones, of Bloemhoff, which was written in reference to the Government Bank and Commercial Exchange Annual Report. (See *Advertiser*, No. 726.)

"If the connection leads to any evil, why not declare it? Why plunge the uninitiated in the horrors of a mistrust and apprehension, when their confidence is most essential?"

GAME LAWS OF THE CAPE.

IN such a boundless extent of territory as Southern Africa presents, the very idea of *Game Laws* is enough to make the *Horse-jaws* which adorn the battlements of *Bloemhof Castle* burst into a *horse-laugh*. However, as such game laws do actually exist here, we propose to Council, that, should its famous *Vagrant Law* pass, it be imperative on all *Field*-Cornets, and other *petty sovereigns armed* with despotic power, to take out licenses to *kill*. This will be turning the penny at any rate, and in these hard times we must do business at all hazards.

But on the subject of game laws we have a code of our own to present, quite distinct from that of the existing legislature. The task has been, we confess, most difficult to us, because we have always detested the idea of popping at swallows, sparrows, or partridges. We prefer a more extensive field, and are delighted with the good taste of Mr. Gisbourne, (now M. P) who, some three or four years since, landed on our shores from England *expressly* to shoot lions, run down tigers, entrap elephants, and bag buffaloes. But as our duty calls us to legislate in a small way, we beg leave to introduce the following regulations, solely for the benefit of the gentlemen sportsmen whose misfortune it is to have been born in Cape Town.

RULE 1.—*Always load your gun when on the cock*, by which you lose no time in bringing your piece to your shoulder, a great advantage; and if you possess *common caution*, you run no risk of blowing your head off while ramming down your charge.

RULE 2.—*When a covey gets up, always fire bang into the middle of it.*—It is all nonsense about singling out a particular bird; take my word, it is easier to miss one bird than to miss a dozen.

RULE 3.—*When you are very desirous of game, instead of shot, fire your ramrod.*—By this plan you may spit three brace at one shot.

RULE 4.—*When you scramble through a hedge, by all means let your gun be at the full cock.*—Caution should be the characteristic of a good sportsman; if you shoot your friend, you will be cautious for life.

RULE 5.—*If a single bird gets up on your friend's side, shoot at it by all means.*—The old system is only to fire at those on your own side, which I hold to be a losing game; for if your friend brings down his bird, *he bags it;* whereas, if you fire also, you have the benefit of the doubt, which is settled by tossing up. Never mind the old gag of it being unfair—the *ardour* of a sportsman is a good excuse.

RULE 6.—*When you meet with a hare on her form, kill it if you can.*—It is all stuff about being *unsportsmanlike*—don't attend to such rubbish. My advice is, *fill your bag*, after the manner of the old Court of Circuit.

RULE 7.—*Never brag of being a good shot.* Hold this as a maxim; if, for example, you have leave to shoot over a gentleman's grounds, and are successful, which you are pretty sure to be, if you follow my rules, and are anything of a shot, send your man home with the game, then call at the house and leave a brace of birds, being the *whole contents of your bag*—you will be condoled with, and have unlimited leave to shoot.

RULE 8.—*When you enter a field, holloa and bawl as loud as you can.*—It will save you much trouble, for you will see at once whether there are any birds there.

RULE 9.—*Always train your dog to chop his bird from each covey.*—With a good brace of dogs, so trained, and a double-barrelled gun, I would bag more game than any man in town.

RULE 10.—*Choose your dogs of the highest possible courage.*—By this precaution you can gratify yourself by thrashing your dog whenever you miss, without fear of spoiling him.

RULE 11.—*The instant a pheasant rises blaze away at him.*—My reason for this innovation, is, that if you miss, you will have time to pitch your hat at him.

RULE 12.—*Never omit to prime your piece;* this is a most important point, and involves consequences not at first apparent. I once remember to have accompanied two gentlemen (Government clerks,) on a shooting excursion; one received Rds. 20 per month, the other Rds. 35. They were both cronies of mine, though from want of practice they had made but indifferent progress. Well, up got a fine cock pheasant, and, according to my system, both pieces were levelled, and down came the bird, though I verily believe, such was the eagerness of both sportsmen to have the start, that neither had time to bring his gun to his shoulder. Then came on the dispute; 20 Rds. swore he covered the bird, while 35 Rds. declared he could tell the spot where he touched him. It was referred to me, and without tossing up, I gave it against 35. The fact was that I did not carry a gun that day, thinking I should have enough to do to take care of myself, which, indeed, the sequel proved, for I went home minus the skirt of my coat; I was, therefore, the better enabled to watch the proceedings. 35 demurred at my promptness, and proposed the toss; I, however, referred him to the pan of his piece, which, on examination, he found he had forgotten *to prime!* He lost his chance of his friend's bird: therefore, I would say, however you manage about the charge, *never forget the priming.*

* Mr. Denyssen, we understand, draws a pension from *Government* amounting to £400 per annum.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLONIAL JOBBING.

To Massi Fifian,

Massi bery good Man—give de Dielogue van Primo and Unforwagt—in

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Literate Peppello*—Now Primo vil de Inglis spreak—nada mas Portogese—Primo kan vortell plenty tings—first, vat is dat Vendutie van de land in de Strand Straat—Plenty Peoples berry surry—vor de Inglis Governament no give more much plenty money vor alle de grote Gentilmen in de Kantore—Massi tell, plenty Bass plenty Clarke Bedanke—Ingland berry Povri—Mi no bilive; vat vor de Governore make Presant van de Money van de land an de Gentilman van Rondebosh? Vat vor!—Blenty Speake—blenty Vind—blenty constaat—no blenty Vorstand—no blenty Money—blenty bankrupt—blenty no good wine—blenty peoples no pay. PRIMO.

We thank *Primo* for directing our attention to this subject. We learn from the transaction, that the privilege of *jobbing*, in the disposal of waste land, is not yet removed from the colony. The influence of the "*red-tape school*" still prevails. In olden times, 'tis true, the thing was done upon a scale of magnitude—every Boer applicant for waste land, was allowed to take a hundred times more land than he could possibly cultivate. He had only to subdue a portion of this, and cry out, *all the rest is barren*. The object of these immense grants was, to keep *down* population, to keep *up* prices, to throw just *so much* in the market as suited the views of the *Town Granary* monopolists, or the *bread-regulating* Burgher Senate:—to prevent any influx of new Settlers, to enhance the value of Slave-property, to save the Colonial Office from being over-worked by the *botheration* of new-comers, and to separate the Boers from each other by a distance equal to the diameter of the circles. The motive for this latter object was fear, lest, if the colonists were not so separated, they might, as union is force, be induced to think, and argue, and reason, and disturb the *decent order of things*. And what has all this led to? Why that the Boer's farming doctrines and views of men and things, are just the same as they were in the days of his great, great, great grandfather.

That the small portion of land he cultivates, *bit by bit*, from amidst extensive and almost boundless resources, is performed according to a system—wretched, yet expensive. And that if he *reads*, it is a weekly paper, which must shut out from its editorial columns all reference to the spread of knowledge, march of intellect, philanthropic exertions, missionary enterprises; nay, it must exclude all reference to the planting of trees, garden and rural economy, village schools, improvements in agriculture, *advantages of a certain new plough*, or other husbandry implements. And further, (monstrous slaves to habit!) not one jot, tittle, or modicum of information must be given relative to any degree of improvement in the wines of the Cape, which, in truth, are getting worse—worser than ever.*

Taking an estimate of the progress of civilization all over the world, up to the present day, and very extensive has as been the progress and prosperity of the British settlers in Albany, as well as the improving intellectual condition of the Towns and Villages, and Missionary Institutions of the Colony, truth compels us to observe, that elsewhere among the white colonists in the distance,—"gross darkness covers the people."†

Reader! we plead guilty to the heinous charge of digression; without intending it, we find that we have dipped into subjects that would supply *materiel* for a whole year of leading articles to a weekly newspaper. We especially beg pardon to our correspondent *Primo*—his question is,—disposing of *crown reserves* for the purposes of private emolument.

The public was astounded this month by the sale of that most valuable portion of crown land situate in Strand-street, in contiguity with the Custom House, the Port Office, and the private mansions leading to the Shambles and Commissariat. This ground was of immense importance to the Custom House and other public buildings. A sale has been now effected, and the premises (formerly the old Navy Yard, by the bye,) have fallen into private hands on building speculation. We find no fault with the purchasers—the thing was in the market; but we do enter our protest against that abuse of power which has divested so much of the town property for the use of a private individual, who sacks by the transaction, about a *thousand pounds sterling*. The same individual,—(we find no fault with *it*) enjoys at the same time, a handsome pension from the colonial funds. In many instances this property was demanded on public grounds, but always refused. St. George's Church was for years delayed for want of a piece of land similar to this, and St. Andrew's Church was driven out of town, (as it now turns out to be the fact) to suit the exigences of a temporal pocket. The transaction may be fairly classed with other jobs, that are famous in colonial history,—forming a *dark picture* in its annals. But there is a *bright side* which must not be overlooked. The public mind is beginning to *disallow* every shilling of mal-appropriation of the public money. The period is fast dying away for this kind of imposition: and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, will leave not

"A *wretch* behind."

Much more might be said on this subject; but as we understand the whole of the matter will come before Parliament, *we add no more.*

CHEAP CORN!—AND DEAR BREAD!

THE farmers are selling us good and cheap corn, and the bakers are dealing out dear bread. This ought not to be, and something should be done forthwith for the establishment of a cheap bread company, or some spirited individual should take the matter into his own hand. Our neighbours of Hobart Town are in similar position with ourselves, but they are providing a remedy—hence the following advertisement from the *Tasmanian* of November.

CHEAP BREAD MANUFACTORY.

SEVERAL gentlemen having taken into consideration, the enormous price charged for

* Literate Pappello April 1834.

* Let not the foreign importer *crow* because of this. Excellent, excellent Cape Wines are to be obtained in Cape Town at proper prices. But unfortunately, many are they, who think that Cape Wines ought to be obtained for the value of an old song. Bring good money into the market, and you may have your equivalent in good, and wholesome, and *generous* Cape Wine. No thanks, however, to the farmer for all this. It is the better sort of the Town Wine Merchants, who, perfectly distinct from adulteration and sophistication, that *matures* and purifies the article, and renders it befitting the table.

† The truth is, that an uncivilized farmer prefers the life of a *squatter*. Now, such a man is naturally *cruel* from his *flesh-eating* propensities. Humboldt says, that he invariably found the farmers of the new continent of Spanish America, who fed exclusively on animal flesh, to be scarcely a remove in their savage notions from the lion and the tiger! The farmer *squatters* on the boundaries of this colony are much more numerous than some men imagine. These people lead a completely vagrant life—their cattle being both bread and meat. But does not our African *squatter* sometimes sow the seed? Yes, he procures a few crops from a virgin soil, and then removes for the purpose of using another spot of virgin soil. In times of distress by drought, &c. he trespasses upon the native tribes; hence the murders, retaliations, and commandoes.

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Bread by the Hobart Town Bakers, have resolved to start a *Full Weight Bread Manufactory*.

It is proposed that shares of £5 each shall be issued, and with the amount thus collected, an establishment, similar to those in the Mother Country started. A house in the central part of the town will be selected, and Bread, sold, *for cash only*, at a most moderate rate.

Such persons as are inclined to become Proprietors, will, before the 1st December, forward their names to Mr. HOLLAND, Brougham Cottage, or the *Trumpeter* Office.

A Committee will forthwith be appointed, to further the intentions of the society, and arrange other preliminary matters.

Proprietors of shares will be allowed to purchase Bread at cost price, and other parties at a very moderate profit.

*** A good practical Baker is required, (a Scotchman will be preferred,) who will be paid a most liberal salary, to superintend the same.

Nov. 22, 1833.

A REPLY OF THE TOWN TO THE COUNTRY CALL.

TRUCE! truce to your dreaming! you move but our pity,
Go, clod-pole, and dig and assort all your grains,
'Tis our *lamps*, not the moon, that enlightens the city,
D'ye think your Dame Nature could build our *Exchange?*

A *fig* for fine *sentiment!*—Uti-li-tarians,
Can't admit such false maxims on any pretence,
With Macculloch and Mill, so completely at variance,
All sense is utility—*give me the pence!*

Saving only to painters, and poets, and dreamers,
Your rocks are a nuisance that every one blames;
Say—What were the rivers, deprived of trade's steamers?
And what is the ocean compared with the Thames?

Sweet, sweet bloom our bow-pots, in balconies blowing!
Resplendent is Strand-street, with *lantern-light* made;
Oh! dear are our *heeregrachts* with *sweet waters* flowing,
And *charming* the fir-trees on Grand Parade!

How soothing the hum of the busy crowd swarming,
Harmonious the sounds of the rix-dollar yell,
With its musical falls and its cadences—charming,
And touching the tone of the Baron's cart bell!

What have you that we have not, sad sentimentalist!
We've Government Garden and *forage* to boot,
And as a vernal retreat for any enthusiast,
Green-point is reserved for the town's men *to shoot*.

But what are your roses and lilies, so sickly,
Your ague-ish fountains, that cracked poet's love—
Your quivering aspens, and brambles so prickly,
Say, chopstick philosopher! what do they *prove?*

Cease, then, somnambulist! cease your monotony!
'Twere pity, perchance, from your dreams to disburb ye!
Still dose in your cottage and stick to your botany!
Leave me at peace at my own *rus in urbe!*

NEW TAX.

RUMOUR'S pipe, (blown by conjecture, probably,) asserts, that an Honorable Member of Council is about to bring in a bill for a tax on Dogs.

[WE are sorry to find, that some ridiculous allusion to the *Verre Kykers* in our last, has created a few *black looks* among certain of our fair friends. We shall endeavour to make amends by presenting them with a *Translation*, in language, from a branch of the great Teutonic stock, the purest and least understood (probably) of the descendants of the Gothic root.]

HET LAATSTE ROOSJE VAN DEN ZOMER.

A TRANSLATION
FROM MOORE'S MELODIES.

1.

't Laatste roosje van den zomer
Staat nog bloeyend hier alleen;
Al haar zusters en vriendinnen
Zyn verwelkt en vloden heen;
Zelfs geen bloempje van haar maagschap,
Zelfs geen teeder knopje meer;
Vruchtloos spreidt zy 't lieflyk blosje;
't Zuchtje vindt geen zuchtje weer.

2.

'k Wil u arme! niet verlaten,
Op uw' stengel dra verdord;
Als de schoonsten zyn gaan rusten,
Dat ook u die rust geword'!
'k Zal uw blaadjes zachtkens strooyen,
Nog zoo gloeyend, nog zoo rood,
Om het geurig graf te sieren
Van uw lieven in den dood.

3.

Schielyk, schielyk moge ik volgen,
Als de vriendschap my ontwykt,
En aan liefdes kuischen boezem
Parel noch juweel meer prykt!
Als de trouwe harten breken.
En de laatste liefde vleidt,
Zoek dan op deez' droeve wereld,
Zoek dan daar uw woonplaats niet!

GOVERNMENT GARDEN.

WE have great pleasure in extracting the following from Mr. Louden's excellent work, the *Gardener's Magazine*. The information is quite new to us who live on the spot. Thanks to those afar off, who know our concerns much better than we do ourselves.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The Government Garden is undergoing various improvements, which, when completed, I shall send you some account of. In general, it may be observed, that a new stimulus to gardening and agricultural improvements has been given throughout the colony since the present governor came into office. Something also must be attributed to the increasing prosperity of Sydney and Van Diemen's Land, which are our principal foreign markets for cattle, sheep, and various descriptions of agricultural produce. (*Extract from a private Letter to D. B., dated Cape Town, Sept.* 18, 1833.)

COTTAGE AND OTHER ARCHITECTURE.

A public holiday the other day, enabled us to rusticate a little in the environs of Wynberg, Plumstead, &c. What havock is made on every side by the falling in of roofs, and the tumbling down of gables. It is really distressing to witness the universality of these disasters—whether church or chapel, mansion, cottage, or hut,—all, all seem alike to perish and to proclaim the absence of science, skill, and good management.

On the subject of buildings and designs, we are glad that Mr. Louden's admirable work—*Encyclopedia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture*, is creating among us a due attention. At the same time, we think in reference to our climate, the S. E. winds, and importance of flat roofs, a particular chapter by Mr. Louden for our particular guidance and instruction, would be exceedingly acceptable to the community at large.

On the subject of the *Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture* by Mr. Louden, we are happy to find in the *Gardener's Magazine* for February of the present year, the following communication from the Cape of Good Hope, with remarks by the Editor. It is gratifying to find that there are among us individuals to identify themselves with the improvements of the age in which they live.

Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm and Villa Architecture.—Sir, I have perused your *Encyc. of Cottage Arch.* with great pleasure. It is a book which has long been wanted. What would I have given for such a book when I first started in life: even now, at the eleventh hour, I am delighted with it. I regret that I was not in England at the time your work was in progress. If I had, I should have sent you one or two designs for small cottages, which I have been in the habit of thinking nearly perfect in their kind. One of them was very similar in its general plan to Sir Robert Taylor's beautiful villa at Richmond, only on a smaller scale. [We shall feel much obliged to Colonel Thomson for plans and elevations of small cottages such as he mentions, and to any of our readers, to whom an opportunity offers, for ground plans and elevations of Sir Robert Taylor's villa: both would be exceedingly suitable for our *Architectural Magazine*. Colonel Thomson next describes an improved roasting-oven, which will form an article in the first number of our *Architectural Magazine;* and one which, we think, will be of very great value to the public. He then concludes his letter with the following paragraph:—]

If you should deem these details useful to your numerous readers, you are at liberty to insert them in any future edition of your work; for there will no doubt be many. [The work is stereotyped; and, consequently, the number of impressions which may be taken being unlimited, no new edition is required. All corrections, additions, and improvements to the work will be given in our *Architectural Magazine*, which is intended to serve as a perpetual supplement to the *Encyclopædia of Architecture*, in the same manner as the *Gardener's Magazine* is a perpetual supplement to the *Encyclopædia of the Gardening, E. of Plants*, &c.] My object [continues Col. Thomson] is general utility; and I know of no subject which will contribute so largely to the comfort and happiness of Englishmen all over the world, as a practical improvement in this branch of domestic economy, which may have the effect of overcoming in some degree that rooted prejudice in favour of long open kitchen ranges, which roast the poor cook as well as the meat, and consume as much coals in one day as would do the work of ten properly con-

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structed furnaces. Wishing you every success in your useful career, I am, Sir, yours, &c.—*Robert Thomson, Lieut.-Col. Royal Engineers. Cape Town, Oct.* 30, 1833.

CAPE FLATS.

SOME very worthy individuals seem to be highly indignant at the proposed Ordinance respecting the preservation of the bushes, &c. on the Cape Flats. The draft of the Ordinance does, perhaps, comprehend in its provisions too great an extent of country, but we submit that without something of the kind passing into law, the people will never think it worth while to improve the roads or plant trees. Who would think of planting timber or sowing seeds, for the simple advantage of feeding stray cattle, or heating the baker's oven? Let the Bill pass, and men will turn their attention to planting: at present, the system fosters idleness and robbery, and it is a complete drawback to the progress of civilization and rural economy. The out-cry in Cape Town against the measure is chiefly among the Bakers; in their appeals we find the truth come out, that they are obliged to destroy the bush-wood, else what could they do? Do? Use coals, far cheaper than wood,—promote the shipping interests —and by so doing, in reference to coals, you will not only save in the article of fuel, but much greater in reference to servant-hire, wagons, and horses. But coals won't do for our ovens. Won't they? Then introduce the London ovens, in which coals *are* used, *and down with the wood.* Improve with the times, and cease from the inquiry—*What will Mrs. Grandy say?*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE ASSOCIATION FOR EXPLORING CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE Expedition, under the direction of Dr. A. Smith, is now very nearly ready for its important start, and may be expected to be on its march in the course of the present month. There is one happy circumstance in all the numerous meetings of the Committee in Cape Town for the furtherance of this grand object, and that is, a remarkable spirit of union, or oneness of sentiment, which has invariably prevailed.

An extraordinary meeting took place in the Committee Room of the Public Library on the 30th, (that of the Commercial Exchange being too small for the audience.) The Hon. Col. Wade was called to the chair. On this occasion, the Rev. Dr. Burrow, (Secretary Correspondence) tendered his resignation, being on the eve of departure for Europe. A vote of thanks was voted to the Rev. Doctor by acclamation, and the resolution embodied in it the grateful acknowledgments of the Association for the uniform and disinterested exertions of Dr. B. in facilitating the important objects which the Association has in view. The greatest proof of solemn devotedness to this great cause on the part of Dr. Burrow, is, that he parts with his only son, a youth of promise, who is to accompany the expedition, and is enrolled as one of its members.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES

Of the GRAHAM'S TOWN JOURNAL, 29th May.

1.

Mr. Cowderoy announces a prosecution against all persons taking *Bees'* nests on his estate, and Messrs. W. and F. Lee, in the same paper, inform the public that prime salt *Bees* will be kept always on hand. We trust the Messrs. Lee are not guitly of taking the nests of Mr. Cowderoy.

2.

The "*Cargo*" of the Urania is stated in the shipping intelligence of Port Elizabeth to be—"Mr. Searight, master De Villiers, 4 Artillery Men."—*Passengers,* "3 steerage passengers."

3.

At Port Elizabeth, Mr. Churchwarden John Cobley Welsford, is tried and condemned in £100 penalty in Court, for selling without license the pews of that litigious and never-to-be-finished affair—the Port Elizabeth Church. One of the witnesses for the prosecution swore that the sale in question took place after the manner which he had been in the habit "*of selling himself in the public market!*"

THE ORTHODOX PROTESTANT DISSENTERS.

THIS christian body, we are happy to observe, by the March communications, has commenced a general and *liberal* subscription for seconding the efforts of "Missions to the Negroes in the British Colonies."

Again, a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God is to be observed by the Dissenters on the 1st day of August next, the day on which the glorious Abolition Act will come into operation. —"A day to render devout thanksgiving to the Most High for benefits secured, and to implore His benediction on the efforts of His people, for the moral and spiritual emancipation of those who will then receive their civil freedom."

This *ransom* by the people of England will now for the *first time,* introduce a *free people* to the *freedom* of our common christianity. An immense work is at hand, not only in the West Indies, but at the Cape, for the christian minister and pious missionary. Unless, indeed, we are resolved still to slumber at our posts, and allow the imbecile creatures of Mahomet to thrust the sickle into the harvest-field. Unless we are still disposed to cry "peace, peace! when there is no peace!"

Again, we discover, that the Protestant Dissenters have resolved on sending a deputation to America. Its clerical members are the Rev. A. Reed of London, and Rev. J. Matheson of Durham.

CHINA TRADE—The ANNA ROBERTSON.

THIS extremely beautiful and admirably-adapted ship (Capt. Nairn,) put into Simon's Bay the other day, as a free trader for China. Her captain and officers were formerly in the service of the H. E. I. Company: they now act for themselves, We believe this to be the first ship that has arrived on our shores on *free trade principles,* and as Capt. Nairn is to pay us a visit on his *homeward-bound* voyage, we trust that the Cape will enjoy the taste of a cup of improved souchong. We learn from this vessel that many others are starting for the East, and that two beautiful ships are about to proceed to China from the shores of England on *temperance principles,* i. e. without a drop of spirituous liquors on board.

THE PANEIDOLON.

WE tried hard the other day to prevail on a visitor to leave behind him this useful invention—but in vain. A few particulars respecting it may gratify the curious.

This exceedingly clever, newly-invented instrument, the most silent—the most faithful—and one of the most entertaining *compagnons de voyage* which any traveller can desire, consists of a small box, in which can be packed anything it is capable of holding. On being emptied for use, all that is necessary is to put one's head into one side, and then trace with a pencil the objects which are instantly seen most beautifully delineated at the other.

Whether the perspective be complicated or simple—whether the figures be human or inhuman, it is all the same, for they are traced with equal facility, rain not even retarding the operation. The Paneidolon also possesses an advantage which all very modest people will appreciate, for the operator's face being (like Jack's) "in a box," no person can stare at it or the drawing; whereas, while sketching with the camera lucida, everybody must have observed that the country people in crowds, not only watch every line of the pencil, but laugh outright at the contortion of countenance with which the poor Syntax, in search of the picturesque, having one optic closed, squints with the other through a hole scarcely bigger than the head of a pin, standing all the time in the comical attitude of a young magpie looking into a marrow-bone.

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COLONIAL SKETCHES.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

Contents:

[Old Prejudices—Rising Light—Reading habits—Throne of Mammon—A narrow Soul—Afar in the Desert—Uitenhage—Elephant's Bush—Jan Andries van Wyk—The Scottish Schoolmaster—The *teachable* Spirit—The Indian Traveller—The *Advertiser* Press—Small Beginnings—Who is the Great Man—Village of Glenburnie—The *Laportes*, the *Retiefs*, the *Zeilers*, and *Van Donders*—A good Wife—Dutiful Sons and Daughters—*Tea-water* minnies—Evil Tempers—*Vagrant* Boers—Chumie—Caffer Worship—*Property* in Human Beings—Settlers in Albany—Apathy of the Cape-born—Scottish independence—Magic of Industry—Improvements at Elephant's Bush—Deviations from the *gude auld gaits*—Hydraulics—*Merino Sheep*—Hopes and Fears—Journey to Uitenhage—Charms of Nature—The Market—Triumphs of Merino Wool.]

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The prejudices and deep-rooted aversion of many of the old colonists in the far distant parts of the country towards improvements in agriculture, are but too well known. The same may be said of their general habits of life, and their comparatively Turkish acquiescence in *things as they are.* Hard and unmalleable, positive and stubborn, they cling with most provoking stupidity to

"Opinions made by *habit*, not by thought."

It is *ignorance* that gives a sort of eternity to prejudice, and perpetuity to darkness. Nevertheless, the day is dawning, and the shadows are fleeing away. A *light* hath arisen, the properties of which are *penetration* and *universality.* As the sun kindles and preserves a principle of vitality in the material world—this light communicates and renders permanent the life of the moral world. Whatever the sun exhales, it changes. Does it imbibe the dark wave of a putrid lake? It refines—it converts it into a pure, transparent vapour. Just so the qualities of moral light. It gives a new tone to the feelings—a new light to the judgment—a new direction to the will.

It would be extravagant to hope that the mere perusal of this, or any other narrative or paper, should effect any immediate reformation in many of the dark places of the colony; yet, when we know that a strong current of improvement runs at present in very many of its widely-scattered parts, we trust that the day is not far distant when the "little leaven" shall "leaven the whole lump." One of the good signs towards improvement is, that there is a *reading* and a *reasoning* spirit abroad. That many are removing from old habits by the hints and suggestions of books, pamphlets, and newspapers, is quite certain. Knowledge in general expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste, and stimulates to inquiry and thoughtfulness. On the subject of *reading*, the late Robert Hall made the following just observation:

'The man who has gained a taste for good books, will in all likelihood become *thoughtful;* and when you have created the *habit* of thinking, you have conferred on him a much greater favour than by the gift of a large sum of money, since you have put him in possession of the *principle* of all legitimate prosperity.' But we would "a tale unfold." Perfectly distinct, be it told, from

'Power's fantastic, fairy, sylph and fay;'

apart from

'Bogles, brownies, gyre carlinges, and ghaists'—

wholly unconnected with bloody feats, and such like delectable *commando* ingredients, which, like cayenne and spices, give a triumphant zest to literary and other entertainments. Nor is ours an imaginative affair—a weave from fiction's web—a figment of the brain—a day-dream. No: it is a plain, humble narrative from rural life, and will probably afford some illustration to the preceding observations.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Now, then, gentle reader, we must bid adieu to town and yonder time-killers spelling over the hand-bills on the wall. We must leave the heart of the busiest haunts, where Mammon sits enthroned in tyrannic state, and deals out favours to those who grovel round his foot-stool, in willing, though degraded homage. Do but take a farewell glance. There, there they go,—their whole hearts, hopes, wishes, powers, faculties—all cast upon the same object. Look, do look upon that particular countenance. The heart within that carcase is dry, cold, and callous. The coffers of the man are richer than any other of his neighbours—but he wears a narrow soul. He is just now in ill-humour with everybody and everything, because he was invited to subscribe towards the Expedition to Central Africa! And yet he wears the *strut* of independent worth, and is not borne down by decrepitude. Thus has he lived—thus will he live; and when his bones shall be carried to their last home, will the mourning of his *paid* bearers and professed friends go deeper than the color of the clothes they wear? But, reader, we can be thy *cicerone* no longer. We must away—

There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with eagle's speed;—
Away, away from the dwellings of men
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnoo, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline,
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood.

CHAPTER THIRD.

We are now in the district of Uitenhage, in which much of the zoology as described in the above lines by the poet Pringle, is welcomed by the traveller: and we hasten to introduce some three or four characters of the genus in the first order of the Mammalia.

At some considerable distance to the

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left of the Sunday's River, forty-five miles from the village of Uitenhage, and thirty from the celebrated Moravian establishment at Enon, stands, amid nature's solitude, the almost inaccessible Farm-house dwelling of Jan Andries van Wyk, termed *Elephant's Bush.* The farmer was born and bred on the premises, and, until about the year 1828, had contented himself with pursuing the same system in husbandry and household economy, as that practised by his father and grand-father. But in his earlier years he had been fortunately placed in the hands of the *schoolmaster abroad*,—a *stranger*, a Scotchman, a man of information, who had wandered to the farm-house, and abode on the spot four years. The library of the stranger was small, but it was select; and happily, from this humble store, young Van Wyk found enough to awaken his curiosity, and incline him to reading habits. These, with the kind and affectionate attentions of the master for the improvement of his pupil, laid the foundation for future progress, and above all, implanted in him that important temper of the mind, and fore-runner of knowledge—the *teachable* spirit. But on the departure of the teacher, and Van Wyk becoming possessor of the estate, and the father of a family, the affairs of the farm remained stationary. An accidental circumstance aroused the farmer from his lethargy. His hospitalities towards an Indian traveller, procured for him, in grateful return, the weekly supplies of the *Advertiser* press of the colony. These presentation copies were continued for one year, and greatly did they open a new world to his enraptured mind. The constant reference in this press to the improvements in the arts, sciences, domestic manners of the world in general, and more especially the interesting facts respecting the importance of *Merino wool* to the colonists, could not fail to awaken a profound attention on the part of him in whose mind the seeds of improvement had been already planted.

From this visit, we shall discover a new era to have commenced in this sequestered part of the district of Uitenhage. How much is realized to a family, a village, a world, from small beginnings! From a source which the traveller might dry up with his foot, the mightiest rivers have arisen, and while their spring might lie in the hollow of the hand, swollen by ten thousand tributary streams, have rolled a flood, which fertilized and enriched with commerce a mighty empire. The celebrated river which was to Egypt in the place of rain and of dew, buries her seven tides in three obscure fountains, which the man who had travelled inhospitable deserts, and carried his life in his hand to unveil her source, overstepped with ease. Who that had seen Rome a mean and paltry village with a few huts, tenanted by savage and brutal inhabitants, could have conceived that he beheld there the future seat of learning, and the germ of an empire co-extended with the world?

Let it not be supposed that we wish to *beggar* "pomp and circumstance" by connecting it in reference to the ploddings of a country farmer. No, we do not: but we want to tell "pomp and circumstance" that they had once *a beginning.* That there is nothing *little*, even in the history of humble life; and that in such history, there is much more to attract the thinking mind, than the conquests of Alexander or Napoleon: for, in the comparison, the revolutions effected by the devastations of the conqueror, are coarse and vulgar matters. Men err in nothing so much as they do in the estimate which they make of human greatness. The hero, the great *man of the world*, is he that makes a bustle,—that dines with an emperor or a king,—that makes the road smoke under his coach-and-six,—that raises a dust about him,—that rattles through the towns and villages with all the dogs barking at his heels.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

When some of the cottagers of Glenburnie, a village in Scotland, first began to discover the rising light of improvement, great was the vexation and lamentations of a class of people who stood up for the customs of what they termed, the *gude auld gaits.* And when Willie Morrison, a cottar, had the courage to grow sweet-brier, crocuses, primroses, violets, and pot-herbs, at the instigation of a benevolent lady, "Eh!" cried Mrs. MacClarty, to her neighbours, "I wonder what the world will come to at last, since nothing can serve the pride o' William Morrison, but to hae a flower-garden whar' gude Mr. Brown's midden-stead stood sappy for mony a day!" Then, again, when reform commenced in the household management of a village family, Mrs. MacClarty railed at the parties, and hinted, that some folk "were sae saucy as to pretend that they cou'dna sit down in comfort in a house that was na clean soopet." !And so it was with the Laportes, the Retiefs, the Van Donders, and the Zeilers,—the farmers and their families who, however greatly separated as they were from the Van Wyks, yet were their nearest neighbours. Their occasional visits to the latter, caused no small commotion in their own family circles. They beheld strange doings at the *Elephant's Bush*, and they did not fail to proclaim in all directions, that Jan van Wyk and his wife were not only slaves themselves, but had placed the yoke on the necks of their sons and daughters. The truth is, none were *idle* at *Elephant's Bush.* The farmer himself was a bright example of *early rising* and active industry. He had no time for the *everlasting pipe* of some people, much less could he afford to be the mere *overseer* of his workmen, or to indulge in the inglorious and sensual habit of after-dinner naps. And as for Mrs. van Wyk, her hours were *happily* spent, because *hours of idleness* were not her hours. She was, in fact, a real helpmate to her husband. And who that has ever known the blessing of a modest, tender, cheerful, sensible helpmate and companion, amid the flowers of youth, the fruits of manhood, and even the yellow leaves of declining age, but will recognize the truth of one inspired, when he said—*A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.* And the four daughters were trained in their mother's steps, hence they were *operatives* in the family, assisted largely in its domestic offices, plied the needle, tended the poultry, watched the bee-hives, and every evening of the day instructed the slaves in reading and writing, and the principles of the christian religion. And the three sons—they could follow the plough, cultivate the garden, bend their backs to the sickle, and take their share in the labours of the brick-field. Just the reverse were the offspring of the Retiefs, and others in the district. The young men of these circles would loiter away their years of existence in lolling about the premises, in a state of idleness, poverty, and mental imbecility. If they were in the least excited, it was when any of the neighbouring families met together; and then, over the cups of *tea-water* with their *minnies*, the Van Wyks and the government of the country were rated with the utmost vehemence. These evil passions were generally fiercest, whenever it happened (as it was now and then the case) that a stray copy of a disreputable Cape newspaper fired their tempers. Then it was that they vent their spleen on the rulers of the land, and declaimed against Missionaries, Hottentots, Settlers, and the English. But if the grumblers were active in any pursuit, it was to wander

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far away in the course of the year, with their long guns, without any definite object except that, probably, which used in the dark times to tempt the borderers of England and Scotland to ride forth into each other's country "to catch a prey."* These half civilized of the North of Uitenhage would sometimes stray to the far distant lands of Caffraria, and great would be their mortification on witnessing the improvements of that fine race of people, the Caffers, at the Missionary Institutions. We were present ourselves at the Chumie (Glasgow Institution), when, during the church service on the Sabbath, and just as the Caffers had sang in beautiful melody a hymn of praise, Retief and a party of his troopers presented themselves at the door of the church. To have entered within, would have been a degradation to these white-skinned people. They stared with all the stupidity of idiotic vacancy. They grounded their arms, and having eyed the congregation, the elder Retief muttered certain words indicative of his contempt for these swarthy sons of Africa. In fact, they wished to retain a *property* in these human beings, and considered it an intolerable hardship that these men should not be *forced* to work for them, and become their bondsmen.† They viewed the objects of this peaceful scene as mere *materials* for their own selfish purposes, just as the celebrated Arthur Young, (but with more justice on his part,) who, looking upon the volcanic fire in Italy, said, "I wish I had it at Bradfield, (his farm,) I would use it for boiling potatos for the bullocks."

CHAPTER FIFTH.

But if the regenerated condition of the swarthy sons of Africa vexed the degraded souls of these VAGRANT Boers, nothing was more unwelcome to their views of things than the enterprise and growing prosperity of the British Settlers. In this respect, Van Wyk and many of his countrymen were at issue. This good farmer was always wont, in the course of his disputations, to argue thus:—"How is it, that whilst our families are multiplying in all directions, there is no disposition to seek out new homes and new abodes—no anxiety to *cast off* our swarms? Happy would it be for us of Cape birth, to possess half the courage and perseverance of the brave settlers in Albany. What have they not done by perseverance! The desert and the solitary places have been cheered by their presence; to make room for them, the very beasts of the field deserted their ancient haunts; houses rose, and villages, and churches, and schools sprang into existence, as if by magic; thousands of acres which had for ages lain untilled, were disturbed by their plough; *the shout of harvest* was heard in the desert,—the lowing of kine and the bleating of flocks."

And here, we pause for a moment, in order to moot an inquiry into the why and the wherefore of the singular apathy on the part of the *Cape Colonists* in general, towards improving their condition by any *legitimate* course of immigration or otherwise. And we would direct the attention of the reader to the strange stupor in this respect, which is manifested by the large groups of rising and unprovided manhood which assail us on every hand, not only in the country districts, but especially in Cape Town and its vicinity. Families multiply and crowd on each other, with no disposition, as Van Wyk justly observed, to *cast off their swarms*. How different the case with the Scottish people. Like the young partridge, the Scotchman is scarcely hatched, ere he sets out with his shell still clinging to his downy wing in search of a new region, where he will not be a burthen to himself or others. Assuredly the attachment to home, the ties of kindred, the chains of custom, and the habits of youth, exercise a wholesome influence in softening and humanizing mankind. Yet still they ought never to be indulged at the sacrifice of the higher qualities and more inflexible duties of the human race. To be a useless idler at the parental home, a dead-weight on the shoulders of kindred, or a dependent on the kindness or bounty of friends, rather than burst these ties and attachments, however amiable it may be, sinks us below, far below the level of the generous manly spirit, which scorns the indulgence of such a weakness at such a price, and dashes forth into the stormy ocean of life, trusting in his own well directed exertions and his Maker's blessing, whether he shall sink or swim. Let the Cape-born subject of Great Britain take these hints in good part. Let him look to his standing in society. The Britons, whether in this metropolis, or as settlers in Albany, have by their activity, rendered it absolutely necessary that every body should be as stirring as themselves; for though an ignorant community may do very well by itself, the moment it comes in contact or in rivalry with one that is active and industrious, it must go the way of all flesh, or accommodate itself to the *language* of the ruling dynasty, and the circumstances of the times, and exert all its energies to prevent falling in the rear of the rest of the community.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

The knowledge and the power of man over inanimate nature, has been increased ten fold in the course of the last half century, and we fully believe that what has hitherto been done in extending this prowess, is but a small part of what yet remains to be accomplished. This triumph over the intricacies, wilds and wastes of nature, is of recent date in Southern Africa. Such is the magic of industry and enterprise directed by the arts of civilized life, that, directing our eyes towards Albany, we behold all those changes which have reclaimed the wilderness, and produced the rich redundant blessings of cultivated fields and comfortable abodes. And what it has done for a town, a village, a community, it will accomplish for a single family. And we are reminded by the latter reference that our tale is yet unfinished—we proceed, therefore, to its continuation and conclusion.

Elephant's Bush Farm continued, under the Van Wyks, to be progressing monthly in produce and property. The planting system, vigorously pursued, had overcome those difficulties which had formerly been deemed insurmountable. The digging of a well, and abundant supplies of water according to the principles of hydraulics recommended at Enon, rewarded the toil of the farmer, but the crowning work was the introduction of some *Merino sheep*. This circumstance set up the bristles of the neighbouring farmers more than ever. Their rage knew no bounds. This deviation from the *gude auld gaits* was not to be borne; hence every attempt was made to mock, and jeer, and scoff at Van Wyk's new introduction. It requires a hardy virtue in some constituted minds to repel a sneer. In the christian scriptures we read of the *trials* of the early christians from "cruel mockings." These things too often deter the mind from pursuing with unflinching firmness the path of duty. It cannot be denied that Van Wyk was, with all his christian principle, too sensitive on this head—hence he had at times his misgivings, and was almost inclined to suspect that the wool-speculation would turn out as his neighbours predicted—a losing concern. But the day of trial was at hand, the shearing season arrived, the first fruits of the fleece seemed, according to the farmer's inexperienced judgment, to be a fair sample,—it was housed, packed, and on the morning of May day *anno domino* 1834, the surprising wagon spectacle of an immense pile of *Merino wool* was seen leaving Elephant's Bush, and journeying towards the market of Uitenhage.

The farmer rode at the head of his load of wool in somewhat pensive mood; but his mind resumed its elasticity from the salubrity of one of the finest of African days. There are those who complain of times, seasons, and climates, from one year's end to another. But beshrew such pestilent humgruffians! Who can imbibe the blessed air of heaven, contemplate the bright shining of the sun, cast his eye o'er the boundless seas, or glorious mountains blue, without awful recognition of Infinite Power and Goodness?

Here our worthy farmer contemplated before him even in the midst of weary Karoo roads, and apart from the things of man's dominion, all that could attract the attention and gratify the senses. Seldom (at this late season of the Cape year,) had he beheld the flowers, the heaths, the shrubs, in all their boundless variety more delightful than on this May-day. The forests of Mimosa teemed with the warbling of birds in all their gorgeous displays of diversified plumage. And then to greet the passing traveller, there was the huge elephant seen amidst the jungles of his favorite Speckboom. There was beheld in various directions, the zebra, with flowing mane, the fleet-footed ostrich, the timorous quagha and the gnoo, the gazelle, and the hartebeest, either grazing among the pathless fields of nature, or bounding with timid step from the sound of man's approach. But if these things gratified the eye and the ear of Van Wyk, he was in possession of *that* whose glorious visions far exceed all that the May of life ever realized. The richest gifts showered on the *earth;* her diamonds, gold, and carpets of flowers; her power of renewing all her youthful charms at each revolving year, are nothing to those bestowed on man—his HOPE—his reason—his immortality.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

This life is a checquered scene: there is no pleasure without some accompanying alloy. The brightest morning is often overcast with clouds. So in some *minor* sense, Van Wyk experienced a degree of mortification on finding a party of his uncouth neighbours at *vit-span* on their way to Uitenhage market. They set up a loud laugh on the nearer approach of the hugely-laden wagon of wool. They prophecied evil as heretofore, on the results of the sale. They pronounced the sample to be not worth 2d. per pound, and they insisted with much vehemence, the importance of sticking to the

* It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay;
The doughty Earl of Douglas rode
Into England *to catch a prey.*
He chose the Gordon's and the Græmes,
With them the Lindsays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.
(Scott's Minstrelsy of the Border.)

† As subsequently admitted by Retief to the writer.

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Jude auld gaits. Their own produce for the market, was composed of a desultory mass of odds and ends, that might realize, probably, from 100 to 120 Rds. They left Van Wyk to pursue his journey, and made haste with their cargoes to the market. They did not fail to announce on their arrival, the coming of their neighbour. The market was crowded on his approach; the people gazed in the streets as the load passed by. It seemed a thing incredible that Northern Uitenhage should produce Saxon wool. Worthy Mr. Fleming left his desk, to cry "well done" to Van Wyk; the truly apostolic minister of the parish, Mr. Smith, gave a hearty shake of the hand to the farmer, and Capt. Cornelius Bolton Alcock bowed a nod of *quiet* approbation.

Van Wyk's sale now commenced: the good man seemed on the rack between hope and fear. He stood at some distance from the busy scene, on a small point of eminence which enabled him to overlook the proceedings.

"Come," said the auctioneer or market-master, (a very respectable man,) "come, who offers *one skilling* a-pound for this excellent lot of real wool—it weighs eighteen hundred pounds."

"I do," "I do," exclaimed several voices.

"Gentlemen," said the salesman, "proceed, it will be positively sold to the highest bidder." *Two skillings* were offered—*three skillings*—*four skillings*.

"Hold," said Van Wyk, overjoyed at the price—"that's quite enough!"

"*Five skillings*," cried a bye-stander.

"Enough, enough!" repeated Van Wyk.

Six skillings and *seven skillings* were the biddings in succession. The hammer fell at *one rix-dollar* the pound, and there was a shout of triumph in the market.*

CONCLUSION.

On the evening of the second of May, there was an evident anxiety at Elephant's Bush for the return of Farmer Van Wyk. At length the horn from a height in the neighbourhood, at which was posted a Bechuana sentinel, announced the approach of the party. The premises were deserted, and the whole family were on the look-out on the tip-toe of expectation. The fate of the Merino flock was now to be decided. The evening was beautiful, and nature seemed to hail Van Wyk's return. The birds twitted an evening song from the mulberry trees, the crickets chirped, and the grasshoppers flitted their circumscribed flights, the geese gabbled, the lambs bleated, and Jowler and Pincher barked with delight. Cupido, the wagon-driver, had communicated the success of the wool sale to his fellows, and the good news soon spread to the family. That gentlest, tenderest portion of the human race, whose good-will is untiring, whose goodness never dies, need we say, (the women) of the house, including the wife, the daughters, and the maids, shed tears of joy, when, to their astonishment, Van Wyk threw down *One thousand eight hundred Dollars* on the bright shining table. That night was a happy one at the farm. The language of gratitude was poured forth at the hour of evening sacrifice, and in thankful remembrance of the never-to-be-forgotten schoolmaster, the Scottish version of the 23d Psalm, concluded the household devotions of the inmates at Elephant's Bush.

THE BENEFITS OF VACCINATION.

A Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in May, 1833, to enquire into the expediency of continuing the Vaccine Board. The views of the Committee appear to be decidedly in favour of continuing the Board. The Report of the Inquiry has been printed, and is most satisfactory to humanity, and should be diffused in every quarter of the earth.

It appears that prejudices against vaccination are by no means clearly got rid of, even by medical men.

In former days, the famous Dr. Mosely was the great and avowed enemy to vaccination, and writes in one of his Books as follows:

"Among the numerous shocking cases of cow-pox which I have heard of, I know not if the most horrible of all has yet been published, viz. of a child at Peckham, who, after being inoculated with the cow-pox, had its former natural disposition absolutely changed to *the brutal;* so that it run upon all fours, like a BEAST, bellowing like a cow, and butting with its head like a bull. For my part, (it is added, with philosophical scepticism,) I can scarcely think it possible, *having had no time to ascertain the truth!*"

In reference to this passage, and the various publications of Mosely, a wag thus addresses him:

O Mosely! thy books nightly fantasies rousing,
Full oft make me quake for my heart's dearest treasures:
For fancy, in dreams, oft presents them all browsing
On commons, just like little Nebuchadnezzars.
There, nibbling at thistles, stand Jem, Joe, and and Mary;
On their foreheads—oh, horrible!—crumpled horns bud;
Here Tom with a tail, and poor William all hairy,
Reclin'd in a corner, are chewing the cud.

THE BEACON OF HISTORY.

1665—1834.

"*Oh, what a preacher is calamity, my brother!*"

THE attentive reader of history, and he especially who compares the past with the present, and watches the "signs of the times," will scarcely overlook those days of church contendings and angry controversies, which in the reign of Charles the II. distracted the realm of England. It would seem that no earthly power could appease the animosities of the various religious bodies of men. But can we overlook those means which an over-ruling Providence (Lord Bacon has an expression in one of his Essays, "the history of Providence,") effected in His displeasure, to teach men their own impotence and mortality? It were well, that now-a-days, when *fierce* and *angry* polemics in a spirit wholly inconsistent with the genius of christianity is abroad, that the *Great Plague* of 1665 should be borne in remembrance. This Plague raged with such violence, that in one year, 90,000 inhabitants of the City of London perished from amidst the people. But it had this effect—it made man recognize a brotherhood in the human species,—it made him *forget and forgive. Oh, what a preacher is calamity*, in softening, subduing, humanizing the proud heart of man. The *morale* to be attached to these introductory remarks, will be found in connection with a document of *one*, who lived in London during the time of the Plague, and whose MS. papers just brought to light, thus testify. They are extracts of a letter from a gentleman in London, under date August 25th, 1665, to his brother in Oxfordshire. They are in unison with the representations of the faithful historic records of the above period.

"Oh, what a preacher is calamity, my brother! The first impulse of most, however scoffing, or vain, or profligate before, was to go to the churches. They went in crowds: and to thousands whom the churches could not hold, the *silenced*, and other Puritan ministers, preached in the open air to the living, often with the unburied dead around. Great numbers of the regular clergy having fled or died, many of these ministers preached also in the churches, often by invitation from the proper officers, and always without opposition or hindrance from them. In these congregations the people mingle without discrimination. No man seems much to care if he knows the person next him has the plague; and no man stirs from his place if, as often happens, his next neighbour falls down dying or dead beside him. May God grant these terrible visitations, and the tears and groans with which they listen to the strong words of these holy and devoted men, may have an abidingly useful effect on the minds of the survivors; but it is to be feared that the feelings of the time will pass away with the sorrows thereof, and be lost in the returning cares and bustle of life.

"The gay Jack Dinford went forth like the rest, and, for the first time since the Restoration, designed to go to church; but St. Giles's was full to the threshold, so was St. Clement's, and so were St. Dunstan's and St. Bride's. Going on, I beheld, near Fleet ditch, a crowd listening to a man who held forth to them from the highest step before the door of a house. I afterwards learned that this was Master Ephraim Jenkin, the silenced minister of St. Stephen's. His text was, "*I will plead against him with pestilence!*" and while he considered the plague as the Lord's strong and awakening plea with us as a notoriously sinful people, he in conclusion spoke in such a manner as doth, I trust, make my own prospect beyond that grave in which I must soon lie down, more cheerful than they were before I heard him. During this sermon three men and two women fell down dead, or dying, but no stir took place in consequence thereof.

"Yes, my well-beloved Thomas, I *might* certainly come to you if I would, but it would be of no use; and as I feel *my* time now drawing very near."

This presentiment of the writer seems to have been correct. He breaks off abruptly. Just on the point

* It is but justice to Van Donder and one of the Retiefs, to observe, that at the close of the sale, they immediately proceeded to the farm of Mr. Daniels, on the high road to Graham's Town, to bargain for Merino sheep.

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of becoming the victim of this awful visitation, he writes—

"Well-beloved Thomas, my task is partly done—I feel the symptoms of plague. I must lie down to rise no more. Well, God bless you, Thomas! *He* is all my blessing now. May He be— * * * *—Farewell! you only are left—take care of our dear Mother—I——I——"

Mrs. JONES and her LODGERS.

A REMINISCENCE.

My lodging many years since, in London, was not in the most fashionable part of the town, as it approximated much more closely to Fleet-street, than was desirable; yet I had a partiality for it, because it was in it that I located on my first arrival from the North; and it was, moreover, in the neighbourhood of some chosen friends, who, after evidencing their capabilities in truly English fashion, by a quarterly display of their appetites, had been deemed worthy to be permitted to advocate and defend his Majesty's lieges. My landlady, from long intimacy, had for many years regarded me as a familiar, and had frequently made me the depository of her confidence. On the occasion of the stay I am speaking of, she had been complaining to me of the pecuniary irregularities of one of her lodgers, a young gentleman, who had adventured upon the perilous trade of authorship, and who seemed to be sharing plentifully the most usual earnings of his callings.

"Seven weeks' rent of that handsome airy attic due, Sir," said Mrs. Jones, "and nothing but promises, for he's mighty fair spoken; but fine words don't butter no bread, you know, Sir, as my old man, poor dear soul, used to say. T'other day, that's a week ago, says he to me, says he, 'Mrs. Jones, I expects daily to see a relation, what will put me in a way to settle with you;' and more nor that, says he, 'Mrs. Jones, I've just got a play nigh ready, as it is to be acted at Drury Lane, and I expects a hundred pounds for it;' and then you know, Sir, when this here hundred pounds comes, I'm to be paid, supposing this here relation don't give him the money? But I an't got much faith in any thing as depends on the players."

"Well, but, Mrs. Jones," I said, "this young gentleman is very young, and money you know, is very scarce in all quarters; his representations, probably, are true, and yet he may be pushed for cash; in the mean time—I am sure it is not your disposition to be harsh with any body—suppose you try another week, and see what patience will do."

"Ah!" replied Mrs Jones, "that's exactly what he says; but, as I said afore, you know, Sir, 'Patience don't butter no bread no more nor fair words does,' as my poor old man used to say; but howsomever, Sir, as you advises it, I'll wait another week; it an't in my nature to hurt nobody; but then I'm a lone widdy-'oman, and I don't like to be taken advantage of."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Jones," I said; "but, however, you'll see what the next week will do, and, I hope, it will favour both you and the young gentleman."

"Well, Sir," answered Mrs. Jones; "I'll tell him in the morning, as I'll wait another week, and no longer—nor I won't neither, Sir;" and after taking a thimble-full of whiskey, the old lady left me, happy to think that I had won a respite for my fellow lodger.

In the morning Mrs. Jones informed me that she had intimated to her attic friend the determination she had come to, and I heard no more of the affair until a week afterwards. I had been out late, and came in about five in the morning. As I was entering my bed-room, the old lady accosted me in great haste, and in a deshabille that would hardly have become one of her sex of less holy years, and told me in manifest trepidation that her lodger above had been stirring all night, and that from some words spoken to himself, but overheard by her, she thought it was his intention to *bolt*, as she elegantly expressed it.

"Eight weeks, Sir; two pounds sixteen, besides four and three-pence for postages, seven shillings for firing, and three-and-sixpence for cleaning o' shoes; altogether three pun ten and ninepence. As I'm an honest 'oman," said Mrs. Jones, "I can't afford it, Sir—I can't—indeed, Mister."

"But," I said, "you have only to look sharp after the door."

"Ah, but then them ere rumpuses, I can't abear em; think o' the other lodgers, Sir. There—there he goes again—I knows he's arter summat. Just come up, Sir; you know, Sir," she added, in a coaxing protection-seeking tone—"you know, Sir, there an't nobody as I can ax assistance on but you." There was no resisting this appeal to my chivalry, and so I followed my fair guide to the landing place of the fourth story, when she disposed me and herself so that we could overhear a portion, at least, of what passed in the room occupied by her defaulter. We had not long remained thus sentinelled, when we heard the youth exclaim—

"Yes! I must try my uncle!"

"There's a villain!" cried Mrs. Jones, whom I could scarcely restrain—"I knowed it—he's going to pledge my property, he's got none himself but an ink-bottle." I motioned her imperatively to be silent, and he continued:

"These sheets will surely bring me something?"

"A pair o' my best Russia—the swindler!" observed Mrs. J. in agony; "only think o' that, Sir, I'll never give them chaps in the garrets anything nor calico again."

"But how to proceed," cried the lodger; "the pillows have been too often used—they are common;—no, the blankets are the thing."

"Real Whitney!" exclaimed my companion, horror struck—"cost me five-and forty shillings last Midsummer was a twelvemonth, as I'm a living 'oman!"

"And then I must manage the sacking!" continued the author.

"Oh, dear!" cried the old lady, "he's going to pledge my sacking and all."

"If I should succeed," he continued, "it's three to one."

"Ah, three to one, indeed," said Mrs. Jones, "to me; but we'll take care he don't get 'em to that shop, howsomever." Here some words, spoken in a lower tone, escaped us; the next we heard was—

"But how to manage the escape!—ay, the window—the window—they can go through the window, and be received below, and so borne off in safety."

"Oh, the infernal robber!" groaned Mrs. Jones; "my Whitney blankets and Russia sheets to be pitched out o' window, like so much rubbishing hooks; but I'll have all them 'ere garret windows nailed down arter this."

"It's resolved," said the youth, "I shall have a run; and then how I'll astonish Mother Jones!"

"Mother Jones! indeed," said mine hostess, indignantly, "Mother Jones!—but Mother Jones will put a stop to your run, young gentleman." The soliloquy ceased—we listened, and heard the window thrown up.—"There goes my goods into the yard," said the old lady; "but he shall take a voyage for it, the rascal; I'll teach him to call me Mother Jones, and chuck my Whitney blankets into the mud!" A rustling noise was heard, and my landlady, in a guise that would have become a great grandmamma bacchante, rushed forward, as her lodger, opening his door, exultingly exclaimed, "And now I'm off!"

"No you a'nt, tho'—no you a'nt!" she vociferated, catching him fast in an embrace, that her prisoner would have pitched himself from his window to obtain from one of the sex gifted with an inverse ratio of temptation.—"Where's my rent, mister? and where's my bedding? them ere good Russia sheets, and Whitney blankets!—Oh, you willain! you willain!"

"Your sheets and blankets!" cried the youngster, evidently taken aback, and endeavouring to escape from her bear-like hug.—"What do you mean, woman? let me go."

"Not till I gets my property," said Mrs. Jones.

"If you mean your rent," answered her prisoner, "I promise you——"

"Ah, I've had promises enough," replied the inexorable dame; "where's my property, you willain?"

"A fig for your property; let me go," rejoined the lodger, as he shook her off. I then made my appearance—"I'm happy to see a reasonable being," said the young gentleman, as he approached me; "pray, can you explain to me, what is meant by this strange conduct?"

"Why, sir," I said, after quieting Mrs. Jones, "this good lady has some idea, not altogether unwarranted, it seems, that you were about to leave her house, and in company with her bedding."

"To leave her house, and in company with her bedding!" he said, in evident amazement, "I don't understand you, sir,—I certainly was about to go out, as she knows I always do at this time; but what was I to do with her bedding?"

"Do with it!" cried Mrs. Jones, "why, what did we hear you just now say about your uncle? eh! what, you're diskivered, are you?"

"My uncle! why, I believe, I said I should apply to him, to enable me to satisfy you."

"Oh, then, you confesses it!" said Mrs. Jones, "didn't you say, sir, as my sheets would fetch summat?"

"Good Gracious! is it possible," cried the young man, "that you can suppose I meant to rob you of your sheets? I meant my own sheets, the sheets of the work I am engaged on."

"Oh! ah, I dare say," answered she; "but we knows the work you was engaged on—didn't you say you'd take the blankets, 'cause the pillows were too much used? I knows they warn't new; but they was too good for such varmint as you." The young man burst into an immoderate fit of laughing.

"I did say so," said he; "I meant to have smothered my heroine with the pillows; but recollecting Shakspeare had used them in two plays, I chose the blankets."

"That won't do, mister," answered the unpoetical fair, "didn't we hear you say you'd do summat with the sacking?"

"Why, foolish woman, my play ends with the sacking of a town!"

"Ah! I an't no doubt as you'd take the sacking of all the town, if you could get it; and didn't you say, you'd have a run for it, and astonish Mother Jones?—There, Sir!"

"Why, the woman's mad," he answered; "I meant my Piece would have a run; in which case I should have astonished you, by paying you your bill."

"Don't believe a word of it as I'm a living 'oman—where's my property?" she cried, rushing into the room; when, to her surprise, she found sheets, blankets, and sacking in *statu quo*. I now saw the absurd mistake; and having appeased the old lady, *pro tempore*, I tendered to my acquaintance an explanation and apology for her, which were received in good part; and I commenced a friendship with an amiable and talented man, that lasted many years:—Poor *George Crabbe!*

He *was*, but words are wanting to say what,
Think what a poet ought to be—and he was *that*.

LITERATURE.

THE DOCTOR. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1834.

This is a strange production—a work of great eccentricity. It con-

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tains much that is amusing, much that is desultory, much that is quaint —very irregularly arranged, and very frequently unintelligible.

The author, it is but justice to remember, seems well acquainted with the literature of the middle ages, and most of the languages of Europe. He informs us for example, that Guy, the master of young Dove, (the Hero of the Work,) put into the hands of the young scholar, the Dialogues of Johannes Textor. This book was, for many years, the text work for the teaching of Latin, and was principally used in the schools. The production to which we allude, was a singularly curious one, and was calculated from its simplicity, to have a prodigious effect on the infant mind. The first of the Dialogues of Textor may be described for the gratification of the reader.

"Earth opens the first of these curious compositions with a bitter complaint for the misfortunes which it is her lot to witness. Age overhears the lamentation and enquires the cause; and after a dialogue in which the author makes the most liberal use of his own common-places, it appears that the perishable nature of all sublunary things is cause of this mourning. Age endeavours to persuade Earth that her grief is altogether unreasonable by such brief and cogent observations as The Fates will have it so:—it so pleases the gods. Earth asks the name of her philosophic consoler, but upon discovering it, calls her a false virago and harlot, and abuses her as being the author of all the evils that distress her. However Age succeeds in talking Earth into better humour, advises her to exhort man that he should not set his heart upon perishable things, and takes her leave as Man enters. After a recognition between mother and son, Earth proceeds to warn Man against all the ordinary pursuits of this world. To convince him of the vanity of glory she calls up in succession the ghosts of Hector, Achilles, Alexander, and Samson, who tell their tales and admonish him that valor and renown afford no protection against Death. To exemplify the vanity of beauty, Helen, Lais, Thisbe and Lucretia are summoned, relate in like manner their respective fortunes, and remind him that we are merely dust and shadows. Virgil preaches to him upon the emptiness of literary fame. Xerxes tells him that there is no avail in power, Nero that there is none in tyranny, Sardanapulus that there is none in voluptuousness. But the application which he makes of all this, is the very reverse to what his mother intended: he infers that seeing he must die at last, live how he will, the best thing he can do is to make a merry life of it, so away he goes to dance and revel and enjoy himself: and Earth concludes with the mournful observation that men will still pursue their bane, unmindful of their latter end."—Vol. i. pp. 139—141.

There is another of these dialogues, in which the first scene discloses three worldlings talking in great glee, on the pleasure of a profligate life. Whilst in the midst of their discourse, Death enters, and asks the party if they do not remember that such a personage exists? They reply in the affirmative, but then they say that they are young, rich, and active, and that they set all advice at defiance. Death listens very patiently to all this, and is by no means angry at seeing the foolish youths take to dancing, but she (Death is of the female sex, in these dialogues), calls upon Human Nature, another female of the Dramatis Personæ, who has been in an inglorious slumber all this time, and indignantly demands from her, how she can sleep, whilst her sons are thus dissipating their time in debauchery. Human Nature, with some surprize, asks Death, why her sons should not have what enjoyment they chose? Then Death tells her that the reason is that they shall all have to go to the infernal regions. Upon this, Nature expressed a strong doubt, that any soul ever went really to such a place. Death, however, soon settles the point, for he calls up a soul, who figures as Damnatus from Hell, and he gives a true and full account of his sufferings below: he mentions particularly, that most of his tortured colleagues are kings, popes, senators, and particularly schoolmasters. At this decisive proof, Nature is satisfied, and she asks of Death, what she herself is to do in such a crisis. Death tells her that her only chance is to send a Son of Thunder around the world, in order to carry just reproof throughout the whole sinful community. Peregrinus is the apostle sent on this difficult errand. After performing his mission, he returns to report progress. and his account is quite desperate. With respect to the kings of the earth, he stated, that he dare not say how they were occupied; the popes were like pilots intoxicated, for they submitted the precious vessel entrusted to them, to every wind that blew. Senators were guided in their conduct by gold alone; doctors spread their nets in the temples for prey; lawyers were deprived of their speech as if struck dumb, the only specific cure of which their disease was susceptible, being money, which generally operated like a talisman. The faithful missionary concludes, that every where he met with an abundant harvest of vices, and that all his attempts at correction, were just as likely to be permanent as a plough share on the sandy beach of the sea.

In this extremity, Nature again applies to Death, who said that no chance remained but to call up justice and send her forth with her scourge to repress the wicked. Nature did as she was advised, but what was her astonishment, when she found that Justice was merged in a profound slumber when she called: she then proceeds, by Death's recommendation, to Truth, whom she finds on the point of death, and who implores her to send for a confessor with all possible dispatch. Then the dialogue goes on as follows:—

"But who shall be applied to?—Kings? They will not come.—Nobles? *Veritas* is a hateful personage to them—Bishops, or mitred Abbots? They have no regard for Truth.—Some Saint from the desert? Nature knows not where to find one! Poor *Veritas* therefore dies "unhouseled, disappointed, unanealed;" and forthwith three Demons enter rejoicing that Human Nature is left with none to help her, and that they are Kings of this world. They call in their Ministers, *Caro* and *Voluptas* and *Vitium*, and send them to do their work among mankind. These successful missionaries return, and relate how well they have sped every where; and the Demons being by this time hungry, after washing in due form, and many ceremonious compliments among themselves, sit down to a repast which their ministers have provided. The bill of fare was one which Belzebub's Court of Aldermen might have approved. There were the brains of a fat monk,—a roasted Doctor of Divinity who afforded great satisfaction,—a King's sirloin,—some broiled Pope's flesh, and part of a Schoolmaster; the joint is not specified, but I suppose it to have been the rump. Then came a Senator's lights and a Lawyer's tongue." Vol. i. pp. 145, 146.

This is all very amusing, because it is so foolish, yet it was once the staple substance of which the education of our youths consisted.

RUSSIA
AS IT IS REPORTED TO BE IN 1833.

FIRST NOTICE.

A work under the auspices of a respectable Publisher (at least), Hatchard, of London, and entitled *Russia as it is, and not as it has been represented, &c.* has recently appeared. It is but just that we listen to the two sides of every question; and certainly we confess that we have discovered some *new light* in the perusal of this book, which has illumined our conceptions in no small degree. All we trust is, that 'tis not

"A light that leads astray."

There is great reason to believe that our knowledge of Russia, its people and its manners, is extremely limited; a fact which, by itself, would amply account for the prejudices which are still so strong as to make us retain the impression that they still constitute a barbarian race. Travellers from England very rarely visit Russia, and even of those who do venture into that region, how few are there who are capable of understanding its language! From the very unfavourable circumstances with which British communica-

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tions with Russia have always taken place, it is not by any means trespassing against probability, to suppose that we are extremely ignorant of, and extremely unjust to the Russian character. The writer of the present account of these dominions seems to be well acquainted with the country and the people, and his conviction of the misconception of the English mind in relation to the Russians, has induced him to undertake their vindication. This is the object of the work before us, which as a picture of manners and national peculiarities, cannot fail to amuse our readers.

Upon the subject of the constitution of the Russian government, the author presents us with some very agreeable intelligence. He states, that there is no foundation whatever for designating the government as an "absolute monarchy," and from the obstacles which are in existence, by means of the laws and customs of the empire, to the unbounded exercise of imperial authority, it happens that the Russian monarchy in effect, becomes a mixed form of government. The monarch is considerably limited in his power, and in none of his actions is there any thing like an assumption of irresponsible authority. There are no hereditary offices in the state, there are no generations of parasites under the title of noble families, continuing age after age to seek their nutrition from the vitals of the community. The whole of the noblemen of Russia habitually serve the crown in some way or another, and there is scarcely one of them to be met with who has not seen service in the capacity of a military or civil servant.

The author states that the Russian community is separated into five great divisions. The first is that of the Nobles—

"1st Class.—The nobles: composed of princes, counts, barons, and gentlemen, *all* styled *dvorianee* or noblemen, who are entitled to buy or sell lands with peasants attached to them. The only distinctions amongst the nobles are ranks and titles; in all other respects they are equal. All the children of noblemen enjoy the same title as their parents, there being no established law of promigeniture in Russia. At the death of the father, the law gives his widow one-seventh part of all his immoveable property, such as lands, houses, peasants, &c., and one-fourth part of all the personal or moveable estate. After the widow's claims are satisfied, the daughters each take a fourteenth part; the residue is then equally divided amongst the sons. [This must be understood to be the arrangement made by the law, when the father dies intestate, and where there is no entailed estate, which could not be alienated even by will, he can only dispose of what he has himself acquired, or inherited free of entail.] A free man, not born of noble parents, must obtain the rank of lieutenant in the military service, or major in the civil service, before he is accounted noble; but if he be born of noble parents, though he should be a common soldier, he may enjoy the rank and privileges of a nobleman. No nobleman, however high his rank, can treat his peasants cruelly or extort illegal labour and taxes from them with impunity! For high crimes and misdemeanors he is as much amenable to the laws as the vassal. He is, however, exempted from corporeal punishment, and must be tried by his peers. After being degraded by a court of his peers, the common court passes sentence upon him of exile to Siberia, either to colonise and work the ground as a peasant, or else to hard labour in the mines for life. High treason is the only crime in Russia punishable with death, and that very seldom. In every province the nobles elect their own marshals, who are in fact, their representatives, and are empowered to settle all affairs between them and the government. Each district chooses a marshal, and the province elects a marshal-in-chief, who resides at the capital town in order to be near the governor and other local authorities, with whom he can more freely communicate. The nobles have the right of meeting together, and forming an assembly, for the purpose of deliberating on all affairs of importance. They choose a president from among themselves, and they have also the right of petitioning the Emperor, through the governor of the province. In those assemblies they elect their own judges for the courts of justice, as well as the justices of the peace. They have also the right of petitioning the high senate, are permitted to collect and employ funds for the encouragement and advancement of all useful objects without controul, and are not amenable to any court of justice. There is a register kept by them, of the names of all the nobles of the province, and they are bound to pay a certain tax to assist the service of the post, and to keep the roads in good repair. Should any of those assemblies address a petition to the high senate that is illegal, or in other words contrary to the existing laws of the empire, they are liable to a fine of two hundred roubles."—pp. 11, 12.

The Russian empire consists of about fifty provinces, including, we presume, the conquered territories on almost every side of it; each of these provinces, it is calculated, contains, on the average, a million of inhabitants. Each is governed by a lieutenant, and in some there are, in addition, military governors. An executive council is also established in each province, and a public advocate, whose duty it is to examine the acts of government, with a view to have any injudicious or inapplicable laws repealed or modified, and to oppose all illegal proceedings. The existence of such a functionary as this in a country, is a very peculiar manifestation indeed of a love of justice, for this advocate, it appears, is totally independent of the authorities of the province: he acts as a check against partiality and corrupt influence, so that he prevents acts of oppression and injustice even in the remotest corners of Russia.

Law-suits are utterly exempt in Russia from any inordinate expense. A subject of the Czar obtains justice in the courts of his country on terms the cheapest in the world, with the single exception of Prussia. In every province there is a distribution of the whole of it into districts, in each of which a distinct court of justice exists: the assessors who preside are chosen partly by the nobles, and partly by the citizens. There is likewise a court of administration for the property of widows, and orphans of noblemen. There is a subsidiary court, over which the justice of the peace presides: the person filling this office is appointed by the nobles, but he is assisted by two assessors, who are elected by the crown peasants. The regulations respecting the police are peculiar: a police-master is appointed in every town, and he holds a sort of permanent court where cases are decided at once: here also all causes are tried, which may arise between the citizens in the particular town. Besides other courts, there is one called in the Russian language the Court of Conscience; but the author does not inform us as to the nature of the causes, whether debt or crime, which it takes under its cognizance. The tribunal in this court is made up of a judge and two deputies, who are chosen by the nobles; also two other deputies, appointed by the citizens; and lastly, two other deputies, who are elected by the peasants. The appointment of the higher judges must be confirmed by the Emperor. The elections are renewed every three years, as is the case in some States of America. Appeals against decisions of the inferior courts may be carried to several series of superior courts, and at last it may reach the King himself in council.

There is a very curious privilege enjoyed by the crown peasants: they have the power of choosing in their villages their own magistrates, or *Starostas,* who decide in all matters of minor importance, with such integrity, that the system is likely to be perpetuated by general consent.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AGRICULTURE.

The Use and Advantages of Pearson's Draining Plough. By T. L. HODGES, Esq. M.P.

IT appears from Mr. Hodges' Pamphlet, that about six years since, Mr. Pearson hired a farm in the parish of Frittenden, in Kent, and, after the first year's occupation, discovered that the soil generally was wet and stiff, having throughout,

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with very partial exceptions, a strong clay subsoil. Having a very limited capital, to undertake the draining of his farm was not in his power. Mr. Pearson, nevertheless, applied his mind to the discovery of some cheaper method than that hitherto practised, and succeeded ultimately in forming this plough, the use and advantages of which Mr. Hodges, pointing out in his communication to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, submits to their notice. When Pearson first entered upon his farm, the produce of the wheat crops varied from two to three quarters per acre; since it has been underdrained by the plough in question, his average has exceeded four quarters per acre—not unfrequently getting five.

"This invention consists in having applied to the common foot-plough a certain share, which he calls a torn share, together with certain other irons, by which he cuts out the drain to a sufficient depth, with an accuracy and celerity hitherto unattained, and gives a principle of duration and effect to the drain, when finished, equal to the best work of the same kind hitherto entirely performed, and at so great a cost, by hand labour; thereby accomplishing what has been so long and so much desired by all who are interested in improving wet and stiff soils—namely, a method of effectually and permanently draining such lands, and at a charge not exceeding one-sixth of the price which the best underdraining of such land has hitherto cost."

THE AMERICAN WHALE FISHERY.

One of the most eloquent passages to be found in the works of Edmund Burke, is a burst of panegyric on the enterprizes of the New England Whale Fishery Ships. The language and the occasion of it are too remarkable not to fix the attention of the reader.

"Look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the Whale Fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Islands, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know, that while some of them draw the line, and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people,—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood."—p. 101.

The Whale Fishery of America is divided into the *Sperm* and the *Whale* Fisheries. The number of ships employed in the first or Sperm Fishery, is about two hundred and fifty, being considerably the largest proportion. The voyage of these ships continues for thirty months on the average, and the sums involved in them and their outfits, is calculated at thirty-five thousand dollars. The number of ships which are occupied in the common Whale Fishery, is about one hundred and fifty, and the capital involved in each, amounts to about eighteen thousand dollars. The length of the voyage is about ten months for these ships. Here then we have a total capital employed which amounts to no less than twelve millions of dollars, and the amount of the materials obtained from the whales for commercial purposes, for two recent years, is as follows:

	1831	1832
Barrels of whale oil,..	118,000—	175,000
Ditto sperm oil,..	110,000—	80,000
Pounds of whalebone,..	1,000,000—	1,350,000

The annual income from the Fishery on the average of the last four years, amounts to the sum of four millions and a half of dollars. The sperm is used in the United States for lamp oil, and for candles. The whale oil and whalebone are mostly exported to Europe, particularly to its northern part.

The following account of an accident to an American ship on a whaling excursion, is related by Mr. Owen Clave, the mate of the ship Essex, Captain G. Pollard, of Nantucket.

"I observed a very large spermaceti whale, as well as I could judge about eighty-five feet (?) in length. He broke water about twenty rods off our weather bow, and was lying quietly with his head in a direction for the ship. He spouted two or three times, and then disappeared. In less than three minutes he came up again, about the length of the ship off, and made directly for us, at the rate of about three knots. The ship was then going with about the same velocity. His appearance and attitude gave us at first no alarm, but while we stood watching his movements and observing him, but a ship's length off, coming down for us with celerity, I voluntarily ordered the boy at the helm to pull it hard up, intending to sheer off and avoid him. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came down upon us at full speed, and struck the ship with his head just forward of the fore chains. He gave us such an appalling and tremendous jar as nearly threw us all on our faces. The ship brought up as suddenly and violently as if she had struck a rock, and trembled for a few moments like a leaf. We looked at each other in perfect amazement, deprived almost of the power of speech. Many minutes elapsed before we were able to realize the dreadful accident, during which time he passed under the ship, grazing her keel as he went along, came up alongside her to leeward, and lay on the top of the water, apparently stunned with the violence of the blow, for the space of a minute. He then suddenly started off in a direction to leeward. After a few moments' reflection, and recovering in some measure from the sudden consternation that had seized us, I, of course, concluded that he had stove a hole in the ship, and that it would be necessary to set the pumps going. Accordingly they were rigged, but had not been in operation more than one minute, before I perceived the head of the ship to be gradually settling down in the water. I then ordered the signal to be set for the other boats, (at that time in pursuit of whales, which I had scarcely despatched, before I again discovered the whale apparently in convulsions on the top of the water about an hundred rods to leeward. He was enveloped in the foam, that his continual and violent threshing about in the water had created around him, and I could distinctly see him smite his jaws together as if distracted with rage and fury. He remained a short time in this situation, and then started off with great velocity across the bows of the ship to windward. By this time the ship had settled down a considerable distance in the water, and I gave her up as lost. I however, ordered the pumps to be kept constantly going, and endeavoured to collect my thoughts for the occasion. I turned to the boats, two of which we then had with the ship, with an intention of clearing them away and getting all things ready to embark in them, if there should be no other resource left. While my attention was thus engaged for a moment, I was roused by the cry of the man at the hatchway, "here he is,—he is making for us again." I turned round, and saw him about one hundred rods directly ahead of us, coming down with apparently twice his ordinary speed, and to me it appeared with tenfold fury and vengeance in his aspect. The surf flew in all directions, and his course towards us was marked by a white foam of a rod in width, which he made with a continual violent threshing of his tail. His head was about half out of water, and in that way he came upon, and again struck the ship. I was in hopes when I descried him making for us, that by putting the ship away immediately, I should be able to cross the line of his approach, before he could get up to us, and thus avoid, what I knew if he should strike us again, would be our inevitable destruction. I called out to the helmsman "hard up," but she had not fallen off more than a point before we took the second shock. I should judge the speed of the ship at this time, to have been about three knots, and that of the whale about six. He struck her to windward, directly under the cat-head, and completely stove in her bows. He passed under the ship again, went off to leeward, and we saw no more of him." pp. 110, 111.

It now appears that the settlers of New South Wales have engaged in the Whale Fishery, which is about fifty miles distant: in 1832 there where no less than sixteen vessels actively engaged in catching whales, and at that time nine new ones were on the stocks. The settlers can make three voyages, whilst two are the most which the English or Americans can accomplish in the season, and finally, it is more than probable, that they will monopolize the whole, and already British ships are gone to engage in this fishery under the direction of the sealers.

It seems, that the French are at present engaged in the Whale Fishery, as also the German Navy. The amount of vessels employed by France is estimated at forty sail, the great proportion of which depart from Havre. Between Germany, England, France, and America, the whole number of ships now annually employed in the capture

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of whales, amounts up to the sum of seven hundred, so mighty is the abundance of nature's creation.*

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A WEATHER-GLASS AND A WEATHER-COCK.

"GOOD morning," said the Weather-glass to the Weather-cock, "you don't look well this morning."

"No wonder," said the Weather-cock, "for I've had nothing but *wind* in my teeth all night, and I don't see, Mr. Weather-glass, that you have much reason to boast, for you look rather *down* this morning."

"Do I?" said the Weather-glass. "At all events I'm *up* to you;—*up* to *you* indeed! now I look at myself, I'm up to *sixty*. You give yourself too many *airs*, Mr. Weather-cock. 'Tis true you are at the *top* of this establishment, of which you are not a little *vain*."

"Little *vane!*" said the Weather-cock, "no, indeed, I don't see a larger or handsomer one than myself for miles round, except the church, and there we generally find more *vane* than *useful;* and as to my being the top of this establishment, you've always had the *reins* of the family in your hands, and I should have very little objection to change places with you."

"Change *places!*" said the Weather-glass, "I never knew you to *keep* one a minute together!"

"That's my misfortune," says the Weather-cock; but yesterday evening I engaged myself to sweet Miss Zephyr, and went south about to meet her. I had not been with her more than five minutes, when old Boreas made me rudely turn my back towards her, and look at him all night, while he amused himself with spitting hail and sleet in my face. If I am thus to be disturbed in my pleasure, I'll turn *rusty* about it, and then I'll stick where I please."

"Ah!" said the Weather-glass, "we all have our complaints: you know my existence depends on my telling the truth:—now I marked '*much rain*' yesterday as plain as could be, but my young mistress being promised a holiday if it were *fine*, screw'd me up to '*set fair*,' so they *set out* and the wet *set in*, and I had nearly been discharged for this; but on my master carefully examining me he found out the trick, which put him in a *thundering* passion, and I fell down to '*stormy*.'"

"Ah! well," said the Weather-cock, "I was a little alarmed when I was first put up here, for when I was fixed and duly regulated by the compass (which, by the bye, I consider must be rather a SHARP instrument, for I heard it had a needle and thirty-two *points!*) I was declared by all present 'to stand completely *square*,' when to my dismay, in two minutes afterwards, the wind blew me completely *round;* but since we've been talking, Mr. Weather-glass, I perceive, by your face, you're not many degrees from being *very dry;* what say you to a glass of something?"

"With all my heart," says the Weather-glass, "if you'll *stand* it."

"I stand it?" said the Weather cock, "did you ever know me *stand* to any thing?"—here he turn'd half round, and look'd the other way.

"Just like you, you shabby rascal," says the Weather glass, "there's no trusting you."

"Save your abuse, save your abuse!" said the Weather-cock, speaking with his head turn'd away! "tho' I'm used to *blows*, they must be given in a round-about manner; and of all *blows*, the *least* I care about is a BLOW UP!"—(*Miss Sheridan.*)

Note.—And of the *most* importance, we suspect many of our Cape readers would add, *a good blow out.*

* It should be noted that the encounter with the whale, as noticed in this Article, was near the equator, and distant from land 1000 miles. Twenty of the crew were enabled to man three boats. One of the boats was never heard of. Great were the sufferings of the survivors, who, after three months of distress, were picked up at sea by an English brig.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

Mrs. Stubble is the model of a farmer's wife; the most notable woman in the county. Like the butterfly, she has two states; the one so entirely different from the other, that a person who has not seen her in both, would have some difficulty in recognizing the identity. In her chrysalis state, which occupies from about cock-crow till about three o'clock in the afternoon, the good lady is habited in a dark cotton gown, at eight-pence a yard, a checked apron, and black worsted stockings; the whole surmounted by a cap, which is neither a day-cap nor a night-cap, but a sort of cross between both. During this period, Mrs. Stubble is in a continual bustle of hands, and feet, and eyes, and ears, and tongue, and thought; running here, hurrying there; commanding this, countermanding that, feeding the chickens, cramming the turkeys, rolling the butter, pressing the cheese, shelling the peas, paring the apples, scolding the maid, beating the cat, pickling walnuts, preserving pears, drawing the beer, kneading the dough, *et cætera, et cætera*, the particulars of which I have not power to recollect, nor time to enumerate. But, in the afternoon, how different a person is Mrs. Stubble! The very maids perceive and acknowledge the alteration; and those who were hail fellow-well-met with her in the morning are now *pénétrées* with deference. She is the butterfly that was the pupa—the Columbine that was the Cinderella. Her cotton gown has given place to a silk *dress*, fitted up with patent bustle, buckram sleeves, and all those other little elegancies with which the ladies know so well how to beautify nature. Her black worsted stockings have been exchanged for white cotton, or perhaps silk ones, and are tastefully criss-crossed with black silk riband at two-pence a yard. A halo of lace encircles her neck, scallop over scallop, vandyke over vandyke, eyelet-hole over eyelet-hole, wonderful to behold! Her cap—but who shall describe that cap? Who shall attempt to picture in verbs and adjectives, nouns and participles, those towers of blond lace, those labyrinths of bobbin net, those rouleaux and nœuds of white satin or rose de Parnasse; those bides (brides, Mrs. Stubble calls them) of gauze riband bobbing into all the tea-cups, and the gravy at supper, and furnishing Mr. Stubble with many a boisterous joke; those roses, and lilies, and major-convolvoluses, and ears of barley, interspersed with leaves of silver and green? Not we indeed.

WHISKERS AND GLORY.

The protracted struggle in Portugal has had the effect of setting the small wits of our martial-minded scapegraces in a ferment for "glory." We want some such philosopher as "Crack," the cobbler, to cool their ardour. Not a few, however, have been effectually cured of their military mania by the smell of powder; and we consequently see in every coffee house, among the new arrivals, sundry hairy-faced Hectors from Lisbon and Oporto, having retired from the service in "disgust." The numbers of these "elegant extracts" have converted the appearance of our peaceful capital into a huge crimping shop We cannot turn a corner without risking our eyesight from the sharp-pointed moustache of some whiskered Bobadil. The thirst for "glory" has been great beyond all precedent Undismayed by the return-accounts of the ill-treated Pistols, who are now basking in the glory of their six months' scampering, there appears to be an encreasing rush of the valorous public towards the transports of Donna Maria. The consequence will be, that some few months hence, when the thing will be finished in Portugal, and "valour" consequently at a considerable discount—when, in fact, stabbers and cutters are no longer in demand, and glory at a shilling a-day unattainable—our streets will be crowded with whiskered desperadoes, and our sympathies and purses put into active exercise in favour of "brave men" and "patriots." We would seriously admonish those who have honest callings to pause ere they exchange them for a most precarious livelihood, and one in which it is very probable they will obtain "monkey's allowance" for their services—more kicks than coin.—*Monthly Magazine.*

THE OLD BACHELOR'S WILL.

THIS is the last will and testament of me, Fickle Dotage Oddity, of Celibacy Cottage, in High Street, in the town of Single Life, castle-builder, which I do make, publish, and ordain, in manner and form following, that is to say, Whereas I am possessed of the said dwelling-house, cottage, or tenement, called or known by the name of Celibacy Cottage, together with the fair prospect and view before the same, and a large number of windows in the front thereof, and other appurtenances thereunto belonging, I do hereby give and devise the same, and every part thereof, unto my first cousin, Bashful Bachelor, of Self Love House, Esquire, subject to, and upon this especial condition, that he do keep the said windows in proper repair and condition, and not diminish, but increase the same, and to have and to hold the same, with the appurtenances, until the day of his marriage, and no longer. I also give and bequeath unto my said cousin, Bashful Bachelor, all my interest, share, and estate in the vain and forlorn state, or condition, of celibacy, with all rights and appurtenances thereunto belonging. I give and devise unto the said Bashful Bachelor, and my friends, William, alias Billy Button, tailor, and Don Quixote, Esquire, all my estates, manors, and woodlands, situate and being in the counties of Imagination and Vain Hopes, consisting of divers messuages, or tenements, farms, and lands, being principally waste and barren grounds, and soil, together with the briars, thorns, thistles, thickets, and brakes, growing and being thereon, and upon the sides thereof, and all the castles erected and built thereon. And lastly, as to all my personal estate and effects, I give and bequeath all my bachelor goods and chattels, consisting of divers doubts, changes, fears, ficklenesses, irresolutions, quirks, quibbles, oddities, whims, fancies, meagrims, reveries, projects, and schemes, also all my papers and writings, particularly a very rare collection of love letters, and other precious epistles, which I direct may be carefully preserved, and other property of various descriptions, natures, and names, unto my said friends, Bashful Bachelor, William, alias Billy Button, and Don Quixote, to be equally divided between them, share and share alike, after payment of my funeral, testamentary, and other expenses: whom I constitute and appoint joint executors of this my will, which I do publish and declare to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills, devises, testamentary or other dispositions, by me at any time, or in any manner and form, heretofore made and ordained. In witness, &c. F. H. N.

PUFFING BURLESQUED.

The following whimsical account of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in Dublin, is extracted from an old Irish newspaper:—"On Saturday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock-Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect

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the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy, at beholding a mortal goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun of the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donnellan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakspeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, sweetbrier, furze-blosson, gilliflower, wallflower, cauliflower, aurica, and rosemary! In short, she was the bouquet of Parnassus! Where expectation was raised so high, it was thought she would be injured by her appearance; but it was the audience who were injured: several fainted before the curtain drew up! but, when she came to the scene of parting with her wedding-ring, ah! what a sight was there! the very fiddlers in the orchestra, "albeit unused to the melting mood," blubbered like hungry children crying for their bread and butter; and when the bell rang for music between the acts, the tears ran from the bassoon player's eyes in such plentiful showers, that they choked the finger-stops, and, making a spout of the instrument, poured in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, that, not seeing the overture was in two sharps, the leader of the band actually played in one flat. But the sobs and sighs of the groaning audience, and the noise of corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, prevented the mistake between the flats and sharps being discovered. One hundred and nine ladies fainted! forty six went into fits! and ninety-five had strong hysterics! The world will scarcely credit the truth, when they are told that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common-councilmen, were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips, and the boxes, to increase the briny pond in the pit; the water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches, were in that position up to their ankles in tears! An act of parliament against her playing any more will certainly pass," &c. &c. &c. This *jeu d'esprit*, which was written by the facetious Peter Seguin, is said to have given vast offence to the lady's friends at the time; why, we cannot see. The ridicule is fairly levelled, not at Mrs. S., whose merits no one could deny, or did deny, but at the insatiable appetite of the public mind for puff!

LONDON LOCALITIES.

Lord Byron wrote the "Siege of Corinth" in No. 13, Piccadilly, which overlooks the Green Park. Gibbons, the celebrated carver, was born in Spur-alley, in the Strand, and resided in Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, where he carved a pot of flowers so exquisitely, that they shook in the wind. The Baptist Head public-house, in St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, was one of the resorts of Dr Johnson, Goldsmith and others, who used to call in here on their way to and from Cave's house and St. John's Gate. In Clerkenwell close, near Newcastle-place, is the house of Colonel Titus, and the place of conference between Cromwell, Ireton, and other republicans. At the place called King's Cross, was fought the battle in which Queen Boadicea so distinguised herself against the Romans, whence its former name of Battle-bridge, and here the original Roman north road began. In a house which looks into Fetter-lane, and Fleur-de-lys-Court, lived Elizabeth Brownrigg, executed in the year 1767, for cruelty and murder of her apprentice. Dryden resided in Fetter-lane, in a house which stands at the corner of Fleur-de-lys-court; it was then a genteel neighbourhood, it has also an entrance from Holborn, between Nos. 22 and 23. No. 3, Ivy-lane, formerly a tavern, was frequented by the literati of the days of Goldsmith and Johnson; here, according to the "Spectator," was held the Humdrum Club, who used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. In the garden of his friend Alderman Bridger, in Lovell's-court, Paternoster-row, now belonging to Messrs. Rivington, Richardson wrote his novels of Pamela and Grandison. At the Bell Inn, Warwick-lane, Arch-bishop Leighton died. Gray, the poet, was born at the house now 41, Cornhill; the original house was destroyed by fire in 1748. Defoe kept a hosier's shop in Cornhill, and stood in the pillory there, for writing a pamphlet entitled, "The shortest way with the Dissenters." The shop of Sir Thomas Gresham was in Lombard-street, on the site of the house No. 68. The old King's Head Tavern, in Leadenhall-street, was the house where Guy Fawkes and his city adherents assembled; it escaped the great fire. Stowe lived and died on the site now occupied as No. 71, Leadenhall-street; the remains of a little Norman chapel are still to be seen under it. In Fenchurch-street, Denmark-house, was lodged, according to Hollingshed, the first embassador sent here from the "emperor of Cathaie, Muscovia, and Russeland." In Seething-lane, in the reign of Elizabeth, were the residences of Sir Francis Walsingham, secretary of state; the Earl of Essex, and other eminent personages. The sign of the Goose and Gridiron, on the north side of St. Paul's Church-yard, was intended as a satire upon the Academy of Ancient Music, when a separation followed a dispute among the members. Dr. Franklin worked at Wall's printing-house, in Portugal-street, in 1725, and lodged at an Italian warehouse, facing the Roman Catholic Chapel in Duke-street. Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney were both beheaded on the site of the present Lincoln's inn-fields. At No. 436, Strand, was Wimbledon-house, a large mansion built and inhabited by Sir Edward Cecil. The chapel in Oxenden-street, Haymarket, was first used for religious purposes by Richard Baxter. Hogarth resided in what is now the Sabloniere Hotel, Leicester-square; and there, when lately in town, the Countess Guicoli also resided. Sir I. Newton's house, in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields, is still in perfect preservation; it stands between the chapel and Long's-court. Thomson wrote his "Winter," in a house in Whitehall, opposite the Admiralty. John Bunyan, when in town, used to preach in the chapel in Union-street, Borough, the oldest dissenting meeting-house in London. The Flying Horse public house, in Bishopsgate-street, opposite Widegate-street, was the residence of Sir Paul Pindar; its ancient Gothic front still remains. The only places in which the ancient London wall can be seen to any extent are in Little Bride-street, a passage running in a parallel line behind Ludgate-hill from Great Bridge street, through Saint Martin's court, into the Broadway; next on the south-side of the church-yard of St. Botolph, Aldergate, where this wall forms a barrier to the yards of the houses on the north side of Bull and Mouth-street; and the third is on the south side of Cripplegate church-yard, where are the remains of the only one of the round towers which used to crown the wall at given distances.

WHO IS DEAD?

What a moving question, and how much may hang upon it! What a leveller! What an uncompromising distributor!—The lord of ten thousand acres stops another lord of twenty thousand acres, at the corner of the Palace Yard, and asks how it fares with a third lord of thirty thousand acres—"Oh, my lord," quoth he that is questioned, "he is dead!"—A sinister, swivel-eyed, shabby-genteel looking youth stops another of like fortune and degree, at the corner of the Almonry (only some hundred yards removed from their lordships' scene of action), and asks how it fares with a third gentleman, that once graced the fraternity to which the two communicants belonged—"Poor fellow," is the reply, "he is dead!"—What a leveller! The lord and thief are both dead; that is their record—that is the conclusion of the pampered existence of the one, and of the alley-diving, police-shunning life of the other—"They are dead!"—But there has been worse levelling still. My lord of thirty thousand acres expired on a couch of down—the light softened to his aching eyes through festooning curtains of embroidered silk, and each moment of fluctuating existence watched by an obsequious practitioner, "licensed to kill," whose trade is to assuage the pangs of death for a con-si-de-ra-ti-on: the thief has expiated the mingled crime of poverty and guilt upon the scaffold; a wretched coil of rope has swung him into eternity, with none around him but the hardened annihilators of man—also "licensed to kill." But such distinctions have now become invidious—"They are dead!" and that tells us all. In that single phrase of balance and account, the haughty pride of the one, and the sneaking villain-craft of the other, are summed up.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTER OF GEORGE THE IV.

In the events and achievements which give interest and lustre to his regency and reign, George IV. had personally no share. He was but contemporary with them. To the progress of science, of literature, of legislation, he was a stranger. The jealous limitations of the regal power,—the independence, enterprise, and social advancement of the nation, would account and afford excuse for this: but were he absolute as Louis XIV.,—obeyed and imitated with the same implicit servility,—the higher purposes of intellectual being were beyond his range. With the fine arts his relations were more close and personal. The progress of architecture was sudden and astonishing, during the epoch which will bear his name. London, before his accession to the executive power, was a rich, populous, elegantly-built capital, but without a due proportion of prominent structures characterised by architectural grandeur, beauty, or curiosity. In a few years magnificent lines and masses of building were begun and completed; but they were mainly the growth of wealth, vanity, speculation, and peace. Where his influence was directly felt it proved unfortunate. He lavished millions in creating vicious models, and fantastic styles of architecture, and brought into fashion artists without capacity or taste. There was not in his kingdom a more discerning judge of painting; but he had no imagination for the higher class of art. He preferred the exquisite and humorous realities of the Dutch painters to the poetic or historic schools of Italy; and, though a studious collector, he gave no great impulse to native talent. In music he had both taste and skill: he encouraged an art which formed one of his enjoyments; and if his patronage has brought forth no composer of the first order, the cause may exist in some circumstances of national inaptitude.

It is necessary to go back some centuries for an English king to whom he bears the nearest likeness in *ensemble* of character. The parallel at first sight may be thought injurious, but the likeness will upon consideration be found striking and complete. George IV. had in his youth the éclat of personal endowment, education, and accomplishment,—of success in the fashion-

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able exercises and graces of his age, — and of that reckless prodigality which obtains popular homage and applause in a prince. Henry VIII. in his youth was one of the most brilliant personages of Europe. A fine person,—the accomplishments of his time in literature and the arts,—the display of gorgeous prodigality,—raised him to a sort of chivalrous rivalry with Francis I. In mental culture he excelled George IV., who owes much of his reputation for capacity and acquirement to an imposing manner, and the eagerness to applaud a prince: stripped of this charm, his ideas and language appeared worse than common when he put them on paper. Both had the same dominant ambition to be distinguished and imitated, as the arbiters of fashion in dress for the costliness, splendour, or novelty of their toilet. Henry VIII. and George IV. surrounded themselves with the men most distinguished for wit and talent, with a remarkable coincidence of motive, as ministering to their vanity or pleasures; but as soon as they became troublesome or useless, both cast them off with the same careless indifference. Henry VIII., it is true, sacrificed to his own caprices, or to court intrigue, the lives of those whom he had chosen for his social familiarity;—whilst George IV. merely turned off his so-called friends, and thought of them no more. But such is the difference between barbarism and tyranny on the one side, and civilisation and freedom on the other: that which was death in the former, is but court disgrace in the latter. George IV. was not cruel—he had even a certain susceptibility; the spectacle of human suffering revolted him: but suffering to affect him must have been present to his sense. Was Henry VIII. gratuitously cruel? That does not appear. He took no pleasure for itself in shedding blood, and avoided being a witness of it. Had he been obliged to look on whilst Anne Boleyn and Sir Thomas More were bleeding, he probably would have spared them. He sacrificed them to his impulses from mere selfish indifference. With their wives and mistresses Henry VIII. and George IV. were governed by the same self-indulgent despotism — the same animal disgusts. Henry VIII. had six wives, and sent one to the scaffold as the prelude to his marriage with another. George IV. had only one wife, but she suffered the persecutions of six; and if she escaped decapitation or divorce, it was from no failure of inclination or instruments. Henry VIII. was the tyrant of his people, and George IV. was not: yet is there even here a similitude. Both surrendered their understandings to their ministers, upon the condition of subserviency to their personal desires. What George would have been in the age of Henry it might be ungracious to suppose; but it may be asserted that Henry, had he been reserved for the close of the eighteenth century, would have a very different place in opinion and history as a king and as a man,—such are the beneficent, humanising influences of knowledge, civilisation, the spirit of religious tolerance, and laws mutually guarding and guarded by public liberty.—*Lardner's Cabinet Library.*

ANECDOTE.

A Portuguese surgeon relates the following fact:—A Moor came one day to him from the country, and said "*Christian Barberos*, give me some drugs to poison my father, I will pay thee handsomely for them." The Portuguese was at first astonished, and remained silent for a moment, but quickly composing himself, replied with a coolness equal to that of the Moor, "What, are you not on good terms with your father?" "On the best possible terms," replied the Moor, "He is an excellent man, he acquired a fortune, and has given me a wife, together with all the property he possessed, but he is now beyond labour on account of his great age, and yet persists in refusing to die!" "You do right to poison him," replied the surgeon, "I will give you something which will soon put him in the humour of dying," So saying, the surgeon prepared a cordial, rather calculated to comfort the stomach of the old man than to kill him, and giving it the dutiful son, received his money, and the Moor departed rejoicing. In a week's time, the peasant returned, exclaiming, "That his father was not yet dead!" "Not dead," said the disciple of *Machaon*, "well, he *shall* die." Another cordial was given,—paid for—and, of course, with the same effect. In a fortnight the Moor returned again to the point, and informed the surgeon with infinite simplicity, that instead of dying, the old fellow appeared to thrive upon the poison; "however, we must not be discouraged," added this affectionate son, "you must give me another dose, and exert all your skill to render it effectual." After this the Moor returned no more, but the surgeon meeting him one day in the street, inquired how the poison had operated? "It had no effect whatever," replied the man, "my father is still in good health. God has caused him to live in spite of all we gave him, and there can now be no doubt that he is a *Marabout*, or Saint."

COPY OF A PLAY BILL
In the Reign of Queen Anne.

"At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little Opera, called the Old Creation of the World, yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's flood. Also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the Ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees. Likewise over the Ark is seen the Sun rising in a most glorious manner. Moreover a multitude of Angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the Sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six Angels, ringing of bells. Likewise machines descend from above double and treble, with Dives rising out of Hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom; besides several figures dancing jigs, sarabands and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of Squire Punch, and Sir John Spendall."

But we should not call such exhibitions as these profanations, when we find that so late as the year 1816, the sacrifice of Isaac was performed in Paris at the theatre. Samson was the subject of the ballet; the unshorn son of Manoah astonished the spectators by his agility as a dancer before the gates of Gaza: and it was during one of the intervals of a jig, that Dalilah clipped his hair. The Phillistines surrounded and captured him in a country dance.

COL. TORRENS ON WAGES.

THE author of this Pamphlet, after shewing to demonstration, that no increase of wages can be possibly expected so long as the Corn Laws exist, proceeds further to contend that the hours of labour of the operatives cannot be reduced on the same account, so that his ultimate conclusion is (and we think that of every honest man) that the very *first* step towards national improvement, must be the abolition of the Corn Laws. Our humble opinion is, that on this question hinges the peace and safety of the British empire.

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

Two octavo volumes by the late *V. Jacquemont* have been published in France, which appear to have created much interest. Their contents relate to British India, which country the enterprising Frenchman visited as a Naturalist in 1830—32.

The chief value of the present publication rests in the account it gives of our Indian possessions, the effects of our government on the native population, the result of recent efforts to diffuse the elements of civilization, and the future prospects of Hindústan. On behalf of England, Jacquemont is a witness above suspicion; his prejudices, which never wholly disappeared, were all against the British government; and it is sometimes amusing to see how slowly and reluctantly, in the early part of his career, he yielded to the strong evidence of facts, while in some of his more recent letters he rallies his correspondents unmercifully for repeating opinions, which he had himself entertained a few months before.

The process of Jacquemont's conversion began at the first English settlement he visited, the Cape of Good Hope; there he discovers how honestly the British government had acted in the abolition of the slave trade, and how other powers had connived at its continuance. For this connivance indeed, he makes rather a lame apology; but "liberal" as he was, we shall too often see that Jacquemont was willing to sacrifice justice to expediency.

"The abolition of the (slave) trade, which, according to the terms of treaties, should cease in a year, but which the configuration of the coasts of Brazil will long protect against the vigilance of the English cruizers, will be the extinction of the (Brazilian) empire. I saw this horrible traffic close to me at Rio, where it is conducted on an immense scale. The sight produced in me feelings of horror, which will with difficulty be effaced from my revolted mind. But he who wills the end, wills the means. Slavery is the *sine quâ non* of the existence of Brazil, as well as of European rule over all the intertropical parts of America that are not greatly elevated above the level of the sea.

"As for our parts, if Cayenne and Bourbon have prospered a little during late years, it is due solely to the connivance of the rulers of these colonies, not to say the avowed protection given to introducing cargoes of slaves. If I was in your place, my friend (Mr. V. de Tracy), I would endeavour to make my position subservient to the repression of crime You do not fear extreme parties in a good cause. Say, then, that the general cry of public opinion accuses our colonial government of criminal connivance in this trade. Say, you are convinced our colonies could not prosper withou this trade, and that their actual prosperity is the strongest proof against the colonial administration. If it compelled obedience to the law,

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if it prevented the introduction of slaves, the negroes would diminish progressively, and these colonies, so far from improving, would fall into decay. The law which has prohibited the trade has condemned the sugar islands to ruin. They are not perishing; on the contrary, they flourish; consequently, the law is not put in execution.

"*The colossal extension of the British power is really a blessing to humanity;* there are, beyond a doubt, many iniquities, many odious frauds in its national and colonial administration; but it every where proscribes gross horrors. It has especially waged war against this trade with good faith. Since the British became masters of the Cape, not a single slave has been imported. The consideration due to the fortunes of the Dutch settlers, who form the great majority of the population of this colony, have as yet prevented the establishment of regulations for the final extinction of slavery, and the emancipation of the children of the actual slaves; but they impose so many charges on the possession of slaves, that their support becomes too expensive for the proprietors to derive any profit from their original outlay. Slave-labour, therefore, becomes *too dear to be lucrative*, and it is their interest that induces the colonists not to regret much this HORRIBLE SPECIES OF PROPERTY."

Jacquemont was happily perfectly master of the English language, and in his collection of letters many are written with great facility of expression. After acknowledging in one of his communications that the *British Government* in India is an *immense blessing* to the provinces, he describes the efficacy of *gentle means* in accomplishing the work of civilization in a savage country. How distinct are Jacquemont's views from the *commando* ball and powder gentlemen of this colony. We recommend the following extract to the reader's attention:

"I have seen since the superb Jeypore, and delightful Adjmû. And during my very short stay in the latter, I have contrived to visit Mhairwarrah, the former Abruzzi of Rajpootanah. It was well worth eighty miles riding in little more than twenty four hours. I saw a country, whose inhabitants since an immemorial time had never had any other means of existence but plunder in the adjacent plains of Marhwar and Meywar, a people of murderers, now changed into a quiet, industrious, happy people of shepherds and cultivators. No Rajpoot, no Mogul emperors had ever been able to subdue them; fourteen years ago every thing was to be done with them, and since six or seven years every thing is done already. A single man has worked that wonderful miracle of civilization: Major Henry Hall, the son-in-law of Colonel Fagan, of whom I have written to you at Delhi. As I know it will be gratifying to your feelings, and to your opinion on the subject, I shall add, my dear friend, that Major Hall has accomplished this admirable social experiment *without taking a single life.*

"The very worst characters of Mhairwarrah, he secured them, confined them, or put them in irons at work on the roads. Those who had lived long by the sword without becoming notorious for wanton cruelty, he made them soldiers; they became in that capacity the keepers of their former associates, and often of their former chiefs; and the rest of the population was gained to the plough. Female infanticide was a prevalent practice with the Mhairs, and generally throughout Rajpootanah; and now, female casualties amongst infants exceed not male casualties: a proof that the bloody practice has been abandoned; and scarcely has a man been punished for it. Major Hall did not punish the offenders; he removed the cause of the crime, and made the crime useless, even injurious, to the offender; and it is never more committed.

"M. Hall has shown to me on the field the corps which he has raised from amongst those former savages. And I have seen none in the Indian army in a higher state of discipline. He was justly proud of his good work, and spared no trouble to himself that I might see it thoroughly, in the few hours I had to spend with him. Upwards of a hundred villagers were summoned from the neighbouring villages and hamlets; I conversed with them of their former mode of life, and of their present avocations. Most of them had shed blood. They told me they knew no other mode of life. It was a most miserable one by their account. They were naked and starving. Now, poor as is the soil of their small valleys, and barren their hills, every hand being set at work, there is plenty of clothes, and of food; and so sensible are they of the immense benefit conferred upon them by the British government, that willingly they pay to it a tribute of 500,000 francs, which they increase every year as their national wealth admits of it.

"Often I had thought that gentle means would prove inadequate to the task of breaking in populations addicted for ages to a most unruly, savage life, such as the Greeks, for instance. Yet the Klephtes were but lambs compared to the Mhairs; and the Mhairs in a few years have become an industrious, laborious, well-behaved people. I see by the Bombay papers, that M. Capo d'Istrias has been murdered. I wish Major Hall were his successor. For now I have the greatest confidence in the efficiency of *gentle means*. But a peculiar talent too, which is a gift of nature, is required in the ruler, without which, the most benevolent intentions would prove useless."

BRITISH COLONIES.

Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, &c.

Mr. MARTIN, in his new work on this subject, dwells at length on the immense advantages to be gained by settlers in the island of *Ceylon*. He is an advocate for a steam-packet to India.

To facilitate the intercourse between Europe and Asia, Mr. Martin proposes a steam-packet post office communication, via the Cape of Good Hope. The motive of his preferring this route instead of that by the Red Sea, is, that by the former we should be able to bring into closer and speedier acquaintance, the whole of the Asiatic and African Colonies, whereas by the Red Sea route, (if it were ever so practicable) only a portion of our Eastern Settlements would be benefited. Mr. Porthius proposed to build a steam-ship of 1000 tons, carrying 800 ton of coal, to make no stop between London and Calcutta, and perform the voyage in 60 days. This would be a brilliant exploit indeed, since the distance is 13,700 miles. Mr. Martin enters into the details of the calculation which an establishment of this description would cost, and seems to be pretty sanguine as to the result.

Penang or Prince of Wales's Island, is a settlement near the Malayan Peninsular, very healthy, and abounding with valuable productions. This island with Malacca and Singapore, are subordinate to the Bengal government: Penang is remarkable for its advantages as a station: serving as a rendezvous for our naval station in the Indian seas. Malacca is next described: this settlement forms a part of the Malayan Peninsular, and abounds with productions of various sorts, which are extremely valuable. These include vegetables, fruits, and minerals, the export of tin being one of the most important of the commercial branches in the station. The mines are worked according to the Chinese fashion. The Maltese people use a chain pump to raise the water out of the mine pit, in the following manner:—

"The apparatus is simple, consisting of a common water-wheel, a circular wooden chain about forty feet in circumference, and a long square box or trough, through which it runs in ascending. The wheel and chain, I think, revolve on a common axis, so that the motion of the former necessarily put the latter into action. The chain consists of square wooden floats, a foot distant from each other, and strung as it were upon a continuous flexible axis, having a moveable joint between each pair. As the float-boards of the chain successively enter the lower part of the box or trough (immersed in water), a portion of water is constantly forced up by each, and discharged at the top. At one of the mines we were much struck with the simple but efficient mode of its application. There were three distinct planes, or terraces, rising above each other. On the middle one was the wheel; the lower one was the pit of the mine: from the higher a stream of water fell and turned the wheel, which putting the whole machine into motion, brought up another stream from the pit; these two streams, from above and below, uniting on the middle plane, run off in a sluice, by which the ore was washed."—Vol. i. p. 424.

Singapore is a British station, on the same Peninsula, and a most thriving place, being all the creation of our government. In 1820, the population consisted of 150 Malays, all pirates and fishermen, now the number is 20,978; there are here also, 550 convicts, and the military with their followers make a great many more. The leading merchants, agents, and shopkeepers are English; the most wealthy are Chinese of Chines, nearly five thousand emigrate, nearly on the Malayan coast. The harvest of Singapore is limited to a single sea weed, which is however, very productive. This is the greatest mart of commerce in those seas, and the imports and exports amount yearly to over three millions and a half. The trade which it carries on with Siam, is one of its most important resources; the junks from Siam bring sugar, rice, salt and oil, the sugar being chiefly cultivated in the latter place by Chinese. All travellers speak in splendid terms of

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this very remarkable station, and there is no question that it will form the principal port for the trade with China. The Chinese come in great numbers to trade with the people of Singapore, and are generally able, by taking advantage of the monsoons, to sail to the port with great expedition; with Cochin China, Singapore also maintains commercial relations. Our printed cotton goods are sought after very particularly by the Cochin China people.

EARTHQUAKE AT MANILLA.

We have already given some copious outline of Capt. Morrell's Voyages of Discovery. A new volume has appeared from the pen of Mrs M. and will be read with interest. Whilst in Manilla, Mrs. Morrell had the *satisfaction* of witnessing an earthquake. The first thing, she observes, which struck her was the appearance of the people in the street, kneeling and saying their prayers wherever they could see a crucifix, or an image of the Blessed Virgin. The Chinese was looking around with his little twinkling eye, half amazed, yet unwilling to retire from the scene of business while any remained to buy or sell. The Christians were seen flocking to the churches, where mass was being celebrated; men, women, and children hurried to prostrate themselves before the altar, thinking that the prayers of the clergyman could avert the Divine decree. I went, says Mrs. Morrell, with my English friends to visit the churches, which were full to overflowing, all prostrate before their favourite saint, imploring him or her to interfere with the Saviour to assist them. It was a solemn scene; the sobs and sighs broke upon the ear, and were indeed distressing. From the convents could be heard a low and solemn chant, and then it died away again. There was not a word of courtesy spoken in the streets, except what passed between the English and American people. As yet there was no noise or rumbling, but a frightful stillness in the air; the birds were silent, and the whole animal world seemed to partake of the terror. The fishing families took to their boats, but I could not see a single line thrown out for fish; they made the most melancholy spectacle of all. At first there was no motion of the water; it wore the glassy surface that seemed immoveable. At length a gentle agitation took place in the water, as if a heavy shower of rain was falling upon it, and shortly after a rumbling was heard, resembling the movements of heavy-laden carriages at a distance on frozen ground. This increased, and the feet as well as ears were affected with a motion something like that felt by a galvanic battery, or a slight shock from an electric jar. The leaves of the trees had a tremulous motion like that described of the aspen; the ground began to tremble, and some buildings at a distance were toppling down; but the one in which I stood was only severely shaken, the wall did not crack nor give way. The great mass of the people preferred being in the streets to keeping in their houses; they thought that there would be less danger of being swallowed up in the streets than of being crushed by the falling of walls in their houses. There was no screaming, that I heard; every one was too much terrified to scream. Some few were killed by the falling of houses, even while in the street. The rumbling noise ceased, and the shocks that followed made a noise more like the blowing up of a magazine of powder than of the movements of carriages on frozen ground. Fire, it is said, was seen to burst from the earth in several places. The agony was not entirely gone for nearly two days; all business was suspended, and men, women, and children looked at each other as if it were the last time they were ever to see each other's faces. Sometimes a tear stood in their eyes, but generally they were tearless as a marble statue. The great agitations of life, like its great griefs, are not relieved by tears. The Chinese are predestinarians, and I was informed that they were quite unmoved, though still and solemn while nature was in such throes and agonies.

The next day, after all was over, cheerfulness took the place of dismay, and one just arrived could not have known that the people had ever felt a moment's anxiety: so are we constituted. I was alarmed, but not dismayed; and perhaps, as a stranger, I was in some small degree relieved, from not having any connexions in the city, and from watching the movements of others in such perilous moments. I saw some of the places from which it is said the flames issued at certain periods of the alarm. The governor was constantly in the streets, on horseback, and saw that no confusion took place; and the priests did not take occasion to alarm the sinner, but soothed him by teaching him to trust in his merciful Creator.

THE SHEFFIELD POET.

Elliot, of Sheffield, a man of humble life, and the well-known author of *Hymns on the Corn Laws*, still continues his lucubrations. He is a powerful writer, the Cobbett of verse, and equally radical in sentiment. The following article, just published by Elliot in a small volume, entitled *The Village Patriarch*, displays much intellectual ability. The conclusion, however, is a *naughty* specimen of charitable feeling.

"*Hymn written for the Printers of Sheffield.*"

"Lord! taught by Thee, when Caxton bade
His silent words for ever speak;
A grave for tyrants then was made,
Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break.

For bread, for bread, the all-scorn'd man,
With study worn, his press prepared;
And knew not, Lord, thy wonderous plan,
Nor what he did, nor what he dared.

When first the might of deathless thought
Impress'd his all-instructing page,
Unconscious giant! how he smote
The fraud and force of many an age!

Pale wax'd the harlot, fear'd of thrones,
And they who bought her harlotry:
He shook the throned on dead men's bones,
He shakes—all evil yet to be!

The pow'r he grasp'd let none disdain;
It conquer'd once, and conquers still;
By fraud and force assail'd in vain,
It conquer'd erst, and ever will.

It conquers here! the fight is won!
We thank thee, Lord, with many a tear,
For many a not unworthy son
Of Caxton does thy bidding here.

We help ourselves, thy cause we aid;
We build for Heav'n, beneath the skies:
And bless thee, Lord, that thou hast made
Our daily bread of tyrants' sighs."

THE WONDERFUL CLOCK.

This clock has been put into complete repair by a self-taught mechanist of Exeter, and has been opened to the public in Regent-street, London. It is certainly an astonishing piece of mechanism. The movements are thirteen in number. We cannot give a more accurate and concise account of them, than by adopting (with some slight alterations), the description by the proprietor. These movements, then, are—

1. A moving panorama, descriptive of day and night. Day is represented by Apollo in his car, drawn by four coursers, accompanied by the twelve hours; and Diana, in her car drawn by stags, attended by the twelve hours, represents night.—2. Two gilt figures in Roman costume, who turn their heads and salute with their swords as the panorama revolves; and also move in the same manner while the bells are ringing.—3. A perpetual almanac, shewing the day of the month on a semicircular plate; the index returning to the first day of every month, on the close of each month, without alteration even in leap-years: regulated only once in 130 years.—4. A circle, the index of which shews the day of the week, with its appropriate planet.—5. A perpetual almanac, shewing the days of the month weekly, and the equation of time.—6. A circle, shewing the leap-year, the index revolving only once in four years.—7. A time-piece, that strikes the hours and chimes the quarters; on the face of which the whole twenty-four hours (twelve day and twelve night) are shewn and regulated. Within this circle the sun is seen in his course, with the time of rising and setting, by a horizon receding or advancing as the days lengthen or shorten; and underneath appears the moon, shewing her different quarters, phases, age, &c.—8. Two female figures, one on each side of the dial-plate, representing Fame and Terpsichore, who move in time while the organ plays.—9. A movement regulating the clock as a repeater to strike or be silent.—10. Saturn, the god of time, who beats in movement while the organ plays.—11. A circle on the face shews the names of ten celebrated ancient tunes, played by the organ in the interior of the cabinet every four hours.—12. A belfry with six ringers, who ring a lively peal *ad libitum*. The interior of this part of the cabinet is ornamented with paintings, representing some of the principal ancient buildings of the city of Exeter.—13. Connected with the organ there is a bird organ, which plays when required.

This complicated and surprising specimen of horology was constructed in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by a native of Exeter, named Jacob Lovelace, whom it took thirty-four years to bring it to perfection. Lovelace was evidently a man of singular ingenuity and talents; it is, therefore, scarcely necessary to add, that he died in great poverty—according to some reports, in a workhouse.—*(London Paper.)*

SELECT NOTICES.

Old Pictures.——It is said that the two celebrated Correggies in the collection of Lord Londonderry, have been purchased at the price of £11,000 or £12,000, for the National Gallery. ——*Dry Rot.*—The spread of the *dry rot* has at length been checked by the discovery of Mr. Kyan, who has obtained a Patent, and the warm approbation of the Admiralty, and men of science and others for his invention. (See *Times*, 8th April.)——*Cambridge.*—The University of Cambridge has petitioned Parliament for relief to the Dissenters, and admitting them to Degrees.—— *Deaths.*—Governor Farquharson of St. Lucia; Mrs. Burns, relict of Robert Burns, the Poet. ——*St. Helena* is to remain under the government of the E. I. Company.——*Holy Orders.*—

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The Bishop of Salisbury requires in Candidates for Holy Orders, a knowledge of the Hebrew Language.——*Deaf and Dumb.*—It is an ascertained fact, that at least one in every 2,000 of our fellow creatures, is born deaf and dumb.——*Scotland.*—A new statistical account of Scotland is in the course of publication.——*Missions in India.*—A general collection for the Missions in India, connected with the Kirk of Scotland, was made in all the churches in Scotland in the month of April.——*The Rhinoceros.*—The arrival of a Rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens of London, has created no small sensation among the Naturlists. It was taken in the Birman empire, and the charge of its conveyance is £1,000. The creature is reported to be young, strong, and healthy.——*Earl Grey* completed his 70th year, 13th March.——*Temperance Societies.*—In Preston, the *Temperance Society* has been the means of diminishing crime in a great degree; at the last Lancaster Assizes there was not a single case from Preston.——*Coals.*—This article appears to he selling in the English market at 24s. per chaldron.——*More Shame.*—Lord Lowther writes to a friend in London, that Florence, Milan, Verona, Rome, and Naples, during the promenade each day, resemble Regent street, London; the crowds in each place are immense, and the people *nearly all English.*——*Modern Miracles.*—Prince Hohenlohe was lately requested by letter to say four masses for a young lady who was unfortunate in having one of her legs exactly that number of inches shorter than its fellow. The writing being indistinct, the Prince mistook the figure, and in stead of four, said eight masses. The consequence was, that the young lady's limb became precisely as much too long, as it had formerly been too short. It had grown an inch at every mass!!! (*Hampshire Chronicle.*)——*Clerical Appointment.*—The Vicar of Chobham (the Rev. C. Jerram, M. A.) the uncle of a gentleman late of this colony, has been appointed by the excellent Bishop of Winchester, to the Vicarage of Witney, Oxen. Mr. Jerram is the author of several admirable treatises on Religion, and has been for 20 years Vicar of Chobham, the annual income of which did not exceed £100 per annum. Chobham is the Parish in which that truly eminent divine, the Rev. R. Cecil, exercised his ministry.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a late meeting of the Society in London, an interesting paper was read, entitled "Notes of Excursions into Caffraria, by Lieut. Rogers, 90th Light Infantry." The manners and customs of the Caffers are detailed with much ability, and the notices on Natural History are highly creditable to the author.

A NOTE
ON A PASSAGE FROM HOMER.

"It is observed by Homer," says Dr. Whately, the present Archbishop of Dublin, "in the person of one of his characters in the Odyssey, that a man loses half his virtue the day he becomes a slave:" he might have added, with truth, that he is likely to lose *more than half* when he becomes a SLAVE MASTER!!

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By Vivian.

POPULATION—BIRTH AND MORTALITY REGISTERS.

THE return of a new Census of population at the Cape is loudly called for. Nothing exists of the kind at present that can afford any adequate idea of the aggregate of the people. We leave that proportion of the community hitherto placed in slavery out of the question. Self-interest was always wary enough to count *its* numbers.

Again, whose business is it to register the births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, and burials of the colony, in such manner as a reliance can be placed in the returns? So strict is the law in Austria respecting the registry of births, that midwives and accoucheurs must notify all births with which they become acquainted in the course of their professional employments; and in case of neglect to do so, the penalty is to suspend them from the exercise of their calling. In these registers, the maiden names of the mother is inserted; and in the register of mortality, the date of the death, the age of the deceased, and the malady and mode of death, are also set forth; and there is either an inspection of the dead, or the physicians in ordinary and local surgeons are bound to inform the minister, in writing, of the distemper of each patient whom they have attended. The bishops, during their visitations throughout their dioceses, are required to call for the production of these registers from the inferior clergy. This is not all, for at the end of every year the registrar must extract from his books an account for the previous year; divided into columns, and in regular forms: this he must transmit to the Office of Conscriptions, as it is called, and to the Office of the Circle.

The most interesting of the systems of registration which has fallen under our notice, is that of Prussia; in that kingdom the marriages, births, and deaths of persons belonging to the Christian religion, are all registered under the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical authorities, and this appears very natural, inasmuch as all these ceremonies, marriage, baptism, and burial, requires the presence of the clergyman who is invested with ecclesiastical power in any given place. The extract made from these registers is the only legal proof admitted in the courts of what they record. The Jews, being the only persons who are not Christians inhabiting Prussia, have registers which are regularly kept by their rabbins in places where synagogues exist; but in those parts where there are no synagogues, the Jewish registers are kept by the local police. In all the other places the elders keep the registers of those people. The custody of the registers of the general parochial population, is entrusted to the pastor of the parish. The duty of having the children baptised, very properly devolves altogether on the parents, and the penalty inflicted upon them for a neglect of their duty, is not a little singular. Should a parent in Prussia neglect to have his child baptised within the term of six weeks after its birth, the unhappy man is absolutely set down as a madman; his neglect is contemplated by the law as an overt act of insanity, and legal proceedings are forthwith taken to appoint a guardian over him!

In Belgium, the child must, in all instances, be seen by the authorities within twenty-four hours after the birth, the law requires, that it should be brought to the Hotel de Ville, but the practice is for the officer to go to the house.

During the whole course of the late investigation by the Parliamentary Committee in England on this important subject, they had repeated proofs of the perfect astonishment with which all reasonable persons, particularly travellers and foreigners, were struck at finding how utterly destitute of any thing like an adequate system of registration England continues to be. It is to be hoped that the exposure which has now taken place will prove the harbinger of reform, for it is impossible for any reader to peruse the contents of the Parliamentary Inquiry, without being satisfied of the truth of the Committee's resolution, viz: "That the existing law is imperfect and unjust, and requires not merely partial amendment, but real fundamental reform." They describe the present plan of registration as exclusive and intolerant, for it does not include in its regulations a considerable portion of the reflecting, intelligent, influential population of the country—Protestant and Catholic dissenters, one thousand one hundred congregations who disapprove of infant baptism. This exclusion may be regarded as a species of prosecution for those who only claim the rights of conscience, and believe what their judgments direct. Besides, the existing registers are merely records of baptisms, not births, and burials instead of deaths. They supply no adequate evidence that can be recognized in courts of justice on questions of pedigree, they being often falsified, burnt, stolen, or negligently described: they have only been very partially returned from the different parishes, although the clergy were directed by Act of Parliament universally to make registers, and deposit them with the diocesans. From these and other considerations, the committee have come to the determination of proposing to government the establishment of a *National Civil Establishment of*

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Births, Marriages, and Deaths, to include all ranks of religionists, to be conducted by means of simple forms, which would be sufficient to direct inquiries to the parents or last ancestor of each person registered, and assist medical and statistical inquiries in such researches as must prove generally useful. They propose that a parochial arrangement should be made, that a duplicate should be formed of each register, and that such duplicates should be periodically transmitted to the metropolis, where a National General Office should be opened, with a superintending authority, and alphabetical and accurate indexes, and abstracts, should be prepared: that the parochial charges should be defrayed by moderate salaries or small fees, payable by respectable inhabitants, and out of the rates for persons in more indigent circumstances, or receiving relief; while the metropolitan office would be supported by payments on searches, and an allowance of 1*d.* on every entry sent by the parishes. All parochial registers now existing, it is suggested, should be sent to this office.

THE LATE FANCY BALL.

A YOUNG LADY'S EPISTLE.

So warmly we met! and so closely were jumbled,
Like pigeons in pies (for the rooms were too small,)
I was fearful my new satin dress would be tumbled
As I rambled about at the *late Fancy Ball.*

Some attempted to dance! but ran 'gainst each other;
Some flirted — some sickened; — but *this* agreed all,
They had ne'er before witnessed a crowd or a smother,
Like the running to *eat* at the *late Fancy Ball.*

A dance! how delightsome! if a girl's not neglected,
And has plenty of partners to come at her call!
And many a mirror's bright surface reflected
Soft smiles and warm blushes at the *late Fancy Ball.*

Mrs. Q. sat aside—for the young men a-looking,
Her daughters have beauty but *no cash* at all;
But the lads in their *thought* were a few thousands *booking*
Of those girls who had fortunes at the *late Fancy Ball.*

And some they were waltzing, and others quadrilling,
All "PAIRED BUT NOT MATCH'D"—young and old—short and tall;
While some in the corners were *secrets* revealing
With a *wee* bit of scandal at the *late Fancy Ball.*

Thus Fashion's gay crowd goes on flirting and whirling
And they mingle together the great and the *small,*
And what's LIFE but a dance, too, where, *twisting* and twirling
We jostle each other to get thro' *the Ball.*

RURAL ECONOMY IN HOLLAND.

THE DAIRY.

WE recommend to the notice of the Agricultural Society, and all others in any way possessed of pasture-lands, an article in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture,* No. XXI. for June, 1833 It describes, in detail, the present Dairy Husbandry of Holland. The making of butter is no where better understood, or conducted with greater propriety, than in the Dutch provinces. The trade with England in this article is very great. There are seven or eight ships constantly employed in conveying butter from Harlingen to England. There is no part of Britain, or probably in the world, where butter is of a richer quality, or a finer taste, and more free from impurities, than that made in Holland.

Mr. Aiton, who has published the article in question, visited Holland expressly to inspect the Dutch system of cheese and butter making. He says (and we wish we could say as much of the Cape-Dutch,) that he saw "*every operation of dairy husbandry performed by the industrious* boers and their virtuous *Vrouws.*"

SHE IS GOING.

For their elder sister's hair
Martha does a wreath prepare
Of bridal rose, ornate and gay:
To-morrow is the wedding-day:
She is going.

Mary, youngest of the three,
Laughing idler, full of glee,
Arm in arm does fondly chain her,
Thinking, poor trifler, to detain her.
But she's going.

Vex not, maidens, nor regret
Thus to part with Margaret.
Charms like yours can never stay
Long within doors; and one day
You'll be going.

THOUGHTS BY AN OLD MAID IN REPLY.

Well, never mind, though you may laugh,
And point as we go by,
An old maid's life's the happiest,
That no one can deny,
And though you scorn and call us names,
We show no signs of woe;
For if we seem neglected now,
It was not always so.

But as for me, I little care
For aught that others say,
They only wish they were as free
As I am every day;
I heard a married dame remark,
I'm mistress to be sure,
But I'd rather be a simple Miss,
Than tyranny endure.

And then she'd say, ah! you were wise,
You never would be wed,
And though 'tis useless talking now,
I'd quite as soon be dead.
I really pity married folks,
And fain would give relief,
Though had they been as wise as I,
They ne'er had cause for grief.

For freely I aver I love
An independent life,
No marital control for me,
No matrimonial strife,
I would not be a young man's slave,
Nor yet an old man's dear;
All kinds of slavery I hate,
And gouty feet I fear.

So cease your jests, nor think that all
Old maids must be the same,
For I'm not stiff and starched I'm sure,
And therefore 'tis a shame
To make one suffer for the faults
Of two perhaps or three,
Though still we have the laugh at you,
For *we,* yes *we,* are FREE.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

What is that shrill, inimitable cry,
With joyous shouts of idle urchins blended,
With that strange curtained box, well poised on high,
With four long poles, by which its sides are ended?
What should it be but Punch?

Oh, Punch! no vulgar mountebank art thou,
That used to split our ears at holiday or fair;
Thou dost not bring a frown upon the brow,
By pains inflicted upon dog or bear;
I love to recollect thy merry mood of mirth,
Thine unelaborate and itinerant worth.

Thou art the child of cities, and art found
A wandering orb, with hundred satellites;—
Where streets and congregated men abound,
And listless gazers seek whate'er excites
Them most; for no *ennui* dare haunt the ground
Which thou hast charmed from all the gloomier sprites,
And in famed London, thou art always there,—
Thou mak'st one carnival throughout the year.

The above is a simple heading to a very important subject. It is said that *Punch* may be daily expected at the Cape of Good Hope. This is great news for the gazing part of the community. It is further reported, that the recently-created wooden erections on each front of the Commercial Exchange Building, are intended for the exhibitions of Mr. Punch and Mrs. Judy.

THE GRAPES ARE SOUR;

OR, SOMETHING VERY SHOCKING.

Extract of a letter which appeared in the *Zuid-Afrikaan* on the 20th instant:

——— "I am sorry for Jacobs, a man seventy-nine years old; who, in consequence of living among several of these so called Burghers [Hottentots], and not being able to obtain any of them in his service, has been *obliged* to have *his cattle herded by his son!*"

Then follow some remarks respecting the "*good old law*" of *compulsion.* This small paragraph speaks a volume: in it is contained the whole of the history and mystery of the present proposed Ordinance respecting what is called Vagrancy, and which is nothing more or less than a *scheme for the suppression of Free Labour.*

BABOONERY AT UITENHAGE RACES.

THE following precious morsel of

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intelligence is taken from one of the Cape Town papers:— "*Mr. Fredrick Rex's* r. h. *Doctor,* rode by a Baboon, dressed up in a jockey uniform, excited considerable laughter." Delightsome! How great the march of civilization at Uitenhage! But the racers have laid hold of a rhymster to plead their cause; and, according to his song, there was a disposition in some people to deprive the prancers of their *innocent sports!*

For miles around our races stood most high
In estimation,—
Were held so *dear,* they caused to business a
Complete *stag*-nation!

Oh! beings strange there are, it seems to be
Found in some places;
It has been tried a *side,* to put an *end*
To our fam'd races.

To try to rob us of our fun, on them it
A slur must be, sure!
For those who'd rob men of their *pleasure* there
Can be no *plea, sure!*

Such fell attempts do, in my estimation,
Rank next to crimes:
We've lost too many of the *pastimes* of
The good *past-times!*

OLD Mr. PROLIX; OR, THE ART OF TELLING A STORY.

THE art of relating stories or anecdotes in a rapid and skilful manner, so as to excite pleasurable sensations in the bosoms of those who hear, requires no mean exertion of taste and humour. You shall meet fifty clever and able men of business in society for one entertaining companion; a circumstance which is to be attributed to the great disinclination which the people of a commercial country have to exert themselves from any other cause than the acquisition of wealth. The mere pleasure of pleasing is an impulse not sufficiently strong to stimulate the powers of men, who think life happy and enviable only in proportion as it is wealthy. Hence we find, in this colony at least, that the entertaining and agreeable companions are to be found among those persons, whose life being somewhat irregular and idle, presents them with opportunities of seeing and hearing much variety of adventure, and abundance of time to devote to acquirements, which the more solid, grave, and discreet part of society consider as trivial. The gay soldier, who dines every day at a different table, and changes his quarters ever and anon, from the interesting Simon's Bay and Robben Island; the young man of property and *enlarged* education, whom no necessity or difficulty enchain; the pliable parasite, the hireling writer, the characters which often in society yield us amusement by their convivial qualities and anecdotal skill.

The teller of good stories ought to be a man of the true epic cast, who dashes immediately, *in medias res,* without any prolixity or long prefacial preparation. He should have the judgment to select the most striking parts of his anecdote, and the art to embellish them. He should be rapid and forcible in narration; and if he have a talent for mimickry, a flexible voice, and a countenance susceptible of variety of expression, he will be able to throw into his story a theatrical effect, and captivate the eyes as well as the ears of his auditors. Horace says, "*Segnier irritant animos demissa per aurer, quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fedelibus.*" The teller of stories or anecdotes should, above all things, avoid an injudicious introduction of them. They should be always told as illustrative of the matter in discussion, and appear to grow out of the conversation. The person relating them should avoid all hesitation, or episode, or a too frequent use of conjunctions, but hasten on to the pith and marrow of his circumstance, and terminate his anecdote with the peculiar incident or remark which forms the point, the zest, the soul of it. Let him introduce no after observation, no comment on his own anecdote, no moral, but leave the effect entirely to the matter itself, and the manner in which he has related it.

But to Mr. Prolix. Our neighbour Z. is a worthy kind of personage, but a tedious old gentleman who has amassed an immensity of the Rix, and considers himself fully entitled, like Farmer Flamborough, in the Vicar of Wakefield, to speak always about himself. I met him the other day on the Grand Parade, and in such a position, that there was unfortunately no escaping from his volubility. We talked about the weather, and agreed on the fineness of the day and salubrity of the Cape climate. "Yes," said he, "delightful weather, just such weather as I remember to have witnessed in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-three, or eighty-four; I am not quite certain which, though my good lady who has a good memory, has often assured me, (contrary to the opinion of my daughter,) at all events, it was in the year 1784, that hearing the report of a gun very near our house, (we then lived in Berg-street now called St. George's street,) by the bye, is it not shameful that this now, what I call handsome street, should possess no lamps and be as dark as pitch,—well, as I was saying, I was awoke by a gun, and I immediately called for water to shave. I always shave with cold water, because hot water makes the face tender, at least, so says my barber Canterbury, though I have heard Dr. Jalip tell a very different story about the matter. I rose at eight in the morning as I was saying, and looking out of the window saw the sun. It is really a remarkably fine object—a fine morning so revives one—nothing like early rising, Sir, nothing—nothing! I had no sooner put on my things, than I said to myself—'I'll take a good walk to-day; it will do me a pound's worth of service.' Well! we were all up and down to breakfast by nine o'clock. My good lady made tea, and I well remember that I ate two eggs, which is a most unusual thing for me to do. They were, however, boiled too hard. This is the fault of our cook. Cooks, by the bye, in this colony, are incorrigibly bad fellows. Servants are great plagues; I really wish Council would introduce some wholesome law on this subject. We are in a sad plight, and the worst of it is, that you can't thrash your servant or knock him down, without being amenable to some guardian or public officer. *But to proceed*—Breakfast being over, I said to January—who still lives with me—and probably, with all his faults, will live with me till I die.—"January," said I, "bring me my stick and gloves," which was no sooner said than done. I then put on one glove, and then I put on the other. This is invariably my custom. I then took my hat in my left hand, and my stick in my right, and walked towards the hall, but turned round to my wife as I left the room, and said—"My heart," I shall be home to dinner at four." January opened the street door for me, and shut it after me. I walked down the steps until I came into the street, (we then lived in Long street) when I said to myself, 'shall I go to the right or the left? shall I walk towards Green-point or in the Government garden?' I decided on walking to the top of Strand-street, and if not too fatigued, to pay a visit to the steam works and brewery, and if possible, to reach the whale fishery. Well! off I went—right through Castle-street, (generally a dirty street in regard to the heaps of filth before each door) and just as I was turning the corner leading to Bree-street, (now comes the curious part of my story) who should I meet but the Hon. Mr. ———, member of council. He walked up to me and politely bowed, (he is really a man of true breeding, of the *first class,* and is not spoiled by being placed in the legislature of the country.) He politely *bowed,* and I *bowed,* we *bowed* together, and positively the dogs cried

bow! wow! wow!

Now, was not this a very singular incident? 'Tis fact, upon my honour.

"CUT DOWN" AT LAST.

A HALF-PAY LAY.

'This Indian weed now withered quite,
Tho' green at noon, *cut down* at night
Shews thy decay—all flesh is hay—
Thus think and smoke tobacco.'
(RALPH ERSKINE.)

Reft of rank, and joy cut short all—
Poor, lost Subs!
Each a luckless undone mortal—
Poor, lost Subs!
Ne'er, oh! ne'er, the sweets of messing
More to taste, sirs! How distressing,
Wretched, weary, poor and needy,
Poor, lost Subs!

Joyous once, we plough'd life's ocean—
Ah! happy Subs!
But base *Peace* our prospects blasting,
Brought us Duns and their *compelling,*
Prisons yawning, watches selling—
Poor, lost Subs!

Depths of woe! *sans* grub or rhino—
Poor, lost Subs!
Where will all this end? Ah! I know—
Poor, lost Subs!
Despairing, we'll cast off life's *onus*—
Suicide—and Bailey's *bone-house;*
Pale, distended, *care all ended,*
Happy, happy Subs!

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RESEARCHES IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

No. II. *

If (as we take the fact to be) the source of all moral excellence and well-being of society is to be sought for in the truths and consolations of Religion, we offer the young reader our assistance and guidance in his researches connected with the Public Library, and we introduce him in the first place to the left hand corner of the entrance. This is the Divinity Hall department, (1) or the "Paternoster Row," or as a humourist often calls it, the "*Amen Corner*" of the Library. But independently of the importance of an examination into books which contain truths affecting human happiness, the most judicious Bibliographists justify this *first order* of inquiry. There are extant a great number of systems for the classification of a Library; the chief of which, M. Peignot, in the second volume of his *Dictionnaire Raisonnè de Bibliologie*, where he has shewn his own preference of the scheme originally traced by Lord Bacon. That profound philosopher refers the subject of our knowledge to three primary classes, viz: *Memory*, whence results history; *Imagination*, whence results poetry; and *Reason*, whence results philosophy; and these classes are branched out into very numerous divisions and sub-divisions. The method of Bacon was adopted, and ingeniously commented upon, by D'Alembert, in his preface to the French Encyclopédie, yet he placed *reason* before *imagination*, though on what grounds it would be difficult now to ascertain. To Bacon we are first indebted for the idea of a philosophical arrangement of the different branches of knowledge; his scheme, greatly improved, has been adopted by M. Peignot, Mr. Dibdin, and others. Seeing, therefore, we are in such good company, and conformably with the systematical classification of the South African Public Library Catalogue, we hasten to remark, that although our first department in this public collection is not very abundantly stored, it nevertheless presents a most respectable and judicious selection.

As to the Sacred Text, for we must begin at the beginning, we find, 1st, one copy of the Bible—*Biblia Hebraica*, in 2 vols. 4to. by Mr. Boothroyd, without points, and accompanied by critical and explanatory notes in the English language. It is peculiarly interesting to the Hebrew scholar and critie, as it contains in a condensed form, the substance of the most valuable and expensive works. 2d.—A copy of the *Greek Testament*, 2 vols. 8vo. by Griesbach. This *new edition* is considered preferable to most others, not so much for its philosophical notes as for the establishment of the text on the purest critical principles. 3d.—A version of the Bible in *Latin*, by Francis Junius and Immanuel Tremellius, (1602.) It is held in great esteem for its simplicity, perspicuity, and fidelity. 4th.—The New Testament in *Latin* and *French*, 4 vols. 8vo. (1793) a beautiful edition, enriched with handsome engravings. It is curious enough, that the dedication of this copy of the Scriptures is to the *National Assembly*, by its permission. 5th.—We now approach our *English* version of the Sacred Text. Here we find Barker's edition of 1610—famous for the singularity of many of its interpreted passages, (2) and appended to the edition, a remarkable tract, entitled "The Way to true Happiness; by Questions and Answers, opening briefly the meaning of every several Booke and Chapter of the Bible, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation." 6th.—The next copy is the English *authorized version*—the glory of the 17th century. (3) The highest eulogiums have been passed upon this version, by the most competent critics, and "indeed," says Dr. Geddes, "if accuracy, fidelity, and the strictest attention to the letter of the text, be supposed to constitute the qualities of an excellent version, this of all versions must, in general, be accounted the most excellent. Every sentence, every word, every syllable, every letter and point seem to have been weighed with the nicest exactitude, and expressed either in the text, or margin, with the greatest precision."

The origin of this version is worth keeping in remembrance. On the accession of James VI. of Scotland, to the crown of England, under the title of James I. March 24th, 1602, he was petitioned by the Puritans, on the subject of ecclesiastical affairs; and so far acceded to their wishes, as to appoint a conference, which was held at Hampton Court between their leading men and several Bishops and Deans. The meeting of this famous council took place on the 12th January, 1603. The proceedings are extremely interesting, as recorded in the 2d vol. of Howell's State Trials, page 70. King James was chosen Moderator, and seems in some things to have been a tolerably good casuist. On one or two occasions it would appear that he lost his temper in debate, and observed of the Puritans,—'*I will make them conform themselves, or else I will harrie them out of the land, or else do worse.*"

* Continued from page 169, vol. I.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury thought during the sitting, that His Majesty spoke "by the special assistance of God's spirit!" And the Bishop of London exclaimed, "God's goodness be blessed for your Majesty, your gracious Queen, the young Prince, and all the Royal issue." On the question of a new translation of the Bible, Dr Reynolds, a Puritan divine said, "May your Majesty be pleased that the Bible be new translated, such as is extant not answering the original," and he instanced the particulars.

Bancroft, Bishop of London. "If every man's humour might be followed, there would be no end of translating."

The King. "I profess I could never yet see a Bible well translated in English. I wish some special pains were taken for a uniform translation."

The question was carried, and in 1604, the King commissioned fifty-four learned men of the two Universities and of other places to confer together, in order to make a new and more correct translation of the Bible into English. These distributed into six classes, and were to meet at Westminster, Cambridge, and Oxford. Certain rules were prescribed by the King for the direction of the translators, which display much sound judgment highly creditable to the talents of His Majesty.* In nine months the translators completed their important task, and during that time received £30 weekly from the Stationer's Company.†

Among the varied *critical* editions of the English Bible subsequently to King James' version, it is singular, that the Cape collection can only boast of that published in 3 vols. 4to. by the Doctors D'Oyly and Mant, under the superintendence of the Episcopal "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge." This is a beautiful copy, with maps and engravings from the best masters. Of the labour attending this publication some idea may be formed, when it is stated that during the work upwards of 160 authors have been consulted for it, amounting to several hundred volumes.

That the commentary on this Bible, represents the peculiarities of a particular school is well enough understood, and orthodox and respectable as its promoters are, the day will probably arrive, when the Committee of the Public Library may be induced to enlarge its Biblical department, by the introduction of other impressions of the sacred text, for instance:—those of Scott and Clarke. The Rev. Thos Scott lived to superintend four large editions of his Bible, and subsequently to his decease, the circulation has been immense, being in every part of the globe wherever the English language is spoken. It is in fact, the comment of our age, presenting many of the last lights which history casts on the interpretation of prophecy. In Dr. Clarke's Commentary, the whole of the text has been collated with the Hebrew and Greek originals, and all the ancient versions. This Bible has proven most acceptable to the literary world in general, and biblical students in particular. (4)

* These may be seen in *Fuller's Church History. Lewis's History of English Translations, Newcome's Historical View,* or in *Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary.*

† The names of the Translators are recorded in Townley's Biblical Literature. Vol III, p 289.

NOTES, &c.

(1) In the affairs of taste, this department of the Library is too obscured, too much hid in a corner. It is the same with the classes of books on the right hand entrance. The truth is, the Library room is greatly deficient in one grand essential—a vestibule or lobby. The collection is too crowded near the entrance door, and the visitor all at once bursts from the street into the room. Again, the Library is rapidly accumulating its stock, and a question will be forthcoming as to its future arrangement and disposal. It may one day or other be deemed expedient to build a room *expressly for the Library;* and this might be done by the outlay of the capital now in the Savings' Bank, and a loan of about £300. In this case the rental would be,—say £20 per annum instead of £80,—the present annual charge.

(2) Barker's Bible thus renders Genesis iii. v. 7th. "Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves breeches."

(3) It is curious enough that for many years subsequently to the foundation of the Cape Library, no translation of the Scriptures in the English language held a place in the collection. The Press at length *hinted* the subject, and a copy was instantly purchased. This dearth of an English version, was not the fault of the two Protestant, English and Lutheran clergymen, who were the Librarians at that time of day. But the Library was under the complete *surveillance* of the Colonial Office. And it may serve to illustrate a period of former rule, when the fact is stated, that every book introduced into the Library must first receive a *licence* from Government. And no longer since than 1827, when a list of books was submitted for introduction, the answer from the Lieut.-Governor was,—that the document should be forwarded to Earl Bathurst in London, for his Lordship's approval!

(4) The biblical character of the Library must not be weighed by any exclusive reference to the department now under consideration. The Dessinian Collection to be noticed hereafter, presents a rich mine of theological treasure, well worthy the research of the intellectual inquirer. It may, however, stagger some few who penetrate beyond the surface of things, that the Library presents no Polyglot edition of the Bible—the foundation stone of a theological collection. But this hiatus has not escaped the discernment of the Trustees of the Dessinian department. It has been resolved by the Rev. Mr. Faure and his colleagues, to introduce a copy of Walton's famous "Biblia Polyglotta." This rare work was published in London in 1657, in 6 vols. folio; wherein the sacred text was by the singular care and industry of Dr. Walton, printed not only in the vulgar Latin, but also in the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, Arabic, Æthiopic, Persic and Greek languages. Nine languages it will be observed are here introduced, yet there is no book in the whole Bible printed in so many. In the New Testament, the four Evangelists are in six languages; the others only in five.

INDIAN EXPORTS.

THERE are few things on earth I love more dearly than the prompt, but quiet reply, which, cutting through and through, and right athwart a dull matter, puzzles the propounder with some unexpected anomaly or pertinent paradox, and arrests by his own consent the worse than pressing to death which a proser will so mercilessly inflict on enduring auditors. I love it, I say, beyond all earthly love; and withal so honestly, as well as so sincerely, that, if I am convicted of prosing myself, I beg to be thus gently let down from my stilts, and forthwith laughed into silence and good humor.

"And pray, sir!" said a young aspirant, just landed in Bombay, to the Jupiter tonans of the cotton market, "pray, sir! what are those square things tied up in sack-cloth, which appear to cover a couple of acres of ground there, and seem piled as high nearly as the neighbouring flag-staff?" "Those, sir!" replied Mr. G. "are cotton bales,—cotton, sir! called by the natives Kopaus; the best from Tankaria Bunder and the Nerbudda; second quality Surats and Bownuggars; and the worst Dekkans and Koukans, the former brought by bottillas and patimars from Gazerât; the latter on gharries and poties to Panwell,—our chief export, sir! to China and Liverpool: but Mr. B. is coming, excuse me, excuse me; Dr. L. will explain to you further particulars respecting Kopaus; good morning, good morning." The string of un-English words which had rushed like a cataract in the tympanum of the tyro, had so thoroughly perplexed him, that he gravely entered in his note book, "Cotton and China, chief exports from Bombay to Liverpool," and repeating the same to Dr. L. begged to be informed respecting the site of the potteries; and that he might complete his memorandum, added, "and what may be your other exports from Bombay?" "Why, sir!" said Dr. L.

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with due solemnity, "we export a great many little boys and girls, which, notwithstanding the heat of the climate within the Tropics, are annually produced here in considerable numbers, and in great perfection; we also export a great many widows, which the sun of this country makes very expeditiously, and generally very young; and we also export to Europe and the Cape a great many death-struck invalids, with yellow soapy complexions and worm-eaten livers! O, sir! our exports in these articles are prodigious, and even exceed in importance the China which we send to Liverpool."

My subject matter being Indian Exports, I must still, however, declare at the outset, my utter ignorance respecting Kopaus, save and except that a cotton field is splendid cover for grey partridge and button quail; and cotton ground as treacherous as the very devil to follow a hog over; all beyond this is terra incognita to me, an admission which even a 'Senior Merchant' may adventure, since one of the Honorable Company's Supercargoes in China frankly acknowledges he knew nothing about tea, and that having collected valuable samples, he incontinently killed with kindness, and destroyed by treasuring them in glass stopper bottles! a degree of ignorance which Perronet Thompson, in the Westminster, avers would have been scouted as disgrace by Jeremy Bentham's kitchen scullion! But though Kopaus affects me not, I find, on having become a Bombay Export myself, that our sun-flower-visaged tribe of exhausted invalids form a race on whose comforts I deeply ruminate, and for whose sakes I would solicit attention. We will pass that ticklish period during which the Doctor looks fidgetty—friends amazed—wife blear-eyed and anxious,—juniors amiably interested in the sick man's well-being! And let us suppose the destined Export fairly entered in the good ship's manifest;—that is to say, the Government Order duly published, that "A. B. C. Esq. has permission to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, on leave of absence for two years, for the benefit of his health." Suppose his establishment broken up, his passage taken, and his whole soul concentrated into inquiries respecting the Cape and Constantia, and George's Hotel, and the successors to Dr Barry, and the Hottentot Venus, with the transfer of Rupees into Rix-dollars, and all the minutiæ of his intended domicile.

"I do assure you, said one of my friends, that a more ruinously-expensive place than the Cape exists not on the world's surface: I went thither resolved to be economical, so I limited my plans and my preparations to £100 per month, and in spite of the strictest guardedness, without the least show, or excess, or imprudence that I know of, my outlay far exceeded my anticipations: I could not on any consideration advise you to rely on the Cape for a single article of your comfort or your establishment,—the servants are abominable, the cooks detestable, the lodging-houses not to be endured, and the shop prices cent. per cent. beyond even Indian extortion:—take your plate, your glass, your crockery, your table and bed-linen, and even your bed, for every bed in Cape Town swarms with entomological specimens which politeness would forbid to name, if Mrs. Trollop had not been bitten by *Chintses* in Cincinnatus; take your wines, your cook, your servants;—leave none—leave nothing; you will bemoan and regret the absence of whatever your inadvertence may have left behind." "But this would freight a ship, or thereabouts," said I, "and though to you with your thirty-five hundred rupees per month income, this roughing it on £100 per month might be monstrously natural, it would be anything but agreeable to me."

Staggered and confounded, I turned to Mackshift, a thrifty manager, the care-crazed father of ten children, born in nine years, a case of twins having made up the complement; he, on hearing the above, first opened his right eye, and then his left, to a goggle and a leer, and kindly laying his hand on my shoulder, assured me that the Cape was the paradise of paupers! that he, with his wife, and babes and sucklings, and servants, found 300 rupees per month abundant provision! that the lodging-houses were furnished with the strictest attention to Dutch cleanliness, and English comfort! and every want to be supplied at a wish on the most reasonable terms, and in the most perfect manner! Go," said he, "as I went, unembarrassed—unencumbered; and rely on finding, as I found, that every thing you can reasonably require will be ready to your hand at a tenth part of what it will cost to convey your own establishment and chattels."

Verily, these antipodical advices were somewhat bewildering; but as it cost the least trouble to follow the latter, I left Bombay for the Cape as free as the migratory swallow, with only my apparel and my purse, and trusted to Providence and the Cape for the remainder. How far both of my friends were in error, and in what they erred, and the very different opinion which I have myself formed, I may, perchance, endeavour to expatiate upon hereafter, should the good sense of the public, by applauding this article to the echo, encourage the production of a lengthy dissertation upon the Cape and the appurtenances thereof; but the first brush of my experience impinges on other matter, and having already, like the worthy Dogberry, "sustained losses," I would register them for the benefit of those who follow me.

I enter the more readily on this subject, because it strikes me that the caste, the body politic of Indian visitors, forms no inconsiderable part of the colonial imports, and as their annual expenditure and matrimonial propensities must have at least a fractional effect on the prosperity of the Colony, there seems no harm in an attempt to make the natives and visitors better acquainted with one another.

The first thing which strikes an Indian here, or anywhere, except in India, is, that he has suddenly, and to him unaccountably, become nobody—utterly nothing! In vain he sighs for any degree of that consideration to which he has been accustomed, and which he is tempted to imagine is due to him as an integral portion of his well-being: in vain he looks for any portion of that warm undistinguishing hospitality which operates so extensively, so naturally in India—a liberality which includes all classes of society, and to such an extent that, in Bombay itself, the Capital of a Presidency which has its own army of 5 Royal and 31 Company's Regiments, 4 Battalions of Artillery, and 2 of Engineers; which, with the Indian Navy and the Civil and Medical Servants, forms a total of upwards of 2000 individuals ranking as Gentlemen; there is not, I say, in Bombay itself, the name or shadow of a family hotel, or lodging-house, or boarding-house, of any sort or description whatsoever: there are few who would not prefer availing themselves of the independence and self-command enjoyed in a decent hotel, to trenching on the kindness of friends, or hazarding the dubious endurance of good-natured acquaintances; but still the fact is such, and speaks for itself, that every attempt which has been made to establish an hotel at Bombay has failed, and failed solely, because strangers were otherwise, and sufficiently provided for—of these two grievances, I am not one to regret the existence of the first; an Indian magnate is seldom the worse for being stript of his dignity; the plucking off of a little of his plumage very generally improves him; for though a right good fellow in the main, he is too apt, with the weakness so natural to frail humanity, to fancy he is made of better clay than other men, because he has the luck to enjoy a better income. It is, however, in nine cases out of ten, a mere error of judgment, and no vice

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of the heart; and if those who scout the sublimity of an Indian dignitary were to see the same party in his palace in India, they would in most cases see so little of the pride of place, and so much of the warmth of right feeling and gentlemanly liberality in speech and act, as would leave a favorable impression towards the Caste: but still, as notwithstanding the goodness of God to all his creatures, we cannot all be dignitaries, and the great majority of us neither have, nor make pretensions to superiority, nor yet assume the strut or stride of the Colossus, we have a right, I trow, to claim exemption from any sweeping condemnation.

As respects the tone of hospitality, by which a far more estimable virtue is meant than John Bull's dinner-giving propensity! I do not presume to set up the standard of Indian practice as the perfection of propriety, nor yet for the imitation of otherwise constituted forms of society: hospitality, sociability, gaiety, and liberal intercourse depend on so many contingencies, which are relevant to both parties, that I am far from presuming to state it as a reproach, that, if they exist at all at the Cape, the Indian visitors in general are not so much familiarized, as might be, perhaps, with advantage to both parties, in the pleasing circle: this must not be misunderstood, no offence is intended, and it would be unfortunate should offence be taken. A bachelor, with a good address, and an easy purse, finds himself at home anywhere, and if he has not as much of society as is agreeable to his habits, the fault must be his own; it is not for him that this is written: but a lady from India, unless assisted by adventitious circumstances, finds it no easy matter, or rather a process of very slow operation, to amalgamate with the Cape world of fashion, and as her residence here is necessarily limited to a prescribed and often very short period, this becomes an evil, which deserves the inquiry—whence it is? and are there no means of remedy? To this it may be replied, that the spirit and excellence of the Amateur Theatre, and the good taste and liberality in contribution displayed at the charitable Bazaar, most clearly prove that a sociable feeling exists if it were but encouraged, and were opportunities afforded for its being brought more prominently forward; and perhaps the shortest and readiest way for its further developement, would be the establishment of a Society like Almacks, for the gathering together of all who delight in pleasurable association; what possible objection could there be to an Assembly and Subscription Ball twice a month, when there are such noble rooms available for the purpose, and when the Society is so fortunate in the distinguished person whose character and spirit, as well as station, so well qualify her to preside amid its gaieties, as well as over its benevolence?

The admission tickets would pay for illuminating the rooms and for the supply of music and suitable light refreshments; whilst the rules of Almacks, so modified as to apply to a colonial circle, would still exclude all who had no pretensions to intrude on good society. An evening party so constituted, would have all the pleasure, without the restraint of private hospitality; the performance of a full military band betwixt the dances, and the assembling of the whole society at once in one room would insure a delightful meeting, and would give the most agreeable opportunity possible of bringing out young people, as well as form the most eligible neutral ground in which strangers might find themselves imperceptibly mingled with the gay world, and made acquainted with its votaries of fashion. Visitors who look for courtesy, are of course prepared to repay the kindness, and the assertion may be boldly ventured, that the body of Indian visitors would be found the ready and happy supporters of the Cape Town Almacks.

The Wine Market and Horse-flesh, and other matters of like nature, must not be discussed under the same head as Almacks; the patience of the gentle reader shall therefore be spared a further trial, and the remaining matter may lie over for another article, which shall be upon the means of improving the intercourse betwixt this Colony and India, and the advantages which might result to both countries thereby.

MOUNTAINS.

A country destitute of mountains may be rich, well cultivated, and even beautiful, but it can in no instance be sublime or transporting: and to what a degree boldness of scenery has the power of elevating the fancy, may be in some measure conceived from an anecdote recorded of an epic and descriptive poet. When Thomson heard of Glover's intention of writing an epic poem, the subject of which should be Leonidas of Sparta, "Impossible," said he, "Glover can never be idle enough to attempt an epic! He never saw a mountain in his life."

Mountains have had a sacred character attached to them. Upon their summits the Jews, the Persians, the Bythynians, the Druids of Gaul, Britain, and Germany, were accustomed to sacrifice; and while the Celts conceived that the spirit of their heroes resided among the clefts of the rocks, and on the tops and sides of the mountains, the natives of Greenland believed them to be the immediate residence of their deities. The Christian Scriptures present many instances of mountain scenery as selected by devout sojourners. It was on Mount Tabor, near the city of Tiberias, that Peter said "It is good for us to be here." Moses received the law on the top of Sinai; and so holy was that mountain esteemed, that no one but himself was permitted to touch it. The Messiah frequently took His disciples up to the top of a high mountain to pray; there it was He was transfigured before them, and many of the incidents recorded in Holy Writ took place on the Mountain of Olives. The Scripture writers frequently call high mountains "The Mountains of God," vide Joel iii. v. 17, Obadiah v. 17, Micah, ch. iv. v. 2. The Sermon on the Mount was delivered on the hill now called the "Mount of the Beatitudes." And our immortal Cowper, in adverting to those anticipated times when the garden shall fear no blight and need no fence,—when antipathies are none,—when in the heart no passion shall touch a discordant string,—observes with his usual poetic force

——————"The Mountain tops
From distant Mountains catch the flying joy;
Till nation after nation catch the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round."

If, at the Cape of Good Hope, we cannot boast with the Switzer of his Mont Blanc; with the American of his Allegany, Cordilleras, and Andes; with the Scotchman of his Ben Lomond; the Welshman of his glorious Snowden; the Grecian of his Ossa and Pelion, we can point out as unique and self characterized, our far-famed Table Mountain, and many others. We have often met with persons dying with ennui for want of what they call a *change;* and they invariably advert to the *sameness* of a town life. The truth is, they have ears, but hear not; eyes, but see not; feet, but walk not. Perhaps in no country is there so little *pedestrianism* as in this colony. We must except, however, that useful class—a numerous people—the *Hottentot* drovers and their families. A very little personal trouble would convince many in-door grumblers of the extreme beauty, variety, and health-inspiring nature of the mountains which surround them. Let a pilgrimage be made to Table Mountain, and its venerable compeers right and left, and let a journal be kept of all that was seen, heard, and felt in these journies. It would describe the existence of grottos, waterfalls, woods, groves,—the glories of botany, geology, and the pictorial, in all their matchless displays and boundless varieties. For our own part, we should consider it a moral misfortune, as well as a moral disgrace, not to be a mountain rambler, not to love scenes worthy the pen of Virgil, and the pencil of Lorrain.

We are indebted to a Correspondent for the following invocation

TO THE TABLE MOUNTAIN.

One parting lay, ere fortune bear him from thy shores,
An humble sojourner, to thee and nature pours,
Around thy sides, majestic mountain! memory tells
Of striking natural beauties, and of magic spells;
Of grandeur, softened by repose, of gloom unbroken,
Where sheds the living orb of day, no gladdening token;
A humid twilight there pervades the tearful scene,
And nature's self in sadness wears a sombre green.
A thousand fairy regions deck thy ample form,
Enlivened now by sunshine, now obscured by storm,
Which thrifty mortals plodding in the vale below,
Intent on selfish ends, nor value neither know.
Monarch of mountains! well thy sov'reign title given,
Thy noble head upreared invades the sphere of heaven;
A Table land of rock, and pool, and grassy waste,
And field of fertile soil, with mellow foliage graced
Baboons sport on thy summit and thy craggy side,
And in thy dark recesses foul hyenas hide.
Oft has he wandered o'er thy furrowed surface led
By passionate love of nature to the torrent's bed,

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Where fallen rocks and trees in wild confusion lay,
Denoting nature's force on many a fearful day:
There, dense primeval forests spread from side to side,
Cimmerian gloom and darkness o'er a surface wide;
The fat and teeming soil upon its bosom bearing
A thriving growth, but for its offspring little caring;
Bramble and fern, and sugar-bush, and sapling oak
Struggling to meet the light, each other rudely choke;
And many a shining flower is born to blush unseen
Amidst those tangled wilds of nature's forest green.
Caverns and caves are there which never see the light,
And yawning fissures fill the gazer with affright.
Here bubbling waters steal along their rocky course,
Which soon shall rush and foam beneath with headlong force.
And he has rested near these stony rippling streams,
And given his feelings to the vagrancy of dreams,
Till happiness has seemed no more a painful fiction,
As we should fain believe it from the preacher's diction.
And he has rambled o'er the mountain scenes around
Until each feature has become familiar ground:
The Lion's Head, begirt with triple wall of stone,
Has yielded to his zeal, though feeble and alone;
The labour of ascent has never failed to meet
A rich reward in objects which the vision greet;
Description were in vain to paint the glorious show
Which oft awaits the weary climber from below:
Out-stretching plains, commingling with the mountain chain,
Whose misty outlines vanish in the distant main;
The still and boundless ocean, blending with the sky,
These faintly shadow forth the pow'r of the Most High.
Are there who heed not scenes of such unrivall'd grace,
And nature, up to nature's God, list not to trace?

B.

MATERIEL FOR THOSE WHO THINK.

THERE are many advantages in a variety of conditions, one of which we recollect to have been the boast of a worthy divine, that between two classes all the holidays of the Church are properly kept; since the rich observe the *feasts*, and the poor observe the *fasts!*

Mr. BURKE says truly, "The people maintain the government, and not the government the people." Let governments look to this ere it be too late.

"NEXT to the calamity of losing a battle, is that of gaining a *victory*," is reported to have been said by a great commander, on the evening of the bloody day of Waterloo.

IN one of Foote's farces, Dr. Last asks boastingly, "Have you heard of my *black powder*?" as if he had been the discoverer of so famous a medicine, though all the state quacks since the invention of artillery, and the institution of *commandoes*, have been as fond, and as proud too, of the doctor's prescription.

WE can only tolerate fox-hunting, on the plea that there is a degree of heroism in galloping over those innumerable traps, the mole-holes, which so abound in this colony, and that in these *pleasures* something is *earned*, something *done*. *Efforts* (for we like a *moral* to everything), it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. The toils, as well as the risks of an active life, are commonly over-rated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike it *till it is made hot*. It is unwholesome as well as unpleasant, to stand shivering on the brink of a cold-bath; don't you feel a *glow* of self-satisfaction when you have plunged, and are resuming your gown and cap?

HE who is *everything* is nothing, is as true of our sensitive as of our intellectual nature. He is rather a bundle of little likings than a compact and energetic individual.

TEMPER—CIVILITY.

We read the other day in one of the papers, something about the want of civility on the part of many of the Cape shop-keepers. Perhaps the following narrative on the subject of an accommodating temper, may contain a *moral* which all would do well to study.

Two gentlemen, brothers, called at the coach office to take seats for the following morning, in the Edinburgh coach; there were *fortunately* two inside places vacant, as the elder brother was, from his appearance, obviously suffering under some oppressive ailment, and the other in rather a delicate state of health. Between the two there happened not to be more cash than was sufficient to pay for one passenger; the second brother said he would bring the fare with him in the morning, and went away. In a short time after, another person came into the office, asked for a seat in the same coach, tendered his money, insisted on the strict rule being observed, and was booked accordingly. The next morning an hour before day, the brothers arrived; the invalid got in, and the other putting down his fare was told that the place was filled by one who had paid his money, and threatened that if refused his place, he would hire a chaise for the whole journey to Glasgow, at the expense of the coach proprietors. The young man looked into the coach, and finding all the seats occupied, begged, and strenuously supported by his brother, to be admitted as a fifth, even for a stage or two, as he was not in good health, and the rain poured down in a tremendous deluge.

The rest of the coach company seemed to yield, but the stiff gentleman was con—tra—ry, as will sometimes happen, and with his former menace silenced the agent (who was leaning to the side of mercy), and insisted with increased vehemence, that the rules of the office should be observed.

The *strict* person was owner of a great flour mill; he was any thing but a *jolly* miller, not resembling* his professional predecessor of the river Dee, in the gaiety of his independence, but adhering literally and morosely to the principle of "caring for nobody," not because "nobody cared for him," but because it was the habit of his life to make every liberal thought or kind intention, which accidentally arose in his mind, like worldly charity, to begin at home, and centre in himself; he was wrapped up in his milling operations, and eyed his bags of flour with the same avidity as a miser would those of the Rix; he was that sort of selfish and self-sufficient person that would not take any moderate boot between the prime minister and himself, and thought the machinery of the state of little importance, compared with that of his own mill. He ordered the coachman to get forward, with some further menace if he did not.

The young man after a little altercation, took his seat beside the guard, and the coachman drove off. It was still dark; the rain was intense, the voices ceased, and the invalid, if a gentle snore was any indication, had fallen asleep.

As the coach passed through Kirkliston, a barking cur assailed the horses, and was apparently responded to by a low growl from the interior of the vehicle. "Is there a dog in the coach," asked the miller, for it was yet pitch dark. Those who were awake said, they could not tell: the invalid breathed hard and snored—in a few minutes the growl was heard again, advancing to a sharper snarl. "Have you a got dog in the coach?" asked the miller—"it is contrary to all rule—the agent is incorrect, and shall be fined—it shall be looked to when the coach stops." A renewed snarl and a few chopping barks from the opposite seat where the invalid was placed, made the miller certain that the dog belonged to him, and lay behind his legs; not wishing, however, to put out his hand, or even his foot, to make the trial, he waited for daylight impatiently, and one or two succeeding growls from the same quarter, confirmed him in this surmise. At length a tedious dawn gave way to the slowly increasing light of a gloomy morning; the miller had his eye fixed upon the spot, and as objects became less enveloped in shade, he chuckled at having ocular proof of the nuisance which he determined to complain and get rid of at the next stage.

There lay the dog, as he conceived, behind his master's legs: but what was

* Vide old song of the "Jolly Miller."

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his disappointment and chagrin when through the breaking clouds, a strong gleam of light fell upon—not the dog of his imagination—but on a small portmanteau belonging to the invalid, who at the sudden burst of light which had surprised and disappointed the miller, opened his eyes, keen, sharp, and penetrating, but sunk deep in a pale and emaciated countenance. "You have been asleep," said the miller—"have I?" was the reply. "Have you a dog in the coach?"—"No." "Did you not hear any growling or snarling in the coach?" "I did at *setting* off." "From what quarter did you hear it?" "From yourself, growling about strict rules." "You are satirical, but we have heard a dog in the coach, and it shall not remain—you were asleep."—"So you say." "You snored in your sleep." "May be so." "Do you ever growl, or snarl, or bark in your sleep?" "It is not improbable—I have not been very well; but Doctor Munro tells me I am cured." "Do you say Munro, that's the mad doctor." "He's a very good doctor, and I'll thank him the longest day I live." The miller in some little alarm, asked in a milder tone, "were you in his house?" "I was, for three months, and he performed a great cure for me." "May I ask," said the now subdued miller, "what was the nature of your malady?" "Why, if you must know," replied the invalid, "it was neither more nor less than the bite of a mad dog."—"Save us," said the miller, "and did the doctor effect a perfect cure?" "He did, and sent me out yesterday to return to my native air, saying that the trifling symptom of snarling like a dog, which, perhaps, may have annoyed you in my sleep, will gradually wear away, and does not signify, as I have done no mischief for the last month, and he was sure that going back to my family would quiet my mind and set all right." The miller's countenance now exhibited a strong expression of terror; he looked wistfully out of the window, and lamented the teeming rain which prevented him from enjoying a seat outside. At this moment the invalid was affected by a tremendous fit of snarling and barking, resembling so perfectly the canine expression of the most furious irritation, that the miller under the strongest alarm was about to get out of the coach, when the invalid seized him by the lapelles of his coat, grinned at him, and exhibited a set of deformed teeth, barking vehemently for some minutes, and then subsiding into a perfect calm, entreated the terrified miller not to be in the least alarm, that it was all over, and that he might depend on there being no danger whatever; for though he was affected from time to time in this unpleasant way, he had not bitten any one for the last six weeks. He then brightened up, was extremely agreeable in conversation, in which the now silent miller was not moved to join, and exhibited less the appearance of any oppressive malady.

By this time the coach had arrived at Linlithgow; the rain was rather heavier, and more perpendicular in its descent; during the change of horses the feverish miller called for a glass of spring water, which when presented to him at the carriage window, was instantly dashed to pieces by the sufferer under hydrophobia, who recommenced the most terrific barkings and snarlings, accompanied by grinnings and gestures the most frightful, through all of which he roared to the miller to be under no alarm, that it would not signify, that Doctor Munro had told him so, that he had bitten no one for six weeks, and that he would be quiet again in a few minutes.

But the trembling miller determined not to trust him, Dr. Munro, or the nature of his disorder, jumped out of the coach, called for a chaise, and posted on alone. As he drove off, the invalid putting his head out of the window, invited his brother into the vacant seat, which (leaving his wet cloak with the guard) he enjoyed for the remainder of a drenching day, to the infinite mirth of the passengers, (previously made acquainted with the trick,) and to the still further annoyance of the miller, whom they passed on the road, and who was saluted by both brothers, with a familiar nod of humorous and wicked sarcasm, and an exclamation from both, "you should observe strict rules."

MORAL.

In every rank of life let a disobliging temper be avoided. Be accommodating in every way that religion and duty will sanction—"Do as you would be done unto," recollecting that it is a divine maxim, and that, so blended are the wants and dependencies of the human race in all its gradations, you cannot tell the moment that a kind action done, may not be recompensed tenfold, or that a sulky, surly, unaccommodating temper may not meet, as in the miller's case, if not a more galling return, at least that of ridicule, contempt, and disappointment.

SKETCHES OF THE CAPE.

It is somewhat amusing to read from time to time, the sketches which are constantly recurring in the English periodicals on Cape manners and society. But it is altogether singular, that the writers, almost all of them, invariably follow each other in one eternal beaten track. In general instances we believe, the Indian visitor, or the gentlemen clad in the honorable livery of the British army, indulge themselves at the Cape expense. Not that we would deprecate fair and liberal criticism—on the contrary, we hail it as the great promoter of civilization, and up-rooter of ignorance, prejudice, and folly. But what we regret is, the absence of all real information—the constant fiddle-faddle about pretty girls—expensive lodging houses—dirty inns—rough roads—hot weather—infrequency of *invites*—want of carpets—bad wines—government balls—Dutch stoeps—and the everlasting reference to the black Mosambique—dusky Hindoo—fair European, or Dutch-descended Africander.

In the United Service Journal of May, there is a paper, No. 1, entitled *Sketches of the Cape*. There is nothing original in the Sketches; but our readers will be perhaps anxious to hear the last thing said of them; good, bad, or indifferent. We pass over the notices on the voyage to the Cape, the luxuries on board a free trader, the table mountain, the parade, government gardens, and the Cape Villas; and just submit a few extracts as specimens of the author's method of description. We must acknowledge at the same time, that we conceive the following gleanings to be of the *highest order* in the whole article before us.

"By turning to the right, instead of entering Long-street, you pass down a broad walk through the Government House gardens—gardens that were, not *are*, shaded over by double rows of thick and lofty oaks, and about half a mile long. This, in summer, is delightfully sheltered from the sun, and is the only agreeable walk. The four or five sentries at intervals down the walk are furnished from the main guard at the lower gate (the only officer's guard) and their duty consists in "protecting" the cabbages, &c. of a small garden in front of Government House, and saluting all military men that pass. The officer's guard room is in fact the Porter's lodge; and the occupation in summer, I know by tolerable experience of that luxury, subjects the victim to a continued process of stewing, or what Mrs. Glasse denominates "simmering gently," for the greater part of his twenty-four hours, in addition to the pleasure of being kept from his mess, and of being, as Lord Byron says, the "focus" of ten

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millions of concentrating mosquitoes at night, the wet ditch close by being their head-quarters."

"It may be well to state that starvation is not to be dreaded where beef and mutton may be bought for three farthings the pound, and though not quite equal to English meat, still very good. Fowls and turkeys abundant, and particularly fine. Of fish abundance and great variety, though but a few kinds are more than eatable; the best, the kingklip and stokfish. The markets are or were abundantly supplied with fruit, and but indifferently with vegetables, neither of the best quality; but both are grown in abundance in the neighbourhood as fine as can be in the world, and, by a proper contract with the owners of some of the numerous gardens, the messes might be independent of the ill-managed markets. Some tropical and most of the fruits grown in England bear in profusion at the Cape. Grapes of delicious flavour are plentiful for three months of the year; and oranges, peaches, apples, pears, quinces, plums, or loquats in abundance."

"In addition to the immense quality of inferior and low-priced wine, there is another more pernicious article manufactured from the grape —brandy, the curse of the colony. The military man will have its destructive effects brought under his eye but too soon, in the constant intoxication more or less prevalent among the private soldiers, and which the means at present in the hands of a commanding officer are quite inadequate to suppress or effectually restrain; nor is it to be wondered at, when one considers the temptation of such prices as twopence or threepence the quart-bottle of brandy to a man destitute of other amusements to fill the few idle hours of the evening, and who receives a small *daily* supply of money; a man, too, taken in most cases from the very lowest class of the populace, as is now the case, owing to the system of recruiting, and still more to the present operation of the English Poor Laws. Who, that knows the constant restraint and occasional hardship of the soldier's life, the little hope of advancement, and the length of time he must serve before he can obtain the most trifling pension, can wonder at the repugnance of the lower orders in England to enlist, and so give up what they consider their legal right to a maintenance independent of industry. In truth, it more naturally strikes one with surprise and at the same time but little respect for the judgment of those whom one hears so clamorously mixing in the outcry for a reduction of the Army, that these petitioners for an imaginary relief have so little attended to the fact that they are constantly paying a higher rate to the idle and often profligate disturbers of the peace and destroyers of ther property, the rick burners and machine-breakers*, than that which they grudge to their protectors, the hard-worked soldiers; and that they have so little contemplated the (as it seems to me) inevitable consequence of a compliance with their wish, namely, that of the disbanded men, the English would return to their parishes to increase the already grievous burden on the rate-payers, and the Irish, whom we may reckon fully one-half, would not, I fear, be considered an acquisition in a country where they are so incensed at the influx of Irish labourers.

"To drop a subject which deserves, and would require, a far more able hand to treat with the force and accuracy that it deserves, I should mention, that this constant habit of drinking an ardent and unwholesome spirit, of course, eventually destroys the best constitution, and not always slowly, though surely. It is said that a regiment does not seem to suffer for the first two years, but after that, the effects of the habit are marked; and certainly, from observation I can state, that of two regiments in garrison together at Cape Town, the number of deaths in that which had arrived nearly three years before the other, was about four times as great. An additional proof, if any further were wanting, would be found in the *wretched state* of the last regiments that were sent on from the Cape to India; as also of the egregious error of the notion formerly entertained, that the climate of the Cape seasoned troops for that of India. At least, whatever effects the climate might have are far overbalanced by the insidious brandy."

* Let him who doubts this assertion glance at the published evidence before the Poor Law Committee, and let him compare the allowace of food to the following classes: the soldier, the parish pauper, the *suspected* thief, the *convicted* thief, and the *transported* thief: the allowance continually increasing, and the last much the greatest.

"The English are not all on the best terms among themselves; and one is surprised to find them divided by petty jealousies and coolnesses worthy of a country village, and still more disgusted by envious sneers and ill-natured stories, and all Mrs. Candour's amiable shrugs and hints; or possibly, one may see an idle or malicious rumour creeping on into the daring and full-fledged falsehood or atrocious calumny. But enough of a subject that must have been remarked by any resident at the Cape of late years. I am happy to say that I have found examples of liberality of sentiment, untinctured by aught of this meanness, and of the greatest hospitality united together,—and that among the military."

"The Government House being, "ex officio," at the head of colonial society, it is proper, in alluding to the subject, to give it the precedence. With a salary of 7000*l.* a year, and such advantages as the Government House in town, the power of having a large number of soldiers for servants, orderlies, and fatigue men,—servants being the most expensive and troublesome of all conveniences, in Cape Town, one might have supposed that a liberal and extended system of hospitality would be kept up, on a scale befitting the representative of royalty; and nowhere is it more called for than at the Cape, where strangers, from India, are constantly arriving, for a temporary or permanent residence, and where military men of every rank are constantly stopping on their way to and from the East Indies and New South Wales.

"The public entertainments at Government House, during the six winter months, consisted of four balls; and during one month, there were weekly "at homes," where the "inducements" were tea and coffee, and the band of one of the regiments, and a cold and vapid formality that was quite infectious.

"The public balls being much better attended, and having the stir and bustle of dancing, were more agreeable; and though occasionally diversified by odd and grotesque figures, they were very similar, and not inferior to, most provincial assemblies, gayer, indeed, from the number and variety of uniforms of the garison, and the Indian officers and staff. At the largest and least select of these balls, that on the King's birth day, about three hundred compose the assemblage; and waltzing and quadrilling were, in newspaper phrase, "carried on with much spirit." But, alas! they were incapable of, and dead to, the charms of the galoppe, graceful or romping, and to the Eleusinian mysteries of the mazurka.

"There are various opinions as to the claims of the Dutch girls to beauty. It seems to me, that a certain degree of *prettiness* is very generally shared by them; the points of good complexions, fine eyes, and hair, and among the young, an attractive roundness and *embonpoint* of figure, being nearly universal. But generally, a want of expression, and an irregularity of features, deprive them of that higher grade of female loveliness, of which one certainly sees much more in England and Ireland. In Scotland, if Edinburgh may be taken as a specimen, there is, perhaps, less in proportion than at Cape Town, where there are not wanting occasional specimens of this rarer beauty. To particularize would be indelicate, and useless to those who have been there.

"The number of matches that have taken place between the fair Africanders (the general term for natives of European descent, as that of "*Creole*" in the Mauritius and West Indian Islands) and "*Indians*," proves that their attractions are appreciated; and the latter are happy in having such resort as the Cape, where they can at once recruit their health, retain their allowances, and, if so inclined, provide themselves with partners for the rest of their sojourn in the 'land of rupees.'"

"The Indian may be easily recognized by his sallow complexion, his "peripatetic" propensity, and, in summer, generally by the white cotton jacket, that "*ne plus ultra*" of raiment under a burning sun. Many Indians have complained of a want of hospitality and attention to strangers at the Cape; but, in reality, the English residents have not the means of exercising an indiscriminate hospitality among so numerous a class; and where the example in a higher quarter, and the opportunity of meeting them in society first are wanting, it is scarcely to be expected that they should seek out any of whom they have not some previous acquaintance. Nor (as a class) are they agreeable members of English society, though allowance must be made for the effects of ill health, which brings them to the Cape. In general their minds seem to be affected by the lassitude and languor that their frames suffer from the climate; and the great mass having left England young, and their ideas and thoughts ever after directed in new and different channels, have comparatively few topics of conversation in common with those who write not H.E.I.C.S. after their names, and perhaps find the "talk" of the latter as uninteresting as *their* perpetual recurrence to the three presidencies and rupees is to the others. To these general remarks there are of course frequent exceptions, and, as is but natural among a class almost exclusively composed of gentlemen closely connected with the gentry and aristocracy of the United Kingdom, there are many very superior men of high attainments and refined manners, and universally of a liberality perhaps too closely bordering on extravagance."

"As there are many military men who care not for these vanities, to whom a ball is an abomination, and dancing a rock of offence, I can assure them that they too will find amusement and occupation to their tastes. In the Exchange, the handsome building at one end of the parade, the centre is a public news-room, well supplied with the latest English papers, and, on each arrival from home, thronged with a busy and eager crowd; adjoining it, one wing contains the public library, an establishment of which Cape Town may well be proud, and altogether the greatest advantage she possesses for the stranger. The collection of books is large and various, and continually supplied with all the new publications from England, and with every periodical of merit.

"During the burning heats of summer, and in the occasional gloomy and wet days of winter, its spacious and lofty rooms offer an agreeable lounge, and certain antidote to ennui. The books are so arranged in classes, on shelves, all round the rooms, that one can readily lay hands on any book one wishes; and the tables in the centre, after each arrival from England, are surrounded by visitants snatching a look at the magazines, or last caricatures by H. B.

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The books are lent out, and these advantages, superior to what any circulating library in England can offer, (the collection being so much finer,) are obtained for various rates of subscription—the highest three guineas, and the lowest but half-a-guinea."

LITERATURE.

Life of Sir John Moore. By his Brother. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1834.

THOUGH too long delayed, still it was with great pleasure that we hailed the appearance of the personal Memoirs of one, whose memory is yet fresh in the hearts of Englishmen, and of whom it is was finely said by Sheridan, that

"A loftier spirit never dwelt
In a gentler breast."

We cannot afford time to inform our readers of the reason of our disappointment on the perusal of the work before us: we leave this matter to their own independent judgment; suffice it to say, that we consider almost every *reflection* of the author, distinct from official document, to be the offspring of *party-spirit*, and unworthy of one who entitles himself the brother of the gallant Sir John Moore. We proceed, however, to notice a few of the prominent and more unexceptionable parts of this biographical memoir.

Sir John Moore was born at Glasgow, 1761. His father was the celebrated Dr. J. Moore, so renowned for his account of the French Revolution, Travels in France, and Zelucco. John Moore was educated in the High School of Glasgow, and in early life attended his father, as a companion, on a tour and residence on the continent. At fifteen years of age, while the travelling party where at Naples, Moore received intelligence of his appointment as Ensign in the 31st Regt. His leave of absence enabled him to remain in Italy to learn the Italian language, when the party repassed the Alps, and after some stay at Geneva proceeded to Paris. His biographer details his various stations in the army, at Minorca, Boston, Halifax, New York, until the peace of 1783. Moore was placed on half-pay, lived with his family, resumed his studies, and through the interest of the Duke of Hamilton, obtained a seat in Parliament in the Pitt administration. We can only *advert* to the subsequent changes in Moore's life. His appointment in 1787, as Major to the 60th Regt. and subsequently its successful commander. We have not space for the details of his services at Gibraltar, Toulon, the West Indies, Ireland, Holland, Egypt, Corsica, and Portugal. His career in the two latter countries deserve, however, more lengthened consideration. In 1794, Col. Moore and Major Koehlar landed as a deputation in Corsica, to examine how far an attack by the British could be made on that island. The conference with the famous General Paoli was an interesting one. The British troops under Sir David Dundas, performed many brilliant exploits on landing; but a misunderstanding took place between Sir David and the obstinate Lord Hood, the British Admiral. The enemy's garrison, 6000 men in arms, surrendered. Sir David retired, and was succeeded by Sir C. Stuart.

The further details of the war which followed between the French against the English, and Corsicans are given by the biographer; but we shall not follow him, as the subject has been already illustrated sufficiently in history. It was an unlucky accident that Sir Gilbert Elliott, the King's Commissioner, and Sir C. Stuart could not agree. The former treading in the unworthy footsteps of Lord Hood, sought to lord it over the military man, and, though a complete stranger to military matters, still assumed the power of dictating to the commander. Sir C. Stuart could not brook such treatment, and so returned home Elliott took the lead in directing the British troops in Corsica, and in order to satisfy the world of the nature of his character, he absolutely constructed the plan of a Constitution for Corsica. Such a plan as it was! He proposed to establish for the Corsican savages nothing short of the *letter* of the British Constitution, as if every human being before him in the island, and every law, and every custom and habit of the people was not directly opposed to such a system. Blind vanity—the *insolence which official rank* sometimes generates, amply account for the conduct of this privileged blockhead. Another of his judicious regulations was to transfer the seat of government from its immemorial locality, Corte, in the centre of the island, to Bastia, on the sea coast, the roads to which latter place were perfectly execrable.

The Corsicans are described by the present writer as the most uncultivated people in Europe, those of Sardinia excepted; they are represented as being generally well made, but short of stature, ill-favoured and pallid. The inhabitants all live in villages, as it would be unsafe for any to live in single houses, so extensive and deep-rooted are the mutual hostilities of this people. Revenge is regarded as an obligation by them, and many years may elapse before a party finds a proper opportunity of exhibiting his resentment. Every Corsican carries a musket on his shoulder, even when he goes out to till his farm or tend his flock. The tradespeople are presented as being very dishonest, making high demands in comparison with the just price of the article.

In the meantime, Colonel Moore had made himself particularly popular with the Corsicans, and thus excited the jealous feelings of Elliott, who, having been quite in favour with the ministry, was allowed to do as he pleased. He was made Viceroy of Corsica, and finding that Moore was an object of much greater esteem in Corsica, he charged the latter with opposing his measures, and stimulating those who were discontented with his policy. He made an express complaint to the government of Moore without letting the latter known anything about the accusation, but Moore called him to account, and an interview took place. Moore denied that he had taken any part whatever in the politics of the country, and defied the Viceroy to substantiate a single fact against him. Elliott said he would think no more of the matter if Moore would promise to be no longer connected with his (Elliott's) opponents, and never to express sentiments of disapprobation of any acts of his government, but on the contrary, give him his support. Elliott told him by way of warning that he had the authority direct from government to send away Moore from the island. The latter, however, with that unbounded contempt which such a mind as his must have felt, told him boldly, that neither he nor any other man had a right to exact from him (Moore) a promise to approve of measures of which he was ignorant, and that were to be brought forward in future, and he declared that no interested motive should induce him to agree to such an engagement, which he deemed to be altogether unbecoming. The result was, that Elliott gave Moore 48 hours to stay on the island. The latter, however, remained a week, and then set out

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amidst the lamentations of the whole island, but especially the regiments. The *ruffian* who decreed this act of banishment did not stop here; he caused poor old Paoli to be exiled also; the monster had the ferocity to tear the aged patriot from that hearth which he had cherished from his birth, and send him adrift on a perilous world. But the God of Justice allowed him to receive the chastisement which he had so amply earned. The people became impatient of such a cold and contemptible tyrant; the coward was obliged at last to fly from the just vengeance of the islanders, and the whole of their allegiance being alienated from England and thrown into the scale of the French, a mere handful of the latter completely succeeded in getting permanent possession of an island which might have been ours to this day. It will be a monstrous crime against humanity in the historian who does not exhibit the crimes of this infamous character in all their glaring dimensions. Such men are terrific instruments of a government, because destitute of mind, malignity has the range of the whole intellectual empire to herself, and then she prompts to such villianies as deservedly render the name of perpetrator, a sign for perpetual execration.

Moore returned home and waited on several of the Ministers, from whom he concealed nothing whatever of the sentiments which he entertained towards Sir Gilbert Elliott. But he was amply repaid for the humiliation inflicted on him, and he was forthwith appointed to the rank of Brigadier-General, in the West Indies.

The station which was assigned to Sir John Moore in the expedition to Portugal, caused him to express his mind with great firmness to the wily and un-English minister Lord Castlereagh. Sir John Moore subsequently obtained the chief command. It would be quite superfluous in us to go over the history of the Spanish campaign in which Sir John Moore was engaged; nor shall we even touch on the merits of the celebrated retreat of Corunna. The whole of the details in the most authentic form, have been already before the public, and few are now unacquainted with them. We cannot, however, part with these volumes, without giving the reader an opportunity of sharing with us the melancholy pleasure of contemplating this illustrious man in his last moments.—It appears, that in the fiercest part of the battle, Sir Henry Hardinge rode up to Moore, to tell him that the guards were coming up.

"As he spoke, Sir John Moore was struck to the ground by a cannon ball, which lacerated his left shoulder and chest.

"He half-raised himself, when Hardinge having dismounted, caught his hand: and the General grasped him strongly, and gazed with anxiety at the Highlanders, who were fighting courageously: and when Hardinge said, 'they are advancing,' his countenance lighted.

"Colonel Graham now came up, and imagined, from the composure of the General's features, that he had only fallen accidently, until he saw blood welling from his wound. Shocked at the sight, he rode off for surgeons. Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash: then, by the help of some Highlanders and guardsmen, he placed the General upon a blanket. In lifting him, his sword became entangled, and Hardinge endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; when he said with soldierly feelings, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.'"

Sir Henry seeing that his friend began to hope, concluded that the wound was not mortal, and expressed himself to that effect. But

"Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, 'No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible—You need not go with me; report to General Hope, that I am wounded and carried to the rear.' He was then raised from the ground by a Highland serjeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna."

"The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously ordered them to desist and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them: 'You can be of no service to me: go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful; and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which, becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

"Before he reached Corunna, it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him; who, seeing his general borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone: 'Anderson don't leave me.' As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant François came out, and stood aghast with horror: but his master, to console him, said smiling, 'my friend, this is nothing.' "—vol. ii. pp 225, 226.

"He then continued, 'I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers.' As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, 'Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Major Colborne;—he has been long with me—and I know him to be most worthy of it.'

"He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, 'Have the French been beaten?' He assured him they had on every point. 'It's a great satisfaction,' he said, 'for me to know that we have beat the French. Is Paget in the room?' On being told he was not, he resumed, 'Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow.'

"Though visibly sinking, he then said, 'I feel myself so strong——I fear I shall be long dying.——It's great uneasiness——it's great pain!'——

"'Everything François says is right.—I have great confidence in him.' He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then seeing Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, 'If all his aides-de-camp were safe;' and was pleased on being told they were.

"After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, 'Stanhope! remember me to your sister.' He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed; leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country."—vol. ii. pp. 228—230.

A considerable number of letters by Sir John are added, all containing accumulated evidence of the goodness of his heart, and the soundness of his judgment.

RUSSIA
AS IT IS REPORTED TO BE IN 1833.

SECOND NOTICE.

In our last Number we inserted a Picture of Russia, comprehending in it a short detail of the first class of society. We now advert to other classes, with a few particulars of Russian life, derived from the same sources as mentioned in our first Notice.

The merchants chiefly constitute the second class of the Russian state. They are corporate bodies, and include citizens and mechanics: these corporations elect the magistrates, and they have the full powers, like our corporations, of acting as a corporate body. With respect to the third class, the peasants, the author gives us the following account:—

"These are composed of crown peasants, or free farmers, and vassals. The free farmers, or crown peasants, amount to about fifty or sixty thousand; men who have obtained their freedom by mutual agreement between them and their lords, and whose rights have been confirmed to them by the crown. They occupy lands, which have been given or sold to them, and of which they are the owners, having the power to sell or dispose of them in any way they think proper. A crown peasant pays no land tax, nor any but a capitation tax, and he is subject to none but the public authorities of the province where he resides. Vassals cultivate the lands belonging to their lords, are attached to the glebe, and cannot be alienated from it. All descriptions of peasants are bound to furnish recruits; the free farmers do it by turns, and the vassals by the nomination of their starostas, with the consent of their lords. The law obliges every proprietor of vassals to furnish them with a sufficient quantity of land for their own use: they work three days for the lord and three days for themselves. Others, by their own desire, are put upon *Obrok*, as it is termed; that is, to pay the lord so much a head per annum, instead of working for him. Those who have been taught a trade of any sort pay him a higher obrok than a mere cultivator, and he receives a passport to go and reside where he pleases. The peasants who become traders also pay a very high obrok; sometimes the lord takes out a gild for them, and they acquire large fortunes by commerce. Many lords permit all their vassals to pay obrok; then, should they cultivate any portion of land for him, he pays them for their labour, unless there should be an agree-

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ment made to the contrary, in consequence of the smallness of the obrok. The obrok, throughout Russia, generally speaking, is about twelve or fifteen roubles per annum, and even on the best land, rarely exceeds twenty-five roubles a-head per annum, including the government taxes and all other expenses. Those who pay a higher obrok, must be either mechanics, traders, or merchants, who have the means of acquiring money, more easily than the cultivator of the soil. A peasant who has served as a soldier for twenty years then becomes a freeman, and is exempted from all sorts of taxation. Should he have conducted himself with bravery and probity during his service, he retires with the rank of sergeant. If he chooses to prolong his service twelve years, as sergeant, he then becomes an officer and a nobleman:—he cannot, however, transmit the rights of nobility to his children, except to those born after he has been ennobled."—pp. 16, 17.

In the church of Russia it is singular enough there is no endowment, no rich livings, no prebends, no opulent benefices. The clergy subsist on the voluntary contributions of their flock. They receive some small portion, however, of their income from funds charitably set apart by pious individuals, for the double purpose of building or repairing churches, and contributing to the support of the pastor. Most of the Russian churches have been built by private liberality. The author further tells us—

"Every priest who does duty at a village church receives as much land as is commonly allotted to two peasants, or even more should he demand it, and the peasants frequently assist him to cultivate it. Indeed, throughout Russia, most of the landed proprietors allow a small salary to the priest who do duty in their villages. The clergy are certainly not sumptuously provided for, but they are, nevertheless, well furnished with all the necessaries of life, and the means to live comfortably. This dependance on their parishioners has the effect of making them more attentive to their duty, and at the present day the character of a Russian priest has assumed a tone of respectability and piety, not always met with in older countries. This disposition, the Russians, who are religious, from feeling and principle, encourage, by paying proper deference to those, whose conduct is distinguished by a rigid observance of good morals and strict attention to the sacred duties of their profession. The clergy who serve in the remote parts of Siberia, receive pay and rations of flour from the Government; indeed, I ought to say, from the Emperor's private purse. His Imperial Majesty having heard that the clergy of Kamchatka were extremely poor and unable to buy bread, immediately ordered them to be furnished with flour, and their salaries increased from his own funds; one of the strongest proofs of his parternal care; for in some of those distant places, the number of Russians are so few, it would be a sufficient pretext, for a government less protective, to refuse them a Church Establishment. But to the honour and eternal glory of the Emperor, be it said, that throughout his Empire, wherever there are a handful of Christians collected together, there will you find a church, a clergyman, and all the consolatory associations of religion. In this, his Imperial Majesty has strictly fulfilled the words of the gospel, and has 'laid up for himself treasures in heaven, where moth and rust cannot corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through and steal.'"—pp. 18, 19.

The author assures us that he presents his account of the Russian dominions, not from hearsay, nor from the authority of books, but from actual personal experience during the period of twenty years. He declares unhesitatingly, that the Russians are, without any exception, the best fed, best clothed, the most contented, and intrinsically the happiest people on the face of the earth; that they are by nature, mild and generous, possessing intelligence, good-nature, and charity, joined to great hospitality. One great proof of the truth of this account is, that such a calamity as an individual dying of starvation is utterly unknown in Russia; and mendicants, even, are a very rare species of nuisance there, and generally prove to be victims of drunkenness or disease, or cultivators of an idle life. The necessaries of life are so cheap, that a man who brings only industry and character to any branch of business, may be so successful as to acquire a rapid fortune. In their personal conduct, particularly towards strangers, the Russians equal even the Chinese, the most celebrated in the world for genuine politeness.

The author next presents us with a sketch of Russian life, as it is seen in the humblest of the people. The meanest labourer, he says, can earn two roubles a day, and there are eating-houses particularly suited to the humble classes. For twenty kopels a labourer can have at one of these places, plenty of black bread, cabbage, soup with beef in it, and *casha* (grits boiled in oil or butter). After this the labourer may enjoy a glass of rye brandy, or a bottle of beer; and in the evening a cup of izbitjn, a sort of tea made from herbs and leaves. The whole of the evening's expenses, including dinner and drink, stand him only in sixty kopels. Now his daily wages are two roubles, or two hundred kopels, and then allowing for his washing and lodging (which the author declares are never more than three roubles a month), we shall find that the Russian labourer is able to save money every month, which, at the end of the year, forms a considerable sum. So that after paying his *obrok*, or tax, and after clothing himself comfortably, which he can do very well for seventy roubles a year, there remain, as clear profit, at the end of the twelvemonth, about one hundred and twenty roubles. The author declares that the above computation is founded on calculations the least favourable to the labourer, for he has made them on the lowest rate of wages, and the highest rate of clothing and food. He says, that black bread generally costs about three kopels the pound, and is never higher than five kopels, whilst the price of white bread is from eight to ten kopels; but the Russian prefers rye bread to his dinner, that being the most substantial. The very common labourer in the provinces, who is unmarried, is generally satisfied with a small pie, with either fish or meat in it, and which he can purchase for about four kopels; but when the cottages of the labourers are examined, the scene is quite delightful, and we shall allow the author to describe not only the domestic comforts of this people, but their religious and moral character:—

"He has his own beef, butter, eggs, milk, &c. The clothing of his family is all made at home, from his own wool and flax, when winter covers the ground with snow, and agricultural labours are suspended. He has no delicacies, but he certainly wants for nothing that is wholesome, good, and nourishing. Should he feel inclined, he makes beer and mead, for hops and honey are abundant throughout Russia. His garden is well stocked with potatoes, turnips, carrots, onions, and cabbages. Of the latter he always lays in a large stock salted for winter, cured after the Dutch manner, and is a very healthy food. Thus far for his physical wants. From his childhood he is brought up in the fear of God, with sentiments of respect and love for all the sacred bonds of civilised society, obedience to his sovereign, and the laws of the land. He therefore becomes industrious, economical, moral, and charitable, and is particularly dutiful to his parents. The common Russian has been charged with being 'a religionist, from habit and ignorance, and of being so stupid as to "*pray to the picture of a saint, as if it were God.*"' I can assure my readers, he is religious from principle, feeling, and sentiment. He is no bigot. His tolerance of all religions, and the little pains he takes to bias other sects, is the strongest proof in support of my assertion. I have never met a Russian who did not perfectly understand, that when he said his prayers before the picture of a saint, it was to God he prayed, and to the saint, as intercessor or mediator. Having taken particular pains to satisfy myself of this fact, I here subjoin an extract, taken from the common prayer-book, out of which children of all classes are taught their prayers. Those who cannot read and write, have them repeated to them by their parents or the priests, from the moment they can lisp, and therefore all have them by heart. One of the first things, almost, is an injunction concerning the respect due to the saints. 'The saints are to be reverenced, not as we revere God, but as the servants of God, who are to convey our prayers to him and find us grace in his sight, and for this we should ask their assistance.' This being found in every common prayer-book, and enjoined by the priests to those who appear ignorant of the duties of their religion, it will now be seen that it is impossible for the most uneducated Russian, to think that the picture of his saint, generally placed in the eastern corner of his room, *is his God.* I once thought of translating all the Russian church service, many of the prayers, being almost word for word those of the church of England, but when I came to examine the pile before me, I found it would be an Herculean task. They have prayers, not only for every day in the year, but for all the fasts, which are five in number, and all the holydays apart."—pp. 40, 41.

The author mentions a fact which seems to us to be worth the whole of his affirmations (which, however, we do not mean to under-rate), in support of his view of the Russian character—it is,

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that the number of crimes committed in Russia is, in the proportion of them to the population, the smallest of any on the face of the earth; and so true is this, that during the whole of the reign of Alexander, there was not *a single instance in which capital* punishment was inflicted!

There are in Russia, and particularly at St. Petersburgh, many regulations relating to the health and comfort of the different orders of society, which appear to us to indicate a very high degree indeed of social refinement. From time immemorial the Russians have been celebrated for the perfection to which they have brought that great engine of health, and a source too of luxury, the bath, particularly the vapour bath. At St. Petersburgh the public baths are on a splendid scale, and the whole of the apparatus and the process are contrived and pursued on principles which the most exact acquaintance with science could alone enable the Russians to discover. The person about to bathe is first seated in an ante-room, where the temperature is so high, that he feels very unpleasant sensations; but soon a perspiration takes place, and he goes into the bath-room. Here the temperature is still warmer, and the bather ascends several benches, where he sits, and the temperature is increased. The poorer Russians generally rush out of the bath when very hot, and roll themselves in the snow.

Then in vain do we look around to those nations which boast of the advance they have made in civilization, for any thing like such a manifestation of paternal care on the part of the government as is to be found in Russia. The regulations for the protection of the public from the mischiefs which pretended medical men, quacks, and all persons not properly qualified, may inflict, are perfectly admirable. It is the special duty of the Minister of the Home Department in Russia, to inquire into the state of the medical profession in all its branches: he is assisted by a medical council, and he takes especial care that *no person shall practice who is not duly educated,* and who has not *proved on examination that he is so.* Quacks, therefore, are not tolerated in Russia, as the means for getting rid of them by the law are tolerably severe, and always promptly applied.

We own that the contents of this brief work has very agreeably surprised us: it has very successfully dissipated much of the impressions, or rather, what we now deem to be prejudices, against Russia. We should say, that a larger and more elaborate work on Russia, by the same author, would be a very valuable contribution to our literature.

COOK'S SKETCHES IN SPAIN. 8vo. 1834.

In his account of the manners of the people of Spain, the author almost uniformly employs the language of eulogy. He says, that in all the social relations of life, in discharge of the duties imposed on men, as Christians and members of civilized society, they are excelled by no people on earth. In all their tastes and habits, no nation is more thoroughly domestic. The author praises their hospitality, their delicate attention to guests. With respect to the state of morals in Spain, the author complains, that hitherto the custom of travellers from different countries has been to misrepresent, and grossly libel the Spanish character. No woman in the world, he contends, deserve an imputation against their honour less than those of Spain; and no where are better examples of domestic and connubial happiness. The author then proceeds:

"The young women are brought up, in better families, entirely with a view to their becoming mistresses of houses, and they possess all the talents natural to their sex, in a degree excelled by no other. In the provinces they are accustomed from childhood to trot after their mothers to the bazaars; and in the Moorish cities, may be still seen in Mantilla, perfect miniatures of the stately matron whom they follow. As soon as they are able, they are intrusted with the management of business on their own account, and may be seen, while very young, bargaining and reasoning and wheedling the dealers. Their education is almost entirely managed at home. Strong prejudices exist against seminaries, and there are scarcely any religious societies for the purpose, as in other Catholic countries. So great is the dislike to these places that, even in these disastrous times, few families allow their daughters to be placed in them. The younger girls are taught by the elder, and they may be constantly seen, after dancing all night, working indefatigably all day, without languor or ennui, at household work or embroidery, which is their constant occupation. They are consummate mistresses of economy and management, at least the better class of them. In the interior their houses are in general admirably conducted with perfect skill and regularity. So well is every thing managed, in which they are concerned, that some zealots have asserted that if the reins of government were in their hands it would be much better. In many respects there is the most complete contrast in the character and manners of these people from the Italians, who might be supposed the most to resemble them. In Tuscany, which is one of the best parts of Italy, a patriotic and most laudable society of ladies was formed, to instruct the young women in the arts of housekeeping and domestic management as practised in the north of Europe, with the idea of improving their social and moral condition. In Spain this would have been a complete work of supererogation. Every house, especially in the south, could have furnished individuals capable of instructing or directing any who might require it. I believe the metropolis, in the upper classes of society, must be exempted from this rule. I was at an inn in a large town in the south of France, where, on asked for a needle, they were obliged to send out to purchase one, not a female in the house possessing such a thing. In Spain it would have been impossible to find such a case. In the south especially, women of the highest rank may be seen sitting in the interior of their houses, in the plainest attire, with their maidens arranged around them, engaged in household work in the ancient style."

A PICTURE OF TRADES' UNIONS.

THE following revolting form of initiation of a new member by the Woolcombers' Union has been laid before Parliament. It reminds us of the horrible freaks of the worst excesses of the French Revolution.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Outside Tiler*—*a member of the Union who keeps guard on the outside of the room in which the members are assembled.*
Inside Tiler—*ditto on the inside.*
Principal Conductor—*the person who conducts to the Lodge those who are to be initiated into the mysteries of the Union.*
President.
Vice-President.
Warden.
Secretary.
Members of the Union.
Workmen about to be made members.

The scene is usually the first floor of a tavern, which is doubly planked throughout, and the interstices filled with wood shavings, in order to prevent any one overhearing the ceremonies. The time is eight or nine in the evening, at which hour the above-named *dramatis personæ,* with the exception of the principal conductor, and those who are about to enter the Union, are supposed to be collected together for the performance of the following drama. On one side of the apartment is a skeleton, above which is a drawn sword and a battle-axe, and in front stands a table, upon which lies a Bible. The principal officers of the Union are clothed in surplices.

(Members say the following prayer.)

O God, who art the author of peace and lover of concord, defend us in our undertaking, that we may not fear the power of our adversaries, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

(Outside Tiler knocks at the door.)

Inside Tiler.—Who comes here to disturb the peace and harmony of this our most worthy and honourable order?

Principal Conductor from without.

I am not come here to disturb the peace and harmony of this your most worthy and honourable order. I am a brother with strangers, who wish to be admitted into your most worthy and honourable order.

Inside Tiler.—Most worthy President, Vice, Secretary, and brothers all, a brother stands at the door with strangers, who wish to be admitted into this your most worthy and honourable order.

President.—In the name of the Lord admit him.

(Enter Principal Conductor, followed by the strangers with their eyes bandaged. Members salute, and then sing a hymn)

Principal Conductor.

Strangers, within our secret walls we have admitted you,
Hoping you will prove honest, faithful, just and true,

* "Tiler" is technically a Masonic term, which originated in the circumstance, that on the first establishment of Freemasonry, those who were employed to guard the door, were really the working tilers, who had joined the confederacy.

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If you cannot keep the secrets we require,
Go hence, you are at liberty to retire.
Are your motives pure?
Strangers.—Yes.
Principal Conductor.—Do you declare they are?
Strangers.—Yes.
Principal Conductor.
Then, brethren, to initiate these strangers we will now proceed,
And our most worthy master may proceed to read.

(*Members sing a hymn.*)

Warden.

Stand ye presumptuous mortals, stranger's steps I hear,
And I must know your trade and business here.
By my great power, there's nothing can from vengeance stay us,
If you come here intending to betray us.

President.

Most worthy guardian of our sacred laws,
They are wool-combers, and wishful to protect the united cause.

Warden.—Then all is well.

Vice-President.

Strangers you are welcome, and if you prove sincere,
You'll not repent your pains and labour here.
We have one common interest, and one common soul,
Which should by virtue guide and actuate the whole.
Our trade requires protection, by experience sad we know;
Our duty is to prevent recurrence of our former woe.
Our commonwealth was like some savage land,
Where the weak are slaves, and strongest bear command,
Where tyrants rule with uncontrolled sway,
And degraded subjects do their will obey,
Such was our domestic lot. Our suffering and our care
Enraged our minds with sadness and despair.
And when we had united and our rights obtained,
We found that only half our point was gained,
Our interests were so many and so various,
The tenure of our rights so frail and so precarious,
That had we not invented Lodges our protection to ensure,
All, all would have come to nought, as it had done before.
Strangers, the design of all our lodges is love and unity,
With self-protection founded on the laws of equity,
And when you have our mystic rights gone through,
Our secrets all will be disclosed to you.
We deem you worthy our friendship, trust and confidence to share,
See that you make the prosperity of our cause your constant care.
Let your tongue be always faithful, your heart conceal its trust,
Woe, woe and dishonour attend the faithless and unjust.
Guard, give the strangers sight.

(*The bandages are removed from the eyes of the strangers, and they are placed opposite the skeleton.*)

President, pointing to the skeleton.

Strangers, mark well this shadow, which you see,
It is the faithful emblem of man's destiny.
Behold that head once filled with pregnant wit,
These hollow holes once sparkling eyes did fit,
This empty mouth nor lips nor tongue contains,
Of a once well furnished head, see all that now remains,
Behold this breast, where a generous heart once moved,
Filled with affection, loving and beloved,
Mark well these bones, the flesh hath left its place;
These arms could once a tender wife embrace.
Those legs in gay activity could roam,
But, alas! the spirit's dead, the life is gone.
O death! O death! thy terrors strike us with dismay,
Only the spirit just, which hath left its empty clay,
Can set thee at defiance and in triumph say,
O death, where is thy sting?—O grave, where is thy victory?
The sting of death is sin—are we not sinners all?
Then upon us one day the heavy stroke of death must fall.

Vice-President.

Strangers, hear me; and mark well what I say,
Be faithful to your trust, or you may rue this day.
You are now within our secret walls, and I must know if you can keep a secret.
Strangers.—Yes.

Vice-President.

Then amongst you, you will shortly be entitled to the endearing name of a brother,
And what you hear or see here done, you must not disclose to any other;
We are uniting to cultivate friendship, as well as to protect our trade,
And due respect must to all our laws be paid.
Hoping you will prove faithful, and all encroachments on our rights withstand,
As a token of your alliance,—give me your hand.

And now, shouldst thou ever prove deceitful, remember thy end, remember. Guards, put these strangers into darkness, and conduct them to our most worthy master, to be further instructed in this our most worthy and honourable order.

(*The eyes of the strangers are again bandaged, and they are then made to walk several times round the room, while the members stamp on the floor with their feet. They are then led to the table, upon which the Bible is placed; the right hand of each is laid upon the sacred volume, the bandages are then removed from their eyes, and they take the following oath:*)—

I, A. B., Woolcomber, being in the awful presence of Almighty God, do voluntarily declare that I will persevere in endeavouring to support a brotherhood, known by the name of the Friendly Society of Operative Stuff Manufacturers, and other Industrious Operatives, and I solemnly declare and promise that I will never act in opposition to the brotherhood in any of their attempts to support wages, but will to the utmost of my power assist them in all lawful and just occasions, to obtain a fair remuneration for our labour. And I call upon God to witness this my most solemn declaration, that neither hopes, fears, rewards, punishments, nor even death itself, shall ever induce me directly or indirectly, to give any information respecting any thing contained in this Lodge, or any similar Lodge connected with the Society; and I will neither write, or cause to be written, upon paper, wood, sand, stone, or any thing else, whereby it may be known, unless allowed to do so by the proper authorities of the Society. And I will never give my consent to have any money belonging to the Society divided or appropriated to any other purpose than the use of the Society and support of the trade, so help me God, and keep me steadfast in this my most solemn obligation; and if ever I reveal either part or parts of this my most solemn obligation, may all the Society I am about to belong to, and all that is just, disgrace me so long as I live; and may what is now before me plunge my soul into the everlasting pit of misery. Amen.

Vice-President.—Guards, put these strangers into darkness. Rise and stand (*to the strangers*).

(*The strangers having been blindfolded, the members sing a hymn, and then salute. The strangers are then let out. Members then say the following prayer:*)—

O God who art the author of peace, &c. (*same as at the commencement*)

President.—In the name of King Edward the Third,* I declare this Lodge to be now duly closed, and so it is.

God save our noble King,
William the Fourth let's sing,
Brethren, ere we depart, let us join hand and heart
In this our cause;
May our next meeting be blest with sweet harmony,
Honour, and secrecy in the Mechanic's cause.

(*Exeunt.*

SCIENCE, &c.

"CIRCUMSPICE: *Look around you*, is all that need be said to him who doubts the advantages which science is ever conferring on the world."

QUICK COMMUNICATION WITH THE CONTINENT.

Railway speculations appear to be every day becoming more popular. Amongst the great number of new plans of the kind, that of the "London, Brighton, and Shoreham Railway" appears not the least prominent. Its importance, of course, will be immensely increased should the railroad from Paris be brought to Dieppo (the most direct course between the French and British capitals), as there is little doubt it will be. A trip to Paris will then be a mere trifle—a single morning's journey; while the reader of the "Times" will expect to have "yesterday's debate in the chamber of Deputies" presented to him at the breakfast table! It is not unworthy of remark, that while our share in producing these wonders is to be achieved by means of private capital, directed by public spirit, our neighbours are to be indebted for theirs to the interference of the government, directed by "the Minister of Public Works."—Is not this a whole commentary in itself?

THE NEW SMITHFIELD.

The building in the Islington Lower Road, which was referred to in a recent Note, is now avowedly intended to become the London cattle-market, notice having been given of an intended application to Parliament next session for an Act to enable the proprietor to make use of it for that purpose, and *to levy the necessary tolls.* The City will, of course, strongly oppose the intended Act, which would operate to transfer a large portion of their funds from the corporation treasury to that of the "humane individual" who has embarked in the speculation with so much apparent recklessness. The accounts which have appeared of the wonders of the place are founded more on the imagination of the reporters than on the real state of things. It is, indeed, very extensive, but at present the only erection are a range of cattle sheds, surrounding a large quadrangle, and an unfinished market-house. The "sheep pens on a new principle," grand "tavern and stabling," and, above all, the, "abattoirs," and other conveniences for slaughtering, as yet exist only in the columns of the newspapers.

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

A translation of the "Penny Magazine" is regularly issued to the German public at Leipsic, embellished with wood cuts by "the first English, French, and German artists," under the title of "Das Pfennig Magazin." According to the Useful Knowledge Society, imitations of their most successful publication are also printed in France, Belgium, North America, *Poland*, and *Russia!*

* In this king's reign the woollen manufacture was introduced into England.

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PEDOMOTIVE CARRIAGE.

A person from Romford traversed the streets of Chelmsford yesterday with a locomotive carriage, which is said to be his own invention. It has three wheels; one in front to steer with. The propelling power is applied by the feet, which work upon three foot boards connected with the axletree of the vehicle; and, on the right side, a wheel, worked by the hand, furnishes the additional power necessary to get up a hill, or over a rough road. Some idea may be formed of its simplicity, from the price asked by the inventor—forty shillings. The maximum speed appeared to be about seven miles an hour, which rate he accomplished with apparent ease. As a plaything it is not, like the velocipedes which appeared some years since, calculated to injure the traveller. The man said he was making one to enable his wife to travel with him.—*Ipswich Journal.*

STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

The keel of a splendid steam packet, with four engines, to ply between New York and Liverpool, will be laid this week. She will be of a large size; and, as the enterprise is undertaken by gentlemen of capital, no expense will be spared to make the experiment in the best possible manner, so that there can be but little doubt of its success—*Boston (U. S.) Transcript.*

'TIS A BAD WIND, ETC.

The Rev. Thomas Tryon, of Bulwick, Northamptonshire, says, in a letter to the Editor of the *Lincolnshire Chronicle*, "I made an attempt *last stormy Saturday* (Aug. 31.), to trisect a rectilineal angle, and succeeded beyond my expectation; and I shall hereafter be ready to impart the discovery to any body of mathematicians or learned men for the *trifling* remuneration of 500*l.* It will open a fountain of new scientific and mathematical knowledge. Euclid has not even trisected for us a straight angle, nor a segment of a circle, nor an angle. I will trisect an angle for 500*l.*, and a segment for a further 500*l.*, and a straight line for less."

WATER.

Boring for water has been prosecuted with singular success in the south of France, by a M. de Gouzée, civil engineer. Three years ago, the town of Tours was supplied by fountains, which were often dry in summer; at present four bored wells yield each such a volume of water (one of them no less than 1,500,000 litres in twenty-four hours) that there is an average supply to each inhabitant of 149 litres per day. The water issues with such force as to eject balls of from four to eight pounds weight.

METEOROLOGY.

THE WEATHER—BAROMETER—DIRECTIONS ENGRAVED UPON THE COMMON WEATHER GLASSES ABSURD.

The five rules for ascertaining the atmospheric changes introduced in the following articles, were pointed out to us by Capt. Robb, of the *Leda*, as being in his experience extremely trustworthy.

The barometer has been called a *weather glass*. Rules are attempted to be established, by which, from the height of the mercury, the coming state of the weather may be predicted, and we accordingly find the words "Rain," "Fair," "Changeable," "Frost," &c., engraved on the scale attached to common domestic barometers, as if, when the mercury stands at the height marked by these words, the weather is always subject to the vicissitudes expressed by them. These marks are, however, entitled to no attention; and it is only surprising to find their use continued in the present times, when knowledge is so widely diffused. They are, in fact, to be ranked scarcely above the *vox stellarum*, or astrological almanac.

Two barometers, one near the level of the River Thames, and the other on the heights of Hampstead, will differ by half an inch; the latter being always half an inch lower than the former. If the words, therefore, engraved upon the plates are to be relied on, similar changes of weather could never happen at these two situations. But what is even more absurd, such a scale would inform us that the weather at the foot of a high building, such as St. Paul's, must always be different from the weather at the top of it.

It is observed that the changes of weather are indicated, not by the actual height of the mercury, but by its *change* of height. One of the most general, though not absolutely invariable, rules is, that when the mercury is very low, and therefore the atmosphere very light, high winds and storms may be expected.

The following rules may generally be relied upon, at least to a certain extent:

1. *Generally* the rising of the mercury indicates the approach of fair weather; the falling of it shows the approach of foul weather.

2. In sultry weather the fall of the mercury indicates coming thunder. In winter, the rise of the mercury indicates cold.

3. Whatever change of weather suddenly follows a change in the barometer, may be expected to last but a short time. Thus, if fair weather follow immediately the rise of the mercury, there will be very little of it; and, in the same way if foul weather follow the fall of the mercury, it will last but a short time.

4. If fair weather continue for several days, during which the mercury continually falls, a long continuance of foul weather will probably ensue; and again, if foul weather continue for several days, while the mercury continually rises, a long succession of fair weather will probably succeed.

5. A fluctuating and unsettled state in the mercurial column indicates changeable weather.

The domestic barometer would become a much more useful instrument, if, instead of the words usually engraved on the plate, a short list of the best established rules, such as the above, accompanied it, which might be either engraved on the plate, or printed on a card. It would be right, however, to express the rules only with that degree of probability which observation of past phenomena has justified. There is no rule respecting these effects which will hold good with perfect certainty in every case.

MAGAZINE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

The reader will recollect the curious dispute of last year between Lord Brougham and his application of the word *Bug* to a certain Law Member of Parliament. The following *insect* communication appears in the Magazine of Natural History of May, 1834.

A Profile of the Human Face is observable upon the upper Side of the Primary Wings of Colias Edusa, female A Profile of Chancellor Brougham is observable on the Reverse of Hipparchia Janira.—It is observed, in vol. i. p. 518, of the *Entomological Magazine*, "that on the reverse of Hipparchia Janira may be traced a very tolerably defined profile, in some specimens no very bad likeness, of the Lord Chancellor Brougham." This is not very evident in the specimens I have examined. A much stronger resemblance of the human profile (I do not say portrait of the chancellor) is exhibited on the upper side of the primary wings of the female of Colias Edusa. In some specimens, which, I need hardly observe, vary very much the face is so conspicuous, as at once to catch the eye of the beholder on the first inspection of the insect. The black spot towards the centre of the wing forms the eye of the profile; the profile itself being yellow upon a black ground, and fronting the tip of the wing.—*W. T. Bree, Allesley Rectory, Dec.* 4. 1833.

SUPPLIES AT TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

To the Editor of the Nautical Magazine.

SIR—In your number for September last, you insert some useful information respecting Tristan d'Acunha, furnished by Captain J. Herd, of the barque Rosanna: your numerous nautical friends may rely on it as being substantially correct. That gentleman, however, has omitted to mention the "one thing needful," viz. the market prices at Tristan d'Acunha. Mr. Glass furnished me with the following in March last, at the same time assuring me that a plentiful supply might be had:

Milk Cow, and Calf,	£8.
Sucking Pigs.....	2s. 6d.
Potatoes.....	8s. cwt.
Grown Pigs	10s. & 12s.
Beef.....	3d. per lb.
Sheep.....	15s. to 20s.
Fowls.....	18s. per dozen.
Geese.....	5s. each.

Mr. Glass has cut a trench from the run of water that forms the "Cascade," from which a hose is attached, and fills the water in the cove (See Captain J Herd's remarks about an additional hose.) However, if there be any swell running, the best way is to *raft* it, as there is no inconvenience arising from the seaweed, beyond an oar fouling occasionally. Observe, also, that the current generally sets to the E. N. E. The ship ought to keep the cascade to the eastward of south, to enable the boat to fetch the cove with the raft, (supposing the wind westwardly;) and when the boat is returning, and has got a sufficient offing to run down inside of her, and receive the raft with the head off shore. The people on the island will cheerfully render all the assistance in their power. Yours, &c.

Liverpool, Nov. 18, 1833. ALBERT.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WHALE.

The great whale which was exhibited last year in London, is now in Ireland. The following is an account of it.

This whale, commonly called, in English, the Greenland whale, (or *Balæna Mysticetus*, in Latin,) was found dead, floating on the coast off Belgium, at the distance of twelve miles from Ostend, on the 3d of November, 1827, by a crew of fishermen; their boat being too weak of tonnage and sail, to move such an enormous mass, hailed two other boats to their assistance, and the three together, towed the whale on shore, and arrived in sight of Ostend Harbour at four o'clock next morning, being then high water. At the moment the whale was just going to enter the harbour the cable with which it was fastened to the boats broke, and it was cast on the sands on the east side of the harbour. It was there that all the preparatory operations were made for the dissection of the animal.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE DIMENSIONS OF THE WHALE.

Length of the animal, 95 feet; height, 18; length of the head, 22; height of the cranium, 4½; length of the vertebral column, 69½; number of the vertebræ, 62; number of the ribs, 28; length of the ribs, 9 feet; length of the fins, 12½; length of the fingers, 4½; width of the tail, 22½;

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length of the tail, 3; weight of the animal when found, 240 tons, or 480,000lbs.; weight of the skeleton only, 35 tons, or 70,000lbs.; quantity of oil extracted from the blubber, 4,000 gallons, or 40,000lbs.; weight of the rotten flesh buried in the sand, 85 tons, or 170,000lbs.

There are many species of whales, differing from each other in size, in power, and in habits; but they have all this in common, that their blood is warm, that their breathings are by means of lungs, and must come to the surface to breathe, that they bring forth their young alive, and suckle them with milk. These whales are arranged in four classes:—1, Those that have no teeth in either jaw; 2, those that have teeth in the lower jaw; 3, those that have teeth only in the upper jaw; and 4, those that have teeth in both jaws. The toothless whales are probably the largest, next to them those with teeth below, and those with teeth in both jaws are the smallest of the tribe. In common language, the toothless whales are called "Greenland whales," or "whale bone whales," or "oil whales." They get the first of these appellations from the part of the world in which they are caught, the second from the plates in their mouths by means of which they catch their food; and the third from the consistency of their fat, which boils into a liquid oil. All the whales, when in good condition, are covered with a copious layer of fat all over their bodies. The fat answers two very important purposes in the economy of their natures; it helps to preserve the uniformity of the heat, and it enables them to perform their rapid motions through the water. The whales that have teeth in their lower jaw, are called "*spermaceti* whales," because their fat consists more of *stearine*, or of the crystallizable part of the fat, than of the oil. All animal fat contains stearine; but in the fat of the common whale, the quantity is so small that the oil holds it in the liquid state. Stearine may be melted into oil, and into a much purer oil than that which is obtained from the common whale by simple boiling. The latter contains a quantity of membrane, or the substance (or skin) of the cells in which the fat is contained; and that putrifies and gives an offensive smell to the oil. Fats which contain the greatest quantity of stearine are the best adapted for making candles. Of the fat of domestic animals, that of the sheep is best; and, in common temperatures, the fat of a hog cannot be made into candles. Lighting the streets with gas, obtained from coal, has very much lessened the demand for the oil obtained from whales; and the discovery was a valuable one, as whales are not so abundant, or of so large a size as they were formerly.

In the early days of the Greenland fishery, whales of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet in length were met with; but now it is rare to meet with one seventy feet long, or exceeding half the length of those giants of the earlier ages. The bodies of similar animals are as the cubes of their lengths; and thus the old whales were eight times as large as those now to be met with. The quantity of fat is in proportion to the size of the whale; and a modern one is worth £1000, so that one of the old ones would have now been worth £8000, which greatly exceeds that of any land animal.

PRUSSIC ACID FIRST EMPLOYED FOR KILLING WHALES.

To the Editor of the Nautical Magazine.

SIR—In page 741 of the second volume of the Nautical Magazine, you have inserted a paper on the Whale Fishery, wherein you have given Captain Petrie, of the ship Betsey, credit for the invention of introducing Prussic acid in a cavity of the harpoon, in order that it might flow into the wound, and accelerate the death of the whale. Allow me, sir, to inform your readers, that I consider the priority of the invention due to me; the idea occurred to me in the year 1828, and in order to give the experiment a fair trial, I communicated my ideas on the subject to Dr. Faraday, and other scientific friends; who encouraged me to go on. I, therefore, immediately intrusted the invention to a very scientific engineer, who made me six harpoons, on a new principle, for the purpose; and as fortunately, at the time, my brother-in-law, Captain Kendrew, of the bark Ann Elizabeth, was on the point of sailing on a whaling voyage to the South Seas, and engaged to give the experiment a fair trial, I furnished him with the six harpoons, and several bottles of highly concentrated prussic acid, made expressly for the purpose. As he had himself inspected the construction of the harpoons, as well as, with me, frequently visited the laboratory of the chemist who made the acid, in order that he should be acquainted with its nature and strength; I had no doubt about the success of the experiment.

Captain Kendrew sailed from London about August, 1828; and in February, 1830, I received a letter from him, dated Mahe, October 5th, 1829, wherein he states, having tried the experiment upon a whale, and had every reason to expect it would succeed by giving a larger dose: the fish I am now speaking of, he adds, "was paralysed for a few minutes, and when opened; the blood about the harpoon was white and partially curdled." It may appear extraordinary to your readers, that an experiment of so much importance should have laid dormant for five years without further trial, but it must be acknowledged by every one that the proposition is one that cannot be put to the test by a person living ashore, and I have, ever since February, 1830, been anxiously waiting for letters, or his arrival, in order, that should we have considered it prudent to lay it before the public, we should have been enabled to have done it with such degree of confidence, and in such a mode as would have, in some measure, compensated us for the great expense and trouble we were at in perfecting the harpoon.

I am Sir, yours, &c.
JOHN LEWTHWAITE.
23, *Princes-street, Rotherhithe,*
December 10th, 1833.

HEAT.

In speaking of the sources of light and heat, Dr. Prout, in his Bridgewater Treatise, has the following passage in which a degree of comprehension is given to the definition, which we believe to be entirely new.

"The principal and obvious sources of heat and light are the sun, electricity, mechanical action, change of physical condition, change of chemical condition, and organic action.

"The sun is the most obvious and unvarying source from which both heat and light are communicated to our earth. The nature of the sun, however, and the mode in which that wonderful supply of heat and light is maintained are quite unknown to us, and will probably always remain so. Electricity is another source of heat and light which are developed at the moment of the equilibrium of the two energies; and some of the most intense degrees of heat and light that have been produced, have sprung from a galvanic apparatus. The sudden condensation of air is likewise a source from which heat and light are often both extricated, on principles that it will not perhaps be difficult to understand from what has been stated. The extrication of heat by percussion and condensation appear to be limited, but its extrication by friction seems to be boundless; that is to say, so long as friction is kept up, will heat continue to be extricated, but whence the heat is derived does not appear to be capable of satisfactory explanation, unless we suppose a perpetual decomposition and recomposition to take place, which is not improbable. Another fertile source from which heat is derived, is the physical change of condition which bodies are constantly undergoing in nature, as for example, the conversion of gases into liquids, of liquids into solids, &c. by taking advantage of which conversions we can accumulate heat at will, as for instance by the condensation of steam. When these physical changes, however, are associated with chemical changes, as is very often the case, the most striking effects are produced. Of this kind are all the phenomena of combustion, the most common source of artificial heat; and which consists of nothing more than the rapid chemical union of certain bodies with others, and generally with the principle termed *oxygen*. Nearly allied to chemical action, and perhaps identical with it, is the extrication of heat by organic changes, or what is termed *animal* heat; a subject we shall have to consider in a future part of this volume."—pp. 80, 81

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

THE GLASGOW LOTTERY.

THE existence of this Lottery has come before Parliament, on the motion of Sir Robert Inglis, and a select Committee has been appointed to inquire into its origin. Mr. E. Romilly said in debate—

"I think we have enough before us to warrant the most searching inquiry we can institute. Look at the peculiar situation in which we are placed. Here is a lottery drawn in open day, under the alleged authority of an Act of Parliament, which the best lawyers say gives no such authority."

Mr. Sinclair said—

"Whatever may be our financial difficulties, I trust that neither the Government nor the Legislature will ever act on the principle, that

"Lucri bonus est ordor ex re
Qualibet ——"

Mr. BISH, M P. and Contractor of the Glasgow Lottery, defended the Lottery, and argued that all joint stock companies for churches, meeting-houses, colleges, universities, &c. were simply Lotteries, *i. e. games of chance.*

We were astonished that Mr. *Gulley*, M. P. did not rise and complain of the *liberties* of the United Service Journal, in denouncing with no unsparing hand, the gentlemanly *game of chance —Prize Fighting!*

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM.

Mr. T. Dibdin has just published a metrical paraphrase of Bunyan's inimitable Pilgrim's Progress in six cantos. There are wood-cuts, and the volume is handsomely got up in all the accessories of printing, gilding, binding, &c.

Politeness of the Press in America.—A Kentucky paper thus speaks to and of a contemporary and neighbour:—"Is he waiting for an excuse to call us to the field? We can furnish him with none whatever, farther than to pronounce him, as we do most sincerely, and with an especial regard to the meaning of our words, a drunkard, a liar, a puppy, and a most redemptionless scoundrel."

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WANT OF POINT, A NICE POINT.

An ingenious expedient was devised to save a prisoner charged with robbery, in the Criminal Court at Dublin The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him was a confession alleged to have been made by him at the police office. The document purporting to contain this self-criminating acknowledgment, was produced by the officer, and the following passage was read from it.

"Mangan said he never robbed but twice
Said it was Crawford."

This it will be observed has no mark of the writer's having any notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it was that

"Mangan said he never robbed but twice:
Said it was Crawford."

Mr. O'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. He perused it, and rather astonished the peace officer by asserting, that so far from its proving the man's guilt, it established his innocence. "This," said the learned gentleman, "is the fair and obvious reading of the sentence:

"Mangan said he never robbed;
But twice said it was Crawford."

This interpretation had its effect on the jury, and the man was acquitted.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

By Vivian.

EXPEDITION into CENTRAL AFRICA.

DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION—INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE COMMITTEE—FETE IN HONOUR OF DR. SMITH, ETC.

This enterprising Expedition has at length started, carrying with it the sanguine hopes and hearty good wishes of its friends and promoters. The travellers left town early on Thursday morning, the 3d instant, amidst the cheering of a large number of spectators who witnessed the departure. After taking breakfast at the Royal Observatory, the party, consisting of Dr. Smith, its Director; Capt. Edye, of the 98th; Mr. Charles Bell, nephew of the Hon. Col. Bell; Mr. Burrow, son of the Rev. Dr. Burrow, &c. &c. proceeded on their journey. They are accompanied as far as *Lattakoo* by several gentlemen, visitors from India.* Sir John Herschel, Baron von Ludwig, Mr. McLear, Mr. Meadows, R. N. escorted the Expedition for some distance on the Cape Flats, and when the parting took place a salute was given, followed by three hearty cheers.

Appended to the present Number of this Journal, is a copy of the judicious Instructions for the Expedition, addressed to its Director by the Committee in Cape Town, which we have taken the liberty of re-printing. Preparatory to Dr. Smith's departure, we must not forget to notice, that a sumptuous banquet was given by Mr. von Ludwig, in honour of Dr. Smith, to a numerous company of the Members of the South African Institution, and Subscribers to the Central Expedition. It would be unjust to pass over in silence the disinterested zeal on the part of Mr. Von Ludwig for the prosperity of the S. A. Institution, the Expedition now on its march, and all objects at the Cape of Good Hope, whether botanical, horticultural, literary, or those having in view the civilization and general instruction of all classes of the people.

* A part of the Expedition had previously sailed from Table Bay to Port Elizabeth.

At the splendid dinner given by Baron Ludwig, which has been seldom surpassed at the Cape of Good Hope, or elsewhere, the following guests were present:

Sir John F. W. Herschel, A.M. late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, F.R.S. L. & E., M.R.I.A., F.G.S, F.Z.S., &c. &c. &c.

Supreme Court of the Colony—Hon. Mr. Justice Menzies; Hon. A. Oliphant, His Majesty's Attorney General; Mr. Clerke Burton, Master; and Mr. P. B. Borcherds, Resident Magistrate, &c.

Members of Council—Hon. J. G. Brink, Acting Secretary to Government; Hon. M. van Breda; Hon. C. S. Pillans.

The Church—Rev. Doctors Okes, Adamson, and Philip.

The Army—Hon. Lieut.-Col. Wade, Commandant of Cape Castle, and Member of Council; Major Cloete; and Capt. Edye, 98th Regt.

The Navy—J. Bance, R.N., Port Captain.

The Medical Profession—Dr. Murray, Deputy Inspector General of the Forces, &c.; Drs. Smith and Liesching, and Mr. Bailey.

The South African College—J. R. Innes, A.M. Professor.

The Royal Observatory—T. Maclear, Astronomer Royal.

Messieurs—Members of the S. A. Institution or Subscribers to the Expedition.—P. A. Breda, A. Chiappini, E. Christian, J. C. Chase, J. C. Gie, W. Gadney, G. Greig, A. J. Jardine, W. Liesching, W. J. Mackrill, J. W. Prince, J. H. Tredgold, G. Thompson, J. Verreaux, F. S. Watermeyer, J. Burrow, J. T. Buck, F. Collison, W. Harding, J. Hutton, F. Korsten, F. Poleman, A. Thomson, M. Thalwitzer, R. Waters.

A Highland Piper, and the Band of the 98th Regiment, enlivened this distinguished festival.

SABBATH DAYS.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week;
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this,
Days in whose worth the christian's heart can speak!

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man thro' his darker days, and thought enrich
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man,—his resting bowers,
As on he journies on the narrow way;
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky-way marked out thro' skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine;
A clue which he who follows knows no fear,
Tho' briars and thorns around his path way twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth; pledges of joy,
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story;
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

A SABBATH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN THE ADVERTISER, JULY 19th, 1834.

Worcester, July 15th, 1834.

On Sunday, Sir John Wylde, Chief Justice of this Colony, arrived, accompanied by his son, as Registrar, to open the Circuit Court this day; he was met near the river by an immense number of gentlemen on horse-back, carrying arms, who accompanied His Honor to the usual residence of the Judges; on his arrival, the gentlemen gave a salute and three hearty cheers; which, no doubt, was very gratifying to his feelings. In the evening, Sir John dined with Sir E. Ryan and Mr, Ross.

THE COLLOQUISTS.

CHERUBINA—HER MAMMA—MR. SOUTHEY—FANCY FAIRS, ETC.

Mamma.—My dear Cherubina, why fill your head with those nonsensical novels?

Cherubina.—La, Mamma! what is one to do?

M.—Read useful books, my love, to improve your mind.

C.—Well, then, Mamma, give me a book of your own selection.

M.—There, dearest—take this volume of the great Poet-Laureate, Mr. Southey. It is on "The Progress and Prospects of Society."

(Miss Cherubina takes up the volume, and turns over the pages in a careless manner. At page 307, vol. 2d, she pauses, and then screams a scream.)

C.—O, Mamma! how could you be so cruel? In the name of *reticule*, penny-ribbon, and thread-paper! how could you put into my hand the writings of such a Goth?

M.—Has my child lost her senses? what is meant by these loud exclamations?

C.—Only let me read the following passage, Mamma, and then say if Mr. Southey does not deserve to be ducked in a horse-pond?

(Reads.)—"I wish," says a correspondent "you would bestow some remarks upon the Ladies' Bazaars, Repositories, Fairs, &c. for (to say nothing of their detestable exhibitory character,) you cannot think the mischief they are doing to little toy-shop-keepers, and poor women who get their bread by those knicknacks, the sale of which is now monopolized by the ladies. A friend of mine went into a shop in Burlington Arcade lately, to purchase some trifle, and on her remarking how little choice there was, the shop-keeper said, that all in her way of business were half ruined by "the *charitable* ladies," who came and bought the first of any pretty new invented toy, set to work themselves, and so spoiled the tradesman's market.

"There!" said a young lady of rank to one of her acquaintance, pointing to a young mustachioed lancer, who had just turned from the booth where she was selling her wares;.... "there,—I have just made him pay me fifteen

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shillings for a pair of garters!" How should you like to see a daughter of yours acting charity in that style?—*(Southey's Colloquies, p. 307, vol. 2.)*

M.—Well! I confess, my love, that I was not aware of such a passage in Southey's book. To say the least of it, it is very disrespectful, and shews a great want of gallantry towards the ladies.

C.—Yes, Mamma, Mrs. Negotie was only saying the other day, that the Press took by far too great liberties, and she trusted that council would put it under proper restriction. And where the community was so small and select as it is at the Cape, it was a shame, as she said, for the papers to *take off* people in the way they did.

M.—Very true, my dear; but there are honourable exceptions, and many praise-worthy people connected with the papers who would scorn to write, as Mr. Southey has done, in dispraise of our Fancy Bazaars. And I think Mr. Greig deserves commendation for his great civility in making those polite remarks which he has done in the *Advertiser*, which I am now looking over.

C.—Do read them, Mamma! Heigh ho! what a head-ache from reading that Southey!

(*Reads.*)—"The sale of Fancy Work, &c. which took place on Thursday last, was, in every sense of the word, most *beautifully* attended."

C.—Delightful, Mamma! my head is considerably better.

(*Reads.*)—There is something inexpressibly softening in perfect *Elegance*. Sublimity for *heroes* and *heroic* occasions, &c. Elegance never fails. In youth and in old age; in hours of deep meditation, and in our most buoyant and airy flights; alone or in crowds; at home or abroad. Elegance seen, remembered, or imagined, rises upon us like an Eve, and Paradise is restored!"

C.—Beautiful indeed, Mamma! Beautiful, beautiful! My head is quite well.

M.—But, patience, love! let me proceed.

(*Reads.*)— * * * * * * * *

C.—La! what pretty ideas, Mamma! I shall certainly copy them into my album. Augustus will be delighted with them.

A REASONING CHATTEL.

A farmer came to Town with his black slave, an excellent mechanic, who had not received any pocket money for upwards of 10 months. The slave was desirous of purchasing a couple of night-caps in Hottentot-square; he was, besides, wishing something *to eat*. The man on asking his master for a little advance of cash, received for reply—that he had no money. "*No hab money,*" said the black man, "*den somebody who no hab corn, no hab business for keep fowl!*" "Have patience," said the master. "*Hab patience,*" retorted the man, "*patience wid full belly; me no tell hungry belly—keep good heart.*"

ALBANIAN ANECDOTE.

FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

I once met with a dandied *kid glove* settler in Albany, whose whole knowledge of farming was derived from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. He had been one of the "*ninety thousand* that besieged Earl Bathurst's office in London with their applications." He was of the troop of ladies and gentlemen who subsequently searched our African jungles for apricots and oranges, which were expected to grow wild in the woods like Old England's hips and haws. Well, after reverses of fortune, he succeeded in doing well, and turning his flocks to account; but, like all farmers, he was an inveterate grumbler; his eternal cuckoo-note was against the Hottentots. They would not work for *him* either for love or money—hence they *were*, they *must* be the greatest thieves in the world! His fine Merinos were the objects of their constant and toothsome search! I visited this man's farm on one occasion, and as we perambulated the grounds, the settler expatiated in the bitterest and loudest terms on the rascalities of Hottentots. A fine athletic Bechuana shepherd, who had the care of a flock of Merino sheep, overheard all the hard language with dignified watchful silence. Towards the evening, when the flocks had been herded, and the Bechuana saw that the coast was pretty clear, he gently beckoned me towards a hut, at the door of which he was standing. The poor fellow looked upwards as I entered, and pointing to an immense cluster of *jackal-skins*, significantly exclaimed—"*Hottentot, Hottentot!*"

MOST ALARMING.

BULLETIN EXTRAORDINARY.

We are much concerned to state, that considerable dissatisfaction appears to prevail in Cape Town among that interesting body of the people the Clerks, and that *a strike* is hourly expected. We trust, however, that all will be tranquil, and that these misguided young men will return to their duties, and take into consideration that *half a loaf is better than no bread.*

Two o'Clock.—We have just heard that the Clerks have been so ill-advised as to protest against the use of *bak*-fish, sasatjes and rice, and to denounce *snoek* as an *unscaly fish*, and to be food contrary to the law of Moses.

Three o'Clock.—It is now understood that a *Clerks' Union* has been formed, the members of which are bound to reject the use of thread-bare coats and double-breasted waistcoats.

Caution.—We consider it our duty to inform all persons, especially masters who have apprentices, that any three persons conversing together in the streets, is *High Treason according to Dutch Law!*

Military Discipline.—We have to announce to the public, that the troops have been in extraordinary training for the last three weeks, and much is expected from them, notwithstanding the *awful failure* of our unfortunate *countrymen* on the afternoon of the 30th.

Latest Intelligence.—We have the unspeakable satisfaction to assure our country readers that tranquillity has been restored, and that there is no necessity to organize a local militia. Some little compromise has, however, taken place between the masters and their servants. The former are to add five rix-dollars *per mensem* to the salaries, and the latter are to be out of bed by eight o'clock in the morning.

CAPE RIDERS.

READER! I dare say you recollect that useful class of people at home who are *employed* as *riders*, or bag men, or as some of the village shop-keepers call them,—*caterpillars?* Well, then, there are *riders* who have been lately *employed* at the Cape, under the direction of *certain houses*. But, innocent reader! do not suppose for a moment, that these *gentlemen travellers* have been taking orders for baby-linen or pullicat handkerchiefs, flannels, shirtings, punjums, or *shipping!* No, no; these riders have been *dealing in signatures*, i. e. seeking by hook and by crook, i. e. by *all manner of means*, the procuring of signatures to petition the Council to compel the Hottentot population to fall a sacrifice to an enactment which shall deprive them of their locomotive rights and privileges, and place *them* in an odious and degrading footing, distinct from *all others of His Majesty's British subjects!*

In some cases these signature-*riders* have met with instances of good old English independence. *Ex gra.* With compliments in their looks, and making sure of their game, the *riders* arrived at the house of a country gentleman of no common standing at the Cape,—one whose very failings

'Lean on virtue's side.'

On learning the object of the visit, and beholding the *shew* of autographs, the worthy 'Squire uplifted his stick with an awful flourish, exclaiming—"odd's, my life! how did ye pass old *growler?* 'tis a thousand to one he did not sniff your dirty work, and make no bones of opening a vein. Come, come! away, away! a retreat down yonder road is your best escape."

But against this anecdote we must place a *per contra.* The *riders* met with great success at another 'Squire's. "My name, gentlemen? Certainly, certainly—* * * * * * to h—ll with all these Hottentots; they disturb all the foxes in the country, and prevent the gentlemanly sports of the field."

RURAL CRITICISM.

IT is not long since an honest countryman, in a rural parish, complained to the clergyman that he used too much Latin in his sermons. The divine replied, that he was sorry to hear that, as he had been quite unconscious of using Latin in the pulpit at all; but says he, you may hold up your hand the next Latin word I use. The very next Sunday, the hand was held up at the word *annihilate!*

We may learn from this Anecdote that a speaker ought to have a constant regard to the quality of his audience.

A GLANCE AT THE PRESENT NUMBER.

WE have just stolen a glance at the Editor's *melange* of the present month, in the back columns of his Journal, and we suspect that a *new pen* has been put forth from a hand that can handle the anatomist's knife as well as the artist's pencil. We allude to the Article entitled *Indian Exports.* We look forward with intense anxiety for the promised *budget* of this writer, which shall unfold a plan for making the Cape people charmed with each other, and produce showers of flattering notes, compliment cards, and pressing invitations.

In reference to another Article in the present Number—*Sketches of the Cape,* they appear to us to involve many weighty considerations Is it really true that the troops here are such devotees at the shrine of Bacchus? The writer of the *Sketches*, an officer of the 75th Regiment, would scarcely libel his brethren in arms; and yet the other day, when the thing was repeated by a civilian in the *hearing* of one who wears the king's uniform, many fine airs were affected, &c. &c. &c.

If so much wretchedness prevails among the soldiery, as the *Sketcher* intimates, perhaps it would become the duty of the commanding officers to attempt something on the *Temperance* principles.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 8. Vol. IV.] CAPE TOWN: AUGUST, 1834. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings per Annum.*

SOUTH AFRICAN COLLEGE.

A Discourse held by the Rev. G. W. VAN DER LINGEN, *at the opening of the fifth Session of the South African College, and translated into English by* A. N. E. CHANGUION, *Phil Theor. Mag. & Lit. Hum. Doct. Professor of Classical and Dutch Literature at the said College.* Cape Town: Printed at P. A. BRAND'S, 1834.

THE Oration of the Rev. Van der Lingen, which was delivered, or as the Professor of Classical and Dutch Literature translates it, '*held*' at the opening of the fifth Session of the South African College, would hardly appear to fall within the pale of regular criticism, were it not that its having been translated and published, and dedicated, withal, to Lady D'Urban, and moreover, most exquisitely prefaced and illustrated with notes of appalling depth of research, give it an unquestionable place among the classics of the Cape press, and as such entitle it to at least a passing notice.

The Professor of Classical Literature most certainly deserves the thanks of the community, for though he may not, perhaps, be aware of what that particular excellence is compounded, which the courtesy of the English language emphatically terms a "right good thing;" and, moreover, that his preface and notes are egregious examples of the same, yet, the sober sadness of his eulogy, the undisguised earnestness of his admiration, the pathos of his illustratory matter, and the courage of his assertions, give him no humble place in the list of aspirants to the applause of brilliant enterprize; let him, however, speak for himself: no language but his own can adequately convey his meaning.

"The auditors, as is common here on such occasions, were partly English and partly South Africans, and it struck me at the time that it *was* a pity *so many good things* should be lost to such as were but partially acquainted with the languages then spoken: for not to mention that *many individuals* present on the occasion *were wholly ignorant of either Dutch or English*, I think I may venture to affirm, that the same degree of proficiency in a language that will bear a man out in a familiar colloquy, will leave him very much at a loss to follow an orator through the *elaborate periods of a scientific discourse.* It may be *music to his ears*, but, like music, it leaves but a vague impression on his mind. He feels dissatisfied, *like a child who has been allowed to smell at a pine-apple*, or some other *odoriferous fruit*, and sees it *cruelly* placed out of his reach, the moment when his eager appetite is craving further enjoyment."—*Preface.*

The circumstance of "many of the auditors being wholly ignorant of either Dutch or English," the vernacular dialects of the two orators, must have occasioned their oratory, with its "elaborate periods of scientific discourse," to have been most abundantly edifying, as well as entertaining! To them, alas! the *pine-apple* must have been utterly devoid of even its *odoriferous smell*, and it behoves the Professor to seek out some translator to impart to them in their native tongue the electrifying beauties which they have as yet to understand.

The conclusion of the Preface is, however, of such astounding humility, that we cannot refrain from another quotation. "And now, gentle Reader! should you find anything in the language of the following pages *what* you do not relish, you are at liberty to alter it to your own fancy:"—a degree of reasonableness and consideration for the gentle reader, which could only be expected from a Doctor of Humanity. Heaven forbid that we should tamper with a syllable; and this being said, let us proceed to the matter in consideration.

The first paragraph of the Oration may have been delivered or "held" in intelligible Dutch, but it is rendered into unintelligible English; we consequently drop it,—and, moreover, make no further remark upon the second, but that it was probably as brilliant in Dutch as it reads in English: we would merely opine that mere words, tall opaque words alone, do not constitute "elaborate periods or scientific discourse;" nor do they savour, under our nostrils, like the "odoriferous smell of a pine-apple:"—on the contrary we aver, and maintain, if necessary, in the language of Luther, *contra homines et dæmones*, that brevity, in order to be remembered; simplicity, in order to be understood; and profitable matter, to enlighten the understanding, form the three requisites of oratory; and it is lamentable to think that when a minister of the Gospel had such an opportunity of conveying instruction, he should have allowed the vanity of self-display, to have led him into bombast which so few could have understood, and none could have been either wiser or better for the hearing.

The third paragraph opens with the startling declaration that Cape Town is the very navel of the round globe itself—"the centre of the sublunary world;" let the Rev. Van der Lingen incontinently demonstrate that the tip of a cat's tail is the centre of feline attraction, and we may peradventure join issue, and admit that 35 south latitude, and 19 east of Greenwich may be considered "as yet situated nearer to most of the inhabited parts of the globe than any other region;" but this extraordinary assumption is, in the following sentence, outstripped by the bolder declaration, that—

"This advantageous situation may likewise effect an assimilation of the character, habits, and morals of the people to those, I do not say of other countries, but of other quarters of the globe; a medium, as it were, between extremes —*an amalgamation of whatever is best in its kind in every part of the world. And, in fact, is not all this gradually developing itself to every attentive observer?* Is not a well-bred South African equally remote from the carelessness of the east, and the formality of the north? Does he not combine the liberality and easy demeanor of the Asiatic, with the domestic frugality and decorous deportment of the European? *Nor is it difficult to account for this phenomenon!* Visitors from all parts exhibit their national character in the midst of us, and exemplify the virtues and vices peculiar to their countrymen. *The doors of social intercourse are thrown open to them; they are not, as in other countries, exposed to the derision and petulance of a hooting*

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populace; they discern features of analogy between us and their countrymen, and are well nigh induced to mistake us for emigrants from their native homes."—p. 9.

A Cockney dandy would lisp that the 'Gem'man was unkimmonly strong;' we much fear that, if the ballot were taken, an overwhelming majority of the visitors who "exhibit their characters, and exemplify their virtues and vices" in this colony, would vote that the South of Africa neither is, nor is likely to be, the Utopian home of a race "the medium between extremes—an amalgamation of whatever is best in its kind in every part of the world." Man that is born of woman is, we fear, as frail a being in South Africa as on the shores of the Zuyder-zee; nor is the clay of which the juvenile South African is compounded, endowed with any self-regulating power by which it shall resist the impression of vices, and retain only the characters of virtue. Visitors have uniformly complained of the want of hospitality at the Cape;—"*the doors of social intercourse are thrown open,*" it is true, but at the rate of five dollars per diem for each, and the more liberal spirit is not the rule, but the exception. As for "the derision and petulance of a hooting populace," we greatly marvel where, and among whom, the Rev. Van der Lingen could have sojourned all his day; whether in the moon, or in this centre of the sublunary world, that he should picture to himself such an image of Elysium, because an unoffending stranger, who hazards being run over by every boer's wagon and eight which shoots the corner from the Heeregracht to Hottentot-square, is not subjected to the further inconvenience of being obliged to send the teeth of every puppy that he meets in the street, in a cluster too, down his clownish throat for unprovoked and grinning hooting petulance on the King's Highway; verily, the hazards which the lieges in general, and strangers in particular, encounter from the recklessness of drivers, and the want of foot-ways, is risk enough: a hooting populace, forsooth! let it occur twice, and we shall find it settled by very different and more cogent arguments than the intense love of *good order* which is inherent in the South Africans, "remote though they be from the carelessness of the east, and the formality of the north!" 'Defend me from my friends,' said a wise man, and the worthy residents in Cape Town, when they see so preposterous a proof adduced of their ultra-civilization, may feel themselves fortunate that strangers can judge for themselves, and will not require to be told that we consider our moral character *a phenomenon,* and ourselves the world's wonder, because we are not so utterly brutalized as to insult our visitors in mere *gaieté de cœur* for the exquisite pleasure which brutality affords to savages

We shall not follow the orator through his eulogy of the climate and the soil, nor the vivacious hopes which he cherishes therefrom: but lest the South African *phenomenon* should be too vehemently puffed up, and lest the oratory which was '*music to his ears,*' should, '*like music, leave but a vague impression,*' we must rehearse the orator's notions of the requirements to perfect this "*amalgamation of whatever is best*"—this phenomenon of the centre of the sublunary world."

"That arts and sciences may be *held in estimation,* and cultivated with success, the South Africans are required to be *full of energy, diligent and eager in their pursuits, not satisfied with mere mediocrity, studious, intelligent, endowed with a memory capable of receiving and retaining impressions; ingenious, acute, profound, judging of the appearance of things with discriminating penetration.*"—Page 11.

There has seldom fallen under our observation a more amusing specimen of dulness than the manner in which the term *Ophirites* is applied by the Rev. Van der Lingen to the Hottentot South Africans, as the imagined representatives or descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the supposed land of Ophir!! The whole of the notes at pages 11 and 14, are incomparable: "Sophala, the negro pronunciation for Ophir," and the four tribes of Hottentots, out-herods most of the rhapsodies which dreamers have dreamt in their ignorance, or published in their folly.

But as we are threatened with the annotator's return to this subject, and as he avers that his "arguments are more plausible than those which the most eminent historians of our day are able to muster in defence of their assumption—"that the ancient Germans can be traced to a common origin with the ancient Persians and even the Hindoos," page 12, we may as well endeavour to stave off the evil by an article upon the probable site of Ophir, which the kindness of a friend supplies for our next Number The question is not only important as a riddle that has often perplexed the learned, but also as it implicates the bare possibility of the recovery of the mines. Bruce, by an ingenious theory founded on the monsoons, did much to fix the attention of the learned upon the African coast as the probable site of Ophir, and Heren considers that the name was indiscriminately applied to both the Asiatic and African shores of the Arabian Sea, but the monsoon argument of Bruce cuts both ways, and the Edinburgh Review as well said of Heren, that he is no Sanscrit Scholar, and that the rising tide of Eastern lore has already overtopt his high-water-mark. As respects, however, the ridicule attempted to be cast on the new theories respecting the origin of nations which have grown out of an improved knowledge of languages and their roots, we can only beg the Rev. Van der Lingen, or his translator, to be sparing of their sneers, and to take heed lest the fancied superiority assumed may not be the unadvised betrayal of lengthy ears!

But though the similarity of the roots of their languages does not suffice for the Rev. Van der Lingen, or his translator, to allow the Germanic, Greek, Persian, and Hindoo nations a common origin, yet he has no hesitation to believe that the Carthaginians colonized Ireland; and the Jews, Madagascar; that the Welsh, under Prince Madoc Gwyneth, peopled America, and the Ischelschukes—who, in the name of wonder, were they?—emigrated into and have been lost in Arabia and Abyssinia, page 14; but let us pass this tissue of extravagances, merely expressing our dissent from the morality which is avowed with singular *sang froid* in the note, page 14: "Nothing is more common in a discourse that has not instruction but persuasion for its object than to refer to narratives of questionable authority, as to well-attested facts;" such may be the annotator's experience, or perhaps he judges of others by his own practice; we can hardly believe that the translator would have ventured this extraordinary assertion, and until it is disavowed, we shall consider it to be the sentiment of the orator himself, and we wish him joy of his creed; we beg, moreover, to assure him, that a laxity so reprehensible, is not justified by the ends sought, and that an argument which does not admit the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, were better dropped than bolstered into ephemeral importance by garbled extracts or false colouring:—and this, then, is the end of the matter —"the elaborate periods of this scientific discourse" had not instruction but persuasion for their object! persuasion! for what? why verily, for aught we can see, the Rev. Van der Lingen's breath might have been as profitably employed in whistling "Polly put the kettle on," or any South African melody!

The very apposite and home questions which the orator puts at page 17, are most feebly controverted in the two

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following paragraphs; were our vote solicited, we should say the opponent had the best of it, and the orator, we fear, must rely upon questionable narratives, rather than upon facts, to bear him out even in the application of his truisms. Alas! we grievously dubitate the proposition that "South Africa is preparing to be the abode of arts and learning, that she is called upon to hold *a distinguished place among the nations, and is ready to obey the summons!* Nor is this the vain boast of *juvenile presumption*. The muses, whatever opposition they may have to encounter at first, will make this country *their dwelling-place*, and that, too, at no distant period." Well done, the juvenile and Rev. Van der Lingen! Poetry has fallen upon evil days, and is at a long discount in Europe, and Murray prefers a stinging article for the Quarterly, and Colbourne and Bentley a May Fair novel, to a score of Epics:— woe, woe that such should be the case; yet true it is, and a sorrow it is so: the orator may, therefore, have private information, and, for aught we know, the next arrival of the Thomas *Snoek* may bring Appollo and the Muses as passengers; a neat half score of parish emigrants from Parnassus, to take their perch upon the Lion's Rump or on Table Mountain!

We have done: had the orator or his translator been content with what the "English and the South Africans, and the wholly ignorant of either Dutch or English" who were present at the delivery of the oration, enjoyed of its sweets; and had the smoke of the oratory, or in the poetical verbiage of the preface, the "smell of the pine-apple" been left to be forgotten amid the more interesting matter which has subsequently occupied the public attention, we should not have given them a moment of our consideration: the harangues which are worthy of the toasts at tavern dinners, and the average spoutings of *minor* meetings, have their sufficient immortality in the next week's paper! but this translation and publication, and preface and notes, appear to indicate a lofty pretension, and the sooner it is discountenanced the better for all parties. The noodle race of scribblers have two sins to answer for; they not only vitiate the taste of the vast majority who have not brains to judge and think for themselves, but they disgust their betters into silence, and deter them from addressing the public they might delight and edify, from the natural apprehension that the public ear which is open to their rivals, must be deaf to them. The conclusion of the note at page 18, describes in South African English the tribe in which the orator and the translator must be content to be included, and there we leave them.

THE EMIGRANT.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS—AND BROTHERLY APPEAL.

One dear look back to early home
My much-loved Native Land,
Its verdant vales and cheerful streams
And high blue mountains grand;
My Village Church with stunted spire,
That o'er the copse-wood smiled
As sunk the sun in golden west
So charmed me when a child.

Let's paint our mother's face again,
(Ah, me! she's gone to rest,)
As she o'er brother's cradle hung,
Or pressed him to her breast:
And when in tears I bade farewell
When bound for Afric's shore,
I turned on father's hill and waved—
She waved—I saw no more.

Of fellow scholars many a one
Alas! is in his grave,
Some died when young, some venturous went
To realms beyond the wave;
And some have climbed the slippery height
Where Fame's proud temple stands,
Their genius radiant as the light
Is seen in distant lands.

To Emigrant from Europe's shores
How glorious is the past,
The splendid scenes of Native Land
Their lengthened shadows cast;
Ah! never on thy ear again
Shall sounds of glory roll,
As mid magnificence of scene
They tranced the enraptured soul.

And never to thy wondering eye
Shall splendid visions rise,
Of Bridges, Palaces, Canals,
And Towers that reach the skies;
And never shall thy *Sabbath* dawn
Upon a world at *rest*,
Where *dance* and *chase* were never known
To ruffle thy calm breast.

And never shall thy bounding step
Press proud Plynlimmon's side,
Or voice the sleeping echoes wake,
Where Severn rolls his tide,
Yet that were nought if once again
Thou couldst devoutly say—
"Up Israel to the Temple haste
And keep your Festal Day." *

The Tribes of Savages go up
In congregated Powers,
The sons of Holland *sit in rank*
In Salem's sacred Towers;
One Tribe alone must not draw nigh
Nor join in Sion's song,—
The Tribe that fenced her highest Towers,
And built her Bulwarks strong.

On Sion's heaven-capt hill to them
Low'rs a dark awful night,
They hear a sound but know it not,
Nor beams from Salem light.
Poor Emigrant from Albion's isle
Wert thou a Hottentot,
Some Mission'ry from England sent
Had cheered thy happier lot.

Then rouse ye, rouse ye, British-born,
You're shut without the Wall,
Approach in strength and Sion's gates
Must open at your call.

Say, can your families live for years
Without the Faith once sent,
The Faith for which *your Father's blea,*
Or went in banishment?

Country District, AN EMIGRANT.
26th July, 1834.

* Psalm cxxii. 1.

THOUGHTS AND REMINISCENCES.—No. I.

IT is Cotton Mather, I think, that has written some such declaration as the following. Were a man able to write in seven languages; could he daily converse with the sweets of all the liberal sciences to which the most accomplished men make pretensions; were he to entertain himself with all ancient and modern history; and could he feast continually on the curiosities which the different branches of learning may discover to him; all this would not afford the delightful satisfaction which he might find in relieving the distress, and affording mental light to a poor miserable neighbourhood.

Coming in the coach from Glasgow to Edinburgh once, I had for a fellow-traveller Mr. Wilson, a venerable minister of the old school of the Church of Scotland. "Do you see," said the reverend gentleman, as we passed a ruin, "that auld kirk-yaird there?" on answering yes, the minister continued, "That minds me o' a man that was ta'en up for howking up a dead body there. He was apprehended, but *in thae days* folk didna tak ill-doers to a magistrat, they tuik him afore the session. The session says.—'John man, O—hat's this ye hae been about? What is it the catechism says o' the bodies o' believers? So John had to confess that "they rest in their graves till the resurrection." True, said the session, and was it no then very ill done in you to meddle wi' that honest man's body?' And sae *they rebukit him.*"

"You charge me fifty sequins," said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that cost you only ten days' labour." "You forget," replied the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days." Those persons who begrudge payment to professional men, should pay attention to this anecdote."

There are few commotions without some grievance. Jupiter, says Lucian, seldom has recourse to his thunder but when he is in the wrong.

Much is said and much has been written about *moderation*. Question!—what has it ever effected in the political, scientific, moral, and religious world? On the Exclusion Bill being opposed in the House of Commons, Col. Titus exclaims both wisely and eloquently—"We are advised to be moderate; but I do not take moderation to be a prudential virtue in all cases. If I were flying from thieves, should I ride moderately, lest my horse should chance to fall? If I were defending my own life, or the lives of my wife and children, should I strike moderately, lest I put myself out of breath? And if, Mr Speaker, we were in a sinking ship, (no unapt representation of our decaying commonwealth,) ought we to pump moderately, lest we bring on a fever?"

There are great lessons taught in the natural, as well as in the moral world, which suggest to us *never to despair*, but to go forth as industrious husbandmen sowing *precious seed*, being assured that in due time *we shall reap if we faint not.* Let us take one or two illustrations in proof. Seeds of various plants and flowers which have

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laid dormant through a succession of years, have at length vegetated and come to perfection. Mr. Jessie, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, tells us that in trenching for a plantation in a part of Bushy Park in 1832, its hidden stores were revealed. The plot of ground had been undisturbed by the spade or plough since the reign of Charles I. The year following the spade husbandry of 1832, the ground was covered with a profusion of the tree mignionette, pansies, and the raspberry, plants which are nowhere else found in a wild state in the neighbourhood.

Again, there are few events more curious in the moral world, than that it should be reserved for Lord Grey to carry into effect, in his advanced age, the principles of his early youth, after the awful lapse of forty years over his head. And in like manner Sir Jas. Mackintosh was borne back to the principles of his Vindiciæ Gallicæ, and of his youth, after a forty years' pilgrimage in this lower world.

HYDROGRAPHY.

MAPS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

1. *Cape of Good Hope. By* J. ARROWSMITH. *Copied from the original MSS. Drawing in the Colonial Office. Compiled by Mr.* HERBERT, Senior.

2. *South Africa. Compiled from the MSS. Maps in the Colonial Office. Capt.* OWEN'S *Survey, &c. Published by the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*

THAT great desideratum, a good map of the colony and surrounding regions, has at length been obtained. Two new works of the kind, whose names are at the head of this article, have lately been received.

The *first* by Arrowsmith, is chiefly confined to the colony, and the country to the north beyond the boundaries, traversed by Messrs. Campbell and Mr. Burchell, between the years 1812 and 1820, is well engraven, with a few trivial mistakes, principally in the names.

The *second* is published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in the series of maps, and forms part of the 46th Number.

The execution is very beautiful; and that part which regards the colony being derived from the same sources as Arrowsmith, partakes of its faults and excellencies.

But the most interesting circumstances of this map, and that which surprised us chiefly is, the great accession of information it supplies over all its predecessors, with respect to the extra-colonial countries, those which have lately yielded up their hitherto-long concealed treasures of geographical knowledge to colonial enterprise. For instance, if reference be made to all the charts prior to this last publication, it will be perceived, that from the Great Fish River, which bounds the Albany Settlement, to Delagoa Bay, there appears nothing but one enormous blank, interspersed here and there with the names of about nine or ten rivers at their mouths along the coast, where positions are incorrect, and these very names not now recognizable. The sketch before us, fills up the whole of this interesting hiatus, extending over a length of 500 geographical miles, and of 60 miles in depth. In short, it includes the whole country watered by all the streams situated between the two points already named, the Great Fish River and Delagoa Bay, and which find their sources in the great range of mountains skirting the coast of Southern Africa, at a distance varying from 60 to 90 miles from its shores. On the North we have the most distant arm of the Gariep or Orange River, traced up to its very source in the highlands, overhanging the beautiful but unhealthy slopes which run down to the eastern coast of Delagoa. We have also the route of the traders, Messrs. Bain and Biddulph in 1826, to a distance of 150 miles beyond Burchell, or within 49 miles of the Tropic; of Messrs. Scoon and McLuckie in 1829, to a point below Kurechane, besides innumerable stations between the Orange River, Gariep, and the territories on the north, now constantly traversed by our Traders and Missionaries.

In the publication of that part of this map just alluded to, we must confess ourselves somewhat astonished. We were personally aware, that the original materials had been collected by one of our colonists with considerable expense, after more than two years' anxious attention to the subject of our Interior Geography, on several extensive and costly journies made by him, from manuscript notes and sketches entrusted to his care; those of Messrs. Cowie and Green, Bain and Biddulph, Scoon and McLuckie, and many others, and with the intention to embellish and exemplify a work of his own on the progress of discovery from the Cape of Good Hope, and which he is engaged in publishing. How the advantage of the labours of this gentleman, (Mr. J. C Chase, the Secretary to the Expedition for Exploring Central Africa just despatched,) came to be anticipated and employed by *The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* in their superb Atlas, without acknowledgement or permission; or why the Colonial Office at home has *surrendered* the private copies transmitted by Mr. C. from feelings of gratitude as a British subject, and confidentially entrusted to its care, as we understand they were, we are not informed; probably Mr. C. has been satisfied on this subject, but of that we have not yet heard. Be this, however, as it may, the public are benefitted, as an interesting sketch of the regions adjacent to the Colony has been printed, and the late journies from the Cape can now be distinctly traced, especially those of our unfortunate countrymen Green and Cowie, some particulars of whose travels have appeared in Mr. Greig's Almanac for 1829, and the South African Journal, and the paper of Mr. Chase alluded to in our Number for will now be better understood.

LITERATURE.

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

African Sketches, and Narrative of a Residence in South Africa. By THOS. PRINGLE.

[We have had no opportunity as yet of perusing this new publication by Mr. Pringle, and must, therefore, content ourselves and our readers, by that review of it which the *Spectator* of the 17th of May presents to the public notice.]

In pursuance of a plan by the Home Government of 1819, to colonize the Caffer frontier of the Hottentot territory, a free passage was offered to emigrants upon certain conditions, and some contingent advantages were promised on their arrival. Among the intended settlers was the family of the Pringles. The father and the brothers, our author excepted, were agriculturists. Thomas, the poet and littérateur, went out with the final intention of procuring a situation under Government, or assisting in forwarding the march of intellect among the Cape colonists. His first object, however, was to see his friends and family safely located. It argues a good deal in favour of his sagacity and practical shrewdness, to find that a body of cautious Scotchmen selected him as their representative—in Colonial language, the "head of a party"—to arrange their embarkation and passage with the Home Government, agree with the local authorities as to their grant of land, marshal them on their route, and settle them in their new country; all of which he successfully accomplished.

After remaining about two years in the wilderness, acting all the parts that men have to act who separate themselves from civilized society and trust to their own resources, with the task of ruler and diplomatist superadded, Thomas Pringle and his helpmate departed for Cape Town, travelling seven hundred miles in the wagon of the country. On his arrival, he was, through the exertions in England of Sir Walter Scott, appointed Government librarian; established an academy; started a magazine, having procured permission from Lord Bathurst after the Colonial Government had refused it; became the editor of a weekly newspaper; and flattered himself that he was engaged in a sphere of usefulness towards the public and of profit to himself. But the far-famed scion of the house of Beaufort then ruled the Cape. Except in appealing from his decision to Downing-street, it does not appear that Mr. Pringle had given any cause of offence; but the establishment of a press was a crime of the deepest dye in the eyes of Lord Charles Somerset; to entertain a liberal opinion upon any subject—to attempt to enlighten the public mind even upon matters of science—was the unpardonable sin of Toryism. With mingled feelings of rage and fear, the African Verres and his creatures set to work to effect Mr. Pringle's ruin; and accomplished it, so far as a Government could accomplish it. His spirit had induced him to resign his librarianship: his paper and magazine were virtually suppressed; the frown of the petty court, and the publicly expressed wishes of its head, induced the majority of his friends to shun him, and many parents to withdraw their children from his school; till, in short, he was left overwhelmed with pecuniary engagements, at the mercy of his creditors, and found it prudent if not obligatory to return for a while to the bosom of that society he had founded in the desert; though even here the enmity of the Governor may be said to have pursued him.

Such is a meagre outline of the leading events which befel our author in South Africa. A description of a newly-

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settled country, an account of the shifts and difficulties attendant upon founding a new community, a book of travels, and an autobiographical sketch of a man of talent, is not all that this little volume contains. We have, in addition, some views of Colonial manners, excellent bits of landscape painting, some interesting anecdotes of natural history, an historical sketch of the aborigines, and above a hundred pages of pleasing and characteristic poetry. The whole is done with spirit and elegance,—only dashed by an occasional air of partisanship.

In founding this colony, the Government plan, though not maturely considered, and not very well managed in its details, was perhaps one of the best colonial schemes ever undertaken by a modern government. It is true, the settlement was at first very unfortunate; but the country, after all that has been said of it, was not the best that might have been selected; the colony itself was afflicted for the first years with blights, and other unforeseen natural evils; the measure was injured in its working by the mischievous interference of the Governor; and many of the emigrants themselves were ill adapted for the task they had undertaken. The following exhibits them on their first arrival.

I then strolled along the beach to survey more closely the camp of the settlers, which had looked so picturesque from the sea. On my way, I passed two or three pavilion-tents, pitched apart among the evergreen bushes which were scattered between the sand-hills and the heights behind. These were the encampments of some of the higher class of settlers, and evinced the taste of the occupants by the pleasant situations in which they were placed, and by the neatness and order of every thing about them. Ladies and gentlemen, elegantly dressed, were seated in some of them with books in their hands; others were rambling among the shrubbery and over the little eminences, looking down upon the bustling beach and bay. One or two handsome carriages were standing in the open air, exhibiting some tokens of aristocratic rank or pretension in the proprietors. It was obvious that several of these families had been accustomed to enjoy the luxurious accommodations of refined society in England. How far they had acted wisely in embarking their property and the happiness of their families in an enterprize like the present, and in leading their respective bands of adventurers to colonize the wilds of Southern Africa, were questions yet to be determined. Foreseeing, as I did in some degree (although certainly by no means to the full extent), the difficulties and privations inevitable in such circumstances, I could not view this class of emigrants, with their elegant arrangements and appliances, without some melancholy misgivings as to their future fate; for they appeared utterly unfitted by former habits, especially the females, for *roughing it* (to use the expressive phraseology of the camp) through the first trying period of the settlement.

A little way beyond, I entered the Settlers' Camp. It consisted of several hundred tents, pitched in regular rows or streets, and occupied by the middling and lower classes of emigrants. These consisted of various descriptions of people: and the air, aspects, and array of their persons and temporary residences, were equally various. There were respectable tradesmen and jolly farmers, with every appearance of substance and snug English comfort about them. There were watermen, fishermen, and sailors, from the Thames and English sea-ports, with the reckless and weather-beaten look usual in persons of their perilous and precarious professions. There were numerous groups of pale-visaged artisans and operative manufacturers, from London and other large towns; of whom doubtless a certain proportion were persons of highly reputable character and steady habits; but a far larger portion were squalid in their aspect, slovenly in their attire and domestic arrangements, and discontented and uncourteous in their demeanor. Lastly, there were parties of pauper agricultural labourers, sent out by the aid of their respective parishes, healthier perhaps than the class just mentioned, but not apparently happier in mind, nor less generally demoralized by the untoward influence of their former social condition. On the whole, they formed a motley and unprepossessing collection of people. Guessing vaguely from my observations on this occasion and on subsequent rambles through their locations, I should say that probably about a third part were persons of real respectability of character, and possessed of some worldly substance; but that the remaining two-thirds were for the most part composed of individuals of a very unpromising description,—persons who had hung loose upon society, low in morals or desperate in circumstances. Enterprize many of these doubtlessly possessed in an eminent degree; but too many appear to be idle, insolent, and drunken, and mutinously disposed towards their masters and superiors. And with such qualities, it was not possible to augur very favourably of their future conduct and destiny, or of the welfare of those who had collected them in England, and whose success in occupying the country depended entirely on their steady industry.

Here is a colony gaol—

The condition of this gaol was dreadful. On the door being opened, the clergyman requested me to wait a few minutes until a freer ventilation had somewhat purified the noisome atmosphere within,—for the effluvia, on the first opening of the door, was too horrible to be encountered. This I can well believe; for when, after this precaution, we did enter, the odour was still more than I could well endure; and it was only by coming frequently to the open door to inhale a renovating draught of wholesome air that I could accomplish such an examination of this dismal den as the aspect and condition of its inmates urgently claimed from humanity. Whether there was at this time an unusual number of prisoners, or with whom lay the fault of not more effectually providing for their accommodation and cleanliness, I cannot say; but if it was owing to the negligence of the local functionaries, it was the duty of the Circuit Court to call them to account for it, and to see that adequate funds were appropriated to erect a decent gaol for the district. But this was not a singular case; at that time, the gaols for the coloured classes throughout the Colony, with the exception of that of Graaff-Reinet, and perhaps one or two others, were a disgrace to humanity. How far they have been improved since I cannot pretend to say.

The prisoners being desired to range themselves around the walls, exhibited a strange array of wild and swarthy visages, squalid with neglect and misery, and sickly with confinement. There were runaway slaves, standing with shackled limbs and lowering looks, sullenly awaiting their awarded punishment, and the arrival of their owners to drag them back to the house of bondage. There were Hottentots, clothed in a costume half-native, half-European,—the sheep-skin caross of their forefathers, and the leathern trousers of the boor. Some of these were complainants at the drostdy against the fraud or oppression of the colonists to whom (agreeably to colonial *law*) they were bound in servitude; and they were immured (agreeably to colonial *practice*) in this vile tronk, until their masters found it convenient to answer their accusations, and probably to get them well flogged for daring to complain—such, at least, was then the usual result. Others were merely Hottentots out of service, who had been apprehended by the field-cornets, and sent here until some white man should apply to have them *given out* to him on contract.

There were wild Bushmen, too, with aspect, dress, and demeanour, yet more barbarous and bizarre than the rudest of the colonial Hottentots. The whole raiment of the females, besides caross, or sheep-skin mantle, consisted of a piece of leather cut into narrow thongs, and bound like an apron or small petticoat round the loins. The dress of the males was still more scanty. Their woolly hair, growing in separate tufts, fell natural into spiral curls, and hung, matted with grease and iron ore, dangling like a bunch of tobacco-twist, over their narrow, black, and piercing eyes; while their cheeks (at least those of the younger females) were ornamented with alternate streaks of red and white ochre. The offence for which they were in general confined was absconding from the service of the farmers, after having, under the pressure of famine, sold themselves and their children to thraldom for a mess of pottage. Some, however, of these Bushmen, as well as of the slaves and Hottentot prisoners, were accused of more heinous crimes, and were awaiting the arrival of the annual Circuit Court to stand their trial. But all castes and grades, the innocent and the guilty, and the injured complainant equally with the convicted and hardened malefactor, were crowded together without distinction into this narrow and noisome dungeon.

There was yet another group, more interesting, perhaps, than any of the others It was a family of Caffers, consisting of two men, a woman, and child, and a youth of about sixteen. The men were seated, naked, on the clay floor, heavily ironed, and having their ankles fixed to a huge iron ring, which confined them like stocks in a recumbent posture. One of them displayed a frame of herculean size and strength; but his countenance, though free from ferocity, was unanimated by intelligence. The calm and thoughtful features of his comrade, a man of middle age, expressed nothing of mere animal or savage passion, but were marked by a certain air of mental dignity and reflection. The female was said to be the wife of the latter; and she had an infant encircled in the warm folds of her mantle. Her dress consisted of the ordinary caross of ox or antelope hide, dressed with the hair upon it, together with a short petticoat of similar materials, and a kerchief of finer leather (from the skin, I believe, of the weasel or wild-cat) drawn like a veil, over the bosom—indicating, altogether, feelings of womanly modesty and decorum, pleasing to meet with amidst so much wretchedness and barbarism, and forming a favourable contrast to the disgusting nudity of most of the other females around her. Her deportment was quiet and subdued, and her features, if not handsome to European eyes, were yet expressive of gentleness and simplicity of character. But the Caffer youth who stood beside this female, and who looked like her younger brother, was truly a model of juvenile beauty. His figure, which was almost entirely naked, displayed graceful ease and great symmetry of proportion. His high broad forehead and handsome nose and mouth approached the European standard; and the mild, yet manly expression of his full black eyes and ingenuous open brow, bespoke confidence and good will at the first sight.

Two important points which Mr.

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Pringle dwells upon at some length, are the doings of my Lord and the conduct of the colonists and the Colonial Government and settlers towards the Caffres. The first, though a very limited and a very subdued statement, is withal a rich picture of an incompetent and arbitrary aristocrat wielding what he thinks an irresponsible power, inflated with ideas of his own importance, treating difference or even freedom of opinion as a personal offence, and confidently relying on family interest and home favour as a shield against the consequence of his oppressions, or of insolence more galling than oppression. Ampler details of his misdeeds and incapacity may perhaps be found elsewhere, but here we are presented with a character of the man. We see faintly, but distinctly, his violence of temper, his despotic disposition, and, when offended, his insolent and over-bearing manners. He was a Tory of the true-breed—a family-jobber in grain, and possessing the convenient "pride that licks the dust." When the complaints at home had succeeded in rousing attention and forcing a commission of inquiry to be sent out, he adopted the soothing system; finding this unsuccessful with the more high-minded of the new settlers, he formed an underhanded league with the frontier boors, the semi-savage Dutch Africans; winking at murder, permitting predatory excursions to harass the natives and plunder their property, finally, expelling a tribe from their possessions, and bestowing the lands (the Tory mode of rewarding people) upon his friends. Thoroughly to appreciate his character, requires a careful perusal of Mr. Pringle's Narrative; but take a piece of him.

Lord Charles summoned me to appear immediately before him at his audience-room in the Colonial Office. I found him with the Chief Justice, Sir John Truter, seated on his right hand, and the second number of our *South African Journal* lying open before him. There was a storm on his brow, and it burst forth at once upon me like a long-gathered south-easter from Table Mountain. "So, Sir!" he began, "you are one of those who dare to insult me, and oppose my government!" And then he launched forth into a long tirade of abuse; scolding, upbraiding, and taunting me, with all the domineering arrogance of mien and sneering insolence of expression of which he was so great a master, reproaching me above all for my *ingratitude* for his personal favours. While he thus addressed me, in the most insulting style, I felt my frame tremble with indignation; but I saw that the Chief Justice* was placed there for a witness of my demeanour, and that my destruction was sealed if I gave way to my feelings, and was not wary in my words. I stood up, however, and confronted this most arrogant man with a look under which his haughty eye instantly sunk, and replied to him with a calmness of which I had not, a few minutes before, thought myself capable. I told him that I was quite sensible of the position in which I stood,—a very humble individual before the representative of my Sovereign; but I also knew what was due to myself as a British subject and a gentleman, and that I would not submit to be *rated*, in the style he had assumed, by any man, whatever were his station or his rank. I repelled his charges of having acted unworthily of my character as a Government servant and a loyal subject; I defended my conduct in regard to the press, and the character of our magazine, which he said was full of "calumny and falsehood;" I asserted my right to petition the King for the extension of the freedom of the press to the colony; and I denied altogether the "personal obligations" with which he upbraided me, having never asked nor received from him the slightest personal favour, unless the lands allotted to my party, and my own appointment to the Government Library, were considered such, though the latter was, in fact, a public duty assigned to me, in compliance with the recommendations of the Home Government. This situation, however, I now begged to resign, since I would not compromise my free agency for that or for any appointment his Lordship could bestow.

Lord Charles then saw he had gone a step too far. He had, in fact, misapprehended my character, and had made a not uncommon mistake in taking certain bashfulness of manner (*mauvaise honte*) for timidity of spirit. And as his object *then* was not absolutely to quarrel with, but merely to intimidate me, and thus render me subservient to his views, he immediately lowered his tone, and had the singular meanness, after the insulting terms he had used, to attempt to coax me by a little flattery, and by throwing out hints of his disposition to promote my personal views, if I would conduct myself "discreetly." He wished the magazine, he said, still to go on; and even alleged that the Fiscal had in some points exceeded his instructions in regard to us. But this attempt to cajole, when he found he could not bully me, disgusted me even more than his insolence. I saw the motive, and despised it: I saw the peril too, and feared it—"*timeo Danaos!*" I resolutely declined, therefore, his repeated invitations (to which he called the Chief Justice formally to bear witness) to recommence the magazine, unless *legal protection* were granted to the press.

The narrative relating to the treatment of the Caffer tribes is one of painful interest, and cannot be read without feelings of disgust and indignation. By the stroke of a Governor's pen, they are deprived of large tracts of land, with their growing crops, and driven forth to destitution or starvation. For any real or any fancied injury (such as the loss of cattle), it is in the power of the pettiest magistrate to send forth a *commando*, surprise and plunder the villages, burn the hovels, massacre the men, and carry the women and children into captivity, frequently shooting them on the road out of wantonness, or impatience at their foot-sore pace. Their chieftains are grossly insulted, their envoys have been murdered, and the lives of Caffer travellers are by no means safe; yet even all these things are *now* submitted to, for the tribes are too well aware of the British power to attempt reprisals; and unless some change of system should be enforced by the Government at home, the nation will gradually perish by murders, by massacres, and by want. The treatment of the aborigines by colonists is one of the darkest and bloodiest stains upon the page of history; and scarcely any are equal in atrocity to the conduct of the Dutch boors,—ably seconded of late, according to Mr. Pringle, by some of the more degraded of the English settlers. If the volume contained nothing more than the account of this worse than slave-trade and the suggestions for its remedy, it would be worthy of national perusal.

* We take upon ourselves to assert, that the presence of the Chief Justice on this occasion was, on his part, accidental.—ED.

INDIAN EXPORTS.—PART II.

No man could look upon the build and stature of Sergeant John Rowbotham, of the Bombay Artillery, without feeling a sentiment of respect for the aristocracy of limbs, as indicated by six feet three, as erect as poplar; thirty inches across the shoulders, and twelve stone weight of absolute bone and sinew, and no tallow; but a change came o'er the spirit of the man, or rather it was his ill luck to change his spirits. My very heart ached within me when the Sergeant, after a short absence in hospital, appeared at the orderly hour the very opposite of his former self,—lank, lean, and sallow; his roseate gills transformed into wrinkled suet-coloured skinny appendages to his jaws; and his cheery whistle, which was wont to make the barrack ring to its melody, becalmed into a fluttering twitter, which it would not have puzzled a tom-tit to have out-chirped fasting.

"Good heavens, Sergeant!" said I, "what the deuce have you been after? this won't do, my good fellow! it won't, indeed, if we can mend it; what ails you? what ails you?"

"O, Sir!" said the Sergeant, "I thank you kindly, very kindly, Sir! but I hope its all right now; only, Sir! that my *intervals*, as you see, Sir! saving your honor's presence, my poor *intervals* couldn't stand the Lisbores and the Tenreefs, and so you see, Sir! they floored me, and sarved me out, afore as how I could say Jack Robinson! but the Doctor, God bless him! has righted me, as you see, Sir! and he warns me now, please your honor, against Lisbores and Tenreefs, and to be careful of the liquor I venture on."

My knowledge of the Sergeant had been to this effect:—that whistle-pig alone was the nectar, the ambrosia

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of his daily dreams, and of his nightly visions, and that even paradise without whistlepig might be a fine thing for "the women she creatures, poor things as drinks the tea-water;" but such were not the quarters which John Rowbotham would chalk his mark for: I therefore observed, that I hoped the Sergeant would follow the Doctor's advice, and for his own sake, as well as for the sake of example, endeavour to abstain from arrack, and as far as in him lay, would establish for himself and Mrs. Rowbotham, and their friends in the Patchery, a modified system upon Temperance principles. O! that Wilkie could have seen the astonishment and stare of the worthy non-commissioned! he would have immortalized the halberdier upon canvass, as he stood amazed when admonished to abstain from his beloved whistlepig! "Dear me, Sir!" said he, "as long as ever I took the wholesome spirits neat, so long, as you well know, Sir, and nobody better, so long I never missed a roll-call; but when Doctor Death-in-the-Pot would have us water our arrack, and put us upon Lisbores and Tenreefs, bless ye, Sir! it just brought the murrain into the barrack, and we're pretty nigh done for, unless your honor sees us righted; them there Lisbores and Tenreefs, and such like detrimentals, be just so much horrid rot, saving your presence, and not at all fit, by any manner of means, for a christian man's intervals."

The truth was now apparent; from my reminiscence that the worthy Sergeant had been a voyage or two in the Marine; and from my own naval recollections enabling me to understand that three reefs constitute close reefing, I had interpreted ten reefs to be the *nom de caresse* of something nearer to aqua fortis than whistlepig; that is, than an infusion of pounded chillies in arrack; and which an Indian bombardier will swallow without winking at a maximum of inflammability which would skin the throat of a Johnny Newcome—but the very opposite to this, was the head and front of the plaintiff's indiscretion; poor devil! he had been inveigled by his coaxing wife and the Doctor's plausibilities, into a total abstinence from his customary potations! decoyed in fact into *drinking wine,* as he called it, *like a gentleman,* from the canteen; and the wine which suited his coin being *Lisbon and Teneriffe*, their effect had been as described; and no wonder, for in the homely language of the Sergeant, those detrimentals are horrid rot.

I upbraided my friend, the Doctor, and his reply was—"I won't venture to say much for the Lisbon—it won't do, I fear, within the Tropics; but Teneriffe, at an average of 300 or 350 rupees per pipe, may be bought, a right sterling liquor,—generous, wholesome, palatable tipple; but the canteen rot, as the Sergeant terms it, is bought at half that price; and no wonder, poor fellow! that it should sour upon his, or any interva's that had pith or energy beyond the trail of a Jack Snipe! However, as you are going to the Cape, pray let us know what sort of stuff the Cape wine is; report fully upon the qualities and prices thereof, and on the capabilities of the Cape vineyards: there can be no doubt but that if the Cape wines be drinkable, they ought to drive that wretched mixture of vinegar, sugar, and brandy, called Lisbon, out of the market, and obtain a sale of some thousands of pipes per annum, to the benefit of the Cape as well as of the Indian market."

My knowledge of the Cape wines has not much improved since my exportation; nor am I disposed to hazard a prediction that the vineyards of South Africa are advancing in rivalry to those of South France; but I have no hesitation in saying that, to the best of my judgment, the Cape wine of an average quality, is superior to the average Lisbon, not only in flavor, but in body and quality, and ought to supercede it in the Indian market. As respects the quantity of Lisbon consumed in India, and the probable demand for Kaapstad to supply its place, I venture no conjecture; but a fair field is open to the Cape merchant; the necessary information is easily to be obtained; the demand would be great, and were any ordinary degree of care bestowed in the vintage process, and common honesty and common cleanliness in the wine press, and in the casking and shipment of the article, it would soon increase to an extent which would tell upon the prosperity of the colony generally, and more especially in favor of the port and shipping interest. But let it be distinctly understood, that strict supervision, cleanliness, and honesty, are indispensable. Out of the first half-dozen of Constantia, purchased from a supposed respectable store, which I opened here, two had been bottled in unwashed fish-sauce bottles! and were as beastly as such lepourous distilment could make them: this, I would hope, is an extreme case, but it is a fact in my own experience; and others, I presume, have had occasion to bemoan the filthy propensities of the swinish race of Cape servants, since one of my friends, a bit of a humourist, amused himself, for want of better occupation, with bottling and corking his Constantia himself, as his only security for its cleanliness!

The Lisbon wine to which I have alluded, is imported from Portugal by the Goa merchants, and is sold at Goa at the rate of 30 or 40 rupees per quarter cask of ten dozen; it is thence transferred by sea, to Bombay, where it pays 60 per cent. duties, as having been brought from Europe in a foreign bottom, and is there drawn off and bottled, and retailed at 8 rupees per dozen; and forms the fascinating link of *"wine on the table,"* which binds the very numerous tribe of half-castes, and inferior order of Europeans to gentility, it being their weakness to fancy it incumbent upon their breeding to *"drink their wine,"* like their betters: these would be good customers for Cape wine, without making mention of the Parsees, a wealthy and jolly race of wine-bibbers, the descendants of the Fire-worshippers, and faithful adherents to the ancient creed; but O! how unpoetical their names and natures! how opposite in every thing is Hafujee of Bombay to the Hafuz of Lalla Rookh!!

There appeared in one of the Bengal Mofussil papers, the Delhi or the Agra, I forget which, a facetious paper on the old times as contrasted with the new; the difference, to wit, betwixt 1811 and 1833, the period of the writer's Indian experience. The points of contrast which were exhibited were abundantly amusing in themselves, and were most whimsically stated, one item being delivered in the following terms: "In those days, every man pretending to the character of a gentleman, had his prime bit of blood in the stable for gala day exhibition, and a sturdy serviceable hack for wear and tear, the damage of the two, at a fair average, rating a good thousand rupees, or double that at modern prices; and the ill-mounted Yahoo who showed himself for a varmint on a tattoo, was very properly accounted a thundering snob at the least, if not more of a beast than the

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garrison under him; but now! the seapoy lines and pettah bazaars are ransacked as the flash horse-markets; and a three stalled stable is fitted in cattle, clothing, and furniture for a hundred rupees!!" This is perfectly true; the racing mania began about 1811, and has continued to the present date, to the outrageous advancement of the price of horse-flesh: since on it all the cups, plates, purses, and other turf matches are calculated for the sizes and powers of the Arab breed, where fourteen-two makes a tall horse; the good ones of that caste are proportionably enhanced in price, and any fourfooted thing imported from the Gulf, which has the least possible likelihood of being brought to the post, is beyond the military purse of any grade below field-officer, or lucky gentleman on the staff: thus the Arabs have obtained a complete monopoly, and are utterly indifferent to ordinary purchasers: whence it follows, that as the man who cannot gratify his pride and indulge his taste, may soothe his feelings by the affectation of eccentricity; the roughest, raggedest brutes of tattoos, or poneys the size of asses, are purchased at from 15 to 20 rupees each, and a three-stalled stable is often enough filled under 100 rupees, furniture and all. I am quite unable to say what number of horses are imported into Bombay yearly from the coast of Arabia, nor have I any grounds for a safe conjecture as to what they cost there, or to what amount per cent. the original price is increased by the voyage and insurance; but these are points very easily to be ascertained in Bombay. A considerable number of horses are brought from Belochishtan and Caubul across the desert of Jessulmere, a land journey of perhaps 1500 or 2000 miles; and these, a larger breed than the Arab, have an average value of about 500 rupees, but they are rough, unsightly monsters, and most frequently vicious, the too common characteristics of country horses; these are chiefly bought up for the cavalry and for harness, and having more weight, and better height, are fitter for the purpose than the Arabs:—whether, or not, the Cape farmers could profitably export horses to India, is a question I could not possibly attempt to answer; but I will state all the information I possess, and leave the reader to judge for himself.

The Bombay mounted force consists of four troops of horse artillery, a regiment of dragoons, and 3 regiments of native cavalry, a total of about 3,500 horses; the annual re-mount may, perhaps, be estimated at about 400; purchased as opportunities offer by the Commissariate, under the inspection of Cavalry Committees; in addition, however, to the 400 horses or thereabouts, annually required for the Bombay cavalry, the Madras Government has an agent in Bombay, for the sole purpose of purchasing horses for their cavalry, and as this agent enjoys a very liberal staff salary, his agency duties should have some proportion to his salary; let us suppose that he sends 400 horses annually to Madras. The horses thus purchased for the cavalry, are averaged in the lot, not to exceed, to the best of my recollection, 500 rupees each for the European dragoons, and 450 for the native trooper, say an average of 450 rupees, which, on 800 horses, gives a total of 360,000 rupees, or about £36,000 per annum. The question is, could that sum purchase at the Cape, and convey to Bombay, 800 horses fit for cavalry duties, and leave a remunerating profit? I certainly think it would; the charges and freight for a single horse, or on one stable of three or four, forms no criterion, the point is to estimate the average upon a grand scale. Take the best time of the year for the shortest passage, and the outlay on the fitting up of a vessel, as cavalry transports were equipped, during the war, and thence deduce the average on 800 horses; it exceeds my knowledge to state the rates of stowage, and at what the terms of insurance should be estimated; but these are all queries which are most easy of solution, and as far as I am able of judging, the result would be private gain as well as public benefit. The simple advantage of promoting the intercourse betwixt such important British dependencies deserves the attention of both Governments; the first trial should be liberally assisted, and the Indian and Cape authorities should meet each other half-way, since the result, if successful, would be an incalculable advantage to both.

I have made no distinct reference to the importance of the Cape horses for single or double harness in India; they are in my estimate superior in blood, bone, height, power, and temper, to the average dragoon or cavalry horse used on the Bombay side; and they loom like elephants when compared to the diminutive Arabs, which look like rats as they toil and labour, poor creatures! with lumbering vehicles at their tails, which the builders in Long-acre little dreamt should ever have such dwarfish cattle yoked before them. From my own experience, I should say a pair of horses estimated here at £60, would be cheap in Bombay at 1200 rupees; that is to say, you could not there purchase carriage horses of equal power under that sum.

As respects the return trade, I am no merchant, and cannot recite off hand the manner and matter of all that appertains to merchandize; but I will say as much as I can. First, I was asked in a shop in the Heeregracht, by a small man, who knew me for an Indian at a glance, and set me down for fair game accordingly,—I was modestly asked, I say, the sum of two shillings for a small bottle of arrowroot, containing, perhaps, the quarter of a pound! I expostulated, and my little friend, with an air which was intended to assure me that it had never occurred to him that I was an Indian, and that from the acuteness of my physiognomy, I might most easily have been mistaken for a South African, said that, I had no ground for complaint; the bottle and its contents were *cheap at the price;* if so, the merchants of Kaapstad should lose no time in importing arrowroot from India; it is a most nutritious and wholesome article of luxurious food, as well as an invaluable diet for invalids, and is manufactured to such an abundant extent in Malabar and Canara, as to be sold in boxes of 100 pounds each for ten and twelve rupees per box. Secondly, wax candles cost here, apparently, about three shillings per pound; they may be obtained at Goa, from the Portugueze, at 12½ rupees per maund of 25 pounds, the Goa rupee not being worth 1*s.* 9*d.* Thirdly, the sperm oil procurable here at 9*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d* per gallon, is treble the price of cocoa-nut oil which is purchased on the coast of the best quality at 4 and 4½ rupees per maund of 28 pounds; and these are the retail prices, any wholesale speculation would no doubt secure a considerable discount.

Furniture in Bombay is fifty per cent. cheaper than at the Cape, a pair of sofas would there cost one hundred rupees, which would be cheap here at £20; tables and chests of drawers might be brought with advan-

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tage; the latter, well secured, being employed as packing cases for light goods.

The miserable state of Mocha, and its dependencies, has nearly destroyed the coffee trade of the Red Sea, and very little genuine Mocha coffee is brought to market; this has served the Java and Bourbon plantations, whilst those who insisted on paying the Mocha price have been indulged with selected samples of Java, and been charged three hundred per cent. for their whim and folly. The Indian plantations from the Mocha seeds are, however, becoming yearly of greater importance; we purchased in the Southern Marhatta country in 1832, in the village bazaars, fourteen seers, or seven pounds of the best new coffee for a rupee, and the period, I hope, is not far distant, when this will be the average price, and the crop sufficient for the Indian market.

The sugar and coffee, however, of Indian growth, have not as yet the place they ought to hold in the market and it is hard to say whether or not they are likely to attain it: one thing however is certain that, if they do not, the fault lies in government, and the fiscal system. The climate and the soil are the fittest in the world for the crops, and such is the state of the population, that any number of agricultural operatives could be procured for from eight to nine shillings each per month board wages! whilst a Kooly hired for a journey of 90 miles, carries 50 pounds, and travels 14 miles a day for two rupees, Dekkan currency; which, supposing him to go over the ground in $6\frac{1}{2}$ days, loaded, and to return it in $3\frac{1}{2}$, makes ten days' tolerably hard labour for about three and sixpence. The Earl of Clare having declared Bombay a free port, it will be the nearest and best resort for the Cape traders for all articles of Indian and China produce; and it may be fairly asserted, that the luxuries of the east ought to be soon as plentiful and as easy of access here as in India.

To conclude these dry and prosing observations, if I am asked why I trouble myself and the readers of the Literary Gazette with such dusty matter, I reply, that I lived all the days of my life as merry and gay withal, as a grasshopper in summer, until it was found one day, that I was not up to my daily chirp, and that I, who had weathered it so long, was spavined at last, and "had got the liver;" my fate was soon determined, and sentence of exportation was speedily past upon me—the medical decree was, that I should be exported to the Cape, and strictly limited to Cape Wine, which, with boarding-house cookery, such as my worthy friend had himself found it, formed in his mind a regimen which involved a pretty considerable certainty of no inordinate excess. But to remove myself hither, required a payment of 1,500 rupees for my passage, which, if the trade betwixt the Cape and India were what it ought to be, would not cost me 1000; and as matters are not likely to improve much for two years, I shall no doubt, when I return, be another 500 rupees out of pocket; a dead loss, as I guess, to me and my heirs for ever, of a cool hundred sterling, more or less, without particularizing the sundry minutiæ which render an Indian export's trip to the Cape some 50 per cent. of a weightier matter than most probably might be, if the William Shands, and the Flying Dutchman, made each two trips a year to Bombay as regular traders.

I have occupied too much space already, to be allowed to trespass further on the patience of the gentle reader. I shall, therefore, defer for the present, my cogitations upon sundry matters which have found me an abundant occupation in thinking, and shall reserve them for another opportunity.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

AN interesting Book has been written and published at Calcutta, by Mr. John Henderson, entitled *Observations on the Colonies of New South Wales.*

Speaking of the general character of the convicts, the author observes that the representatives of the three kingdoms are nearly in the proportion of their respective populations, with the exception that the convicts from Scotland are less, and those from Ireland more than the natural proportion would be, England being the scale. The distinguishing marks by which they are known are as follows.

Irish; reckless of crime and its consequences, careless, abandoned, unsteady, better workers than the English, ever ready to enter into any plot, however absurd, still never held together by any common tie, and therefore are ever ready to sacrifice friend or brother without the slightest remorse.

English; remarkable for mutual attachment: more dangerous to the state on that account: very idle but turn out under ordinary circumstances the steadiest in the end.

Scotch; characterised by being the best workers, and by far the most depraved characters of the whole.

And such is precisely the difference which we should expect between the convicts of the three countries, and we only wonder that Mr. Henderson did not notice the very curious connexion between the cause and effect. It will be remembered, that the three set of convicts assembled in New South Wales, are sent there by order of the three distinct tribunals of Justice which have no communication whatever with each other. The tribunal in Ireland exhibited at all times a very ardent disposition to exile the delinquents convicted by it, which readily accounts for the superiority of the number of convicts from Ireland. In Scotland, on the contrary, none but enormous crimes are regarded as justifying the sentence of transportation. Hence, the Scotch convicts would necessarily be the most abandoned of characters. England is about a mean between the two, and the proportions therefore are regulated in the most exact manner to correspond with the influence which distributes them.

But a fact of the deepest importance is announced by Mr. Henderson in reference to this body. He has had opportunities of making an examination himself into their character, habits, &c., and he has found that by far the majority can neither read nor write. Here is a powerful battering ram at once placed at the discretion of the advocates for education, to crumble to atoms the citadel of fanatic ignorance. Mr. Henderson gives a further statement which abounds with the elements of most useful information.

SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION IN PRUSSIA.

The following are the Regulations to be enforced in all the National Schools of Prussia:

1. "Religion and morals.
2. "The German language, and at the same time the language of the country in the provinces not German; reading, composition, exercises in style, study of the national classics. In all the German part of the country, the modern foreign languages are an accessory branch of study.
3. "Latin is taught to all the children, within certain limits, as a means of exercising their faculties and their judgment, whether they be or be not to enter the higher schools.
4. "The elements of mathematics, and especially a thorough course of practical arithmetic.
5. "Physical science, as far as is sufficient to explain the most remarkable phenomena of nature.

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6. "Geography and history combined, in order to give some knowledge of the earth, of the general history of the world, of the people who inhabit it, and the empires into which it is divided. Prussia, its history, laws, and constitution, shall form the subject of a special study.

7. "The principles of drawing shall be taught to all, concurrently with the lessons in physics, natural history, and geometry.

8. "Writing must be carefully attended to, and the hand trained to write distinctly and neatly.

9. "The singing lessons shall be attended by all the pupils, not only with a view to form them to that art, but to qualify them to assist in the services of the church, with propriety and solemnity, by singing the psalms or choral music with correctness and judgment.

10. "Gymnastic exercises, adapted to the age and strength of the scholars."

There are, then, means provided whereby the character and conduct of a boy at school may influence the whole of his life afterwards. Masters are required to take every pains to know the particular qualities of every one of their pupils; every scholar obtains a certificate stating his capacity, his dispositions, moral, and religious, and these certificates are afterwards to be employed in the service of the boys when they negociate for commencing any business for life. The greatest liberty of inquiry,—and of remonstrance, in case of necessity, is granted to parents who send their children to the schools, and the laws are peremptory and solemn in denouncing the slightest delay on the part of the authorities in listening to, and not duly investigating such complaints. The greatest possible publicity is also enjoined to be given, in order that public attention might be directed to the progress of the school; for this purpose the masters are required to have examinations of the boys in public; and further, to make out reports from time to time of the state of education. But, in the case of female schools, the regulations state that, as girls are destined by nature for a quiet and retired life, these exercises and trials shall take place only in the presence of their masters and parents, but are never to be made public in schools. The portion of them which concludes by a general recommendation, has the following important passage:—

"In all the parishes of the kingdom, without exception, the clergymen of every Christian communion shall seize every occasion, whether at church, or during their visits to schools, or in their sermons at the opening of classes, of reminding the schools of their high and holy mission, and the people of their duties towards the schools. The authorities, the clergy, and the masters shall unite their efforts to strengthen the ties of respect and attachment between the people and the school, so that the people may accustom themselves more and more to regard education as one of the essential conditions of public life, and may daily take a deeper interest in its progress."

JAVA.

In the Java Trade it appears from the Singapore Chronicle, that the King of Holland is at the head of the Monopoly. The great bulk of the Exports in 1833, were all *on account of the King of Holland in Coffee and Sugar*. The attempt to *force* a certain portion of the Malay population to labour has failed. But the following historical *morceaux* of Batavian legislation, is too precious not to be gathered up.

The Dutch were reinstated in the possession of Java in 1816. Previously to that year, and until 1821, there might have been exported from the port of Samarang, averaging about 80,000 pls. of Sugar annually. The returns one year shewed upwards of 84,000 piculs. Instead of rejoicing at the prosperity of the cultivators, and the growing wealth of the country, which must have in an equal rate enriched the Government, it became jealous of them, and not only conceived the idea of dispossessing them, that Government might enjoy the whole, but actually attempted and did the deed. Never was the fable of the Boy, the Goose, and the Golden Egg more clearly exemplified;—Members of a Government, formerly famed for its sagacity, entertaining notions that the interests of the Agriculturists would become too important, and their influence too great—that individuals in a Colony had no right to acquire such wealth, which belonged to the state, and that it should be collected henceforth without the intervention of Agriculturists with capital! It may scarcely be credited; for even those who from lamentable ignorance, unfortunately uttered such pitiable sentiments, might, when the results are contemplated, and pointed out, be ashamed to acknowledge or avow such, yet from the formation of their minds, and their cramped and narrow views, people of that school cannot now refrain from acting on and propping the miserable old system, so long as abler men are wanting in their Councils to instil and to uphold loftier ideas.

The consequences that ensued, must not, and cannot be long dwelt on. Numerous respectable, opulent and industrious people were ruined,—their families beggared. Chinese in the Samarang and Japara districts worth from ten to seventy Thousand Dollars and upwards, reduced it may be said to hold the plough—work as labourers, or procure a livelihood in any way they could.

Before the lapse of three years, instead of exporting Sugar, it was required for consumption in and about Samarang. In 1824-25 it was brought there from Batavia by the traders, and sold at a profit.—What sayest thou of carrying coals to Newcastle? But let the tale be concluded, for it may appear to be one more of fancy, than actually belonging to the annals of Java.

About the same time (1823) the time of devastation—the time of the killing of the Java Goose—which in the course of one year would have supplied 365 large golden Eggs, besides what her numerous progeny would have given—let the Board of Finance, or the Kiken Kamer, calculate the number of doits—about the same time were all the European Agriculturists expelled, at four months warning, from the Native provinces.—Men who, sanctioned by Government, had laid out what they possessed, and who borrowed largely from their friends, had all invested in the soil—in laudable undertakings from which they already had fair prospects of ample remuneration.—It was swept from them entirely, although the then Governor General had visited their establishments, encouraged the Coffee Planters personally to go on, and wishing them success, not six weeks previously to the fatal intimation being conveyed to them, to leave the interior, and to retire to the coast within four months—it was fatal, because it involved the best interests of the country. The poor and needy Javanese Princes, who had expended the amount of compensation for the leases granted to the Europeans, were ordered to take back their lands, to cultivate and improve those themselves, and to repay what they had received.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

INDIVIDUAL EXERTION.

IRELAND UNDER OBLIGATIONS TO AN ITALIAN.

Individual exertion is often far more beneficial in contributing to the welfare of a country than either national expense or legislative bounty. If inquiry be made into the cause of England's prosperity, it will be found that single-handed and individual activity has had a prodigious share in promoting it; and the ingenuity of a Watt and an Arkwright has discovered new sources of wealth, and cut a channel for that current of enterprise which, swelling into a mighty torrent, has enabled Britain to rise far above the nations of the earth. Really, when we hear people complain of the want of national support, we are apt to think that the fable of the Wagoner might be quoted not inappropriately, and "put your shoulder to the wheel," might be whispered in many a murmurer's ear.

There is an individual in Ireland, who, though a foreigner, has "done the state some service," and exemplifies in his person what an individual by persevering exertion may do. This gentleman is Mr. Charles Bianconi, a native of Italy. He came into that country as a *print-seller*, and in travelling from village to village, and from town to town, exercising his vocation, he felt, as many a man has felt before him, and may after, how toilsome it is to trudge on foot under a burning sun, or amid the storms of winter; so he shrewdly bethought him, that if he had a *jaunting-car*, and, of course, an animal to draw it, he might not only save his own body corporate some fatigue, and carry his wares with speed and ease, but by occasionally picking up pedestrians at a small charge, contribute not a little to defray the expenses of his vehicle. For three months his speculation did not display itself as a peculiarly happy one; but by-and-bye he became known, his car became in request, he started a second one, then a third, and so on, until he has covered all the roads in the south of Ireland with his cars, which radiating from CLONMEL, as a centre, connect the following towns:

Ballinasloe,	Eyrecourt,	Parsonstown,
Ballyhale,	Fermoy,	Ratcormuck,
Banagher,	Fethard,	Roscrea,
Burrosoleigh,	Freshford,	Ross,
Burrosakane,	Foulk's-mill,	Shinrone,
Caher,	Kilkenny,	Strangford,
Cashel,	Knocktopher,	Stonepound,
Carlow,	Kilmacthomas,	Taghmon,
Carrick,	Kildorrery,	Thurles,
Clogheen,	Limerick,	Tipperary,
Cork,	Littleton,	Templemore,
Dungarvan,	Mallow,	Orlingford,
Doneraile,	Mitchelstown,	Watergrass-hill,
Enniscorthy,	Nenagh,	Wexford.

In travelling to these towns Mr. Bianconi has upwards of three hundred horses, gives employment to upwards of one hundred and twenty families, causes a consumption of above nine hundred tons of hay, and twelve hundred barrels of oats, annually, and his cars travel above eighteen hundred miles daily. He is now principal contractor in the South of Ireland for

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conveying His Majesty's mails on cross roads by cars.

Before Mr. Bianconi established his cars, the travelling vehicles in use where only four horse coaches, confined to what are termed the mail-coach roads, and the fares were too high for the humbler class of farmers and tradesmen, whose business often calls them from home. Now this enterprising and spirited foreigner has laid open the entire south, and done more good than a host of half resident landlords. A few years ago, to travel in the south of Ireland was an adventure not to be rashly made: now there is free, and easy, and rapid intercourse, and the numerous cross roads are all rendered available, and turned to good account.

Not long ago, in entering Mr. Bianconi's office in Clonmel, in order to procure a seat in one of his cars for Cashel, we were surprised to see the walls covered, not with the glaring advertisements, notices of auctions and sheriff's sales, but with some of the very best prints taken from the works of the great masters. "Why," we muttered to ourselves, "this *carman* must be a man of taste!" By-and-bye a very comely dark-eyed person came in, and seemed to take an active interest in the affairs of the establishment. This was Mr. Bianconi, and having occasion to address him, we found him polite and affable, and could have wagered a guinea to a *groat*, that he was born to be a gentleman.

Many stories are told of Mr. Bianconi, which reflect great credit on his head and his heart. For instance, it is said that his drivers have a general order to pick up, free of all charge, all pedestrians who evidently cannot pay for a whirl, and who seem to be travelling with pain to themselves. In giving this order, he has shewn the gallantry of his country, by especially directing that any female travelling with a child in her arms, should be accommodated with a seat. Moreover, the slightest hint of misconduct on the part of a driver—the least whisper of an accusation, if well-founded—subjects the delinquent to instant dismissal; and so aware are they of this, that the drivers of Bianconi's cars are as civil a set of fellows as you would wish to see handle a whip.

Again, all his horses have names, and these names are regularly inserted in his way bills. In fact, his "dumb brutes" are his pet children; he knows each of them familiarly, and it would not, perhaps, be going too far, to say, *that they know him!* He can tell where they are, whether they are well or sick, how they are behaving themselves, and every thing relative to these "dear children," which the father of so numerous and so well-regulated a family ought to know.

Bravo, Mr. Bianconi, thou art an enterprising, sensible, discreet, and proper person; and if Ireland had many more such, foreigner as thou art, she would bless the day they landed on her shores. He has lately obtained letters of naturalization from the government. —"CEAD MILLE FAILTE.—*(Dublin Penny Journal.)*

PERSEVERANCE.

The following anecdote has been often told, but it is necessary in this colony to repeat good advice—*line upon line—precept upon precept.*

"I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "in the Queen's County, to have seen a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the Court-house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed, 'that he did so *to make it easy for himself*, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon,' and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable and kindhearted. He succeeded in all his afforts to accumulate an independence—he did accumulate it, and uprightly.—His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit, as a magistrate, on that very bench that he sawed and planed."

COBBETT'S
BULLETIN OF HIS OWN SICKNESS.

THE British public, whom this veteran author and politician has so long amused, and as often instructed, when no inveterate crotchet crossed his mind, will be sorry to learn that he has been indisposed, and unable to attend to his duty in Parliament. His complaint, he says, is a bad cough, attended with general languor, and loss of appetite; but he is getting better by rusticating in the country, and is determined to abjure the din and smoke of London, court the healing influences of green fields and still waters, until his health is finally and completely restored. We approve of his resolution, particularly as his habit of rising with the lark, and going to bed with the sun, incapacitates him from attending the evening sittings, where alone important questions are discussed and carried. Mr. Cobbett, in fact, is far more efficient as a writer than as a speaker; and now that he has a little leisure, we trust he will employ it in putting the last hand to his promised autobiography. His fame ultimately will rest on his Cottage Economy, Advice to Young Men, English and French Grammars, Contributions to Horticulture, Agriculture, &c., and not on his political writings, powerful and original as many of them are. He is now an old man, and when he departs, as depart he must in the course of nature, no one will dare to allege that he ever in his life ate the bread of idleness, was a cumberer of the ground or unuseful in his day and generation. Indeed it may be questioned whether a more industrious man ever existed. His writings, if collected, would form a large library by themselves; and in this respect he far eclipses even the Author of the Waverley Novels. It is true he is to a great extent unimaginative, and that quality with him does not always equal quantity; but, considering his talent for rendering every thing interesting, he possesses powers, some of which are undoubtedly "rare in their separate excellence, and wonderful in their combination." The following amusing passage is from one of the latest *Registers*:—

"My state, at present, is this: my cough is gradually leaving me; but I have to suffer a degree of lassitude and want of appetite, more difficult to get rid of than the cough. I think, however, that that is beginning to go. I have been able to day to think about dining upon a sucking pig on Sunday next; and to think about it without loathing. I have tried very nice young chickens, very nicely roasted; and though I ate of them it has been without relish. The only meat that I eat with anything worthy of being called an appetite, is a rasher of bacon, all fat, toasted before the fire, and laid upon a thin bit of bread. Five or six times a day I have half a pint of very nicely made beef tea, which has been the main stay. Upon the whole, I think I am much better, and I feel stronger than four days ago.

"It is a very curious thing that I have not had the the smallest degree of headache; and, indeed, I cannot recollect the day when I had; it would seem as if this top part of me were wholly disconnected with all the rest."

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PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Under this head, *addressed to Irishmen*, we find in a Dublin periodical the following modest hints:

We are sure that our friends will not despise a little advice; and we therefore wish to call their attention to a few things not unworthy the observation of rational men.

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Endeavour to acquire solid, useful and substantial knowledge. Unfortunately for poor Ireland, though her children are apt, inquisitive, acute and intelligent, yet their faculties have never been rightly directed. There are *three* senses in which the people of the *three* kingdoms may be termed *knowing*. The English are *knowing*, so far as regards their *comfort*, and the promotion of it; the Scotch are *knowing*, as far as regards that careful attention to *interest* which secures their situations, and the means of keeping them; but Paddy, poor Paddy, though he can give a wittier reply, a shrewder observation, a more humourous retort, and is therefore more intellectually *knowing* than either English or Scotch, fails in the grand point of knowingness as to *comfort* and *interest*. It is a positive fact that the tone of an Irish publication must be more elevated than an

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6. "Geography and history combined, in order to give some knowledge of the earth, of the general history of the world, of the people who inhabit it, and the empires into which it is divided. Prussia, its history, laws, and constitution, shall form the subject of a special study.

7. "The principles of drawing shall be taught to all, concurrently with the lessons in physics, natural history, and geometry.

8. "Writing must be carefully attended to, and the hand trained to write distinctly and neatly.

9. "The singing lessons shall be attended by all the pupils, not only with a view to form them to that art, but to qualify them to assist in the services of the church, with propriety and solemnity, by singing the psalms or choral music with correctness and judgment.

10. "Gymnastic exercises, adapted to the age and strength of the scholars."

There are, then, means provided whereby the character and conduct of a boy at school may influence the whole of his life afterwards. Masters are required to take every pains to know the particular qualities of every one of their pupils; every scholar obtains a certificate stating his capacity, his dispositions, moral, and religious, and these certificates are afterwards to be employed in the service of the boys when they negociate for commencing any business for life. The greatest liberty of inquiry,—and of remonstrance, in case of necessity, is granted to parents who send their children to the schools, and the laws are peremptory and solemn in denouncing the slightest delay on the part of the authorities in listening to, and not duly investigating such complaints. The greatest possible publicity is also enjoined to be given, in order that public attention might be directed to the progress of the school; for this purpose the masters are required to have examinations of the boys in public; and further, to make out reports from time to time of the state of education. But, in the case of female schools, the regulations state that, as girls are destined by nature for a quiet and retired life, these exercises and trials shall take place only in the presence of their masters and parents, but are never to be made public in schools. The portion of them which concludes by a general recommendation, has the following important passage:—

"In all the parishes of the kingdom, without exception, the clergymen of every Christian communion shall seize every occasion, whether at church, or during their visits to schools, or in their sermons at the opening of classes, of reminding the schools of their high and holy mission, and the people of their duties towards the schools. The authorities, the clergy, and the masters shall unite their efforts to strengthen the ties of respect and attachment between the people and the school, so that the people may accustom themselves more and more to regard education as one of the essential conditions of public life, and may daily take a deeper interest in its progress."

JAVA.

In the Java Trade it appears from the Singapore Chronicle, that the King of Holland is at the head of the Monopoly. The great bulk of the Exports in 1833, were all *on account of the King of Holland in Coffee and Sugar*. The attempt to *force* a certain portion of the Malay population to labour has failed. But the following historical *morceaux* of Batavian legislation, is too precious not to be gathered up.

The Dutch were reinstated in the possession of Java in 1816. Previously to that year, and until 1821, there might have been exported from the port of Samarang, averaging about 80,000 pls. of Sugar annually. The returns one year shewed upwards of 84,000 piculs. Instead of rejoicing at the prosperity of the cultivators, and the growing wealth of the country, which must have in an equal rate enriched the Government, it became jealous of them, and not only conceived the idea of dispossessing them, that Government might enjoy the whole, but actually attempted and did the deed. Never was the fable of the Boy, the Goose, and the Golden Egg more clearly exemplified;—Members of a Government, formerly famed for its sagacity, entertaining notions that the interests of the Agriculturists would become too important, and their influence too great—that individuals in a Colony had no right to acquire such wealth, which belonged to the state, and that it should be collected henceforth without the intervention of Agriculturists with capital! It may scarcely be credited; for even those who from lamentable ignorance, unfortunately uttered such pitiable sentiments, might, when the results are contemplated, and pointed out, be ashamed to acknowledge or avow such, yet from the formation of their minds, and their cramped and narrow views, people of that school cannot now refrain from acting on and propping the miserable old system, so long as abler men are wanting in their Councils to instil and to uphold loftier ideas.

The consequences that ensued, must not, and cannot be long dwelt on. Numerous respectable, opulent and industrious people were ruined,—their families beggared. Chinese in the Samarang and Japara districts worth from ten to seventy Thousand Dollars and upwards, reduced it may be said to hold the plough—work as labourers, or procure a livelihood in any way they could.

Before the lapse of three years, instead of exporting Sugar, it was required for consumption in and about Samarang. In 1824-25 it was brought there from Batavia by the traders, and sold at a profit.—What sayest thou of carrying coals to Newcastle? But let the tale be concluded, for it may appear to be one more of fancy, than actually belonging to the annals of Java.

About the same time (1823) the time of devastation—the time of the killing of the Java Goose—which in the course of one year would have supplied 365 large golden Eggs, besides what her numerous progeny would have given—let the Board of Finance, or the Kiken Kamer, calculate the number of doits—about the same time were all the European Agriculturists expelled, at four months warning, from the Native provinces.—Men who, sanctioned by Government, had laid out what they possessed, and who borrowed largely from their friends, had all invested in the soil—in laudable undertakings from which they already had fair prospects of ample remuneration.—It was swept from them entirely, although the then Governor General had visited their establishments, encouraged the Coffee Planters personally to go on, and wishing them success, not six weeks previously to the fatal intimation being conveyed to them, to leave the interior, and to retire to the coast within four months—it was fatal, because it involved the best interests of the country. The poor and needy Javanese Princes, who had expended the amount of compensation for the leases granted to the Europeans, were ordered to take back their lands, to cultivate and improve those themselves, and to repay what they had received.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

INDIVIDUAL EXERTION.

IRELAND UNDER OBLIGATIONS TO AN ITALIAN.

Individual exertion is often far more beneficial in contributing to the welfare of a country than either national expense or legislative bounty. If inquiry be made into the cause of England's prosperity, it will be found that single-handed and individual activity has had a prodigious share in promoting it; and the ingenuity of a Watt and an Arkwright has discovered new sources of wealth, and cut a channel for that current of enterprise which, swelling into a mighty torrent, has enabled Britain to rise far above the nations of the earth. Really, when we hear people complain of the want of national support, we are apt to think that the fable of the Wagoner might be quoted not inappropriately, and "put your shoulder to the wheel," might be whispered in many a murmurer's ear.

There is an individual in Ireland, who, though a foreigner, has "done the state some service," and exemplifies in his person what an individual by persevering exertion may do. This gentleman is Mr. Charles Bianconi, a native of Italy. He came into that country as a *print-seller*, and in travelling from village to village, and from town to town, exercising his vocation, he felt, as many a man has felt before him, and may after, how toilsome it is to trudge on foot under a burning sun, or amid the storms of winter; so he shrewdly bethought him, that if he had a *jaunting-car*, and, of course, an animal to draw it, he might not only save his own body corporate some fatigue, and carry his wares with speed and ease, but by occasionally picking up pedestrians at a small charge, contribute not a little to defray the expenses of his vehicle. For three months his speculation did not display itself as a peculiarly happy one; but by-and-bye he became known, his car became in request, he started a second one, then a third, and so on, until he has covered all the roads in the south of Ireland with his cars, which radiating from CLONMEL, as a centre, connect the following towns:

Ballinasloe,	Eyrecourt,	Parsonstown,
Ballyhale,	Fermoy,	Ratcormuck,
Banagher,	Fethard,	Roscrea,
Burrosoleigh,	Freshford,	Ross,
Burrosakane,	Foulk's-mill,	Shinrone,
Caher,	Kilkenny,	Strangford,
Cashel,	Knocktopher,	Stonepound,
Carlow,	Kilmacthomas,	Taghmon,
Carrick,	Kildorrery,	Thurles,
Clogheen,	Limerick,	Tipperary,
Cork,	Littleton,	Templemore,
Dungarvan,	Mallow,	Orlingford,
Doneraile,	Mitchelstown,	Watergrass-hill,
Enniscorthy,	Nenagh,	Wexford.

In travelling to these towns Mr. Bianconi has upwards of three hundred horses, gives employment to upwards of one hundred and twenty families, causes a consumption of above nine hundred tons of hay, and twelve hundred barrels of oats, annually, and his cars travel above eighteen hundred miles daily. He is now principal contractor in the South of Ireland for

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conveying His Majesty's mails on cross roads by cars.

Before Mr. Bianconi established his cars, the travelling vehicles in use where only four horse coaches, confined to what are termed the mail-coach roads, and the fares were too high for the humbler class of farmers and tradesmen, whose business often calls them from home. Now this enterprising and spirited foreigner has laid open the entire south, and done more good than a host of half resident landlords. A few years ago, to travel in the south of Ireland was an adventure not to be rashly made: now there is free, and easy, and rapid intercourse, and the numerous cross roads are all rendered available, and turned to good account.

Not long ago, in entering Mr. Bianconi's office in Clonmel, in order to procure a seat in one of his cars for Cashel, we were surprised to see the walls covered, not with the glaring advertisements, notices of auctions and sheriff's sales, but with some of the very best prints taken from the works of the great masters. "Why," we muttered to ourselves, "this *carman* must be a man of taste!" By-and-bye a very comely dark-eyed person came in, and seemed to take an active interest in the affairs of the establishment. This was Mr. Bianconi, and having occasion to address him, we found him polite and affable, and could have wagered a guinea to a *groat*, that he was born to be a gentleman.

Many stories are told of Mr. Bianconi, which reflect great credit on his head and his heart. For instance, it is said that his drivers have a general order to pick up, free of all charge, all pedestrians who evidently cannot pay for a whirl, and who seem to be travelling with pain to themselves. In giving this order, he has shewn the gallantry of his country, by especially directing that any female travelling with a child in her arms, should be accommodated with a seat. Moreover, the slightest hint of misconduct on the part of a driver—the least whisper of an accusation, if well-founded—subjects the delinquent to instant dismissal; and so aware are they of this, that the drivers of Bianconi's cars are as civil a set of fellows as you would wish to see handle a whip.

Again, all his horses have names, and these names are regularly inserted in his way bills. In fact, his "dumb brutes" are his pet children; he knows each of them familiarly, and it would not, perhaps, be going too far, to say, *that they know him!* He can tell where they are, whether they are well or sick, how they are behaving themselves, and every thing relative to these "dear children," which the father of so numerous and so well-regulated a family ought to know.

Bravo, Mr. Bianconi, thou art an enterprising, sensible, discreet, and proper person; and if Ireland had many more such, foreigner as thou art, she would bless the day they landed on her shores. He has lately obtained letters of naturalization from the government. —"CEAD MILLE FAILTE.—*(Dublin Penny Journal.)*

PERSEVERANCE.

The following anecdote has been often told, but it is necessary in this colony to repeat good advice—*line upon line—precept upon precept.*

"I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "in the Queen's County, to have seen a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the Court-house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed, 'that he did so *to make it easy for himself*, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon,' and be kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable and kindhearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence—he did accumulate it, and uprightly.—His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit, as a magistrate, on that very bench that he sawed and planed."

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BULLETIN OF HIS OWN SICKNESS.

THE British public, whom this veteran author and politician has so long amused, and as often instructed, when no inveterate crotchet crossed his mind, will be sorry to learn that he has been indisposed, and unable to attend to his duty in Parliament. His complaint, he says, is a bad cough, attended with general languor, and loss of appetite; but he is getting better by rusticating in the country, and is determined to abjure the din and smoke of London, court the healing influences of green fields and still waters, until his health is finally and completely restored. We approve of his resolution, particularly as his habit of rising with the lark, and going to bed with the sun, incapacitates him from attending the evening sittings, where alone important questions are discussed and carried. Mr. Cobbett, in fact, is far more efficient as a writer than as a speaker; and now that he has a little leisure, we trust he will employ it in putting the last hand to his promised autobiography. His fame ultimately will rest on his Cottage Economy, Advice to Young Men, English and French Grammars, Contributions to Horticulture, Agriculture, &c., and not on his political writings, powerful and original as many of them are. He is now an old man, and when he departs, as depart he must in the course of nature, no one will dare to allege that he ever in his life ate the bread of idleness, was a cumberer of the ground or unuseful in his day and generation. Indeed it may be questioned whether a more industrious man ever existed. His writings, if collected, would form a large library by themselves; and in this respect he far eclipses even the Author of the Waverley Novels. It is true he is to a great extent unimaginative, and that quality with him does not always equal quantity; but, considering his talent for rendering every thing interesting, he possesses powers, some of which are undoubtedly "rare in their separate excellence, and wonderful in their combination." The following amusing passage is from one of the latest *Registers*:—

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English one, because the lower classes of the Irish are more intelligent than the English. At the same time the Irish have not acquired that PATIENT HABIT of reading which characterizes the Scotch. We say *habit;* for it is owing to *education*. Let our friends then endeavour to diffuse around them a taste for wholesome manly reading. Let them endeavour to diffuse knowledge, and to *guide* the demand for it; let them encourage it in their children and relatives; and Ireland will soon present a cheering scene.

"CREDIT PERNICIOUS."

We advise all, who are in the practice of either giving or taking credit, to send to Hatchard's for a small pamphlet with the above title. It is several years since it was published, but has (unfortunately) as close an application to existing circumstances as if it had appeared only yesterday. It is indebted, we understand for its resuscitation at the present time, to the spontaneous recommendation of a noble and learned lord, who has taken the reform of the law of debtor and creditor under his special protection, and who has expressed a firm conviction that all reform in this quarter must be comparatively useless, which is not accompanied with such a rectification of the habits of commercial dealing, as it is the business of this pamphlet to inculcate. The title of the production would lead one to infer that the author thought *all* "Credit Pernicious." The fact, however, is not so; for it is only to such credit as neither necessity calls for, nor prudence can approve, that the object—admitting, unreservedly, that credit, "when well regulated, gives room for an extension of commerce, which would be unattainable without it." The author would have indicated the purpose of his pamphlet better, had he entitled it "Abuse of Credit the Cause of Individual Suffering and Public Injury." The cases which he considers most signalised by this abuse, are those of persons with fixed and certain incomes, getting into tradesmen's books for articles of personal and household use. He protests that he "cannot imagine" (as neither can we) "any plausible reason why persons of this class should pay at a future time rather than at the present;" and expatiates, with great earnestness and ability, on the manifold evils to which this considerate and vicious practice gives rise—causing to the individuals themselves, constant accumulation of embarrassment and difficulty, terminated but too frequently by utter insolvency and ruin—and raising to the public at large the prices of all commodities, in an exact ratio to the losses sustained by tradesmen from their bad debts We regret that our limits do not permit of our illustrating these positions by some of the many shrewd observations by which they are enforced in the pages before us; but this is of the less consequence, as we presume there are few, who take an active interest in the commercial welfare of their country, who will not speedily have recourse to the work itself.—*Mechanics' Mag.*

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF MAN?

After an able representation, by Dr. Prout, that the world could not possibly have existed by *chance*, and establishing, beyond all shadow of doubt, that creation is the work of a voluntary and *intelligent* Being, he proceeds to the inquiry—"*What is to become of Man?*" "Is the being," asks the animated writer, "who surveying

"Nature, recognises to a certain extent, the great scheme of the universe; but who sees infinitely more which he does *not* comprehend, and which he ardently desires to know;—is he to perish like a mere brute—all his knowledge useless; all his most earnest wishes ungratified? How are we to reconcile such a fate with the wisdom—the goodness,—the impartial justice—so strikingly displayed throughout the world by its Creator? Is it consistent with any one of these attributes, thus to raise hopes in a dependent being, which are never to be realized? thus to lift, as it were, a corner of the veil—to show this being a glimpse of the splendour beyond—and after all, to annihilate him? With the character and attributes of the benevolent Author of the universe, as deduced from His works such conceptions are absolutely incompatible. The question then recurs—What is to become of man? That he is mortal, like his fellow creatures, sad experience teaches him; but does he, like them, die *entirely!* Is there no part of him, that, surviving the general wreck, is reserved for a higher destiny? Can that, within man, which reasons like his immortal Creator—which sees and acknowledges His wisdom, and approves of His designs, be mortal like the rest? Is it probable, nay, is it possible, that what can thus comprehend the operations of an immortal Agent, *is not itself immortal?*

"Thus has reasoned man in all ages; and his desires and his feelings, his hopes and his fears, have all conspired with his reason, to strengthen the conviction, that there is something within him which *cannot die*. That he is destined, in short for a future state of existence, where his nature will be exalted, and his knowledge perfected; and where the GREAT DESIGN of his Creator, commenced and left imperfect here below, WILL BE COMPLETED."

ORIGIN OF WAR.

(*From the Ettrick Shepherd's Lay Sermons.*)

It would appear from history, that the rulers of kingdoms have often kindled up the flames of war, they scarcely knew why or wherefore; so that upon a retrospective view, historians and politicians have been quite at a loss how to account for it. The history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow.

"What are ye glowrin' at, Billy?"

"What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, an' hinder me if ye daur."

A hearty blow was the return to this, and then such a battle began. It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice; and the fight instantly became general and desperate. At one time they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length they coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received. I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed; so, addressing the one party, I asked what they were pelting the others for? What they had done to them?

"O, naething at a', man; we just want to gie them a good thrashin'."

After fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood, and his clothes to tatters, and addressed the belligerent parties thus:

"Weel; I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye: if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane." There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play. I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that that trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general, that I had ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy's conditions, "If ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane."

THE COUNTRYMAN PUZZLED.

"What a 'nation cramp hand our 'squire do write, surely good lawk a marcy! I can't make un out! Wou'd you, zur, please," said a real Dorchester peasant to a passer-by. He thrust the paper into the hand of the stranger, and taking off his round-crowned hat, garnished with turnpike tickets, stood smoothing down his raven black hair, waiting in respectful attitude to hear the response of the oracle. "Not make it out," exclaimed the reader; "why it is as plain as p int!" "O! be it," replied the raw, "that accounts for it—*I can't read print, zur!*"

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A witty Hibernian, just arrived in London, and wandering about, perceived a blanket at a shop door with this inscription on it, "This superior blanket for half price" Pat walked in, and demanded the price "Just *five* shillings, Sir," replied the smooth and polished shopkeeper. "By my sowl, and that's chape enough!" and so folding the blanket up, and putting it under his arm, he laid down two shillings and sixpence, and was walking off. The shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded the other two and sixpence. "Did'nt you say, you spalpeen, that the *price* of the blanket was five shillings, and sure hav'nt I given you the half of it! By this and that, I won't give up my bargain!" A scuffle ensued, and Pat was taken to Bow-street; but when there, he pleaded his cause so ably, that the magistrate dismissed the complaint, and advised the shopkeeper never again to ticket his goods with "*half price.*"

Origin of the word Dollar.—The derivation suggested for this word in Todd's edition of Johnson is confirmed by the particular explanations of later lexicographers. In 1516 a silver mine was discovered at Joachimsthal (St. Joachim's *Dale*), in Bohemia; and the proprietors in the following year issued a great number of silver pieces, of about the value of the Spanish *peso duro*, which bore the name of Joachimsthaler, subsequently abbreviated into *thaler*. Thus the dollar, like the guinea, commemorates the locality of the metal from which it was originally coined.—*Conversations Lexicon.*

The Industrious Fleas.—Our friends, the industrious fleas, observes the London Literary Gazette, seem to march with the times, and to be not only more industrious, but more enterprising than ever. M. Bertolatto has now made one of them the best whip for a four-in-claw drag that can be imagined. The cannonier is a fearful fellow. Then the ex-sovereigns, &c. all mounted on their separate fleas! It is an amusing spectacle; yet the classical spectator cannot view it without feeling that *pro tanto flebit.*

A Glorious Victory.—Archbishop Tillotson says, "a more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this,—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours."

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ROMAN LAW OF LIBEL.

The Emperor Augustus, whose clemency has been so much celebrated by historians, was the first to extend the crime of *læese-majesty*. Shortly before his death he ordained that the authors of all lampoons and satirical writings, which had for their object the attacking or blackening the reputation of others, should be punished with *death!* Though checked for a moment, the law of libel was much violated in after times, and succeeding tyrants were enabled to avail themselves of a blood-thirsty enactment to wreak their vengeance on those they hated or had occasion to dread. The severity of the sentence arrested the prosecutions, and deterred the magistrates from inflicting the penalty. Tiberius mounted the throne soon afterwards, and immediately revived the obnoxious law It was, however, detested by all parties, and the Prætor even asked the Emperor whether he should proceed against the authors of libels as traitors; upon which Tiberius replied, that *the law* must be executed. But notwithstanding this, life could not be so wantonly sacrificed on the sudden. The Emperor forgave all the first convicts, and it was *not until he had gained a character for clemency through his dissimulation*, that he ventured to spill blood *for libel* The fates of Drusus, of Priscus, and of the unfortunate jester, are sufficient examples of the Emperor's subsequent rigour. Caligula and Nero were not backward in enforcing this savage law of their predecessors, and the former had the hypocrisy to execute some who had spoken ill of Tiberius At length the tide changed, and the sword of vengeance was directed against those persons who had assisted in supporting this law. ***** Tiberius abrogated it, and would neither suffer a prosecution for words spoken of himself nor of his predecessors. At the same time he caused informers to be publicly whipped, and then sold for slaves, or banished. The accession of Domitian was a signal for a temporary revival of the sanguinary ordinance, by which many persons perished, but Nerva again abolished it by an edict as soon as he had been invested with the purple; and we find another condemnatory edict against this law in the time of the great Theodosius.—*Woolrych's History and Results of the present Capital Punishments in England, p.* 21.

ATTACK OF A CORPORAL'S GUARD UPON A SNAKE.

Before we left Dindigul a circumstance occurred to an English officer commanding a small out-station in this district which may be considered not undeserving of record. He was early one morning taking his customary ramble, before the sun had attained a sufficient elevation in the heavens to drink up the freshness of the dews which glittered around, when, upon passing a small ruined building, his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of something with which his eye did not seem to be at all familiar, moving in a deep recess of the ruin. He approached it cautiously, fearing, as he could not distinguish the object very clearly, that it might be a tiger, or some other animal equally dangerous. Upon close inspection he discovered it to be an immense snake filling with its voluminous folds the whole recess. Determined at once upon its destruction, but knowing that he could do nothing single handed against a creature at once so active and so powerful, he made the best of his way to the guard house, and ordered half a dozen soldiers to the spot, armed with their muskets, and having the bayonets fixed. They were six strong, determined Englishmen. They made no objection to encounter so unusual an enemy, on the contrary, they were pleased at the thought of the sport, and, being formed in line, advanced steadily to the attack as soon as the word of command was given, and simultaneously transfixed the monster with their bayonets, firmly pinning it against the wall. Being so roughly disturbed from its slumbers, the enormous creature uncoiled itself in a few seconds, and such was his prodigious strength that with one mighty sweep of the tail it dashed five of its assailants to the earth The sixth, who was near its head, maintained his position, and still kept his terrific adversary against the wall, adroitly avoiding the lashings of his ponderous tail by stooping or dodging, as circumstances required, until the animal, exhausted with pain and exertion, lay extended at full length upon the earth almost motionless By this time the five soldiers who had been struck down having recovered their feet, wounded the vanquished snake with the butt-end of their muskets upon the extremity of the tail, where the inosculation of the vertebræ is less firm, thus disabling it so completely, that it was soon despatched. It measured upwards of 50 feet in length, and was full three in circumference.—*Oriental Annual.*

SELECT NOTICES.

Brown Bess —In the early part of the present century, a great deal of the time of the soldier was occupied in keeping up the polish of his barrel; but the Duke of Wellington, a remarkable economist of his time, gave a dispensation from this duty to the army in Spain, and allowed the barrel to be browned; hence the familiar title of "Brown Bess." The browning is produced by the application of a mixture, which consists of half an ounce of nitric acid, half an ounce of sweet spirit of nitre; one ounce of spirit of wine, two ounces of blue vitriol, and one ounce of tincture of steel It is applied several times, until the barrel is brown with hard rubbing.——*Munich.*—A Sunday school at Munich contains 1629 scholars, taught by sixteen teachers ——*American Failures.*—The commercial distresses of the United States, in consequence of the removal of the public money from the National Bank, have reached a crisis. It is understood, that the houses that failed were in general those which *existed from discounts*—insecure and speculating houses. Altogether about eighty bankers have failed in the provinces.——*John's sympathy with Jonathan.*—To meet in part the want of specie in America, a *million and a half* has been shipped off from Britain.——*The Revenue.*—In this year (ending 5th April, 1834,) there is a rise of £34,023. the quarter ending on the same day. ——*New Society* —A society has been started in London, under the denomination of the *Statistical Society*. It is supported by distinguished characters The idea was first suggested by Mr Quebelet, a scientific Belgian. It has for its object the collection and classification of all facts illustrative of the condition and prospects of society.——*The Protestant Dissenters.*—A grand general meeting of delegates from the Dissenting communities of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, took place in the month of May in London ——*March of Letters.* —There are now seven periods of daily delivery of letters in Paris.

SCIENCE, &c.

EDINBURGH, APRIL 19.

THE SCREW LOCK.—If we cannot designate the present era the "Golden Age," it may at least with truth be denominated the Age of Science and Mechanism We are led to form the above conclusion from almost daily observation. No later than Wednesday last, while conversing with a gentleman in Hunter Square, our attention was attracted on seeing two huge wagons,—the one containing three tons weight of coals, and the other two tons, each drawn by a single horse. The one of these wagons, viz., the largest, weighed one ton weight, the other nearly the same, independent of the coals. Notwithstanding of this enormous and almost incredible load, the horses appeared to move forward with great ease; and, in corroboration of the fact, we did not observe a "turned hair" on either of them. How, then, is this apparent enigma to be solved? Simply on the principle of 'the Screw Lock,' first introduced into Great Britain by that ingenious and enterprising gentleman, C G Stuart Menteath, Esq. of Closeburn, the proprietor of the wagons and horses in question; and which he has had in active operation, both at Closeburn and Mansfield, for a considerable time. It may be proper to remark, that the coals were brought in the manner described from near Dalkeith (with the exception of using a trace horse to one of the wagons up Newington Brae,) to Mr Menteath's town residence in Abercromby Place. The Screw Lock is placed at the back of the wagon, for the purpose of either partially or wholly locking the wheels, as necessity may require, in going down a declivity,—thus superseding that clumsy and dangerous invention, the common drag. This, however, is not its only use—as, for instance, in ascending an aclivity, it can be instantly locked; thereby enabling the horse to rest at ease for any length of time—and thus answering a two fold purpose It must, therefore, appear conclusively evident, even to the most superficial observer, that the application of the Screw Lock to mail and stage coaches would be of immense advantage, both as regards the safety of the passengers and the ease of the poor horses. It could easily be so constructed that the guard might use it conveniently without having occasion to leave his seat.—*Scotsman.*

ST. HELENA.

IN the Mechanic's Magazine for March, there is an account with a wood-cut of Ladder Hill Railway at St. Helena. It appears that after its construction in 1832, certain difficulties had occurred in the working of so steep an inclined plane, so as to render it of little advantage to the inhabitants. The arrival of a gentleman on a visit to St. Helena (Mr. Hoar, of London) happily set the affair in motion. He invented the very ingenious and secure method of transit which is now in exercise at St. Helena at its Ladder Hill. It has been now in successful operation at St. Helena for two years, and is deservedly shewn to all passing strangers as one of the wonders of the place. A model of the contrivance is now exhibited in the National Gallery of Practical Science in London, and is creating considerable attention.

CAPT. ROSS'S CHRONOMETERS.

AN AMUSING PERPLEXITY.

When Captain Ross was about to start from London in 1829, on his voyage, an eminent Chronometer maker in Cornhill, requested him to take out with him four of his best made chronometers, in order to ascertain their goodness, by subjecting them to the trial of the intense climate of the north. Captain Ross

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accordingly took the chronometers out with him, and in order to guard against casualties, the owner of the instruments took the precaution to insure them at Lloyd's, they being of great value; but he did not deem it necessary to insure, as we understad, to the full amount for which they were even then saleable at home, not considering that the hazard of losing them was very great. The long unaccounted for absence of Captain Ross, without any communication being had with him for nearly four years, excited alarm for the safety of himself and crew, and indeed left but little doubt that they had perished. In these circumstances, the period having elapsed without hearing any thing of the property insured, when by law the owner is entitled to the sum insured, the chronometer-maker claimed and received of Lloyd's the amount of the insurance of his instruments, which were given up by all parties as lost. Since then Captain Ross happily returned in safety, and with him the four chronometers, which proved, in the severe trial to which they had been submitted, to be of an all-but-perfect construction, as to the regulation of time; and of course the value now, considering all those adventures, and their avowed goodness, is scarcely to be named. It is not to be wondered, then, that the original owner should be most desirous to possess them again; but unfortunately for him, other owners are now substituted, for Lloyd's have claimed the chronometers as being their property, having paid the sum insured on them. In vain has the maker offered to return the amount insured with interest; for so great is the estimation in which the chronometers are held by Lloyd's, that on no conditions would the establishment part with them to other hands.—*Blackburn Gazette.*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

[Exordium,—a Rambling article,—Cape Babyism weaned by the Press,—English Language,—Want of it in the Reformed Church,—Its great progress among *the People*,—A Note on the Good Old Times,—English Correspondence by the *Boers*,—The advantages of the British Press,—The old Fiscal, the Devil, and Martin Luther,—People wiser than their Teachers,—The consequences of the "March,"—*Schools for all*, and the *School-master abroad*.—The coercive system of the Dutch against the Belgians,—French Travellers declared *Vagrants* by Holland,—National Antipathies,—Bilderdyke, &c —Orthography of the Dutch Language not yet fixed, &c.]

"READER! My compliments to you." We meet once more in the free, salubrious, Salisbury-plain-like department of our *lease-hold* share of the *Cape Literary*. No connection, be it observed, with the Editor next door! We know well enough he would get rid of us if he could, and is most terribly alarmed at our monthly discussions at the "Free and Easy." He would enclose our *right of common*, or set up fences and landmarks to the serious injury of our free natures and darling rights and "liberties." But vain attempt; we are not to be *mummied yet*, or dragooned into the stiffness and straightness of a Prussian grenadier.

Reader! Take notice, this is very likely to prove a very rambling article, for we have been taking a holyday, and have obtained some true notions of *style*, in our zig-zag rural walks, quite apart from the vile old Dutch custom of straight lines and reciprocal ratios. And, by-the-bye, in these walks we met with a *sensitive plant* of the precisian order, a friendly good creature who thought that in our critical observations in general, we went a *leetel* too far! Nonsense! the Cape people are no longer in swaddling clothes or the go-cart. The press has weaned them from babes-milk and they are now fairly on their legs, and *all alone*, bless their hearts!*

Again, in our *walks abroad*, we entered into some discussion with another less sensitive friend, and took a view of the arguments *pro and con* which have been advanced in the papers of late relative to the progress of the English Language in the Colony. Of the propriety of its subsidiary introduction in the Pulpits of the Reformed Church, there can be little doubt. And now that Cape Town is very nearly *all English*—in manners, customs, costumes, shops, schools, books, libraries, &c. it would argue a singular indifference to the times in which we live, did not the Church in question, so liberally supported as it is, by a kind and paternal government, bestow a becoming portion of its attention to the just claims of the language of the British nation, and thus bring about a completer bond of union with all classes of the citizens—one community of reciprocal identity and interest. Indeed, it has been hitherto a sad reflection on many of the worthy gentlemen holding spiritual rule in this portion of the British Church, that whilst all their hearers are learning English, and it is now so readily cultivated in France, Germany, and other parts of the world, our religious Institutions of the Cape of Good Hope, so intimately connected with government as they are, should be in the back-ground in this affair. That some arrangement will shortly be made which shall determine that no clerical appointment shall take place without a previous knowledge of English, as well as Dutch, is, we believe, pretty certain. The Government School-masters, as the rule now is, must possess the above qualifications, and the pulpit should surely be equal in its appointments. The sooner our language is set about in real earnest, the better; the sooner will unison in feeling, good-will, and loyalty approximate among all classes of His Majesty's faithful subjects. Yet we would not advocate the adoption of any coercive measures in the case before us. We would say to all parties, (of course such as are distinct from those *paid* by Government in church and state matters,)—Ladies and Gentlemen! Make this affair of learning, speaking, and reading our language quite agreeable to yourselves. Do not in the least degree inconvenience your mental powers if you think the question of inferior moment. If you think its study would mar your progress in the world, subject you to persecution, deprive you of your goods, become a drag-chain to your business speculations, rob you of your other accomplishments, dim your intellect, destroy your peace of mind,—why, then, by all means, stick to Low Dutch *(Nederduitsch,)* and in doing so, never fear the expenes of keeping up a standing army of sworn translators; never mind what is going on in all the world, which you might chance to find in the well garnished feasts of English Literature through the English Press, or of losing a good livelihood for your sons, by place or appointment, in the English Service at home or abroad.

We have heard it observed in objecto the usage of our language, that the colonists are not ripe for its general introduction. This is certainly a mistake, and we produce our proofs. Look for instance at the state of Mercantile affairs. Not a single Dutch Merchant's House remains at the Cape of Good Hope! But what is still of greater weight, examine the weekly correspondence in a paper entitled the *Zuid Afrikaan*. Therein read the epistolatory correspondence from the Boers in some parts of the country districts, and who will dare to say that the English language has made no progress, when those hitherto *supposed* dark places—Beaufort, Hantam, the Bokkevelds and even *Zwart*land and *Tygerberg* exhibit such animated displays of penmanship. And these communications express a freedom of thought formerly unknown to the colony. Thanks, by-the-bye, to British law, British courage, and the British press, which "fought and won" these things for the people. Time was, (ah! well and a-lack-a-day!) some ten years agone, when pens and paper and *Reading Easy's* were scarcely tolerated affairs; and as for the *black liquid*, the

Some few years since any published critique of the Cape Press, that displeased the parties concerned, by its freedom, was deemed worthy of *Fiscal* interference, and on a certain occasion a few lines of *jeu d'esprit* on a Cape Magazine, produced memorials to the Governor, congregational meetings, and addresses of sympathy to the worthy editor.

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good old Fiscal (peace to his memory!) entertained the same scruples of conscience towards it, as the Devil, when he was posed in debate with Martin Luther, and felt the smart of the ink-bottle which the uncourtly Reformer unceremoniously hurled at his Satanic Majesty's head. * * * * * * * * * * * *

But are not the people becoming wiser than their teachers? Aye, there's the rub! "There ban't a doubt on't," as Farmer Gubbins observes in the farce of *The Modern Village*. And just look well to the thing. Here we find the Hantam people, and those of the Bokkevelds, &c. *undecently* taking the lead of the reverend the minister of the Paarl, and passing by their *betters*, and instead of ordering themselves *lowly and reverently*, daring to write for the newspapers, and *marry-come-up*, writing in English too. This is stealing a march on the Government minister of the Paarl with a vengeance. But this comes of the *March of Intellect*. The worthy minister was, however, prepared for this; for in his recently-published "Discourse," *done* into English by another hand, he mourns over the signs of the times—the means employed of

"Making knowledge accessible to all!!"
(Page 17.)

It must be confessed, that a man who has not kept pace with the march of intelligence, must be astounded when, as an Hibernian would say, the *rear* is before the *van*. "Knowledge accessible to all!" Oh, shocking! as Dr. Folliot in Crotchet Castle exclaims, in reference to *The March*, when over his *third* of old Port.—"Yes, yes! this comes of reading; there's Dobson's hen-roast robbed last night—so much for Sir Walter Scott and his Novels. I knew how it would be. These "Schools for all" have marched into my rick-yard and set my stacks on fire, with *chemical* materials. The *Intellect* has marched up to the door of my vicarage, a hundred and fifty strong; ordered me to surrender half my tithes; consumed all the provisions I had provided for my audit feast, and drunk up my old October. It has marched in through my back-parlour shutters, and out again with my silver-spoons, in the dead of night. The Policeman who has been down to examine, says my house has been broken open on the most scientific principle; all that comes of giving *Knowledge to all*, sending the *School-master abroad*, and subscribing to steam intellect societies."

But to return to the importance of the English Language to the Cape, it must, if we are to keep moving in the progress of society, make a part and parcel of the law and conscience of *the people;* it must modify authority and sanction obedience; it must be rooted in their daily convictions, and strengthened by their familiar sympathies. But as we have already said, no means of force must be resorted to in its promulgation. Here lay the error of the Government of Holland in her treatment of Belgium In the latter country, notaries, advocates, agents d'affairs, employés of the provisional governments, had their bread snatched from them before they had time to learn the Dutch language, which was arbitrarily imposed on the people.* When the union of Holland and Belgium took place, entire towns, arrondisments, even entire provinces understood no other tongue than French, it was then cruel and impolitic on the part of the Dutch, to attempt the putting down by suspension or proclamation a language so long familiar to the Belgians. Now, subsequently to the Revolution, there are few feelings stronger in Holland than that of hatred of the French and their language According to the latest news, the Dutch King has interdicted all Frenchmen from entering Holland by way of Belgium. Like our Hottentots, all Frenchmen are considered Vagrants, and a law has passed for their apprehension should they pass the boundary. Of course, the doctrines of reprisal are understood by the other party. Of the abhorrence with which the Dutch regard that beautiful language of refinement and diplomacy†—the French tongue,—the following lines of Bilderdyke are an amusing example:

Maar weg met u, ô spraak van basterd klanken,
Waarin Hyeen en valsche schakals janken;
Verloochnares van afkomst en geslacht,
Gevormd voor spot die met de waarheid lacht:
Wier stamlary by eeuwig woord verbreken
In 't neusgehuil zich zelf niet uit durft spreeken:
Verfoeilyk Fransch! aleen den duivel waard,
Die met uw aapgegryns zich meester maakt van de aard.

Begone, thou bastard tongue! so base—so broken
By human jackals and hyenas spoken;
Formed for a race of infidels, and fit
To laugh at truth—and scepticize in wit;
What stammering, snivelling sounds, which scarcely dare,
Bravely through nasal channels meet the ear—
Yet helped by apes' grimaces—and the devil,
Have ruled the world, and ruled the world for evil.

We had intended to have submitted a few philological notices on the language at present spoken by a people forming the *hundred and fifteenth part of Europe*, (the Dutch,) but we have gone far enough at present, and had better wait awhile till our good friends have determined the standard of orthodoxy. Though much has been done, the orthography of the Dutch language can hardly be considered as positively fixed.

A humourous writer, (Geysbeek,) and one who has *biographized* the Dutch poets, in reference to the Dutch philologists, says—

Spel Wereld eischt de wet door Siegenbeek gegeven;
En Wareld wordt door Bilderdyk,
Als de echte spelling voorgeschreven,
Wie ongelyk hebbe of gelyk,
Is me onverschillig. 'K wil met beiden vrienden blyven,
'K neem beider aan, en zal dus "Waereld" schryven.

Spell "Wereld"—so sets up Siegenbeek, and then
Comes Bilderdyk, and flings it down again,
He will have "Wareld."—'Tis a pretty quarrel—
Shall I determine who shall wear the laurel?
Not I!—I like them both—and so I'll say
"Waereld"—and each shall have his own dear way.

* We are fully aware that, up to a certain period, the languages of Holland, and *a part* of Flanders, were very nearly similiar. Their English affinity is also apparent from the following not unamusing epitaph in Flemish:

Hier *liet* Her Jan Macarius,
Was publicus notarius,
Mar *seine lieve* Sophey,
was noch publicker *as hey*.

Here lies John Macarius—he
Was a public notary,
And his wife Sophia, she—
Was more public e'en than he.

† The English language is now spoken in all the Courts of Europe, and the Government official communications of England to Foreign Powers, are written in the English language. This measure was introduced by the late Mr. Canning.

THE PHRASEOLOGIST.

He doesn't meddle with Politics.—Used in reference to a man whose sefishness is so intense, that it prevents him from seeing that the good of the public is the benefit of the individual; or who, like the ——— tide-waiter, holds out his open hands—while he closely shuts his eye-lids.

She'll have at least Five Thousand Rix-dollars.—A climax in the description of South African beauty—the amount to be paid on the day of marriage in bonds, a third mortgage, slaves, a span of oxen, and half-a-hundred Cape-bred Sheep.

He is a good soul.—Said of one whose mind is of too small a calibre to fire off impulses, either good or bad; but who is harmless merely from being inefficient.

He is so friendly—One who would do anything to oblige, "but really—and it gives me pain to refuse"—words in constant reserve, like a ready charged cannon, the match of which a request will always light.

Good Order.—Alias, Field-Cornet-*Neroism.*—dealing in human-flesh,—forced labour,—roed-pole, and 39 lashes,—the prison-house,—chains, and slaves! Vide the term in the Boers' Petitions "*Good Order,*" (such vile cant!)

COLONIAL APPOINTMENTS, NOTICES, ETC.

Mr. K. B. Hamilton has been appointed Acting Secretary to Government, until the return of Col. Bell; Mr. J. G. Brink, as Treasurer and

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Accountant General; Mr. W. Fleming to be Justice of the Peace at Uitenhage; Mr. E. Bergh to be Justice of the Peace for the Sub district of George. According to Government Advertisement, all papers, of whatever description, addressed to Government, must be written in the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The Rev Messrs. Shand and Reid may be shortly expected from Europe, as Ministers of the Reformed Church,—qualified to perform Divine Service in English and Dutch.

SOUTH AFRICAN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

The Annual Meeting of the Members and friends of this Institution, took place on the 2nd instant. The Hon Lieut.-Col Wade presided. The Report, which was read by the Rev. Dr. Adamson, was ordered to be printed. Sir E. Ryan, Doctors Kennedy, Bousfield, and Searle, and many other Indian visitors were present at the Meeting. Dr. K. was elected a Member, and Mr. Chase appointed one of the Secretaries, in the absence of Dr. A. Smith. Sir John Herschel was elected President of the Institution.

THE POPULAR LIBRARY.

This Library for the issue of Books of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge to Subscribers, at the rate of *One Penny a Week*, has been opened in the course of the Month. Books are sought for by crowds of subscribers with a zeal hitherto unknown in Cape Town. It is hoped that all persons will encourage this valuable Institution in assisting towards its permanence by subscriptions, in Books, or otherwise.

THE FANCY BALL.

[In the absence of a 'Court Journal,' 'Morning Post,' or 'World of Fashion' at the Cape, we cheerfully give publicity to the following Communication.]

The *Literary Gazette* is not so exclusively absorbed in the thrilling interest of Colonial Literature, nor yet so hopelessly overwhelmed with the mass of original matter which is contributed to its pages, as to be utterly unable to cast at times a furtive glance on the gay delights, the transient ebullitions of the lighter spirits of the social circle: Lady Ryan's Fancy Ball, which was given in the Assembly Rooms of George's Hotel on the evening of Thursday, the 28th, deserves a record, having crowned the gaieties of a Cape August, with one of the most enchanting fêtes of the season. The young, the gay, the happy "crew of mirth," are rapturous in their unbounded descriptions of enjoyment, and in their expressions of gratitude to her Ladyship for an entertainment so planned with oriental magnificense, and so executed with the perfect simplicity of unostentatious old English hospitality.

The party began to assemble at 9 o'clock, and the rooms were filled, not crowded, in less than half an hour after. The guests were received at the outer door by Sir Edward Ryan, in the full dress of the Court of St. James'; and to one who saw him on the same spot, not three months ago, on his arrival—a pallid invalid from India, it was most gratifying to observe the altered appearance he exhibited.

A more fascinating scene than the noble ballroom, could not easily be imagined; but we must bemoan our utter ignorance of the set terms, and technical phraseology required, to give the characters and costumes their fitting record. All nations contributed their peculiar garb; all ages their distinguished characters, or caprices of fashions; the spirit stirring recollections of past generations were mingled with the more homely matter of fact of our radical days of reformed parliament. But how are we to endeavour to describe them: a pageant of all that is fluttering—twinkling—shining—graceful—gay, and beautiful, glides before us; and not one sweet angel figure deigns to pause even for the little moment that is requisite for the most sketchy outline. "Of a surety," said Obadiah Broadbrim, "the maidens be gloriously apparelled, and of surpassing comeliness." Rich and elegant fancy ball dresses were, however, the prevailing taste; it was thus Lady Ryan received her guests with that easy grace of unaffected benevolence, which forms the last accomplishment of perfect refinement. We are told that it would not be considered altogether good taste to register the names, as reported to us, of the interesting groupes which formed the party. The first, a lady who, in a fancy ball dress, ushered in two Turkish Belles, most admirably correct in costume, excited a lively admiration; her young charge, fluttered in white sparkling robes of muslin and silver, with open jackets and eezars of deep crimson silk, their profusion of ringlets surmounted with the little national cap of the Ottoman females. A sweet young beauty of King Charles' Court was as dazzling as one of the sirens of Grammont, and with her sister, whose character we did not ascertain, appeared to attract the most marked attention. A court dress and train of brocaded silk and suitable head tier, as contrasted with another of antique garb of the Stuart belles, were very good; the picturesque peasant garbs of the Pyrennees and the Alps; the Cantons and the Rhine; the belles of France, and Spain, and Italy, and the Levant, had all their representatives; whilst a bewitching creature, a lovely Quakeress, seemed the more sprightly, and the more delighted, as having escaped from her sect, and from feeling herself at home in a more congenial circle.

The male characters were more numerous and more in contrast, and were abundantly diversified; the stately step of the red cross Knight, in sable armour, with barred helmet, and the starched prim gait of the Lancashire Quaker, constrasted with the freakish gambols of the light-hearted Spanish Guerillas, unmatched in the Bolero; Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, an Hungarian Hussar, two magnificently dressed cavaliers of the Stuart dynasty, were jostled in terms by a rough Sheerness smuggler: a Tyrolese hunter, as tall and straight as a May-pole, looked down upon a decrepid Lombard Jew, whose wardrobe seemed inexhaustible in head gear; a Courtier of Queen Anne's, who exhibited a salmon-coloured suit, which would have thrown the belles immortalized by the spectator into ecstacies, stalked through a butterfly group of fine boys in fantastic garbs of brilliant colours, habited as pages and boudoir pets of the Plantagenet period: the orientals were splendid; a Persian Shahzada was magnificently attired, but, alas, alas! the absent honours of the beard and the change it occasioned; an Abshee Mogul in plain white turban and robes, was inimitable in costume, and air, and manner, suited to the quiet and unobtrusive, but not humble character of his tribe; a Levantine dandy of the first water, an exquisite Albanian in red jacket and cap, and marvellously well stockinged and gaitered, with sundry others, were all arrayed in wonderfully good keeping, as the painters term it, with their prototypes.

The band of the 72d enlivened the pauses betwixt the dances with their matchless performance; and an hour after midnight, our kind host led the way with Lady D'Urban to the splendidly furnished supper table, where upwards of 100 guests were amply and most comfortably accommodated; nothing was wanting; abundance, taste, and elegance adorned the tables, and the most unbounded exuberance of joyous spirits reigned around. When the ladies were moving to retire, Sir Edward begged them to wait until he proposed a toast, the only one he meant to give, but it was one which, he felt sure, they would delight in joining: he proposed the health of one who was endeared to all by the kindness of his manner and the goodness of his heart—Sir Benjamin D'Urban: he pretended no capabilities of appreciating the peculiar distinctions of military qualities, nor could he allude to the distinguished career of the gallant soldier; the actions in which he had shared, and his share in them, had obtained their well-earned rewards, and their conspicuous place in history; nor did he presume to refer to the high character of the Civil Governor—His Excellency enjoyed in his present appointment, the flattering reward of long and useful services in a Government in the West Indies, the best pledge of the esteem and approbation of his Sovereign; with these points, Sir Edward said, he felt that he had no pretension to interfere—they were already decided by the highest authorities; but as an Indian visitor—driven by sickness to seek relief from the scorching sun of the tropics, in the milder climate of the colony, he claimed for himself and his fellow sufferers from India, the right to express, in the strongest terms, a very grateful sense of the urbanity—the courtesy—the kindness which Sir Benjamin and Lady D'Urban have ever evinced towards strangers; those milder virtues, said Sir Edward, hallowed, though they could not exalt their high characters, and fixed their names in the hearts and memories of all their visitors; he gave the health of Sir Benjamin D'Urban.

The toast was received with a thunder of applause—the Indian visitors more especially evincing, by their enthusiastic reception of it, their just sense of His Excellency's benevolent and hospitable disposition—their was no disguise, and no restraint—the heart spoke, and its language was loud, and prompt, and honest.

The Governor's reply was short, but to the purpose: his kind good heart was evidently touched by the rapturous expression of esteem which the company had given him. He thanked his friends—warmly thanked them; he was not blessed with the gift of oratory—he could only feel their very flattering warmth of regard, and thanked them; after a few minutes, however, His Excellency rose again, and said, he had only that instant learnt that it was Sir Edward Ryan's birth-day—he was glad to hear it; and sure that the party would join him in drinking a hearty and a heartfelt toast to their worthy host—his health—his perfect restoration to health—and that he might return to India in the full enjoyment of his strength to serve his king and country as he had hitherto done, in the high and important situation which he had the honor to hold; and that he and his amiable family might enjoy many—very many happy returns of the day, was, he was perfectly sure, the sincerest wish of all present.

This was a sentiment which spoke home to every bosom—it was loudly cheered, and added to the conviviality and good feeling of the scene, and most sincere was the wish of all, that this delightful and distinguished family may continue to enjoy the gifts of fortune, they so liberally share with the world around them.

A country dance and quadrilles after supper, kept up the merriment of the scene to a late hour, and the party broke up with one unmingled feeling of gratification, without a single shade in their enjoyments, but the regret, that they could not hope to have the pleasure of dancing at Lady Ryan's ball on Sir Edward's next birth-day.

INDIAN EXPORTS.

In another part of this Journal, our commercial readers will, we think, discover under the above head, some considerations well deserving a more than ordinary attention.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 11. Vol. IV.] CAPE TOWN: NOVEMBER, 1834. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum*.

FIRST OF DECEMBER.

"SLAVERY IS NO MORE."

Body and soul in skilful union joined
One human being made—immortal *this*—
An emanation of the Eternal Mind,
And capable of never-ending bliss.
At first created pure as holy kiss
Of unfallen Cherubim, and clothed with powers
To count the stars or fathom the abyss,
Was wedded to its mate as golden hours
Were struck by new-born Time in Eden's happy bowers.

Such was the black man's origin;—say, ye *white*,
Was yours more noble, was your soul more pure
At first than his, that you long claimed the right
This race in triple darkness to immure;
In moral dungeon deep there to endure
Whole centuries of bondage—not to have
A right in wife or child?—Poor blackamoor
Had no right to himself—not to a grave—
The *thing* was *bought and sold*—a *piece of goods* —*a* SLAVE!!

O LIBERTY! the soul of every joy—
That beams in rapture in the stripling's eye
Escaped the bondage of austere employ—
That nerves the wing of all the birds that fly;—
The midnight senate in contention high
Proclaim thy worth,—and hosts for thee have striven
On the blood-bolstered field where the war's cry
Is heard in death—and men for thee have given
Possessions, Kindred, Friendship, and the Light of Heaven!

I stood on the old continent of *Slaves*
Where Indian and Atlantic oceans roar,
And saw where heaven's azure meets the waves
A ship rise out the deep and near the shore,
And heard a voice cry—"SLAVERY IS NO MORE!"
The city caught the *new* but joyful sound—
The village from the city—door from door—
Like a projected star it swept the ground
From mountain and from plain reverberated round!

* *

THY CHAINS ARE BROKEN! *AFRICA IS FREE!*

First of December, 1834.

THIS DAY there is no longer a SLAVE at the Cape of Good Hope! This day has brought with it, under God's good blessing, and the exertions of the Christian People of England, the blessed gift of LIBERTY.

"On such a theme 'twere
Impious to be cold."

'The tongue of the dumb should speak, and the lame man rejoice and leap as an hart.'

Thus has ended one of the most glorious contests, after a continuance for ages, of any, ever carried on in any period of a country's history. A contest between those who felt deeply for the happiness and honour of their fellow creatures, and those who, through vicious custom, and the impulse of avarice, had trampled under foot the sacred rights of their nature, and had even attempted to efface all title to the divine image from their minds. Even the very agitation of the question which it involved, has been highly important. Never was the heart of man so expanded. Never were its generous sympathies so generally and so perseveringly excited. These sympathies thus called into existence, have been useful in the preservation of a national virtue. For anything we know, they may have contributed greatly to form a counteracting balance against the malignant spirit of War. It has been useful, also, in the discrimination of character. In private life it has enabled us to distinguish the virtuous from the vicious. It has afforded the same knowledge in public life. It has separated the moral statesman from the cold-blooded politician. It has shewn us who, in the legislative and executive offices of our country, are fit to save and govern, and who to destroy a nation.

Reader! Thou art by this time well acquainted with the History of this great Act of Redemption. Rejoice in the manner of its termination! And if thou feelest grateful for the event, retire within thy closet, or pay thy vows in public. Go up with thanksgivings to the Temple of Christianity, and with songs of joy, return HIM your devout homage "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," and whatever you do in testimony of this mighty act of deliverance, whether "you eat or drink," do all in the spirit of *Venite, exultemus Domino*. And

TO

The Government

AND

PEOPLE OF ENGLAND!

TO WHOSE UNWEARIED ZEAL AND GENEROUS SACRIFICE BELONGS THE UNPARALLELED

AND ETERNAL GLORY

OF THE ANNIHILATION

OF ONE OF THE GREATEST SOURCES OF CRIMES AND SUFFERINGS EVER RECORDED IN THE ANNALS OF

MANKIND,

WE DESIRE TO INSCRIBE OUR SINCERE AND GRATEFUL THANKS.

INDIAN EXPORTS.—No. III.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I shall feel obliged by your doing me the favour to forward the enclosed to your Correspondent, the Author of Indian Exports.

X. X—— X. X——.

Sir,—I think the Cape public are under great obligation to you; at least, I wish to convey my individual thanks for your two papers, and to express my hopes that we may be favored with further communications conveying your ideas on the present state of the Colony, and the anticipations which you think we may be justified in indulging for the future. The subject is not easily exhausted, and none can be more appropriate for a provincial periodical than the local statistics and local interests. I would first suggest, that the terms 'Indians' and 'Cape Visitors,' adopted by the 'Exports,' are not to my taste; India is not your *home;* the heartfelt name of HOME is applied by you solely to the land of our fathers; and English gentlemen, in an English dependancy, might be contented with their native character, without degenerating into 'caste,' or being otherwise classed, than

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as is due to their birth and station; my object in this letter is, to endeavor to prevail on you to regard the Cape of Good Hope with some proportion of the patriotic affection which we all bear to the HOME of our birth. It has been well observed that England has conquered the Cape, as well as paid for it; it is confirmed to us by general treaties for ever; that is, until we are not strong enough to hold our own, which we may confidently trust is not likely to befall, without, at least, a century of decay, as a prelude to our national catastrophe; moreover, we have as much right to the land of the Hottentot as the Dutch: thence, an English gentleman, whether from India or Great Britain, should look on this British Colony as a British Shire, not certainly equal to Rutland in wealth and consideration, but perhaps not much inferior to Nairn or Selkirk, in the north.

English gentlemen at Cape Town or Albany, can have little conception of the privations endured by their countrymen residing in the intermediate districts, surrounded by an ignorant and superstitious population; it is our misfortune that we have no hope but to wear out our days in this situation, and our only chance of relief is, if we could strengthen our lines by inducing others to join our ranks. The kind object of your second paper, is to point out the advantages which would accrue to Cape commerce by an increased exportation of wine and horses to the East, receiving your Indian productions in return; let me suggest the possibility of your sharing these advantages, and reaping a benefit to yourselves, whilst imparting to us the incalculable benefit of capital, and enlightened members to our society, by your joining us when your service is completed in India; your worn-out veterans would find the climate of the Cape more congenial to the declining years of life, than the autumnal and early vernal months of even the best parts of England; and if they have families to settle, and circumscribed means, they could not be more advantageously placed, nor at a more moderate outlay, than as yeomenry families in this cheap country. I shall not detain you by particularizing prices: you have no doubt yourself witnessed that the value of estates is little more than the cost of the buildings upon them; I have purchased near six thousand acres, without a house, for one hundred pounds sterling; and as it is said that land in America sells, at first hand, for five shillings per acre, which is also the government minimum price for new grants throughout Australia, the extreme cheapness of estates here might certainly bring in purchasers, were capitalists better informed of our want of them, and were encouragements afforded to woo them to this Colony. As respects our seasons and culture, I can state from personal observation, that our droughts do not occur until after the corn is ripe; consequently, the dry weather that so uniformly succeeds, is in reality favorable for harvesting and stacking; I feel doubly at a loss in addressing you, as I am not sure whether the subject is in any degree interesting, and I am perfectly satisfied of my own incompetency to explain myself as I could wish, from want of books for reference, and from being unaccustomed to writing: but I will be brief. Cobbett says that "tillage will supply the place of manure; but "the tillage makes the plants keep on growing to a much later period than when they stand thickly all over the ground, and have no tillage while growing;" he then says that the disadvantage of sowing in rows, and horse-hoeing, which is felt in England, arises from the lateness which it causes in the reaping,—an evil unknown in hot countries. Now, our chief expense is in manuring for grain, and as land is so cheap, we can allow spaces between the drills with little less, and it appears to me that the grain crops, which could be produced by this method of culture, would exceed expectation; as respects the high price of labour, which is now so serious a check upon improvement, I am such a heretic against the good old Cape notions, as to believe, that if instead of commandoes against our frontier neighbours, the right hand of fellowship were honestly extended to them, they might prove useful free labourers, and be conducted into the middle districts without any hazard; at all events, they would assuredly be less likely to be joined by hostile native nations here, than in the desert which they now inhabit with wild beasts, scarcely less human than the state to which the tender mercies of Dutch administration have reduced them. The English gentlemen in Cape Town and Albany should travel across and through the middle districts, where alone the true character of the descendants of the ancient colonists may be ascertained, and our lamentably stationary position, amid the universal advance of improvement in all the rest of the world besides, may be understood. Devil doctors! witchcraft, and charms for the recovery of the sick, are our philosophers, and their philosophy! and excite no comment; and I am afflicted by a separation from the worthy and the well-informed, to a degree which makes the arrival of the Advertiser an event, and the Cape Literary Gazette a blessing; all this evil will end, whenever a practicable communication is opened through the district, and capitalists are induced to settle in it

As respects the first, the Breede River, which intersects the centrical and best part of the colony, is utterly neglected; yet it is navigable for armed vessels upwards of eighty miles, and will, I think, be found capable of admitting first-class merchantmen of upwards of 500 tons; if a boat navigation could be formed up to where it is approached by the French Hoek Road, the expense of 200 miles of land carriage for heavy goods might be saved: a leaguer of wine would not fetch the price of the land carriage from hence to the Cape Town market; but were the Breede River made navigable, or even its present capabilities made the proper use of, the fertile districts of Swellendam, George, and Worcester, could supply wines of the best Cape quality for exportation. Any amount of grain that could possibly be needed for any part of the colony, or for exportation, would readily be brought by the farmers to a navigable river, a distance of two days' journey over hard road, when it would not pay them to convey the same to Cape Town, a journey of seven days, the two last being through the deep and almost impassable sands of the Cape Flats; as respects horses, our breed, the Potsberg, is justly esteemed one of the best in the colony, and we are happily free from any endemic disease among our cattle; we have stone kraals (enclosures), where we could confine horses as on ship-board, until within an hour of their being embarked; the deep anchorage before my door is not ten minutes sail from the ocean, and ships can lie within about fifty yards of the shore, in a land-locked harbour; contrast this with the expense, and risk, and trouble of shipping horses from Table Bay, without taking into consideration the very important additional advantage that the same wind which takes a vessel out of this river, carries her on upon her route to India; whilst the ship that leaves Table Bay requires another slant of wind to carry her round L'Agullas. These circumstances being duly considered, it will be apparent that at least the mouth of such a river should be defended by a fort and garrison, and that surveys should be made to ascertain

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its capabilities for inland navigation. Secondly, the temptations to capitalists to settle among us are, that money only is needed here; we have no Bushmen, and are within an easy communication with the capital of the colony, should our means be equal to establishing one. I have lived at Algoa Bay and Cape Town, and consider the climate of this place superior to either; whilst I am very sincere in my belief that the same outlay would, in a few years, secure a far superior return here to what could be obtained for it at either of the extremes of the colony, more especially if government could be induced to disperse their troops in small detachments through the districts, instead of keeping them quartered in Cape Town; even a pleasant summer resort for gentlemen from India might be advantageously established here; we have the means of enjoying aquatic excursions on our bay and river, superior to the Southampton Water; our sea-bathing is safe and retired; the neighbouring Potsberg mountains are more picturesque than the Malvern Hills, and there are natural caverns which may rival those of the Congo; finally, the fisheries might be carried on as advantageously here as on any part of the coast; natural salt is formed on the rocks, and the construction of Salt-pans would be easy and profitable; our cattle are considered superior to those of Algoa Bay, and the salting business for shipping, and St. Helena, might answer better here than at any other place in the colony; our pasturage for sheep is inexhaustible, and our soil for vineyards, orchards, and kitchen-gardens, at least equal to any in the colony; these things should be known to your Indian veterans; many whose health makes removal from India indispensable, but whose means are inadequate to comfortable settlement in Great Britain, are apt to despond and wear out the miserable dregs of life in struggling against circumstances; to such as these who have not strength of body, or resources of mind equal to an Australian voyage, and joining a new settlement on the frontier of advancing civilization, our centre districts offer a safe, a comfortable, and cheap asylum; an association of four or five Indian families, establishing themselves within an hour's walk of one another, might enjoy society, and command resources, as yet unknown here, and would be amply and almost immediately repaid; a retiring pension of about £300 per annum, and a capital of from £2000 to £5000, is the ordinary lot of every Indian officer who has served nearly 30 years in India; such a man, under 50 years of age, and with a rising family, cannot do more than barely exist in Great Britain, and where are his hopes for a suitable provision for his widow and children on his decease? here he would know no anxiety, either for his daily enjoyments or for their future expectations, and whilst he would be a blessing to the new home of his adoption, it would repay him a thousand fold in innumerable blessings in return. Age and domestic sufferings are against my personal exertions, but I am still equal to a struggle, and if your friends will augment the number of settled Englishmen, I want only to be joined by those who will hold up my feeble hands.

I am, &c. &c.

X. X—— X. X——.

PS. Pray oblige me by examining the enclosed; it may possibly be a species of cotton capable of profitable culture I am led to attach an idea of possible value to it, from the American term—Sea Island Cotton: this grows wild in the grey sea-sand.

The Cape newspaper an event! and the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette a blessing! hear this, O Fairbairn! and give ear, O J—! your labours have not been in vain, if but one kind soul has yearned toward you in the desert, and breathed kind thoughts of you from the advancing frontiers of civilization; man, thank God, was not utterly lost at the fall, and there is a spark of generosity in the human heart which kindness calls forth, which recognizes the friends of humanity, and mingles itself with them wherever they advance in the grand cause of the whole family of man. Our poor friend, amid the devil-doctors and wizards of the central districts, must have known too much of the world to have ever expected better of his neighbours, than such philosophers and such philosophy; he had no doubt read the sayings of the Son of Sirach—"How can he get wisdom," saith the wise man, "that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows; and is diligent to give the kine fodder. Such shall not be sought for in public counsel, nor sit high in the congregation: they shall not sit on the judge's seat, they understand not the sentence of judgment: they cannot declare justice and wisdom; and they shall not be found where parables are spoken." These are simple, self-evident truths: the Son of Sirach has well said, that "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise;" which means, that when a colonist in the valley of the Breede River has to work seventeen hours out of the twenty-four for the necessaries of life, he would rather sleep the remaining seven than read the *Zuid-Afrikaan!* and no wonder!! Our friend must have known all this, and he only states the grievance to seek a remedy; but such being the '*Darkness to be felt*,' in which it is his evil destiny to be enshrouded, and such the accompaniments of his purchase of 6000 acres for £100, it requires time and fitness for the work to constitute the same a good business-like bargain. It was not my intention to have troubled the readers of the *Literary Gazette* with another Indian Export, but as I conceive that my excellent friend's address is not solely to me, but to the community at large, of which I am but a very insignificant member, I owe it to them and to him, that it should have all the publicity I can give it, and I have added the following observations, which I must beg that my correspondent will be pleased to consider as my reply.

And first I would hope, that the English-born, and the English-descended, of every parish of the old world and of the new, whether American or Australian, have the good sense, and the good taste, to cherish with a filial affection, the memorials, and the language of their fathers. The "Pilgrims," who fled from Wentworth, and Laud's mad notions of Church and State, during the period that they and their King were ripening for the public executioner! have bequeathed to their generous descendants in New England, their concentrated abhorrence of all tyrants and all tyrranies, and their adoration of that holy cause, for which they hailed the wilderness as a city of refuge; the cause for which their own Hampden died in the field, and Sydney and Russell on the scaffold: those sacred names are the link of brotherhood for the English descended, of all races; and when England herself, which in their dark day was not worthy of them, shall have asserted her right to bear them honestly upon her escutcheon, all who learn from the cradle the language of Shakspear, and Bacon, and Milton, and the Translators of the Bible; all who read, and who does not? the language of Walter Scott, must necessarily be one people. Our excellent friend, when reminding the 'Indians,' that India was not their *home*, was not aware, that of the whole order of exiles, none acquire less local attachment than the Indian functionaries; and even their children, the Indian born, seem as little afflicted with the maladie du pay, as any race in existence! our hearts contract no portion of the weight which is substracted from our livers, when absent from our dear Rice-and Curry-Land: on the contrary, my complaint has ever been, that the best hearted and most easily contented creature that ever breathed, the very counterpart of Joh himself in meek endurance, could not, if he wished it, set up his staff and his household Gods, and say, India, be thou my Home! he had better say, 'Evil be thou my Good!' he would be feared at least, and, perhaps, respected, if direfully consistent; but in the former case, he would be sneered at as a low-souled vulgarism, or rather as a vulgarism without soul at all. This discontent originates in domestic patriotism, and would be laudable, if it did not destroy the peace, and often injure the health, of silly women, and simpletons with kind hearts, but weak heads, whose destiny it is to spend a large portion of their lives in India. But though we hail the English-descended of all races, and have a particular regard for the Yankies, from their having sent us a ship load of ice from Boston to Calcutta, a proof of their kindness for us; yet, it is purely for the English language—English feeling—and English associations, to which our hearts bound with their best sympathies; our wildest flight of fancy cannot metamorphose this part, at at least, of the Cape colony into an English country: we can only express our astonishment at the slow advance which the colony has made in assimilating with England—every thing that is English, seems eschewed and shunned as if it were an evil; even our newspapers half Dutch—the currency and measures are Dutch, and so little as this place the air of an English colony, that I know a gentleman from India, who has seriously occupied his leisure with learning Dutch. As respects the streets, no man thinks of St. George's street, without wishing the Heeregracht and Buitenkant! had more pronounceable appellations attached to them; the remedy is as easy for the whole, as for the last; the English public need but say with one voice,

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'let it end,' and it would end: the fault is their own, their good natured apathy in what they consider trifles, but which in reality are not trifles.

An Indian functionary of 30 years residence in the East, is singularly ill qualified for a Colonist: he has been accustomed to be lamentably dependent upon servants, and is, generally speaking, the most helpless of human beings, in all that relates to personal exertion. The average means of the Military class, after nearly, or about 30 years service, is correctly stated, at about £270 or £365 per annum pension, and a capital of between two and five thousand pounds. An individual of this class would be utterly lost; but if four or five such could be found, who having large families, and few ties at home, would prefer easy circumstances at the Cape, to a stinted meagre existence in Great Britain; the union of their resources, and the relics of their personal capabilities, might possibly command an eligible settlement for themselves, and an adequate provision for their families: a track of land of 12,300 acres, extends over 18 square miles, five families might, therefore reside within two miles of each other; and dividing about 400 acres each of arable, and 2,000 acres each of pasture, might with such a principal in money, and such an income by way of pension, establish something more than yeomanry families: whilst, instead of suffering any apprehension for the fate of their children, they would recognize in every season, the visible proofs of an improving position for their representatives, in an improving society. The village in which my early years *were* spent, was a manor of about 6,000 acres, and was estimated to produce, without mines, a clear rental of £3,000 quarterly, to the noble Lord who was the sole owner of the demesne: it would be a curious mental exercise to follow its supposed history in one's imagination, through the changes and chances of eighteen centuries, to its original purchase for £100 sterling, Roman currency, by a Centurion of Agricola's legion, or a Camp Sutler. A similar lapse of ages will not be required to increase the value of Cape acres many thousand fold: one object alone requires to be kept in view: the present capital cannot long continue so, *inasmuch* as the site and the capabilities of Algoa Bay, are in every respect superior, and capable, at a small expense, of being made a perfect harbour, and *more especially*, as the colonists at Port Elizabeth and Graham's Town understand the importance and value of modern improvement, and of being English!

The American and Australian prices of new land are considered too high, and the Sydney colonists complain that the influx of respectable emigrants has been checked by the discontinuance of free grants, to parties giving security to sink a certain amount upon the grant; this must palpably appear a correct deduction: a new country must first be valuable almost solely for pasturage; a free grant of 2500 acres could be well stocked and occupied for the sum now required for the purchase of such a waste, and for want of which the lot remains a desert; it is worse than idle, it is mischievous to begrudge to the industrious the open field for industry, and to envy them the enjoyment of that property which is created solely by their industry. A pastoral farm of vast extent requires little capital; its buildings, enclosures, and the shepherds' hire, are easily compassed, and the gradual extension of the kitchen garden, and the introduction of the plough, are the work of time, and the pleasing developement of resources; but an arable farm of even 400 acres would require at least £1500 or £2000 to be sunk at once in wagons, ploughs, harrows, and other implements of husbandry, whilst the buildings, including stables and granaries, would be double in the first cost, and the enclosures a hundred fold, besides an average expense of 25 shillings per acre for manuring: the slightest glance at such an outlay, and its items, will suffice to show that the outskirts of civilization cannot be arable.

I was not aware that so good an authority as Cobbett had pronounced that "tillage would supply the place of manure." Sir Humphrey Davy says, "Manure acts on the principle that plants require something more than pure water for their food, and actually imbibe elementary substances presented to their roots; neither vegetables, nor animals form, but imbibe the earths formed in them." Again, "fallowing does not enable the soil to absorb any thing beneficial from the atmosphere;" again, "the fundamental practices of good farming in England, are draining, manuring, weeding, and the rotation of crops; one crop for man, and another for beasts; duly apportioning meadow and pasture to arable land; manuring with crops ploughed in; Tullian husbandry and deep ploughing; fallow crops for fallows, and never taking two grain crops together; and this will always sustain fertility." But this is not in my own line; I write under correction, and advance the opinions of others, not my own; suffice it to say, that drill husbandry, with horse-hoeing, or rather bullock-hoeing, for horses are not agriculturists in India, is the universal practise in the East, and is shown by experience, as supposed by my correspondent, to be best adapted for a hot climate, where vegetation is rank and rapid, and weeds almost invincible.

The price of labour is indeed a most serious obstacle to improvement, and anything that checks the influx of labourers, cannot be too severely reprobated: the generous and truly christian denunciation of the old Cape system of commandoes by Mr. Buxton, in his place in Parliament, was worthy of his high character, and Mr. Rice may probably retract a part, at least, of his advocacy of the present generation, when the Vagrant Act appears in the Colonial Office; in striking contrast with the opinions and feelings respecting the unhappy natives, expressed by the supporters of that un-English enactment, we have here a respectable old English gentleman, residing in the district, who abhors slavery and slave labour, and who, in utter disregard, or courageous defiance, of all the raw-head-and-bloody-bone stories of the *Zuid-Afrikaan* concerning vagrants! would soothe and conciliate, and invite the natives from the frontier, to earn the bread of honest industry in the heart of the colony. Let us pause to compare these poor creatures with what their fathers were, when Van Riebeek found them, in 1652, the herdsmen of '*thousands of cattle and sheep;*' when his brutal eye coveted, and his fiendish heart conceived, and deliberately suggested the project, that "*with* 150 *men*, 10,000 *or* 11,000 *head of black cattle might be obtained, without danger of losing one man, and many savages might be taken, without resistance, in order to be sent as slaves to India, as they still always come to us unarmed.*" Coward as well as villain! does history, in all its cruel pages, bear a more revolting picture? Let this be remembered; and let such men as my correspondent have the means of trial afforded them, to shew whether kindness and honesty may not make these vagrants faithful labourers, without other compulsion than gentle treatment and fair payment.

Mr. Buxton will, no doubt, call on Mr. Rice to communicate, for the satisfaction of the house, what measures Governmeut shall feel themselves compelled to take toward our vagrant act majority! and what those measures must be, may more easily be conjectured than now stated; suffice it to say, that the day is not far distant, when the Parliament of Great Britain will not permit such virtuous dispositions, as are here manifested by my correspondent, to be defeated by any relic of the old slave-trading or commando propensities of the colony: in the meanwhile, let the kind good man live on in hope; though like Gideon's fleece, he only, of all around him, has felt the heavenly dew of philanthropy towards his suffering fellow creatures; a better day is coming, and probably, his gray hairs may not go down to the grave without his witnessing the downfall of Devil Doctors and their Philosophy.

I am utterly unable to offer any observations respecting the Breede River and its capabilities; the East India Company have had two of their sloops of war employed for several years past in surveying the Red Sea! The survey of the colonial coast seems a more important measure than foreign waters: the facts stated by my correspondent, should be scientifically examined and reported on: some professional objection of which he knows nothing, may nullify all the supposed advantages:—but inland water carriage and steam boats, require no lengthened commendations; the simple and only quæry being, are they practicable? and will they pay? if the expense of such navigation, exceeds the value of the freight, all hopes of the river canal and of coasting steam boats ceases for the present: the fact, however, of the existence of such capabilities, should be known for the guidance of emigrants.

The stationing of small garrisons in the district, involves a part of the system of colonial policy, which it does not become me to enter upon:—yet still, I may state, that it is for the colonists to inquire whether the troops could not be more usefully employed than at present? whether they would not be more beneficial to the colony if detached as out-posts of companies through the districts, than as now quartered in the barracks? whether the captains, who would command such companies, are not a far more enlightened class of public functionaries than the present Drostdys and Commissioners? and whether a suitable official salary to such captains commanding small districts, as a remuneration for their superintendance of police, and acting as justices of the peace, would not be the cheapest and most efficient municipal administration?—something of this kind exists in Australia, and works well; military law does not follow, because administered by military; the point at issue is simply, that a body of well educated and accomplished gentlemen have leisure, and could employ it with benefit to the state and to themselves, if judiciously authorized.

The actual local expenditure of a Regiment of 8 companies, and perhaps 500 men, cannot be much short of £20,000 per annum: supposing that it approached £2500 on each company, the circulation of such a sum of ready money would, of itself, constitute the certain prosperity of each out-post station; and the presence of such detachments would serve to secure the peace of the colony, which is the sole object for which the Regiments are now required at the Cape: the arguments against the out post, and small garrison system, are all military—discipline and the commissariat, and the pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war, forbid the dispersion of a Regiment into detachments.

I had nearly left my correspondent's postscript to be answered in postscript also:—the specimen of cotton he sent me, is the fuzzy seed of the Eriocephalus Africanus, a sea sand weed, and not applicable, that I know of, to any purpose whatever:—it should not, however, be destroyed; the police should protect the shrubs which cover, and partially bind, the sand hills of these coasts: they cost nothing, and are of more use than some well-paid placemen: I allude to the cart-loads of green heath I see driving into the town, and which I never meet without regret; were those beautiful shrubs allowed to grow, the fall of their leaves, blossoms, and seeds, and the spread of their roots, would bind the sand and slowly form a more valuable soil

In conclusion, there can be little doubt but that the Cape affords a more advantageous, and more desirable location! for the retirement of our Indian veterans, than any part of France or Italy, in which foreign countries they have

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so frequently been seen to resort: and if my poor voice could have any effect, I would not spare its earnest and honest exertion, to induce those, whose health or means render a residence in Great Britain an unattainable blessing, to seek in this colony, a Home, more suited to English habits and English feelings, than any part of the continent: they must be exiles and strangers there, and their children will cease to be English; whilst here, they at once become component parts of a rising community; and good hope! and the coming day, are theirs, for them and for their children.

As my sobriquet has been used by another, and I should not like to answer for all the nonsense that might be so written, I hereby make known, that this will be my last under the designation of INDIAN EXPORT.

THOUGHTS AND REMINISCENCES.

No. IV.

THERE is a great want of *character* in this colony—i. e. *decision of character*. Men are one thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow. There is a great want of *fixed principle*. In this respect, many minds are too like a child's garden, where the flowers are planted without the roots.

Hence, in reference to the subject contained in the above paragraph, a celebrated German writer* observes—"I am often out of humour with the English, because they are so great, and yet so little." He then proceeds to point out some of their inconsistencies, but soon arrives at the brighter side of the picture. "Hail to you," he observes, "noble people of England, who in so many things have lighted on the rest of the world to improvement, and have now laid the axe to the root of tyranny Yours in the destruction of Slavery, is a beautiful final victory of humanity and justice, held up as an example to all the ends of the earth!"

The proper rest for man is change of occupation. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "There will be time enough for repose in the grave," said Nicole to Pascal. The mental and bodily powers are much more frequently impaired by idleness, than by excessive labour The saying of the late Dr. E. D. Clarke, the traveller, is worthy of notice. "I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of *too many irons in the fire*, conveys an abominable lie; you cannot have too many; poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

Dr. Mason Good's translation of Lucretius was not penned in the silence and solitude of the study. It was composed IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, DURING THE TRANSLATOR'S EXTENSIVE WALKS TO VISIT HIS NUMEROUS PATIENTS! This is perhaps the finest instance of the valuable art of economizing time of which we have either read or heard.

The faculties modify each other, but the *general* character is fixed. The irascible man of to-day was so twenty years ago; so was the selfish;—though higher feelings, cultivated, render the *conduct* of the one milder, and the other more liberal.

If we dissect the world and its friendships, how much of heartlessness do we find! The people of modern times are charmed with each other, just so long as it is amusing or *interesting* to meet,—but not an hour longer. The friendships of the world lie chiefly in frequent visits, and in joint subscriptions to a play, a ball, a club, a fancy fair, or a race-course,—but as for the mutual self-sacrifices so delicious to heart-felt affection, it is perfectly ridiculous to rely upon such things from such persons, or to cry out when they are refused. Who does not know how much, or how little is meant, when a correspondent signs himself

Your humble servant,
Your very humble servant,
Yours, faithfully,
Yours, truly,
Yours, sincerely,
Yours, ever.

* Prince Puckler-Muskau.

RELIGION WITHOUT SOUL.

THE characteristic features of the times in which we live are knowledge and activity; and it is in the shape of science, and of practical beneficence, that the leaven of true religion must diffuse itself through the social mass. It is the age of utility: religion must commend itself as the most useful of all things. It is the age of legislation: religion must be seen to be at once above all legislation, and yet the basis of all. It is an age of general education: religion must be made not *a condition* of education, nor its end, but 'part and parcel' of the knowledge which educates.

On this subject, Dr. Howison, in his recently-published Work — *European Colonies*, 2 vols. 8vo. makes a few observations which are worthy of notice. The sayings are hard—they describe the inefficacy of a Religion without Soul—we sincerely hope they are not of general application.

When a system of religion ceases to affect externally the manners and domestic habits of those who profess it, we may safely conclude that its proper influence is nearly unfelt, or is rapidly declining. Such seems to be the case with Christianity at present, and more particularly in Protestant countries, where, in so far as the mass of society is concerned, its doctrines are received as a matter of FORM, and assented to merely in *compliance* with the *customs* of the day. Religion has long ceased to be a subject of enthusiasm in the more civilised states of Europe; and any mark or badge indicative of its influence is rejected by the people as a symbol of ignorance and superstition. They are ashamed to allow it to interfere in the remotest degree with their habits of life; and every one furnishes himself with arguments in proof of the uselessness and nullity of external observances. It is pleasing to hear our clergymen weekly thanking God from the pulpit that we do not live in times of persecution. Nothing can be more in harmony with the spirit of the age than this. For who among us would willingly suffer any thing for the sake of Christianity? Who would die for it? Were a crusade preached, who would join its standard *without pay?* Fasting has long since become unfashionable amongst clergy and laity; and when money is required for the erection of a church, no one will give it unless he be assured of receiving a fair *per-centage*.

Military Rule.—The military mind is generally supposed to want the power of nice discrimination. The jurisdiction of the camp is little solicitous about forms and subtle reasoning; military law is blunt and summary, and when its decisions resolves all difficulties, doctrines of humanity are not contemplated. —*Tacitus.*

THEIR WORSHIPS ON THE BENCH.

Scene:—SOUTH BOLTON.

(From a Traveller's Note Book.)

THERE was a full attendance of magistrates; and the court was crowded chiefly in consequence of the expectation of the case of an Irish pauper, which had excited much interest from the animosities to which it had given rise between two neighbouring parishes, in contesting the law of settlement. The parochial officers attended, accompanied by their attorneys, who brought with them so many law-books, that one of the magistrates inquired if they had got the Statutes at Large. Several minor cases being first disposed of, the pauper himself, (who was dreadfully emaciated, and had but one leg,) with all the parties interested, were ranged before the Bench. The two attorneys appeared to consult with each other in the most familiar manner; while great bitterness of feeling was manifested between the overseers of the two parishes, North and South Bolton. One of the overseers was eager to address the Bench, but was soon silenced by the attorney, who begged to be informed why his attendance was required if he was not permitted to state the case. He then stepped forward, with a book under his arm and a large nosegay in his coat, and addressed the magistrates as follows:—

"The case to which I have the honour of directing your Worships' attention is that of a pauper, Peter MacDuffy."—"That's not my name," exclaimed the pauper; "my dear name is Paddy." "Silence!" exclaimed a magistrate. "This pauper," continued the attorney, "presented a pass and applied for relief to the overseers of our parish; but I have credible witnesses to prove that he has obtained a settlement in the parish of South Bolton, by the occupation of a house on the Heath, and is liable to pay scot and lot; and although he may come under the denomination of *medicæ et infinæ manus homines*, yet I am convinced that he is not extra-parochial.—I know not what defence is intended to be set up by my learned brother, but I cannot conceive that there can be any valid plea for rejecting the claim of settlement; or in short, that the opposing party can by any possibility have a leg to stand upon."

MacDuffy.—My left leg is left on the plains of Talavera, but my right leg is left.

Magistrate.—Peace, fellow! he is not speaking of your leg, but the lameness of the cause.

MacDuffy.—The cause of the lameness, your Honour, was a six-and-thirty pounder.

Magistrate.—Will you be silent!

MacDuffy.—I'll not spake another word, your Honour.

The magistrate now desired the overseer of the parish where the pauper resided, to state why he had refused to grant him relief, and had attempted to pass him to another parish.—The overseer replied, that the shed which the pauper had occupied did not entitle him to be considered as a householder; but as their lawyer was present, he would lay down the law.

A young man about thirty years of age, dressed in shabby black and in substance the very reverse of his corpulent competitor, stood forward. He held in his hand a white pocket-handkerchief, which, notwithstanding his endeavours at concealment, betrayed the ravages of time. This tattered article of dress would probably have reposed unmolested in his pocket, had not the pretence of using it afforded an opportunity for the display of a brilliant ring. His face shone with a polish that indicated a recent ablution, to which it was rarely accustomed. After two loud hems, he thus began:—

"Bred in the shades of Academus, mine has been the 'delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot;' to watch with trembling

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solicitude the developement of mind; to conduct the young aspirant along the thorny paths and up the steep ascents of science; to soothe the fainting spirits of the intensely studious, encourage rising talent, and crown with never-fading chaplets the triumphant genius. But, alas! those halcyon days are fled. I, who anon have culled the choicest flowers in the verdant fields of literature, must now plod the rugged roads of jurisprudence, and search for precedents among dusty and ponderous folios. I, who have been fanned by cooling zephyrs, and courted the Muses on the summit of Parnassus, am now doomed to sojourn with Coke and Littleton in Nisi Prius. Farewell, ye sylvian joys,—delicious meads, and winding streams, farewell! For, behold, I enter upon a dreary course, so interminable as to have confounded the learning of Seldon; so desolate as to have chilled the philosophy of Blackstone; and abounding in postulates so involved and perplexing, that even an Eldon doubts. Not more intricate than the painful labyrinths of the law was the far-famed web of the fair Penelope, dear to classic reminiscence;—not more—

Magistrate.—Will you have the goodness to inform us, Sir, what connexion there is between Penelope's web, cooling zephyrs, and sylvan joys, and this case of Patrick MacDuffy?

Lawyer.—This being the first cause entrusted to my care since the ferula was laid aside, in the hope of one day wielding the rod of justice, I deemed a preliminary explanation necessary, to account for those technical errors incident to young and incipient practitioners. But, to proceed,—if in the faithful discharge of my professional duties I should drop one word repugnant to your delicate sensibilities, or obtrude objects repulsive to nerves finely attenuated, I trust you will not attribute it to any deficiency in profound respect on my part, but to that complexity in society through which, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to separate the rich from the poor, plebeian misery will sometimes interfere with patrician pleasure, and elicit in the collision a striking antithesis.

Magistrate.—Really, Sir, unless you come to the point, we shall not finish this cause to-day.

Lawyer.—The pauper whose case is before your Worships, was engaged, employed, directed, instigated, or impelled by an inhabitant of, or dweller in, this part of the country or island, commonly called England, formerly Britain, which inhabitant or dweller was deeply interested in the cultivation or tilling of the soil, and in superintending the processes of vegetation:—I say, MacDuffy was engaged by this tiller, to sever, cut, or crop certain grasses growing together in a meadow, field, or paddock. Of what kind the grasses consisted,—whether *Poa pratensis, Festuca duriuscula, Festuca pratensis, Lolium perenne,* or *Alopecurus pratensis,*—may not be an inquiry material to our purpose, and too tedious to enter upon. Suffice it to say, that there were many kinds of grasses, accurately described by Linnæus under the head of—Really I forget the class.

Magistrate.—Never mind the class, Sir; but proceed, and that with less circumlocution.

Lawyer.—During the time of his engagement, the shatered Hibernian took up his abode in a cart-shed on the Heath, and which, not being claimed, belongs of right to the lord of the manor,—*terræ dominicales.* Now I will defy the most profound and erudite lawyer to prove that this shed can come under any of the denominations expressed in the Acts of Parliament on the law of settlement, it being neither messuage, tenement, homestall, hut, or hovel. It is true that part of an old window frame has been inserted in the roof to form a skylight; but still the shed is open on all sides, and "pervious to every wind that blows." Time was when the vassal who followed his lord to the field was rewarded for his service by grants of land;—that was in the darker ages; but in this enlightened period, the old and worn-out soldier has got no stake in the country.

MacDuffy.—Only this little shillaly, your Honour; I ha'rn't space enough for the smallest potatoe to sprout.*

Magistrate.—A skylight to a cart-shed! Did Patrick MacDuffy place it there?

MacDuffy.—He did;—and I'll give your Honour a small historical account. You see before your Honour a bit of an astronomer. Father O'Rourke, our priest, had a taste that way: I was no higher than your Honour's knee when I carried milk to his house. "Paddy," said he, "look to the stars:" and then, your Honour, he showed me all the consternations, the great big Bear, the small Bear, and Mister Orion. My father had no larning, and he told me to look to the potatoes; but, your Honour, I always loved to gaze upon those sparkling and beautiful jewels when I could get a sly peep, for my father watched me and shook his shillaly. We had two beds in our mud cabin,—which was small to be sure, for there were twelve in a family, father and mother, six children, and four pigs;—the pigs reclined, your Honour, between the two beds. In dry weather I contrived to remove a bundle of straw from the roof, so that while the rest were snoring I looked up with delight. One night, when all was still, I was just closing my peepers, when I thought I saw Mr. Orion's head: "By the powers," said I, "there he is sure enough!" I was so happy to see his Honour, that I forgot it was night, and called out "Look at his sword and his pike,—for all the world like Captain Rock!" The whole family, pigs and all, instantly jumped up and ran out. I run too, your Honour, to see what was the row. "Where are the sword, and the pike, and Captain Rock?" said my brother, "My dear," said I, "it is Mr. Orion, that beautiful and calm consternation!"—"No more of your consternations for me," said my father; "for to morrow you shall leave my domains." So they all went growling and grunting to bed.—When the morning came, your Honour, myself, Patrick MacDuffy, departed. My father gave me three thirteeners, and my pockets full of potatoes, for a separate maintenance; so I worked my way over land and water to London. When I got there, your Honour, I had only one thirteener left; and this wreck of my fortune was lifted out of my pocket while I was looking through a long pole after the man in the moon. "Never fear," said a gentleman in a scarlet jacket and with a feather in his cap, "money you shall have, if you will fight for King George."—"Sir," said I, "fighting is only a love-matter in sweet Ireland; so I'm the man for your money." Then we marched over into Spain, and my leg was blown off in the battle of Talavera. They told me I was covered with glory; but, your Honour, it was all blood and dust; and I suppose my leg and the glory went somewhere together, for I have seen nothing of either since.

Lawyer of North Bolton.—Should your Worships decide that no settlement was made in the neighbouring parish, sufficient has transpired, in the course of this investigation, to relieve my clients from the claim of MacDuffy. The acts of parliament on the law of settlement, however contradictory and perplexing in some respects, refer exclusively to the claims of paupers. Sir Thomas Smith, in his "Commonwealth of England," book i. chapter 20. says, "As for gentlemen, they be made good cheap in this kingdom: for whoever studieth in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, and (to be short) who can live idly, and without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called Master, and shall be taken for a gentleman."* Now, unless it is maintained (which, saving your worships' presence, I think impossible,) that a gentleman and a pauper are synonymous, I think it is clear that the description given by MacDuffy of some of his pursuits, accords with the characteristics of a gentleman, as herein set forth; for, although he may not "bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman," yet he "can live idly:" and, inasmuch as he studies astronomy, he professes the liberal sciences.

MacDuffy.—Plase your Worship, I am sartinly a jontleman; but I makes no professions.

Among the magistrates there sat one at the end of the bench, who appeared to be a clergyman.—Early in the day his venerable, mild, and intelligent countenance arrested my attention, and formed a remarkable contrast to the convivial complexions of his brother magistrates. He saw that the case might be dismissed without a final decision, and that the sufferings of the pauper might be prolonged; he therefore evinced a disposition to speak,—upon which the whole Court observed the most profound silence.

"The case you have brought before us appears to be one of some legal difficulty, and I have no doubt that you respectively have been induced to try the question from a desire to adminster with fidelity the funds entrusted to your care. But whatever may be the defects in the law, I should hope, in the present instance at least, that they will be repaired by humanity. Rather than incur the expense or be disturbed by the hostility of litigation, share between you the charge, and the honour of succouring the wounded soldier. While you were enjoying at your fire-side domestic comforts, he may have been deprived of food and rest, harassed by forced marches, and exposed to continual danger:—you cannot evince your gratitude more strongly than by sustaining, in their declining years, those to whose sufferings and bravery you are indebted for the preservation of your liberties.—It is probably owing to some eccentricity or thoughtlessness, that this poor man has neglected to avail himself of those comfortable and magnificent asylums which the Government has provided for the defenders of our country, and which reflect so much honour upon our character as a nation. For his indiscretion and heedlessness you will make due allowance by reflecting, that if you had been exposed to the influence of similar untoward circumstances, your own conduct might have been equally indiscreet. That which the law has left undefined, let the principles of justice and equity supply; and by consulting the dictates of that best of all monitors, your own heart, the path of duty will be easily discovered. By following this rule, you will distribute justice, and secure the approbation of all good citizens

* "If there be a nation that exports its beef and linen to pay for the importation of claret and porter, while a greater part of its people live upon potatoes and wear no shirts,—wherein does it differ from the sot, who lets his family starve, and sells his clothes to buy drink?"—FRANKLIN.

* "No condition passes for servitude that is accompanied with great riches, with honours, and with the service of many inferiors. This is but a deception of the sight through a false medium; for if a groom serve a gentleman in his chamber, that gentleman a lord, and that lord a prince,—the groom, the gentleman, and the lord, are as much servants as the other: the circumstantial difference of the one's getting only his bread and wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous estate, is no more intrinsical to this matter, than the difference between a plain, a rich, and a gaudy livery. I do not say that he who sells his whole time and his own will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser merchant than he who does it for one hundred pounds; but I will swear they are both merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that estate to which he is born."—COWLEY.

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and of all good Christians; but, what is still more to be desired, you will enjoy the greatest of all pleasures, that of an approving conscience."

The overseers of North and South Bolton complied with the recommendation to bear the burden of supporting Patrick Mac Duffy between them, rather than incur any further litigation.

THE TALENT OF EXAMINING WITNESSES.

A WRITER in the *Liverpool Journal*, a very ably conducted paper, has given, and is giving, a series of what he calls "Pen and Ink Sketches," illustrative of the characters, talents, and standing of the leading men in Ireland. The said sketches are full of graphic power, and evince something very like the hand of a master. That the writer is an Irishman we have no doubt whatever—and one too, who is not only favored with access to the best circles of society, but is thoroughly acquainted with the past and present history of his native country. The subject of his last essay is the great O'Connell, who combines, we are told, as a lawyer, qualities the most opposite—"all of them rare in their separate excellences, and wonderful in their combination." His great forte, however, seems to lie in the examination of witnesses; and the writer says expressly "there is no power so strong as that of good cross-examination; and I never knew any man possess that power in a more eminent degree than O'Connell." In proof of this, and the Agitator's talents generally, he records the following striking anecdotes.

One of his earliest displays of acuteness was at Tralee, in the year 1799, shortly after he had been called to the bar In the intricate case where he was junior council (having got the brief more as a family compliment than from any other cause,) the question in dispute was as to the validity of a will, which had been made, almost in *articulo mortis*. The instrument was drawn up with proper form: the witnesses were examined, and gave ample confirmation that the deed had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant, possessed of a strong passion for speaking. It fell to O'Connell to cross examine him, and the young barrister allowed him to speak on, in the hope that he might say too much. Nor was this hope disappointed. The witness had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. "Yes," continued he, with all the garrulousness of old age, "I saw him sign it, and surely *there was life in him at the time*." The expression, frequently repeated, led O'Connell, to conjecture that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eye upon the old man, he said,—"you have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth, and the *whole* truth: the eye of God is upon you; the eyes of your neighbours are fixed upon you also. Answer me, by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which has passed your lips, *was the testator alive when he signed the will?*" The witness was struck with the solemn manner in which he was addressed, his colour changed—his lips quivered—his limbs trembled, and he faltered out the reply—"*there was life in him.*" The questioned was repeated in a more impressive manner, and the result was that O'Connell half compelled, half cajoled him to admit that, after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand,—that one of the party guided it to sign his name, while, as a salvo for the consciences of all concerned, a living fly was put into the dead man's mouth, to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that "there was life in him" when he signed that will. This fact, literally dragged from the witness, preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and was the first occurrence, in O'Connell's legal career, worth mentioning. Miss Edgeworth, in her "Patronage," has an incident not much different from this; perhaps it was suggested by it. The plaintiffs in this case were two sisters named Langton, both of whom still enjoy the property miraculously preserved to them by the ingenuity of O'Connell; and the writer of this sketch has often heard them relate the manner in which he had contrived to elicit the truth.

Again—One of the most remarkable personages in Cork, for a series of years, was a sharp witted little fellow named John Boyle, who published a periodical called the "Freeholder." As Boyle did not see that any peculiar dignity hedged the corporation of Cork, his "Freeholder" was remarkable for severe and satirical remarks upon its members, collectively and personally. Owing to the very great precautions as to the mode of publication, it was next to impossible for the corporation to proceed against him for libel;—if they could have done so, his punishment was certain, for, in those days there was none but corporation juries, and the fact that Boyle was hostile to the municipal *clique*, was quite enough for these worthy administrators of justice. It happened on the occasion of a crowded benefit, that Boyle and one of the Sheriffs were coming out of the pit of the theatre, at the same moment. A sudden crush drove the scribe against the Sheriff, and the concussion was so great that the latter had two of his ribs broken.—There could be no doubt that the whole was accidental; but it was too lucky not to be taken advantage of. Mr. Boyle was prosecuted for assault. O'Connell (who was personally inimical to the corporation) scarcely cross examined a witness, and called none in defence. He proceeded to reply. After some hyperbolical compliments on the "well-known impartiality, independence, and justice of a Cork jury," he proceeded to address them thus:—"I had no notion that the case is what it is; therefore I call no witnesses. As I have received a brief, and its accompaniment,—a fee, I must address you. I am not in the vein for making a speech, so, gentlemen, instead of it, I shall tell you a story. Some years ago, I went, specially, to Clonmell assizes, and accidentally witnessed a trial which I never shall forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbour. It seemed that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair and exchanged blows: again, that evening, they met at a low pot-house, and the bodily interference of friends alone prevented a fight between them. The prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival. The wretched victim left the house, followed soon after by the prisoner, and was found next day on the roadside.—murdered, and his face so barbarously beaten in by a stone, that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strongly against the prisoner—in fact, it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with.—As a matter of form—for of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called, to the surprise of every one,—the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward. It seemed that another man had been murdered,—that the identification by dress was vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes,—that the presumed victim had got a hint that he would be arrested under the whiteboy act,—had fled,—and only returned with a noble and Irish feeling of justice, when he found that his ancient foe was in jeopardy, on his account. The case was clear; the prisoner was innocent. The judge told the jury that it was unnecessary to charge them. They requested permission to retire; they returned in about two hours, when the foreman, with a long face, handed in the verdict 'guilty.' Every one was astonished. 'Good God!' said the judge, 'of what is he guilty? Not of murder, surely?' 'No, my Lord,' said the foreman; 'but if he did not murder that man, sure he stole my grey mare three years ago.'" The Cork jurors laughed heartily at this anecdote, and, ere their mirth had time to cool, O'Connell continued, with marked emphasis, "So, gentlemen of the jury, if Mr. Boyle did not wilfully assault the Sheriff, he has libelled the corporation—find him guilty, by all means!" The application was so severe, that the jury, shamed into justice, instantly acquitted Mr. Boyle.

REBELLION OF THE FRONTIER BOERS IN 1815.

[THE good feeling of the English writers at the Cape of Good Hope towards their fellow colonists, has induced them to draw a veil over some of the darker shades of the colonial character. But as our History would be unfaithful without a correct record of passing events, we are glad to find after a becoming lapse of years, the hiatus filled up by a detail of the interesting facts of a bye-gone period. The following is a reprint of Chapter V. in the *African Sketches*, by Mr. Pringle.]

Insurrection of Frontier Boors in 1815—*Case of the Hottentot, Booy—Oppression of the Native Race—Conduct and Fate of Frederick Bezuidenhout—Views of the Insurgents—Failure of their Schemes—Their Surrender—Pursuit of the Fugitives—Desperate Resistance of the Bezuidenhouts—Trial and Punishment of the Prisoners.*

I HAVE previously alluded to an insurrection of Dutch-African Boors which broke out in 1815, and of which the sub-district *(Field-Cornetcy)* of Bavian's River was the focus. As our location consisted of lands which had been forfeited by some of these insurgents, and as the facts of the case will illustrate in a striking manner the character of the frontier colonists, and the civil condition both of this class and of their coloured dependents, only a few years before our arrival, I shall here briefly relate the history of the affair. I collected the authentic details partly from the printed report, in Dutch, of a Special Commission appointed to try the criminals, and partly from the accounts I received from the magistrates of the district, and from several of the boors themselves who had been implicated in the conspiracy.

Some time in 1814, a Hottentot, named Booy, appeared at the Magistrate's office at Cradock, and complained of the oppressive conduct of Frederick Bezuidenhout, a Dutch African colonist, who resided at the place now called Cameron's Cleugh, on Bavian's River. Booy, it appeared, had been for several years in the service of this Boor; but when the term of his contract had expired, Bezuidenhout peremptorily refused to permit him either to depart, or to remove what little property he had on the place Captain Stockenstrom, who at that time filled the office of deputy-landdrost of the sub-district of Cradock, gave the complainant a letter to Opperman, the field cornet of Bavian's River, directing that officer to inquire into the case: and in the event of the Hottentot's statement proving correct, to take care that his property was delivered to him, and that he was allowed to remove unmolested The field-cornet having gone to Bezuidenhout's place with Booy, found the Hottentot's statement to be perfectly correct The Boor at once admitted the facts; but instead of yielding obedience to the magistrate's orders, he boldly declared that he considered this interference between him (a free burgher) and *his* Hottentot, to be a presumptuous innovation upon his *rights*, and an intolerable usurpation of tyrannical authority.

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He told the field-cornet that he set at defiance both himself and the magistrate who had sent him on this officious errand; and, to give farther emphasis to his words, he fell violently upon poor Booy, gave him a severe beating, and then bade him go and tell the civil authorities that he would treat them in the same manner if they should dare to come upon his grounds to claim the property of a Hottentot.

In elucidation of Bezuidenhout's conduct on this occasion, it is to be remarked that, up to a comparatively recent period, the Hottentot population within the limits of the colony had been universally subject to a state of the most degraded thraldom, under the African Boors. The laws of Holland had, indeed, from the earliest occupation of the country, prohibited the aborigines from being legally sold; and in public documents they were occasionally spoken of as a 'free people.' But colonial laws, usages, and prejudices, had long combined to reduce this unfortunate race to a state of actual bondage, in several respects even more wretched than negro slavery itself. They were, in fact, left entirely in the power of the white colonists; and in the remoter districts, their own limbs and lives, as well as the disposal of their children, were practically altogether at their masters' mercy. In 1809, the Earl of Caledon, who at that time administered the Government of the Cape, had made a benevolent attempt to rescue this class of men from their abject and unprotected condition, by issuing a proclamation, which, by one of its provisions, deprived the colonists of the power, so long exercised as a legal and unquestionable *right*, of retaining the children of the Hottentots in bondage, under the name of apprenticeship, until their twenty-fifth year, and the adults, under other pretexts, often for life. This proclamation contained several other clauses, framed unquestionably with an anxious desire to improve the condition and protect the persons and property of this people. Considering the state of the public feeling, and the progress of just views on such subjects, perhaps Lord Caledon's proclamation was, *at that period*, an effort in the cause of justice and humanity, nearly as great as the noble ordinance issued by General Bourke nineteen years afterwards. But, unhappily for the Hottentots and for the colony, many of the best provisions of Lord Caledon's enactments were neutralized by coercive clauses admitted at the suggestion of certain provincial functionaries, to conciliate the feelings and serve the selfish views of the privileged classes, and which had a practical operation which his lordship most undoubtedly never intended to sanction. What was still more deplorable, Sir John Cradock, who succeeded Lord Caledon in the government, permitted himself to be so far influenced by the representations of the colonists that he rescinded, by another proclamation in 1812, the most important clause of Lord Caledon's enactment—that, namely, which secured to the oppressed natives a right to their own children; and thus re established the iniquitous claim of the colonists to force them into apprenticed servitude, and sealed for sixteen years longer the degradation of the race.

In this state of things, and with provincial functionaries in general deeply imbued with the feelings of the other colonists, the protection of the native race from oppression was out of the question. When the local magistrate happened to be, as in the present case, a man of enlightened views and determined character, a vigorous attempt might occasionally be made to interfere in defence of the natives, so far as the colonial law extended its feeble and faltering arm. But the indignant resentment with which such interference was repelled, clearly evinces how seldom it had hitherto been efficiently exerted. In regard to Bezuidenhout it is, moreover, to be recollected that, ever since the earlier days of colonial anarchy, which Mr. Barrow has so forcibly depicted, when the Boors used to murder and mutilate the Hottentots at discretion, he and his comrade had resided on this wild and secluded part of the frontier, where colonial legislation in regard to the aborigines had reached them only by hearsay, and where such terms as the 'rights of the natives' were still treated with unqualified contempt. The angry defiance, therefore, with which this rude back-settler met the magistrate's intervention in behalf of Booy, and the warmth with which his resentful feelings, *as an insulted free burgher*, were sympathised with by a large portion of the neighbouring colonists, exhibits, in a light equally striking and instructive, the frightful perversion of moral sentiment in the dominant class by the uncontrolled exercise of arbitrary power, and the deplorable condition of the natives who lay prostrate under their feet.

Upon receiving the field-cornet's report of Bezuidenhout's outrageous conduct, the magistrate instituted legal proceedings against him before the local court. But the Boor treated the regular summonses that were delivered to him with the same audacious contempt with which he had repelled the monitory intervention of the field cornet; even threatening with personal violence the judicial messengers. The case was thus brought regularly before the Judges of Circuit, at Graaff Reinet, in 1815; when the defendant maintaining the same contumacy, and refusing to appear, he was sentenced to imprisonment for contempt of court.

It now became necessary to act with vigour, or else to expose the laws and courts of justice to the utter contempt of the colonists The under-sheriff was therefore despatched by Captain Stockenstrom, who had recently been appointed chief magistrate (landdrost) of the district, to take Bezuidenhout into custody; and as this audacious burgher had sworn never to surrender himself, the officer of justice was accompanied by a military escort to protect him in the execution of his duty. As soon as Bezuidenhout saw this party approching his house, he, with a coolness and determination worthy of a better cause, betook himself to a cave in a huge rock overhanging the river, into which he had previously conveyed a large quantity of powder and ball, together with a supply of provisions, to stand a siege; and, compelling two young men, who lived with him, to accompany him with their arms, he commenced a brisk fire upon the under-sheriff and the military. The place was then surrounded; and, as the desperate boor would listen to no parley, but continued to shoot resolutely at every man who came within reach of his long barrelled elephant gun (*roer*), a fire of musketry was opened against the garrison of the cavern; the besiegers ensconcing themselves as well as they could behind the large stones and hedges of rock that lay around. At length, in Bezuidenhout's eagerness to get a good aim at one of the assailants, his person became so much exposed that a ball, fired by one of the Hottentot soldiers from the opposite side of the river, took effect, and killed him on the spot. Upon this, his two companions (one of whom was a *Bastaard* or Mulatto) surrendered themselves. They were carried to Graaff-Reinet, and committed to gaol, but discharged after a short imprisonment.

This affair excited a very great sensation in the country. A numerous assemblage of the Dutch-African colonists of Bavian's River, Tarka, and the adjoining sub-districts, was held at the funeral of the deceased burgher. Great excesses of inebriety took place; inflammatory speeches were delivered; and several of the most violent of these Colonial 'Patriots,' as they termed themselves, took a solemn oath over the corpse of Bezuidenhout to revenge his death. They swore to hang Landdrost Stockenstrom, and the Field-Cornet Opperman whom he had first sent to interfere on behalf of the Hottentot, Booy; and to drive the English troops and English laws over Bruintjes-hoogte. Nor did these feelings of animosity and these insane boastings evaporate with the fumes of the brandy with which, in appropriate libations, they had celebrated the obsequies of the hero. Soon afterwards, a meeting of the disaffected took place on the Tarka, under the direction of a man named Hendrik Prinslo, at which their *grievances* under the laws enacted for the protection of the native race, and the practicability of throwing off the yoke, were more fully discussed A conspiracy was then entered into to bring about a general insurrection, and to call in the aid of the Caffers to assist them in expelling the English from th eastern parts of the colony. The recollection which many of these men retained of the state of anarchy in which this part of the country had been kept for several years at the commencement, to restore at least a similar state of affairs, if not to achieve their entire independence of the English government.

These points having been agreed upon, a letter was drawn up at this meeting, and addressed to one Krugel, residing at Rhinosterberg in the northern part of the colony, on whom great reliance was placed by them, calling upon him to excite the inhabitants of that frontier to take up arms. This letter was drawn up by one Bothma, who had formerly been banished the colony for forgery. It was then signed by Prinslo, and confided to the charge of two brothers of the name of Muller, who had been admitted to the meeting. The Mullers, however, instead of conveying the letter to Krugel, proceeded with it to the Field-Comandant Van Wyk, a man of decided loyalty, who, upon ascertaining the nature of its contents, hastened to Cradock, and placed it in the hands of the deputy-landdrost, Mr. Van de Graaff. An express was despatched by this magistrate to the nearest military officer, Captain Andrews, at Van Aard's Post, on the Great Fish River, who immediately sent a party of dragoons to seize Hendrik Prinslo They succeeded in surprising and arresting him in his father's house, near the site of the present village of Somerset, before he or any of his party had the least suspicion that their proceedings had become known to the authorities.

The conspirators, though greatly disconcerted by the arrest of their principal leader, did not, however, abandon their enterprise. A deputation was sent to the Caffer chief Gaika, with instructions to propose an alliance between him and the insurgents, for the purpose of expelling the English from the eastern districts. As a bait to tempt the cupidity of the African magnate, they offered, in the event of success, to leave in his possession the Zureveld (Albany), and other tracts of territory west of the Great Fish River, from which the Caffers had been recently expelled by the British troops; whilst they (the Boors) would occupy the country on the Kat and Koonap streams, to the eastward. Gaika, however, showed himself too good a politician to be thus cajoled by his old antagonists. He told the deputies that he could not believe the colonists were serious in their proposal; that he suspected their design was merely to decoy the Caffers into the open plains, with the view of more effectually destroying them; but that, if they really meant what they said, he considered them to be very foolish men, as there was no probability of their succeeding in such an attempt; and that, finally, for his own part, he had no inclination to place himself, like a silly deer, between a lion on the one side and a wolf on the other (the English and the Dutch). He absolutely refused, therefore, to take any part in the quarrel.

This was not the only quarter in which the anticipations of the insurgents were doomed to be disappointed. Their design to raise the northern frontier through the means of Krugel, had miscarried. In their own vicinity they were scarcely more successful. The Field-Commandant Van Wyk, a man of talent and intrepidity, and of great influence in the district, called out the burghers of his division

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(the Tarka) on military duty, in order to have them under his own eye. While thus assembled, Landdrost Stockenstrom, who, on the first intelligence of the intended revolt, had posted to the disturbed district, appeared in the midst of them, and harangued them with so much effect on the madness as well as the criminality of those who were treasonably attempting to organize an armed resistance to the government, that the evil-disposed (if any were present) were daunted, and the wavering confirmed in their loyalty.

Such was the effect of these combined causes, the premature discovery of their designs, the arrest of their principal leader, the refusal of Gaika to co-operate, and the energy of the local authorities, that the insurgents, when they drew together, could not muster more than sixty burghers; and of these the greater proportion were inexperienced hot-headed young men, too ignorant to be able to form any adequate conception of the power of the government which they had thus dared to defy, but which they were totally incompetent to resist.

This band rode down to Van-Aard's, the nearest military post, and demanded the release of their captured leader, Prinslo; but as Captain Andrews did not think fit to comply, they retired without venturing upon an assault, and took possession of a pass which commands the valley of the Great Fish River, at the eastern termination of the Boschberg range, immediately below the influx of the Bavian's River. Here they were met, a few days afterwards, by a detachment of British troops, hastily collected by Colonel Cuyler from the frontier garrisons, accompanied by a body of their own countrymen, the burgher militia, under their local officers. As Colonel Cuyler's force advanced up the hill called Slaghters-nek, on the brow of which the insurgents were posted, the latter were seen shaking hands together, as a mutual pledge to fight to the last; and there were doubtless men among them, and especially some of the near relatives of the deceased Bezuidenhout, of a character sufficiently resolute and desperate to dare any extremity. But while they were levelling their long guns to take deadly aim at the leaders of the advancing troops, and voices were heard loudly calling out in Dutch to the loyalist burghers to separate themselves from the military, in order to prevent bloodshed between brethren, Captain (afterwards Colonel) Fraser, ordered his men to halt, advanced alone to hold a parley with the rebels. A gun was levelled, and a finger was on the trigger, to seal the fate of this brave and generous officer; but the weapon was struck down by William Prinslo—my future acquaintance *Groot Willem*. Fraser called to their leaders and others whom he knew personally, and who loved and respected him. They gathered around him. He addressed them with energy on the folly of their attempting to resist the overwhelming force which, from more than one quarter, was advancing towards them; and on the insanity of shutting themselves out from all hope of mercy by the fruitless shedding of blood. They were touched and convinced by his address. They wavered in their resolution; and, after a brief consultation, all agreed to surrender,—with the exception of five of the more desperate delinquents, who, seeing that 'the game was up,' mounted their horses, and fled up the Bavian's River. These men were, Hans Bezuidenhout, brother to the deceased Frederick; Cornelius Faber, his brother-in-law; Theunis de Klerk; and Stephanus and Abraham Bothma; all deeply concerned in organising the insurrection. The rest of the band delivered themselves up to Colonel Cuyler, who disarmed them, and marched them down to Uitenhage, to wait the orders of the Government.

Meanwhile, Captain Fraser was despatched with a party of Hottentot dragoons, to arrest the rebels who had fled. Bezuidenhout and Faber, who resided near the source of the Bavian's River,* yoked their wagons, and putting their families and valuables into them, drove out of the valley and across the upland country towards the frontier, accompanied by the two Bothmas, and carrying with them their flocks and herds. Captain Fraser overtook them on the northern side of the Winterberg, upon one of the sources of the Tarka River; and, before they were aware of his approach, had placed his men in such a position as to intercept and surround them. Faber, who was riding in advance of his friends, in search of a convenient path for the wagons, first perceived the troops, and turned to give the alarm; but another detachment appearing behind, the unhappy fugitives saw that escape was impossible. Faber then alighted, and coolly levelled his gun to fire on the party nearest him—but received at that moment a ball through both shoulders, and was taken prisoner. The Bothmas were also seized without offering any serious resistance. But Hans Bezuidenhout, with a desperate courage, similar to that of his brother Frederick, deliberately placed himself by the side of his wagons, and opposed, single-handed, the whole force that surrounded him. He was repeatedly and urgently invited to surrender, but obstinately rejected all parley; and a soldier who approached him with a message was laid dead on the spot. His wife, a sister of Faber's, was an Amazon worthy of such a mate. Assisted by her son (a lad of fourteen years of age) she loaded seven muskets as fast as her husband could fire them off against the enemy, exclaiming, "Let us never be taken alive! let us die here together!" After the soldier fell, a volley was poured in upon them, which severely wounded both Bezuidenhout and his wife; but they still continued to fight with undiminished obstinacy, until at last a mortal shot finished the career of the former, and the wife, faint from fatigue and the loss of blood, was incapable of farther resistance. The conduct of this woman astonished every one present. Though desperately wounded, such was her fury and firmness that she pertinaciously rejected all assistance from the military surgeon, who had come to dress Captain Fraser's arm, which had been accidentally fractured just before the skirmish. Her son, a bold spirited lad, who had most courageously assisted his father in the conflict, was also severely wounded; but both he and the Amazonian mother ultimately recovered.

The sequel of the affair may be told in a few words. A Special Commission of the Court of Justice was sent up to Uitenhage to try the prisoners. Thirty-nine were capitally convicted; six were condemned to death; and the rest to minor punishments. Five were executed on the 9th of March, 1816, at Van-Aard's Post, where they had first appeared in open rebellion; namely Hendrik Prinslo, Stephanus Bothma, Faber, De Klerk, and Abraham Bothma. The sixth prisoner, Krugel, was transported for life. The rest were condemned to witness the execution of their comrades; after which some of them were set at liberty; and the others were punished by fine, forfeiture, imprisonment, or banishment from the frontier districts, according to their less or greater share of criminality in these transactions.

The Dutch-African inhabitants of the Tarka and of the lower part of Bavian's River, by whom our location was on three sides environed consisted, in a great measure, of the persons who had been engaged in this wicked and foolish rebellion, or their family connections, of the names of Erasmus, Prinslo, Vandernest, Bezuidenhout, Labuscagné, Engelbrecht, Bothma, Klopper, Malan, De Klerk, Van Dyk, &c.

* They occupied lands afterwards included in the Scotch Location. Bezuidenhout resided at the spot now called Craig-Rennie; and Faber had his kraal alternately at Clifton and Sildon. They lived in rude reed huts, and, excepting a small vineyard planted by Bezuidenhout, had scarcely made any attempt to cultivate the soil.

LITERATURE.

The Book of Etiquette; a Compendium of the whole Art of Politeness. 18mo. pp. 36. London, 1834. Griffiths.

DISCOVERING this matchless tome upon the drawing-room table of a fair lady, we could not help fancying that it must be the true code of good and fashionable manners; otherwise it could not form the study of so accomplished a person. The "*whole Art* of Politeness," said we internally, within so small a compass, must be invaluable; and, such is the infirmity of human nature, that, not content with partial plagiarism from it allowable to a reviewer, we absolutely made free and *borrowed* the whole book!

Having thus secured the precepts of our modern Chesterfield, we hastened, at our first leisure moment, to become master of the indispensable information, which, as the title-page assured us, is "absolutely requisite *to* the formation of a complete lady and gentleman,"—man and wife we presume, being conjuctively spoken of as an individual, or one flesh. Nor had we read a page before we found how great an improvement had been made since the preceding Chesterfield wrote. The march of intellect, and the spirit of the age, could not be more distinctly illustrated; and so different are the precepts, that you can hardly imagine them to pertain to the same century, country, and people.

Much pondering on these things, we feel it to be our duty to do our best towards elevating our friends to the present exalted standard of elegant life. Passing by the high philosophical principles unfolded by the incomparable author in his opening pages, we come at once, with this design, to his practical instructions. And first on the behaviour fitting for the dinner-table, whither you are to conduct the lady with whom you have been conversing. So—"In offering your arm, curve it outward, gracefully. For I once, (adds the author, as a striking warning,) heard of a tall, bony gentleman, who thrust out his elbow so suddenly (it was extremely sharp), that it hit the lady in the side, cut open her silk dress, and caused her to scream violently, fearing she had been stabbed! You SEE," he continues, impressing the subject, "how dangerous these angular sort of movements are!" No doubt they are, when men are such sharp fellows. We would advise the unfortunates who are exposed to be conveyed to dinner by such *monsters*, to put on at least two pair of stays or corsets with double ribs of whalebone, as a protection. But we proceed. "If you sit near the lady of the house, you must select an early period of the dinner at which to take wine with her. Bowing your head, you should smile *blandly, and half reaching to the decanter, utter in a soft tone* 'Shall I have the pleasure,——?'"

Nothing can be more *insinivating*, and we are quite prepared for the consequences. "She will bow politely in return; when you must about half fill her glass, and then your own; you then make another very slight obeisance before taking the glass to your lips."

Upon part of this advice we shall only notice, that it differs from that of another uncommonly clever and genteel writer, who says, you ought never to fill a lady's glass only half full, but invariably a bumper; because, says he, if she wants a whole glass she can have it, and if she wants only a half glass, says he, she can leave it: which reasoning doth appear to be consistent with the fact.

"Silver forks," we are informed, "are now common at every respectable table; and for my part, I cannot see how it is possible to eat a dinner comfortably without them. The fin-

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gers are the natural forks, and the best—but they are not fashionable." What a pity! "And next to them is the capacious fork of silver. You should divide your viands, and then use the fork exclusively, holding in the left hand a pellet of bread close to the plate, as a sort of assistant. Always use the napkin before drinking wine; and if you are intent upon the latter with a lady opposite you, desire the gentleman next her with simply, '*may I trouble you?*'—to fill her glass." If there are no napkins, perhaps it would be proper, "always before drinking wine," to use the table-cloth, or, if the lady nearest you wear one of those large inconvenient gigot sleeves, which keep flapping in your face, it might not be amiss to give your mouth a sly wipe or two with *that*. *Verbum sat.*

Then, as one good turn deserves another, "When the dessert appears, you should make an offer to the lady of the various kinds of fruit. You should crack the nuts for her, and deposit the kernels on her plate." [Keeping the shells for your trouble:] and "oranges should be peeled, and then cut in slices extremely thin, and powdered over with white sugar." Because "it is impossible for a lady to eat an orange in any other way without stretching her mouth—spirting the juice over her dress and into other people's eyes—and staining her delicate skin the colour of a frog's!" Pray attend to this, for the sake of your own eyes, if not for the sake of the lady's mouth, dress, or skin. You may take our word for it, that acid orange-juice is a monstrous disagreeable eye-water, even though squirted at you from sweet lips.

On behaviour at the tea-table, our Mentor is equally instructive. "Half the company generally consist of ladies, full of smiles! how delightful! Now you must be on the *qui vive*, my young friend, to supply the ladies with muffin, crumpet, toast, or bread-and-butter, by handing these delicacies round to them (unless there be a servant in the room, waiting upon the company). Also, you must keep a sharp eye upon their cups, and the moment they are empty, convey them to the tea-table. N. B. Mention the name of the lady as you put her tea cup and saucer down; and say (to the presiding lady) whether she will take more tea or not."

Having thus far got through your visiting devoirs with credit to yourself, another important occasion is about to occur, on which it is expedient to be excessively careful. "Music very often comes after tea, when you must be ready to turn over the leaves of the music book. You must do this without scrubbing your coat against the lady's cheek—knocking out her combs—smashing the candles—or cutting her finger ends off, by leaning on the lid of the piano, and forcing it down with a crash!"

In the latter case, it is evident that you would render it extremely inconvenient to the lady to play any more, since it has ever been observed, that musicians without tips to their fingers, had by no means that fine touch which is so essential to melody. "You smile," adds our authority, "but these things are often done, nevertheless." It has not happened where we have been, to be sure, but we see no cause for doubting the assertion of so respectable and refined a person; and we dare believe that he has witnessed four or five hundred sets of fingers so demolished: the ten digits tipped as if they were nine-pins. Again: "If you take part in a duet, be sure your voice is in order; for I have known a whole company afflicted by a pain in the stomach, through some screech-owl of a fellow pretending to sing!"

The danger, in these cholera times, is greatly increased; and every man possessed of bowels of compassion will guardedly abstain from falling into this afflicting error. Consider the condition of a whole company rendered uneasy at the same time, from the same cause!—reflect on the consequences that might ensue, and do moderate the rancour of your tongue. Screech-owls unquestionably, love to hear themselves screech; but we never met with any one, however fond of music, who preferred them to the thrush or nightingale. Besides, they produce a bad nocturnal effect upon the nerves of sick or delicate people; and in the very select and fastidious society for whose sphere alone the *Book of Etiquette* can be intended, there may be invalids of both classes—the very poorly, and the very affected.

The ball-room comes in its turn to be described, and the conduct becoming in those who frequent it is as clearly pointed out as if it were done with the toe in a pirouette.

"A ball room should exhibit the *ne plus ultra* of elegance and fashionable ease. The least deviation from grace—the least want of polite attention—is there remarked, and laid open to ridicule. I cannot, therefore, do better than recommend you to pay the most implicit regard to your dancing-master; and I also advise you to attend his public balls."

The author mentions a particular friend of his in this line, who, he tells us, is a very Apollo for the elegancies; and he adds, "For want of such advantages as he offers, I have known young men tumble about like pigs let loose—kicking the ladies' shins, treading on their toes, tearing their dresses, &c.! Really it is shocking to think that people will *dare* to dance (*dance*, forsooth!) in a quadrille under such circumstances."

This is, indeed, very shocking, and ought to be reformed altogether; but there are other things almost as bad. "How many people," observes our *arbiter elegantiarum*, "in other respects extremely amiable, have certain unaccountable habits! Some are perpetually hitching up their clothes [this is not in the ladies' chapter particularly]; others have a kind of snort, like a young elephant; and others, again, 'make faces,' as if for a wager!—all very, *very* bad habits. Putting the feet upon the fender is an offence not to be tolerated; clumsily knocking down the fire-irons is another; as, also, is blowing the nose hard without turning the head away. Keeping your thumb and finger for any length of time in another person's snuff box, is highly improper. As to seizing any one by the button-hole, that is now exploded; I would as soon that a person seized me by the nose." This, we think (and we venture the remark with profound deference), is going a *leetle* too far. The nose is a delicate and sensitve member to be handled; and no man, except, a barber, can be allowed to pull it with impunity,—at least, this is the doctrine which has been held by a considerable number of persons accustomed to wear their own noses; and, indeed, even taliocotians might be expected to object to have that rudely assailed when transplanted, when they would not suffer to be kicked in its original, though lower, situation.

In respect to conversation, the author is, on the other hand, unusually correct and intelligent. "As a general rule, it is well not to interrupt those who are talking to you. * * There are some, who, when they hear a word wrongly pronounced, immediately set the person right: this is very faulty. * * In the present day, *puns* are much in vogue. I am extremely sorrow for it; I think them only fit for the parterre of a Yankey theatre. They are Goths, that overrun the empire of conversation to lay it in ruins! [Why call them Goths? *Huns* would have been nearer the mark.] * * As to *small-talk*, I am happy to say that it is now-a-days held in utter disrepute. What is it but another name for idiotic twaddle? * * I will conclude this part of my subject, by enjoining you to pay an unswerving attention to the persons who address you, and to look them in the face, not staringly, but with earnestness."

The ensuing chapter (XII.) is rather a ticklish one; but our author has great tact. It is "Advice to young ladies on the art of pleasing,"—as if young ladies could help pleasing! To be natural is strongly recommended; and whispering as strenuously condemned. Young ladies ought not to play at whist or chess; but, if they like a round game, or a bit at backgammon, these are 'admirable.' They ought not to sit "lolloping" upon their seats; and "cleanliness," is declared to be a positive virtue. At court, on levee days, the appearance of such as observe these excellent rules fills the author with tooseousyism. "I cannot (he exclaims) better describe their appearance, crowded together on the staircase before-named, than by supposing the presence of a million of humming-birds. The effect is indescribably heightened by their being seen through high balustrades, now appearing and now vanishing, like so many *peris!* The *hoop* is laid aside, which I am sorry for, as, after all, it was a beautiful relic of the olden time. To see a charming young lady *rise out of her hoop*, was the prettiest sight in the world; it look like a gilded barricade containing an angel."

Dear angels! we invoke you, come with a hoop; behave yourselves as instructed by this consummate master of the whole art of politeness, and be our birds of paradise, compared to which, all the humming-birds in the world are mere humbugs.—*London Literary Gazette.*

SCIENCE.

GRAND DISCOVERY.

CONVERSION OF SALT INTO FRESH WATER.

On Monday we witnessed a completely successful and a very important experiment, made by Mr. Wells, the patentee, in the conversion of salt sea water into a perfectly fresh and pure liquid, fit for every purpose of domestic use and economy. A barge was moored in the Thames near Westminster Bridge, and a number of naval officers and scientific gentlemen were invited to inspect the process. The sea-water was brought from off Ramsgate, and fully impregnated with the saline principle: some of it was in a very impure and dirty condition.

The apparatus invented by Mr. Wells consisted of a cast-iron cooking machine; a cube on a comparatively small scale, especially when we looked to the extraordinary utility of its operation. It seemed about four feet in height and the same in width; and contained ovens, roasting-fire, pots, pans, kettles, &c &c sufficient to dress a dinner for seventy or eighty men. The consumption of fuel is very small—about two bushels, we were told, in twenty four hours; and yet, by the internal application of the heated air, by means of spiral and circular tubes surrounding the various parts of the machine, roasting, boiling, and baking were carried on with the utmost regularity and precision.

Here, alone, would be a valuable addition to the conveniencies and comforts of life, whether ashore or afloat; and, but for the far greater improvement yet remaining to be described, would entitle Mr. Wells' invention to high encomium and general adoption.

Whilst the cooking is proceeding, the sea-water is gradually supplied fom a cask, or tank, as may be most ready, and, passing into the interior of the machine, is there submitted to distillation. In its distilled state it then flows into a pipe of cast iron, or of copper tinned, which pipe is led over the bow of the vessel and along the cut-water into the sea; and thence along the bottom of the ship till it returns into the hold, with a common stop cock to draw off the water. The grand improvement in this is the making the element in which the vessel floats the condenser of the altered liquid; which runs off at the rate of above a quart in a minute, perfectly fit for drinking, for washing, and for every other purpose for which fresh water is employed. We tasted it both before and after undergoing

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the process, and we used soap in washing our hands with it; and we can truly declare, that in the first instance it was sweet and palatable, in the second soft and pleasing.

The patentee, however, proceeds to filter it through charcoal, in order to restore the carbon which is lost in the distilling; and you have the pure and sparkling element, equal in every respect to spring water.

We have thus minutely stated what we saw and tested; and we do so with very great satisfaction, since it is hardly possible to imagine any economic discovery of such vast importance to the navy and to the nation. All the watering of ships rendered unnecessary, and the ocean itself converted into one abundant and everlasting fountain of supply, forms, indeed, an epoch in the history of navigation. We need hear no more of the sufferings of brave and hardy sailors from the want of this essential article of human subsistence. The room required in merchantmen for the stowage of water for the voyage, may now be filled with goods of any kind. In fine, it would be difficult to over rate the value of this admirable invention, which, there can be no doubt, will be speedily and universally adopted, and will, we also trust, amply reward the inventor of a benefit to his country and fellow-creatures, the worth of which can hardly be excelled in the annals of useful humanity.

The sea-water around a ship is incessantly converted into excellent fresh water fit for every purpose; and the ocean itself is made the chief agent in this metamorphosis. It is a great and wonderful achievement.

New Invention: the Proverb realised—the Cart before the Horse.—Heidelberg, 15 *August*.—In the month of May last, there was seen in the streets of Mannheim a horse pushing before him a carriage, guided with much address by Baron Drais, the author of this new invention, which is attended with great advantages. 1. the horse cannot run away; 2. the carriage is not exposed to the dust and dirt generally thrown up by the horse; 3. the prospect is not interrupted by the coachman and the horse; 4. the conversation of the travellers cannot be heard by the coachman; 5. the travellers are not incommoded by the fumes of the tobacco, &c. The coach-box will be placed on the roof of the carriage, behind, and by means of a looking-glass the driver is able to guide the vehicle. This invention is applicable to carriages drawn by four horses. Baron Drais also exhibited, a few days ago, his machine called *Draisienne Velocipede*, greatly improved, which gave entire satisfaction.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE CAMEL TO SOUTH AFRICA.

From Howison's European Colonies, 2 vols. 8vo. 1834.

It has often been proposed to naturalize the camel in South Africa, and the character of the soil and climate there would seem to ensure the success of any experiment of the kind. The chief difficulty would be in the conveyance of the camels from India, which is the country where they could most easily be obtained. It would be necessary to fit up a vessel expressly for their accommodation, having at least nine feet between decks; nor would this alone suffice for their security and comfort, for these animals being very long legged, and rather sluggish in their movements, they would be constantly liable to be overthrown by the rolling of the ship, unless some effectual means of assisting them to maintain equilibrium were adopted The camel would be a valuable gift to South Africa, whether for the transport of goods or the convenience of travellers. Nine thousand pounds' weight is considered a full load for twelve oxen, exclusive of the wagon which contains it; and with this they cannot well travel for a continuance more than eighteen miles a day. A moderate sized camel will carry a weight of eight or nine hundred pounds with ease, and travel thirty miles a day In supporting hunger and thirst, he far surpasses the ox, great as that animal's powers of endurance in this respect are; and no herbage is so coarse or acrid as to be rejected by him in times of necessity. The use of the camel would also obviate the present difficulty or impossibility of travelling on horse back through many parts of the colony, tracts of which afford no kind of pasture suitable for horses, and no habitations where a supply of grain can be obtained. But a single camel could carry grain sufficient for the subsistence of many horses for weeks together, and moreover make daily journeys of as great length as the latter could do for a continuance. Grandpré, in his Voyage in the Indian Ocean, makes the following remarks relative to the transportation of camels:—"I had one on board my vessel, which did not drink during the whole passage from Socotra to Pondicherry, which was seventeen days; nor did it eat in that time more than twenty pounds of millet straw. After the fourth day it seemed to ruminate but little; about a quarter of an hour a day, as nearly as I could observe. As soon as it was landed, it ran to a spring and drank plentifully; and it appeared in as good condition as if it had suffered no want; though its thirst was great, its desire of food was by no means so. It still ate moderately, and with no more eagerness than usual!"

ODDS AND ENDS.

Extracted from late English Papers, &c. with Notes.

EXTRAORDINARY SUPERSTITIONS.

An Antwerp Journal states that, on the preceding Sunday, an old custom, that of *blessing the sea*, which had been discontinued for the last forty years, was revived at Ostend with great pomp. A very numerous procession, consisting of priests, and a great number of inhabitants, with lighted tapers, fuming censers and banners, and attended by the civic guard, and the troop of the garrison, marched to the shore, where, after the prayers proper on the occasion, the chief clergyman gave his benediction to the ocean.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

An Inquest was held on Monday, at Bromley, Middlesex, on the body of Ellen Donovan, a child, three years old, who, having been bitten by a dog, in a rabid state, died of hydrophobia; and it was gravely given in evidence by the parents and friends of the deceased, that though they had not called in a doctor so soon as they might have done, yet they had endeavoured to effect a cure by roasting the liver and lights of the mad dog, and compelling the child to eat a portion of them!

A few weeks since, a gentleman's servant was driving a piebald horse in a stanhope along the western roads near Newbury, when he was accosted by a young woman of very respectable appearance, who asked him what she should take to cure her of the hooping cough? The man very honestly said he did not know. The young woman then said, "If a person that has the hooping cough takes anything that is directed to be taken by a man who is driving a pied horse, it will be a certain cure." The man, on the strength of his piebald diploma, prescribed gin and water, and the parties separated Last week, the young woman again saw the servant with the piebald horse, when she informed him, that she had taken the gin and water as he had directed, and it had cured her of the hooping cough in a few days. Such a thing is faith!

These are from the *Southampton Advertiser*, extracted from London papers; the difference occasioned by the '*March of Intellect*,' is, that instead of a pauper child eating the dog's liver to cure hydrophobia, we should have His Most Gracious Majesty, King William IV., God bless him! *touching* as many of his scrophulous liege subjects as had faith in the royal manipulation to be cured of their white swellings! We have heard, but forget the authority, that Sam. Johnson, the lexicographer, was touched when a child, by Queen Anne; and is the last recorded instance of this piece of superstitious folly—the relic of the wisdom of our forefathers! Our 'march of intellect' has at all events outmarched "lighted tapers, fuming censers and banners, and the civic guard and the troops of the garrison, to attend the chief clergyman to the shore, to give his benediction to the ocean!"

PORT OF LONDON.

The improvement of the Port of London is now in active progress, and will be soon restored to that state which, from the earliest days of our commercial history, established it as one of the finest in Europe. The tonnage duty on shipping, which amounted to 84 or £85,000 a year, is reduced to about £5000. The Board of Admiralty have been nearly six years engaged on a new hydrographical survey of its surface from the Foreland to London Bridge, under the scientific direction of Capt. Bullock, R N.; and the Thames Navigation and Port of London Improvement Committee, are also engaged in a survey of all its shoals from Woolwich to London Bridge, with a view to their removal, under the direction and personal trigonometrical surveys of the Harbour Master and the Surveyor of the Port of London, who have been now nearly six weeks engaged in this laborious and highly useful work.—*Times.*

It seems the proper time to reduce the port duties, and otherwise improve the Thames navigation! when the Vauxhall and Southampton Railway is in progress, and will go far to render the Thames navigation a diminished interest! We confess we should have preferred that Bristol, and not Southampton, should have become the new London out-port; the vicinity of Bristol has a vast commercial and manufactnring interest, which would have been essentially benefited, whilst betwixt Southampton and London no such interest exists, and it not being a coal country the same cannot be created.

THE BLUE AND BUFF!

From the 1st January, 1833, to the 30th June, 1834, (eighteen months,) 36 Midshipmen were promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. The senior had served *twenty six* years (J. Elwin), and was then promoted for exertions in the Coast Guard Service; the junior Mid. (Hon. K. Stewart), had served six years. From January 1 to June 30, five Midshipmen were promoted; the senior of whom (J B. Englefue) had served

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seventeen years, the junior (J. Richardson) six years.—*Herald.*

The Hon. K. Stewart, for being son of a lord, is promoted in 6 years! but Mr. Elwin after 26 years' service, and as a pecial grace for good behaviour!! *Nisi Dominus frustra* should be a naval motto, for being interpreted, it means that unless a Middy is a lord's son, he has no chance for promotion! All right, very right, the evil requires to be properly known before it can be properly seen to; the Editors who bring these matters prominently before the public are the best modern patriots.

AN ISLAND FOR SALE.

An entire island (Eday, in Orkney), containing 700 inhabitants, a parish church, school-house, and other signs and tokens of civilization, is offered for sale. To a man ambitious of becoming, like honest Sancho Panza, Governor of an Island, and who has money enough to purchase such a "gem of the ocean," this little remote dominion offers a chance of conferring much happiness on his fellow creatures.—*Inverness Paper.*

Another Beckford, instead of fooling away £100,000 on another Fonthill, might indeed confer an incalculable degree of happiness in this wind-swept islet of the north: but he had better spend it in the formation of a colony in Australia; his 700 dependants in Eday would not be in an improveable region, and their children after them would be no better off than the Eday Isle's men now are; were they, or any other 140 families, transplanted to Van Diemen's Land, and spread over 200,000 acres of the average land of that colony, the next generation would be rich and happy, and doubled in number, and protecting double their number of emigrants obtained from other islands.

EFFECTS OF SCHEDULE A.

There are two estates in the market at present, which formerly gave the power of returning six Members to Parliament, but which, having been deprived of that privilege, by schedule A, are now no longer thought worth keeping by their noble owners. These estates are Aldborough, in Yorkshire, the possession of which enabled the Duke of Newcastle to return two Members for Aldborough, and two for Boroughbridge: and Stockbridge, in Hampshire, which gave the Marquis of Westminster the control of that Borough. The Noble Duke's estate will probably produce 50,000*l.* or 60,000*l.* less than it would have done five years ago, and that of the Noble Marquis about half that sum. —*Leeds Mercury.*

A rotten Borough, or, to use the phraseology of Sir Pertinax, 'an *impleecit* Borough,' was estimated to be worth £50,000, over and above the lands and houses which confined the right to return two Members to Parliament. Old Sarum, Gatton ,&c. were thus frequently sold, the estates a few hundreds a-year, at 30 years' purchase, more or less, and for the Borough right £50,000! The Duke of Newcastle fought stoutly for *his right to do what he would with his own!* and well he might! his share of the fruits of corruption was worth the contest. A reformed Parliament, when peop'es' eyes are open, may perhaps retort upon his Grace, and the other Boroughmongers, and inquire what they gained by their Boroughs, and what they did with the proceeds; the Nottingham mob, incensed at the Duke's conduct to his tenants at Newark, and generally at his intemperate opposition to public rights, so far forgot good sense and obedience to the law of the land, as to burn his castle near Nottingham, for which the Duke sued the county, and obtained upwards of £20,000 damages; but this house had been assessed about £100, which, at 30 years' purchase, is £3,000; what right had the Duke to value his house at £3,000, when paying taxes as a land-owner in the county, and to demand £20,000 for the same property when burnt by a county mob! These discrepancies will not pass unnoticed in the next generation.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF ECCLESIASTICAL REVENUE INQUIRY.

The total amount of the gross annual revenues of the several archiepiscopal and episcopal sees in England and Wales is 180,462*l.* affording an average of 6,683*l.*; and the total amount of the net annual revenues of the same is 160,114*l.* affording an average of 5,930*l.*

The total amount of the gross annual revenues of the several cathedral and collegiate churches in England and Wales, together with the separate gross annual revenues of the several dignitaries and other spiritual persons, members of cathedrals or collegiate churches, is 350,852*l.* and the total amount of the net annual revenues of the same is 272,828*l.*

The total number of benefices with and without cure of souls, the incumbents whereof have made returns to our inquiries, omitting those which are permanently or accustomably annexed to superior preferments, and which are included in the statements respecting those preferments, is 10,498; the total amount of the gross annual revenues of which benefices is 3,191,950*l.*; affording an average of 304*l.*; and the total amount of the net annual revenues of the same is 3,000,393*l.*, affording an average of 285*l.*

The total number of benefices with and without cure of souls in England and Wales, including those not returned to us, is 10,071; the total gross income of which, calculated from the average of those returned, will be 3,253,662*l.* and the total net income thereof will be 3,058,248*l.*

The total number of curates employed both by resident and non resident incumbents returned to us, is 5,282, whose annual stipends in the aggregate amount to 424,796*l.* affording an average annual stipend of 80*l.*; and the total amount of the stipends of curates, if 102 be assumed as the proportionate number on the benefices not returned, and the same be calculated on the average of those returned to us, will be 432,956*l.*

From a scale which we have prepared of the benefices with cure of souls returned to us, it appears that there are 294, the incomes of which are respectively under 50*l.*; 1,621 of 50*l.* and under 100*l.*; 1,591 of 100*l.* and under 150*l.*; 1,355 of 150*l.* and under 200*l.*; 1,964 of 200*l.* and under 300*l.*; 1,317 of 300*l.* and under 400*l.*; 830 of 400*l.* and under 500*l.*; 504 of 500*l.* and under 600*l.*; 337 of 600*l.* and under 700*l.*; 247 of 700*l.* and under 800*l.*; 129 of 800*l.* and under 900*l.*; 91 of 900*l.* and under 1,000*l.*; 137 of 1,000*l.* and under 1,500*l.*; 31 of 1,500*l.* and under 2,000*l.*; and 18 of 2,000*l.* and upwards.

The number of sinecure rectories returned to us, and which sinecure rectories are included in the number of benefices above stated is 62; the aggregate gross annual revenues of which amount to 18,622*l.*, affording an average of 300*l.*, and the aggregate net annual revenues of the same amount to 17,095*l.* affording an average of 275*l.*

We regret that it is not at present practicable to offer a full explanation of the various items which compose the difference between the gross and net amounts; but, to prevent misapprehension, we think it advisable to observe, that no deduction is made from income on account of payments to curates, nor for the reparations of episcopal residences or of glebe houses and offices, nor on account of payments of rates and taxes for the same, nor has any deduction been made on account of arrears due at the time of making the returns, or of any payments not being of a compulsory nature.

The returns of income have been generally made upon an average of three years, ending Dec. 31, 1831.

It has been said, and we believe truly, that the richest Church in Europe is the Irish episcopal, the same being also the worst in its administration and adaptation to the wants of the people; the poorest and purest, the best governed and best administered hierarchy is said, and we believe with justice, to be the Scottish Presbytery. An average income of £285 per annum, it seems, might be secured to the working clergy of the English Church, if the Church property could be equally divided; and the signs of the times appear to indicate that the day of division is not far distant. John Bull's taste for the Corinthian capital of the social pillar has out-run his means so woefully, or rather, poor fellow, his friends, the Boroughmongers, have contrived to make it so disproportionate to the support below, that we fear some mischief like a fall may occur before the diminution of it can be effected. Oliver Cromwell turned the Bishopric of Durham into a college for the northern counties, and perhaps a better hint could not be taken; the working clergy in England are shamefully ill provided for, their education at Oxford and Cambridge is beyond the means of the class which can mingle with the poor, as the Scottish clergy and the clergy of the dissenters are wont to associate, with so much usefulness; and when they take orders, unless fortunate beyond all hope, or assured of simoniacal provision, they eat the bitter bread of penury and discontent in a state of pecuniary destitution to be met with in no other line of life; had there been a college at York for the northern counties, and another

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at Gloucester for the west, to provide cheap education for the clergy for the poor, and had there been a modest provision for a parish priest resident in every parish through the kingdom, we should not have had the English Church out-numbered by Dissenters: we are much of the same way of thinking as the Editor of the *Herald*, and reprint the following, with the hope that it may soon be practise and not theory.

CHURCH "ORNAMENTS."

The Bishop of London, who we suspect to be rather a Reformer from necessity than choice, has, in his late charge delivered to the Clergy in St. Paul's Cathedral, pointed out one of the main evils under which the Established Church labours, and has delicately hinted at a partial remedy. The part of the charge to which we allude is as follows:—"The great defect of the Church," says his Lordship, "is its deficiency in churches. In the north-eastern parts of the metropolis, containing a population of 353,000 souls, there are only 18 churches and 24 chapels, when at least 100 are required; and in many parts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c. the same deficiency exists: in fact, the machinery originally constructed for 11,000,000 of population, is now applied to 14,000,000. The resources of the Church for supplying some of these deficiencies are subjects for consideration, and the *application of some of its ornamental parts* ought not to stand in the way of improvement; but this should be done after careful and minute inquiry, without breaking up the ancient framework of the hierarchy.' Though the Bishop's ideas are not clothed in the plainest language, we gather from the suggestion which we have printed in italics, that his Lordship is at length a convert to a species of Church Reform which we have frequently advocated, viz: the erection of several free churches in the populous parts of the metropolis, the service of which should be provided for by the appropriation of a certain number of the stalls and minor canonries of the two metropolitan cathedrals to that purpose.

This is, at least, what we understand by "the application of some of its ornamental parts" towards lessening the grievous want of church rooms; a method which we are convinced might, with much propriety, be had recourse to, not only in the metropolis, but in such other parts of the kingdom wherein the population has greatly outgrown the present means of supplying its spiritual wants. There is no reason upon earth why some of the "golden" ornaments of Durham should not be appropriated in this way; or why Canterbury and York;—why Winchester, Ely, Gloucester, Lichfield, Worcester, and most of our cathedrals, should not contribute "both in men and money," to this laudable end. This, indeed, would be Church Reform in its truest and most practical sense. And for the Bishop of London's alarm lest it should "break up the ancient framework of the hierarchy," we entertain no fears on that head; but, on the contrary, feel persuaded that nothing could tend to strengthen, not only the framework, but the whole edifice itself, more than extending and diffusing its utility amongst the thousands (we might say millions) who, for want of it, are now drawn off to the paths of dissent, and ultimately of hostility. Bishop Watson suggested a similar application of some of the "ornaments" more than half a century ago; but his suggestion had no other effect than that of consigning their author to courtly disgrace. The times are now different, and the wants of the people infinitely more urgent and extensive. Though the Bishop of London's language, as to the remedy, is somewhat obscure, of the nature and extent of the disease he speaks both knowingly and undisguisedly, and we therefore earnestly call upon him to discharge his conscience of the vast weight which this knowledge loads it with by openly proposing in Parliament the remedy which he points out.—*Herald.*

RETIREMENT OF SIR D. K. SANDFORD.

Sir D. K. Sandford, in a letter dated Tighanrudh, Rothsay, August 29, addressed to the Faculty of the College of Glasgow, declares his intention to retire. "I have," he says, "no doubt that a serious and formidable attack awaits the principles of our Constitution and those establishments which have hitherto flourished under their protection; and I would gladly and fondly have contributed to their defence all the aid which a seat in the Legislature, and such degree of popularity as still belongs to one who has ever been willing to reform proved abuses, might have enabled me to render. But even when accepting the Representation of Paisley, I entertained and expressed fears that the irregular hours, the severe labours, and the trying anxieties of a Parliamentary career, might be too much for my health and strength to support. The event has realised those apprehensions. My nervous system has received a great shock. Extreme disorder and debility of stomach have manifested themselves by some very decisive symptoms. I have, therefore, no choice. I shall resume the functions of my Chair, and resign my seat in Parliament."

This is just as it should be; it requires nerve to serve in Parliament now-a-days; the men who will in future be found there will be no milk-sops but giant sons of Anak, who can be wide awake at all times, and have a hand and a heart and "mind to work." "I have no doubt," says this nervous-system-shocked-parliamentarian, who has been done up by half a session, "I have no doubt that a serious and formidable attack awaits the principles of our Constitution, and those establishments which have hitherto flourished under their protection;" this is brilliant, really, from the representative of the Paisley weavers; the principles they know most about are the power-loom and spinning-jennies, and with clear heads and honest hearts they want justice from Parliament, not chaffy-logic and fine speeches The services and formidable attack, which such men as this nervous Greek professor apprehend, does not, however, menace the "principles of our constitution;" but the principles of Tory taxation, by which the weight and burthen of the public income has been wrung from the industry of the country, and not from property; by which the working classes have paid from their hard-earned pittance, whilst the oligarchy who made the laws have taken the best possible care that their own aristocratic shoulders shall remain ungalled; the Excise was essentially a Tory invention to protect the property of the rich; it has had its day; and a *legion* of such "reformers of proved abuses," as this Glasgow Professor, with the firmest nerves and the stoutest stomachs, in Scotland, would find themselves sorely puzzled to keep up the present system of taxation much longer; as respects establishments:—what establishments has a Glasgow Professor and a representative of Paisley a right to prate about? The Church of Scotland deserves and enjoys the unmingled, unalterable affection of its children, and the Paisley weavers are not so far degenerate from their fathers who burnt the 'Kist fu' o' whistles,' as to care for the Irish or even the English hierarchy; were their votes taken, they would subscribe to a man to an earnest prayer to Parliament that the English poor, like the Scottish poor, might have the gospel preached to them; that pluralities should be utterly abolished, and that every parish should have a resident minister sufficiently endowed, in that happy medium betwixt wealth and poverty, which leaves the mind unburthened with vulgar cares, but does not pamper the proud spirit into disregard for the opinions and feelings of the poor: this cannot be effected without reducing the cathedral sinecures, and why should they not be reduced? If there be an outrage to decency more abhorrent than another, peculiarly felt in Scotland, it is a fox-hunting galliard of a parson receiving his thousand a-year from a family living, and paying a poor curate £100 a-year for performing his duty; these are the hirelings that care not for the sheep, and the sooner the establishment is revised which permits such vermin—the better.

ADMIRAL BYNG.

Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann, Letter 296, March 17, 1757.—"Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday,—a perfect tragedy, for there were a variety of incidents—villainy, murder, and a hero. His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the volutions of his fate had not in the least unhinged his mind: his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said 'which of us is tallest?' he replied 'why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter deck, not where common malefactors are. Came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the fatal signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? can that man want spirit, who only fears to terrify his executioners? has the aspen Duke of Newcastle lived thus? would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience? The scene is over! what will be the next is matter of great uncertainty.

The affecting story of poor Byng has

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done much for rendering unfashionable the proper curb to official authority;—not only Admirals and Generals, but Ministers, should have the wholesome check upon them of a very lively sense of liability to be "measured, standing, for their coffins;" we should not have had 800 millions of debt if the "aspen Duke of Newcastle" and "my Lord Hardwicke" had been treated as they served poor Byng. The Epitaph on Byng's tomb says very briefly, and in classical language, that he fell a victim to popular clamor! the poor people must always bear the blame! let us hear what Walpole, no inattentive observer, says—"I never knew poor Byng enough to bow to; but the great doubtfulness of his crime, and the extraordinariness of his sentence, *the persecution of his enemies, who sacrifice him for their own guilt,* and the rage of a *blinded nation,* have called forth all my pity for him. His enemies triumph, but who can envy the triumph of murder?" Again—"this storm, which *Lord Anson's creatures and protection have conjured up,* may choose itself employment when Byng is dead."

One more extract from Walpole—Letter 211, Feb. 25th, 1750. "We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company: *we,* the British Senate, that temple of liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that *six-and-forty thousand* of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone!—it chills one's blood. I would not have to say that I voted in it, for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards, was but a momentary misfortune that flowed from the discovery of the new world, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls!" It is refreshing to think that the same ministry who murdered Byng, established the slave trade; there is no knowing what their follies and what their wickedness may have cost us, but, at least, we have Twenty Millions of dead weight on our necks for that one fortnight's discussion, and we shall be let off cheaply, if it end there; but the "galling, brutalizing yoke of bitter bondage" must have brutalized its unhappy victims; and though the Twenty Millions of British money can emancipate the poor slaves, it cannot elevate the crushed spirit, nor humanize the 'heirs to stripes, chains, and hopeless bondage!' O! that God in his mercy would change the course of nature, and work a miracle for their sakes!

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

March of the Human Mind.—The human mind carries on a perpetual and glorious commerce. The mighty waters of thought are never still. "Deep calleth unto deep, and one sea answereth to another." Genius, a starry traveller, goes from world to world, and alike from each "in its turn draws golden light." The past pays tribute to the present; that which is being not only wondrous and beautiful in itself, but still more wondrous and beautiful as originating that which is to be. Every great work is the promise of another, and that not in the cold, faint sense of imitation, but in the diviner one of inspiration.—*London Literary Gazette.*

Fire Insurances.—The sums paid into the Stamp Office for duty on Insurance, from some of the Fire Offices in London for 1833:—

Sun,	£124,681 : 16 : 3
Phœnix,	73,336 : 1 : 2
Protector,	57,558 : 3 : 8
Royal Exchange,	55,716 : 7 : 7
Imperial,	27,154 : 11 : 7
Alliance,	23,428 : 10 : 11

Public Petitions.—The following petitions were presented during the last Session of Parliament:—

	Signatures.
For Relief of Protestant Dissenters,	344,592
Against,	26,823
For Separation of Church and State,	55,109
Against Separation,	23,951
For Repeal of the Corn Laws,	149,842
Against Alteration,	28,919

Philanthropy.—Annual Receipt of the following British Institutions, 1833—4:

Church Missionary Society,	£52,922
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,	68,371
Wesleyan Missionary Society,	57,977
London Missionary Society,	53,726

In aid of the latter Society, the following extraordinary Subscriptions were made in Manchester, in the first week in June, 1834:

Grosvenor Chapel after Sermon,	£500 : 0 : 0
Mosley street, ditto,	500 : 0 : 0
Rusholme-street, ditto,	100 : 0 . 0
Other Chapels,	100 : 0 : 0
Public Breakfast,	140 : 0 : 0
Anniversary Sermon,	160 : 0 : 0
Second Breakfast,	800 : 0 : 0
Juvenile Societies,	250 : 0 : 0
	£2,750 : 0 : 0
Additions,	250 : 0 : 0
	£3,000 : 0 : 0

Dreams.—A remarkable circumstance, connected with the philosophy of *dreaming,* occurred a week ago. Mr. Dalziel, a respectable and intelligent writer to the Signet, was required to give evidence in a cause respecting the Fife Bank; when he stated, upon oath, that certain important papers relative to the suit had been mislaid, and could not be discovered on the most diligent search. But on the night preceding the trial he dreamed of the place where they were deposited, and actually found them there in time to be brought forward in the court. This singular operation of mind, independent of waking volition, resting on such unquestionable authority, affords matter for curious speculation in the theories of sleep and of dreams.

Hint to Teachers.—One practice, however, can be reformed, that of giving prizes and commendations only to those that get on the fastest. 'Tis the endeavour, the struggle, the obedience, that should be praised and rewarded. Then a child will not be disheartened by difficulties, nor humiliated by failure; because, when he does his best, he will be sure of approbation. Otherwise, as soon as he is passed in the race by his competitors, he will be inclined to lie down in the dust, with his little heart full of despair, and perhaps full of envy too.—*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*

Curious Custom.—I witnessed a peculiar trait of the customs of the Himalayan peasants, the putting an infant to sleep by the action of water. The successful issue of the experiment I had quietly made up my mind not to believe in, until convinced by occular proof. The method was as follows:—The child, whose age might be a year or two, was laid by its mother, who was employed in bruising grain, on a charpoy (low bed or stretcher,) placed on a sloping green bank, along the top of which ran a small stream. A piece of bark introduced through the embankment conducted a slender spout of water, which fell, at the height of about half a foot, on the crown of the infant's head. It was fast asleep when I witnessed this process.—*Mundy's Sketches of India.*

Receipts of the Theatres of Paris during the Year 1833.

	Francs.	Cents.
Opera	1,104,443	15
Porte St. Martin	585,190	65
Vaudeville	547,380	70
Variétés	518,261	90
Gymnase	487,185	—
Opera Comique	449,208	55
Théâtre Italien	421,367	15
Palais Royal	415,783	15
Théâtre Français	411,882	45
Crique Olympique	320,769	90
Ambigu Comique	312,594	50
Théâtre de la Gaieté	281,897	10
Folies Dramatiques	140,282	10
Odéon	56,710	10
Théâtre Moliere	46,184	25
Théâtre du Pantheon	29,916	60
Théâtre Anglais	6,011	60
	6,209,568	85

ANECDOTES.

Dr. Thomas, chaplain to the British factory at Hamburgh, hearing that a Lutheran parson refused interment to a Calvinist, called on him to argue the point, but found the parson inflexible. At length the doctor gained by ridicule what he had failed to accomplish by force of reason. 'You remind me, said the doctor to the intolerant priest, of a circumstance which once happened to myself when I was curate of a church in Thames-street; I was burying a corpse, when a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the middle of service. 'Sir, sir, I want to speak to you.' 'Prythee,' said I, 'wait till I have done.' 'No, sir, I must speak to you immediately!' 'Why, then, what is the matter?' 'Why, sir, said she, you are burying a man who died of the small pox next my poor husband who never had it.' This story had the desired effect, and the curate permited the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in the Lutheran church yard.—*The Doctor, Vol.* 1.

Sir Bayle Roach had a servant who was as great an original as his master. Two days after the death of the baronet, this man waited upon

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a gentleman who had been a most intimate friend of Sir Bayle, for the purpose of telling him that the time at which the funeral was to have taken place had been changed.—'Sir,' said he, 'my master sends his compliments to you, and he won't be buried till to-morrow evening.'—*Ibid*

ANCIENT LEGISLATION.

In England, by the laws of Ina, about 688, if a slave work on a Sunday, by his lord's command, he shall be free, and his lord forfeit 30*s*.; if he work without his lord's testimony, he shall lose his *hide*.* If a freeman work on the Lord's Day, he shall lose his freedom.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

In the evening of the day when the passing of the Reform Bill was commemorated in Edinburgh, I perambulated the streets of that city for two or three hours. It seemed as if all the wynds, closes, nay, beds of sickness, had disgorged their tenants. Yet, throughout this incalculable mass of human beings, I did not witness a single symptom of disturbance, or hear an angry expression. In every countenance that we contemplate in Glasgow, we see *calculation*—in every feature some rule of arithmetic, (especially addition and multiplication) as legible as in the pages of Cocker. In Edinburgh, each physiognomy is characterised by the lineaments of either law, physics, metaphysics, or divinity In Glasgow, there is also mind in every face; but it is "*mind* the main chance."—*A Tour to the Hebrides.*

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS OPPOSITES.

The World virtually encourages	*Religion enjoins*
Avarice . . .	Moderation.
Ebriety. . . .	Temperance.
Revenge. . . .	Forgiveness of injuries.
Ambition. . . .	Contentment.
Pride.	Humility.
Envy.	Charity.
Error.	Truth.
Hypocrisy. . . .	Sincerity.
Selfishness. . . .	Benevolence.
War.	Peace.

EPISTLE FROM A SLAVE LORD TO A COTTON LORD.

Alas, my friend! what a state of affairs!
How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights!
Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,
Nor must you any more work to death little whites.

But forced to submit to that general controller
Of king, lords, and cotton mills—public opinion;
No more shall you beat with a big billy roller,
Nor I with a cart whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffered to do as we please,
With our blacks and our whites, as of yore we were let,
We might range them alternate, like harpsicords keys,
And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over;—farewell to the gest
Which Slavery now lends to each tea cup we sip,
Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,
And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white pickaninnies,
Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd, do their tasks,
Mix so well with their namesakes, the billies and jennies,
That which have got souls in 'em nobody asks;

Little maids of the mill, who, themselves but ill fed,
Are oblig'd, 'mong their other benevolent cares,
To keep—"feeding the scribblers,"*—and better, 'tis said,
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal my loss is,
So hard 'tis to part from the smack of the thong,
That I mean (from pure love for the whipping process,)
To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

* *i. e.* be severely whipped.

* One of the operations in cotton-mills usually performed by children.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

THE POPULAR LIBRARY.

The Popular Library is still running its tide of usefulness in Cape Town. Considerable additions have been made to the stock of books, and crowds of reading applicants resort to the large hall of the Commercial Exchange on the Monday Evenings in each week, with a zeal which is altogether indescribable.

THE SAVINGS' BANK.

This admirable foundation is progressing in its silent quiet course of doing good. It will be seen to be now more than ever important to a freed people. We recommend all Masters to urge their servants (hitherto held as Slaves,) to commemorate Dec. 1st, by deposits in the Savings' Bank—and to give them every encouragement to persevere in making them weekly. We feel persuaded that a little exertion on the part of the inhabitants, would very sensibly enlarge the fund of the Savings' Bank. We are acquainted with several instances of the immense benefit which this institution has already conferred on individual character. It has reformed drunkards—it has led to frugality and habits of industry—and it has taught *self-respect* to many a depositor. We know a lady who has a female servant that was incorrigibly idle, extravagant, careless, and vicious. She had been induced, however, by the perseverance of her mistress, to make periodical payments to the Savings' Bank. The amount, including interest, having been shewn by the book to be upwards of £10, the servant was astonished to find, that small savings had produced so much. She became prudent and thoughtful from the moment of this discovery, and she continues to hold out an example to others of faithful obedience and good character.

THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

Travellers and others describe the fine appearances of the crops in all quarters of the colony. Every where "the kindly fruits of the earth" are expected to present abundance to man and beast. And the Graham's Town Journal of the 6th, says—"Should his Excellency visit us at this season, he will see the country throughout this and the adjoining districts in the finest possible state, both as regards the luxuriance of vegetation, and the healthiness of the crops in general."

DECLINE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Having pursued some inquiries on this subject from the best sources of authority, we have great pleasure in finding that our own deductions were correct—Drunkeness has considerably decreased in Cape Town. The Temperance Society performed thus much of good—it stirred up men's minds on the subject of drunkenness it threw abroad many interesting facts on the evils of intoxication,—it set men to *think*. In the mean time, other institutions sprang up in Town, which, perhaps, enlarged these degrees of good. If we aid as much as we can in disseminating a taste for intellectual pleasures of a pure kind, then the taste for rude and tipsy sociality cannot fail to decline. Amusement, be it observed, *will* be had: the great object is to ensure that it be of a harmless, or if possible, of an useful kind. The calm satisfaction which *Books* afford, has a tendency to deaden the sensitive appetites for gross pleasures.

STELLENBOSCH.

We are glad to find, that a Popular Library has been established at Stellenbosch, and that the supplies of Books are numerous, and of the best character.

BEDSTEADS AND BUGS.

A Correspondent complains, "that many of the houses in Cape Town are greatly infested with *bugs*, and solicits

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information as to the best preventive measures for their destruction."

We suggest the general use of iron bed-frames, especially in those houses or cellars in which a great number of persons dwell together. Excellent iron bed-frames are manufactured in London at 25*s.* and 30*s.* each.

BULLS AND EPICURES.

FROM the great size of the Bull, the word in reference to the animal, when formed into a comparative composition, means of larger bulk than usual; as bull-rush, bull-head, bull-trout, bull-finch, bull-frog, bull-weed, bull-wark, &c.; so in Greek, *boopis*, from its circular shape, a round central spot in the target of archers, and a small aperture, covered with glass, in the deck of a ship, for the admission of light below, are called the bull's-eye. Bull-baiting and cock-fighting were the sports of darker ages—hence any tedious or confused relation is still called a cock and a bull story. A bull or blunder is said to have originated in the simplicity of a countrymen, who took a pail to milk the bull.

It has been jocularly remarked, that the clown in every country is nicknamed from the favourite dish of the people; as the Englishman, *Jack Pudding* and *John Bull;* the Frenchman, *Jean Pottage;* the Italian, *Macaroni;* the German, *Hans Sausage;* and the Dutchman, *Pickle Herring*. The Welshman, in his pride of genealogy, and his love of *Cheese*, traces the cow to the line of Adam:—

"Cheese was akin to Adam from hur birth;
Ap curds, ap milk, ap cow, ap grass, ap earth."

Our Dutch Africander may be termed *Jan Snoek*, from his extreme fondness for *Snoek*, a queer kind of fish, which is connected with Table Bay. It is curious enough—the introduction of this *unscaly* animal into our dietetic system. The Capenaars, have always attempted to justify the holding human flesh in bondage by appeals to Scripture, at the same time, they seem to shut their eyes against that statue which expressly condemns *Snoek*-feeding.

"All that have not fins and scales in the sea and in the rivers, of all that move on the waters, and of any living thing which is in the waters, they shall be even an abomination unto you; ye shall not eat their flesh, but ye shall have their carcases in abomination."—Lev. xi. v. 10. 11.

GOOD HOME-BREWED,—AND CALLS FOR GRATITUDE.

Mr. Cobbett, in a recent number of his Register, concentrates a great deal of wisdom in a line or two, when he says—"They may talk of the spirit of the age as long as they like; but the spirit of this age in England is, what is meant in all other ages—an appetite for plenty of bread and meat, and a thirst for *good beer*."

We give our unqualified assent to the truth of this proposition. Beef is beneficial in a moral and intellectual point of view. Good beer also is irreproachable in itself, and engendereth much active thought. We speak from experience. And as our worthy English episcopal clergy invariably proclaim of their establishment—"Our excellent Church," we think it would be an affectation of modesty to deny similar encomium to our own *excellent* Journal. But let us be grateful and tell the truth. Reader! do you demand how it is that our Journal has become so vigorous and *excellent* of late? We honestly tell you, that it is all entirely owing to Mr. Collison's excellent home-brew of malt and hops. And wishing well, as we heartily do, to those influential organs of the public mind—the *digestive organs*, we do most sincerely recommend all His Majesty's lieges to take into use Mr. Collison's wholesome beverage of real malt and hops. We cannot help it, that Mr. C. is a monopolist. He carried away the prize gold medal for the best wine, and the prize silver cup for the best brandy, and now he *walks over the course* in his approach towards the prize for the best beer. Well, really the natives of this colony ought to be exceedingly thankful to the English, for the many *good things* the "noble Britons" have done for them. Bread, we know, is the staff of life; and only in 1806, the poor Cape people had no bread to eat,* and even water was a costly provision. As for beef, it was out of the question—who ever saw a good bullock, or a part of one, in steaks, aitch-bone, round, or rump, in 1806? And good shoes and stockings, spoons, knives and forks, plates and dishes, and other important utensils, were as rare as salt in Western Africa, or a Queen Ann's farthing in old England. Then, again, our wines having been made drinkable by the English, became a staple article of British colonial trade. And as for fuel, and the delights of the *ingle-side*, the family circle around it—"the fairy ring of bliss." Who created our fire-side delights? The English with their *coal*-trade—thus superseding the old Dutch custom of disrobing the hills of their foliage, and the vallies of their verdure. But we might go on enumerating in this way, *ad infinitum*, besides we have strangely digressed; our subject was—"O good ale, thou art my darling."

* General Janssen's Despatch.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LET us take a glance homewards. The latest papers are cheering as regards the Harvest—of unprecedented plenty. London and the cities of the Empire are rising in grandeur,—*above all Greek, above all Roman fame*. The public voice is becoming tranquil, and trade and commerce looking up. As to money, there seems to be no lack. England is lending to all the world. Hence, her foreign loans to Austria, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Brazils, Peru, Denmark, Naples, Greece, Columbia, &c. amounting to upwards of Fifty-six Millions of Sterling money, (£56,694,571.) And her imperishable acts were never more conspicuous than during the months of July, August, and beginning of September. She is determined that the whole of her colonial subjects ransomed from slavery, shall be educated. Important plans are in progress for this object by His Majesty's Government, to carry into effect the Resolutions of Parliament. But the colour of this education, and the whole tone of mind and character to be given to the enfranchised population, will depend in a great degree, upon the voluntary agency of the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. Nor do they appear to shrink from the task. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Bible Society, the Tract Society, the British and Foreign School Society, the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyans, the Baptists, the Moravians, have held extraordinary meetings, and devised liberal things—true Scriptural liberality.—"Good measure, pressed down, and running over." What can we do for this great cause at the Cape of Good Hope?

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

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AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 12. Vol. IV.] CAPE TOWN: DECEMBER, 1834. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum*.

THE COLONY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

1. *European Colonies in various parts of the World, viewed in their social, moral, and physical Conditions, &c. By* John Howison, &c. &c. London: 1834.
2. *African Sketches. By* Thomas Pringle. London: 1834.
3. *Advantages of Emigration to Algoa Bay and Albany, South Africa. By* Thomas Phillips. London: 1834.

Mr. Pringle's Work has been so well received by the public, and has been so pleasingly analyzed by the periodical press, particularly in Tait's Magazine, that there remains nothing for us but to register the gratification we have derived from its perusal, and to recommend it, right warmly, to the attention of those who may be pleased to value our judgment in such matters: to such we would briefly say, that we seldom remember to have felt more deeply interested in the most artfully constructed narrative of fictitious adventures, than in this touching and simple history of the unpretending household virtues. The excellent people of Glen Lynden were crushed to the earth in their native land, by the necessary and uncontrollable consequences of the wretched misgovernment of the Boroughmongers: the pressure of evils which they could not have foreseen, and which came at once upon their humble resources, overwhelmingly and destroying, left them no remedy but flight: "The flowers of the forest were 'a weed awa;'" but happily they obtained by flight, as here described, an honorable, peaceful, and sufficient provision in another hemisphere. Sad was their parting from pleasant Tividale, and hard were their toils, their privations, and even *their persecutions*, ere their humble homes became familiar to their feelings; but that period of trial and sorrow is now over; they have transplanted Scottish hearts and Scottish names, and have created in Glen Lynden, an interest which is hallowed by all the dearest recollections of youth, and the most blessed enjoyment of declining age, the virtuous happiness of "dwelling among one's own people." To the venerable patriarch of Glen Lynden, and his family, we would say, in the language of Shakespear,—

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on your heads like dew, for ye are worthy.

Mr. Howison has appeared before the public with some success, and his present work has not been ill received; his later productions are, however, exceedingly inferior to the first, on which his reputation is founded; and if the report be true which assigns to him the authorship of Makanna, we must insist that it is a lamentable failure. In examining the book before us, we shall confine our observations to the four chapters on South Africa, and shall compare them with the more practical and more valuable, though less ostentatious work of Mr. Phillips; there can be little dispute as to which of these authors deserves most of our consideration, since their opposite characters may be ascertained at a glance. Mr. Phillips is no casual observer, nor accidental visitor; he has planted himself and family on the spot, and embarked his all in the new country of his adoption; and if prejudice should be supposed to warp his judgment, the simple admission that such a prejudice exists, proves that there must be some ground for the existence of such a feeling: an intense attachment is seldom cherished for a worthless object; in plain sober truth, we do not require a prophet to rise from his sepulchre to inform us, that the hastily formed and crude opinions of an imaginative and somewhat visionary author, whose South African novel Makanna, so unquestionably betrays incompetence to write on South African localities an character, are not to be weighed against the deliberate and cautious deductions which Mr. Phillips has made from facts which have passed, or are passing, under his personal observation.

We would on no account allow it to be supposed, that we charge Mr. Howison with hostility to the best interests of his countrymen in Albany: cold and hard must that heart be, which could read the affecting history of the first sabbath in Glen Lynden, without a thrill of generous sympathy; or admit a thought that even tended towards ill-will to their humble and virtuous community. Howison, we know, is not such; and we must give our dissent from the errors into which he has fallen, with every expression of personal respect for the man, though we so widely differ from the author.

The points on which we are at issue are,—his unqualified declaration of the unredeemable sterility of the country; his denouncement of the missionary labours; and his almost admitted approbation of slavery: on some minor points we shall differ guardedly; but on these heads we are at utter and irreconcilable variance, and shall deliver our condemnation as undisguisedly as he has advanced his opinions.

'The object of this work,' says Dr. Howison, 'is to communicate a vivid and accurate idea of those general impressions, which a visit to the respective colonies comprehended in it, is calculated to produce in the mind of a disinterested observer. All political, commercial, and statistical details have been avoided, and nature and human life, conjoined with a few historical notices, are the subjects to which the author has exclusively devoted his pages.'—Preface. We shall shortly show how far we consider Mr. Howison to have redeemed his pledge of accuracy, and why we regard the omission of "political, commercial, and statistical details," to be positive evils: "nature and human life," are fine words, but ideas, and matter, and not mere words, are the grand desiderata now sought for in a work of two volumes, and 900 pages large octavo, on European Colonies; poetry, whether in rhyme or not, requires one talent; and, to take sound philosophical views of men and things, another: Mr Howison's forte is in the former; he should have confined himself to the Cape Town small-talk, and in small octavo, as a second series of his travelling recreations, if he meant only to skim the surface of his subject; his attempt to go deeper, has only proved his unfitness for the task, and we recommend him to leave the depths of all science, whether physical or moral, to sounder

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and clearer heads, or at least, to more industrious and keener-sighted investigators, than he has proved himself. The four chapters on the South African Colony, are upon the ocean, the general physical character, the aborigines, and the European Society; we shall examine them in that order after first premising, that if the author had pruned down his two bulky volumes into one, by the unrelenting erasure of all his most favorite specimens of fancied fine writing, he would have found his work, like the Sibyls, improved in value by the reduction of quantity.

In the first chapter we are told, that there is as much physical difficulty in navigating the South Seas, as formerly; and that the facilities of modern navigation, arise out of an improved naval architecture, and naval skill,—the marine climate remaining unaltered; that "the general aspect of the South African ocean is monotonous and unpleasing,"—that "continual turbulence is unfavorable to the developement of animal and vegetable life,"—that "few parts of the ocean are more solitary and less serene,"—and that "though situated in the neighbourhood of the tropics, they enjoy little of that tranquillity and productiveness, which they might be expected to derive from their proximity to the sun." To all which we shall reply, that a naval officer, who had commanded a cruizer for years, on both stations, and who spoke from personal experience, assured us, that the roughest weather he had ever known off the Cape at any season, and he had seen the worst, was not more trying, than average winter off the west coast of Ireland; that the banks of Newfoundland excepted, there are no seas whose waters are more prolific of fish, or more covered with birds.

Three pages are dedicated to prove, that the ancients never circumnavigated Africa; this should have been omitted altogether, or better handled. Mr Howison says, that the question is undecided, and that "in the opinion of some, the Phœnicians, and of others, the Carthagians," had performed the voyage; and that "it is *insisted* that *notices* of such voyages are to be found in the works of *various* ancient authors." Has this professional man of letters!—this author of seven or eight volumes! never heard of the fourth book of Herodotus? is he literally unaware of the existence of that memorable passage, in which the father of history gives a circumstantial relation of the voyage that was performed from the red sea round Africa? the passage, we admit, has been disputed; but we gather from the work before us, that Mr. Howison is ignorant of its existence: as respects the historical truth and authenticity of the narrative, we shall unhesitatingly declare our firm belief in it. The first edition of Herodotus was printed twenty-three years before the voyage of De Gama, consequently, existed in its present form, before the modern knowledge was acquired, which could have enabled any one to forge and interpolate so extraordinary an assertion; further, the narrative is so peremptory, yet withal, so entirely dependant upon the context, that being discussed singly, without examining the whole, it is liable to be misunderstood, from its proceeding too much upon supposed knowledge in the reader: this being kept in view, let us examine it: Herodotus is giving a geographical sketch of the three grand divisions of the globe, and coming to Africa, says, "Lybya shows itself surrounded by the ocean, except in the very narrow space when it joins Asia in Egypt." How was this to be known, except by circumnavigation? the occasion of the circumnavigation is then stated: Necho, who had been employed for many years in endeavouring to dig a ship canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, and had desisted at the command of an oracle; that is to say, because his means were unequal to accomplish it, endeavoured to ascertain if he could not get his ships from the Red Sea to the Nile by another route, and sent a fleet of *large* ships, *ploioisi*, manned by Phœnicians, commanding them that they should sail on until they returned to Egypt, betwixt the pillars of Hercules, and by the Mediterranean Sea. The Phœnicians thereon departed from the Red Sea, and proceeded through the southern ocean,—and here follows a singular assertion, which, from not being *carefully read*, has thrown a shade of doubt on the narrative. Herodotus states, that when *autumn came on*, the navigators secured their ships on shore, "*in the usual place where traders to Africa were wont to winter;*" *sowed grain*, reaped a harvest, and proceeded; and having consumed two years, turned the pillars of Hercules in the third year, and returned to Egypt. The sowing grain and reaping a harvest, has been ridiculed; but this, on examination, will prove the truth of the narrative,—and a good deal more: it has nearly told us how far the African traders had extended their voyages down the coast. The points overlooked by the learned commentators, are, the declaration that *the navigators wintered and sowed grain precisely in the same manner as African traders were wont to do.—Hina hecastote tes Libyes pleontes genoiato:* this was natural enough—but where is the country, except somewhere near the 30th degree south, somewhere, in fact, about Cape Natal, where they would winter from the sea, and yet have seed time and harvest on the shore; where the westerly winds would forbid navigation beyond Algoa Bay, and yet the climate permit agricultural labour; where the natives were incapable of supplying navigators with grain; but where, as was found on the west coast by the voyagers from the Mediterranean, it may be supposed, they had abundance of cattle; finally, where, at the period of reaping, the adverse winds would cease, and the south east winds commence, which would carry them round the Cape, and almost into those regions of the west coast of Africa, which it is ascertained were well known to their countrymen:—let us suppose the haven, where the navigators wintered, to be at the point where the north-west and south east winds are periodical, which it is reasonable to suppose must have been the case, and all difficulty ceases. Herodotus, however, was not satisfied; he remarks, that the navigators on their return, stated, that as they "*circumnavigated* Africa, they had the sun on their right hand," which, says he, "I cannot bring myself to believe, though probably, it may not appear improbable to others." Vincent, in his Periplus of the Erythræan sea, objects to this, that only a very short period of their voyage, a *mere point*,—the rounding of the Cape in fact, and that, as if it were the sharp end of a wedge, would present the sun on the right hand: but it will be seen that the base of Africa is not such a mere point on the map; and secondly, it may be supposed from the word *circumnavigate* being used, that it applied solely to that part of the voyage which lay betwixt what was known on the east coast, to the first ascertained part on the west; during all which period they would unquestionably have had the sun in a position, which the inhabitants of the north might easily have considered unnatural, and refused credit to the description. To proceed: upon the successful issue of this voyage, another was attempted to sail from the pillars of Hercules, and return by the Red Sea. A different character is given to the second voyage—it was a punishment to a disgraced court minion; and not, as the first, a subject of royal anxiety. The navigators proceeded beyond Gibralter, turned the promontory of Africa, named Soloes, and advanced to the south; and after many months immense labour, through many seas, they returned to Egypt, and stated, that in the extreme point to which they had reached, they found the natives a diminutive race of men, clothed with palm leaves, who left the sea coast and their villages on the approach of these strangers, and fled, abandoning their cattle, which the voyagers used discreetly, as they needed them, without injuring the people: and, moreover, they stated as their reason for not going further, that they could not; their ships would not move further, but were held. Let us examine any hydrographical work, and we see that these bold navigators must, in fact, have attained the limit of coast navigation; for that, at the 14th or 15th south degree, the wind is perpetually south-east, and the current sets north, and is cumbered by sea weeds; whilst the coast from thence to Saldanha Bay, has no shelter and no watering place. Nature verifies the truth of the history: the facts could not have been invented; the parties who stated them must have witnessed what they narrated: their ships would not proceed further—they were held—the wind and current were unchangeably against them.

The arguments against the fact, founded on the supposed difficulties, and the absence of any important result, indicate only a limited knowledge. The connection betwixt Sabæa and the land of cinnamon, must have been antecedent to the foundation of Sidon; and that establishes, beyond controversy, the existence of a greater degree of naval skill, at the period in question, viz. 600 years before Christ, than would be required for the performance of a coasting voyage round Africa: and as for the want of a defined result, the voyage along the western coast from 5 south to the River Gambia, must have been one of such incessant labour at the oar, as could have offered no temptation to repeat the passage round the Cape. But those who dwell so much on the want of result from the discovery, seem unaware, that even when Gama had visited India by the Cape route, the idea, which for many years was most indulged by the Portugueze, was to dislodge the Venetians from Egypt. The history of Venice at that period, which was in all other respects so fatal to the republic, will prove, that no such momentous result was anticipated: their memorable treaty with the Mamelukes, and their arrangements to defend the desert against the Portugueze, who were expected to advance from the Red Sea, are singular facts not sufficiently remembered: nor is it kept in view, as it ought to be, by the historians of Indian trade, that until Sultan Selim conquered Egypt in 1512, and commenced a severe system of taxation on the commerce of the Venetians, the full importance of the discovery of De Gama was not ascertained; and that its decisive results came progressively into operation, as Mahomedan avarice increased, and naval skill improved.

Long sea navigation was then in that position which steam navigation now holds: the ships were equal to the long voyage, but could not stow both provisions and cargo; had the grand event of turning the chief trade of the world into a new channel, been expected beforehand, or had it been supposed to have commenced, we may safely conjecture that the Cape would not have been left neglected for 160 years, nor allowed to fall as a casual waif to the Dutch republic.

One word respecting Ethiopia, for our author is, here at least, a little learned: he quotes the passage from Diodorus Siculus, that a "vessel could sail in ten days from Alexandria, up the Nile, into Ethiopia;" the frontier of Ethiopia commenced below the first cataract, or at Syene, which is six miles from it, and was in ancient times below the Tropic; but though Essouan is now 24° 8' 6" north, the difference can be explained by astronomy, and requires no observation here; the remark we would make is simply this, that Syene, or the Tropic, being the frontier of western Ethiopia, there being also an eastern Ethiopia, whose natives had slender forms and silken long hair, as well as the western, inhabited by curly-haired negroes, it goes far to show us the derivation of the word Aithiopeia, which in Sanscrit means "Land of the Sun," or "torrid zone;" and our tracing Sanscrit in such ancient nomenclature, goes a long way to prove that knowledge did not begin in Egypt, and that the communication betwixt

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Egypt and India, may be traced to a period beyond record.

We have not quite done with the subject:—our passing allusion to the well of Syene, which when dug, was under the Tropic, but is now 40' 25" north, was also intended to remind the reader, that it is not impossible but that, judging from the very accurate knowledge in astronomy possessed by the ancients, they may have possessed an infinitely greater degree of nautical enterprize and skill than we are inclined to allow them. Mr. Howison, at page 10, vol. 2, has mentioned the Hindoo knowledge of astronomy, extending to a period which is proved by modern observations, and by the most accurate arithmetic, to have occurred Feb. 18th, 3102 before Christ, or 754 years before the Flood, by our estimate; this gives 254 years of greater antiquity than the Egyptian calculation; there is nothing heterodoxical in this; we may admit the world a thousand years older without any blasphemy: the catholic church, apparently for the sake of round numbers, fixed the creation, arbitrarily, at 4000 before Christ; and the deluge at 2348: but as a proof of their infallibility! having fixed the miraculous birth inaccurately, as compared to an event in the reign of Augustus, they were obliged, subsequently, to add 4 years; but the Samaritan Pentateuch dates the creation 4700; the Septuagint 5872; the Talmud 5344; Hales calculates, and allows for all, and fixes a medium of 5411; the modern Jews count only 3761; and the modern Greek church 5508; with such variations of good ecclesiastical authorities, a man need not be burnt for a heretic who calculates astronomical periods, and grounds an argument in history on the procession of the Perihelion.

To conclude our observations on this chapter, we will merely say, that it ends with some *fine writing* about the southern cross and the stars, which we recommend, as specimens of the sublime and beautiful, to the astronomical juveniles in the South African College! or in the several excellent establishments for young ladies in Cape Town; the whole as it stands may do for them; but what are we to think of this startling declaration? had they, the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, ever sailed beyond the Straits of Gibralter, *and reached even the Tropic of Cancer*, the new appearance presented by the heavens must have strongly excited their attention, and been regarded as the most important and interesting record of their voyage." His quotation from Diodorus Siculus, shows that he knew, or at least that he could transcribe a passage, proving that the ancients *could reach* the Tropic of Cancer: but it is clear that he is totally ignorant on the subject of ancient navigation. The exact position of the ports on the east coast of Africa resorted to by the African traders, alluded to by Herodotus, lies of course in doubt; but that the trade existed, that the coast was frequented, and that Rhaptum, the southern ascertained port, lay about 10° south, and Prasum somewhere beyond it, but not ascertained, though laid down by Ptolemy at 15°, and by Marinus at 23°, are as well known and as well proved facts in ancient history, and ancient geography, as have come to our knowledge; and the singular ignorance of our author on such commonplace matter, suggests that he had better have confined his observations to "nature and human life" singly, and not "conjoined with a few *historical* notices."

The second chapter begins with the assertion that neither Diaz, nor De Gama, nor Cabral, nor many of their successors, could have entered Table Bay; and that Saldanha Bay was, more likely, the first resort of the early voyagers; for in most of the old charts of South Africa it is called Table Bay,—from whence we may suppose that it was frequented under that name, till Van Riebeek *landed in Table Bay in* 1650, *and discovered* and pointed out its general superiority." In comparing this with Van Riebeek's journal, we find that he landed the first party of colonists April 6th and 7th, 1652; that having employed the first five months in housing themselves, and fortifying their position, they began in September to survey the country, and Van Riebeek having *walked* 4½ *miles from the fort*, to examine the forests behind Table Mountain, found abundance of excellent and large timber, with the dates 1604, 1620, and 1624 cut upon the trees, indicating the prior visits of Europeans: also, that on the 24th Sept. the same year, it was resolved in council to send a yacht on *a voyage of discovery to Saldanha and St. Helena Bays*, that their "information respecting those places, and the coast, might be increased; and that they might judge what could be done in more distant parts for the service of the company." This looks very much as if the facts were the very reverse of the author's assumption, without laying too much stress on the record in Van Riebeek's journal, that the English took some Dutch sailors, who had been left there as a punishment, from Robben Island, and conveyed them to Europe in 1642; and the still more striking fact, that Van Riebeek's interpreter, a Hottentot, was only capable of communicating betwixt the Dutch and his countrymen, from his understanding *English*. Again,—let us compare Van Riebeek's account of these venerable woods,—which bore their legend of half a century, and which, in another place, are described to be "as fine woods as *could be found in the world!* the trees being as long, thick, and straight as *could be wished!*" with the following "historical notice" at page 194. "All the trees above enumerated have been imported by the Dutch, who, on taking possession of the Cape, found that it produced no plant or vegetable worthy of cultivation, *or of any use to civilized man*, unless the aloe and the mimosa should be considered an exception." The whole context is to this purpose; and from the naked assertion, at page 189, that "South Africa seems to be a worn-out and emaciated country," to the winding up, at page 225, that "the traveller sees decay and desolation on every side," and must "consider the country doomed *for ever* to form a blank spot in the inhabited world,"—the whole purport of the essay is to convince the reader that the colony is, and ever has been, cursed with the bitter blight of unreclaimable barrenness.

In this spirit we are told, p. 196, that "the extreme part of the peninsula of South Africa, is separated from the rest of the country by a chain of mountains," that "several of the first Dutch Governors were of opinion, that the settlement should be confined to the territory in question; *for their judgment was sound enough* to enable them to perceive, that the Cape of Good Hope would never be of *any value* to Holland, or to any other nation, except as a place of refreshment for ships engaged in the Indian or China trade; as has *since been fully verified*. And it would be well for Great Britain, were the colony concentrated upon the extremity of South Africa, instead of being scattered over many thousand square miles, as it is at present. In the former case, indeed, the population would necessarily be very small, from the narrowness of the territory assigned to it. But of what *use* to the parent country is a large population in South Africa? on the contrary, it *is injurious:* because it entails upon her the inconvenience and expense of supporting a great military, civil, and judicial establishment, which the trade of the colony is too inconsiderable and unimportant to re-pay."

It is somewhat amusing, that the author refutes himself in the same paragraph: "none of the Dutch," says he, "ventured to settle beyond the mountains for a considerable time, but *population encreasing*, the emigrants at length, *found it necessary to extend themselves* into the back country:" what becomes of the 'sound judgment' of the early Dutch Governors? are we to sigh over the single imperfection of their enlightened colonial policy, and lament that infanticide was not resorted to, in order to confine the "small population" in its narrow territory?"

Now let us compare the productiveness of this "worn out and emaciated country," this land "of decay and desolation, doomed *for ever* to form a blank spot in the inhabited world," with happier countries. Mr. Phillips says, p. 23, that the general rate of the market at Algoa Bay is—beef, 1d. per pound; mutton, 1½d.; bread, 1½d.; wine, 2s. 3d.; and brandy, 1s. 9d. per gallon,—retail: cows, £1; sheep 2s. each. We, who are on the spot, know that this is true, and hope that the British public will not deny credence to the descriptions of Pringle—Phillips—Kay—and Thompson, whom it is useless to quote in direct opposition to Howison, since common sense must show, that a country cannot be a desert so utterly to be abhorred, when all the agricultural produce is to be found of the first quality, in boundless abundance, and at the lowest prices.

As respects the "concentration of the colony upon the extremity of South Africa," independant of the simple fact of "*population encreasing*," and the "emigrants finding it *necessary* to spread," would agricultural produce be raised in such 'narrow territory,' in sufficient abundance to supply the market, at such moderate prices? The declaration, respecting expense to the parent state, is answered by a reference to facts; if the Tory Government were pleased to consider the colonies as milch kine to suckle their Honorable Misters, the husbands of their Ladies Augusta, &c. or their other humble dependants, the colonies are not to be cursed for evils which they have felt, in a ten-fold proportion, beyond even what the parent state, which inflicted the evil, could possibly be supposed to suffer. If the Cape be worth preserving at all, a garrison must be maintained to defend the military post, depôt, and naval station: this forms a charge for which the colony is in no respect answerable; and cannot in justice be called upon to defray, but, as respects the civil and judicial establishments of this colony, being beyond its means to repay, the assertion is more correct in theory, than in application: the colonial revenue of about £140,000, meets an expenditure of about the same amount, and England will shortly have no cause of complaint against the Cape as a state burthen. But Mr. Advocate De Wet, at a public meeting, has denounced the local establishments, disbursed by the colony, as unnecessarily large and overpaid; and their needs little examination of the localities and resources of this worn-out and emaciated country," to agree in this patriotic opinion: this does not, however, belong to the present discussion, further, than to remark, that it shows how small an amount of accurate local information appears to be considered sufficient for the noble art of book-making. Is there really, no advantage to England from a large population in South Africa? It is calculated, that upwards of three hundred sail of shipping, touch here annually, for refreshments and repairs, occasioning an expenditure of about £75,000 per annum. The insalubrity of the Indian climate, occasions a great resort of invalids from thence, to seek convalescence in this delightful climate; and these, being generally possessed of liberal official incomes, are calculated to spend among them, £50,000 per annum. The three regiments, and artillery, and engineers of the garrison; the ordnance and naval depôts, with the Government expenditure for the fleet and troops, may average beyond £150,000 per annum. Here, then, we have a regular circulation of no less a sum than near £300,000 per annum; which alone, without reference to the exported colonial productions, aloes, hides, horns, ivory, wines, besides stock of every kind to Mauritius and St. Helena, and the hope of wool, would assuredly suffice to maintain, in comfortable

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abundance, a really large population; whilst, without anticipating the increase and improvement which may be looked for of all colonial productions, their present amount alone would easily support quadruple the present population, whose wants would occasion no injurious! import of British manufactures into the colony; and are these advantages of civilization planted, and intercourse with Europe increased, to be recklessly rejected, because a cynic who refutes himself in the same sentence where he ventures the assertion, is pleased to pronounce that the country is "doomed for ever to form a blank spot in the habitable world?" The incalculable importance of India, and the hourly increasing value of Australia, render the Cape indispensible to the British shipping and colonial interest: and, when the eastern trade increases upon the extinction of the monopoly, and as Australia doubles its population, its productions, and its commerce,—so must this commanding position become more important, more wealthy, and more populous: nor should any thing be omitted, which can honestly be effected, to secure the whole coast, from the Orange River on the western coast, to Delagoa Bay on the east: this, which could easily be acomplished as a precautionary measure now, may be a task of almost insuperable difficulty, when it is found indispensibly necessary.

To conclude this part of the subject, we must make a brief allusion to the author's commendation of the camel. "Nine thousand pounds' weight," says he, "is considered a full load for twelve oxen, exclusive of the wagon which contains it; and with this they cannot travel for a continuance more than 18 miles a day. A *moderate sized* camel will carry a weight of *eight or nine hundred pounds with ease, and travel thirty miles a day*," page 223. If Mr. Howison ever saw a camel capable of performing the above, he should have noted the fact on his personal authority: the largest and best camel which the writer of this ever saw, and he has some experience, was considered to be overloaded with two six dozen boxes of wine, which may be estimated short of 500 pounds; and instead of travelling 30 miles a day with such a load, would have broken down if urged to go half the distance, daily, for a week. The Indian maximum for loading cattle, is under 150 pounds for a bullock—three bullock loads for a camel, and three camel loads for an elephant; but no one thinks of stages of thirty miles a day for loaded cattle, nor ventures to proceed even 15 miles a day, for any distance, without the most guarded attention to the forage and lading: the artillery park bullocks, on a march, carry only six eighteen pound shot; and it is considered severe marching to go over 150 miles in ten days. The camel is valuable only in his native Arabia, where no other beast could exist; in a stony, hilly, or rainy country, it would be useless: the idea of suggesting the introduction of camels, as an *improvement*, into a country, where twelve oxen can drag nine thousand pounds weight of lading, independant of the wagon, at the rate of eighteen miles a day, is absurd! and the retrograde step in civilization, which it implicates, of giving up wheel carriages to return to pack cattle! could only be expected from savages.

The third chapter, upon the aborigines of the colony, states, that "None of the earlier writers on the Cape, attempt to give us any idea of the amount of the Hottentot population there, when the Dutch first civilized; but judging from the number of kraals, and chief of kraals, described, or alluded to in their journals, we may reasonably suppose that it was very considerable." It may be asked, how *a region consisting of unwatered deserts like South Africa*, could support a large population of any kind? But it is very certain, that the character of the country in that respect, has changed much for the worse within the last century, and that it still continues to do so." Further, that "there is little difficulty in believing that their country once *abounded* with *large* communities of people," page 234. There can only be one way of explaining this physical change, if the fact be undisputed, and that is, by supposing a great destruction of trees and bushes for firewood to have denuded the country, and by encreasing evaporation, to have dried the sources of the small springs. We have seen from Van Riebeek's journal, that ancient forests existed where no natural timber is now to be seen, and we may safely conjecture, that the indiscreet destruction of native woods, and even brush-wood and heather, may have operated powerfully on the state of the atmosphere. The 29th Letter, 2d part of White's Natural History of Selburn, is well worthy the attention of the colonists; as well as Mr. Bowie's excellent paper in the South African Journal, page 160, vol. 1829—30. The advantages to be derived form plantations are there so well described, that nothing need be said here. A tree is so beautiful an object, and groves, or avenues, form such delightful ornaments to country residences, that, independant of the view to profit from timber and fire-wood, and the improvement of the soil by the fall of leaves, the mere gratification of the eye, should be supposed sufficient reward to repay the very trifling outlay incurred by the most liberal plantation. The salutary effect of cooling and moistening the air, and feeding springs, might be attained, though in a minor degree, by orchards of fruit, as well as forests of timber; and there seems no limit to the growth of the orange, peach, apricot, plum, pear, and apple in this colony, but the mere wish to possess them.

The Horticultural Society of the Cape, and such generous public spirited and liberal patriots, as the excellent Baron Von Ludwig, should impress on the colonists the important advantage, and almost indispensible necessity, for planting on a large scale, not only orchards, but woods, round their country residences: even the bare sites near Cape Town and the Cape Flats, might produce, at least, an abundance of fire-wood, to the great improvement of the soil, as well as immediate benefit to the planter: nor is this a subject beneath the notice of government; but how that notice should operate, it does not lie in our province to discuss.

We shall now proceed to the second head; the disapprobation our author expresses of the missionary labours: on this point we are so utterly at issue, that we should be disposed to carry our reply to some length: but as our pages are not likely to meet the eye of the generality of those, who may probably form the majority of Mr. Howison's readers, we shall endeavour to refute him from his own data, and leave the rest to the good sense of the public.

Our first observation must be on the facetious, epigramatic effort at page 308, that "the Dutch took possession of the Cape of Good Hope, by the same authority that has served other European nations in similar cases, viz: the power and the inclination to form a settlement. However there are *two points* in the proceedings of the Hollanders which we *cannot but admire*. They neither asked the *Pope to give* them South Africa, nor did they assure its natives that their *sole object* in coming among them, was *to instruct them in religion*." If this be meant for wit, it is a very silly effort; if for an historical fact, it is not a faithful narrative The Hollanders did not ask the Pope, because, with Queen Elizabeth's assistance, they had shaken off the Papal yoke some seventy years before; and though they certainly did not declare, that the religious instruction of the natives, was their *sole object*, yet Mr. Howison would have spared us his sarcasm, had he known, that the *avowed* objects of the Dutch in forming the 'fort and garden,' were not only that their ships might "refresh and be enable to pass St. Helena," but that "*the children of the natives might be educated in the christian faith;* and, should the Almighty grant his blessing, *many souls might be brought to a knowledge of religion*, and saved to God; therefore, the formation of the said fort and garden, will not only tend to the advantage of the Company, *but what is of more consequence*, may also be the means of *preserving many souls* to the praise of God's most holy name, and to *the propagation of his holy gospel*." Whilst, to show that Van Riebeek was in no respect superior to the Spaniards in South America; the first page of his journal contains a beautiful prayer, in which he tells his Maker, that he, and his fellow colonists, assemble in Council, "to advise, and take such measures, as might best tend to promote the interests of the General Chartered East India Company; to maintain justice; and if possible, *to plant and propagate the true reformed christian doctrine, amongst these wild and savage people*." Had Mr. Howison reserved his sneers, and discharged his indignation on such missionaries as these, who landed with religion on their lips and pistols in their girdles, and who, not only plundered the inoffensive aborigines of their vast herds, but kidnapt as many of these wild and savage people themselves, as they could seize, and transported them for slaves to their eastern colonies, he would have shown more sense, and some accuracy.

The above is, however, trifling compared with the following, page 306:—"I am aware that many persons, who coutribute largely to the support of missionary associations, will condemn my opinions on this subject; considering it a *matter of indifference, how poor, destitute, and miserable the christian converts may be*, provided they are able *to crawl to church* two or three times a week, and to repeat a few psalms and prayers; but, unfortunately, the Hottentots and Boschmen have little taste for *a system of spirituality;* and the sight of cultivated lands, and of abundance of cattle, would do more in *alluring them to adopt* a settled mode of life, than super-human eloquence, or even the performance of miracles on the part of their instructors." How is a farrago like this, intruded into a book which commences with a flourish about "nature and human life," and a boast of "being accurate as well as vivid," to be applied to?

Fortunately, the context conveys its own refutation: the station of Gnadendal is described: therefore, without appealing to friendly witnesses, let us content ourselves with Mr. Howison's very guarded description of the benefit it has conferred, and is conferring, on the colony generally, and more particularly, upon the poor outcasts of its abject population; true, some of the missionary stations have been injudiciously located, and have not prospered; but is the history of political, military, and commercial enterprize, so perfectly free from similar failures, as to occasion any great surprise at the occurrence of so ordinary an event? Under any circumstances, each individual experiment is not a very expensive, nor, except of the poor missionary's life, a very hazardous undertaking: the miner who has toiled in darkness and uncertainty, through the bowels of the earth, may have laboured with little reward for many seasons, and may yet think himself amply repaid by one vein: and thus, the missionary may have drooped, desponded, and almost despaired, over the failure of many Pellas, and many Bethelsdorps, may surely revive his hopes, when he sees the success of Gnadendal, Enon, Theopolis, Kat River, &c. this is not poetry! it is nature and human life; life, which is a checquered scene of success and disappointment at the best; and in which, those best discharge their solemn account to the great Master, who,—while it is yet day, work! and leave to-morrow to the God of

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to-morrow; and the harvest of their toils to the Lord of the harvest.

Gnadendal, or, as we like to hear it called, Glenatendale, for we love home sounds, is described by Mr. Howison, as "presenting a scene of rustic animation, calculated to delight the beholder," p 295; as "about a mile long, and half a mile broad, and invested with a character of serenity, calmness, seclusion, and repose, such as belongs to few other inhabited spots with which the author is acquainted," and as "containing thirteen hundred souls:" p. 296, further, that "the Moravian missionaries never *invite any one* to settle in Glenatendale; on the contrary, they say, that they are *troubled* with *daily* applications to that effect; and no one is admitted as a resident, except with the *consent* of a certain number of Hottentot censors, *chosen* by the Hottentots themselves, to decide upon that, and similar affairs. These censors *represent the* people, as it were, and are *elected* by vote. All kinds of trade, such as those of shoemaker, tailor, wagon-maker, blacksmith, cutler, &c. are carried on in the village," p. 297. "Every house has a garden:" "and most of these are in a state of high cultivation:" "the settlement appears, at first view, a monstrosity in the wilderness: and the traveller immediately asks how its population subsist? a reply to this question will show, that the same *objections* apply to Glenatendale, as to *all other institutions of the kind* in South Africa. At the beginning of summer, half of the inhabitants *desert* the village, and *wander about* the country in want of work; and when the harvest is done, they return home with the *little* money they may have earned, and continue to *exist* upon it, and the produce of their gardens, till the ensuing season Those who remain in the village, all the year through, are chiefly tradesmen. They are supported by the sale of their handiwork, *for which there is a considerable demand;* because, the country lying thirty or forty miles beyond Glenatendale, on every side, is very populous, and its boors," the Dutch farmers, "obtain cutlery, farming utensils, and even wagons, from the Hottentots, instead of sending for them to Cape Town," p. 299.

Is a man in his senses, who, having looked on such a scene as this, can yet, in the teeth of his own personal observation, still taunt the missionary advocates with nauseating the 'Hottentots and Boschmen' with a "*system of spirituality?*" is not the creation of such a community as Glenatendale, with its free representative village government, something intelligible to the most ordinary understanding? and is the education of honest, hard working artisans, who can supply a populous district of 'thirty or forty miles beyond, on every side,' that is to say upwards of 1500 square miles, with cutlery, farming utensils, and even wagons, to be advanced as one of the proofs that the missionaries have actually effected nothing in South Africa; and that a perseverance in their labours, is more likely 'to injure than to benefit' the native races, as asserted at page 291?

But we have now done:—had Mr. Howison described the natives as incapable of instruction, and the missionaries as employed in secular gains, and unfit to teach, we should have had to refer to other authorities to contravert his assertions; but his just sense of honor has drawn from him the most creditable testimony. 'The Hottentots,' he says, 'are considered to have an excellent capacity, which enables them to learn anything; and their children possess *greater quickness and acuteness than those of Europeans*, and soon excel in most of the mechanical arts," p 297. At page 291, he distinctly disavows all intention to reflect upon "the conduct and qualifications of the missionaries, many of whom are distinguished for the *greatest* zeal and *disinterestedness*, in labouring to accomplish the hopeless task that has been allotted them." Again, at page 306, "The missionaries of South Africa, doubtless, *feel* severely the disadvantages of their situation, the *hopelessness* of the labours imposed upon them, and the many hardships to which they are exposed; but they are *too good* men to *wish* to abandon their posts, and *too zealous* in the cause of *religion and civilization* to be *discouraged* by the physical and moral difficulties which surround them." Men who feel their labour to be hopeless, and yet are not discouraged, must be individuals of an unknown species, and of a most extraordinary temperament! But to proceed:

Mr. Howison thus declares, upon his personal knowledge and observation as an eye witness, that 'the children of the natives possess the quickness and acuteness of Europeans" in learning, and that their missionary teachers are good, zealous, and not to be discouraged in teaching; this testimony to the point, being remembered, and the statements of such excellent men as these missionaries are shewn to be, being unquestionable, let us refer to their reports, and see if they themselves consider their prospects discouraging, and their exertions unprofitable. The report of the Wesleyan Society for the year ending April, 1834, exhibits an expenditure upon the Albany missions for "ten stations and twelve missionaries, and return of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and family to England, £4018:4:7." This is contributing largely, no doubt, but it is a voluntary donation, bestowed in small sums by a vast number of kind individuals, any one of whom might, beyond all question, have made a less beneficent use of the trifling contribution: nor will they think it ill bestowed, when they learn that a vast district has so far acknowledged christianity as to have adopted, by a national enactment, the religious observance of the Sabbath-day, 'to keep it holy;' and Mr Howison himself, and every man who has a spark of philanthropy, must be delighted to hear that these twelve good, and zealous, and not-to-be-discouraged labourers in the cause of religion and civilization, have established schools which are attended by no less than 2134 scholars, eager and willing to be taught, 'quick and acute' at learning, and capable, when taught, of diffusing the blessings of light and industry through the regions of 'decay and desolation' which they inhabit.

But are they merely taught a system of spirituality? no, the religion of the missionaries is combined with the practical industry which leads to religion, as well as to civilization: all kinds of trades, says Howison himself, are practised at Glenatendale

One more quotation on this head, and we have done:—"The Jesuits of Paraguay would not allow a stranger, visiting their missionary stations, to remain more than two days and two nights at any one of them, lest, as they said, he should corrupt the neophytes, and teach them European vices: an *admirable* regulation, which *unfortunately* cannot be adopted at Glenatendale, where an influx of travellers and visitors to purchase its manufactures is encouraged, as essential to the prosperity and even existence of the institution," page 299 And this from a writer of the nineteenth century! who would prefer the Jesuit, and La Trappe, to the free representative village government of Glenatendale. The Dutch, in their day, have been bad enough on the frontier; and the Tories, in theirs, have played some fearful pranks; but fortunately, they never dreamt of this curfew policy: true, they forbade all intercourse with the natives beyond the border, and denied the unhappy dependants on their capricious, and obstinate self-willedness, the immense advantages of foreign trade; but the Jesuit's vagrant act of forty-eight hours' domicile, could not certainly have been adopted in the colony. Whilst on the subject, we cannot repress the observation, that we should much like to hear Mr. Howison's opinion of our Colonial *Vagrant Act* of last August; he will probably hail it as a pledge of our improvement, and as close an approach to Jesuitical perfection as modern taste permits even in this colony! Let the reader examine from page 197 to 200, vol. 2, and at 233, where we are told, that "general education is the wolf Fenris" of the Scandinavian mythology! and he will see that our author is born half a century too late.

We shall not detain the reader with Mr. Howison's notions, see pages 370 to 376, vol. 1. and 337 to 341 of vol. 2, respecting the great and glorious act of negro emancipation, which has extinguished the odious name of slave, and has gladdened the heart of every right-minded christian in the British dependencies: we have perused them with unmingled sorrow, and some astonishment. We consider them to form, beyond measure, the poorest, and most pitiful advocacy of the wretched cause, that we have ever stumbled on; and did not the context prove the sober sadness, and waking reality, of the author's meaning and intention, we should have been strongly inclined to suspect that the waggery of an ill-conducted defence had been practised, as the deadliest blow which concentrated scorn and contempt, and uncompromising abhorrence, could inflict upon the demoralizing curse of the colonial slave trade. But this is not the case: Mr. Howison is quite serious, and his belief sincere and firm, that the negro emancipation, is the result of a "vapid, fire-side philanthropy." The day is past, when such sentiments required to be refuted; and we register them merely to show the value of this author as an authority in matter of colonial interest, and colonial policy.

It now remains that we return to the practical tract of Mr. Phillips, which has condensed into thirty pages of unambitious, but excellent matter, a clear and distinct outline of what is required to be known respecting the colony; its present position and future prospects; and whilst we express our hopes that a writer, so perfectly qualified to enlarge upon the subject, will not remain satisfied with giving us the mere abstract of the information which he possesses, we shall conclude with strongly recommending his concluding paragraph to the notice of the influential members of our community, and earnestly soliciting their co-operation to obtain the patronage and sanction of government, for the encouragement of public joint stock companies, for the advancement of public works and institutions of acknowledged utility; which, though in the present state of the colony, they exceed the ability of the colonists, will, it may be safely hoped, repay ten-fold in the next generation

Finally, we would very humbly suggest that the harbours of Natal and Delagoa should, if possible, be garrisoned, and arrangements commenced for including, in a quiet, and beneficial way, to the native population, the whole of the coast, from the Orange River to Delagoa, within the boundaries of the colony. No violence is needed now to effect this important measure; no outrage, no bloodshed; but, as respects the future, the colony cannot be considered safe, so long as such adjacent harbours remain open to any occupying naval power; and no one can venture to predict what to-morrow may bring forth. A vast extent of the finest land in South Africa might be purchased now at nominal prices from the Caffer chiefs, whose tribes are so thinly scattered over some thousand times the space which is required for their own uses, and who would hail the establishment of missionary institutions among them as national blessings. A new Albany and a new Glenatendale, might spring up in the wilderness; and thousands more might be added, to the thousands of natives now enjoying the blessings of instruction from "zealous and good men, who are not to be discouraged by any difficulties, physical or moral," in their pious labours for the promotion of religion and civilization.

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QUESTION FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE *ADVERTISER.*

I would ask what indispensable necessity is there for one half of the *Commercial Advertiser* being in Dutch? If some few of the old inhabitants wish to have a Dutch paper, let one be printed for their special use, or let them have the *Zuid-Afrikaan* most exclusively to themselves; un-English in everything, as well as in sentiments.—Ultra-Dutch! heavy as cheese, thick as butter, and muddy as the sluice at the cabbage-quay in Rotterdam! God forbid that I should put down anything to offend; I do not intend it; yet I must say that even these aged gentry of the past century are grievously in error as respects the present and future welfare and happiness of their families, if they endeavour to dutchify the tastes of the rising generation: yet still, if they wish it, and will pay a price to disqualify their sons from mingling on equal terms with the party which fate has doomed shall rule, and consequently lead the fashion in South Africa, they have the power to act unwisely: let them do so; but this does not apply to us who have no Dutch predilections to gratify: surely, a British Dependancy like this could support an English paper. The local interests, it is true, are not very thrilling; but still, the merest outline of the English and Indian papers, judiciously selected, might afford matter for a very ordinary genius to furbish up into six pages a week, allowing two for advertisements. Let the *Advertiser* seriously consider the matter, and give me one earthly reason that is worth the value of a mouldy biscuit, as an argument why I am to pay 36 dollars per annum for 52 sheets of English, and 52 sheets of Dutch matter. I deliver my stumpy for the former, though it is no doubt estimated only as half, since the latter must of course require a Dutch translator, as well as all the expenditure of printing and paper; but let it cost the Editor what it may, it is not worth a stiver to me; he shall have the whole of my 104 half-sheets back for a *young dubbeltje*, and be thanked for his liberality. Let not Mr. Editor become exceeding wroth at the freedom of discussion which he himself is so ready to advocate and practice; to use an oriental phraseology, "he is no ass, nor the son of an ass, nor the grandson of an ass, nor is he likely to be the "grandfather of asses." Why, then, should he disappoint the just expectations we have a right to form from the specimens of his capabilities which he has given us? If he says the public would not support a better paper, be it so; he knows his public better than I do: suffice it to say, that if such be the case, his public is two centuries behind any other public of which I have any knowledge.

Q. Q.

ODDS AND ENDS, WITH NOTES.

A MEDLEY.

How to Smuggle Soap.—Last year a very good joke was spoiled. The wits who made it laughed in their sleeves as long as it went on; and when it came out, every body else laughed, the excise and all, though the crime is really as great as robbing the widow of her mite, since the widow's mite must go to make up for the fraud. There is no duty on soap in Ireland; and some cunning Englishmen who had made soap without paying the just duty, packed it up for Ireland, got the drawback of 28*l.* a ton, just as if they had paid the duty, and sent it off, smuggled it back again, packed it afresh, got the drawback again, and sent it off, and again smuggled it back again; and so on four times over. Now, for the idea of this cheat, for the lies that were told, for the false oaths that were taken in carrying it on, and for the making a sordid crime into a joke, the excise is answerable. And this is what the excise does for morality. "And this is the way the money of the people is managed," observed Le Brocq; "wrenched from the honest working man with one hand, that it might be given away to the fraudulent great trader with the other."—*Miss Martineau.*

"Wrenching from the honest working man to bestow upon the fraudulent great trader," is one of the masterpieces of the sublime intelligence of our venerable ancestors of revered antiquity! A singular instance of the working of their wisdom was shown of late in our harbour, two schooners having cargoes of tea arrived from London, landed their cargoes, and reshipt them, and in an incredibly short space of time returned to the Thames—as tea, unluckily does not, like Madeira and jack birds! and sick Indians, improve by going to sea! the sagacity which had thus hedged in the China monopoly, will not only raise the price of the tea, which it was requisite should be brought from London to the Cape, to be taken back again, full fifty per cent.! but it will occasion this encreased price to be paid by the honest working man, the consumer! for an operation which must have materially injured the quality and real value of the tea, as well as enhanced its costs:—when will people open their eyes, and consider government to be an art which may be conducted on the simple rules of common sense and common honesty?

COMING IT STRONG.

The *Philadelphia Gazette* gives the following description of the western superlative:—A Kentucky steam-boat captain dilating in a strain of exuberant commendation on the excellence of his craft, says—'She trots off like a horse: all boiler: full of pressure; hard work to hold her in at the wharfs and landings. I could run her up a cataract. She draws eight inches of water—goes at three knots a minute,—and jumps all the snags and sand banks.'"

The Americans are not blind to their own position, nor to their own peculiarities, they laugh at a rhodomontade, whether American or English; but let us contrast the following:

AMERICAN WHIP.

"You were capsized the other day, Mr. Driver," said a passenger. "Yes, Jackson, I was; but nobody was hurt. The tongue of the pole broke in going down a hill, and I was afraid of running to the bottom of it; so I told the passengers to sit still, for I was only going to upset them! They sat quiet, and I turned them over a bank, and stopped the horses; I'm hanged, if I didn't."

LOVE TO THE LAST.

American sea-serpents, and other marvels, have often been the cause of mirth on this side the Atlantic, but few circumstances ever exceeded the following:—At the recent explosion of a steam vessel, a witness related the melancholy fate of two lovers who were seated together when the accident happened. They were blown high into the air, when the gentleman threw his arm round the fair one's neck and snatched one hasty kiss; within twenty seconds both their bodies descended into the river in a shower of atoms.

The following are examples of the difference in the cost of English and American editions of new works:

	Eng. Ed.	Amer.
Chalmers' Bridgewater Treatise, about	dol. 5 25c.	dol. 0 75c.
James' History of Charlemagne, ...	5 00	0 50
New Novels are usually published at about,.	7 00	0 87½
Cooper's Headsman is sold in London at	31s. 6d.	(7 dol.)

In the United States 275 original works have been published during the year 1833. Of these 23 have already been announced as re-printed in England.—*New York Advertiser.*

The two first are extracts from the Morning Herald; there are hundreds such, in the Trollop! papers; the third speaks for itself; "to point a moral or adorn a tale," was considered by the great moralist as the last sad use of fallen greatness; the sole use of 'America and the Americans,' to witlings on "this side of the Atlantic," seems to be to garnish their periodical Joe Miller's with absurd extravagances; yet one would think, that the signs of the times were apparent to the simplest child—and that the shadows which coming events are casting before them, might strike the most ordinary observer:—these purblind gentry worship the "great Napoleon," and are utterly dazzled by the "Star of the Legion of Honor." Let us see what has become of the "radiant and adored deceit."

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RELICS OF NAPOLEON'S ARMY.

Between 200 and 300 tons of the bones of the horses, and amongst them some of those of the men, which were lost in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, have arrived and are arriving at Grimsby. These are the remains of the 30,000 almost famished horses, and the miserable men, who, as history relates, perished through cold in one night, almost at the commencement of his retreat from that city which the flames, kindled by the hands of the Russians, had reduced to ruins and desolation.—*Stamford News.*

"Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,
O! that the earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to 'expel the winter's flaw.

The manuring of the Lincolnshire fields with the bones of Napoleon's wretched tools and miserable victims, seems a nearer approach to the literal realization of Hamlet's apprehension than could reasonably have been looked for! The Russian campaign was bad enough; there was not wanted to complete the disgusting details of its horrors, that the bones of these doughty legionaries should be carted, and shipped, and pounded, and spread with dunghill filth for manure on the very fens which their arch instigator to mischief, the devil, is said to look over from his lofty perch in Lincoln!

POETICAL DESCRIPTION OF A SNEEZE.

An Italian wit has written a poem on tobacco, (La Tabaccheide,) in which, with the animal spirits of his countrymen, he has ventured upon describing a *sneeze*. We shall be bolder than he, considering the less enthusiastic noses of the north, and venture to give a free version of the passage:

What a moment! What a doubt!
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic
Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me.
Now says "Sneeze, you fool, get through it;"
Shee—shee—Oh, 'tis most del-*ishi*—
Ishi—ishi—most del-*ishi*—
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring)—
Snuff's a most delicious thing!
Leigh Hunt's London Journal.

Leigh Hunt's friend, Charles Lamb, has tenderly apostrophized beloved tobacco in his farewell ode.

No scent to match the rich perfume,
Did ever chemic art presume,
Through her alembic quaint to strain—
None so sovereign to the brain.—
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell:
Roses and violets are but toys,
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for our greener damsels meant,—
Thou art the only manly scent.

The conclusion is exquisite, when he bemoans the mandate of the sour physicians, and resolves at least, to sit among 'the tobacco boys,' and enjoy the perfumes, though denied the whiff—their's no accounting for taste; at all events, poetry and Virginia are not necessarily cognate. Cowper anathematizes the weed right stoutly, and in very homely phraseology. Beckford's letters from Italy, assign a most unanswerable reason for the love of the weed in the United Provinces—the odour of tobacco, to say the least for it, may be rightly accounted a legitimate perfume by the side of a putrid green canal, exhaling the noisome vapours of every stench a canal can furnish to poison the air in its vicinity.

HOLLAND.

Every flower that wealth can purchase diffuses its perfume on one side; while every stench a canal can exhale poisons the air on the other. These sluggish puddles defy all the powers of the United Provinces, and retain the freedom of stinking in spite of any endeavour to conquer their filthiness. But, perhaps, I am too bold in my assertion; for I have no authority to mention any attempts to purify these noxious pools. Who knows but their odour is congenial to a Dutch constitution? One should be inclined to this supposition by the numerous banquetting-rooms and pleasure-houses which hang directly above their surface, and seem calculated on purpose to enjoy them. If frogs were not excluded from the magistrature of their country (and I cannot but think it a little hard that they are) one should not wonder at this choice. Such burgomasters might erect their pavilions in such situations; but, after all, I am not greatly surprised at the filthiness of their site, since very slight authority would persuade me there was a period when Holland was all water, and the ancestors of the present inhabitants fish. A certain oysterishness of eye and flabbiness of complexion are almost proofs of this aquatic descent; and pray tell me, for what purpose are such galligaskins as the Dutch burdened themselves with contrived, but to tuck up a flouncing tail, and thus cloak the deformity of a dolphin-like termination?—*Beckford's Letters from Italy, &c.*

ENGLISH PARTIES.

In England, a Tory means an oligarchist; a Whig is merely an aristocrat; a Liberal is one who wishes rational feelings, founded on the basis of the people; a Radical is one who is for overturning everthing and beginning *de novo*. *Cooper's Letter to his Countrymen.*

Many thanks to Mr. Cooper for his correct delineation of the change of relative position in English parties; the old Jacobite worshippers of divine and indefeasible rights are extinct, but supplying their place, we find the venerable old women, the Conservatives, calling themselves Tories; their creed has but two articles—they verily believe that they are born to be the glory and delight of the whole earth! and that the low vulgar! exist only to feed them with the choicest dainties, and clothe them with the pleasantest apparel; primogeniture is the breath of their nostrils, and titles, ribbons, sinecures, and pensions on a large scale for the first-born of Egypt! and colonial government office with as little duty as possible, and pensions for their younger fry of Lord Charleses and Honorable Misters! is as the staff in their right hands.—Lord Grey stifled this ORDER by the Reform Act. The place of the old Tories is now supplied by the Whigs, who, like Sir James Mackintosh, are woefully astray for a suitable classification, and would call themselves Whigs of the Revolution of 1689! anything but honest, hearty friends of the commonwealth, anything but assertors of equal rights and equal taxation—of the greatest good to the greatest number; they would willingly extinguish the Jacobite oligarchy, but they would do it for their individual benefit; they think the breath of the commons a foul vapour! they would endure as little of it as possible; they are for the 'landed interest' and 'corn laws,' and join issue with the declaration that 'Ireland was only half conquered!' These, like the former dogs, will have their day; the others are *effete*, and they are in their autumnal yellows! Mr. Cooper has given us Liberals and Radicals—a distinction without a difference—the Benthams, with the Westminster at their head, are daily growing in strength, and spreading their tenets more and more influentially on the face of the country, and among its representatives in Parliament; and as education operates to raise the poorer classes to an equality with the richer, as the vast majority improve in capability of thinking so, they will learn the importance of union in trifles, as well as in essentials, and we shall have Common's-wealth-men of the proper ORDER; men who will laugh to utter derision the tinsel trumperies of the conservatives on the one hand; and on the other, instead of crushing repealers, and fighting for tithes with the red hand of unrelenting, unfeeling authority, will endeavour to spread knowledge, and to build upon the good sense of the community; and this done, they may let the praters talk themselves hoarse, in the perfect certainty that equal laws, justly administered, will have the support and assistance of the great majority, and that the clamor of the agitators will only tell upon the noodles. Let the people know that they can't have the gratification of agitation for nothing, that it costs money raised by taxes, and taken out of their pockets to pay troops and constables, and so forth; and agitation, for the pure love of agitation, will soon

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cease to be the meat, drink, and clothing of rabble leaders! "*The* overturners of everything, to begin *de novo*," owe their importance solely to the conviction in the breasts of the "liberal rational feeling" party, that the poor agitators, though wrong in manner, are right in matter: let them lose that protection, and their utter insignificance in a thinking, reasoning community, will appear in a moment. If, however, we are to believe the Joe Millers, it will require a century to create a thinking, reasoning community in the 'emerald gem of the western world,'—here is a specimen:

THREE CHEERS.

A story is told (a true one, we believe,) of the celebrated Father Prout, the eccentric P. P. Watergrass hill, whose memory a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* is rendering immortal to the following effect:—Three ladies of a travelling party *en route* to the Lakes of Killarney, walked while the horses were being changed across from the little inn in the little village aforesaid, and wherein Father Prout had set up his tabernacle, to the chapel of which he was the functionary, and which was directly opposite. It happened to be on some festival commanded by the Roman Catholic Church to be kept holy—the rev. father was celebrating mass at the altar, and the edifice was thronged with such a congregation as the miserable parish even to this day supplies. Prout's keen eye soon discovered the quality, at least, however he might have been mistaken in the religion, of his fair visitants, and anxious to provide them with such accommodation as his unpretending temple was capable of affording, and never imagining that they had merely strayed in from motives so *unusual* with the sex—those of idle curiosity—beckoned them within the sanctuary, and suspending for the instant some important part of the solemn sacrifice in which he was engaged, roared out with lungs and in accents that must have been heard to have been either appreciated or understood, "Stand out iv the way, ye spalpeens yez—don't you see the leedies—God bless em! Three cheer's for the leedies."—The congregation delighted at the proposition—Pat rejoices in a noise as the ordinary preliminary to a row—set up with a tremendous shout—three distinct cheers.—"Holy Mary," shouted Prout, in a rage that convulsed his frame—"Salve regina!—Blessed St. Bridget!—O ye spaulpeens—O ye miscreants—and yeu, Darby Monyahan, from the Bog of Kildman, who ought to have betther manners, seeing that you've come of such dacent people, to be entherupting the Holy sacrifice iv the mass this a day—shure its three cheers to set down upon, ye ignoramushes, and not three cheers out of your ugly throttles, I'm wanting for the leedies, and they're in the secristy and not down your throats, that the breath of yez stinks—God pardon me for using such a word, of whishkey this blessed holly-day.

A congregation fully prepared *either to pray or play,—to join the holy sacrifice of the mass, or to give three cheers*, whichever the priest should feel disposed to suggest, appears exactly the audience suited for any sort of excitement that any sort of incendiary might be pleased to conceive or execute.

BUSH-RANGING IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

The *Sydney Gazette* of the 13th February says:—"The Launceston Papers contain the most alarming accounts of the state of that part of Van Diemen's Land, from the almost daily outrages committed by armed bushrangers. The outrages of these desperate banditti are not confined to nocturnal attacks on the lonely settlers, but are frequently committed in the open day, and in populous places; even in the very town of Launceston, armed robbers show themselves in the streets—walk into people's houses, tie the inmates to chairs or tables, and then deliberately sit down to regale themselves in their presence! Why, in the worst days of bush-ranging here, we have had nothing like this; and yet, if the public journals at Launceston are to be credited, the authorities seem to be all but quietly looking on"

How happens this! have they not wit enough to devise a Vagrant Act, nor force to secure its operation? what are these Launceston worthies dreaming of? we can solve a part of the difficulty, because we can explain one cause of the supposed necessity of a vagrant act here. Avarice—greediness of gain—anxiety to become rich, faster than ordinary honest industry allows accumulation of property. Parties who in Europe had not a foot of mother earth which they could call their own, nor the shadow of a hope of ever possessing one, could not be content with moderate and manageable grants of lands in the colonies, and without anything like proportionate capital, would greedily appropriate their thousands of acres, and behold the consequence! their property is scattered unprotected over vast ranges of country, a tempting booty to the idle and unprincipled: would thousands of sheep, attended by only a couple of shepherd-boys, range untouched over any common in the United Kingdom? or if farm-houses were miles apart, would they be left undisturbed? We suspect not. The poor Hottentot herdsmen of 1652, found Van Riebeek, and his Dutchmen, worse neighbours than even the Bushmen; he made root and branch work of it—to steal 10,000 head of cattle was nothing, without kidnapping the poor herdsmen too, and sending the '*savages*' for slaves to India. A few weeks ago, we had a sanguinary story, which, without one word of truth, was gravely narrated in all companies. Wherever two or three met together, this lie was sure to be in the midst of them, and the wisest noodle of the party would incontinently observe—"doesn't this show the necessity of a vagrant act?" The story was, that some farmers going into the country were murdered by a gang of Hottentots; who, elated with their success, immediately attacked the brandy in the wagons of the deceased, became brutally drunk, and were in that state surprized and captured: the whole a wicked falsehood; but were any steps taken for tracing it to its author?

A SUITOR TO ROYALTY.

A good deal of talk and merriment have been created in Kensington, in consequence of the eccentricities of a gentleman said to hold a rank of some importance in the army, who has fallen desperately in love with the youthful charms of Princess Victoria, and who, for some months past, has taken every opportunity of manifesting the ardour of his passion to her Royal Highness, and of making her a formal tender of his hand and heart. For some time the proposals and the epistles of this aspiring lover were treated as the effusions of a distempered intellect, and no notice was taken of them, but his efforts to obtain an interview became so persevering, and it became known that he generally stationed himself in those portions of Kensington-gardens where her Royal Highness most frequently indulged in the recreation of walking, that it was found expedient to give some directions to the gate-keepers on the subject.

From what can be gathered of the eccentric gentleman's movments, it appears that about the beginning of last spring he made some very particular inquiries of the keeper at the Mount Gate, Kensington-gardens, as to the Princess; wishing, in particular, to know the best way in which he could obtain an introduction, and whether it was most likely an interview would be granted at Kensington Palace. The gate-keeper referred the gentleman to the proper authorities at the palace, after which he received three cards, containing as the gentleman said, his titles and dignity, with a request that they should be immediately forwarded to her Royal Highness, the Princess Victoria, who, he added, would see that by an alliance with him her Royal Highness would require an Imperial title of superior pretensions to the comparatively insignificant distinction of Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. On the cards were writen "The King of Rome"—"The Emperor of the Austrias"—and "The Grand Lama of Thibet." Several letters were forwarded to the palace by this tripartite potentate, who was constantly seen promenading before the palace and in the gardens, waiting to obtain the desired interview with the Princess. For five or six days after this the individual disappeared; but one day, while the gate-keepers were at dinner, he contrived to gain admission into the gardens, when he took that opportunity, unobserved, to jump over the palings into the shrubbery, and there plant a laurel, to which was annexed another letter to the Princess Victoria, which of course, when discovered, was speedly removed. The next morning, the aspirant to royalty came to the gate, and inquired for the Princess, on being informed her royal highness was gone to Claremont, he immediately jumped into a cab, and made a bargain with the driver to take him there for a sovereign, which was paid. In the evening the gentleman returned, and told the gate-keeper he had been to Claremont and had been shown over the house, but he had been unable to catch a view of the Princess. From that time this gentleman continued to pursue the same system of eccentricity, and on Wednesday morning, having made some further inquiries of the gate-keeper respecting her royal highness, who had just taken an airing in a pony-chaise, the gate-keeper considered it to be the most prudent course to inform Sir John Conroy of the perseverering conduct of the enamoured suitor. The gate-keeper having received his instructions, proceeded to the station-house, and returned to the garden, accompanied by inspector M'Manus of the T division The gate-keeper and the inspector then proceeded towards a bench in the garden, where the individual in question had taken a seat. As soon as he saw them, probably guessing their mission, he rose up with the intention of walking away, but he was stopped by the inspector, who explained to him the autho-

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rity on which he acted, and told him he must take him into custody unless he would pledge his honour to abstain in future from the ridiculous system of annoyance he had practised. The individual, after some demur, gave the required promise, and was allowed to leave the garden, after having given a card which contained, as was presumed, his real name and rank. The latter of which was stated to be Lieut.-Colonel. He was a tall military looking man, with an umbrella and a bunch of lavender, apparently about 45 years of age.—*Devonport Telegraph.*

This poor lunatic, whose 'umbrella and bunch of lavender' are 'apparently about 45 years of age,' may be considered fortunate that he has fallen upon the 'march of intellect' days; three centuries ago the same insanity led the luckless Chatelard to the scaffold, it would now merely consign such a maniac to custody in the next lunatic asylum. Chatelard 'was a gentleman of good family and fortune,' and by the mother's side, grand nephew to the Chevalier Bayard "the good knight without fear and without reproach." "The manly beauty of his person was not unlike that of his grand uncle," the pride of chivalry, whom he seems in some respects to have resembled; "and besides being well versed in all the more active accomplishments of the day, he had softened and refined his manners by an ardent cultivation of every species of belles lettres;" his history is sufficiently known—there are two sides to every picture in which Mary Stuart appears—let us adopt Sir Walter Scott's in this transaction. 'The queen used to amuse herself with this adventurer's eccentricity, by which ill-judged familiarity he was encouraged to conceal himself one night in her apartment. Being detected, he was dismissed with severe censure, which did not hinder a man of such ill-regulated understanding from renewing his attempt, for which he was tried and executed. His death suited his extravagant character. He refused ghostly consolation, prepared himself for his end with the verses of Ronsard, a French poet; and as he kneeled down to the block, exclaimed as his last words,—"Farewell to the most beautiful and most cruel queen that ever lived." '

The use of the phrase adventurer, applied to the nephew of Bayard, appears intentional, to fix a more unquestionable stamp of insanity over Chatelard or Chastellar, and to screen the memory of the queen: Randolph's letters to Cecil, dated 15th and 28th Feb. one the day after the crime, and the other six days after the execution, and Knox's Contemporary History, distinctly reflect upon her as having first tempted, and then betrayed him. To return to our modern Chastellar, with his umbrella and sprig of lavender: we are glad to see that the unhappy man's misfortune has not subjected him to any additional evil beyond the sad calamity of mental aberration.

CORN LAWS.

The operations of this monopoly should be kept in view: so long as the feeding of our manufacturers costs upwards of 91 per cent. more than the provender for the continental operatives, it must follow that British produce is likely to be undersold; the landlords should recollect that 100 acres of land in Poland yield as much wheat, or more, than 100 acres in the vicinity of Manchester; but the former do not yield £20 a-year rent, whilst the latter are moderately let at £100; the difference, of course, depends on the commercial wealth of the country; let the landlords effect, what they are labouring to accomplish, the removal of British capital and enterprize to foreign parts, and they will soon find their rents at a Polish minimum.

PRICE OF WHEAT ON THE CONTINENT.

White, of first quality at Hamburgh, 85 rix dollars (or 27s. 6d. English,) the quarter 98 bushels; highest, of red at the same place, 24s. 6d; white, wheat, at Amsterdam, first quality 180 florins the last, or 29s. the quarter; first quality, red, at Antwerp, 7½ florins the hectolitre, or 31s. 2d. the quarter; red, first quality, at Stettin 36 dollars per wisper, answering to 24s. 6d. the quarter. The average price of wheat of first quality at Hamburgh, Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Sittin, is 27s. 8d. the quarter, making the London price 91⅝ per cent. or nearly twice as dear over the mean of these four places. The present duty on foreign wheat imported into England is 38s. 8d. the quarter.—*Southampton, Aug. 4th.*

In the meanwhile, to show that our continental neighbours are not idle, here is a specimen of their proceedings:

The great canal in Burgandy, which was begun in 1775, is at last open to navigation. The sums expended are 1,600,000*l.* sterling. Its length is forty-eight French leagues, and a line of interior navigation of 300 leagues is now thus assured to trade. There are 189 *edicies*, and a subterranean gallery, pierced through a mountain to the extent of about one-third of a league.

Another canal between the Rhine and the Rhone is opened to trade within the last few weeks. It is supplied with water by the Saone at St. Synphonien, and in the Rhine at Kilstet, a small village near Strasburg.

LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON RAILWAY.

Capital, One Million.—Shares, £50 each. Deposit, £2 per Share.

ENGINEER. Francis Giles, Esq. SECRETARY. Rich. Heathfield, Esq.

The expense of the proposed railway, according to the estimate of Mr. Giles, the engineer, supported fully and satisfactory by evidence before the two Houses of Parliament, is One Million. The evidence as to the Income is as follows:

Annual Income from the present traffic estimated at Railway prices,.....	£195,216 8 8	
Cost of maintenace of way and of locomotive, power.....	£ 87,798 11 5	
		£107,417 17 3
Annual Income from prospective traffic additional to the actual traffic,.....	£152,068 2 0	
Cost of maintenance of way and locomotive power upon such increased trade,.....	£ 52,000 0 0	
		£100,068 2 0
Total or supposed profit,.....		£207,485 19 3

Nothing is assumed in the above calculations for an increase of passengers by private carriages, post-chaises, or coach parcels, nor is any revenue assumed for the carriage of cargoes which may be discharged in the Southampton Water; for passengers travelling in gigs, an increase of the Torbay Fishery, or for the transport of agricultural, diary, or garden produce, timber, building materials, chalk and other manure. Neither is any thing assumed for the passengers from the West of England who may come by way of Southampton, instead of joining the line at Basingstoke, giving an increase of 32½ miles for each passenger. It may be observed further, that the intercourse by Steam-vessels, between Falmouth, Plymouth, and Portsmouth, is now considerable, and that the passengers by these vessels, so far as respects those to and from London and its vicinity, will of course proceed by way of Southampton, on the completion of the Railway, and in increased numbers.

The Act of Parliament which has been obtained, expressly provides, that no call shall be made exceeding 5*l.* per Share, and that three months, at least, shall intervene between every two calls, nor does the liability of a Shareholder exceed the amount subscribed. Two pounds per Share is to be paid at the time of subscribing.

It is expected that the Railway will be in use, for the distance of at least twenty miles out of London, in the course of two years, and that the whole work will be completed within three years.

No application for Shares will be received after Tuesday the 19th of August instant.

Office, 7, Portland-street, Southampton.

We wish for the sake of Ireland, as well as for the commercial interest of the west of England, that this rail-road had been to Bristol. The distance from Southampton to London being 75 miles, and the rate of rail-road travelling, making it a journey of less than 4 hours—or say 5 hours for such cars as will convey ship's cargoes; it follows, that if the freight does not exceed the charge of shipping and insurance round Dover Head, and if the Southampton water admits of suitable facilities for loading and unloading, then a large portion of the trade of the port of London will be through Southampton and on this rail-road. As a contrast to rail-road speed of 30 miles an hour! the following is a good specimen of the superiority of our ancestors not 50 years ago!! and ought to rejoice the heart of a thorough going conservative!

COACHING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

We marvel much what some of the antiquarian fellows, the Jonathan Oldbucks of the present day, would give to see a set-out of the following description. The novelty of it induces us to give the account as extracted from a

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Shrewsbury Paper of 1785:—"Queen's Head, Mardol.—The original London and Shrewsbury Fly, in thirty hours, steel springs, with chairs on the top, by way of Coventry three times a week during the summer season, sets out from the above inn every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning; breakfasts at the Red Lion, Shiffnal; sets out from thence at seven o'clock, to the Swan Inn, Wolverhampton, where it arrives by nine o'clock, and will arrive at the George-inn, in Digbeth, Birmingham, at twelve o'clock, where it will dine, and set out for London at three o'clock, and will arrive at the Blossom-inn, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside, London, the next day to dinner. Fare inside to Shiffnal, 5*s.*: Wolverhampton, 9*s.*; Birmingham, 13*s.*; London, 1*l.* 18*s.* Children on lap and outside as usual. The proprietors return thanks to the public, &c. for all former favours, and beg to assure them that no expense will be spared to render the performance of these carriages satisfactory and safe. Performed (if GOD permits) by the public's most obedient humble servants,

"ANN DUNN, Birmingham.
"BENJAMIN RAWLINS, Towcester.
"STAINTON and HOLBROOK, London."

The distance from Shrewsbury to London is 158 miles, and the mail travels it now under 15 hours!! The longest mail-coach distance is to Thurso, 785 miles. It starts at 8 in the evening from the General Post Office, reaches Thirske, 219 miles, at 8 the next evening; Queen's Ferry, 413, before 8 the second evening; Nairn, 623 miles, about 8 the third evening, and arrives at Thurso about 8 the fourth evening; and this is the daily rate of communication betwixt the capital and the most northern extremity of Scotland. Let the same union be established with the extremities of Ireland—and let London, and not Dublin, be the centre—let the Vice-regal folly of wasting £200,000 in playing at kingship in little be abolished, as it ought to be, and a great source of Irish unsettledness and party spirit will cease; we shall have no repealers when the protestant minority are not supported by English bayonets to ride the catholic majority, and when the Irish poor are supported, as they ought to be, by Irish landlords instead of by the English.

* * *

LOSS OF THE SHIP "ELDON," Capt. EDWARD THEAKER.

Destroyed by Fire in the Indian Ocean, Sept. 27th, 1834.

THE inscrutable dispensations of Providence, by which our lives are checquered with such varieties of fortune, will, no doubt, have their full and sufficient explanation in another and a better world: the veil is not to be removed here, and we can only submit to whatever befalls; too happy! if able to exercise those virtues which adorn human nature, and mingle with its infirmities some faint traces of its divine origin, and its destined immortality.

The destruction of the ship *Eldon* by fire, in the midst of the Indian Ocean, at the tempestuous period of the equinox, and upwards of a thousand miles from the nearest attainable land, was a calamity which no ordinary foresight or care could have prevented: the singular preservation of every individual of the crew and passengers, of whom four were females, and one a child of five months, was almost a miraculous instance of what the human frame is capable of enduring, and also of what it is capable of performing, when aided by unbroken spirits, good sense, and firm virtuous determination to hope, and work to the last. Under the mercy of God, it was solely accomplished by the exemplary conduct of every individual of the party, and the unshaken nerve, self-possession, and skill of the worthy captain, an English sailor of the true British class; quiet, conciliatory, and kind to his men, when all was well; and firm, active, keen, intelligent, and not to be dispirited, when the occasion required unusual exertion. What might have occurred had any single individual forgotten his duty, or had the excellent head been unequal to his, would be frightful to contemplate: happily, these evils were spared to the poor sufferers, and their eventful history conveys the instructive lesson of what may be performed by virtuous energy, struggling against all dangers and overcoming all difficulties—even in their worst form, and most strange combinations. It is indeed a lesson which should not be lost; it forms a bright passage in the delineation of character, and in the history of mind; and is an example and beacon for future sufferers how to hope, and how to labour, that they may not only survive to recite another like history of energy and success; but may deserve and enjoy the approbation of their own consciences, and the admiration and applause of their friends and countrymen.

The *Eldon*, Capt. Edward Theaker, sailed from Bombay on the 24th August, 1834, bound to the Cape of Good Hope and London: her burthen was rated under 600 tons admeasurement; but she was actually laden with nearly 1000 tons of miscellaneous cargo, consisting of Bombay black wood, ebony, gums, drugs, rice, and cotton: the heavy goods below, and the cotton above, piled up to, and touching the main deck, and crouded to the utmost she could stow; her crew consisted of the Captain, three mates, the surgeon, and twenty-eight men and apprentices, total 33; with thirteen passengers: Major Hart, Deputy Quarter Master General, Bombay Army, and Mrs. Hart, proceeding to the Cape of Good Hope for the benefit of Major Hart's health; Capt. Hewitt, 5th Regt. Bombay Native Infantry, and Mrs. Hewitt; Lieut. Marsh, 10th Regt. Bombay Native Infantry, and Mrs. Marsh, with an infant of five months; Lieuts. Starke, Ashton, and Hobart; a female servant in the employ of Mrs. Marsh, and two male servants in the service of Major Hart and Capt. Hewitt; a total of 46 souls.

They had experienced light and variable winds, and on the morning of the 27th September were in latitude 9° 30' south, and 76° east, with fine weather, having that morning found themselves in the south-east trades, to the steady course of which their eventual preservation is to be attributed.

A disagreeable smell, and unusual heat below, had occasioned for some time before a considerable degree of inconvenience; but they were crossing the line, with the sun vertical; and it did not decidedly indicate the smell of fire, so that no alarm occurred, since it was reasonably enough referred to a large quantity of Safflower on board, which was supposed to be fermenting in the intense heat of the weather.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 27th September, the officer of the watch reported to the captain, that faint lines of smoke were seen occasionally issuing from the fore-hatches; a discovery which does not appear to have occasioned the least apprehension of what was to be the result. A portion of the cotton had been embarked in a wet state, the *Eldon* having loaded in Bombay in the rains, and Captain Theaker appears to have at once adopted, and acted on the impression, that it was merely a chemical process in the injured cotton, of damp rot, and self-combustion; and as he had heard of such cases, in which the "*affected bales*" had been promptly discovered and flung overboard; and as he naturally imagined that any such occurrence would always betray itself in time, no degree of alarm whatever was felt; the fore-hatches were closed, and arrangements made for an accurate and thorough examination of the cargo. When two conflicting duties are to be performed, the responsible party is not to be blamed if it should subsequently appear, that facts with which it was not likely he should be previously acquainted, would have suggested a different proceeding. The safety of the cargo alone seems to have occurred to Capt. Theaker: had he imagined that the safety of the ship was compromised, the hold would no doubt have been deluged with water, before the admission of the current of air to the smothered fire, which gave it, so instantaneously, that head and strength, which no human power was capable of controlling.

The first tier of cotton bales which could be got up, were perfectly clean and untouched, and were piled upon the decks; but during this process, the smoke was increasing, and at half-past seven Capt. Theaker sent to request Major Hart and the passengers to assemble on the quarter deck, and made them acquainted with the situation of the cargo: no alarm whatever was expressed or felt; his appearance and manners were in no respects altered: a very laborious examination of the cargo was the worst that he apprehended, and his communication with the passengers was to prevent alarm; not to warn them of danger. So perfectly cool and collected were all parties, that they went to breakfast as quietly as usual, the men, however, requested by the Captain, to make the most of the present opportunity, as they had a hard day's work before them, and many hours might elapse, ere they could enjoy another 'comfortable meal:' he little dreamt of the prophetic truth of the warning, which his natural and usual kindness induced him to deliver as the men were proceeding to their food.

After breakfast, the fore hatches were opened, and the cotton removed with great expedition to the deck; but in about an hour and a half, the smoke, which from the first had continued rapidly increasing, became so dense, that the men could no longer work below, and the after-hatches were opened to permit its escape. At this period, the Captain crept in as far as was practicable, betwixt the bales and lading, in the direction where the smoke issued, and appears to have then first conjectured the extent of the mischief, and its possible consequences. All the hatches were closed down to prevent the current of air: a hole was cut through the deck near the main-mast, and water poured down; and orders were quietly given to prepare the boats, as *a precautionary measure*, should the worst befall them.

About twelve o'clock, when the boats were partly prepared, the Captain resumed the now dangerous task of subduing the fire: the main hatch was first opened, which, on removing its cover of tarpauling, was discovered to be lifted up four inches by the force of the steam: on approaching the fire in this direction, the extent to which it had proceeded, and the length of time it must have been in progress, were ascertained. On attempting to remove the burning bales of cotton, it was found that all the lashings were consumed, and any handling of them, only increased the evil by shaking them loose; others again were totally burnt through, and were a mere mass of tinder, into which the men could thrust their arms unopposed: during this hour, the heat and smoke continued increasing, and the urgent duty of procuring provisions, water, and other necessaries for the boats, became a painful and hazardous labour. At one o'clock, the female passengers were removed to the boat, *again as*

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a precautionary measure, though still encouraged to indulge a hope, that the destruction of the vessel might be averted: but though every possible exertion was persisted in, Major Hart, exhausted and feeble by long illness, and Capt. Hewitt and the other passengers having toiled with the crew throughout,—the fire, most perceptibly, gained a head every moment, burning most intensely near the main-mast, where the main-deck even was now perceived to be on fire, and the heat had become so scorching, that the men were no longer able to work, so that all hope of saving the ship was at last resigned.

The Captain, in communication with Major Hart, now made his arrangements for the boats, apportioning the crews for each; and such was the coolness and precision with which all was provided for, that even arms, as a last resource, should the crew unhappily forget their duty in some future extremity of suffering and privation, and become mutinous and unmanageable, were not forgotten. Major Hart discharged the melancholy duty of ordering the destruction of his favorite horse, which he was taking with him to the Cape; and the live stock, sheep, goats, pigs, turkeys, fowls, geese, and ducks, were humanely thrown overboard as an easier destruction than by fire: when the boats were adrift from the ship, the sea was covered with these poor creatures, of whom the geese and ducks, by a happy blindness to their fate, were screaming and frantic with joy at being loose on the water, diving, and floating, and flying about in an ecstacy of enjoyment! their appearance formed a strange contrast to the spectacle of human suffering they surrounded.

The risk of explosion, from the fire reaching the spirits and gunpowder, became now very imminent, and as the heat had become almost intolerable, the work was hurried, but not confused; until, at 3 o'clock, it was impossible to remain in the ship, and all quitted her, the Captain himself the last. The first and second mates were appointed to command the two small boats, with a compass, and a crew of nine men to each; the spars and stores for rigging were apportioned, and such arrangements completed as their situation allowed. The Captain, third mate, surgeon, and ten men, with the twelve passengers and child, 26 souls, were in the long boat, with all the water and provisions, except two kegs of water, and about a couple of days' consumption of biscuit to each of the small boats, which was all that they could stow with safety: they were light and manageable, and easily sailed round the larger boat; a light was displayed for their guidance by night; they were ordered to keep as close on each quarter as safety would permit; and approached daily for their supply of provisions.

On quitting the ship, her helm was lashed a'lee, and the sails put partially aback, to keep her steady; as the large boat, without mast or sails fitted, required to be towed off by the smaller boats to attain a safe distance; this was happily accomplished without any accident, and the poor fugitives on the ocean, had a moment of leisure to contemplate the melancholy scene.

The appearance of the burning ship was sublimely appalling! whilst the mingled feelings of remembered comforts so recently enjoyed, and so unexpectedly and painfully snatched from them, contrasted with bitter forebodings of sufferings and almost certain destruction, must necessarily have filled every heart, and subdued the stoutest spirit into sadness. The Captain and passengers, particularly Major Hart, whose loss, by a combination of unfortunate circumstances, was unusually heavy, saw valuable property destroyed, which years of privation and industry would not serve to re-place; and even the humblest of the crew lost all they had to lose, and saw in the future, one common danger, and probably, one common fate for all. The fire soon reached the poop, where its progress, from the airy, open space of the large cabins, was frightfully rapid: the mizen-mast first fell; but the destruction of the sails, more particularly, presented a singular spectacle, and awful proof of the vast force of fire when in a mass; the progress of the flame, from the heel of the main-sail to the royal head, was almost as instantaneous as the flash of gunpowder; it flew upwards with a crackling, whizzing report; the canvass disappeared as if by magic; the ashes and blazing fragments were blown away, and the fires were seen running down the rigging; and in an incredibly short space of time, the masts went crashing over the side; all was now a bright blaze, and the vessel finally exploded and disappeared about 9 o'clock.

The ship being utterly abandoned, Capt. Theaker's first care was to explain to his fellow-sufferers the plan he proposed to adopt, and his reasons for so doing; the nearest point of land was the island of Diego Garcia, which was short of 400 miles, but to have gone back into uncertain winds, was to hazard the risk of calms and squally weather, and on the whole, the longer voyage: whilst to sail towards Rodrigues, was to use the trade wind, which, under average circumstances, might be expected to drive them thither in a reasonable time; the distance was calculated to be 1050 miles, which, with a fair wind, is certainly less than 400 with uncertain weather. Nor was the hope of falling in with vessels bound to the Isles of France or Bourbon, altogether overlooked; a relief less probable, had they diverged from the usual track of the trades. Thus calmly and deliberately weighing the plans which presented themselves, the Captain resolved to steer for Rodrigues. It may seem singular, but being a fact, should be stated, that so equally balanced were the good and evil in either alternative, that the Captain made it appear as though he sought the opinions of all, and was guided by their decision. The moon was in her last quarter; and when night closed upon the sea, the sad feelings of the party defy description—the carpenter, and such as could assist, were busied preparing the rough spars for masts and yards; the sail-maker in shaping sails; all else had to occupy their thoughts with hopes or fears, and to imagine visionary sources of comfort, denied by the revolting reality. The mind follows them in their long and dreary pilgrimage over the waters, and sees the glazed eye brighten, as the white wing of the distant sea-bird on the skirt of their horizon, may have been frequently mistaken for a sail; no false hopes, however, of land deceived them; the cautious foresight of Capt Theaker had provided every necessary for skilful navigation, and their precise position was regularly and accurately ascertained.

The long boat had appeared sufficiently loaded when quitting the ship; it was only 22 feet long, and 7½ broad, and was, in fact, crowded; but on the second day, the jolly-boat, in a pitch against a heavy sea, split open at the bows, and was reported in danger; she was brought alongside, and after a very careful and minute examination by the captain and carpenter, she was found unmanageable: her compass and stores, and crew, were received into the long-boat, and she abandoned. This unfortunate occurrence cast a shade of gloom over every countenance: crowded before, they were now literally wedged together in a space which permitted no motion to any one, but those employed in working the boat; no one dreamt of lying down, any change of limb even being hardly possible, and whoever reclined for rest, had to press upon some accommodating neighbour; whilst, the fearful probability which it brought to their apprehension, of the other small boat being found equally incompetent to such a sea, and for such a distance, and the consequent necessity of receiving her crew also, which involved the certain destruction of all, showed in a still stronger view upon how frail a thread their hopes depended.

Their sufferings surpass description: the intense heat of a tropical sun, then vertical at the equinox, when exposed, unshaded, on the sea, within ten degrees of the Line, scorched them through the day, and left them exhausted to shiver under the chilling night winds, uncovered: they were never dry; the splashing spray washed over them in heavy showers, which required constant baleing, and masses of water were frequently shipped, which required the most active exertions of all on board to relieve the boat.

Two heavy gales of wind occurred, and added to their perils and sufferings; in one of these, Capt. Theaker for forty-eight hours never quitted the thwart on which he had posted himself, nor ever relaxed his vigilance; watching the waves and giving his orders as coolly as if no particular emergency existed: and such was the sense of respect and duty, that not a voice was heard save his, nor was he ever obeyed with more willing alacrity. Even when once, and it was the crisis of their fate, a sea rolled bodily over the boat, and seemed to swallow them up in instant and unavoidable destruction,—not a word escaped from any one; the involuntary gasping for breath, from being so suddenly overwhelmed by such a suffocating mass of water, was all that followed; and the captain's cheerful exclamation and command of—"All right again; bale away!" was obeyed with hearty alacrity; and in a few moments the boat was cleared and righted.

But the wind, though tempestuous, was favourable, and a blessing: had it fallen a calm in such a temperature, and at such a distance from land, their escape would have been more difficult, and their sufferings more painful: they had consequently no option but to make the most of the wind whilst they had it, and to brave some hazards to save time. The poor precaution of a canvass breast work, was carried, as strongly as could be done, along the gunnel, and a sloping kind of awning, designated a spray-cloth, was propped up to windward, declining from the mast to the gunnel, and a crutch in the stern; thereby forming a pent roof, which served to break the force of the worst spray, and to drain off the heavy falls of water, which would otherwise have often filled and swamped the boat.

The wisdom and cool forethought with which all preparations had been made, and the perfect science and good discipline with which their little skiff of six tons' burthen was navigated, enabling them to calculate almost to an hour when and where they were to land, preserved the poor sufferers from the last horrors of famine: still, their supply of food was most limited: two biscuits, and a dram of brandy, and a quart of water daily, was all that could be spared to each of the crew: nor was there any difference in favor of the passengers; on the contrary, they contented themselves with less liquor. They were spared the knowledge of the near prospect of famine which impended, for, on landing at Roderigues, it was found that the remainder of the last bag of biscuit was so damaged by sea-water, as to be utterly unfit for use, and that they literally had not another day's provision left.

The sufferings of three ladies, young women, who had been accustomed from infancy to every comfort and indulgence; to whom any sort of privation had been an idea unthought of; one, too, with a child of five months at the breast, and her servant, four delicate females, exceed description: they must be left to imagination, and reference made only to the pious resignation, and firm fortitude with which they bore their bitter lot; setting an example which was not without its cheering and supporting effect on their protectors: their conduct throughout was honorable to themselves, and an honor to their sex.

The steadiness, good conduct, and moderation of the men, surpassed all praise: there were not only no murmurs, no mutinous spirit

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of repining, no unwillingness to make every necessary exertion: but a cheerful alacrity and good-will, a firm reliance on their captain, and eagerness to do their duty. From the first alarm, on the morning of the 27th September, to the landing at Roderigues, about noon of October 10th, notwithstanding extreme bodily sufferings, from which the strongest were not exempt; swollen legs, and scorbutic boils to the most distressing and painful degree, from confinement; incessant wet, and bad and deficient food; with all these accumulated afflictions, thirteen days and nights' exposure in open boats in tempestuous weather, under a vertical sun, and on stinted provisions, was borne with the devotion and heroism of the good old British seamanship; and the Captain was as respectfully heard and obeyed as under the best circumstances.

And these, or such as these, are the People! whom our late Tory Rulers, our Church-and-State-men! were wont to declare are only to be ruled by the bayonet in civil jurisdiction; and the last in their grand engine of military discipline! may the measure which they meted to others be repaid to them. The advocates for rotten boroughs! for taxation upon industry, rather than upon property; for pensions, and sinecures, and livings, and colonial good things for themselves, or their children, or their dependants; for a church which has its Bishop Peers and Cathedral sinecures! of boundless wealth and its *seven thousand working clergy*, educated at Oxford or Cambridge! whose incomes average *under ninety pounds per annum!* The advocates for these, and emanations of these, are the fitting parties to maintain the decent propriety of corporal punishments!—the indispensable necessity for the lash! They have ceased to rule; but they have left a code of legislation, by which a petty tyrant may "goad to undutifulness," and then appeal to unjust laws, to punish the natural effects of his own badness of heart, or incompetency in conduct. The *Eldon's* crew were ruled by kindness and considerateness; and the regard which was shown for them, they re-paid by a cordial display of respect, zeal, and moderation, which no brutality of force, however dexterously or legally managed, could have extorted from them: may their history be known! and let the example of these good men operate beneficially in favor of their countrymen.

There is an eloquent passage in Sir John Herschell's invaluable "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy,"—part of paragraph 21, which pleasingly illustrates, and may adorn this narrative: "That a man, by merely measuring the moon's apparent distance from a star, with a little portable instrument held in his hand, and applied to his eye, even with so unstable a footing as the deck of a ship, shall say positively, within five miles, where he is, on a boundless ocean, cannot but appear to persons ignorant of physical astronomy, an approach to the miraculous." It is so: so perfectly certain, under all disadvantages, was Capt. Theaker of their situation, that on the evening of the 9th October, he shortened sail, and lay-to, during the night; and saw land the north-east side of the Island of Roderignes, as was expected, with the dawning of the day: their feelings may be imagined, but cannot be described; they were worn out and exhausted by hunger and thirst; by exposure to heat and wet; their skin, under their clothes, by anxiety, confinement, and want of rest and sleep, which were now rotting on their bodies, was stuccoed with encrusted salt, and was breaking out in scorbutic boils and sores, which, with every touch of salt water, smarted to agony: but all was forgotten:—the haven was before them!

They were first descried by a black fisherman, who kindly put out to sea to assist them, and pilot them through the narrow channels of the coral reefs; and having guided them to the shore, sent of his comrades to apprize the residents on the island of the occurrence. This poor fellow's description of their appearance when first seen, may serve to convey an idea of their situation: "they were," said he, "as close packed into the boat, and wedged together, as the little fishes in a box of Sardignes!"

The only two residents in that part of the Island, Mons. Endes and Mons. Verterre, came immediately to their relief, and welcomed them to their houses, and gave them all they had to give with the most eager cordiality: they clothed, lodged, and fed the whole party, 45 persons, for nine days, in a manner, and with a cheerful alacrity of kindness and sympathy in their misfortunes, which deserve a grateful and faithful remembrance. Major Hart brought the names of these excellent citizens and good men to the particular notice of the Hon'ble the Governor of Port Louis; and it may confidently be hoped, that their virtue and charity may not pass without reward.

The party so miraculously preserved, without the loss of a single individual, proceeded in a schooner to Port Louis, where they landed on the 23d October. They were received with the most consolatory and gratifying attention: the Hon'ble the Governor, Sir W. Nicolay, was pleased to offer the hospitality of Government House to Major and Mrs. Hart; and the most respectable inhabitants of the place immediately left cards of inquiry, and offers of service of every description, sending them at once, unasked, the most liberal supplies of linen and clothes to relieve their immediate wants: the Regimental Messes of H.M. 9th and 29th Regts. sent invitations to their military brethren, offering the accommodation of their mess tables, and whatever else lay in their power, to assist them in their distress: finally, Government most kindly guaranteed the bills they required to draw to supply their wants, that they might feel no pecuniary embarrassment; in fact, nothing that condescension or goodness could suggest, on the part of Sir W. and Lady Nicolay; nothing that sympathy in their sufferings could call forth from the community at large, was omitted: and Capt. Theaker, his crew and passengers, were soon able to proceed in different vessels to England, and Major and Mrs. Hart to the Cape of Good Hope. They did not part from their late captain without becoming acknowledgments; and their interesting letter, with his reply, form a suitable conclusion to this narrative.

One word in conclusion, respecting what is called the 'heating of cotton,' that is to say, the supposed capability of vegetable substances, such as hay, clover, cotton, &c. to ignite and create fire by self-combustion, under the chemical process of decomposition, through damp and heat. The point is disputed; and whilst some allow the possibility of such self-ignition, it is stoutly denied by others. The heat generated by fermentation, of which a specimen may be seen in a manure heap, is not supposed, under any conceivable circumstances, adequate to ignition. The slow progress of fire, so long as it remains pent up, and until air is admitted, has however removed from most minds, the idea of its being other than a chemical process in the cargo itself, when fire has been found to break out, after smouldering for weeks in a ship's hold, among the close-screwed cotton-bales: but those who argue thus, should remember that air, as well as fuel, are wanted for fire; and that the consumption of the former, without a sufficient supply of the latter, is an exceedingly slow and creeping process; prolonged to an extent of which no estimate can be formed, without an accurate knowledge of the precise degree to which the stowage and closing down of the hold have approached to hermetically sealing. In the meanwhile, though it may be disputed whether actual self-combustion can occur, it can never be denied that a spark or grain of hot charcoal, dropped from a kooly's hooka, and sticking to a cotton-bale, if screwed unquenched into a cotton-hold, is not likely to "go out of itself!" but may, and most probably will burn on until it makes a vacuum, which must and will be filled, for no ship's hold can be air-tight; it will then create, by its own action, a limited current of air, and increase in strength in proportion to the means of increasing that current, until it is betrayed; this betrayal of the fire, under whatever circumstances it may have originated, has in some cases occurred in time to permit of remedy in others, like the *Eldon*, when no exertions could subdue the conflagration.

The power of cotton, when once lighted, to burn slowly on until it is all consumed, is exemplified in the touch-cord of the Indian and Arab matchlocks: it is merely a thin hard twisted cotton rope, coiled to the trigger near the touch-hole; when once lighted, it never goes out of itself, but smoulders on, and is always glowing hot by a breath, when required to fire the matchlock. The very quality which it possesses of slow and inextinguishable burning, makes it the more dangerous, and no rigour could be too great to prohibit cooking or smoking on board the shore boats employed in taking off cotton to ships loading in Bombay Harbour; nor any vigilance too strict, to prevent the smoking of tobacco in the ship, whilst taking in such an inflammable cargo: every bale should be minutely overlooked as it passes down into the hold, that no embers or sparks may be carried with it; and the captain and his officers are responsible that no fire, under any pretext whatever, is introduced below decks; the carelessness of natives of India, with their clumsy cocoa nut shell hookas and beehries, exceeds belief, and the use of such dangerous indulgence, when loading, or in fact, at any time, cannot be too peremptorily prohibited. These excessive precautions may be troublesome, and perhaps, even at first, a little expensive; but the insurers should demand them as a duty to their constituents; and rate insurance, from risk of fire, in proportion, for those ships in which smoking is practised. The use of tobacco, in any shape, is an uncleanly and an unwholesome practice; and on board ship a dangerous one: the writer of this narrative can state from experience, that it is carried even in otherwise well-regulated ships, to most hazardous lengths: he has often almost shuddered to see half a dozen cigars at a time, burning red and glowing, and sparks flying about in all directions, from dusk to near midnight, on the quarter-deck of a free trader, in a seven-knot breeze, and all sail set; and when the mizen chains and bulwarks were heaped up and close packed with huge bales of hay for the stock, and a horse on board: this, to say the least, was dangerous; and if, with the modern fashion of cigar-smoking, it is difficult for the skipper of a free-trader to forbid their enjoyment!! to his "equality passengers;" and if, through the force of their example, and the enticing *perfume!* of their operations, he loses his own power of forbearance, and inclination to check his crew; then, as a remedy for such cases, the committee at Lloyds should relieve him from the irksomeness of enforcing discipline, and make it an indispensable article in an insurance policy, that no *unnecessary fires* should be lighted in the ship at any time; but most especially when loading with hemp or cotton.

The force and the mode of action of fire are, as yet, mysteries to the best informed philosophers; and all that is known, serves only to inculcate the wisdom of the most rigid precaution.

The narrative is now concluded. Captain Theaker and his gallant crew, and the passengers of the *Eldon*, have shown what may be done, and what can be borne; and their history will not have been written in vain, should it ever occur to the recollection of sufferers in any similar misfortune: and should this noble example of patient endurance, and consummate skill, enliven their despondency, and encourage exertion to accomplish the same happy deliverance.

K. H. K.

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LETTER FROM THE PASSENGERS OF THE "ELDON" TO CAPTAIN THEAKER, AND HIS REPLY.

Port-Louis, 29th October, 1834.

To Captain EDWARD THEAKER, *late Commander of the Ship 'Earl of Eldon.'*

Dear Sir,—Having by the blessing of Providence reached this place in safety, and all of us being about to separate as opportunities offer, we cannot take leave of you without publicly expressing our cordial thanks mingled with admiration, at your able, firm, and judicious conduct throughout the whole of the unfortunate accident which lately befel the fine vessel you so recently commanded; and that under divine protection we attribute our preservation during thirteen days of imminent peril, and almost unexampled hardship, to which we were exposed in an open boat, across nearly 1050 miles of ocean, to your firm, steady, skilful, and experienced proceedings.

This testimony and expression of your conduct and ability can add but little to your already well established *professional* reputation; but it may add in some degree to the satisfaction you must feel in your own breast from the consciousness of having done your duty, and of having been able to perform it to the last, in so perfect a manner. But we owe it to ourselves and to the world at large to state our opinions thus publicly, as a stimulus to similar exertions and conduct in *others* who may hereafter be placed in such trying and unfortunate situations as ours has lately been; showing them what *may* be done by the skill, cool courage, and self-possession of a Commander, and that when your ship was destroyed by fire in the midst of the Indian Ocean, you safely conducted the Crew and Passengers amounting in number to forty five persons, in two boats (one a long boat about 22 feet by 7½, loaded to the water's edge with 35 persons, bread, water, and provisions, charts, compass, &c. &c; the other a jolly boat containing ten persons) across a space of Ocean frightful to contemplate; of nearly 1050 miles, weathering two storms, and bringing them in thirteen days safely into Port, without the loss of a single life, or any *real extremity of suffering beyond that inseparable from their situation.*

In now taking leave of you, allow us, one and all, heartily and sincerely, to wish you many years of health and happiness; and to hope that what may at present *appear* misfortune, may, from the manner in which, under such trying circumstances, you conducted yourself, be the means of your future advancement, and enable you to pass the remainder of your days with comfort in the bosom of your family.

With these feelings we take leave of you, and beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

Your obliged friends and well wishers,

(Signed,)—Eliza Hart, Caroline C. Hewitt, Jane Inglis Marsh; C. F. Hart, Major, 10th Regiment, Deputy Quarter-Master General of the Bombay Army; William Hewitt, Captain Bombay Army; J. Stark, Lieut. Bombay Army; Ed. Marsh, Lieut Bombay Army; J. T. Ashton, Lieut. Madras Horse Artillery; C. R. Hobart, Lieut. Madras Army,

Late Passengers by the *Earl of Eldon.*

Port Louis, 29th Oct. 1834.

To the Ladies and Gentlemen, late Passengers in the Ship "Earl of Eldon," Port Louis.

My dear Friends and Fellow Sufferers,—In acknowledging the receipt of your very kind and flattering letter, I am sorry to say I cannot find language sufficient to express my feelings in the manner I could wish; it was satisfactory to know I had those with me who knew how to appreciate my conduct, and gratifying to find them thus express their sentiments; and it is also pleasing to contemplate the hand of Providence in our deliverance through so perilous a situation as we were placed in, for five or six days of tempestuous weather. And I must say, you give me too much credit in saying so much as you have done; for I do assure you, that rather than to my humble exertions in doing that duty to which I was called, I ascribe our safety entirely to the protecting hand of Him, without whose aid we could do nothing, as well as to the excellent conduct and ready obedience of the crew, on all occasions during the trying circumstances under which we were placed.

I must here take the liberty of returning the gentlemen Passengers my sincere thanks for their assistance and advice in endeavoring to save our beautiful ship, and the readiness with which they at all times agreed to my proposals for the general good: and I must also be permitted to express my high estimation of the conduct of the ladies in so trying a situation, who, with heroic courage, submitted at once with cheerfulness and resignation to the will of the Almighty, and although being accustomed from their infancy to every comfort and luxury, were pleased at the time our accident happened to abandon the whole of their valuable property on board, and embark in an open boat, with no other covering than that which chance had provided them with at the moment, and the fortitude and calmness with which they for 13 days bore all their sufferings, call forth more praise and admiration than my humble pen is able to do justice to.

In concluding this reply, allow me to say, I sincerely wish you all many years of health and happiness, and after the required period of your professional services, you may have the great pleasure and satisfaction of spending the remainder of your days in comfort in your native land, which appears to be the ultimate wish of every British born subject.

With these feelings, I beg to subscribe myself the sincere friend and well wisher of you all,

EDW. THEAKER.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

BULWER'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

To make your ministers love the people, show that you love the people yourselves. Pluck from your hearts your adoration of the rich; legislate for the poor—not for their relief from taxes only, but their relief from harsh laws and their own errors. Do you fear their violence? so do I. Then curb that violence by educating, harmonising, refining them. To destroy a mob, you must inspire a people. Interfere not with their relaxations. Trust me, whatever amuses men innocently is a great civiliser; and, above all, recollect that severe punishments brutalise the nature; you fit the nature to the punishment. Read the following extract from the pages of a great man. Among the blessings which the pursuits of literature have afforded me, I rank this as not the least, that the statesman-author of the work I refer to, unknown to me but in name and fame, sent me his code of laws as a token of esteem. But to the extract. 'History presents to us the magic glass on which, by looking at past, we may discern future events. It is folly not to read: it is perversity not to follow its lessons. If the hemlock had not been brewed for felons in Athens, would the fatal cup have been drained by Socrates? If the people had not been familiarized to scenes of judicial homicide, would France or England have been disgraced by the useless murder of Louis or of Charles? If the punishment of death had not been sanctioned by the ordinary laws of those kingdoms, would the one have been deluged with the blood of innocence, of worth, of patriotism, and science, in her revolution? Would the best and noblest lives of the other have been lost on the scaffold, in her civil broils? Would her lovely and calumniated queen, the virtuous Malsherbes, the learned Condorcet,—would religion, personified in the pious ministers of the altar,—courage and honour, in the host of the high-minded nobles,—and science, in its worthy representative Lavoisier,—would the daily hecatomb of loyalty and worth—would all have been immolated by the stroke of the guillotine? or Russell and Sydney, and the long succession of victims of party and tyranny, by the axe? The fires of Smithfield would not have blazed; nor, after the lapse of ages, would we yet shudder at the name of St. Batholomew, if the ordinary ecclesiastical law had not usurped the attributes of Divine vengeance, and by the sacrilegious and absurd doctrine, that offences against the Deity were to be punished with death, given a pretext to these atrocities. Nor, in the awful and mysterious scene on Mount Calvary, would that agony have been inflicted, if by the daily sight of the cross, as an instrument of justice, the Jews had not been prepared to make it one of their sacrilegious rage. But there is no end of the examples which crowd upon the memory, to show the length to which the exercise of this power, by the law, has carried the dreadful abuse of it, under the semblance of justice. Every nation has wept over the graves of patriots, heroes, and martyrs, sacrificed by its own fury. Every age has had its annals of blood'.* Is not this true as eloquent? But do not imagine that capital punishments are alone to be mitigated; penal enactments may be as harsh from their number as from their severity. That man breathes not freely who lives in an atmosphere of law."

SENSITIVITY OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS.

The South Africans are highly impatient of the censure of foreigners, whether it may relate to their personal habits or to the colony in general; and every one is inclined to resent it as an affront offered to himself individually. The traveller who happens to express his disapprobation of any of the customs of the country, or of the mode of life or style of thinking of its people, is at once accused of *malignity* and misrepresentation; for their ideas not being expanded by an acquaintance with other parts of the world, they naturally enough suppose that the things appertaining to themselves are unobjectionable, and that these neither require improvement, nor are susceptible of it.—*Howison.*

HANNAH MORE' CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACTS.

Rev. J. Scott.—I hope you are as much delighted as I am with the Life of Scott; I always highly honoured and loved the man, and often walked four miles on a Sunday to hear him at the Lock. With the worst voice, the most northern accent, very plain manners, sound sense and sound piety were yet so predominant, that like Aaron's serpent, they swallowed up all the rest.

Works of Fiction.—I pass over the mere loose and amatory novels, and take my stand on what is said to be safe ground—the novels of that unparalleled genius, Walter Scott. They gratify the taste without vitiating the imagination.

Country Farmers.—The opposition I have met with in endeavouring to establish an institution for the religious instruction of these people, would excite your astonishment. The principal adversary is a farmer of £1000 a year, who says, the lower class are fated to be wicked and ignorant, and that as wise as I am, I cannot alter what is decreed. He has laboured to ruin the poor curate for favouring our cause, and says, he shall not have a workman to obey

* "Livingstone's System of Penal Laws, p. 125."

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him, for I shall make them all as wise as himself.

Consulting a Fortune Teller.—Some farmers in a parish adjoining, where there is also a school, have been to the *Fortune Teller*, to know if we are Methodists, and if our school is methodistical. The oracle returned an ambiguous answer, and desired to know what reason they had for suspecting it; the farmers replied, it was because we sung Watt's Hymns. The sage returned for answer, this was no proof; had they no better reason? 'Yes,' they answered, 'for if the hymns were not methodistical, the tunes were.' The Pythian asked why they were so, the reply was, 'because they were not in Farmer Clap's book.'

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

THE CURSE REMOVED.

DECEMBER THE FIRST AT THE CAPE.

DECEMBER the First was a great day at the Cape of Good Hope. Under the benign influence of the Christian Faith, and undying benevolence of the People of England, Slavery died the death, and thousands of our brethren went forth "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled," in all the majesty of Freedom.

The sound of the church clock striking the hour of twelve, and announcing a new day, was the first signal for rejoicing. And next to this, was a *feu de joie* from the mountain, N. E. of Table Bay, which was answered by shouts from the Town in the valley. The morning light beheld great numbers of the freed men and women in their Sunday dresses, congratulating each other on the felicities of personal freedom. The same welcomes took place among the British inhabitants, and at a public school of high character, the Master shook hands with all his pupils, and congratulated each one, that they had met for the *first time* in a land of freedom. In various parts of the Town and vicinity, and in Table Bay, flags and banners were displayed, with appropriate inscriptions, and on the noble Hall of the Merchants, the Union Flag of England was for the *first time* unfurled.

In the course of the morning, large groups walked abroad with a silence that was remarkable. Under the trees of the grand parade, numbers were seated in quiet unspeaking contemplation. It was an "expressive silence," the sabbath of the soul. We put a few questions to some of these persons. One said, he was thinking where the King of England got all his money to buy so much freedom. Another, how does the King of England know any thing about me and my children. A third said, he was thinking how many dollars it would cost to visit England, just to see what sort of people the Parliament men were. And a fourth declared, that he had great doubts about the matter—he could not as yet bring his mind to the belief, that after so many thousand years of slavery, *now* it should all at once pass away.

In all parts of the town a generous hospitality prevailed, and *roast beef and plum-pudding*, in honour of *John Bull*, became the order of the day. Various festive parties assembled in the suburbs, and Mr. Rutherfoord entertained upwards of six hundred children of the Sunday and Infant Schools, who spent the day in innocent recreation. In the evening, the

"Minstrels lows'd Appollo's bag,"

and, with a cheering multitude, paid their especial devoirs to Government House, George's Hotel, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Greig, the Commercial Exchange, and the Public Library.

A most respectable body of gentlemen, chiefly merchants, dined together at George's Hotel. It was the Feast of Freedom, and the flow of soul. Mr. Francis Collison presided, and was most happy in the discharge of his official duties. Mr. Merrington was equally successful as croupier. The following toasts were drank in the course of the evening:

1. The *King and the People* of England.
2. The *Governor and People* of this Colony.
3. LIBERTY!
4. Equal Rights, and the union of all Classes in this Colony on sound Principles.
5. The Army and Navy.
6. Lady D'Urban, and Ladies of the Colony.
7. Our Friends of the Eastern Division, and Success to their Enterprize.*
8. The London Cape-Trade Society.
9. Capt. Waterboer, and peace and friendly intercourse with the Native Tribes beyond the Frontier.
10. The British Parliament.
11. The Champions of Emancipation.
12. The British Press.
13. The Immortal Memory of Wilberforce.

All the toasts were hailed with harmonious enthusiasm, and drank

"In magnum-bonum glasses,
Wi' ruffs and dads."

Among the company was Waterboer, the Griqua Chief. In the course of a speech of unparalleled pathos and simplicity, this faithful Hottentot was most loudly cheered.* We can only offer one extract. In allusion to the bursting forth of a new Spirit in the Colony, he said—

"He greatly rejoiced in the new Spirit which he found gradually making ground against old Prejudices, and the old, selfish, and oppressive state of things; and he considered it the greatest honour of his life to be one of the present company, whom he considered as the Representatives of all those in the colony who were the Friends of Freedom, and of Justice, and of the Improvement and Happiness of their fellow-men of all classes and colours.

"The Spirit they manifested, he called an ENGLISH SPIRIT:—a Spirit which he loved; a Spirit which was rapidly diffusing itself in this colony; a Spirit that carries with it the germ of life, improvement, and happiness wherever it obtained;—a Spirit which he foresaw, would ere long regenerate the world!

"Formerly, he said, in this land we were covered with darkness—involved in a dark cloud. The English came. The Missionaries went forth. The cloud began to melt and dissolve. The light shone upon us. But Light alone will not give Life. The Heat, the genial warmth of Benevolence and Charity and universal Love—these revive, invigorate, cheer! Knowledge with Goodness, with Religion, make men to live, and opens up all our nature to view!

"I foresee the diffusion, said he, of this living, this life giving Spirit of the English. It is a fire that cannot be confined amid the dry materials of the field or the forest. It will spread from sea to sea. It will reach to the ends of the Earth. Men say that England is far to the West But England I say is also far to the East. We are in the midst of England. We are every where surrounded by her sons. May her Spirit be in us. May we be worthy of her name! My mouth is too small—my tongue is too small to express what I think on this subject,—to speak my gratitude! Could I but convey what I feel in my heart, I would sit down happy."

Mr. Fairbairn's speech, on proposing *The Champions of Emancipation*, was well deserving that rapturous applause which attended its delivery. Our limits forbid any other than one short extract. Mr. F. after enumerating the long-protracted and unwearied efforts of Historians, Moralists, Philosophers, and Statesmen in the cause of Freedom, said—

"We have to add another illustrious division, to whose presence in the laurelled field we owe much of the glory of this day. I mean the "POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN!" The Nobler Muses have ever been the Ministers of LIBERTY. Some—the frailer of the sisterhood, have indeed yielded to the seductions of power, or of external grandeur. But the high Heroic Brood, from Homer who stamped one withering sentence on Slavery in every shape, when he declared that the "day that saw man a Slave, took half his worth away,"—through Milton, who, with a Prophet's power, in a strain sweet as an Angel's voice, but terrible as the rushing of a mighty wind, denounced the wrath of God on every son of man who should thus aspire above his Brethren—to Cowper, who, while pouring out at the Altar of LIBERTY, the whole soul of adoration, vowed to the Eternal, that

* Mr. Prince was most loudly cheered in proposing this toast; more so, in alluding to the success and enterprize of the British Settlers, without the aid of Slave labour.

* Waterboer has had the honour of dining with His Excellency the Governor, Sir John Herschel, and many other gentlemen of Cape Town, during his visit to this Metropolis.

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he would rather wear the chain and the collar himself than fasten them on a fellow man—to Campbell, who saw the day coming, and was glad, when Heaven's unerring arm would vindicate the divine origin of the Human Soul, and restore the image of God, which tyranny had effaced—all, all the inspired sons of Song have exulted in LIBERTY, as the Bridegroom rejoices in the Bride—as the Earth with all her fruits and flowers expands her beauty and her magnificence a tribute to the influences of the Sun! And to their fervid strains, imbibed in our tender years, we owe, in no small measure, the lofty sentiments of the present Generation. For where and when, sir, did the words of FREEDOM, breathed in music, enter our minds first, and become a part of our being? In the very cradle, and in the nursery, and in the frank and fearless days of boyhood, when the soul was open, and the heart pliant to receive the impress of the Almighty's image—the tender, the sublime, the impassioned feelings of LOVE, PATRIOTISM, LIBERTY, glided into our spirits, wrapped in language and in imagery worthy of the pure and lofty burden of the Lay. There and then, at least, I first felt the stirrings of a Sentiment, which did I not now give it utterance, would consume me—I mean

—"My plain, sworn, downright DETESTATION OF EVERY DESPOTISM IN EVERY NATION!"

"To these master Spirits, then, gentlemen; to one and all of them that are, or have been; —dead or alive; now in Heaven, or still on Earth,—let us pay ALL THE HONOURS—for they were—"THE CHAMPIONS OF EMANCIPATION!"

The company separated by 10 o'Clock. Order and sobriety prevailed all over the town. It was a Jubilee with the Police. The freed and other inhabitants retired to rest with thanksgivings, at an early hour, and not a single occurrence took place on this happy *First of December*, to disturb that blessed happiness and harmony which reigned in the bosoms of a grateful people.

And in other parts of the Colony the downfall of Slavery was recognized as a public blessing. At Graham's Town the people opened their Churches and Chapels, and offered their devout homage to Almighty God for the Great Deliverance. They held other meetings for philanthropic purposes, and great joy was heard among all people. At Uitenhage it was a public holiday; the Public Offices were closed, everything was calm and peaceful, a new Place of Worship, which had been built for the Hottentots, was open for Divine Worship. The Magistrates and principal inhabitants, with their families, attended the service. The Rev. Dr. Philip delivered an appropriate discourse in the morning, and the Rev. Mr. Kitchingman conducted the services of the evening.

UNPAIRING AND PAIRING.

This is one of the most convenient countries in the world for the parting of lovers; nay, more, for cutting the nuptial tie. Here is a Mrs. Muller, without any other assigned rhyme or reason than the good pleasure of her will, takes leave of "dearly beloved" in the following manner:

"The undersigned, not wishing to cohabit any longer with her Husband, Christiaan Willem Schreen, hereby gives notice that she has separated from him, with knowledge of the Magistrates." J. A MULLER.

(Zuid-Afrikaan, 7th Nov.)

Now, as a *per-contra* to this ready way of breaking the silken bonds, Hymen exhibits a freak of a different, but equally facile, order.

"On Sunday last, while the congregation were assembling in the church of Old Machar, a young weaver took his station, with a fair damsel at his side, and proclaimed aloud his own name, and that of his companion, signifying, at the same time, his desire that they should be united in wedlock. He repeated this proclamation thrice, with all due solemnity, asked if any one objected, then took her by the hand, and declared that they were man and wife."—*(Glasgow Herald, 1st Sept.)*

STATISTICS OF THE CAPE, &c.

(Read before the South African Institution.)

No statistical details of any value have come under the notice of the Council, but a system of inquiry of great extent and importance has been under its review, and a sub-committee has been entrusted with the revisal of the inquiries formerly proposed by the Literary Society, and the preparation of another set to be printed and circulated, either altogether or in sections, among those persons in the community who are likely to possess or acquire such information It does not seem that any records of much trust or value exist in the colony, tending to elucidate the great questions respecting the population, or the medium duration of life in it, so as to mark and determine the influence exercised upon these by the circumstance of the people and by the variations which their condition is rapidly undergoing. It should surely be kept in mind that no statistical experiment of a character more majestic and extensive has perhaps ever been made, than that now proceeding in the British colonies, by the abolition of slavery. It is an effort of political strength, which, for its magnitude and promise of great results, is worthy to consolidate such an empire. It brings all within the compass of one peculiar distinction of lofty moral character and abounding resources; and, as to its many economic results, ought to be studied every where with close and uninterrupted attention. It seems likely to afford an *instantia crucis*, as to some interesting controversies in political economy. No country, perhaps, ever received in so short a period so great an extension of Capital as this colony is about to experience, and the result therefore cannot fail to have some effect in deciding the celebrated question—whether the profits of capital vary only with its abundance, or have their measures determined by the quality of the land which the circumstances of society retains in cultivation.

It should then throw some light on the influence exercised by change of circumstances, upon the condition and duration of life, upon our knowledge of which, it is now seen, every estimate of the prosperity and strength of a people ought to depend. A nation's resources ought to be estimated not according to the number of people it can muster, but according to the strength of its united mass; and the efficiency of a population arises not from the number of human beings in it, but from the number of beings of matured strength; or their comparative power should be reckoned in some ratio, compounded of their number and the duration of their life; hence the necessity and advantage of accuracy and minuteness in recording the changes which time produces on the numbers ushered into life, and hence it is seen, that a country may advance in population, though the annual number introduced into it be stationary, by the increase of the life of each; and the wealth and comfort of a society may be estimated from the number which remain alive at the maturer years of life.

The result of the great introduction of capital will be also an interesting object of observation; but it is not easy to estimate either the exact kind or amount of its influence. It will affect considerably trade, property, and population. Wealth cannot leave a country except in the shape of the things it contains or produces, and though there may be intermediate exchanges betwixt its transaction of bestowing and the transaction of another in receiving, the end is simply the deposition of property of some sort or other in the object of its bounty. It must be remembered that money is the instrument and not the object of exchanges, and the possession of it, or of the obligation entitling to it, merely confers on the holder a deliberative power as to the nature of that exchange which he individually desires to encourage or facilitate. The instant, therefore, that the pecuniary obligation betwixt Britain and this country is contracted and ratified, or can be acted on as a certain thing, that instant do the operations of commerce commence, which are to diffuse abroad the resources of the giver and land property of some kind or other, in a tangible and material shape, upon our shores. Much of that which thus reaches us, may afford only the means of augmented comfort or luxury, and extend the present consumption of the community. We may remark, that where immigration is possible, this effect has some influence on population; for it is precisely a superiority in the comparative rates of comfort or luxury offered by different countries, which induces men to leave their homes. It may, however, be inferred, that the greater part of the property transferred, will be of that nature which directly facilitates production, or composes the machinery by which national resources are more extensively worked, and afford a greater amount of net profits and by this result it is, that the controversy between the theories of Smith and Ricardo will be determined, if as is more likely, it do not turn out that they are reconcileable, and merely present different views of the same state of things.

INVASION OF THE EASTERN DISTRICTS OF THE COLONY.

WE scarcely need remind our readers of the constant reference in this Journal, to the skill and enterprise of the British Settlers in Albany.* The effects of these increased exertions, were becoming every day more extensively visible; and those glorious lands of the eastern division, presented abodes of abundance, and the "cattle upon a thousand hills." Now we lament to say, this prosperity, and these hitherto peaceful scenes, present a distressing aspect. The wild savage of Caffraria hath invaded the land, carrying death and destruction in his march, depopulating the country, and burn-

* Many of these Notices have been frequently copied in the Home Journals, and that one in particular of Dec. 1833, entitled "*The British Settlers*," has, we find, found its way to the Secretary of State, and has been extensively circulated as a Tract.

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ing the farms. We need not descend to particulars; these have been so unsparingly supplied with great promptitude from the Office of the *Advertiser*, (being Extracts from the Graham's Town Journal, and other Correspondence,) that the whole body of our people seem to be in possession of the state of things in Albany. This has contributed to awaken our sympathies, and stir up our souls in behalf of our suffering fellow-colonists. At the Colonial Office there is much energy, and every suggestion is welcomed and acknowledged by the Hon. Col. Bell, with immediate despatch. The Hon. Col. Smith was the first to take the field. After a journey of surprising speed, he appears to have arrived at the scene of action. The whole Regt. of 72d Highlanders is advancing by sea and land. Supplies of stores and ammunition have been consigned to various vessels now on their progress, and His Excellency the Governor Sir Benj. D'Urban, &c. has sailed in H. M. S. *Trinculo*, Capt. Booth, for Algoa Bay. Many commandoes from the contiguous districts are on their march to Albany; the Hottentots prove valuable defenders in this the day of adversity, and a troop of their nation from Bethelsdorp has arrived most seasonably to the relief of Graham's Town. This Town, (the metropolis of Albany,) is the refuge of innumerable families who have lost their homes. All business is suspended, and every man under arms. Martial Law has been proclaimed: and for the assembling, conducting, and supplying his Majesty's forces, and the inhabitants who shall be embodied for the purpose of repelling the murderous invaders, who are mighty in numbers and furious in strength,—*Martial Law* has been proclaimed at this end of the colony.

All these things are a sad drawback to the satisfaction otherwise experienced in the colony, in the late abundant harvest, the progress of knowledge, and quiet commencement of new-born Freedom.

We take the liberty of suggesting at this awful moment, that all feuds, animosities, recriminations, and party-spirit do now pass away. "If we cannot reconcile all differences, let us unite all hearts." And, perhaps, it may not *just now* be out of place, to point to scenes in which British emigrants have smarted under the rod in other lands, and to mark the becoming spirit which the early settlers of New England displayed on the destruction of their abodes, and murder of their children by the North American savages. Cooper, the American writer, tells a tale, and Colton, in his Tour to the American Lakes, has corroborated the statement narrated in the "Borderers," as facts of sober history. The sufferer is Mark Heathcote, of *singular bravery*, and moreover, a man of piety, the patriarch of his family, the remnant of which stand before him after a horrible conflict with the savages. An oaken chair saved from the flames, is the seat of the father, and two parallel benches, formed of planks placed on stones, hold the other members of his family. Heathcote conducts his address in detached sentences.

"The bands of the heathen have fallen upon my herds; the brand hath been kindled within my dwellings; and my people have died by the violence of the unenlightened."

"He that hath given freely, hath taken away; and One that hath long smiled on our endeavours, hath now veiled His face in anger."

"I have known Him in His power to bless; it was meet that I should see Him in His displeasure."

"A heart that was waxing confident would have hardened in its pride. At that which hath befallen, let no man murmur against His righteous dispensations."

"There is a fearful mystery in One who sitteth on high. We have nought but the canopy of the stars for a roof—the sons of Belial have been loosened upon us—but the path of the faithful, though full of thorns, leadeth to quiet; and the final rest of the just man can never know alarm."

"He that made the wilderness blossom, hath caused the ignorant and the barbarous to be the instruments of His will. He hath arrested the season of our prosperity, that we may know Him and the power of His might. He hath spoken in the whirlwind, but His mercy granteth that our ears shall know His voice."

"Good shall come out of this evil, and the song of praise grow louder than the whoop of the savage."

But why multiply these pious sayings—the subject will no doubt be suitably handled by the Frontier ministers of Religion, whose privileged calling it is to turn a deaf ear to all other concerns than those of healing and "binding up."

THE CENTRAL EXPEDITION.

LETTERS have been received from Dr. A. Smith, dated Philopolis, 25th Dec. The source of the Caledon River had been explored, and the country around. The Expedition was proceeding to Latakoo, at which place it will be decided as to the most favorable route to the centre.

SEAT OF WAR.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been created in town, by the exhibition in the Public Library of Mr. Chase's M.SS. Maps of the Eastern division, and Plan of Graham's Town. These documents, beautifully drawn, exhibit with perfect accuracy, the name of every inhabitant, and the location of every family.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE LITERARY GAZETTE for 1834.

OUR Volume (the 4th,) for this year, has been greatly enriched by the varied and powerful contributions of an esteemed Subscriber. The same talented pen will be found conspicuous in the present Number, more especially in reference to the *Review*, and *Loss of the Eldon, &c.*

The burning of this ship, and the eventful history of the passengers, captain, and crew, are beautifully described. It appears to us to exceed any thing on record in the annals of *Perils at Sea*. The narrative should be read by all classes, and those more immediately connected with the great ocean. It contains a noble example of patient endurance, consummate skill, and rare presence of mind. Major and Mrs. Hart, sufferers in the scenes of the *Eldon*, are, we understand, now residing in Cape Town.

IN bidding adieu to our Readers of 1834, we beg to remind them that it is our intention to meet them again in 1835. And

If we be successful in being supported, we hope to be successful in being useful,—that will be our profit. As a community, we possess a position almost unrivalled for facilities in securing information or extending it. Placed on the highway of common communication, betwixt the world's nations, whether aged in wisdom or in ignorance, or yet little more than the half-formed germ of prospective empires, who can never feel the lack of information from others:—canopied by a sky of strange and unsearched splendour; and nourished by a land of unrivalled interest; with fantastic mountains immersing their foundations in the seas, and their summits in the vapours of a hemisphere almost unknown, it will be long indeed before the means of investigation correspond to the variety and importance of the objects submitted to them: and ere we attain the great end of conceiving adequately the wisdom of their Author, many and lofty indeed must be the stages of information we ascend.

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THE

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

Literary Gazette.

VOL V. 1835.

WITHOUT the aid of Printing, learning never could have become accessible to the bulk of the people, and without the aid of books and periodical publications which learning and reading occasions, the art of printing itself might to this day have been classed among the useless contrivances invented by ingenious visionaries. Printing has made books infinitely more accessible *to all classes* of persons in point of expense and variety,—causes them to be more easily read and apprehended,—and enables information to be circulated with a degree of rapidity of which, in former times, there is no example. Like the water we drink, or the air we breathe, the use of printing is so constant, that it requires an effort to recollect what the state of the country was, before its introduction; and how deeply we are indebted to it for our constant convenience and gratification.—*(Quarterly Review)*

SOCIETY grants to no Author, Writer, or Publisher, a charter of protection, but has decided that Reviewers and Critics may range and skirmish as they like. Public criticism must, therefore, be confronted with reasonable firmness, and all its varieties must be tranquilly endured. The most unfriendly censures may be made to produce many compensatory advantages. It will be a personal gratification of a lasting nature to read them without the perturbation of comfort or retaliating animosity.—*(Sharon Turner.)*

CAPE TOWN:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY G. J. PIKE, No. 11, ST. GEORGE'S-STREET.

1836.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 1. Vol. V.] CAPE TOWN: JANUARY, 1835. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum*.

LEGISLATION.*

Mr. Mundell, an old friend of ours, is, we believe, the first who has attempted to treat legislation as an abstract science, and with what justice and propriety he undertakes the high task of originating such inquiry, will be understood at once by a reference to his qualifications, as derived from the pursuits of his life. He received the education of a Writer to the Signet in Scotland, and he is now a member of that society. Since he arrived at manhood, however, he has been employed in conducting private bills in Parliament, and for several years in attending to public bills in Scotland, besides appeals to the House of Lords, and to the Privy Council. Having spent half a century with men and things in Parliament, it is utterly impossible but that he must have derived from such experience the most copious and useful information. The reader, before he applies his mind to the study of this work, is bound to recollect that it is the result of actual facts, personally observed, and we may add, observed with great acuteness, discretion, ability, and perseverance. It is impossible for us to afford any lengthened detail of the work before us, but we may supply a few hints from it, as we think they will be seasonable at the present moment, and because, perhaps, our Members of the Legislative Council may derive some degree of benefit from their perusal. None of us are too wise or too learned, and few, perhaps, of our legislators have gone through the toilsome gradations of a senator's study, or have obtained the ripened experience of sages who had grown pale over the mid-night lamp in collating and digesting all the treasures of ancient and modern wisdom.

The common practice of writers who seek to trace the original principle of things, is to reason on man in his savage state as it is called. But this is evidently a fallacious mode of argument, because man has always been found in a civilized as well as a savage state, in different stages of advancement.* One generation hands down its improvements to another, and each adds something to what it thus derives from its predecessors, and transmits the whole to its successors. It follows then that the powers of man's mind ultimately become by this process much superior to his powers of body, and thence arises a moral force which is far more powerful than physical force; the rules as well as the springs of action multiply. Now a writer who deals with those rules ought to take them as he finds them at the moment he begins their investigation, and if he alters at all the direction of his mind towards the past, it ought to be merely for the purpose of informing himself how things past bear upon things present, and how the united result of things past and present should be applied to things of the future.

Mr. Mundell, convinced by the influence of this reasoning, proceeds accordingly to treat man in his civilized state, and though Britain is the sphere to which attention is particularly directed, yet the principles inculcated by him in the course of the work are quite general in their application to every state and form of government. He commences by defining legislation as "the exercise of the supreme power of the state in making or enforcing rules of action," and this exercise, he says, has, or at least ought to have, rules of action. The rules for its general guidance ought to be—

1. To be ripely advised, before it acts.

2. To know exactly when it ought to act, and when it ought to refrain from acting.

3. It ought to be cautious and never too precipitate in acting.

Such are the laws by which its general guidance may be regulated, but there are other laws necessary to be observed which are produced by the present circumstances. The legislature, supreme as it is in reference to the community, under its jurisdiction is yet itself subject to the laws of God, and hence it should be a fundamental regulation, being law IV, that the acts of the legislature should never interfere with the laws of God, which are paramount; and therefore all legislative acts must be in conformity with them. The following regulations are evidently in conformity with the laws of God, and are essential to be observed by the legislature

5. No hinderance of any man from freely exerting his labour.

* The Philosophy of Legislation: an Essay. By Alexander Mundell, Esq. 8vo. 1834.

* Ferguson on Civil Society developes this idea in the following elegant manner:—"we are asked where the state of nature is to be found, we may answer, It is here: and it matters not, whether we are understood to speak in the island of Great Britain, or the Cape of Good Hope, or the Sraits of Magellan. While this active being is in the train of employing his talents, and of operating on the subjects around him, all situations are equally natural. If we are told, that vice at least is contrary to nature; we may answer, It is worse; it is folly and wretchedness. But, if nature is only opposed to art, in what situation of the human race are the footsteps of art unknown? In the condition of the savage, as well as that of the citizen, are many proofs of human invention; and, in either, is not in any permanent station, but a mere stage through which this travelling being is destined to pass. If the palace be unnatural, the cottage is so no less; and the highest refinements of political and moral apprehension are not more artificial in their kind than the first operations of sentiments and reason."

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the House of Commons must be immediately directed.

"Every private bill is sent to a committee up stairs. Every public bill, brought in by any individual Member of Parliament, should be sent to a committee up stairs also. If that committee does not think fit to report the bill to the house, then there is an end of it, at least, for that session. If the committee to whom any such bill shall be referred shall report it to the house, then, and then only, it comes to be discussed by either house of Parliament, upon the report, or upon the third reading of the bill: whereas, at present, either house has a debate upon the motion to bring a bill, which it may negative; or upon the bill itself, when it shall be brought in, which it may throw out; or upon clauses in it, which can be much better discussed, at least in the first instance, in a committee up stairs.

"Neither house of Parliament would in this way, part with any sound discussion upon, or any deliberate consideration, which it ought to give to every legislative measure. But both houses would be saved long speeches upon motions which fall to the ground, and discussions which lead to no result. The measure, whatever it might be, if it was fit to be discussed and deliberated upon by the whole house, would thus be matured, and put in a proper shape for its consideration.

"But the constitution of committees up stairs ought to be altered, both with reference to public and to private bills; to which last I shall advert first.

"Formerly, when any private bill was opposed, it was customary to move, and to allow, that all should have voices who came to the committee; that is, that the whole house might attend the committee, though eight only were required to constitute it. This practice still obtains in the House of Lords; but now, in the House of Commons, at the commencement of every session of Parliament, lists are prepared, under the direction of the Speaker, of so many counties and boroughs, the members for which, varying from 120 to 130, compose the committee, of whom any five form a quorum The constitution of committees has not been thereby improved; though five form a quorum, and few more can be prevailed upon to attend regularly."—pp. 196, 197.

Here we close this valuable book, which in consequence of its chief merit consisting in details, we have been utterly unable in this review to place adequately before the public. Enough however has been now given to ease our minds as to the fear that we have failed to provoke the reader to peruse the book for himself. It will be discovered in the course of that perusal, that Parliament, towards the last session, adopted many of Mr. Mundell's suggestions.

A TRANSLATION,
From the Italian of METASTASIO.

Though waters from the mighty deep
May bathe the mountain;
In streams their course meandering keep,
Or fill the fountain:
Yet if at *freedom*, or enchained they be,
Murmuring, they languish for their native sea.

That troubled sea which gave them birth,
When waves were swelling;
And bade them go, and wander forth,
Far from her dwelling;
But the cloud breaks—the river *bursts its chain*,
That the vast deep may take its own again!

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER,
And its Three Hundred and odd Friends! at Graham's Town.

[COMMUNICATED.]

COMBINATIONS of numbers against ONE, let the circumstances be what they may, whether cold-blooded, undermining, manœuvring; or hot blooded, fire-and-faggot persecution; no matter which; seldom affect the party intended to be crushed. The age is over ripe for that sort of clumsy malevolence which has been displayed against the Editor of the *Commercial Advertiser;* and the native bias of cultivated minds, and of sensible men, which is ever in favor of the aggrieved party, occasions the unprejudiced to be more scandalized by the indecent outrage which has been committed under the cloak of party zeal, than interested in the discussion, whatever it may be, which has excited it.

The three hundred and odd worthies in Graham's Town must have been woefully beside themselves from too much passion, or too little wit, when they put forth their lamentably silly placard: their intemperate folly has called forth two counter declarations in Cape Town, one of which we think it our duty to place in juxtaposition with theirs, that the articles may speak for themselves, and that the public may judge of them as they read, in comparison. The Editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* is no pigmy to be trampled under foot, or gobbled by the first flock of geese which may be driven past to stubble: the donkey that would attempt such a thistle will find him a troublesome customer! a most unpalatable morsel: but as he can fight his own battles, and will do so in good time, we shall proceed as Journalists to record the most singular and ill-judged announcement of party malevolence and vulgar spite, that ever came under our observation:

ADVERTISEMENT.

Graham's Town, Jan. 1*st*, 1835.

"The Editor of the *South African Commercial Advertiser* having already misrepresented an occurrence connected with the invasion of the colony, and commented upon his own false statement, in a manner calculated to affect our hopes of succour from other quarters; and as there is an impression abroad that former misrepresentations in that paper, as well as the visit of its Editor to the Frontier, are among the causes of a confederacy among the Caffer chiefs, which threatens the total ruin of a large portion of the Colony, we consider it our duty to call upon all well-wishers to their country—to implore all who would not wilfully be made instrumental in stifling the cries of the widow and the fatherless for protection,—to use their best endeavours to suppress circulation of that paper, during the continuance of the present awful crisis."

This being precisely suited to the low taste of the parties, was re-published in the *Zuid-Afrikaan!* and for some days we were told that the proprietors and admirers of that un-English journal, were exciting the brilliant intellects which showed off on the 8th October! to put forth a similar enunciation of the sentiments of Kaapstad!! These would-be legislators! these Rip van Winkels! these only-qualified to rule the colony, with English money for Van Winkel's pockets! these, and such as these, exhibited on the 8th of October! that memorable day of betrayal of their un-English character! their just sense of Mr. Fairbairn's English spirit and English feelings. He was not the man for them; nor would such as he is be permitted to exist in the colony, had the old Bathurst leaven continued operating, or could the colonial spirit and local politics obtain an ascendancy: but *Zuid-Afrikanism*, thank God, is not to be the future fashion; and it is as much to Mr. Fairbairn's advantage and honor to be hated by that faction, as it is to be admired by those who have come forward in his favor. The *Zuid-Afrikaan* and the *Graham's Town Journal* would, no doubt, sell more copies and obtain more advertisements, if they could succeed in damping out the *Commercial Advertiser* with their wet blankets. They are merely laboring in their vocation; further, their utter feebleness, their vapid tameness, their unredeemable barrenness, might appear to less disadvantage, if not contrasted with the energy of the master-spirit whom they childishly imagined their paltry combinations could have insulted out of their way.

No sooner, however, had people ceased to laugh at the Graham's Town placard, and its approvers in Kaapstad! than a counter-declaration was prepared, and signed by 104 of the English and English feeling community; some, however, objected to it, that it contained an erroneous view of the three hundred and odd Graham's Town "public safety" signatures! since it included them all under one head '*respectable;*' some of these 'public safety' wights were men who had *never read* the *Commercial Advertiser,* because neither the poor little crazed school-master, who is raving in the *Graham's Town Journal* against Mr. Pringle and his poetry! nor any other pedagogue, has ever taught them the love of letters! and who did not in reality sign their names which appear attached, but pawed their marks, it is said, to the placard! How marvellous is the effrontery of humbug! The worse than folly of putting forth such a document as a public instrument, cannot be reprehended too

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severely, nor would we mince our terms in demolishing it.

A paper which did not strongly express disapprobation of the "awful crisis" gentry, could not of course be admitted by the enlightened part of our community, as the declaration of their sentiments; and it was immediately followed by a second, which one of the first philosophers of this, or any other age, did not think it unworthy of his exalted talents to compose, and to which his name, illustrious in literature, is attached, to mark his disapprobation of all low party intrigue and interested maliciousness; and his high opinion of Mr. Fairbairn's honor, talents, and integrity. His single name—"the revered, the honored name" of HERSCHELL, out-weighs "*myriads*" of such trashy libels as the Graham's Town placard; the declaration in favor of Mr. Fairbairn is simple, clear, and unqualified; and we delight to publish the paper as a *chef d'œuvre* of composition; whilst its sentiments adorn and exalt humanity: it appears in the dusky, dingy atmosphere of Kaapstad politics, as a pledge of the dawning of a better day; and we hail it with enthusiasm, and print it with every heart-felt expression of gratitude to the distinguished author:

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,
16*th January*, 1835.

We, the undersigned, residents in this colony, having read with grief, pain, and disapprobation, a Resolution published in the *Graham's Town Journal* of the 2d instant, as that of 336 individuals, more or fewer, whose signatures are thereto attached, calling upon all well-wishers to their country to use their best endeavours to suppress the circulation of the *South African Commercial Advertiser* during the continuance of the present awful crisis, consider it incumbent on us thus publicly to express our high sense of the importance of this Colony, and to the general interests of society, of the continued and extended circulation of the last-mentioned most valuable Journal.

Differing, as some of us perhaps do, from the talented, ardent, and fearless individual from whose pen the Leading Articles in that Journal are understood to proceed, in our own views of particular points of policy, or in matters of a local and personal nature, we are unanimous in our admiration of the rectitude of principle and honesty of purpose, which we believe to have actuated him throughout his conduct of it. This belief we ground on the internal evidence which every succeeding number, as it issues from the Press, abundantly affords.

The pure and lofty standard of moral excellence, and the high tone of thought and feeling which the *South African Commercial Advertiser* holds forward, its unwearied advocacy of the great principles of mutual justice, forbearance, and kindness between man and man, and between nation and nation, its determined and uncompromising hostility to abuses of every kind, so soon as they can be shown to be such, suffice to justify to us in our own minds this admiration, and we should most deeply regret that any circumstances arising out of the present distressing state of the Eastern Provinces of this colony, should have a tendency to diminish the circulation, and thereby possibly determine the cessation of a Journal, which, so long as it continues to be conducted in the spirit it now is, we can regard in no other light than that of a blessing to the community in which it exists.

(Here follows a list of names of gentlemen of the highest character and consideration.)

Thus the "public safety" worthies of Graham's Town, the *private* enemies of Mr. Fairbairn, have succeeded in placing him in a position far more gratifying to his friends and to himself, than that from which they vainly endeavored to degrade him. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit:* humbug and folly have no chance in the contest. For his own sake, and for the good cause, we really regret Mr. Fairbairn's presence in this colony: *he was made for a wider field and more extended usefulness:* and seems to us to be lost in the contemptible squabbles and drivelling interests of this obscure and petty society, when he might have had *nations for his audience, and the great field of Europe for his scene of action.* Alas! and may we not sigh to say the same of another Master Spirit of the age, who seems, to our humble judgement, otherwise than he might be;—Science is noble, and the devotion of wealth, leisure, and transcendant talent, to the abstract cultivation of science, must be admitted to be the most noble of all occupations: but there is a something still more important than science; it consists in that order of things which permits science, and whatever else is good, to benefit the many: the combat betwixt the right and the wrong in governments is now fought hand to hand! and these are not the times when we can afford to miss one gigantic mind; since, however it may be adorning science, its voice of thunder would tell more usefully, to the thousands yet unborn, if its ardent and overpowering energies were directed to assert the great and glorious truth, that Princes and other Public Officers are born for the People, not the people for oligarchs; than if it should startle the age with the most unexpected discoveries of hidden matter.

There is no society too paltry to be exempted from the curse of its pigmy oligarchy, and our unlucky colony has exhibited a more exuberant progeny of such vermin, than any other society, as we believe, on the world's surface; the Editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* has rung some most disagreeable truths in their ears, and has most ruthlessly stripped the lion's hide, and shown the natural calf's-skin it concealed, to the woeful discomfiture of their high-blown aspirations: that their rage should be unbounded; their malice beyond concealment and beyond controul, is no marvel; happily, it is innocuous! let the viper gnaw the file, and break its fangs on the impassible steel; its bleeding gums can do us no injury!

We offer no comment on the elevated tone of the *Advertiser's* reply to the Graham's Town placard: the inward consciousness of worth is ever indicated by the calm composure of unruffled temper; it rises superior to the vindictive feelings of the weak, the ignorant, the *crafty*, and the designing. Had Mr. Fairbairn forgotten himself in reply, he would not have been what his friends, and the enlightened part of the British Public have considered him: but it was more than could have been looked for, even by those who knew him best, that he should repay insults with commiseration, and the most deadly thrust of bitter malice with forgiveness: let the utter impotence of that malice be its proper punishment: and wherever a spark of generous feeling exists in the breast of any one of the parties concerned, let them read, with shame and sorrow over their folly, the generous exertions which the Editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* has ever made, and is now unremittingly continuing to make in their behalf, for the good of the colony generally, and more particularly for their benefit.

One word, in conclusion, to the Reverend Gentlemen, the Missionaries of the Wesleyan *persuasion*, who so far *forgot* their own duties, and the purposes for which the zeal and the charity of the British religious public sent them to Albany, and maintains them there, as to lend their names to a contemptible party libel; is their capacity so limited, that they have not discovered the simple fact that the world seems to have come almost unanimously to the conclusion, that the less our clergy follow the example of the Jesuits in intermeddling with politics, the more they adapt themselves to their proper sphere of usefulness. Do Messrs. Shrewsbury, Young, and Haddy seriously believe that Mr. Pringle's poetry was translated by their fellow Missionaries, to instigate the savages to outrage? and that this Caffer invasion has been the result of Mr. Fairbairn's visit, five years ago, to the Caffer frontier? Do they join issue with all that is said by the crazy schoolmaster? who, by the way, half lunatic that he is, is still the best writer in the *Graham's Town Journal!* Do they admit that Missionaries and Missionary settlements are the curse of the frontier, and that there will be no peace there until the good old system of Commandoes shall be re-established, and the aboriginal tribes extirpated, instead of instructed? If they do, they are not only not

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fit to hold their present situations, but also unfit to be trusted to range the streets without a keeper! If they do not, what are we to think of their discretion in lending their names to such a purpose, and in leagueing themselves with those who do? but it is enough: the subject is stale, and nothing but the justice that is due to Mr. Fairbairn, would have induced us to dwell so long upon it.

[We devoutly trust there will be no commotion among the wild besats on the publication of the following bagatelle. But there is no saying what may happen; savages, it would appear of late, are great poetasters.]

LINES

Written on hearing that the Lion in the Government Menagerie was to be sold.

To arms! to arms! ye brute creation,
Defend the honour of your nation,
Submit not to such degradation—
Let not your King be sold.
Can ye stand by and calmly view,
Such treachery of the darkest hue,
Be called a base degraded crew,
Exchange your King for gold?

Come from your native forests' shade,
Fly to your suffering Monarch's aid,
To shed your blood be not afraid,
Fight for your sovereign King.
Brave Rhinoceros, march with your clan,
And valiantly lead on the van,
Toss to the clouds presumptuous man,
And make the welkin ring.

March forward, too, Hippopotamus,
For strength and courage ever famous,
Whose boast is—"man shall never tame us;"
Come 'from the Rivers' deep.
Leave for a while your watery bed,
Where you repose your mighty head,
And to the field your warriors lead,
These are not times to sleep.

Gigantic Elephant arise,
Strike terror by thy ponderous size,
Lift thy proboscis to the skies,
Deal death at every blow.
Delay not, but to battle rush,
Thy powerful foot will thousands crush,
And tho' life's blood in streams may gush,
Yield never to the foe.

Stately Giraffe, thy towering form,
Erect above the battle's storm,
Be thou the beacon of alarm,—
Come from your verdant banks.
Swift-foot Gazelle, bear thou the tale,
Speed thee o'er mountain and o'er dale,
Say that your Sovereign is for sale:
Tell it throughout the ranks.

Base Slavery be your portion all,
If ye permit your King to fall,
And heed not honour's sacred call,
To vindicate his right.
March quickly, then, 'ere 'tis too late,
Or man will shortly seal his fate,
His life and honour now await
The issue of the fight. G. P.

ODDS AND ENDS: A MEDLEY.

(Communicated.)

THE VOTE OF CENSURE, ETC.

In our last we drew a contrast betwixt the temper and taste manifested by a portion of the London periodical press toward our brethren in America, and the simple fact of their admitted advance in prosperity: the following from the *Globe* is in a better spirit, and the passage quoted deserves the high encomiums it has received, "a plain system, void of pomp,—protecting all and granting favors to none,"—dispensing its blessings like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt,—"seems a vision of Utopian government! the Americans are 'blessed' if they enjoy it, and 'fortunate' if they know the extent of their happiness! we much fear the possibility of an election system, carried to the American extent, continuing to work well. Our own hereditary responsible head so long as the people have their legitimate control over Parliament, is unquestionably the safer theory. Time must show the American Election System is as yet but an experiment! but how grand the scale! how exalted the principles!

Our attention has been called to the concluding passage of the protest of the President of the United States against the vote of censure which was passed upon his conduct by the Senate of that country. No one can fail to admire the beautiful eloquence of that part of the protest which relates to the President himself, and which, from its noble simplicity, its touching pathos, its dignity of feeling, and its elevation of sentiment, may be regarded as one of the most striking passages that ever proceeded from the lips or from the pen of patriot and statesman.

"The resolution of the Senate contains an imputation upon my private as well as upon my public character; and as it must stand for ever on their journals, I cannot close this substitute for that defence which I have not been allowed to present in the ordinary form, without remarking that I have lived in vain, if it be necessary to enter into a formal vindication of my character and purposes from such an imputation. In vain do I bear upon my person enduring memorials of that contest in which American liberty was purchased—in vain have I since periled property, fame, and life, in defence of the rights and privileges so dearly bought—in vain am I now, without a personal aspiration, or the hope of individual advantage, encountering responsibilities and dangers, from which, by mere inactivity in relation to a single point, I might have been exempt, if any serious doubt can be entertained as to the purity of my purposes and motives. If I had been ambitious, I should have sought an alliance with that powerful institution which even now aspires to no divided empire. If I had been venal, I should have sold myself to its designs—had I preferred personal comfort and official ease to the performance of my arduous duty, I should have ceased to molest it. In the history of conquerors and usurpers, never, in the fire of youth, nor in the vigor of manhood, could I find an attraction to lure me from the path of duty; and now I shall scarcely find an inducement to commence their career of ambition, when grey hairs and a decaying frame, instead of inviting to toil and battle, call me to the contemplation of other worlds, where conquerors cease to be honoured, and usurpers expiate their crimes.

"The only ambition I can feel, is to acquit myself to Him to whom I must soon render an account of my stewardship, to serve my fellow-men and live respected and honoured in the history of my country. No, the ambition which leads me on is an anxious desire, and a fixed determination to return to the people unimpaired, the sacred trust they have confided to my charge—to heal the wounds of the constitution and preserve it from further violation; to persuade my countrymen so far as I may, that it is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishments, that they will find happiness, or their liberties protection; but in a plain system, void of pomp—protecting all and granting favors to none—dispensing its blessings like the dews of Heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to produce. It is such a government that the genius of our people requires—such a one only under which our States may remain for ages to come, united, prosperous, and free. If the Almighty Being who has hitherto sustained and protected me will but vouchsafe to make my feeble powers instrumental to such a result, I shall anticipate with pleasure the place to be assigned me in the history of my country, and die contented with the belief that I have contributed, in some small degree, to increase the value and prolong the duration of American liberty.

"April 15, 1834." "Andrew Jackson."
—*Globe.*

It is almost distressing to think that a post of such anxious and awful responsibility should with its theory crown, and circumscribed sensual enjoyment, be still a sufficiently tempting bait to unruly ambition to hazard anarchical confusion at each returning election. As a contrast to the President's disavowal of all "personal aspiration" or "hope of individual advantage," let us turn our thoughts to that illustrious person whom we shall still designate as Prince Leopold. His career has been what the world calls "singularly lucky:" Cobbett said he had received in a few years from the British people, a larger sum than the Americans had paid their President since their original declaration of independence. We know nothing of court scandal, and can vouch for no anecdote, so shall forbear to repeat what may be vulgarity and exaggeration; but what is printed in a shape that the "great and noble" must have seen, may be referred to.

A splendid work in royal quarto was published by Colbourn last year, entitled "Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second," the preface states, that "Mr. Murphy, from whose minatures the portraits have been engraved, was appointed painter in ordinary to Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte, *to whose household he had been attached from her childhood.* He having, while at Windsor, made copies of one or two of the most striking of "Lely's Windsor Beauties," Her Royal Highness, on seeing them, expressed her admiration, and

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in her usual off-hand gracious manner, desired that the whole set might be completed for her." After this follows the arrangements made for copying the portraits, a room was allotted to the artist in Windsor Castle, and the Royal Family are described as interested in the work; then follows, "Before the whole set of portraits was completed, the Princess Charlotte died; and with that fine hearted and right-minded being, died the hopes, fortunes, and happiness of many individuals, as well as the hope of many nations. Mr. Murphy was among those unfortunate individuals, whose personal affliction was for a time swallowed up in the general grief, had lost a kind friend and patroness—had lost his appointment, *and had received no payment for a work which had occupied all his time during three years!* and was now near its completion. After the lapse of a certain time, he sent in the pictures with a written statement of his claims, duly authenticated to the proper quarter. *But in a few weeks afterwards the pictures were returned to the artist!*"

——— O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!

The people of England had paid enough to secure the poor Princess Charlotte from having unpaid bills stuck upon her hearse. On this occasion the pride of the British nation seems to have been saved a wound by the munificence of Sir Gerard Noel, who purchased the portraits; but what are we to think of "the proper quarter?" Mrs. Trollope should lash the vices at home, they are worse than the follies abroad; the old world has more of the former than the new world has as yet exhibited.

HOSTILITY TO PERIODICALS.

We have been both grieved, and let us add, also amused at the strange advertisements against the *Commercial Advertiser;* we subjoin a London one against the *Times* and *Globe*, which is more pithy and more pointed; if the *Zuid Afrikaan*, and its Joint Stock Company want a lesson, here it is;

The following amusing piece of blackguardism appears in an evening paper of Saturday:—*The Times*.—Sir,—I have been, within these few days, at a coffee-house in Greville-street, and at a coffee-house, in Tottenham-court-road (the University coffee-house) and at a coffee-house in Little Queen street, Holborn, in all of which I rejoice to find the proprietors have refused to receive the now really b—— old *Times*, that urged the spilling of the people's blood at Monday's procession. In Little Queen-street a bill is in the window, thus,—'*The Times* and *Globe* not taken in here.' Bravo! This is glorious! I will never enter a coffee-house where *The Times* murder journal is taken in. Yours, &c.,
Times, May 5. "GEORGE EDMONDS."

Noxious insects and vermin used to be hunted to the death, rooted-out as George Edmonds would extirpate the *Times* and *Globe*, and the *Zuid Afrikaan* would the *Commercial Advertiser*! but now-a-days they are at a premium.

CONTRACT FOR FLEAS.—A celebrated exhibitor of educated fleas in this town, gave notice on Saturday, that he was willing to contract for a certain number of live fleas, at the rate of one penny per flea, with a proviso, that no cat, dog, or pigeon flea would be accepted, and that none but real bed fleas must be offered; several breeders sent in their tenders, and the fancier purchased a lot consisting of eight fleas for five pence.—*(Edinburgh Paper.)*

Lives there at the Cape any one who ever knew Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlise, and Master of Queen's College, Cambridge? Isaac, when travelling, had reposed in a village hotel in the Yorkshire wold, and awoke in the morning grievously flea bitten! on making his complaint, the landlord, honest Boniface, cut the plaintiff short. "Sur! I haz lived here, in this here place, man and boy, a matter of fifty years, and these here fleas never boited me, and I thinks as how they niver touches aught az iz wholesome!" the reply was final! poor Isaac pleaded guilty! he weighed twenty stone!—and his portly figure did justice to the renown of "Queen's Ale." But the point of our anecdote is to contrast our Yorkshire hosts notion of flea-biting with that of the flea fancier, in the Edinbro' paper. Isaac was a most undaunted humourist; he was not to be frightened from a joke! he had some where in some gentleman's garden, sat on a garden chair, the carved hollow of which adapted itself so miraculously to his glutia, that his heart yearned to have them at all times indulged with such an enchanting accommodation: it is a fact, that he procured some pounds of soft putty, and laid the mass on a bench, and sat thereon, until a sure and accurate model was made of the parts requiring casement, and this done, had the same most carefully imitated in wood and leather, until he declared that he had reached the *ne plus ultra* of solace to the nether man! and did not envy the king his throne, nor his pupil Pitt, the seat of Premier.

THE POONA THUGS.

To the Editor of the Bombay Courier.

SIR,—The recent murder by Thugs in the neighbourhood of Poona having caused some consternation, from the casual circumstance of the delinquents having been detected almost in the fact, and thereby proved the existence of a practise which by many is supposed to have ceased in the Company's provinces, the accompanying abstracts of evidence given by members of the fraternity of Thugs who have been seized, and have confessed, may not prove uninteresting, as they tend to show that this diabolical trade of murder has been more extensively practised in the Bombay territories than is generally imagined. It is far from being a proof of the exemption from the horrors of Thuggee in any country, that is seldom heard of and generally discredited. This can only be considered as an evidence of the dexterity with which these miscreants manage to hide their crimes from the world. Their deeds of death are usually done with such extraordinary secrecy, and such skilful precautions are adopted both before and after the murder, that detection is rendered most difficult. Had not a judicious use been made of confessions by some of the Thugs first seized, and the most persevering exertions been employed by the authorities who were entrusted with the duty of their seizures, to follow up the disclosures that were elicited, it is probable that the horrors and outrages that have been discovered would never have been brought to light, and Government and the public would never have become acquainted with circumstances that still appear almost incredible. It will hardly be believed, had it not been most satisfactorily established, that the Thugs had the audacity to make a military cantonment their Head Quarters:—to have almost always been in force in it, or its immediate vicinity:—to have had associates who by engaging in trade or other occupations in the Military Bazaars, have acted as the decoyers of unsuspecting travellers who have been led out to be strangled by the gangs who were lying in wait for them:—that they have strangled and buried their victims almost within hail of the habitations in the Cantonment:—and that the murders they have perpetrated within a few miles around the place, and which have been substantiated, amount to hundreds. There can be little doubt but that a dread of seizure has driven many of the Thugs to the westward, and it is to be feared, that the Poona murder has not been a solitary one in those parts. Once a Thug and always a Thug, is the motto of these insidious enemies of their fellow creatures; for go where they will, they make their own livelihood on the death of others; and by charging their iniquities to the score of their destiny and indulging in the still more horrible belief that the immolations of their victims is an acceptable offering to Kalie or Bhowanee, (the goddess of worship with both Mussulman and Hindoo Thugs) they feel none of those compunctions visitings of conscience which other murderers are supposed to suffer under. Your's &c. RUFUS.

DEPOSITIONS.

Baleah, Thug, approver, an inhabitant of Nizam's country, confesses that he generally went on Thuggee with Dawood Khan Jemadar and Myan Khan, Jemadar of Sholapoor, who usually frequent the roads about Sedasheopeth, Hoomnabad, Tooljapoor, Punderpoor, and Sholapoor, and sometimes went as far as Poonah. Has also committed murders on the road from Kurnool to Sholapoor.

In the year 1833, joined a gang of Thugs and committed many murders. First strangled five persons in the Nizam's country, and then proceeded to Sholapoor. Met with five travellers, two Musselmen and three Hindoos, and strangled them one day's journey beyond Sholapoor, on the Poonah road; obtained between 40 and 50 Rupees' worth of property. Then went to Punderpoor. Met a man and woman, by caste Hindoos, going to Seroor; strangled them one stage from Punderpoor, and got 100 Rupees and their clothes. Next went to Ahmednugger, and fell in with three Hindoo labourers from

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Poonah, going to Aurungabad; strangled them a stage from Nuggar, and got 100 Rupees. Went towards Aurungabad, and near the Godavery; fell in with a Telingah from Poonah, strangled him and got 30 Rupees' worth of property.

In the year 1831, joined another gang of Thugs who intended to proceed towards the Bombay frontier. First strangled 12 men and 5 women at various places in the Nizam's country; then went to Goolburgah and met Buhleem Burreh Sahib, Thug Jemadar and 30 Thugs from the neighbourhood of Sholapoor, bringing ten bullocks and ponies laden with booty for sale. Left Goolburgah and strangled a Musselman near Turkul; got 5 Rupees, a sword and shield. Went to Shustoor; met a Hindoo man and woman from Punderpoor; strangled them and got about 100 Rupees' worth of property. Went to Toojapoor, met two Brahmins; strangled them and got about 85 Rupees and clothes. The gang then divided, and Lungotea Jemadar and 20 Thugs went towards Sholapoor. Deponent went home.

In the month of February, 1834, a gang of Thugs while going from Hoomnabad to Sholapoor, fell in with five Arabs and a woman going to Bombay; strangled them, and obtained gold worth 1,600 Rupees, and about 200 Rupees' worth of other property.

In the month of February, 1834, three Arabs, from Hyderabad going to Bombay, were murdered between Sholapoor and Poonah. They had with them 1,200 Rupees; some silver ornaments; a mare and two ponies, some cooking utensils and wearing apparel. Their relations have since made search after them in vain.

Peer Khan, inhabitant of the Hyderabad country, a Thug approver, confesses that he has for the last ten years been in the practice of going on Thuggee towards Sholapoor; went on one occasion as far as Dharwar. The gang of Thugs went by Sungesoor, Miraitch, Tazgaon, and Sattarah, to Poonah; then returned by Punderpoor to the vicinity of Sholapoor. They committed many murders during this trip.

Eighteen months ago, in the hot weather of 1833, joined a gang of Thugs from the vicinity of Sholapoor, and strangled seven persons in various places near the borders of the Shalapore and Ahmednuggur districts. The Jemadar of the gang told deponent that many Thugs were then residing about Sholapoor and Beejapoor.

Surwur and Nunhee Khan, Thug approvers, confess that during the last year or two they have usually met gangs of Thugs on the roads leading from Hydrabad to Sholapoor and Punderpoor; know that many Jemadars with gangs of Thugs constantly traverse those roads; and deponents have committed murders in their company. Have also within the last four years met gangs of Thugs from the Carnatic, who came from the Southern Mahratta Country. Went on an expedition to Punderpoor with Hoosain Sahid, Jemadar. Near Wyraug strangled four Moghuls, and their two servants, got 200 Rupees of property, a large horse, three ponies, and weapons. At Tarapoor, near Punderpoor, strangled three Telingahs from Bombay, and got 150 Rupees' worth of property.

Mohna, Hindustanee Thug approver, confesses that in the year 1831, he accompanied a gang of Thugs into the Bombay country. First committed several murders about Aurungabad; then went to Poonah, where they were detained on suspicion, but were released. Came to Lonee and fell in with two Hajees from Bombay, going to Hyderabad. Were joined there by Hoosain Sahib, Jemadar and eight Thugs; and next day strangled the Hajees. Got a pony and a few other articles. Went on towards Sholapoor and strangled four Mahratta travellers, who came from that place. Obtained a pony, and about 150 Rupees' worth of property from them.

Heera, Hindustanee Thug approver—confesses that four years ago he went with a gang of Thugs from Aurungabad to Ahmednugger. Fell in with three Sepoys going to Dwarka. Took them twelve koss beyond Nugger, and strangled them between two hills. Buried the bodies and got 250 Rupees. Went to Seroor and then to Korygaum. Rested under the Mangoe trees near the Traveller's bungalow. Decoyed two Mahratta Brahmins out of the town, who put up with us, and strangled them during the night. The bodies were buried near the Mangoe trees. We got 15 Rupees. Went towards Poonah, and seeing an unfavorable omen, did not enter the city, but took the road to Nassuck. Conducted a traveller from Poonaah to the distance of 19 koss, and then strangled him; got 10 Rupees. The body was buried. Two koss from Nassick strangled two Palkee bearers, and buried their bodies. Got only 7 Rupees and cooking utensils. Went beyond Nassick and strangled two Sepoys, at the distance of two koss; got 50 Rupees' worth of property from them.

The cold-blooded murders perpetrated by Burke and the other "resurrection men," exceeded in horror all ordinary details of atrocious crime; but the sect of Thugs scattered over all India, and ready for the most trifling booty to destroy the inoffensive traveller, presents a spectacle which must startle those who imagine the native character in India to be a plastic compound, soft and manageable in the fingers of British authority to be moulded into whatever shape those parties please, who consider 10½ per cent. on six millions, a legitimate demand on Hindostan. The following is a specimen of the mild Asiatic! As it is not stated that the man was insane or drunk when he paralyzed the President and Court, we presume he was both sane and sober; and if so, we question if the records of any criminal court, in any civilized country, can present such a scene,—a Havildar ranks as serjeant, and is, generally speaking, a soldier of merit and respectability: the narration does not state what had occurred to madden this unhappy man to such an outrageous extremity.

A laughably serious circumstance took place about a fortnight or so ago at Arcot, upon the trial of a Havildar of the 2d Regiment Light Cavalry.—This man having been charged with some minor offence, was warned of a Regimental Court Martial convened to investigate into his case, when he appealed from a Native Regimental to an European General Court Martial, under a late provision.—The Court accordingly assembled, and the proceedings were entered upon—but fearing from the turn matters appeared to take, that things were going against him, the Havildar deliberately spat in the face of the officers sitting nearest to him!—The members of the Court stared at one another, paralyzed by astonishment—and the Havildar making the most of his time, regularly *served* them all out, throwing his turban at the President—giving one of the members a punch in his victualling office, and spitting in the faces of the rest.—The members of the Court recovering from their reverie of wonder, drew their swords, and in a moment afterwards, half a dozen sabre points were presented at the prisoner. The President, however, immediately desired their swords to be returned to their sheaths—when the Havildar made a dash for the sword of a Cavalry Officer, who was one of the members of the Court. He seized the hilt, and had partly drawn the blade from the scabbard, when he was seized. The man was then handcuffed, and is to be tried for the mutiny,—but he declares his intention to die—and swears he will starve himself to death. Down to the date of our intelligence, he had been nearly three days without food. A remarkable feature in this case is, that when he has given his choice of a Native or an European Court to try him for the mutiny, he again preferred to be tried by European officers. This, we believe, is the first instance of such conduct ever known among Sepoys. Mutiny in our native army is

——a monster
To be slaughtered in the birth—

and however fearful the consequence may be to the unhappy man himself, the affair cannot be passed over, and policy as well as the spirit of the times, calls for some severe example.—*Madras Gazette, August 9.*

HINDOO RELIGIOUS MURDERS.

The practice of Suttee and Infanticide has been put down by legal enactment in the British Territories: but not more than one-half of India is officially recognized as subject to regulations of Government—for instance, the southern shore of Bombay Harbour is subject to the Chief who represents the Angria family, and who reigns a Sovereign Autocrat, entitled to the full power of burning widows in his paltry dominions—the reader must keep in view that there are two Colobahs, one a small islet, half-a-mile long, and a quarter broad, joining Bombay Island and Angriah's Colobah on the opposite side of the harbour. The following from the *Bombay Gazette*, are worthy of a serious perusal. The national character in India is not rightly estimated; it has a dark side, which is fearful to contemplate.

A FEMALE TAKEN OFF BY HER RELATIONS FROM BOMBAY, TO PERFORM SUTTEE IN ANGRIAH'S COLOBAH.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR,—I have just heard that a party of Hindoos, taking with them a relation in a dying state, and his wife—or she may be his widow—have this day sailed hence, for Angria's Coloba, for the avowed purpose of sacrificing the wretched woman, as a Suttee, on her husband's funeral pile.

The public are aware, that this practice, so abhorrent to every feeling of humanity and civilization, has been through the philanthropic exertions of the present Governor General of India, Lord William Bentinck, some years since proscribed, and effectually suppressed throughout the British Territories in India.

Under these circumstances, as the Rajah of Coloba is the merest dependant on the British Government, holding his possessions by its sufferance, and paying an annual tribute for the same, a word from the Bombay authorities would at once be the means of abolishing, in his insignificant domain, this revolting and cruel practice.

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I therefore trouble you with this short communication, in the hopes that the Government will see the necessity of its interposition to prevent in future Suttees being performed in actual view of its presidency.

I may add, that the present is not a solitary instance of the perpetration of these atrocities, by Hindoos proceeding to Angria's Colaba from Bombay for the purpose—a similar occurrence having taken place between two and three years ago. I remain Sir, your obedient servant,

Bombay, 2d Sept. 1834. A. B.

We would earnestly call the attention of Government to the letter of our Correspondent A. B, the truth of whose statement is matter of public notoriety on the island. The name of the individual whose widow was taken over the water for self immolation. was Bhawoo Narain Khutry, a wealthy banker of Bombay. That she was forced or even persuaded to this line of conduct by any of her relatives or attendant Bramhins we will not assert; but that she was *permitted* and *assisted* by a whole posse of persons there can be no doubt—and that she has since been burnt as a Suttee within sight of our flag is equally certain. The assertion of our correspondent that this is not a solitary case is most true; we have called public attention to the fact more than once in this paper, and were led to do so from the conviction left upon our minds that fair play is not always used; that unnatural measures are resorted to, in order to stupify and intoxicate the parties, who have so consented to become Suttee, perhaps, in a moment of rashness—in order to bear them thro' the terrors of the scene. To the case which happened two or three years ago, referred to by our correspondent, we were ourselves witnesses: and we can declare that the infatuated female was, while hurried along the streets of Bombay, absolutely *insane* from the effects of drugs administered to her. To describe the loathsome but yet pitiable state of that poor creature, her starting and blood shot eyes—her slavering lips—her outrageous behaviour—mad gesticulations, and yet madder cries, would be here useless—but the fact should never be lost sight of, that women are to be taken from this island *in a state of stupefaction*, if not of more active madness, to commit self murder, *while in that condition*, within sight of Bombay castle.

There are two practical points, to which, if the attention of the authorities be directed, a repetition of scenes like this may be prevented. 1st, the prevention of parties from taking away females to Colobah for this purpose—2d, the extinction of the practice of Suttee *there*. Since the abolition of Suttee within the British dominions, we believe all those who *assist* in any way its commission *in* these dominions, become seriously involved as accessories to murder. Now, we ask, where (as in this instance) a British subject is taken across the water for the avowed purpose of Suttee—though it be performed out of the jurisdiction—does not the assistance *given here* by the relatives, the permission even to go when the purpose is known—the accompanying on such an errand—the provision of the sea carriage and other necessaries—do not all these constitute the parties concerned accessories before the fact in this crime—do they not constitute them guilty of assisting in the breach of a Government regulation and subject them to penalties?

For our own part we conceive that the permission left to the Native Courts to follow their own usages, extends only to those who are *bona fide* under their jurisdiction; and that parties who have been all their lives British subjects, and claim that jurisdiction only for a single hour, and the commission of single act, which would be criminal in their own, have violated at least the spirit of the regulations, and should be dealt with accordingly Be it recollected that the life sacrificed is in this case that of a British subject—that it is often sacrificed while the party is under the influence of Majoom or opium—that though the act is consummated in Colabah, the plan, the counsel, the preparations all have place in Bombay. So, that, before the boat has put off from the shore, the parties have committed Suttee in their heart, and the measure of accessory guilt is full. Under this view of the case, we think Government might do much to put an end to the practice, acting simply upon the principle of cutting off and punishing all assistance, counsel and accompaniment to the act, given either here or on the sea, after the purpose of Suttee had been once avowed. With regard to the extinctions of the practice in Colobah itself, considering its vicinity, its dependence on the British Government, and the high character which its minister, Babajee, deservedly enjoys, we conceive little more would be requisite to effect this object than a friendly suggestion from the Government, accompanied by a translation of those parts of the Governor-General's proclamation, which show that the practice is not only *not ordered*, but is in many cases *forbidden* by the Hindu Shasters.

Our paper is a medley; let us now turn to the son of Ishmael. The prophet has been sorely traduced by the Europeans. He introduced into Arabia a new and certainly a better creed; for the Koran is, without doubt, better than any thing which had preceded it in the East; but let us leave his defence to Sismondi. The writer of this paper was once most painfully shocked on the death of a friend in India, to find that the poor fellow, a hot brained visionary and unstable minded, though otherwise, a most amiable and really a talented man, had in secret professed Mahomedanism; our English Socinians had better turn Mahomedans at once, than waver as they now do betwixt the divinity and humanity of his Redeemer. The Mahomedans really give the Saviour, son of the Virgin, a holier character than our Socinians do: they admit his sacred and inspired Church, and quote his promise of the Comforter, as a prediction of Mahomed. See John, chap. 16, v. 7 to 11, with its parallel passages.

MAHOMET.

It would be an act of extreme injustice to persist in regarding as a mere imposter, and not as a reformer, the man who urged a whole nation onwards in the most important of all steps in the knowledge of truth; who led it from an absurd and degrading idolatry, from a priestly slavery which compromised morality and opened a market for the redemption of every vice by expiations, to the knowledge of an omnipotent, omnipresent, and supremely good Being—of the true God, in short; for since his attributes are the same, and he is acknowledged the sole object of worship, the God of the Mussulmans is the God of the Christians. The profession of faith which Mahommed taught to his disciples, and which has been preserved unaltered to this day, is, that there is but one God, and that Mahommed is his prophet. Was he an imposter because he called himself a prophet? Even on this head, a melancholy experience of human weakness—of that mixture of enthusiasm and artifice which in all ages has characterised leaders of sects, and which we might, perhaps, find it in our own time, and at no great distance from us, in men whose persuasion is undoubtedly sincere, and whose zeal is ardent, yet who assert or insinuate, a claim to supernatural gifts which they do not possess—ought to teach us indulgence. An intense persuasion is easily confounded with an eternal revelation; the dreams of an excited imagination become sensible appearances; faith in a future event seems to us like a prophecy; we hesitate to remove an error which has arisen spontaneously within the mind of a true believer, when we think it favorable to his salvation; after sparing his illusions, the next thing is to encourage them, and thus we arrive at pious frauds, which we fancy justified by their end, and by their effect. We easily persuade ourselves of what we have persuaded others; and we believe in ourselves when those we love believe in us. Mohammed never pretended to the gift of miracles; we need not go far to find preachers of our own days, who have founded no empires and yet are not as modest.—*Sismondi's Empire.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COMET OF 1835.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

The celestial machinery is created for eternity. Nothing can destroy the least part of it, but that Almighty fiat which first created it. The heavenly bodies, notwithstanding their number, and the intricacy of their movements, revolve, and pursue their course through the immensity of space, without the least danger of clashing against each other. They obey the same laws, and to whatever temporary derangement they may be subject, recover their direction, and proclaim, as they triumphantly roll along, the unerring wisdom of that hand which first projected them. To the untutored eye "The heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy works." But the more the works of God are examined, the more wonderful they appear. Human science is so far from discovering any defect in them, that the farther it advances, the more it is startled at its own weakness and insufficiency. New wonders are opened to its view, and it perceives, after the labors of a thousand years, that the knowledge it has attained is only in part, and even imperfect. "I behold," says Solomon, "all the works of God, that a man cannot find out the work that is done under the sun: because, though a man may labor to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, farther, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it."

I have been led to these reflections, from observing the minuteness and

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and nicety of the calculations in the *Nautical Almanack* for the present year. The calculations in this extensive work, while they prove the accuracy of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the unerring wisdom of the Creator, overpower the minds, not only of those who possess a popular, but even what is generally considered a scientific knowledge of Astronomy. It shews the places of the sun, moon, and planets, and their distances from certain fixed stars, for every day in the year, and other matters of the greatest benefit to the navigator and the astronomer to the fraction of a second!

That astronomers should trace in the heavens the future motions of the planets, might be imagined; but who would expect to find the apparent path of a Comet anticipated? Who would expect that the place of a body, whose velocity almost exceeds the power of numbers, could be ascertained with the least degree of precision? To those of your readers, of whom I acknowledge myself to be one, who do not pretend to have any extensive knowledge of astronomy, the announcement of the apparent track of such a visitant must appear to be a most extraordinary effort of the human mind. The labor of calculating the orbit, and the probable appearance of the eccentric phenomenon, must be regarded as not less surprising than the declaration of Thales of an approaching eclipse of the sun.

The Comet announced in the *Nautical Almanack*, usually denominated 'Halley's Comet,' from his having observed the periodic time of its revolution in its orbit round the sun to be nearly 75½ years, is expected to appear about the beginning of August, 1835, and to continue visible until the middle of February, 1836. The earliest notice of this Comet was in 1305, when it was described to be *Cometa horrenda magnitudinis*. There is no record of its reappearance until 1456, when Pope Cellistus was so terrified that he excommunicated it, together with the Turks. It appeared A. D. 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759, and is expected 1835. Its tail, which was once *horrendo magnitudinis*, has become gradually diminished; and probably, on its visit to the centre of our system, may not easily be distinguished from a star, but who can say that it will not then display itself with renewed splendour?

Should this be the case, it will be sufficient briefly to inform the general reader that this phenomenon, in its approach towards the sun, will rise *August* 3*d*, 1835, between three and four in the morning, above the horizon of Cape Town, when its place will be between the tips of the horns of Taurus, but invisible without a telescope.

Sept. 28*th*, it will be to the north of Castor, and rise early in the morning, soon after this period, it will for a considerable time be invisible, in consequence of the presence of the sun, although it will be above our horizon during the day.

Oct. 10*th*, it will be between Mirach and Corona Borealis, directing its course towards the head of Serpens, in the constellation Ophincus.

Oct. 18*th*, it will cross the Equator [R. A 16h. 30' nearly.]

Nov. 4*th*, it will make its Perihelion passage [R. A. 16h. 45' Dec. S. 13° nearly.]

On the 10th of October, it will set between 6 and 7, in the evening; and, as it will approach the western edge of the horizon later every day, it may be expected to increse in brightness until Nov. 4th, when it will set about 9 in the evening. It will then commence its course from the sun towards the opposite side of the heavens, and decrease in splendour.

Dec 9*th*, it will be north of Antares, and will rise about 4 in the morning.

The Comet will continue to be an object of interest to astronomers until Feb. 11th, 1836; after which it will disappear a few degrees from the shield of Centaurus.

* * * *

CIGARS AND THE SMOKERS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—It is no part of my intention at present to animadvert on the prevailing practice of *Snuff-taking* in Cape Town, because if I did, many a one would, I suppose, "turn up his nose." But Sir, I wish to have a slap at that rapidly increasing race of beings, the *cigar-smokers*. You cannot enter a room now-a-days or a public office, you cannot take up a book or paper, you cannot ride in a carriage, or walk out to take the fresh air, without being perfumed by the tobacco-boys. The plague of cigars seems to have fallen upon all ranks and ages; and it was only the other evening, that I popped my head into the Penny Library, when I witnessed a little urchin about six years of age, approach the table with his cigar, demanding at the same time, "Pray Sir, have you got Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered?"* But, as I apprehend no complaint of mine would act as a preventive to this crying evil, I would just propose to the men of science, that it might by their endeavours be considerably mitigated. Pray Sir, cannot you prevail on these gentlemen to contrive a plan by which our walking chimnies may be made to consume their own smoke?

Your's,

SNIFF.

LITERATURE.

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Voyage of H. M. S. CHANTICLEER, *by Order of the Lords of the Admiralty, under the command of the late Captain* FOSTER. *By* W. H. B. WEBSTER, *Surgeon of the Vessel.* 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1834.

We have just seen this work announced in the London Journals, several of which contain copious extracts. Dr. Webster, it will be recollected, spent some time at the Cape, in 1831. We glean one or two remarkable paragraphs, especially one relative to the fatal event which put an end to the Expedition.

"About five in the afternoon, the canoe having passsd a rapid, Captain Foster suddenly rose up from the party, saying he would go and see what the man abaft was about. They were reclining beneath the awning of the canoe in conversation, as Captain Foster crept out at the after part of it. Being outside of it, with his feet resting on the gunwale, he incautiously seated himself on the awning, which had no sooner received his weight than it gave way, and he was precipitated into the river. The noise of his fall was heard, and Mr. Fox and his coxswain, Peter Veitch, instantly plunged after him. But their noble efforts were of no avail. The current swept the canoe rapidly from the spot where the accident had occurred, and before she could be turned round to regain it, Captain Foster was seen sinking, with uplifted hands, to rise no more! Thus perished our unfortunate commander."

We add one remarkable paragraph more:—

"The circumstance was known in the village directly, and the people came flocking in numbers to the house to hear the particulars from our host. I wished to settle my bill with him, but he said it was against his religion to receive money after hearing of a death."

In civilised and Christian England, we have seen the very corpse arrested on its way to the grave, to satisfy the cupidity of a creditor, by a savage extortion on the lacerated feelings of

* The demand was a good one at any rate. But we witnessed on one occasion in the *Popular Library*, a beautiful little boy under six years of age, who was anxiously looking over the volumes on the tables. His countenance and demeanour were worthy the painter's pencil or the poet's pen; he seemed to be of unearthly kind, and if we were forcibly struck by his outward appearance, how much more were we impressed when he exclaimed, I wish to have "Dying Thoughts." This Book was written by Baxter, and a delightful little Treatise it is. ED.

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mourning friends and deprived relatives. In the wilds of America this delicate and beautiful trait occurred—ought we not to blush for our country?

THE PELICAN AND FISHERMEN OF TABLE BAY.

Poor Dr. Webster very gravely tells the following most entertaining account of the Pelican: he says nothing about the *gull*.

"The large white pelican parades about the beach at Cape Town, generally near the fish stalls. Frequently he takes his flight over the bay and fishes for himself. Sometimes he is fed with corn, which, however, is not exactly to his taste, and he has recourse *to a capital artifice* to get what he likes better than such hard stuff. He carefully gathers up all the corn that is given him and carries it off in his pouch, till he meets with a brood of chickens in his walks. On seeing them, *he most sagaciously scatters the corn about, and by pecking it up in his clumsy fashion here and there, attracts the attention of the unwary chicks.* These immediately hasten to join him in his meal, being quite ready for such good fare. *When he sees them all busily employed in picking it up, he watches his opportunity and snaps up the first he can get hold of.* Away he flies with the poor chick to make a meal of him instead of the corn."

COOKERY.

Careme's Royal Parisian Pastry-Cook and Confectioner. 12mo. pp. 394. London, Mason.
The Cook, Part I. 8vo. pp. 40. London. Bucknall.

CAREME, man of taste, of dishes, of *gout*, of all the pleasant varieties of feeling—the mere English reader, plodder and spoiler of good victuals, is infinitely indebted to Mr. John Porter for editing thee! Illustrated with *plates*.

Abundance abounds in Careme, and even in what of him is rendered into English. Hundreds of dishes, never made, are prescribed in these pages; for, after all, there is a sad routine in cookery, confined to few sorts, and though we look over these many recipes, we still confine ourselves to the common courses, and never think of trying the rarities so temptingly described.

That man is a cooking animal, can never be too often repeated. In civilization we think of little else; and savages in the lowest state of nature half roast their fellow-savages after their fashion of cannibal cookery.

Food well cooked never hurts man, woman, or child. It is only when those parts which ought to be removed are left in dishes, that they disagree with the system. A superior cook is, indeed, an immortalizing mortal. Still, we think M. Careme goes too far when he asserts that "our (*i. e.* French) modern cookery has become the model of whatever is really beautiful in the culinary art. It has for ever eclipsed all that the sensual nations of antiquity were able to devise towards promoting the luxury of the table; and the art of French cookery, as practised in the nineteenth century, will be the pattern for future ages."

We are not so selfish. We hope that our posterity may improve in this as in all else, and eat such things as we have never dreamt of in our days.

We will not go into his wonders of paste, but add a few amusing hints and extracts from the *Cook*:—

"*Aphorism.*—To eat well, *you must think but little*: idleness of the mind is necessary to the activity of the stomach. * * *

"Amongst the great misfortunes which have proceeded from political vicissitudes, Careme quotes, with an emotion truly heart-rending, that of Napoleon when at St. Helena. No writer, not even Messrs. De Las Casas, Montholon, O'Meara, or Antomarchi, has more feelingly described the horrible position of the illustrious captain, reduced to the sad alimentary resources of that barren island. What could Chandelier, the celebrated and devoted head-cook of the exile, do with a shoulder of lean beef, the egotist governor having reserved for his own use the hind, and of course the best part? To what use could he put fowls, or rather skeletons of fowls, turkeys, ducks, &c, which had not attained that rich *embonpoint* that distinguishes them in our happy climate? Sheep alone were passable; but how far were they from the delicate and savoury sheep of the Ardennes and of Presale. To heighten the disgust and horror of the lonely captive, the garnish, such as truffles, mushrooms, and olives, arrived without aroma, and without any culinary virtue, in preserve-bottles. But shall I describe all the horror of that captivity? No ice at St. Helena; consequently no *feuilletage*, no *gelées d'entrée*, or *entremets!* and the wretched Chandelier, his eyes dim, his head cast down before his pans, remembering all the *éclat* of the imperial kitchens at the Tuileries, at Vienna, at Berlin, and even at Moscow, seemed to conform himself to the sad thoughts of the great man, revolving in his mind a past replete with glory. There was no game in the island, says the historian: nevertheless, two or three times a year there arrived pattridges and pheasants; but the governor monopolised them, and sent a few, very few, to the emperor. 'O, base gastronome!' exclaims Careme, 'what a blot in thy history!' * * *

"*Consumption of Food, &c. in London*—The annual consumption of oxen in London is 150,000; calves, 50,000; sheep, 700,000; lambs, 250,000; hogs and pigs, 200,000; the total value of butcher's meat consumed in a year is estimated at 8,500,000*l*. There are 8,500 cargoes of fish, of 40 tons each, brought annually to Billingsgate, besides 20,000 tons by land carriage; 1,000,000 quarters of wheat; about 80,000*l*. in value of poultry; 21,000,000 lbs of butter; 25,000,000 lbs. of cheese; vegetables and spirits to the value of 1,000,000*l*.; 2,000,000 barrels of ale and porter, of 36 gallons each; 11,000,000 gallons of spirits and compounds; 65,000 pipes of wine; 7,900,000 gallons of milk, the produce of 9,600 cows; and 2,000 tons of coals, are annually consumed."

Eheu! jam satis!

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

TAM O'SHANTER, SOUTER JOHNNY, AND OLD MORTALITY.

Mr. THOM'S well-known statues, as exhibited in London, illustrative of Burn's greatest Poem, is well-known to have excited a universal interest. A similar popularity is now attending the labours of his matchless chissel by the exhibition of his *Old Mortality*, the dear old Covenanter of Sir Walter Scott. The following lively sketch of a visitor to the first of Mr. Thom's productions is taken from that excellent paper the *Dumfries Courier*: it is highly characteristic of a certain portion of the English community.

"Passing along Bond-street I saw certain placards, and at once embraced the opportunity of paying my respects to Tam O'Shanter and his *drouthy* crony. The company at this time was very small—say from six to eight persons; but their looks, compounded of smirking and smiling, formed a treat in itself not often met with, and testified, beyond the power of words, how keenly they entered into the humour of the thing. And no wonder—for the twain are really glorious, and embody so strikingly the poet's description, that you grieve he was not spared to see them, and thus share, though in a different form, the pleasure which the late Sir Walter Scott derived from witnessing Mackay's personation of Pailie Nicol Jarvie. The bare conception of effigies so unique, apart from the execution, stamps Thom as a man of genius; and you begin to wonder why the representation should have been so long reserved to be done into stone, and figure conspicuously as the laurelled inheritance of an Ayrshire mason. In place of London I fancied myself in an ale house pretty near the confines of Alloway Kirk; and if there be such a thing as internal laughter I laughed as heartily as man or woman could well do. At length I took leave, and in moving out encountered at the door a sleek, rosy, round, little Englishman, such as I had often seen before, and as fit a representative of the trading part of John Bull's busy family as 'Tam' was of the olden class of Carrick farmers. The visitor paid his shilling, and pointing to the upper part of the room, exclaimed to the door keeper, 'Ah that's the show; is it?' 'Yes, sir,' said the canny Scot, 'that's joust it.' 'And this is the little book that tells all about it?' Yes, Sir—it's sixpence.' 'Ah, Tam O'Shanter; which is Tam?' 'That's him on the right, Sir, and the ither ane beside him's Souter Jonny.' 'Shanter! Shanter! what's Shanter; 'Ou, Sir, ye maun ken that Tam, Thom. or Thomas was the man's name, and Shanter the name o' his farm—a sort o' mailin or pendicle—an' so they joust caa'd him Tam O'Shanter—a thing common eneuch in Scotland.'—'Mailin, pendicle! why that's all Arabic to me; and since I can't make Tam out, who or what's Souter?' 'Ou, Sir, that's very easily explained; a souter in Scotland is what you call a cobbler in London—a man, Sir, that mends his customers' shoes.' 'Ah, well I declare I thought he was a cobbler: but that's very common, and so are farmers, and what the deuce is the thing all about?' 'About, Sir! did ye never hear o' Burns, the great Ayrshire poet—these are the principal characters in his grandest poem.' 'Burns! Burns! never heard of him—know nothing about him—who was Burns?' This question astonished the door-keeper, who, perceiving that a long explanation was necessary, placed himself forthwith into an expounding attitude, and endeavoured, with great tact and address, to illuminate the querist's ignorance. But his eloquence was completely thrown away, and all he got for his pains was another question—"Well, then, you must be making a sight of money; arn't you—eh?' This was an unexpected thrust; but Saunders parried it in his own way—'As to that, Sir, I dinna joust ken; London's no Ayr, and I can assure ye, Sir, we pay verra dear for our room. And with this the cockney pocketed his little book, and took his departure without moving a step nearer the figures, or wasting a single additional thought on Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny. As he said himself, the whole concern was Arabic to him, with Burns into the bargain, and had therefore some reason for muttering 'that the Scotch knew how to turn the penny—that he had been done for once—and all but diddled out of eighteen pence for the liberty of looking at a parcel of baubles.'"

DESCRIPTION OF OLD MORTALITY.

SOME notion of Mr. Thom's present work may be entertained by quoting in the first place, a passage from Sir Walter Scott's description in the first series of *Tales of My Landlord*:

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"An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening, with his chissel, the letters of the inscription, which, announcing in scriptural language the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematised the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet, of unusual dimensions, covered the grey hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddingrey*, usually worn by the elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hobnails, and *gramoches* or *leggins*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him fed among the graves, a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as its projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvass pouch hung round the neck of the animal, for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and any thing that he might have occasion to carry with him."

The gravestone on which Old Mortality reclines, is an exact copy of one in Ayr-Moss, which was placed there in memory of the martyrs, and which is inscribed with their names. He is represented as having suspended his operations for a moment; and, having thrown down his mallet and other tools, as looking up to answer the inquiries of some curious passer-by. An open Bible, with the verse from Proverbs, "The memory of the just is blessed, the name of the wicked shall rot," lies near him. The figure is easy and well proportioned, and countenance expressive, exhibiting that hardness of feature and character which powerful and inveterate prejudices of any kind, and more especially of a religious kind, are calculated to produce. The texture of the flesh, and of the different articles of dress, has that imitative quality by which Mr. Thom's former works were distinguished; and, like them too, the material of the statue is a grey freestone The hue of the pony, who is regarding his venerable and enthusiastic master with a look of more than animal intelligence and affection, approaches to white.

HOLLAND.

Extracted from Belgium and Holland. 2 vols. By PRYSE GORDON.

DUTCH CUSTOMS.—"We cannot refrain from mentioning a few trifling but characteristic customs. The stranger will seldom walk far in a Dutch town without meeting a man in a long black gown and a low cocked hat, with a black crape depending behind. This is a public officer—the *Clansprecher*. His office is, on the death of any person, to inform all the friends and acquaintances of the melancholy event. The funeral of a Dutchman is expensive according to the time of the day. If the interment is after two o'clock, the charge is 25 florins; after three, 100 florins; and if later, double that sum. The cause of this singular custom we have not been able to learn. Every person who could claim the slightest acquaintance with the deceased follows him to the grave. The ceremony being over, the mourners pay their compliments to the widow or nearest relation, who provides liquor, and the glass circulates three or four times; all then depart, except the near relations and particular friends of the family, who are especially invited to a feast. The nearest akin to the defunct takes the direction of it; bumpers are drank to the memory of their departed friend and prosperity to those he has left behind him, until their grief is completely drowned in wine or Scheidam. Songs then succeed; the musicians are called in; the widow leads off the first dance, and the festivities continue until daylight separates the merry mourners! These strange festivities were carried to such excess, that they were expressly forbid in the province of Oveyssel. When a person is sick, instead of tying up his *rapper*, as in England, a small board is placed before the door, containing, on a written paper, a daily *bulletin* of the state of the invalid. When there is an *accouchement*, the placard is tastefully ornamented with lace. By these ingenious expedients the anxious inquiries of the friends of the families are satisfied, while the sick person is not disturbed, nor the domestics harassed by the continual racket of the knocker, or ringing of the bell; some have a refinement on this mode, by placing a box to the board, into which inquirers throw their names. On the celebration of a marriage, instead of the bride-cake which is distributed in England, it is customary for the newly married couple to send their particular friends two bottles of wine, generally the best old Hock, spiced and sugared, and decorated with a profusion of ribands in true lovers' knots!"

CAPTAIN BACK'S EXPEDITION.

Letters have been received in London from that excellent and enterprising man, Captain Back, they are dated 29th of April last, when the surprising intelligence had just reached him of Capt. Ross's safe return. We are quite sure the following particulars of Capt Back will be read with interest. The contents of his letters are of a mixed character. He and his party were all well, with the exception of Augustus, the Esquimaux interpreter, who had accompanied Sir John Franklin in both his journeys, and was now despatched by the Hudson's Bay Company to join this third enterprise, but perished by the way. The winter had indeed been extraordinarily severe. "We had," says Captain Back, "a most distressing winter in this more than Siberian solitude, where desolation reigns in unbroken repose. Even the animals have fled from us, as it were by instinct, and many, very many, of the unhappy natives have fallen victims to famine in situations the most revolting to human nature. The fish also, on which I in some measure relied, left us; in places which we were told never before failed, we have not caught a fish; and during the whole season scarcely a living creature has been seen, except on one occasion a raven, which, in wheeling over the house, startled me with his croak—so uniform was the silence around us. I ran out, but when it saw me it screamed, and again made off to the western mountains, in the dark shade of which it was speedily lost. My party has been thus much dispersed in quest of food, and every message has brought me tidings of their encountering severe privations Mr. M'Leod (an agent of the Hudson's Bay company attached to the party) and his young family are at this moment somewhere on the lake fishing, and you may imagine what it costs me to see them also exposed to the rigours of this severest of all winters, for the mean of three thermometers has been far below the lowest we ever registered in our former expeditions After this narrative, you may believe that, in spite of all my care and economy, some part of the provision laid up for our voyage has been necessarily consumed. The most experienced man in the country could not have foreseen this; nor was there any possibility of avoiding it. My anxiety is immeasurable on account of it; but I still hope that the Indians may be enabled to procure us dry food, or in short something that may afford sustenance, so that the fondest wishes of my heart may not be frustrated. Of that, however, in one sense, there is no danger; for come the worst, I can always reduce my men, and go in one boat. Do not, therefore, let this affect you, for I feel confident of overcoming it. Another misfortune is, that, pinched as we are for provisions, we must drag our boats and luggage almost 100 miles over rock and ice before we can reach open water. This we have ascertained through the winter; but never mind, this also shall be done, and it will be a new feature in discovery. In our former expeditions we had none of these tremendous obstructions to contend with, though we had to take our bark canoes some distance in sledges But I have perfect confidence in my men, and they, good fellows, think that I cannot err."

The above was written before the arrival of the express announcing Captain Ross's return; and, pressed for time, only a few lines are added subsequent to that event. They are, however, so characteristic of the gallant writer, that they ought not to be omitted:—"I have this moment received your despatch, with an account of Ross's return. I am all gratitude and happiness. My heart is too full to write; but I shall pay attention to all that is recommended to me—of this assure the committee. What a triumph is this return of Ross's to us all, who 'hoped against hope!' And what do the croakers say? Will they acknowledge the lesson afforded by it of the power of stubborn perseverance?" &c.

From a private letter which we have seen, it may be interesting to some to add the following scrap:—"My day is chiefly spent thus—before breakfast I read a portion of Scripture, and afterwards attend to my observations, study, draw (I have plenty of pencil sketches), work up my survey, take notes on Aurora, &c. At the same time I keep my eye upon whatever duty is going on, have an evening school twice a-week, and read the service in French and English every Sunday. My guitar is cracked and jars abominably; but you will not be surprised at this when I add that I have been obliged to grease my hands daily to prevent their cracking also; for such is the dryness of the atmosphere that nothing can stand it."

MOST ALARMING.

Preserve us! the following extract from the Reverend W. Sewell Fellow's printed letter to Earl Grey, makes the very powder shake from our wig.

"Every hour in which the House of Commons is sitting, is now an hour of peril. The whole country must feel it. The very ground beneath our feet is not safe. God knows where it is all to end. There will be a terrible *crash!*"

And then, still further to make us quake, comes the Curate of Romaldkirk with his *Ecclesia Anglicana*, a poem. He dates the ruin of the country to the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, and thus alludes to its great author, the Duke of Wellington:

"Oh! mystery vast! the chieftain by whose hand
Heaven pour'd its vengeance on the papal land;
Whose name once honour'd and regreited still,
Or Minstrel's harp, or Patriot's heart could thrill;
The warrior crown'd with victory's choicest wreaths,
Whose splendid triumphs, wandering envy breathes;
Blush human greatness! ah! his glory see!
His country's saviour, WELLINGTON 'tis he
Yields her palladium, and "at one fell *swoop*"
Her safe-guards *crash*; his thousand laurels droop!"

No sooner does the Catholic bill pass, than behold the basket of plagues which the Reverend author mentions

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as immediately in succession. The Ottoman Empire trembles before Russia,—the Bourbon is banished from the Gallic throne,—King George the 4th "loved Monarch of the Brunswick line" is consigned to the tomb—Belgium becomes revolutionary—Poland rises in rebellion—destructive fires blaze about the agricultural districts, fierce tornadoes tear up the produce of the sugar-canes, and the wild-cry of Refrom is shouted from crowded street to echoing glen.

This crashing and tumbling-down system so reprobated by these authors, remind us of the rolling-down of the thick walls of a town, as described by Dr. Macartney at the conclusion of one of his Lectures.

The ponderous walls that *circum-rock* the town,
Slow, grumbling, stumbling, tumbling, rumble jumble down,
Heav'd by the writhing earth the towers creak crack,
Then with a crash slap-dash, smash helter-skelter *whack!*

CHURCHES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

(*From the Scottish Guardian*)

We recur to the subject of the ecclesiastical revenues of England, and the proportion of her clergy to her population—not that we would abridge either her revenues or her ecclesiastical staff—but because her sufficiency for all the purposes of a learned and a pious Church present a contrast too memorable to be forgotten, with the insufficiency of our own Establishment for upholding and extending the learning & piety of Scotland.—The Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England have announced, that were its revenues equally distributed, £6000 a year would remain to each of its Bishops; £300 a year to its parochial clergy, and £300,000 per annum of cathedral wealth to sustain, in common with the Universities, the literature and science of the English Church. More unexpected and surprising still—after the population of England has doubled its numbers, and the hand of reform is about to be once more applied to her institutions—she is found to be possessed of an ecclesiastical staff ample enough to provide a resident parish minister to every 1308 souls of her population; and were the whole territory of England, 55,000 square miles in extent, to be divided amongst her 10,702 parochial clergy, a district of not more than *five square miles* would fall to the lot of each. Such are the sufficient, yet not more than sufficient, resources which Providence has still left at the service of the Christian piety and learning of England, and which await but a better direction, and more faithful application, to render, by the Divine blessing, that national establishment the most efficient for christianizing and elevating an entire nation which the world has ever seen. Let us now reverse the picture—for, unfortunaly, it is to reverse the picture to turn our eyes to Scotland—a tract of country containing 27,794 square miles, 2,365,809 souls, and only 940 parochial clergy, with an income of less than £200—that is, Scotland assigns *twenty-nine square miles* of territory, and a cure of 2464 souls to every parochial minister. Scotland has but two Universities. Their entire revenue does not much exceed that of one of the twenty colleges composing the University of Oxford. Fellowships she has none. The designs of Knox and his coadjutors for the maintenance of learning in Scotland were frustrated by the pillage of the Church—and no succeeding statesmen, or Scottish patriot, has ever attempted to complete his noble designs. Such is the condition in which the nineteenth century finds the Church of Scotland, in which she has been suffered to remain unheeded amidst the ever-increasing opulence and population of Scotland. As her parochial churches have fared, so have her parochial schools. We have praised and starved the schoolmaster, and left our schools, like our churches, stationary, whilst every thing else moved forward. Strange as these things may appear, they are as true as they are strange; but stranger still will it be, if, when known, they remain unredressed. Is it to be borne, that when the revenues of Scotland have increased to five millions sterling annually, and her population more than doubled, her churches and schools, to which Scotland owes all her distinction amongst nations, should remain the same as when her revenues were only £200,000 a-year, and her population a million souls? If the national spirit of Scotland has not quite died away—if the memory of her best patriots be not yet forgotten—if the love of what is pure and elevated amongst nations be not extinct amongst us—if the honour of having had precedence amongst educated and Christian kingdoms has not ceased to be felt by us as an honour—if we would prefer the reality to the fame of being a wise and understanding people, these things cannot long remain as they are. The Christian electors of Scotland, in every parish, must bestir themselves—speak their minds one to another—take counsel one of another—do what they can by private, and what by public efforts to redress them. They will seek out their representatives, and unfold to them the simple but eloquent statistics of our neglected institutions—inform them that herein they will not have their country any longer neglected—that the time for apathy is past—that they expect each member for Scotland to understand her interests, and do his duty. In this cause they must speak as one man to the Government of the day; and in spite of the long and gross neglect of Scottish affairs, they must speak with a pertinacity of purpose that will make the Legislature and government to grant their prayer, that the churches and schools of Scotland may be once more meted out to the population. This is the first, the greatest, and the best reform which they can gather from those political changes from which others seek to reap national mischiefs and disorders; and if it be true that the people of Scotland are not easily moved, let it be also true, that when moved by a just cause, they will not lay down the weapons of their wise and intelligent agitation until the evils which roused them shall be wholly redressed.

COLERIDGE.

In a lecture delivered upwards of twenty years ago, at some Hall in Fetter Lane, he divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge—which imbibes every thing, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted, there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond-mines of Golconda,—who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

Burke.—This celebrated Statesman had a great objection to closed Book-cases, and used to say—"I don't like this *Lock* on the human understanding."

Copyrights.—Mr. Effingham Wilson has given Mr. Campbell £400 for the copyright of his Life of Mrs. Siddons, just published. Allan Cunningham has received from Messrs. Cochrane and M'Crone £600, for his Edition of the Life and Works of Burns, being £100 per volume. The same gentlemen gave Mr. Galt £250 for the copyright of his Autobiography. Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., gave £150 for the copyright of each of the works forming their admirable "Library of Romance;" and Mr. Murray gave from £100 to £200 for each of the volumes of his excellent "Family Library." Mrs. C. Hall gets, we understand, £300 from Mr. S. Bentley for the forthcoming novel in three volumes, to be called "The Outlaw." But perhaps the highest price given for literary labour since the death of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, is the sum which Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has received for his "Recollections of the Great Scottish Novelist." These recollections fill only about ten or twelve sheets of folio paper, and yet the Shepherd has received from an extensive publishing house in New York, the handsome sum of £100 for it. It is expected very shortly to appear in this country, and contains some very extraordinary statements, for the accuracy of which the Shepherd pledges himself, respecting the private opinions and habits of Sir Walter.

A CATHOLIC BREW HOUSE.

In Mrs. Trollope's *Belgium in* 1833, the following is described under the head *Bruges:*

There is a very grotesque group, and well worth looking at, in alto relievo, over the door of a brew-house; but I cannot instruct any traveller where to find it, as I totally forget the name of the street. It represents, in a very catholic manner, the process of brewing. There are several figures employed in mashing and cooling, and putting the beer into casks, while winged seraphs are seen tasting it; and the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms, sits apart, to superintend the whole.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE EXPEDITION INTO CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE LATEST ACCOUNTS OF THE EXPEDITION.

Phillipolis, 23d Dec. 1834.

Sir,—On our reaching the sources of the Caledon River, and the district in which the Nu Gareep has its origin, I found it necessary on various accounts to abandon the idea of completing the circuit projected in my letter of 23d September, a circumstance which caused me comparatively little annoyance, inasmuch as the most interesting information connected with the country in that direction had been previously acquired, which, in my estimation, was sufficient to repay the trouble and expense incurred in obtaining it. The easting we found it convenient to make, enabled us to visit the principal tribes residing between Phillipolis and the source of the Vaal River, to ascertain the character and direction of the great moun tain range which divides the territory of the Coast Kafirs from the more interior districts; to trace the streams of emigration towards the most southern parts of the continent, and to discover the natural causes which had led those to flow in different directions. During our return, we examined the country in which the Modder and Riet Rivers have their origins, and found their sources to be much more to the eastward than they are represented in any of the maps of

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South Africa. The direction in which those streams have been ascertained to flow, and their relative position in regard to each other furnish materials calculated to supply what is necessary towards forming an accurate idea of the external character of the country between the mountain range already mentioned, and the high grounds to the north of the Vaal River. If the next twelve months during which we are to be occupied in investigations connected with the objects of the Expedition, supply information in the same proportion as the last three have done, no one of the Members of the Association will have much reason to lament the share he has taken in the enterprise.

Information, however, is almost the only return we can yet boast of; little else of value has yet been obtained, and no articles fitted for general trade have hitherto come within our reach. The ignorance which exists in relation to countries even in the immediate vicinity of the colony, is well calculated to excite surprise: the absurd statements which are circulated in relation to those are most incomprehensible; and if they are not propagated merely to deceive, it is scarcely possible to imagine how they can have originated. The little that has been obtained as productions of the countries we have visited, has been placed in charge of Captain Edie (vide Document No. 2,) for the purpose of being conveyed to Cape Town, and I think the portion thereof, (marked Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,) if sold on their arrival, ought to realize at least Rds. 1000. The packages Nos. 9, 10, and 11, ought certainly to be carefully preserved till the return of the Expedition, as their contents will be required in furtherance of the publication which may be required after the termination of the Expedition.

The Document marked No. 1, sets forth the only untoward occurrences which we have yet had to encounter; and as Captain Edie, who has been the subject of one of them, and who leaves the party at my recommendation, will probably arrive in Cape Town nearly as soon as this communication, I beg to refer the committee to him for a more detailed account of the circumstances. The unfortunate loss of Corporal McKenzie caused me much grief; a misfortune of such a nature is to be always lamented, happen to whom it will; but it is doubly painful when it deprives society of a character like the one we have to deplore. His conduct, during the short time he was fated to form one of the party, was of the most exemplary description, and in him the Expedition lost a most useful and effective member.

The wagons proceed to-morrow morning on the route to Lattakoo, but it is impossible even to surmise what may be the course pursued upon reaching that station. The country, if we are to credit the reports in circulation here, is not likely to furnish a field well fitted at present for advancing the objects of our undertaking; yet, as nothing certain is known of the real state of affairs, I shall abstain from conjecture, and patiently wait till a closer examination shall supply what will enable me to put the committee in possession of the grounds for hope or fear.

I have the honor to be,
SIR,
Your most obedient
Humble Servant,
ANDREW SMITH,
Director of the Expedition.

To
J. C. CHASE, Esq.
Secretary to the Association.

List of Articles left at Phillipolis, in Charge of Captain EDIE.

491 Birds,
59 Quadrupeds,
31 Leather Aprons,
1 Do. do.
7 Whistles,
9 Pair of Ear rings,
5 Handkerchiefs,
9 Earthen Pots, (Kafirs')
2 Wooden do. (Corannas')
2 Front'ets, (Ama Chlobie)
2 Needles,
16 Necklaces,
4 Bracelets,
6 Finger Rings,
2 Straw Hats, (Mantatees')
1 C. L. ditto,
2 Battle Axes,
1 Churn,
24 Wood and Horn Spoons,
1 Bundle,
211 Geological Specimens,
188 Specimens of Reptiles,
131 Drawings.

24th Sept. 1834.—Left Verheult, a station of the French Missionary Society, Latitude 30°, 31; Longitude .

25th Sept.—Corporal McKenzie, whilst endeavouring to procure a bird which he had shot on the waters of the Stikspruit, a branch of the Caledon River, was drowned. According to the statement of Hastwell, who was present when the accident occurred, he suddenly sunk in the water, and never appeared again. Every possible search was made for the body, as soon as assistance could be obtained, but without success. It was supposed that his limbs had got entangled in the weeds which were found to be very abundant under the water, and that he dived to liberate himself, and that in the attempt the same thing happened to his body.

4th Oct.—Crossed for the first time the Caledon River.

8th Oct.—Hunted a lion; one of the party nearly killed by him.

12th Oct.—Reached Moriah, a station of the French Missionary Society, in the Basuta country. Lat. 29° 31' 44"; Lon.

14th Oct.—Towards evening, Mosheush, the Chief of the Basuta Tribe, arrived at our encampment, and welcomed us by a volley of musquetry.

20th Oct.—Left Moriah for the capital of the Basuta Tribe.

21st Oct.—Towards evening reached the base of the hill upon which is situated the said capital. The Chief, Mosheush, who had previously returned home, evinced a second time a satisfaction with our visit; he is the most intelligent Kafir I ever met with; he has been induced to fix upon this hill in order to be able effectually to protect himself against the numerous enemies with which he is surrounded. Lat. 29°, 23"; Long.

25th Oct.—Left the residence of Mosheush.

27th Oct.—Crossed to the north of the Caledon River.

29th Oct.—Reached Lishuanie, a station of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

5th Nov.—Reached Umpokanie, a station of the same society.

6th Nov.—Late in the evening arrived at the residence of the Mandatee king, which is also upon a hill like that of the Basuta chief.

9th Nov.—Left the capital of the Mandatees, and proceeded to the eastward; after travelling about 14 miles, reached and crossed the Caledon River; rained very heavily during the night.

10th Nov.—The Caledon flooded; our guide stated that we should not be able to re cross it for at least 12 days. Examined the country with a view to ascertain in what direction we could advance; found the country so broken that it would not be possible to get the wagons further to the eastward. At this station Capt. Edie met with the accident which has led to his return to the colony.

11th Nov.—Proceeded on foot to observe the sources of the Caledon River. River still rising; which led me to determine upon proceeding towards the lofty mountain range which lay to the south of us, in order to ascend and examine it.

15th Nov.—After surmounting many difficulties, reached the base of said range.

18th Nov.—At 4 A M. commenced the ascent, and at about a quarter before one reached the summit of one of the loftiest peaks, about 2500 feet above the level, where we left the wagons; from thence we had a most extensive view of the country in that direction, and ascertained that the mountains extended at least 40 miles to the south of us. The waters of the Black River flow along the vallies of this range, and the principal sources thereof were about 50 miles to the eastward. The Caledon receives also the most of its supplies from the northern edge of the same range. To the east of the sources of the Black River, the waters of this range flow into the Vaal River.

27th Nov.—Reached Thaba Unchu, the residence of the survivors of the Borolong Tribe, about 5000 in number; all resident in one kraal. In the afternoon of this day, the gun of Private James Ferry, of the 98th Regiment, was discharged by accident, and the shot passed through his left hand, just behind the point of union of the fore and middle fingers: accident not of a serious description.

4th Dec.—Left Thaba Unchu and descended the Vaal Modder River.

9th Dec.—Crossed said River, and proceeded in a southerly direction towards the Black Modder River.

12th Dec.—Crossed the Black Modder River.

13th Dec.—Crossed the Riet River.

17th Dec.—Reached Phillipolis.

COLONIAL APPOINTMENTS.

WYNBERG.

	per annum.
"Rev. Dr. Okes, Acting Minister of the *English* Episcopal Church, .	£ 80
Rev. P Faure, Acting Minister of the *Dutch* Reformed Church, ..	200"

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

The Colonial Government in account with the Village of Wynberg.

Dr.		*Cr.*	
To the *English* Episcopal, ...	£200	By the *English* &c. received on account, ...	£ 80
To the *Dutch* Calvinistic, ..	200	By the Dutch &c.	200
		Balance due to the *English*, ..	120
	£400		£400

HUMBLE ADDRESS

To Baron von Ludwig, the Honorable A. Oliphant, the Honorable J. B. Ebden, the Honorable M. van Breda, and Mr. Advocate de Wet, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., whose honoured names, with many others, stand conspicuous in the *Cape Directory* for 1835, as *Conservatives* for building a Market-house, in Green-market-house-square,

Gentlemen! When do you intend commencing operations! are you in earnest, or are you really playing off a joke? Do tell us all about it!

THE LOCK-UP SYSTEM.

THE corruption of a fish, says a Turkish proverb, begins at the head; *i. e.* bad masters make bad servants, and they who are over-working their apprentices, without the least compensation, they who are doling out only half a belly-full of victuals to their ser-

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vants, who are distributing clothes not fit for convicts, and refusing to give the smallest particle of soap, are doing their best to promote disaffection, and encourage theft. We know many masters, and worse than all, mistresses, who do these things. We trust the Magistrates for the Protection of the Apprentices, will do their duty in these cases. But to the *lock-up system*. Mr. Oliphant, His Majesty's Attorney General, has won our right good will; he has made in Council the following honest declaration :—

"It is your accursed *lock-up system* that leads to theft and robbery. Every trifling article is put away and locked up, and if a grain of tea and sugar be left out, it is considered safe game, and snapt up immediately. Daily experience proves this fact, that every slave in the Colony who steals, has been made a thief by his master!"

MARCH OF THE SQUIREARCHY.

The elevation of a great many Van Winkels, Lodging-house-keepers, Canteen-keepers, and other personages, to the dignity of squires, as notified in the *Government Gazette*, in their appointments as 'Prentice 'Praisers, has turned the heads of many of the same grade. *Ex gra.*

COPY FROM THE ORIGINAL.
"*Cape Town*, 1834.

Mr. E.
Bought of O. M. B., Esquire,
One Half-aaum of Wine, ... Rds. 16 0"

This is in the Squire's own hand-writing.

A WHOLESALE MERCHANT.
(*Copy from the Original.*)
"*Cape Town, July*, 1834.

Mrs. H. L. L.
Bought of H. R. T.
One Lace Cap, ... Rds. 8 0"

HOW TO SELL YOUR PUNJUMS.

Loudly proclaim that the Compensation Money will never arrive, and that you are to be cheated, pilfered, robbed, plundered, and the British Government is a parcel of rogues—

And that's the way to sell your Punjums.

Stick to it with might and main, that old England is going head-long to perdition; that the King is henpecked and the people mad—

And that's the way to sell your Punjums.

Be sure to make it known that Scotland is immeasurably more wicked, base, and disloyal than England; and that a glorious revolution awaits Great Britain.—

And that's the way to sell your Punjums.

But above all, protest in such a manner, that your voice shall be heard in every Dutch circle—that Holland is the most prosperous, delightful, generous country in the world; and *Koning Willem* the most beloved and wisest of Monarchs, and all other kings are *obstinate* blockheads,—

And that's the way to sell your Punjums.

TRUE COURAGE.

There is something that, like the ligatures which one class of the Olympic combatants bound on their hands and wrists, braces around and compresses the powers of the mind, giving them a steady forcible spring and re-action, which they would presently lose, if they could be transferred into a constitution ot soft, yielding, treacherous debility. But Foster, the most powerful writer in the English language, thus describes the characteristics of a man who advocating not the *partial* interests, but that of the *whole* of the brotherhood of the human species, is assailed by the selfish, the depraved, and the ignorant. He says—

A man endowed with the complete character, says, with a sober consciousness as remote from the spirit of bravado as it is from timidity. Thus, and thus, is my conviction and my determination; now for the phantoms of fear; let me look them in the face; they will find I am not made of trembling materials: "I dare do all that may become a man." I shall firmly confront every thing that threatens me in the prosecution of my purpose, and I am prepared to meet the consequences of it when it is accomplished. I should despise a being, though it were myself, whose agency could be held enslaved by the gloomy shapes of imagination, by the haunting recollections of a dream, by the whistling or the howling of winds, by the shriek of owls, by the shades of midnight, or by the threats or frowns of man. I should be indignant to feel that in the commencement of an adventure I could think of nothing but the deep pit by the side of the way where I must walk, into which I may slide, the mad animal which it is not impossible that I may meet, or the assassin who may lurk in the thicket of yonder wood. And I disdain to compromise the interests that rouse me to action, for the privilege of a disgraceful security.

As the conduct of a decisive man is always *individual, and often singular*, he may expect some serious trials of courage. For one thing, he may be encountered by the strongest disapprobation of many of his connexions, and the censure of the greater part of the society, and *professing* friends where he is known. In this case, it is not a man of common spirit that can shew himself just as at other times, and meet their anger in the same undisturbed manner as he would meet some ordinary inclemency of weather; that can, without harshness or violence, continue to effect every moment some part of his design, coolly replying to each ungracious look and indignant voice, I am sorry to oppose you: I am not unfriendly to you, while thus persisting in what excites your displeasure; it would please me to have your approbation and concurrence, and I think I should have them if you would seriously consider my reasons; but meanwhile, I am superior to opinion, I am not to be intimidated by reproaches, nor would your favour and applause be any reward for the sacrifice of my object. As you can do without my approbation, I can certainly do without yours; it is enough that I can approve myself, it is enough that I can appeal to the last authority in the creation. Amuse yourselves, as you may, by continuing to censure or to rail; *I* must continue to act.*

THE FITNESS OF A COLONIAL PLANT FOR CORDAGE.

The making of cordage has been always recognized as an object of national importance. Hence we are desirous of directing the Colonists to one great object among many others, apparently neglected as being fairly attached to the resources of this extensive Colony.

Besides Hemp, there are other fibres the growth of nature, which are applicable to cordage. The Aloe (*Agave Americana*) which so frequently forms our hedges, and presents an impregnable barrier to cattle, and even to men, may be advantageously applied to the production of cordage. Its fibres (from the thick fleshy leaves) are stronger than hemp, and when made into ropes, are extremely tenacious and durable. How important is this fact to our country-people, in all their rural arrangements of building, thatching, fishing, and netting. Some excellent specimens of *flax*, *rope*, and *cordage*, made from the Aloe,† are now before us, and will be placed in care of Mr. Rose, Commercial Exchange for examination. As far as we recollect, (having witnessed the progress) the fibres are obtained after the leaf has remained steeped in water for some eight or ten days, exposed to the sun in the open air. The pulpy parts of the leaf are then scraped away, and beautiful fibres appear in filaments similar to skeins of straw-coloured silk. These are combed into straight threads, dried in the sun, and are immediately fit for use. A portion of the juice of the leaf is understood to be an excellent substitute for soap.

FISH COMMOTION.

During the partial thunder-storm of the 21st instant, there was great agitation among the piscatorial tribes of Table Bay and Green Point. Shoals of the smaller kinds of fish were heaved on shore; and near Captain Smith's residence, could be gathered up in wagon loads. This circumstance has been attributed to the peals of thunder. We think otherwise. The very next day, to the great joy of our

* This passage is worth the consideration of all persons who may be panic struck, and are tardy in "following to the field."

† By Captain Surflet, who manufactured these specimens with great facility.

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piscivorous inhabitants, arrived in the fishing boats, immense quantities of the *snoek* family, and we imagine the smaller fry of fishes to have left their native beds solely on account of the *snoek* cannibals.

VERY MUCH OFFENDED.

A kind-hearted generous lady of our acquaintance, is frequently in the habit of giving bountiful entertainments to her friends, in which case there is often an abundance of good things, which remain untouched, and these are often presented the next day to her various neighbours. One of them turned out an old surly, and on the receipt of a delicious cake, and half a dozen custards, returned the whole with a note as follows:—

"Mr. —— presents his compliments to Mrs. ——, and returns the *articles* sent to him, as he is never in the habit of receiving *remnants* from a table at which he was not welcome."

As we take it, the offended gentleman must be a linen-draper, from one or two of his expressions.

A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS ON HORTICULTURE.

Poets and philosophers of all ages and nations, have lamented the progress of physical and moral deterioration. This retrocession is, we think, strikingly apparent in many of the vegetables brought to market. Nothing, perhaps, is more agreeable than the sight of a cleanly and well garnished vegetable market. The mere perusal of the Covent Garden lists of fruits makes one long to be there. And the accounts in the papers and magazines of the progress of the Horticultural Societies at home, only so much the more adds to our disappointment here. With such a glorious climate, and nature so prolific, we have no Horticultural Society, and our fruits and vegetables are often tiny and insipid. But we had an Horticultural Society some seven years ago. But it died away like many other ephemeral institutions. Why did it die? Just because its founders went the wrong way to work. It had no practical men among its members—no working gardeners. It was a very dignified society—it knew nothing of the humble classes, or the cottage garden, and was guarded by two secretaries, who wore long swords and cocked hats.

But now, as to the present state of things. Our potatoes are good, bad, and indifferent. For one good boiling, you get three bad ones. This was formerly the case with Cape beer—until Mr. Collison taught the way of producing invariably good batches. Nobody thinks about introducing any thing new in seed potato. We want to witness in our gardens, the early Champion, the Lancashire Pink, the Dumfriesshire Kidney, and the Oxnoble. As to the *Pea* lately in season, wretched rancid supplies were sent to market. In a great many instances, our tables have been furnished with the common *hog-pea* of the fields, instead of the early Charlton, the Blue Prussian, or the Marrowfat. The changes produced on the pea by the effects of climate, soil, and culture, are very great. It degenerates like all other vegetables, and requires constant renewal, selection, and correct cultivation. Our printer cries hold, enough!

A SHORT TREATISE ON SKULLS,
Taken in Short-hand from the Lectures of Mr. Cranium, in London.

It appears to me, that man may be correctly defined an animal, which without any peculiar or distinguishing faculty of its own, is, as it were, a bundle or compound of the faculties of other animals, by a distinct enumeration of which, any individual of the species may be satisfactorily described. This is manifest, even in the ordinary language of conversation, when, in summing up, for example, the qualities of an accomplished courtier, we say he has the vanity of a peacock, the cunning of a fox, the treachery of an hyæna, the cold-heartedness of a cat, and the civility of a jackall. That this is perfectly consentaneous to scientific truth, will appear in the further progress of these observations.

Every particular faculty of the mind has its corresponding organ in the brain. In proportion as any particular faculty or propensity acquires paramount activity in any individual, these organs develope themselves, and their developement becomes externally obvious by corresponding lumps and bumps, exuberances and protuberances, on the osseous compages of the occiput and sinciput. In all animals but man, the same organ is equally developed in every individual of the species: for instance, that of migration in the swallow—that of destruction in the tiger—that of architecture in the beaver—and that of parental affection in the bear. The human brain, however, consists, as I have said, of a bundle or compound of all the faculties of all other animals, and from the greater developement of one or more of these, in the infinite varieties of combination, result all the peculiarities of individual character.

Here is the skull of a beaver; and that of Sir Christopher Wren. You observe, in both these specimens, the prodigious developement of the organ of constructiveness.

Here is the skull of a bullfinch; and that of an eminent fiddler. You may compare the organ of music.

Here is the skull of a tiger. You observe the organ of carnage. Here is the skull of a fox. You observe the organ of plunder. Here is the skull of a peacock. You observe the organ of vanity. Here is the skull of an illustrious robber, who, after a long and triumphant process of depredation and murder, was suddenly checked in his career by means of a certain quality inherent in preparations of hemp, which, for the sake of perspicuity, I shall call *suspensiveness*. Here is the skull of a conqueror, who, after over running several kingdoms, burning a number of cities, and causing the deaths of two or three millions of men, women, and children, was entombed with all the pageantry of public lamentations, and figured as the hero of several thousand odes and a round dozen of epics; while the poor highwayman was twice executed,

'At the gallows first, and after in a ballad,
'Sung to a villainous tune.'

You observe, in both these skulls, the combined developement of the organs of carnage, plunder, and vanity, which I have just pointed out in the tiger, the fox, and the peacock. The greater enlargement of the organ of vanity in the hero, is the only criterion by which I can distinguish them from each other. Born with the same faculties, and the same propensities, these two men were formed by nature to run the same career: the different combinations of external circumstances decided the difference of their destinies.

Here is the skull of a Newfoundland dog. You observe the organ of benevolence, and that of attachment. Here is a human skull, in which you may observe a very striking negation of both these organs; and an equally striking developement of those of destruction, cunning, avarice, and self-love. This was one of the most illustrious statesmen that ever flourished in the page of history.

Here is the skull of a turnspit, which, after a wretched life of *dirty work*, was turned out of doors to die on a dunghill. I have been induced to preserve it, in consequence of its remarkable similarity to this, which belonged to a courtly poet, who, having grown grey in flattering the great, was cast off in the same manner, to perish by the same catastrophe.

After these and several other illustrations, during which the skulls were handed round for the inspection of the company, Mr. Cranium proceeded thus:

It is obvious, from what I have said, that no man can hope for worldly honour or advancement, who is not placed in such a relation to external circumstances, as may be consentaneous to his peculiar cerebral organs; and I would advise every parent who has the welfare of his son at heart, to procure as extensive a collection as possible of the skulls of animals, and, before determining on the choice of a profession, to compare with the utmost nicety their bumps and protuberances with those of the skull of his son. If the developement of the organ of destruction point out a similarity between the youth and the tiger, let him be brought to some profession (whether that of a butcher, a soldier, or a physician, may be regulated by circumstances), in which he may be furnished with a license to kill: as, without such license, the indulgence of his natural propensity may lead to the untimely rescission of his vital thread, 'with edge of penny cord and vile reproach.' If he trace an analogy with the jackall, let all possible influence be used to procure him a place at court, where he will infallibly thrive. If his skull bear a marked resemblance to that of a magpie, it cannot be doubted that he will prove an admirable lawyer; and if with this advantageous conformation be combined any similitude to that of an owl, very confident hopes may be formed of his becoming a judge.

NOTICE.—Whatever profits arise from the *Literary Gazette* of the present year, will be cheerfully devoted to the Fund for relieving the distresses on the Frontier.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 2. Vol. V.] CAPE TOWN: FEBRUARY, 1835. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings per Annum.*

THE PORT AND COLONY.

A Correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser,* some weeks ago, made an allusion to the possibility of burning sea-weed for the manufacture of alkali, and endeavored to attract attention to the sources of profit which he conceived might be still unexplored, or overlooked, and which he suggested, might repay scientific industry, if strenuously and soberly attempted.

Such virtuous anxiety for the common good deserves acknowledgment; and it will no doubt show itself further in those acts of patriotic benevolence which will obtain the author of that letter the respect and regard of those who wish well to their neighbours, and are willing to occupy their leisure in honest, though humble endeavors, to leave the world better than they found it.

The question propounded was,—whether it were practicable to burn sea-weed, and extract kelp here, as is done on the west coast of Scotland: to which we shall reply, that, until capital has ceased to be invested in human flesh; until it has ceased to be a trade to let out slaves to hire, and for their owners to live on the wages of the miserable wretches so let out, as horse-dealers job cattle! so long will it be the interest of a party to make labour too expensive for any speculation which aims at only a moderate percentage of profit: the marvel is, how the colonial shipping can be manned, since the lowest of the class of menials and street koolies in Cape Town, can earn a higher rate of wages than the pay of the best able-bodied seaman in the British Navy! So long, therefore, as apprenticed slavery exists, there will be a double check on industry: it will have to compete, first, with the tax upon labour, which must be paid to the slave-owner; and, secondly, with the odium in which bodily labour must be held by ignorant free-men, from its being considered by them as a sort of badge of slavery; or from their being mixed with slaves in their manual occupations. Thus, with these impediments to improvement, advance must of necessity be slow and uncertain, and every experimental speculation most hazardous.

The difference betwixt the "old country" and this colony, cannot be better exemplified than by reference to the fact, that in England it was last year a remunerating process to ship *several hundreds of tons of dry bones of horses and men from the shores of the Baltic, to land them at Grimsby, for manure for the Lincolnshire fens;* here, though the sandy soil appears to lack bone manure as much as any part of Great Britain can need it, the relics of whales and cattle are not only unappropriated, but *a cart-load of bullocks' heads may be any day seen emptied into the sea, as refuse offal not worth the trouble of cleansing for cookery!* Where that which is most welcome food in any other country, is disdained as offal; the market price of food, as compared to the market price of manual labor, has not reached the natural level; and there need be no question but that the period is fast approaching when either the price of food must rise, or the rate of wages, for mere manual labor, must fall.

A scheme for a new colony, to be planted in Australia on a very grand scale, is now in progress in London; but the projectors have started with the idea, that the inconveniences of new colonies overbalance their advantages: they therefore resolve that their colonists shall carry with them to Kangaroo Island as much as is possible of the good old 'order' of things! including, of course, poverty for the present and for the future for themselves and for their children: they undertake to expatriate themselves and families, and are content to quit their native country, and plant themselves and their families in a desert at the antipodes, with scarcely the hope of a better return than what the same capital, and industry, and privation would obtain them at home. Their whole scheme is based on error; in the first place, Old England is not utterly worn-out—it is certainly becoming an exhausted ground for the *squirearchy,* and for the race that prefer living on the labor of others, to earning their own bread by their own honest industry: still, notwithstanding this admitted decay of 'the order,' those who are contented to 'rise early, and late take rest,' and who can eat the coarse bread of niggard carefulness, will find in any part of Great Britain, that honest industry is repaid by as much comfort and as much independence, as these Projectors even venture to promise to their colonists. Secondly, they imagine that they are to understand, to the letter, the whole melancholy wailing of the nervous and the timid, or the designing, among their predecessor colonists; great and manifold, indeed, are the evils to which colonists are subjected in a new country; but when all that has been borne in Australia, from its first settlement to this date, is compared with any single page of the early history of the Pilgrims, and their New England in North America, the whole sinks into insignificance. A colonist who occupies ten thousand acres of land, sixteen square miles! appropriates to his single self a territory which forms a sufficient space in England for three villages, and about three thousand inhabitants; such a man, on such a field of operation, has no sinecure task before him: his per-

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sonal superintendence is unequal to the controul of such an area, even if his purse be equal to the proper equipment of his establishment; but he obtains the land for nothing, or next to nothing; the bare idea of property calls out his latent energies, or creates them for the occasion: he toils in a manner that he would never have dreamt of elsewhere, and lives on hope; in the meanwhile, a good and useful commonwealth's-man is formed out of what was originally a very bad one, his cattle breed in a way that amply overpays the accidents of flood and field, of disease and bushrangers; and in process of time, and not unfrequently by a quicker progress than is now common in England, he finds himself really rich: his vast property has become a well-stocked farm of incalculable value; and his children, who have grown up in the hardy pursuits of colonial back-wood's-men, are comfortably independent; and have the promise of better things in the progress of advancing improvement, as an inheritance for their children; they, at least, enjoy the fruits of that trying period of labour and privation which their parents endured with cheerfulness, from knowing that it was the ploughing of the unreclaimed soil, the seed-time and sowing of that future expected harvest.

Such cannot be the case in the new colony of Southern Australia; the projectors have the means of ascertaining that land sells heavily at 5 shillings per acre in the old Australian colony, and they imagine that they have made a wonderful discovery of a 'Mare's Nest!' that it is too cheap! and that by a string of fine phrases, they can continue to manufacture a new state, of several millions of acres, worth 12 shillings per acre at the out-set; they are grievously mistaken; but good will result: the first speculators, the dreamers and castle-builders, will suffer; but the next swarm of practical men will benefit by their labours, and by their outlay.

Estates of ten thousand acres occupied by proprietors whose capital would be unequal to the proper management of farms of a hundred acres, are no injury to a colony: the property is created merely by their occupation, and the labour they bestow upon it; and if such bold adventurers did not settle there, no one else would; and the wilderness would remain a desert; but these hardy pioneers, who clear the way on the outskirts of advancing civilization, and bear the first brunt of the contest with savage nature, are a rough, and often a rude, unnurtured generation: they require to be kept in their proper place, and to have their statements carefully sifted; nor should they be encouraged to demand a protection, or be allowed an influence, utterly incommensurate with their claims upon the public, or on government. Their cattle, spread over downs and wolds of many square miles, instead of being sheltered by enclosures, or safe in the vicinity of civilized communities, must of course be liable to be plundered; but the liability forms part of the price paid for the advantages of such boundless extent of grazing ground, and the vast benefit which will eventually accrue to the party, or his heirs, when property becomes settled, and land attains its natural value. Thence, though this very nakedness of the land, this defenceless state of property, is a sore temptation to the idle and the unprincipled, to live upon the industry of others; still, the colonists have no right to demand Vagrant Acts, like ours of August last; nay, more; such legislation! would not only prove no remedy, but would, unquestionably, increase the evil: the remedy is only in the slow progress of time; and is promoted by whatever tends to encourage free population, and to lay the foundations of those villages of industrious free men, which the next century will probably find on every one of these wild and desolate properties. But Vagrant Acts, which needlessly and arbitrarily interfere with the liberty of the labouring man, are obstacles to the creation of such a class, and irritate those into irregularities, who might be reclaimed from savage life, or undisciplined habits, by more rational treatment.

Fugitives from their native land intend to escape positive evils, and must please themselves with the hope of positive good: there is not one, in any class of those who are likely to be decoyed to Kangaroo Island, who would not do better to remove himself to this colony. The small capitalist might find here those means of cheap enjoyment, which the present generation will not create for them in Australia; and the labouring class, an abundance and a cheapness of food, and a rate of wages, which their present patrons dare not even venture to dream of for their followers in Southern Australia; whilst, in addition to these advantages, the more hardy, the intrepid, and the energetic, have an open field on the frontier to try their fortunes, if they wish it, as the reclaimers of the desert.

Having thus briefly adverted to the grand causes, which, in our opinion, must occasion any field of industry, involving small returns, to be altogether unavailable for this colony; we will remark, that when a better day has dawned; when Zuid Afrikaanism is exploded, and a British feeling of manly independence is established in its stead; when the British community have asserted their proper place in a British colony, and, scouting those local peculiarities, which are worse than useless, in being mischievous, have obtained their rights to be ruled only by British law; when the slave-owners' monopoly in the labour-market is at an end; and when the price of labor shall bear a just proportion to the price of food;—finally, when every individual in the employ of government, thinks and acts like the kind, good man, who is now a blessing to the colony, at the head of government; when the law shall afford no protection to individuals, considered as the rich, to the prejudice of the poor; and when Mr. Advocate De Wet has cleared the colonial offices of all useless appointments, and has reduced the stipends of all officials to a standard that is suited to the means of the colony;—then—but not until then—will the capabilities of this colony be developed, and its importance to England and India be ascertained.

We can venture no conjecture on what may then prove the most valuable source of colonial prosperity; whether the South African vintage may ever rival the wines of Gascony or the Rhine; or whether Natal and Delagoa, being first garrisoned, and made safe ports, the inland trade may thence pour ivory and gold from some hitherto undiscovered cornucopia in exchange for British manufactures: but for the present, it is clear, that "supplies to shipping," the sole purpose for which the colony was founded, remains the staple of the Cape colony. Thence, whatever tends to encourage the resort of merchant ships to the port, and whatever can simplify and economize the port charges, and can reduce all the expenses incident to their touching here, to the lowest possible standard, is more deserving of immediate attention than any new fields of industry.

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Let us but reduce the port expenses to such an extent, that every vessel leaving England for Bengal and China, and returning thence; or passing eastward to Australia, shall, as a matter of course, take on board, when sailing, no greater supply of water or provisions than what is requisite for the voyage to the Cape; and shall rely for filling up here, as a cheaper and better place for victualling, than either Europe or the East, which might probably be effected; and then we shall have a constantly crowded port, and our agricultural productions at all times a brisk market. Our farmers, graziers, gardeners, retail dealers, and licensed victuallers, might perhaps reap a richer harvest, if their attention were more earnestly fixed on their best market, and if their arrangements were expressly suited to the convenience and wants of the shipping interest. Much remains to be done; for it cannot be disputed, but that the advantages derivable to British trade from this port, and to this colony from British trade, are limited at present by circumstances, which are overlooked from their supposed insignificance; but which, however trifling, when taken individually, operate united, in a manner that is very prejudical to the best interests of the Port and Colony.

* * *

JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

Communicated to C. Chasey, Esq. the Secretary of the Society for Exploring Central Africa.

[The Author accompanies the Expedition under Dr. Smith, as far as Philippolis,—Estimate of the value of the Party composing the Expedition,—Manner of living,—The Sabbath,—Indian Visitors,—Boers in the Griqua country in search of pasture,—Griqua and Hottentot servants,—The Modder River,—The Vaal River,—Platberg,—Poccana,—Beauty of the Country,—Kraals of Coranas,—Hart River,—The Chief Makhatla,—The party augmented by Coranas,—*Seechagholie* River,—Hunting and its successes,—Description of the inhabitants of the country,—Maloppo River,—Preparation to meet an expected enemy,—Some of the Author's people abscond to steal cattle from Masilikatsie,—A Tribe of the Matebely avenge themselves,—A Battle; four of the Natives killed,—The Traveller routed with the loss of his wagons, and rich collection of natural curiosities,—Sufferings of the party in returning to the Colony,—Missionary hospitalities, &c.]

Graaff-Reinet, December 18th, 1834.

My dear Sir,

Knowing the interest you have always taken in every thing connected with the Expedition for exploring Central Africa, and having just returned from that part of the Continent through which it must necessarily pass, I have hastily drawn up some details of my unfortunate journey for your perusal, leaving it entirely to yourself to extract such parts as you may think will be interesting to the Committee of the Association for exploring Central Africa.

You are aware that I accompanied the Expedition under Dr. Smith, as far as Philippolis, and if the testimony of such a humble individual as myself could avail any thing, I can scarcely let this opporunity pass of congratulating the Committee on the happy and judicious choice they have made of the persons composing the party. Every one, from the highest to the lowest, seemed to know his duty, and to do it. Dr. Smith is the most indefatigable man I ever met with; nothing comes amiss to him. He sees every thing done himself, and trusts nothing to others. He seemed sometimes even to be ubiquous, and seldom went to bed before 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. He is, I think, in every respect the very man fitted to lead such an Expedition. Capt Edie would have a good deal to do to *drill* all the party, and teach them their various military evolutions. Kift is a most useful fellow, and a great favorite of the Doctor. The graphic and Cruikshankian labors of Mr. Bell, with the delicate and minute products of Mr. Ford's pencil, were the subjects of daily admiration to us all. The *Astronomer*, by which familiar appellation that promising young gentleman, Mr. Burnett, was known, had no sinecure situation. He will, I think, be a bright fellow.

The men also, in more subordinate grades, are an orderly, well behaved set of people, and some of them very clever and well educated. Indeed, nothing can surpass the good order and harmony that prevails throughout the whole party, and if they do not ultimately succeed in all their undertakings, I do not think it will be the blame of any one composing the Expedition.

Their manner of living was also exceedingly simple:—

"Nae kickshaws or puddins or tarts were seen there!"

But at 10 o'clock, when the bell rung for breakfast, we* entered the tent, each armed with his knife and fork, where we found the table (I beg pardon, the mat, I mean,) spread on the floor, on which was placed a hearty meal of beef or mutton, or what game the day produced, cooked in the plainest manner; which, with bread or rice, and a tin pint of tea, baled out of a camp kettle, formed the homely but substantial repast. Around the inside of the tent we all squatted in the true oriental style, and every one ate with an excellent appetite. At sun-set we had a repetition of the same fare, and sometimes (let not the Temperance Society startle,) when there was nothing particular doing, we indulged in a cup of punch, and songs and glees frequently concluded the labors of the day.

Every Sabbath, during the time that the German Missionaries remained with us, divine service was held twice a day.

After remaining about a fortnight at Philippolis, the Doctor, in the mean time, having come to the resolution of proceeding up the Caledon River, we (Messrs. Malcolm and Cotton, the Indian gentlemen that accompanied the Expedition from Cape Town, with Mr. Granot of the 98th, and myself) prepared to start in the direction of Lattakoo; Mr. Moodie, who accompanied us from Graaff-Reinet, having returned a few days before. Mr. Malcolm had engaged a Griqua guide to accompany us as far as Lattakoo, but when we were ready to start the fellow was not to be found. On our departure, every man of the Expedition turned out in line and honored us with a grand salute. Big Harry, the butcher, was on the right of the line with his large elephant gun, which gave a report like a cannon, and his appearance alone would, I think, frighten a host of Kaffirs. On the whole, the party on this occasion had a very noble and formidable appearance, and seemed perfectly capable of defending themselves against any number of enemies they might have to encounter for some time. Three cheers followed the salute, and the worthy Dr. and Capt. Edie were pleased to accompany us about a couple of miles on our way, and after a mutual passing of hearty good wishes for one another's welfare and success, we stammered out the sorrowful "Farewell!"

Four days' travelling brought us to the Riet River, but the country through which we passed, not only from Philippolis, but all the way from Graaff-Reinet, was in such a miserable condition from the long continued droughts, that our cattle were in the greatest danger of perishing, as not a blade of vegetation was any where to be seen.

Here we found a number of Boers from the Colony, in search of pasturage for their cattle. These poor people were dreadfully dejected, as their flocks and herds were diminishing every day in considerable numbers, and they knew not which way to turn themselves to save their only means of subsistence. To return to their places ruin stared them in the face, and to remain where they now were was little better, so that if Providence did not soon send rains, their losses must be very considerable indeed. *It has been reported of those people, that they have fled from the Colony with the double view of dispossessing the Griquas of their places, and of evading the Government measures for the emancipation of their slaves.* Nothing can be more untrue. The majority of those crossing the boundaries are of the poor class, not possessing a slave, or the younger branches of richer families who take charge of their flocks while their elders and slaves remain at home to cultivate their places; very few slaves comparatively being used as herdsmen.

As regards the other charge, instead of the boers oppressing the Griquas or Bastards, their arrival in the country of the latter, is hailed by the generality of those people as an event fraught with good fortune to them; for having large places, and little or no cattle to graze there, and as "They plough not, neither do they sow;" they take care to make the Boers pay a good price for every privilege they enjoy the moment they cross their boundaries.

That there may be single instances of the boers maltreating the Griquas, I will readily allow, but the majority of them treat them with kindness and humanity, being often the means of saving whole families from starvation, when the indolent parents are too lazy to exert themselves on behalf of their own offspring. That there are instances of industry among those people, I am also ready to admit, but they are "few and far between:" the great body of them loitering their time away in their filthy hovels, which swarm with vermin, living in the most abject state of squalid poverty, supported solely by the exertions of a few wretched Bechuanas or Bushmen, who drag out a most miserable existence under the most intolerable *slavery*, in procuring for the subsistence of their indolent and supercilious masters, roots, locusts, or honey. This is a species of slavery that the Abolitionists are probably unacquainted with, and exists to a considerable degree through all the Griqua country. They obtain them when out on hunting, or on predatory excursions in the interior, and I have more than once been eye witness to the cruel and degrading manner in which they treat the unfortunate Bechuanas.

As my Indian friends were bound to Lattakoo by the way of Campbell, and as you are aware of the engagement I was under to procure Giraffes, Rhinoceroses, &c. I was here reluctantly obliged to part with these amiable and worthy gentlemen; my nearest route to the country where such animals could be procured being by Bootchaap, where, I was also informed, I should procure better grazing for my cattle.

* The gentlemen above named, the Indians, familiarly termed *the Lattakoo Expedition*, the German Missionaries, and myself.

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Some days after we parted, two of my Hottentots absconded, when I was under the necessity of hiring a good-for-nothing fellow of a Griqua in their stead; but he did not annoy me long, for after a few days' good feeding, he followed the example of his predecessors, by running away. I afterwards had the good fortune to meet with a Bastard from Camiesberg, called Hendrik Klaas, who obligingly offered to drive one of my wagons, until I could supply myself with another driver. This man was on his way to the same country that I intended visiting, on a hunting excursion, and his wagon was two days farther down the Riet River, at which place he expected to be joined by a large party of Griquas with several wagons, and as there was a number of spare people, he had no doubt that I should be able to procure as many as I wanted for the journey. This I considered a very fortunate circumstance for me, as I should be enabled at an easy rate to purchase any skins of rare animals which they might shoot along the road.

We did not, however, meet all the party till we reached the Modder River, where the Griquas mustered two wagons in addition to the one of Hendrik Klaas, so we were in all, with my two, five wagons. I hired also one man, Barend Barends, (not the Chief of that name,) with his three riding horses, in the capacity of a hunter and mark's-man, and his brother, Hans Barends, as a leader, so that I promoted one of my Hottentots to the driver-ship.

We then jogged merrily on, the country improving as we reached the Vaal River, which we crossed a little below the forsaken Missionary Station of Platberg. Here I obtained some splendid additions to my ornithological collections. The country we found completely uninhabited all the way from Modder River to Poccanna, only having found two or three Griquas and a few Bechuanas at Bootchaap. Poccanna is a beautiful place, the country around it abounding in game of all sorts, with an abundance of fine grass, and the plains and hills covered with beautiful clumps of camel-thorns, and other trees of the mimosa family. Here we found several kraals of Corannas, who appeared to have a good stock of cattle, and plenty of milk. The kaross among them appeared to have given place to leather jackets and trousers, and some even enjoyed the luxury of a shirt, but which is never washed from the time it is put on till worn out. Most of them possess fire arms and horses, which they not only use in the chace, but, like their Griqua neighbours, occasionally in their predatory excursions against the Bechuanas and other unprotected tribes. One day's journey from Poccanna is a place called Towné, situated on the Hart River, at present the residence of a once powerful Baharutsu chief, called Makhatla, with a few of his tribe. This man was once, I am told, very rich, and resided in the capital of his kingdom, called by Campbell Kurrechane, but was driven thence some time ago, by the all-conquering Zoola chief Masilikatsie, who has now made that place his head quarters. Leaving the Hart River, we passed the ruins of a very extensive Bechuana town, its numerous stone kraals being still in a good state of repair, though it was forsaken by its inhabitants on the irruption of the Mantatees, about 12 years ago. Near to this place we found two other kraals of Corannas, under a chief called Tatema, who being, as the Griquas informed me, an excellent marksman and shot, I hired, along with three of his people, to accompany me in that capacity. Two days afterwards I was surprised to find that we had been joined by upwards of 20 more Corannas, with a number of horses, pack-oxen, &c. all followers of Capt. Tatema, and as they had so much the appearance of banditti, I dreaded that if their object was not to rob me, they might at least cause suspicions of hostile intentions to the tribes through whose country we had to pass. However, they behaved themselves very well, and I never had the least cause of complaint against my Coranna auxiliaries.

After travelling from Towné nine days, in a north-easterly direction, through a country only remarkable for its great sameness of appearance, consisting generally of immense flats, studded with camelthorn trees, a sandy soil with a substratum of lime, plenty of grass, but no streams or fountains, only a few miserable pools, scarcely sufficient to supply the few straggling wild beasts and quaggas, which we occasionally saw, with water, we reached what is dignified with name of the *Seechagholie River*, where I may say our operations of hunting only commenced.

Our first day's hunt was very successful, having bagged amongst us 14 cameleopards and 2 elands, and caught 1 cameleopard calf, so that I had a great choice of skins and skeletons for preservation, for I never preserved any but the finest specimens. Our second day's sport was varied by the accession of some white and black rhinoceroses, and the capture of a half-grown giraffe. This beautiful creature had two large sores on its shoulder, evidently caused by the paws of a lion, which latter brute, from their situation, must have been on the back of this gigantic but harmless creature. It unfortunately stumbled as we were pulling it to the wagons, and in its fall broke its neck. But I must not trouble you with all the particulars of our *jagt;* suffice it to say, that shortly after leaving the Seechagholie, the two Griqua wagons, with all the Corannas, returned homewards, being afraid of approaching nearer to the country of Masilikatsie. Taking a westerly course from the Seechagholie, we hunted some time at a *dry* river, called the Malybana, down which we travelled two days, till where it empties itself into the before-mentioned river. Our course was again north-easterly, and after re-crossing the Seechagholie, near its junction with the Meritzan, all of which rivers empty themselves a few days' journey lower down into the Malappo.

I have hitherto said nothing about the inhabitants of the country through which we passed since leaving the Hart, for until we first reached the Seechagholie, we had scarcely ever seen any, except a straggling Bushman or Bechuana, but after we had shot such abundance of game, we got plenty of company. The natives scattered about this part of the country are the remains of various Bechuana tribes, such as the Baharutsie, Wanketzie, and Barolongs, all of whose countries Masilikatsie has conquered. These poor people live in very small communities, scattered over the face of the country, but have not a single head of cattle to live by, their whole dependance and only food being locusts, or such game as chance may direct into their pitfalls. I met among them some Wanketzie people, who recognized me, as having visited their country about 8 years ago. They told me that the once powerful king Sibigho, was now nearly reduced to beggary by Masilikatsie, and had taken refuge beyond the Kaliharry desert.

My party now consisted of Jan Saver, a colonial youth, myself, three colonial Hottentots, and two Griquas, with my two wagons, three horses, besides the three which I had hired from B. Barends. There was also Hendrik Klaas' wagon and party, which consisted of himself and Piet Barends, an adult Griqua, with several lads, three boys, and two women.

As we were travelling along the south bank of the Meritzan, we observed the fresh spoor of some cattle, which must have crossed our route that very morning. This being such an unusual circumstance, as I have before mentioned that the people inhabiting that country possessed no cattle, it caused as much surprise and conjecture among us as the print of a man's foot in the sand did to Robinson Crusoe, and as we were still debating on the subject, some of the natives came up and told us that a small commando from Makhatla, the Baharutsie chief, had that very morning returned from Masilikatsie, and having killed the herdsman, succeeded in carrying away 17 head of cattle, with which they were now on their way home. This was bad news for us, as we guessed that Masilikatsie's people, in following the spoor of the stolen cattle, would come upon our wagons, and naturally suppose that we were connected with the thieves. When we reached the out-span place, we immediately began to make a sort of fortification of bushes around our wagons, in which we could keep our cattle and horses, in case of an attack during the night. We put our arms in order, and I gave to each man about 30 rounds of powder and ball, and took every other precaution that our circumstances would admit of. But we were attacked by nothing during the night but a tremendous thunder-storm, with plenty of rain, which was much more acceptable to us than Masilikatsie's soldiers would have been. The Griqua, Piet Barends, who very coolly told me that he had been frequently into Masilikatsie's country to *steal cattle*, said, he thought we had nothing to fear now, as that chief would think it below his dignity to send in pursuit of such a trifling number as 17 head of cattle.

We continued our journey still in a north-easterly direction, till we reached the Maloppo, which was only 6 hours, on horseback, from the residence of Masilikatsie, but I could not induce the Griquas to advance one step farther. I tried every thing in my power to get one to accompany me on horseback, as interpreter, but to no purpose, as I guessed that that powerful chief would not be pleased if he heard of our being so close to him, without paying him a visit. After remaining at the Maloppo three days, in which time we had bagged a good number of rhinoceroses, &c. and caught 6 beautifully striped quaggas, we made preparations for returning, on which I missed my Griqua leader, Hans Barend. On making enquiry about him, nobody knew where he was, and as he was a lazy sleepy fellow at best, I paid little attention to the circumstance at the time, but spanned in and started, thinking that he might be asleep behind some bush, and would follow, as he had frequently done before. However, after we had travelled about an hour, Jan Saver came and informed me, to my utter astonishment, that Hans had absconded along with Piet Barends, and two Griqua lads, to steal cattle from Masilikatsie. I immediately ran to Hendrik Klaas, and upbraided him with a knowledge of the fact, blaming him for concealing it from me. He excused himself by saying that he had done every thing in his power to dissuade him from going, but he would not listen to his advice, nor did he think that I should have been able to have dissuaded him. He also denied strenuously any pre-knowledge of Hans Barends' intended elopement, or of his taking his brother Barend's horse with him, which was the fact I was now, to use a homely expression, completely put to my shifts, for here were four people who had actually left my wagons for the purpose of plundering one of the most formidable chiefs in Southern Africa, and should they succeed, and return on my wagon tract, there could be little doubt as to what the consequences would be. Hendrik Klaas, however, in some measure comforted me, by saying that Piet Barends would never be so foolish as to return on our track, as he had left his son, a boy of 8 years old, with the wagon. His opinion was, that Barends would take quite a different route, and consequently the wagons would be in no danger of being overtaken by his pursuers. I felt myself, however, in a very unpleasant situation, and that my safest plan was to hasten homewards with as little delay as possible.

After 3 days good riding on this side the Maloppo, thinking ourselves out of reach of Masilikatsie, we rested at a beautiful place, where there was abundance of fine grass and

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water, for the purpose of commencing fresh hostilities against the cameleopards and rhinoceroses; and having heard nothing of Piet Barends and his band in all that time, we concluded that they must have been all murdered by Masilikatsie, which would have been their just deserts.

As I now draw near to the catastrophe which was the result of this marauding expedition, I must be particular in stating every circumstance as it happened. Jan Saver, and my Griqua huntsman, Barend Barends, along with Hendrik Klaas, went out a hunting on the 17th November; the two latter returned in the afternoon without success; having lost Saver, who galloped off after a herd of quaggas, which they did not think it worth while to pursue. A little before sun-set, I sent a Hottentot out on horseback in quest of him, as I was uneasy at his long stay; but the Hottentot returned without any tidings of him. We kept firing signals all the evening, but still no sign of Saver. Next morning, the 18th, I despatched Hendrik Klaas and Barend Barends in quest of him, with orders to follow his horse's spoor from the place they had last seen him, as I dreaded that he might have fallen into one of the numerous pitfalls which the natives make for catching game. Saver, however, returned about 9 o'clock, and told me that he had lost his way last night, and finding a pool of water, and good grazing for his horse, he tied the latter to a tree, under which he himself slept, and this morning had much difficulty in finding the wagons, on account of there being no hills or other conspicuous objects to guide the bewildered traveller to any fixed point. About an hour after Saver's arrival, the weather being extremely hot, I was sitting without my jacket, reading in my wagon, when looking up the valley, I perceived Hendrik Klaas coming down at full gallop, all the way making signs to us, which I could not comprehend; but thinking probably that he had caught some giraffes, and wanted assistance, I ordered the horses, which were fortunately close at hand, to be caught and saddled. The next moment he was with us, vociferating as loud as he could, "Get your guns and horses ready, for here is Masilikatsie close upon us." I looked up the valley, and saw a dense black body of men moving furiously down upon us. No time was to be lost, I snatched my double-barrel from the side of the wagon, and girt on my bandalier, cast a hurried glance into my front chest in search of my money and papers, in case of the worst, but did not find them in the hurry. Barend Barends followed close at the heels of Hendrik Klaas, and quickly *shipped* the two Griqua women on his spare horse. My Hottentot Piet took to his heels, along with the women and Griqua boys, and escaped into the adjoining wood. Klaas, a cowardly fellow, also one of my Hottentots, got on horseback and fled, so that we had left to protect the wagons, and fight against about 200 of the most formidable savages in South Africa, Jan Saver, Hendrik Klaas, Barend Barends, and myself. Old Prins, a little dwarfish Hottentot, was the only one of my people that did not run away, and being on foot, had a very narrow escape from being taken by the savages.

We were now all mounted, and at that critical moment, when the Matebely (for that is the name of Masilikatsie's tribe,) were within 200 yards of us, I perceived the villain, Piet Barends, making the best of his way towards the wagons, but coming in an opposite direction to the Kaffirs; his horse completely knocked-up, and his face as pale as death. I had scarcely time to upbraid the monster with his base conduct, when the Matebely were close upon us; for it was all done quicker than you can read this description. They now spread out to surround the wagons, seeing which, I rode up closer to their line, making signs to them to come to a parley, but without avail. A shower of assegaais made me seek safety in a retreat. Their right wing seized our cattle and sheep, and as they had nearly surrounded us, our little band burst through the weakest part of the circle, when we turned round and fired upon them. They succeeded, however, in driving us away from the wagons, and forced us into a wood of camel-thorns, which was far from being advantageous ground for our small party, so that I considered it good generalship to retreat to a more open and rising ground, on this side the Seechagholie. In the running fire which we kept up on them during our retreat, we killed three, and wounded one. They seemed to be aware of the advantage we had gained by our retreat, and few crossed the river to follow us, although a great number got into its bed, no doubt with the view of being protected from our fire by its banks, and of having an opportunity of surrounding us on both sides, without our perceiving it. At one of the boldest fellows we fired, I think, six shots, neither of which struck him, although one ball went through his shield, and another struck the ground just between his feet. On the other wing, however, Hendrik Klaas shot one dead, which, whether from the circumstance, probably, of his being a chief, I am unable to say, but after that they seemed to have no further inclination to advance. Those that were on this side the river, recrossed it, and then the whole body turned their shields on their backs, and quietly returned to our wagons. We now drew together, my Hottentot Klaas also getting courage to join us, and resolved to go in search of the Hottentot Piet, and the Griqua women and boys. In pursuance of this intention, we had proceeded down the left bank of the river but a little way, when a dense smoke arising from the spot where our wagons stood, made us fear that they had set fire to them. A little more careful attention to that subject, convinced us of the truth of our suspicions, for the three different fires answered exactly to the relative position of our three wagons. On reaching a Bechuana kraal about 4 miles below where our skirmish had taken place, we found the miserable inhabitants in great consternation preparing to flee, for to be found there by the Matebely, they knew would be certain death; those cruel wretches murdering every tribe through whose country they may carry their arms. These people confirmed our suspicions with regard to their burning the wagons, as one of them had just returned from the wood, in whose vicinity they stood. Here we, with difficulty, each obtained a mouthful of dirty water, and got the pleasing tidings that our *infantry* had passed that kraal only a little before us; we soon found their spoor, and in an hour came up with the poor creatures, resting themselves under a tree. The women told us that the villain Barends, the cause of all our misfortune, had taken the horse that they were mounted on from them, and getting upon it himself, along with his little son, galloped off and left them to their fate. Two of the Griqua boys were still missing, nor have I ever been able to learn what became of them.

As I had now no chance of ever obtaining any thing more from my wagons, I resolved on making the best of our way homewards, the fruits of all my labors for many months being lost at one blow, as my splendid collection of natural history, a great part of which would have been quite new to the cabinets of the curious, was now, without doubt, consigned to the flames, However, to repine at one's fate, avails nothing; besides, I think it unmanly, so

"I whistled up Lord Lennox' March,
To keep my spirits cheerie."

My loss in wagons, cattle, books, instruments, and many other valuable articles I had with me, cannot be less estimated than at Rds. 6000, and as I had every prospect of making a profitable journey, I cannot compute my total loss at less than 11 or 12,000 Rds. No trifle for a poor devil like myself!

We commenced our homeward journey walking and riding alternately, as we had not near sufficient horses for the whole party, and we jogged on as merrily as our unfortunate circumstances would admit of. We had no guide or track to lead us to any place of rest, but taking a south westerly course, trusted to Providence to lead us to Mateto, the nearest missionary station.

The day was excessively hot, but the sun set upon us without any appearance of water, and now in the strictest silence we pursued our dreary way through the long grass and low thorny busnes with which this country is covered, not knowing but our enemies might be close behind us. About 10 o'clock we saw a light which we approached with great caution, being ignorant whether it was made by friend or foe. Having first reconnoitred, we found to our joy that it was a Bechuana Kraal; to our eager cries of "*Se weitoe*!" "Give us some water;" the women stowed themselves away in their huts, and the men flew to their assagais and battle axes, for they knew not what to think of our untimely visit and picturesque appearance. But after some explanation of our mishap, some dirty ostrich egg-shells were handed to us, containing a mixture of mud and water, which had it been Hudson's *pale ale*, could not have been sucked out quicker or with more relish. These poor people on hearing of the Matebely, prepared immediately to decamp, and one of them shewed us a small dirty pool about a mile from their huts, which supplied them with water. Here we *saddled off* for a few minutes (keeping a good look out all the time,) to let our poor horses drink, as they had had no water all day.

The moon getting up, we resumed our monotonous journey, and after travelling many a weary mile, we frequently stood still to listen for the cheering strains of some amorous frog, which in our present forlorn situation was likely to be our only index to water; for our thirst was still unassuaged, notwithstanding the copious draughts we had inhaled from the Bechuana egg-shells and the dirty contents of the pool. The sweet music of the frogs, however, never reached our ears, and at dawn of day we laid down under a bush completely exhausted from fatigue and thirst. Half an hour's nap revived us a little, and we again proceeded, but whither, we scarcely knew ourselves. We were just debating upon which way we should steer our course, when to our astonishment we heard the crack of a wagon whip. Gracious heaven! I cried, the hand of Providence is in this! I jumped upon my horse and gallopped off in the direction of the sound, although as yet I saw nothing, but I fired my gun to make them *lay to*, as they had evidently gone far past us. At last I got a glimpse of two wagons, and made sure it was my friends of the African Expedition. In that I was, however, mistaken; for it turned out to be a Mr. Gibson, a trader, on his way to Masilikatsie. Glad of an opportunity of saving a fellow creature's life, I in a few words explained our situation to him and the danger he was in of proceeding any farther in the present state of things. He heard me coolly out, and then said, that Masilikatsie must certainly have thought that we were all Griquas, for he knew that chief, and could not suppose for a moment that he would otherwise have attacked white people. Mr. G. had also 3 of the Matebely with him, one of whom had been in the colony with him, and they were all of the same opinion as their master. I replied, that they probably might at first have mistaken us for Griquas, but to obviate that mistake, Jan Saver and myself purposely exposed our persons in front of their line, before the attack commenced Gibson, however, persisted in his determination to go in, at all risks, making sure that they would never attack him while he had their countrymen in his wagons.

As there was still no sign of water, we accompanied the wagons to the place where they intended spanning out, which was still two hours

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farther, that we might obtain some refreshments, having had nothing to eat the whole of the preceding day and night. On our reaching the out-span place, however, not a drop of water was to be found! Mr. G. then insisted on us going with him, as far as the upper-part of the Seechagholie, where we would be sure to find water, but I could not think of going so far out of our way. A small sheep was hastily killed for my party, and one for the Griquas, a part of which we grilled without salt, as that would only increase our thirst. Of the little drop of water that still remained in his keg, Mr. G. made us a cup of coffee, so that we had a breakfast as sumptuous as it was unexpected. He then gave us some important directions regarding the road to Mateto, without which we never should have found our way thither.

As Gibson's oxen had now travelled twenty-eight hours without water, and as no time was to be lost by either party, we each prepared for resuming our journey. I had the mutton put into the skin of the sheep, and then fastened on one of the horses, as I did not intend riding to day, but spare the poor animals for the journey across the desert, which yet lay between us and Mateto.

About 9 o'clock in the morning we parted,* and although the night had been cold and chilly, which I felt the more as being without a jacket, the sun began already to be unsufferably hot. Barend and Klaas rode on in advance to the Great Chue, which is the name of the fountain where we would first find water, as they could not stand against the thirst any longer. Jan Saver, and myself were the foremost of our pedestrian band, and as my spirits were quite elated at our good fortune in having met with Gibson, and getting such timely refreshments, that I could not resist the impulse of beguiling some heavy hours in crossing the dreary plain, we were now upon by singing some of our sprightliest Scottish songs. I soon found, however, that my vocal exertions were not well adapted for assuaging my thirst, which now began to be rather pressing, so I changed that amusement, some time after, for the more uncongenial one of chewing some of the leaden ball which remained in my girdle pouch, as I had often heard that lead is a great palliation for thirst. Our journey still continued over an extensive sandy plain which left the horizon as level and unbroken as on the bosom of the trackless ocean, and its natural dreariness was greatly enhanced by the myriads of young locusts which literally covered it, and completely changed its color. Not a bush or other object could we see to protect us for a moment from the scorching rays of a vertical sun, but the *mirage* flickering in the distance, shewed us extensive lakes of clear blue water which, ever and anon, as we approached, vanished, and "Left not a wreck behind!"

Our situation now became any thing but enviable, and I would have given any thing to have got rid of the burden of my gun and bandalier. Our feet began to get completely toasted in the burning sand, cracked and bled profusely, while our mouths became as dry as a *furnace*, rendering it rather dangerous to converse with one another. We were surprised that the Griquas who had rode out before us, did not come to our assistance with some water, as they had promised to fill the sheep's paunch with that valuable element, and meet us on the way. However, on at last reaching the Spring, more dead than alive, we found that they had only arrived but a few minutes before us; their horses being quite spent. One of them was just filling the paunch with water and immediately trudged off with it on his shoulder to the aid of the poor woman and Hottentots, still about an hour behind us. I was afraid that we should have injured ourselves with the immense quantity of water which we drank; but no evil effects followed. We found the springs here so small, that no more than one horse could drink at a time; after which we were obliged to let it fill again before another could be supplied. About an hour's rest under a small bush considerably revived us, and after eating a small *carbonatje*, we again proposed to resume our journey. Gibson had informed us that after leaving this plain, we should find no water for 24 hours, so I filled our sheep's paunch, which I balanced across one of my horses' backs with the mutton still remaining in the sheep skin. An empty bottle which we also got from Mr. G. was filled, and with that supply, I trusted, that by travelling all night, to be able to cross the desert without danger. Saver and my Hottentots were very much opposed to crossing this desert, wishing by all means to continue with the Griquas, who were bent upon returning by the same way they had come, which was by the Hart River; but I was well aware of the danger of going that way, knowing, that by that route we would find nobody for some weeks but Bechuanas, Corannas, or Griquas, from whom I am convinced we would have obtained no food, deprived as we were of the means of purchasing it from those who might have it; but the most of them have nothing but locusts, a sort of food I had not much relish for; whereas, if we took the way to Mateto, with the exertion of two days and nights' hard travelling, we would be certain to find *christian missionaries*, by whom I was sure all our wants would be bountifully supplied.

Our horses were all ready saddled, when on looking in the direction whence we had come, we saw a person slowly advancing on horseback. — It was Cobus, the son of the villain Barend, who had just effected his escape from the country of Masilikatsie. The lad looked dreadfully emaciated, and had suffered incredibly from hunger and thirst. His horse was also completely knocked up. He told us that he had been separated from his father, and the rest of the gang, the same night that they attacked Masilikatsies cattle-kraal, and he had never seen or heard any thing of them since. How he escaped, appears to be a miracle, as he informed us that a large commando, in addition to the one that attacked us, had been sent out after them, and they were now following up the traces of our wagons, as we had *entered* the country, doubtless, with the intention of discovering the place where we came, which in all probability would lead them to attack some of the kraals about Poccana or Towné.

The sun was now set, and it was time for us to march. We wished the Griquas a prosperous journey, and Saver, myself, and the three Hottentots commenced our dreary task. We had but just emerged from a bushy height which bounds the Great Chue on the west, when we were overtaken by one of the most terrible thunder-storms, that ever poor sinners were out in. We were on an immense naked plain, the complete counter-part to that we had suffered so much on in the former part of the day from heat and thirst, but we pushed on in hopes of soon finding a bush to shelter ourselves under. The vivid flashes of lightning, which followed one another in quick succession, shewed us something on the verge of the horizon, that appeared to be a thick bush, and to it we hurried with all speed, but found that, like the *mirage* in the morning, it had vanished at our approach, for it was nothing more than some low scrubby thorns not above six inches in height; which, on account of the darkness of the color compared to the grassy plains, had given them in the bright blaze of the lightning, the appearance of a thick and comfortable bush. We still advanced, and were frequently deceived in the same manner, but the rain continuing to fall in such torrents, and the wind being right *a-head* of us, the Hottentots positively refused advancing any farther; so I was forced to sit down with them on the bleak exposed heath, holding the bridles of our horses in our hands, there being no place to tie them to, and allow the rain to fall upon us without the least protection in the world. The thunder and lightning became actually terrific, and it frequently appeared as if the earth would have split under us; but, as I am no hand at description, I shall leave it to your own imagination to paint what our sufferings must have been that night. After sitting in that position till our limbs became quite stiff, we huddled together as close as we could, and laid down in the mire. The "windows of heaven" were still open, and the "heavens of the great deep" seemed to be let down upon us. About two hours before day-light, I with much difficulty got upon my legs again, and finding that the rain did not in the least abate, I insisted upon my fellow-sufferers also rising, which they did with great reluctance, apparently preferring to die there to the fatiguing exertions of marching forward in the rain. It was a fortunate circumstance that I insisted on their moving when I did, or they must all inevitably have perished from stoppage of the circulation of blood. They all found themselves in the same predicament as myself, which was, being unable to stand upright, and our legs refusing to perform their accustomed functions. However, our case was desperate, and we tottered, rather than walked forward, leading our horses behind us. Every dozen of paces we stopped to breathe, and although the rain still fell in torrents, and had scarcely proceeded half a mile, when we found the blood beginning to resume its circulation, and we began to walk with much more ease to ourselves. It was a dreary journey, but with the dawn, the rain began to abate a little, and we had the cheering prospect at the extremity of the plain to see what we were convined was a *real* bush. This put "life and mettle in our heels," and we had soon the unspeakable satisfaction to find that it was actually two large *Karee* trees, with large pools of rain water around them, and plenty of firewood. But how to strike a light seemed to be the next difficulty, for none of us had a tinder-box. Our guns would have answered that purpose tolerably well, but to find a dry rag that would ignite in the pan puzzled us. I tried a bit of my shirt ~~tail~~, but it was as wet as every thing else about our persons, but by the greatest good luck one of our Hottentots had preserved a small bag of gunpowder in his girdle quite dry, a bit of which answered our purpose extremely well, and after a good deal of puffing and blowing we had the pleasure once more of seeing a fire. The sight of the bright blaze made us in a great measure forget our sufferings of the past night, though it did not remove the pain from our bones, which continued many days after, and which, in all probability, will frequently return in the shape of rheumatisms, to remind us in our old days of the hardships we have undergone in crossing the Chue desert.

After a refreshing sleep under the Karee trees, we resumed our journey, but one of our horses *giving up*, we were obliged to leave him behind; sorry indeed to leave such a trusty and faithful servant who had saved my life, to its certain fate of being devoured by the lions. We rode and walked by turns all this day, our progress being very slow, on account of the stiffness of our limbs. Indeed, I had forgotten to say, that when day-light appeared, our skins presented the same appearance that those of drowned persons have after lying several hours under water, and were consequently exceedingly tender. This day turned out to be as hot as yesterday; but as we had plenty of rain-water on the road, and bushes where we could occasionally shelter ourselves from the burning rays of the sun, our sufferings were but trifling in comparison.

As the heavy watery clouds seemed to portend another rainy night, we chose for ourselves a

* Mr. Gibson was kind enough to offer us various other articles of refreshment, besides the mutton mentioned above, but which we had neither the means of cooking or carrying with us.

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comfortable bush at sun-set, that we might not be exposed to a repetition of the hardships of the preceding night. We felt hungry, and on rummaging our larder, found to our dismay, that the skin bag containing the meat, having been carelessly tied, its contents had been lost on the way; all but a piece of the sheep's neck bones. This was quickly consigned to the embers and devoured amongst us. We then *turned in*, as the sailor's say, intending to start again, should the weather permit, as soon as the moon got up, which would be about midnight. However, we oversiept ourselves, and in all probability should have slept till daylight, had not three or four lions, who were amusing themselves, gave us a *hail*. It might be about two o'clock, for I had no watch, having left that useful instrument in the wagon when attacked, and it probably now dangles at the ear of the mightiest of South African kings. It soon after commenced raining, as we had expected; but we took shelter in the nearest bush, where we lay about two hours, when the rain abating a little we jogged on again, but soon lost our road among some large pools of water, which we looked for in vain till daylight appeared. We discovered that we had gone a good deal too much to the right, and in looking for our way (Providence again!) we found an ostrich egg. What a glorious prize for poor creatures in our condition! A little afterwards we saw some fresh traces of cattle, which we followed till they led us to a Bechuana Kraal in a very secluded situation. Seeing here a lot of calves we expected to have got some milk, which would have been to us the greatest luxury.

On begging for some, for we could not buy it, they all denied having any, but I searched several of their huts till I found one, in which were suspended from the roof, three large skin sacks of milk. I seized upon one of them without ceremony, and was about helping myself, when the owner flew at me with the savageness of a tiger, and wrenched the bag out of my hands, refusing to give me a drop without payment. This was a specimen of African hospitality, of which I have seen several more in the course of my travels, and the very thing I dreaded would befal me by going by the Hart River. However, they were kind enough to lend us a small earthen pot to boil our ostrich egg in, and on it we made an excellent breakfast, although without bread or salt.

Near to this kraal we found the track of Gibson's wagons, on which we continued till we reached the Little Chue, which is like the other place of the same name, a periodical lake, having all the appearance of a salt pan, but almost always without water, except some small springs on one side.

Here we left our Hottentots behind and rode on to Mateto, which was still distant about 30 miles. At sun-set we reached the extensive Bechuana town of Litakoon, the residence of the Batlapee Chief Mahura, who is brother to Matabee, the king of that tribe, whose former residence, you know, was in Kuruman, or as it is commonly called Lattakoo. Here we procured a guide to Mateto, which we reached about 10 o'clock at night; and from the very warm and hospitable reception which we received from the Missionaries, Messrs. Lemue and Rolland, and their kind-hearted ladies, I guessed that our sufferings on this journey were drawing to a close.

During the four days that I remained with those worthy people, we received every attention to our comforts and wants that children could expect from their parents under such circumstances; Mr. Lemue kindly supplying us from his wardrobe with every thing that our distressed situation required; and when we left them, they would not suffer us to fatigue our horses to Kuruman, but sent their wagons with us to that place, which is two days journey from Mateto.

To the excellent and intelligent Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Moffat, of Kuruman, and his lady, I am also under the greatest obligations for a repetition of the hospitalities that I received at Mateto, and also for sending their wagon along with me to Campbell, a distance of four long days' journey.

The improvements at Kuruman since my last visit, are truly astonishing; there I found a printing-press in full activity, with a *native* compositor, taught by Mr. Moffat, who, you know, is an adept at every thing. The Mission-houses and gardens are extremely neat, comfortable, and unassuming; but the new church is a stupendous work for the means they have had of building it, and would do honor to any christian community of much longer standing than the Missionary town of Kuruman. What pleased me much, both here and at Moteto, was to see large fields of yellow wheat belonging to the natives, vieing with the crops of the Missionaries, having been well cultivated and irrigated.

This is one grand step towards civilization, and would my time permit, I could tell you many more. What a pity if Masilikatsie, or any such powerful chief, should one day compel them to leave that delightful station; for if things go on as they have now done for some time, by allowing the Griquas to plunder, not only Masilikatsie's but from every one whom they can steal a single cow, the consequence is not difficult to foresee.

When I reached Campbell, I wrote a few hurried lines to Dr. Smith, informing him of the danger of at present penetrating to the northward, as he must pass through Masilikatsie's territories before he can go the northward of the Maloppo, except he goes by the coast of Natal, as the Kalihafry Desert will prevent his approach to the westward.

My friends are of opinion that if a full statement of my unfortunate case was laid before the Committee of the "Association," and by them submitted to Government, that something might be done, which would be the means of obtaining restitution of my property, wantonly seized by the chief Masilikatsie; and insure to the "Expedition" a safe passage through his immense territories, and also to put a stop to that maranding disposition of the Griquas, which must ultimately end to the disadvantage of the colony.

With that view I have hastily drawn up the above details, as well as the want of my journal will allow, and trust that the Committee will do something in it, were it only to insure, as I have said before, a safe passage to the "Expedition."

It would be presumption in me to suggest what steps Government should take, but should they consider my misfortune, and the safety of the Expedition worthy of notice, I think a small embassy under a skillful officer, demanding restitution of my property, and protection to any other colonists who may reach that country, would have the desired effect.

The Griqua chief Cornelis Kok, of Campbell, said that if Government did so, he would give an escort of 100 men. Adam Kok would, no doubt, give as many; and Waterboer, as a matter of course, would assist the Government. Besides, assistance might also be obtained from the Bechuana chief Mahura, as the missionaries assured me.

My case I now leave in your hands; well knowing that no exertions will be spared on your part to render every assistance in your power.

From Cs. and Abram Kok, of Campbell, I got two horses as far as this side the Vaal River, and afterwards, with the aid of my own poor brutes, and some kind farmers on the road, I reached Graaff-Reinet in 5 days, where I found it confidently reported that I had been murdered. I had been absent from home 4 months, and had been travelling 3 weeks from the time that the accident happened.

I have not heard a word of the Expedition since we parted, which a good deal surprises me; but we are anxiously looking for information every day. When you write to the Doctor, impress on his mind the necessity of having a few more horses with the Expedition, as they are absolutely necessary, not only in case of a misfortune such as mine, but for the procuring a regular supply of game. I told the Doctor this before we parted, but from a praiseworthy motive of putting the Association to as little expence as possible, he had not, when I left him, purchased a single horse.

I trust you will overlook the manifold faults of this very lengthy epistle, should you ever reach the end of it, as I was so pushed for time that I had not time to read it over and correct it.

I shall probably write you next week on another subject, and in the mean time remain,

My dear Sir,
Your much obliged
and obedient Servant,
A. G. Bain.

To
J. C. Chase, Esq.
Secretary to the Association for exploring Central Africa.

ODDS AND ENDS: A MEDLEY.

(Communicated.)

Travellers see strange sights, hear strange things, and tell strange tales; our position in the very 'centre' of the civilized world, and our happy elevation beyond the inferior attainments of European, American, and Asiatic refinement, has often made our colonial polish and peculiarities the surprize and delight of travellers! but we did not think we were quite so well off as it appears we are. George's Hotel seems beyond question a century in advance of the Red Deer Inn, in Munich.

CONTINENTAL REFINEMENT.

The discomforts endured in travelling in many parts of the Continent, have frequently been made the subject of satirical remark: for an immense number of conveniences and luxuries which an Englishman is accustomed to at home, are not to be found in any of the inns, and, indeed, never were heard of by the natives. It is only since the peace of 1814 that the use of forks at meals has become common in France; and even yet, at some stages on the roads, the only fork to be found is perhaps one which the postilion carries in his pocket for general accommodation. If such useful instruments as table-forks be of so recent introduction into France, what must still be the case with respect to many less important domestic utensils! A laughable instance of the ignorance of the conveniences of the English was lately told us by a gentleman who had been some time in France. In the course of his journey, he had occasion to visit the house or chateau of a landed proprietor, one of the inferior noblesse, by whom he was kindly entertained for some days. During his stay, his host took occasion to mention that he had received a present of a packet of stoneware articles from his son, who was at the time on a visit to England. "But," said he, "there is one article which we can make nothing of; its use seems a mystery; it has appeared to us that it must be some way employed in making tea, but this we have tried, and it does not seem to answer the purpose." "Let me see it," answered the Englishman, "and I shall try to discover its uses." The mysterious little article of stoneware was accordingly produced, and turned out to be—what will our readers imagine?—a soap box! a thing with a lid, which is to be found on almost every wash-stand in Great Britain; and which from the pierced sole in the inside, to allow the liquid to drain from the soap, had given the notion to the family of the Frenchman, that it must have been a new species of teapot.

The author of a work entitled "Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts," presents the fol-

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owing sketch of the progress of refinement in Germany, which in some places is much behind France in its civilized usages:—"In some of the most refined cities of Germany, civilization does not seem to have made the slightest progress during the last seven centuries. At Munich, for instance, the capital of Bavaria, at the principal hotel (the Red Deer) frequented by citizens of the first respectability, as well as by officers, both civil and military, of his majesty's household, they bring you, if you ask for a towel in the morning, a piece of linen fit only for a razor-rag, if you require water to wash yourself, a small *wine glassful* is presented on a saucer! An Italian gentleman, who had been accustomed in his own country to wash in a Christian-like manner, with a sufficiency of water, having desired the waiter at the said hotel to bring him some, and seeing the man approach with a *glass and saucer*, very innocently said, 'I don't want it *to drink*, but to wash with.' 'Well!' answered the fellow, pertly enough, 'and *there it is*!' Why! how the deuce, rejoined the other, 'is a man to wash himself in a spoonful of water?' 'Ah, bless you, sir,' exclaimed the waiter, taking the fluid into his mouth, and then spitting it on his hands and rubbing his face therewith, 'that's the way for any man to wash his face."

In the chief inns of Vienna—and, in short, throughout Austria generally—instead of a bolster at the head of the bed, you find a sack, either of oats, corn, or chopped hay. The bedstead itself is not unlike the boxes wherein the poor are conveyed, when dead, to be buried by the parish—just big enough to hold one small sized person, and certainly *not* sufficiently large to accommodate a moderately-sized man. The consequence is, that an individual of six feet or so, must knock out the footboard, and place the half of his legs upon a chair, in order to stretch himself *at his ease* which the savages of the country say is only necessary *after a man is dead.* The coverlid of this horror, which they absurdly term a bedstead, is only large and long enough to lay upon the surface of the machine, and the upper sheet is commonly sewed all round it; so that when inside this *bed*, the air obtrudes itself on all sides, unless you have a pair of sheets of your own to wrap round you. At Hanover, the coverlid is a linen bag filled with feathers, sufficient to smother those who have not been used to such a thing; and the sight of it reminds one of the cruel operation formerly practised upon poor wretches in the last stage of hydrophobia."—*Bombay Courier.*

When the schoolmaster has done his duty, and men know who are their best benefactors; when gold is distinguished from tinsel, and things are valued by their intrinsic worth, by their absolute utility, and not for their tawdry colouring or their euphonious appellation; some names which now fill the pages of history will dwindle into something like pigmy dimensions, and those which are now dispatched in sentences will have volumes devoted to the examination of the poor relics respecting them, which the bad taste, the false views, and the blind ignorance of their contemporaries have unintentionally preserved amid the chaff and rubbish which is now considered history! The Buonaparte brothers filled a fearful position in the world, and occupy a grand one in history. In all the Histories of Napoleon which we have seen, among which the best notice of him is Channing's, we have not found one more to our taste than in a letter of Paul Louis Courier, dated Plaisance, in May, 1804, giving a most pungent description of a military orderly-room scene on Napoleon's assumption of the Imperial Crown. It seems that a sort of military election was meditated, and that Commandants of Corps had instructions to assemble their officers, and put the matter to the vote. "We have just been employed in making an Emperor," says Courier, "voici l'histoire, this morning, d'Anthonard assembled us, and told us what he had in hand, but "bonnement, sans preambule, in peroraison. Un empereur, ou la republique, lequel est le plus de votre gout? comme ou dit roti ou bouilli, potage, ou soupe, que voulez vous?" this is untranslateable; the jest is infinite; it is the Imperial Majesty stript of its externals, indeed! The finish is in Courier's best style:—"A man like him, Buonaparte, Soldier—Chief of the army—the first Captain in the world! to wish that they should address him as 'His Majesty!' being Bonaparte, to wish to become "Sire!" *he aspires to descend;* but no, he fancies it is ascending, when degrading himself to the mere level of kings! he loves a title better than a name! Poor man, his ideas are lamentably below his fortune." "Cæsar understood these things better; but then he, I allow it, was another sort of man; he did not dizen himself with useless titles! but he made of his own mere name a title superior to that of king." The Useful Knowledge Society have published a great deal that is not read; we would recommend Courier's works to them; a free and serviceable translation of the "Simple Discours," and the "Petition a la Chambre des Deputes pour les villageois que l'on empeche de danser," published in a popular form, would do more good than their royal roads to science.

Had Napoleon called such men as his brother Lucien, and Paul Louis Courier to his Councils, instead of Talleyrand and Fouchè, the dignity of "The Buonaparte of France" might have outlived the Autocrats of the Holy Alliance gentry, or trampled them under foot: the following from Lucien is worthy of his spotless name, and should be cherished by every Englishman, and made the prayer of every Frenchman.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S RECENT TOAST.

At the dinner of the Literary Society, given at Freemason's Hall, on Saturday, June 7th, the Prince of Canino (Lucien Bonaparte), after returning thanks to the company present for the honour conferred on him in drinking his health, proposed the following toast, remarkable as emanating from the brother of Napoleon, but the constant and zealous advocate of republican principles, for the homage it renders to the excellence of British Institutions.

"To the political principles, sacred treasure of the British constitution! to the inviolability of the private dwelling, to the independence of the jury, to the freedom of the press, and to the imprescriptible right of association! May these precious liberties, gentlemen, continue to constitute your happiness! but may they also cease to be foreign to France, who for forty years has been fighting to obtain them. May the intellectual progress of political reform which agitates Europe be directed every where, as it is with you, by religious sentiments, and an inviolable respect for property! and may all nations become as free as the hospitable people of Old England!"—*Times.*

The *Herald* has a just remark on the following Bow-street scene; if the reporter thought that the foreigner's broken English was absurd enough to excite a laugh, he overlooked the absurdity of the scene itself, and the absurd part in which our titled aristocrats are sure to present themselves to the public, whenever they condescend to appear before them. Crockford's Club-house is notorious for worse irregularities than grouse out of season! The name of the once celebrated old Q. seems inherited by one who is as keen for game as old Q. himself; and as indifferent to public opinion as old Q. showed his wrinkled graces in Piccadilly! but the times are changed: the present Q. could not go the lengths of the old Q.; at all events he had better not try. Ude's '*noble friend*' would have shown more virtue and more sense had he attacked the Sparrowhawks that pluck the poor pigeons, and let the grouse alone!

GAME IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

Bow-street.—A few days since M. Ude, the celebrated French cook, appeared on a summons issued on the information of the Marquis of Queensberry, for having served game at Crockford's before the commencement of the season.

Sir Roger Gressley deposed that he was a member of Crockford's Club house, and one of the managing committee of that establishment. The defendant was cook there, and on the 19th of June witness dined at the club-house, and saw grouse served in the room, but did not partake of it.

M. Ude (with the genuine French shrug)—Vel, my dear Sare Rojer, vat is all dis to me? How de divil can I tell veder black game, or vite game, or rede game go up to the dining-room? Dere is plenty of game always go on in de house, but dat is noting to me."

Sir Roger Gressley—"I really don't know what in common justice M. Ude can have to do in the matter."

M. Ude—"Tank you my dare Sare Rojer; I knew you voud get me out of de scrape vot de

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noble marquise has got me into dis time." (Great laughter.)

Charles, Marquis of Queensberry, sworn—"I was a member of the committee at Crockford's, but am not now; I was at Crockford's on the 19th, and dined, and grouse were served at the table.

M. Ude—"But my noble friend (great laughter), as I said to my friend Sare Roger, I know noting at all about vot vent into the room, I never sawed it at all."

Sir F. Roe—'Whether you know it or not, the act of Parliament makes you liable."

M. Ude—"Upon my honour dat is very hard. Ven I got de summons I remonstrated with my Lord Alvanley, and he say, 'Oh, never mind, Ude, say dey vere pigeons instead of grouse.

'Ah, my lord,' say I, I cannot do better dan call dem pigeons, because dat bird is so common in dis house." (Loud laughter.)

Sir F. Roe said he must convict the defendant, but he should certainly put the lowest penalty —namely 5*s*.

M. Ude—"Vell, I shall pay the money, but it is very hard (Laughter.) Ve have always game in our house, and de poor devil of a cook have to pay the penalty for it." (Great laughter,) [Ude's reproof was admirable. When members of the aristocracy come forward to prosecute cooks for serving grouse out of season, the public cannot help making a comparison between the two kinds of *game* touching which the cook and the lord commit themselves. Ude is fined for cooking grouse—what fine does the law annex to cooking pigeons?]

The Hells, we trust, are not likely to outlive another session of Parliament; our last news of a last chance for our friends, the Tories, seems to give the Hells also a chance of the short reprieve, of the short reign of the last Tory ministry.—We turn with disgust from this worthy representative of old Q. to the ideas of another Marquis:

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S WARNING TO THE PEERS AND THE MINISTRY.

The brief but emphatic speech of the Marquis of Westminster, on Wednesday, administered a seasonable warning and reproof to Ministers and the Peerage. With reference to the vote by proxy, the Marquis said—

"So convinced was he that this anomalous and absurd practice tended to make their Lordships unpopular in the country,—not only considering what had formerly occurred, but looking to what had happened even within a few days,—that he was more than ever confirmed in his opinion that this subject was not only worthy of, but demanded their serious attention; and, in truth, it appeared to him that it would be decorous if their Lordships would at once give up the privilege."

"Anomalous and absurd" is a mild term of reproach for this practice: it is mischievous—wicked: it commits the most sacred interests of legislation to something worse than the hazards of the gaming-table—it deprives of all moral sanction, of all claim to respect, the laws and resolves manufactured by such mechanism.

The Marquis proceeded to remind Ministers what was expected from them.

"He expected to see, both in the Ecclesiastical and Civil Departments, the most piercing, the most searching reform. He looked for the repeal of that disgraceful act, the Septennial Act. Unless questions of that nature were brought forward by Ministers with a determined design to act in a manner the most satisfactory to the inhabitants of this country—unless the Government were determined to act with vigour and sincerity—he feared that they would not long remain in those places where he was very glad to see them at present."

These are not sentiments of a "low Radical," or an unfledged Whigling, fresh from the perusal of Junius or Fox's ardent Opposition speeches. The Marquis of Westminster is a man of mature age, a politician of some forty years' standing, perhaps the wealthiest nobleman in England, and formerly among the most extensive of the Borough proprietors. He has experience, rank, wealth, and an unsullied character. Moreover, there is no Peer in the empire more sensible of the advantage of belonging to the "order," or less willing to bate one jot of the respect he conceives to be due to rank and station. But at the same time, his Lordship is a shrewd observer of what is passing around him. He sees that the time has arrived when the Peers must descend from their stilts, and give up some privileges to preserve the remainder. He has too much at stake to risk a collision between the people and the privileged orders: and is aware that no body of men retain power long after they have become odious.

It appears from the last paragraph cited, that Lord Westminster is of opinion that Reform has been as yet carried only a little way, and "piercing and searching reforms" are still necessary in the Ecclesiastical and Civil departments. Ministers may learn from this that the dissatisfied are not confined, as Lord Brougham would insinuate in the *Edinburgh Review*, to a few newspaper writers, inflamed with disappointment and personal spite.

What will become of the "Moderate" party, the disciples of the "Do-as little-as-possible-school," when such men as Lord Westminster urge upon the Government the necessity of repealing the "disgraceful" Septennial Act, and undertaking "piercing and searching reforms."—*Times*.

The Marquis of Westminster is said to enjoy an unembarrassed income of one thousand per diem! say that it is absolutely *only* half that sum, he has a stake in the country sufficient to fix his attention to the signs of the times; and enable him to see bugbears in their proper shape, and abuses in their proper bearing. Such a man as Lord Westminster has too much real business on hand, to waste a morning in badgering Ude, the Crockford Club cook, at Bow-street.

The *Examiner* is clever on the *Edinburgh Review!* how are the mighty fallen! we can remember the fearful days of the Quarterly and Edinburgh despotisms, when the whole race of scribblers, of every denomination, trembled and grew pale at the mere mention of the blue and yellow Edinburgh, or the cow-dung-coloured special pleadings of Mister Murray; the Edinburgh can now be slashed *ad libitum*, by any one who will take the trouble; and as for the brown back! who reads it? no one that we know of: Gibson, Lockhart, and Wilson were meant for Radicals; had they been men of the age, and not yoked themselves to the heavy drag of the age that is past, they might have led, and shone among the first, instead of being the sorrow of good men, and the laughing-stock of the majority. They have a racy originality, which, could they have given it play, would have made them great names; but who can employ native originality in furbishing up the obsolete and worn-out armoury of Despotism, and its abuses?

The marks of the labour of love will be recognized in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, headed "Tory Proceedings and State of Parties." There we see, that so long as a man is minister he is all excellent, of the first talents and the purest purposes; but as soon as he goes out, it is found that there is no cause for regret, that a better man is appointed, and the country delighted with the change. The secession of the four members of the Grey Cabinet is described in p. 509 as "unfortunate," but in p. 515 we learn that "The vacant places in the "Cabinet were soon filled—and in a way to "give unusual satisfaction, with the exception "of Lord Auckland. But this temporary dis-"content arose from Lord Auckland not being "sufficiently known to the country. A mis-"taken rumour gained ground, that he was "a half-and-half reformer, *and resembled, in "some of his opinions, those ministers who had "quitted office.*" So that Lord Auckland suffered in opinion, because he was suspected of a resemblance to some of those Ministers whose resignation had, in a preceding "page, been lamented as unfortunate." This is a handsome compliment to the dear departed.

The retirement of Mr. Stanley is described as a lamentable loss to the Liberal Government, and he is said (p. 511) to unite the most happy talent for debate to the powers of a man of business in a rare degree of perfection. But we need not grieve, and wring our hands, and beat our breasts, and tear our hair, at the loss of such a paragon, for we have the consolation of finding, soon afterwards (p. 518) that Mr. Spring Rice will do quite as well—nay, that he is the equal of the late Colonial Secretary in talents and expertness. One of the Irish Novelists tells a story of a sportsman who, meeting a peasant with a fine woodcock (the first of the season) in his hand, begged to look at it, and stroking down the plumage of the bird as in admiration of its beauty, engaged the fellow in conversation, and slily slipped the woodcock into his pouch, and substituted a jacksnipe, which he continued stroking as he had stroked the woodcock. The peasant, when his story was out, observing with wonder and consternation the diminished size of the bird under the caressing hand of the sportsman, called out, "Arrah! be aisy, Master dear, or you'll be stroking him down into a wren." The *Edinburgh Review* will surely stroke its phœnix into a wren by its manner of handling substitutes. In the mid-process, however, Mr. Rice is about as like Mr. Stanley as a jacksnipe is to a woodcock. Upon the retirement of Lord Grey there is the same consolation. Earl Grey is described as all that is great; but Melbourne, who succeeds, has, in wondrous perfections, all the qualities for a statesman and a minister. So there is always balm in Gilead.

His natural abilities are of the first order, and his accomplishments are on the same scale —an impressive speaker, formed on the best and most classical models; a man of large and comprehensive views, matured by extensive reading; a functionary, whose habits of business, and capacity for despatching it, have no superior; in private life, one of the most amiable and universally beloved characters that ever appeared in society.

These changes are all tending to good: the Hydra has fifty heads, and unless the brand is used as well as the sword, the lopping of one gives us only a multiplication of monsters. The

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advocates of religious liberty are our best friends, and the grand cause of political rights is fought under the banner of religious toleration; they are making head, and winning their way, steadily though slowly; every repulse shows them like the waves of the rising tide, gaining inch by inch, though every advancing wave seems beaten back with loss into the discomfited deep, yet still there is a perceptible encroachment upon the beach. The cause for which they and the public are contesting is not meant for such men as the Melbourne administration is, or was made of. The men for the age will appear when we have an elective House of Peers, amenable to public opinion; composed of men who must have some taste for business, some capabilities for business, and character to front electors, or they will never go up to an election; and when the Peers are divested of the stupid right of voting by proxy, a barbarism fit only for the parliaments of Owyhee and New Zealand! and which cannot be endured much longer. When this is gained, and it seems that the period of its accomplishment is not far distant, we shall have an upper house qualified to co-operate with the reformed House of Commons, and formed to enjoy the confidence of the people.

The bill for admitting Dissenters to the privileges of the English Universities, which passed the House of Commons on Monday, by a majority of 164 to 75, was thrown out last night in the house of Peers. The supporters of the measure, among whom were seven Cabinet Ministers, muster only 38 present and 17 proxy votes, against 85 present and 102 proxies. Thus the majority was 102. In the majority were the Bishops of Derry and Chichester—only two out of the thirty Right Reverend occupants of the Episcopal Bench. The Duke of Sussex, true to his principles, also supported the measure by his vote.

This result is not of much importance as regards the Dissenters; for the bill, if carried, would only have given them part of the privi leges they may fairly claim. They must not relax in their exertions, and their ultimate and perhaps speedy success is certain.

But as regards the Peers themselves, the consequences of last night's vote may be far more serious. Their decision affords an additional proof of their hostility to the general wishes of the Country, as testified by the votes of its Representatives, and their determination to resist the most moderate measures of justice to several millions of their fellow subjects. Were the Peers elected by the Nation, it will not be denied that the result would have been very different; it would have harmonized with that to which the House of Commons has arrived. This state of things must precipitate the remodelling of the House of Peers. In these days men proceed rapidly from thoughts and words to deeds; and it is not impossible that the question of the Hereditary Peerage may be seriously discussed in the next session of Parliament.—*Times.*

In the meanwhile, let us not be told that the wealth and property of the Peerage is such a mighty stake in the country; there are 426 members of the House of Lords, including 36 Scottish and 69 Irish Peers who hold British Peerages, and 26 English and 4 Irish Bishops, this leaves 291 Peers of England;—let us not compare the wealth and importance of these 291 English noblemen against the whole commercial interest of England; but let us refer to any one particular branch of English industry:

COTTON MANUFACTURE.

The Reports of the Factory Commissioners, just published, by order of the House of Commons, contain the following summary of persons employed in the Cotton Mills in England, in preparing, spinning, and weaving, including only such as work in mills moved by power. Number of persons above 18 years of age—males 60,393—females 56,774. Under 18 years of age—males 42,745—females 40,512. Persons whose age and sex are not stated in the returns, 3376 Total number, 212,800. Earnings for four weeks, ending May 4th, 1833, 444,484*l.* 1*s.* 1*d.* Thus it will be seen that a total of 212,800 persons earn annually the enormous sum of 5,777,434*l.*

Are we for one moment to suppose that the whole of the Peers of the three kingdoms—the 291 English, 85 Scotch, and 226 Irish, employ among them 212,300 persons, or enable them to earn anything like £5,777,434 per annum? We have no hesitation in declaring our belief that the Cotton Lords do ten times as much for the country as the titled aristocracy. The quantity of cotton imported in 1831, was no less than 288,708,453 pounds, and the declared value of the woven goods exported was £17,259,055, and the official value £39,577,724; let us reflect on the thousands that must be employed in the import and export, and other processes connected with the circulation of these millions in addition to the numbers shown to be dependant on the Cotton Lords, and let us ask ourselves seriously, what is their place in the productive and *benefacturing* class of the community, and what their share in the administration of the commonwealth, to whose resources they contribute so largely. We do not class the Peers as landlords; many of their number are almost paupers; without an acre! and *very many* cannot boast the possession of a single manor. Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, has more land than is possessed by perhaps fifty Peers, counting only the least endowed in landed property; thence their claim to arrest the progress of political reform, hinges purely on hereditary right of bygone days, of which it has been well said "that those who applaud the past, show that they only know the present!" they are blood-lords! admirably well qualified, like the Marquis of Queensberry or Lord Alvanley, to squabble with, or quibble for, the cook of a gaming-house at Bow-street; but woefully deficient in all that should qualify a body of senators in this age to dictate a line of policy to a free people. The great name of the Duke of Wellington is employed in propping up this party, but Schedule A. was the death-blow to the good old faction! and there is no chance, thank heaven, of their re establishment.

A correct list of such cases as the following should be printed in a popular form for the use of those who want spurring to activity in the cause of government for the good of the many; there are hundreds such, but they are not sufficiently known, nor sufficiently insisted on.

The Honourable Richard Fitzgibbon has enjoyed, since his infancy, the office of Usher of the Irish Court of Chancery; the emoluments of which arise principally from a most oppressive and spoliating source,—namely, a poundage of 2½ per cent on the money of the suitors paid out of Court. The business of the office is done by a clerk, at a salary of 120*l.* a year; and Mr. Fitzgibbon who resides in London, except during a few months in summer, which he generally passes at Mountshannon, near Limerick; received last year the enormous sum of 7,094*l.* as his share of the spoil!—*Morning Herald.*

This worthy placeman, and no doubt very energetic Conservative, or any thing, is about 45 years of age: suppose him to have held this appointment, averaging £7,000 per annum for about 43 years, here is a single Conservative, who has bagged the fearful sum of three hundred thousand of the people's money! from a sinecure office, the petty duties of which will have been discharged for him from his cradle, and will be to his grave, by a clerk on £120 per annum. And are these things never to end? Yes, the ministry which succeeds the Wellington and Peel! will make root and branch work of such outrageous abuses.

The following list of the last twenty British Premiers is from the *Globe;* in the whole list there is only one of shorter duration than the ephemeral dynasty of Melbourn; the list is worth printing for reference; it is, however, a melancholy reflection to consider how little "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" has ever entered the head of any one of the hundreds of slaves of these 20 Premiers, who have in succession rolled on the National Debt to its present unmanageable

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amount, and crushed the country under its iron wheels of taxation.

THE LAST TWENTY BRITISH PREMIERS.

From the following table it appears, that the average duration of each Ministry for the last 80 years, 3 months, and 8 days, has been 4 years and 5 days. It is computed up to the 14th of July, 1834 (Lord Melbourne's then supposed appointment):—

Name.	Appointed.	Interval. Y.	M.	D.
Duke of Newcastle, .	April, 6, 1754	8	1	23
Earl of Bute, . . .	May, 29, 1762	0	10	18
George Grenville, (father to Lord Grenville)	April, 16, 1763	2	2	26
Marquis of Buckingham, ...	July, 12, 1765	1	0	21
Duke of Grafton, .	Aug. 2, 1766	3	5	26
Lord North (Earl of Guilford,) . . .	Jan. 28, 1770	12	2	2
Marquis of Rockingham, ...	March, 30, 1782	0	3	13
Earl Shelburn, . .	July, 3, 1782	0	8	23
Duke of Portland, .	April, 5, 1783	0	8	22
William Pitt, . .	Dec. 27, 1783	17	2	18
H. Addington, (Lord Sidmouth) . . .	March, 17, 1801	3	1	25
William Pitt, . .	May, 12, 1804	1	7	27
Lord Grenville, . .	Jan. 8, 1806	1	2	5
Duke of Portland, .	March, 18, 1807	3	3	10
Spencer Perceval, .	June, 23, 1810	1	11	16
Earl of Liverpool, .	June, 8, 1812	14	10	3
George Canning, .	April, 11, 1827	0	3	30
Viscount Goderich, (Earl of Ripon,) .	Aug. 10, 1827	0	11	1
Duke of Wellington,	July, 11, 1828	2	4	11
Earl Grey, . . .	Nov. 22, 1830	3	7	22
		80	3	8

The Melbourn ministry has been the scorn of opponents, and the pity of friends, from the first; the next ousting of the Tories will be to better purpose, and will not be long ere it is accomplished.

THE MELBOURNE MINISTRY.

In losing Lord Grey the Cabinet has lost the greater part of such weight of personal reputation as it possessed; it will now have little strength, save that which it may derive from its measures. We fear it has lost most of its real strength of character also: it will now be a mere straw on the surface of the waters; it will drift forward with the current, or backward with the eddy; it will be more afraid of the people, but also more afraid of the Peers. In Lord Grey, what seemed fear of the Peers was, we believe sincerely fear for the Peers; he could not bear that their obstinacy should ruin them; he threw himself between them and the people, and spared them the shock of a conflict with public opinion by bearing the brunt of it himself. The present Ministers will do nothing of this sort. Truckle to the Lord they may, if the people will let them; and (except Lord Lansdowne and perhaps one other at most) we doubt there is a man among them who, if he thought circumstances required it, would not turn the whole order out of doors without a pang.—The people, therefore, have their cause in their own hands. Let them make it less trouble to quarrel with the Lords than with them, and their object, whatever it may be, will quite surely be gained.—*Fox's Monthly Repository.*

Cælebs in search of a Wife.—It appears that thirty editions of Hannah More's *Cælebs* (1'000 each) have been published in America!

The Late Caffre Trade.

ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND EFFECT OF THE TRADING INTERCOURSE WITH THE NATIVE TRIBES SURROUNDING THE COLONY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

By JOHN CENTLIVRES CHASE.

AMONG the injuries sustained by the lately flourishing, beautiful, and now totally devastated settlement of Albany, and, through it, by the mercantile, religious, and other communities of Great Britain, from an unexpected, treacherous, and most unprovoked invasion of the colonial frontier by the Native Tribes of our border, I believe that the loss of the prosperous commerce carried on with the Caffres and neighbouring clans will, when the final account of destruction, murder, and pillage actually inflicted shall have been estimated by the assessors, form no very inconsiderable item in their report of suffering and ruin—immediate and prospective—both to the savage assailants and their civilized victims.

The quite modern establishment and almost unprecedented progress of this trade—its nearly miraculous effects on the previously languishing settlement—its value as a gradually, but increasing outlet for British manufactures to an extent perfectly unimaginable, considering the vast field beyond this possession—nothing less than a rich and immense continent, rife with human existence—its importance as the most ready civilizer, and herald of missionary labors. And its last, but not least value, its capabilitiy of being made a real and secure—because *moral*—boundary between the barbarian and colonist, are points on which, I trust, I may be excused to venture an opinion, having had the advantages of fifteen years' observation and experience, and to exhibit, by shewing the nature and extent of our late commercial relations, how much we really have lost, and thereby to call public attention,—to direct profounder intellects and wiser heads than my own, to consider the best means for re-establishing a beneficial and humanizing traffic, destined, I hope, at no very distant period, to bring Caffre and Colonist together in the spirit of peace, acknowledging that they are fellow men and brethren, and, in the course of time, to the common profession of the same language and the same faith, and mutually to share the advantages of friendly and intimate intercourse.

In pursuance of this object I shall, therefore, intrude upon public notice an article written by myself as far back as the year 1829, and published in Mr. Greig's Directory for 1830, on the Trade in question, reserving to myself the right of making such remarks and amendments as an experience of five subsequent years shall have afforded, and adding the results of our intercourse with the natives up to the latest time previous to their present inroad.

"A system of policy, it might be supposed in imitation of that of the celestial empire, (originating with the Batavian government, and adopted, and as energetically enforced by the British,) for regulating the intercourse with the Caffer tribes, was, for a long series of years, rigidly adhered to, and almost mercilessly indulged in by both powers, who, without the means of erecting the effectual barrier of a stone wall, sought to build a paper rampart of exclusion around the Eastern Frontier of the Cape Colony, by interdicting "*all intercourse between the Colonists and the Caffer Tribes, as having a direct tendency to produce disputes and animosities, and to give the latter opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the country, and of forming dangerous coalitions with the Hottentots.*" (a)

"By the various enactments to which the above extravagant alarms gave birth, the parties, destined eventually to come into collision, whatever might be the effect of temporary expedients, were for nearly a quarter of a century kept in as profound ignorance of each other's powers and resources, as of their relative means of aggression or defence. An invidious line of distinction was drawn between the Christian and Savage, and the natural consequence was, that they envied, they hated, and they dreaded each other. Throughout the whole period of their operation, the objects of the injunction were never for one instant realized; for "disputes" were multiplied, and "animosities" inflamed, while the open nature of the boundary itself, and the wildness of the entire country, permitted Caffers to enter and to penetrate into the very heart of the Colony, and the self-same facility afforded full opportunity to Hottentots of frequent (and "dangerous," as is supposed,) association with the Caffers: in short, the imposition of restraint was unjust, injudicious, and *impracticable*.

"The information, however, propagated from time to time by a few Missionaries and intelligent travellers, of the habits and real disposition of our savage neighbours; the important measure of the introduction of a fresh class of Colonists upon the immediate border; with an impression, at length begun to be entertained by the Colonial Government of the utter impossibility of maintaining this rigorous system, induced it, in 1822, to make some relaxations, and shortly afterwards to establish an unrestricted intercourse through the 'CAFFER FAIR,' of whose origin, progress, and effects, I presume to enter into the following detail:—

"At the period of the arrival of the British Settlers upon the Eastern Frontier, in 1820, from whence I date the decay of the system of exclusion, all intercourse was most strictly prohibited with the Caffers, who had, the preceding year, been exposed to one of the most devastating invasions from the Colony within its annals, in consequence of some atrocious depredations on their part, and a splendid, yet unsuccessful attack made by them on the head-quarters of the troops on the Frontier, (the new village of GRAHAM'S TOWN,) and the punishment of DEATH was prescribed, as regarded savages and Colonists, for violating the new line of demarcation between the two nations, which at the close of the war of 1819, was removed from the Great Fish-river to the Keisikamma

"The ground included between the old and new boundaries, then termed in the Colonial Office, indifferently, "*Ceded*," or "*Neutral*," and comprising about 2,000 square miles, or above a million and a quarter of acres, capable of grazing

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200,000 head of cattle, was surrendered by GAIKA, the Chief, upon whom we had conferred an undeserved supremacy over less guilty and more powerful Captains; and he was given to understand that every Caffer would be shot *(b)* who crossed the new frontier, (a threat not vainly made,) and that it was our intention to guard our new acquisition by a Fort, which was soon erected by Lieut.-Col. Willshire, upon a scale more fitted to resist disciplined forces than the naked and inefficiently armed Kosa; at the same time Gaika was assured that the neutrality of this territory would be rigorously maintained, at all events, in as far as the Dutch Colonists were concerned, and the subsequent, and almost immediate, interposition of the British emigrants in one direction, on the westward banks of the Great Fish-river, and between the long conflicting and exasperated parties, gave some promise of punctuality to the recent arrangement. *(c)*

"The enterprising spirit of British subjects, as might easily have been foreseen, soon became impatient under the effects of these prohibitory fetters upon its energies, and quickly broke through restraints as ineffectually as impolitically attempted to be imposed, for the purpose of preventing an advantageous commerce between parties *new* to each other, consequently bearing no animosity, the English unprejudiced against, and indeed by their very education friendly disposed towards their *black* brethren, and both possessing property, naturally coveted: an illicit and extensive (because profitable) trade was therefore early established for cattle and ivory, in exchange for beads and iron, when the Acting Governor, General Sir Rufane S. Donkin, (*gratefully remembered and regretted as the best disposed friend to his emigrant countrymen*) perceiving that a servile adherence to the views of his predecessors was unsound, dangerous and inutile, and that by following them he would be encouraging the existence of a crime which, although it had a *legal*, had no *moral* existence, wisely issued his proclamation for the establishment of a Caffer Fair at Fort Willshire, on the Keisikamma, dated 20th July, 1821, of the credit of which his enemies have vainly attempted to rob him.

"The surrender of his office to Lord Charles Somerset, by the Acting Governor, was the signal of the complete reversal of his acts and views; and in the melancholy wreck of many wisely designed and well conducted improvements, *his* Caffer Fair, which had not proceeded beyond receiving the sanction of a public law, shared the effects of the common ruin.

"The consequence of Sir Rufane Donkin's proclamation remaining in abeyance (for it was never repealed) and the hostile spirit of the Government, was, therefore, a closer enforcement of the restrictive system, and the whole vengeance of government was threatened to be directed against the violators of the the old law, now increased by time, and a more intimate acquaintance with the Caffers themselves, their country and their produce.

"The impossibility, however, of restraining the illicit intercourse, along with the desire of participating in its fruits (evidently productive) induced the Colonial Government, early in 1822, to commence a singular kind of monopoly of this traffic, and Regulations were formed for a trade between "*the Caffer people and the Officers of the Colonial Government*," for RED CLAY, an article in some demand by the former, for the purpose of personal decoration, and which was abundant within the old boundary. The fair was ordered to be held every full moon, at the Clay Pits, on the *western* side of the Great Fish River, and on the 24th May, 1822, the first attempt was made under the immediate superintendance of the Secretary of the district of Albany. On this occasion a scene of much ludicrous and absurd haggling took place between the Kaffer Chief ENNO, and the Colonial Agent, rather derogatory to the dignity of a civilized government; when, about nightfall, after much discussion, twenty old women were permitted to carry away as much clay as they conveniently could, in exchange for *six small skins*. The ensuing day, after repeated and rather angry palavers with the government trader, the savages were allowed to dig and take off in quantity, about 3 wagon loads of this valuable article, for 40 small skins, two elephant's teeth, two buffalo's horns, and *half* a Buffalo's hide, value in all about £4 10. ENNO expressing himself that this sale of the white man's land was rather at an extravagant rate, and stating that he would rather take beads, buttons, and iron, instead *(d)*. This fair, which kept diminishing in its supplies of *produce*, and existing for three or four months only, was not only objectionable for the spirit of monopoly, in which it was instituted, nor for being a half measure of conciliation and intercourse, but by being held so far within the Colonial Boundary, and in the extensive jungles of the Great Fish-river, it gave a fatal opportunity to the ill-disposed Caffers to congregate and secrete themselves, the result of which was, that several murders were committed, and a greater number of cattle stolen than at any other period; so extensive were these depredations, that about the middle of the year the troops upon the Frontier were *officially* declared to be insufficient to repress these disorders, and it was considered necessary to establish a military enrolment of the inhabitants, under the name of '*The Albany Levy*,' a measure which, by the inconvenience it occasioned to the British Settlers, to whom it was *exclusively* confined—the arbitrary, indelicate, and illegal manner in which it was attempted to be enforced, and the expense it occasioned to the government of the country, increased the amount of the losses of the Colony, and added to the vexations of a newly-settled population, already severely visited by the dispensations of Providence, floods, rust, and droughts.

"The 'Government' Fair soon ceased to be visited by Caffers, because they saw the Agent *alone*, with a little *Red Bole* in his hand, abundant, and supplied by nature, requiring many Antelope skins in return, the acquirement of which demanded labor, skill, and agility; or Elephant's teeth and Buffalo's hides and horns, requiring labor, agility, skill, and courage combined. As these people were, therefore, not permitted to satisfy their wants by fair exchange, they also increased the number of plunderers, and the country was plunged into hostilities—Commandoes were numerous—patroles incessant, and blood on both sides was frequently shed, during which time the *illicit* traders pursued their traffic profitably and without danger!

"It was now laid to the charge of the individuals thus employed, that *their* intercourse led to the introduction of the Caffers and their consequent excesses; but the true cause for both must be sought for in the legal permission of entrée of large bodies into the Colony given by the institution of the '*Clay Pits Fair*,' and to the excitement it induced, and so suddenly disappointed, for the possession of European articles.

"To ripen public odium against these determined yet certainly culpable adventurers, portions of two Proclamations of Governors Plettenberg and Macartney, dated severally 5th April, 1774, and 14th July, 1798, declaring the eastern boundary of the Colony fixed at the Great Fish river, and enacting the punishment of death to such as should cross that stream, were re-published on the 28th Nov. 1823, with the expressed determination of the Governor to carry their draconic penalties into execution, and this singular document was allowed to escape into the Colonial Gazette, when a white population of above 2,000 persons, thus expatriated, were actually settled by authority of the Government beyond that River, in the subdrostdy of Cradock, holding grants, many signed by the same Governor, recognized by an abundance of public acts, paying public imposts, and placed under the superintendence of a Government Agent!

"Upon these newly-revived and vexatious authorities actions were commenced against what were termed the Illicit Traders, but the failure of the public prosecutor to substantiate his charge of illegality in a case (*e*) which had been selected from the clearness of the facts of trafficking, put an end to any further attempts to restrain the intercourse by legal proceedings—the accused parties pleading the non-repealment of a Proclamation of Sir R. S. Donkin's, fixing the Keisikamma-river, as the Colonial boundary, in bar to the prosecution; and very shortly afterwards the hitherto obnoxious measure of a Caffer Fair was ordered to be established by Proclamation bearing date the 23d July, 1824, under the authority of Lord C. Somerset himself. *(f)*

"The promulgation of the notice of this traffic having received the sanction of Goverment was received with satisfaction and astonishing avidity by the British Immigrants, who struggling under the pressure of a continued series of failures in their crops, rejoiced at the promise of this new field of speculation, and a large number immediately embarked in the trade, which was opened on the 18th of August following the Proclamation. *(g)*

"Ivory and Hides, for which were exchanged Beads, Buttons, and Brass Wire, were the principal articles of barter, and within the short period of 22 months, 112,943 lbs. of the first mentioned articles, and 46,575 hides, the value of which cannot be estimated at less than £27,623, passed through the metropolis of the new Settlement, and contributed to convert a slowly progressing and puny village at once, and as by miracle, into the *second* town of the colony, for Buildings, Population, and Commerce.

"The obvious success of the earliest adventurers in the Fair soon attracted additional speculators into its busy sphere, overstocking the market with traders, and by producing an injudicious and angry competition, a too minute division of its profits,—besides this the supply of ivory the most valuable and a money article of produce, from the rapid consumption of the native hoards of many years, suddenly fell off to one fourth of its usual quantity, while at the same time the taste of the Caffers, satiated with the old and cheap description of bead, became extraordinarily capricious, and required for its indulgence a more expensive kind of this sort of ornament, the shape, color, and size of which varied with almost every succeeding Fair. The consequence of these combined circumstances was the failure of most of the traders in 1826, who, without experience, laid in large stores of any particular kind of bead which appeared particularly to catch the fancy of the admiring savage, and they thus contracted ruinous debts to the merchants for an article which the Caffer speedily ceased to desire, and valueless to any other person. The number of traffickers frequenting the Fair therefore fell off almost immediately; those individuals among them who were able to weather the storm, thus taught prudence, however dearly, soon made the trade advantageous, and although the quantity of ivory is considerably diminished, the supply of other produce has continued large and steady, and the Caffer Fair may now be relied upon as one of the most important and certain resources of the Eastern Province. The value of the articles imported into the Colony through this channel since the 18th of August, 1824, to ultimo June, 1829, may fairly be averaged at no less than £50,000.

"In calculating the advantages gained in a pecuniary way to the Settlement, to the Colony at large, and even to the Mother Country by the creation of a new market for her manufactures, small as it however at present may be, the moral effects of the new and liberal system of intercourse (already experienced) ought certainly not to be overlooked, and among these (as a resident) I would from my own knowledge enumerate the decreased amount of depredations upon our cattle, and the entire cessation of murder by the Caffers within the boundary: these are established facts, which every inhabitant of Albany shows in the impunity with which he now exposes himself, unarmed, in the most retired jungles of the country, and in the ease of mind with which he now retires at night

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from his formerly fearfully watched cattle fold. Beyond these however it may be expected that intercourse—and a trading one is the best of all suited to the purpose—may produce cordiality, cordiality confidence in the obvious purity of our motives, imitation of our manners and belief, and that civilization may be the gradual but certain harvest of our exertions.

"About the end of 1826, an extended right of trading was conceded by the Colonial Government, and private dealers were allowed to enter Caffraria and barter with the natives, restricted however from commencing their speculations until at such a distance from the Fair at Fort Willshire as to be beyond its influence. The route selected for the new adventurers was through the Tambookie country, along the sources of the Kei-river, and several individuals immediately engaged in this arduous undertaking. At the end of 1828 they had penetrated as far as PORT NATAL, a distance of above 350 miles, connecting that fine and interesting country with the colony; and from the number of persons that have since embarked in the traffic the road through Cafferland may be considered nearly as well known as that to Cape Town. The articles sold and received in exchange are the same as those at the Caffer Fair, and the returns from the date of the establishment of the *interior prviate trade* to the 30th of June, 1829 may be valued at £3,500 to £4,000.

"From the result of the Experiments made on the Caffer Boundary, the circumvallation of the Colony, which an unfortunate and erroneous policy had drawn around it, was destined to receive another and irreparable breach upon its northern extent, and within six months from the date of the Proclamation of Lord Charles Somerset, giving an authority for the Caffer Fair, another was issued, permitting the long sealed and interesting countries beyond the GARIEP or ORANGE RIVER, to be traversed by mercantile adventurers. As the history of their attempts at trade and exploration is not intended to form part of the present notice, it will be sufficient to observe, that the relaxation of the old system has called into activity about 50 adventurers into these new and distant regions; that the amount of produce they have brought into the Colony has exceeded £11,000; that they have reached the *tropical* regions, and to within 100 miles of the Portuguese Settlements on the Eastern Coast, *and established the undoubted fact, that under the ostensible appearance of Traders alone can Travellers of any description command success!* From the ease with which all the adventurers in this direction have been enabled to prosecute their journies, there seems little doubt but that A frican Discovery might be prosecuted with safety and success in a *healthy climate*, and through countries equally interesting with those of the too long celebrated but deadly Niger."

Such is the history of this interesting traffic to the end of July, 1829, and such were the then impressions of the present writer. *Since that period, the trade and its influence has extended into every corner of Caffraria.* The restriction as to the route through the Tambookie country having been abrogated, the traders penetrated along the coast in every direction, and settled themselves down with the consent of the Chiefs on the Caffer soil, building houses and opening stores, and such was the supply kept up in these Nuclei of Civilization, that travellers in the Caffer country declare that they found every want supplied with almost equal ease as if they had been within the Colonial boundary. From the Omzimvoboo, or St John's River, to the Colony, they could rest in a European establishment almost every night. It is supposed that more than one hundred of these trading stations were established, where European Manufactures were taken in barter for Hides, Horns, and Ivory.

Notwithstanding several misunderstandings which have taken place between the Caffers and Traders, as must be expected when the Colonist is *unrestrained*, and at the same time beyond the limits of his country's *protection*, the Trade has gradually increased, so much so, that its returns are stated for the year 1832, as equal in value to £34,000, while those for the following year are estimated as above £40,000 sterling.

Corroborative of the view I have taken of the importance and value of the Traffic, I shall close this article by quoting the words of the able and well-informed Editor of the *Graham's Town Journal*, which I extract from his annual bird's-eye view of the state of the Albany District, under date the 2d January, 1834, where he says—

"*With regard to our Traders, similar good fortune has, on the aggregate, attended them. The Caffer Trade has now settled into a steady matter of calculation. Its precarious and fluctuating character is rapidly disappearing, and instead of trading with beads, and other worthless baubles of that description, the demand is now for useful manufactured articles for clothing and culinary purposes. The fears entertained at one time, that the flood of wealth pouring into the colony from the interior, would speedily subside, are now forgotten, and it is clearly seen that the Frontier Trade is not only likely to continue steady, but also that by a* LIBERAL *and* WISE *policy towards the Caffers, and by the due encouragement and* PROTECTION *of the Traders, the traffic may be extended to a distance, the limit of which it is impossible to calculate.*"

Connected with this interesting and important subject, one great problem still remains to be reduced, and on its proper and judicious solution depends the future peace of this country, and the mode in which those similarly situated with ourselves shall be treated,—those, I mean, who are, like ourselves, surrounded by native uncivilized and ferocious tribes. The question, as it refers to late events, may be stated in the simplest form—*What shall we now do* WITH, *and what shall we do* FOR, *the Caffres?* which I leave for consideration.

May the spirit of wisdom descend upon our Government and our Councillors! and may they arrange the subject of difference in the safest and most honorable manner, giving liberal encouragement to those who merit it, and dealing out the full terrors of national indignation, tempered with mercy, to those who have either inflicted, or *caused* the infliction of past miseries.

Cape Town, 17th Feb. 1835.

NOTES.

(*a*) Vide Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry.

Proclamations prohibiting intercourse, 1729, 1739, 1770, 1774, 1794, 1798, 1803, 1823.

1798.—Terms of Treaty with Gaika:—"That none of his subjects should have any intercourse with the Colonists."

1803.—Governor Janssen's Treaty:—"The Governor recommended the Caffers to abstain from all traffic with the Colonists, and promised them, if they would do so, to send them from Cape Town whatever they should want of European manufactures at very moderate prices; *but they adhered to the proposition that it was better to trade with the Colonists, although it is proved, and is easily to be conceived, that they were almost always over-reached by them.—Luchtenstein, i.* 315.

(*b*) Gaika recommended the very treatment himself. "*Shoot them*, (said he to Sir Rufane Donkin,) for I cannot restrain them, and if you send them prisoners to me, I *dare* not punish them."

(*c*) CEDED TERRITORY.—Few subjects, and none more important as to our relations with the Caffer nation, have been so erroneously represented, as that of the question of the right of the Colony over the *Neutral* or *Ceded* Territory. The Local Government, and with them the best-informed Colonists, insisting upon the *justice* and *expediency* of their hold on this extensive and fertile portion of Southern Africa, while a Faction, nurtured within our own bosoms, taking advantage of credulous and hasty visitants to the Colony, and assisted by an abused, but philanthropic and powerful body in Britain, deny the colonial claim, denouncing those who support it as tyrants and oppressors of the colored race. The points for examination and discussion may be narrowed within very simple limits, and are, I submit, as follows:—

I. That the Neutral Territory, as well as a large portion of country beyond it to the eastward, is known, and admitted on all hands, to have belonged originally to the Hottentots.

II. That the Caffers having expelled the Hottentots, its aboriginal possessors, from this country, had the rights of conquest, and none other.

III. That the Caffer invasion of the Colony in the year 1819, gave the Colony the international right of reprisal for losses sustained, and of punishment for aggression; and that it acted *mildly*, and it is now to be regretted *unwisely*, in restricting its new boundary by the Keisikamma River, when it ought, for security sake, and for the sake of humanity to both parties, have taken in a much larger portion of the enemy's lands, in order to reach a more open frontier, where there was less jungle and chance of concealment, and that in possessing ourselves of the Neutral and Ceded Territory we had *equal* if not *better* rights than the Caffer;—EQUAL rights, those of conquest; and BETTER, because their forcible possession of the Hottentot country was the effect of cupidity, while ours was to punish past, and prevent future wrong.

IV. That the Treaty made with Gaika, in 1819, by Lord C. Somerset, for a *Neutral* Ground, was entirely changed and superseded by the subsequent Treaty with the *same Chief*, by Sir Rufane Donkin, in 1820, who established a semi-military and civil settlement in the very heart of the Territory in question, with pledges of extensive grants of lands, (during the existence of which it ought, en passant, to be remembered, the Colony remained free from plunder,) and that it then came under the *understood* and *actual* denomination of CEDED TERRITORY, *Gaika "saying," (I quote Mr. Fairbairn's, the Editor of the Commercial Advertiser, own quotation,) "that he had no objection, but rather wished its occupation."*

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V. That the present claimant "by force of arms" for restitution of these lands, is not any one of the Chiefs who have been reported according to Dr. Philip, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Kay, or Mr. Fairbairn, to have disclaimed the right of Gaika to dispossess or alienate these lands from the Caffer nation, but the Chief TYALI, *Gaika's own son*, who, of course, was bound up with, and ought to hold sacred the Treaty of his father.

Among many other of my notes on this subject, I find the following, taken from the mouth of a high official character, present, I believe, at the ratification of *both* Treaties with Gaika, those of Lord Somerset and Sir R. Donkin.

"Gaika agreed to the cession, but as the line desired by the Colony took in the Chumi, he requested that he might have the basin which that river fills, *as it was the place of his birth*; but it was proved on the spot that he was not born there, but far to the eastward; and, being taxed with the falsehood, he acknowledged the fact, coloring his previous assertion, that he had been *brought up* there, which was also disproved.

"One Müller gave evidence at the time, that until a few years before, the Caffers had not lived westward of the Keisikamma River, and at that period several persons were living who knew that formerly the Caffer Tribes occupied nothing westward of the 'Kneiba or 'Kei River. (70 miles east of the present boundary.)"

Consequently, their expulsion by the British Government in 1819, was not out of a Territory they could lay claim to, either by right of birth or long occupation, but by a temporarily-held conquest; however

"Ce qui vient par la flûte s'en retourne par le Tambour."

(*d*) The advidity of the Caffer for trade, alluded to in a former note (*a*), is still farther borne out by a report to Government by the then Landdrost of Albany, *nineteen years afterwards*, (23d July, 1822,) in which, referring to the Caffers, he says—"whose natural inclination for a friendly traffic will always induce them to embrace any opportunity that may be offered for *underhand* or *contraband* dealings."

It is extraordinary that the same officer, notwithstanding he saw on one hand a whole savage people *determined* to break through every restraint and danger for the purpose of a trading intercourse, and on the other, his own countrymen braving the terrors of the law for the same end, could add to the same despatch his advice conveyed to Government, and which seriously mislead it for a considerable time, "I do not think the trade should be yet extended to individuals."

(*e*) 28th January, 1824.

(*f*) On the 19th January, 1827, another Fair was instituted at the Chusie-river, in the neutral or ceded territory, but the small Returns caused its discontinuance at the end of 1828.

(*g*) To imitate the (now justly exploded) absurdities of more civilized countries than the Cape, in their interferences with trade, it was most gravely, sapiently, and I am certain, at the same time, with most humane intentions, *ordered*, that USEFUL ARTICLES should be sold to the Caffers, along with the only things then in demand by them, the paltry BEADS, which latter, like the Cowries of the western coast, is the circulating medium of the savages. This regulation was, in effect, to encumber them with sundry articles then of no use or value to them, and at the same time to entail a heavy and useless expence upon the trader. The amiable objects of the advisers of this mode to *force* civilization failed, the Caffers preferring beads to breeches, which they thought straitened their free limbs, and brass wire and iron ingots to red night caps and Manchester cotton pocket-handkerchiefs. After some years of non-interference, when the interior market had been satiated with beads, *useful articles* came *naturally* into demand; the stiff leathern mantle (Toga) or caross, was exchanged for the pliable, warmer, and cheaper European woollen blankets, and the caross found its way as an import into the colony, in the shape of a cured hide; native pottery was displaced for British iron-ware, and English duck and English hats now clothe the upper and nether extremities of many of the lately-naked barbarians.

SEVEN GREAT EVENTS.

The late Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, wrote in his Album as follows:

"I can boast of *seven events*, some of which great men would be proud of. I received a kiss, *when a boy*, from the beautiful Mrs. Robinson,—was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson,—have frequently held Sir Jos. Reynold's spectacles,—partook of a pot of porter with an elephant,—saved Lady Hamilton from falling, when the news arrived of Nelson's death,—three times conversed with King George the Third,—and was shut up in a room with Mr. Kean's lion."

GOOD OLD TIMES.

Died, at Carmarthen, Nov. 16th, aged 68, the Rev. J. Evans. Some years since he was imprisoned in Carmarthen Jail, by order of the clerical magistrates, for singing the Marseillois Hymn.—*Liverpool Paper*.

About the same time, the excellent James Montgomery was imprisoned in the Jail of Liverpool, for writing a Poem *On Liberty*.

BEAUTY AND LOVE.

In a certain grotto, once lived a maiden whose best description will be her name. She was called Beauty.

In front of the grot flowed a rivulet, whose gentle ripple forbade the approach of Melancholy, and tall trees (for ever green) threw over it a delightful shade. The birds here warbled their most melodious notes, and the zephyrs delighted to sport among the fragrant wild flowers which grew around.

One morn, as the last echo of Devotion's hymn died away on the breeze, a group assembled on the green bank before the grotto. Beauty, at the persuasion of Venus, was that day to renounce a life of celibacy, and the neighbouring swains had come, each with the hope of being chosen her partner; Music (whose cell was near at hand) sounded her sweetest note, at which Beauty, attended by Modesty and Pity, came from the inner to the outer apartment of her abode. She had been attired by Modesty, in virgin white, and held in her hand a garland of flowers, with which she was to signify the object of her choice.

She had scarcely appeared, when Desire rushed forward. His loose robe but half covered his deformed body, and his veins were swollen with the tainted blood which boiled in them. His flaming eyes seemed as they would scorch the lovely form they gazed on, and his tongue stammered forth some incoherent words as he offered his gift. This was a wine-cup, containing a bunch of grapes, in which lay concealed a scorpion. He would have embraced the maiden, who with closed eyes clasped the garland to her bosom, but Modesty threw over her a veil, which Desire no sooner perceived than he retired as suddenly as he came.

Next came Wealth. He was clothed in velvet and silk, and the tinkling of gold and jewels betrayed his slightest motion. He walked forward with head erect, and without bestowing a glance on either side. His offering was a casket of gems, whose lustre outshone every thing but Beauty's eyes. The casket he threw at Beauty's feet, and confidently held forth his hand for the garland which he doubted not, would be offered him. With a look of disdain the maiden bade him begone.

Avarice followed Wealth. His torn garments hardly concealed his emaciated form. He advanced with uneasy gait, and brought no gift. Bending on one knee, he stretched out one hand for the garland, while with the other, he gathered the gems which Wealth had scattered. A contemptuous glance told him his ill success, and he retired, gazing alternately at the maiden, and the riches he had picked up.

A youth of gentle mien now stepped forward, but his progress was arrested by the arrival of Glory from the field of battle. The rattle and clang of brass and steel, the rolling of wheels, and the tramp and neighing of horses, announced his approach. His chariot was drawn by four black horses, and TYRANNY held the reins. Glory dressed in complete armour, leaped proudly from his car, and advanced boldly towards Beauty, with one hand offering a crown, and with the other (which held a bloody sword) pointing to one of two empty seats in his chariot. Pity covered the maiden's eyes, and beckoned him to depart. Frowning he remounted: TYRANNY shook the reins; CRUELTY applied the lash to the blood spotted steeds, and GLORY disappeared.

The next who approached was Wisdom. He was plainly, though neatly, dressed, and his pace was slow and graceful. His high forehead, bright eyes, and gentle manner, charmed most beholders. His offering was a cup of water from the brook. Beauty sipped it and smiled; her fingers played with the garland, and she gazed she knew not where. At this moment her eye fell upon the youth whom Glory had interrupted. With downcast eyes she shook her head, and Wisdom with a sigh (which was echoed by Pity) slowly departed.

The youth (whose name was Love) now came near. His look was timid, but there was an expression in his eyes more pleasing, even than the glances of Wisdom. He advanced gracefully, but his step was lighter than Wisdom's, and his dress was gayer. His offerings were a lamb, and a rose, from which he had carefully plucked all the thorns. Beauty's eyes were still cast on the ground, and a blush overspread her cheek. As the youth went before her with his gifts, Pity, unresisted, placed the garland on his neck, and Beauty was the bride of Love*.—*Cal. Lit. Gaz.*

OOMED.

MADAME DE STAEL.

Shakspeare in the Drama, Milton in Poetry, Scott in Romance, are unapproached by female pens. We do not pretend to explain the reason, we only mean to state the fact, and to observe that to a body of instances so conclusive as might well suffice to constitute a rule, Madame de Stael is, perhaps, a solitary exception. She is, perhaps, the only woman who can claim admission to an equality with the first order of manly talent. She was one whom listening senates would have admired, as though it had been a Burke, a Chatham, a Fox, or a Mirabeau. She was one whom legislators might consult with profit. She was one whose voice and pen were feared, and, because feared, unrelentingly persecuted by the absolute master of the mightiest empire that the world has witnessed since the days of Charlemagne.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

Soame Jenyns.—A friend who called upon him one morning, was pressed by him to take a slice of cold meat, &c, but the servant on being rung for informed his master that there was not a morsel in the larder. When he had left the room, Mr. Jenyns said, "Now we had a large round of beef dressed yesterday; this is therefore rather unaccountable. But I expect these things, and that I may not be subject to lose my temper, I set down £300 a year to losses, and thus I obtain my composure."

Nationality.—I well remember Lord Elibank maintaining a very good argument, to shew

* The original idea of this belongs to Collins.

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our inconsistency in being angry with the Scots for their partiality of their country, when we applaud the Greeks and Romans, who carried their partiality to as great a length. Apropos, I cannot help telling you of an instance of it which was acknowledged in my presence. Two English gentleman and a Scotch one took a ride together in the summer to Tunbridge Wells, and on their arrival, the two English having been shaved by a barber of the place, asked their companion if he would not also be shaved; which he had no sooner declined, than the waiter whispered him, "Sir, I have found a *Scotch* barber," to which the other replied. "Oh! very good, let him walk in."—*Sir W. W. Pepys to Hannah More.*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

THE INFANT SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of this year, during the present month, was a most triumphant one as it regards the proofs of the admirable adaptation of the System for the education of the infant mind.

The large Hall of the Merchants was crowded by all orders and degrees of people among us. Lady D'Urban and family, Lady Herschel, with many other ladies of well-known benevolence, were present on the occasion. The chief Justice, Sir J. Wylde, presided, who addressed the Meeting, as did Sir Jno. Herschel, Rev. Dr. Philip, Rev. Dr. Adamson, Mr. Fairbairn, &c.

The children went through their evolutions, and gave such proofs of intellectual advancement, as astonished every beholder. If we were ever tardy before this Meeting, in coming forward to recognise the immense importance of this Institution, we take shame to ourselves, and pray to be forgiven.

We have somewhere read a remark to the following effect—we think it proceeded from Lord Brougham—our countrymen, forming the aggregate of the population, are certainly not *yet* fit for free admission into parks, gardens, and museums, and these, if they have been opened to them by way of experiment, have been speedily shut against their reckless destruction, and often disgusting abuse of the privilege. Infant-school-trained children, it is well known, may be trusted into the saloons of a palace, or amidst the temptations of a flower or fruit garden!

LICENSED HOUSES—HIGH DUTIES, &c.

THE licensed victuallers are complaining, through the papers, of the excessive charges of the Government licenses. Let us be cautious in this affair, nor suddenly lower these rates, lest we increase the number of those plague-spots of our town—the *Canteens*. Where it can be proven that victualling houses are really what they ought to be—respectable places of comfort for the weary, the sojourner, or the bachelor mechanic,—then, indeed, they might exist at a considerably lower rate than the government tariff demands for an annual license. But on no account should we lower the terms which are charged for the existence of those intolerable nuisances, the low canteens. To remedy these evils, we have read suggestions in the papers for a heavy duty on wines and spirituous liquors. Such proposals are made in ignorance. In 1736, England was going head-long to destruction from the drunkenness of the people. The government became justly alarmed, and imposed a duty of 20*s.* per gallon on British spirits. The energies of the smugglers were immediately aroused, and the respectable part of the spirit-trade, unable to meet the competition of the clandestine operators, withdrew from the trade. Informations loaded the tables of the revenue boards, fines, convictions, (12,000 in 6 months in London,) and committals to prison, exceeded all bounds, and the cause of the smuggler became that of the people. The very act of Walpole, then at the head of Government, became a dead letter, and Lord Cholmondeley stated in the House of Lords that 7,000,000 gallons of spirits were consumed in London, of which scarcely a gallon came to the charge of the revenue. In 1742, the Government retraced its steps, high duties were abolished, and moderate imposts levied. The consequences were—the trade returned to its accustomed channel; the illicit distiller curtailed his operations, and the smuggler had no business. In 1819, Mr. Vansittart, requiring money for his war measures, raised the duty from 11*s.* 4½*d.* per gallon to 13*s.* 2½*d.* Clandestine distillation commenced again, and the smuggler was every where on the alert. In 1825, on Mr. Robinson's (Lord Ripon) brilliant exposé of the financial condition of the state, the duty was lowered to 7*s.* per gallon. But why multiply historic facts? Let those who demand high duties on fermented spirits, as a check to drunkenness, consult the taxation and other parliamentary papers of the past years, and they will no longer waste their rhetoric or their ink in the attempt to urge high duties. Let them rather, adopting the advice of the profound Adam Smith, who, in speaking of the inclination of people for tippling, says, "the only way to eradicate this disposition is by giving them a better education, and thus inspire them with a taste for less grovelling enjoyments"

It is satisfactory to observe (referring to the estimate of Lord Cholmondeley during the last century,) that the consumption of spirits in England (according to parliamentary papers,) has immensely decreased in the face of a duplication of numbers, and a reduction of duty from 20*s.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per gallon. This surely results from the improvement in the intellectual condition of society.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Q. In what respect is Mr. Haddy, the Wesleyan Missionary of sheep-calculating celebrity, equal to Homer and Virgil?

A. Because he is master of the power of *numbers*.

HORTICULTURE.—No. II.

How is it that the cultivation of the *parsnip* is not more attended to at the Cape? It is often as great a rarity as snow in harvest. It is an admirable esculent for the table, and all animals are fond of it. To milch cows it is eminently favourable, giving a flavour and richness to their milk, and increasing quantity. The cows of Jersey and Guernsey, fed with parsnips and hay, yield butter of as fine a tinge, as if they were fed in pastures. To horses it is equally suited as the carrot. Hogs are extremely fond of it; and when boiled, poultry feed on it.*

Once more:—Who produces the *Jerusalem Artichoke*? It was highly esteemed by our ancestors; it is one of the hardiest of cultivated plants, very productive, easily propagated, and growing on the poorest soils. On the continent of Europe the leaves and stems are of great use as green and dried fodder.

The tubers of this vegetable are eagerly eaten by animals, and they produce about 500 bushels per acre, without manure.

FRONTIER NEWS.

Extract of a Letter from a Settler's Servant, to his Mother in Cape Town.

"I have been a High Witness who seed every thing goin on in these here parts. The Gaffirs has riz against us for no cause whatsomever. Evvery thing his thrown into a pannikin. What a prospectus afore us. It is unpossible to ascribe the fritful Postur of haffairs.

I trembel to rite that Kousin Thomas is reporthed as assagyed—but it wants cobbobbo.

* We saw the other day, some noble samples of this root as produced by Mr. Upjohn. At the same time equally fine roots of the invaluable horse-radish.

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ration. Our standin harmy is now on the move and all pints of the enemy will be hattached; I am not dubrious as to effex upon the foo. I think they shant—*leive a retch behinde.* Nues has comed in that 3 Cheefs are taken—they are to be kept as *Ostriches,*" [probably *hostages* is meant.]

I most forget to obsarve that some volks here say the rizin of the blacks has been owin to a Boem by won Mr. Bringle—it is sommut about *Ham a* Cow *So* who Dr. F. says was akin to *Ram-Mun Roy.*"

HOW TO GET RID OF YOURSELF.

ADMIT that you are poor, and the WORLD *condemns you to death,*—by permitting you to *die of hunger.*

RESPONDENTS;
OR, HOW TO OBTAIN AUTOGRAPHS.

In one of the late numbers of Fraser's Magazine is an account of an amusing hoax played off on most of the chief literary characters of England by a wag who, under the auspicious name of Miller, troubled them with pertinacious queries respecting a certain Sarah or Amelia Deacon, and William Roberts or Robert Jukes, &c. reported to have resided with said literary characters in capacity of servant. The author of this trick is still unknown, but his motive would appear to have been principally a desire to obtain autographs of these distinguished persons. The system was continued through a series of years and the several replies have been lately handed to Fraser, who has published about 40 of them in his Magazine, with a sort of running commentary on each. Some of these notes are strikingly characteristic, and the collection is curious enough as showing the diversity with which a very simple query may be answered.

The perusal of these letters reminded us that we had once seen a collection of notes in reply to "invitations to Government House" which are perhaps as curious in their way, as the notes above mentioned.

We have since been so fortunate as to obtain access to these documents, and have now the pleasure to present them for public inspection. To this we are actuated by two motives, first by a desire of feeding a very laudable curiosity in our reading public—and secondly by a hope that, as the polite Letter writer is somewhat scarce in this country, our friends may be enabled to accept "Right Hon'ble Invitations" after the most approved fashion.

We pledge ourselves that every one of the following communications is genuine, the autographs being at this moment in our possession. The names have alone been altered in order to avoide personality. We may some day treat our readers to a continuation of the series.—ED.

1.

"Mrs. Wiggins regrets that indisposition will prevent her from having the honor of waiting upon Mr. Leasherton on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Wiggins is gone to Palaveram but if He returns before 9 o'Clock He will do himself the honor of waiting upon Mr. Leasherton."

Here is a chance that the governor may see the *he* Wiggins, and with this he must console himself for the absence of *she.* But then, after all, the *possible* pleasure depends upon the return of Wiggins before 9 o'Clock, and who can say that a dark night or a vicious horse may not render the possibility impossible? Here we have family divisibility and the minutiæ of explanation.—ED.

2.

"Dr. Koskins Asst. Surgeon 104th Regt. will do himself the honor of *being* at His Excellency the Governor to night."

From which, tho' it is not so stated, it may be inferred that he will *go* there.—ED.

3.

"Miss Huskinson will do *himself* the honor of waiting upon the Right Honorable Mr. Leasherton, on Tuesday Evening, the 16th instant, at 9 o'Clock."

Feminine turned Masculine—we suppose on the principle of the Masculine being more worthy than the Feminine—vide Latin Grammar and out of compliment to the giver of the party, himself a male.—ED.

4.

"Luitenant Giles, of 125th Regt. will do *him* the honor of waiting on His Excellency the Governor to-morrow evening."

The especial beauty of this reply consists in its skilful use of the third personal pronoun—made applicable either to Giles or the Governor.—ED.

5.

"Captain Fiddlestick would be most happy to do himself the honor of waiting on the Right Honorable the Governor, &c. &c. on Friday Evening, the 5th instant at 9 o'Clock, but confined to his room by continued severe indisposition. *He is apprehensive that his strength will not allow of his doing so* and in which case He trusts that he will be excused."

Here the Governor is let into the maladies of the Fiddlestick, and is enabled to form an estimate of his strength - Probably after this He did not appoint F. to the Pioneers.—ED.

6.

"Sir, I am very sorry that the state of my health will not allow me to do myself the honor of waiting on the Right Honorable the Governor this evening. *I was so unwell on Sunday as to be unable to preach*—You will do me a favor by apologising for my absence to the Governor."

Here the Governor is consoled by the reflection that if *he* is to be disappointed on the Friday, the Parson's congregation were equally so on the Sunday—Affliction loses half its sting when we reflect that others are as wretched as ourselves.—ED.

7.

"Mr. & Mrs. Soapsuds regret that, *untoward circumstances* prevented their having the honor of accepting Mr. L 's invitation for last evening."

Gross imitation of the King's speech—

Navarino was a joke to this—Quere? was it a drunken Coachman, or a sulky husband?—ED.

8.

"Captain & Mrs. Scroggins will with pleasure have the honor of *spending Tuesday Evening next at Government House.*"

This is doing more than they were asked to do! Give an inch, he'll take an ell.—ED.

9.

"Mr. Parson has *mutch* pleasure in accepting Mr. Leasherton's invitation for Wednesday."

We always had our suspicion that Johnson was wrong in his orthography of this word—Mr. Parson has confirmed us.—ED.

10

"Mr. Josstick will do himself the honor to wait on Mr. L. to-morrow (Tuesday) evening at 9 o'Clock—if he can possibly do so—*But he fears his strength, recovering as he is from a very severe indisposition, will not permit him to have that pleasure on the present occasion.*"

Tantalizing reply—conditional acceptance! however it is inferred, for the Governor's consolation, that Josstick, if invited, will be both strong and willing on another occasion.—ED.

11.

"Mr. Styly presents his compliments to Mr. L. and regrets that indisposition *which confines him to his couch,* will prevent Mr. Styly from having the honor of waiting on Mr. L. this evening."

Glorious tautology—And how delightful it is to know that Styly is not so ill as to be confined to his *bed.*—ED.

12.

"Dr. Purge is extremely sorry he cannot do himself the honor of waiting upon Mr. L. this evening, being in too deep mourning to go out at present.—Mrs. Purge has not yet returned to Madras from which she has been absent for some months."

Sorrow and absence are the devil!—ED.

13.

"Captain Firelock would *feel most happy to do himself the honor* of waiting on the Right Honorable Mr. L. Governor, &c. &c. on the evening of the 18th instant, at 9 o'Clock, but confined by severe indisposition, he much regrets that he may not be able to avail himself of the honor intended him."

Beautiful analysis of Sensations! And then that cursed illness which prevents their full development. Poor Governor!—ED.

14.

"Mr and Mrs. Twig will have much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mr. L. for Tuesday next and for which they return *their sincere thanks.*"

And understood not that a grateful mind
In owing owes not, but remains at once
Indebted and discharged.*—ED.

15.

"Mr and Mrs. Everkneeling request the Aide-de Camp in waiting will have the goodness to convey to the Right Honorable Mr L. their respectful acknowledgments of the honor conferred upon them by his invitation to Government House, and *their humble request* that he will permit them to decline availing themselves of it, *as they have for some years past thought it their duty not to go to dances.*"

As tho' they had said, "excuse our coming to dinner, for we don't eat."—The absurdity of cant is only matched by its humility. We wonder whether this *humble* request was complied with.—ED.

More we *might* subjoin, but the great diversity displayed in the foregoing, renders our doing so needless. You have variety of style, variety of description, variety of exculpation, variety of grammar. What more would you have most pensive public!—*Ed. Mad. Lit. Gaz.*

During the reign of Lord Charles Somerset at the Cape, there was much amusement at his Court, from the replies to the Ball, Soiree, and Dinner Invites. These would often be exhibited on some gloomy or rainy day, for the sake of provoking a good digestable laugh. Some two or three of these autographs have fallen into our hands. *Ex gra.*

1.

"Mr.——— as the honour of the receipt of a Card for Government House on Tuesday night next, but I humbly hope to be excused, intirely owing to rhumatiz."

2.

"Mrs.——— and daughter request to be excused from being present at Lady Charles Somerset's next At Home, at which they were obligingly invited, from the circumstance of having received letters from England of the illness of one of their family."

3.

"SIR,—I regret that I shall not have the felicity of doing myself the honour of becoming a happy guest at Government House on Thursday next, having now retired from public amusements, finding that the night air, after being in crowded and heated rooms, very much *disparages* my health. Have the goodness to offer my *condolence* to Lady C. and believe me,
Sir, Ever yours, &c.
To the Aide de-Camp A. S."
in Waiting."

4.

MONSIEUR,—You shall have the goodness to pay my very profound respects to Mi Lord and Mi Lady, and assure them that I will have the great considerable delight of meeting in their chambers on the day proposed for the charming society.

J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer,
"A Monsieur, &c." D."

* Milton.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 3. Vol. V.] CAPE TOWN: MARCH, 1835. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum*.

THE CAPE PRESS.

Observations on the Merino; containing a brief Account of the Methods by which that Animal has been brought to its present state of perfection in Germany, and intended for the consideration of Wool Growers at the Cape of Good Hope. By F. W. Reitz, *Member of the Agricultural Societies of Cape Town and Swellendam.* G. Greig, Cape Town, 1834.

Many circumstances of a local nature in this Colony, arising from national customs, prejudices,* and want of education, have tended greatly to retard the advancement of agriculture, the cultivation of plants, the husbandry of the domestic animals, and the whole economy of farming. At length, however, a large number of the colonists have hit the nail on the right head, and by the introduction of the Merino, have by their attention to wool-growing, opened up a mine of wealth to themselves and families.

The Sheep, independently of its intrinsic value as a *pecuniary* animal, is well entitled to demand from us a few zoological recollections. Sheep formed the wealth of the early children of Adam, and the earliest oblation of grateful acknowledgment in sacrifice; for the accepted offering of Abel consisted in the *firstlings* of his flocks; and a hundred and twenty thousand were sacrificed at the dedication of the temple by Solomon, (1 Kings, viii. 63) Of an animal so serviceable to man, and so constantly before his eyes, many allusions have become constantly popular and common. From his mild and unmeaning aspect, a vacant or silly look is said to be sheepish; and a swain, when he affects tender glances to a village maiden, is said to cast sheep's eyes at her; and we say of a man who has been unworthily tricked of his property, that he has been fleeced. A tyrant who exercises his cruelties under the garb of gentleness, is called a wolf in sheep's clothing. And so is a minister of religion, who *appears* to be what, in deed and reality, he *is not*. Again, *sheep-shanks* is applied to a man whose legs are of spindle size, without calves, and consequently cannot sport, with any effect, silk stockings and knee-breeches. When we hear the term *sheep-stealing*, we are immediately *transported* in idea to Botany Bay; and *sheep-shearing* is connected with our fondest recollections. Who can forget a *sheep-shearing* in merry old England? the gladness of that season, the jubilee, and hospitalities which then abound! And here (for our recollections are abounding,) we may record an anecdote in the Life of that true worthy of the English Episcopal Church, the late Thomas Scott, Rector of Ashton, and author of that immortal work—*A Commentary on the Bible.* In early life, his was the *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.* After having walked twenty miles to submit himself as a candidate for ordination, he met with a refusal from a Bishop. Scott then returned home, and writes with cheerfulness—"Having dined, I put off my clerical clothes, resumed my *shepherd's* dress, and sheared eleven large sheep."

Again:—The horn of the ram was an early instrument of martial and ceremonial music, at which the walls of Jericho fell down (Joshua vi.); and the jubilee of old (see Leviticus xxv.) was ushered in with the sound of rams' horns, or the jubilee trumpets; for the word jobul, or yobul, means a ram; so our curved and sonorous field-instrument is called a horn. The ram was chosen by the angel as a substitute for Isaac, when his father Abraham was commanded to sacrifice him, *to try his faith.* (Genesis xxii. 13.) Jacob, for a wife, kept sheep twice seven years (Genesis xxix.); and Moses kept the flock of his *schoonvader* Jethro, (Exodus iii. 1.) In all the immortal Bunyan's pictured page, there is not a more touching scene than that of the shepherd-boy tending his fleecy flocks.

"Hark, said Mr. Great-heart, (the Pilgrim's guide,) to what the shepherd saith, for he is singing:

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Then said Great-heart, Do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy lives a happier life, and wears more of that herb, called Heart's Ease, in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet."

Again:—Jason is fabled to have carried away the golden fleece from Colchis, as representative of the extension of commerce, and the transfer of the arts; and the fleece of Gideon was the miraculous instrument of an assurance of victory over the Midianites. In the reign of Nero, the christian converts were sewn in sheep skins, and torn to pieces by dogs. In the ruins of Persepolis were found the statues and figures of rams, which formed one of the astronomical signs. The lamb is an emblem of spotless innocence and patience, the symbol of the passover, and the type of the Great Redeemer of Mankind. The Bachelors of Oxford, who determine their degrees at Lent, wear lamb-skin *hoods*, emblematical of the innocence of the calling they are about to adopt; for all learning, and all learned occupations, were formerly confined to the clergy. This hood is at present reduced into a strip of flannel.

The age of the sheep is known by the teeth; and an old ewe who has lost her teeth, is called a crone; a term applied

* The prejudice still exists in certain instances: this arises from sheer ignorance, and the absence of the thinking and reasoning faculties. Only last week we heard a Boer expatiate with great glee on the glories of sheep's-tail fat, and he demanded, with an air of triumph, "When will one of your Merino's produce six shillings by the sale of its tail, which sum I realized the other day." A by-stander inquired of the farmer *how many* tails his sheep produced? Of course, said he, only *one*. Then, said the other, *how many* fleeces can you procure from the Merino? This was a poser, and sheep's-tail was silent.

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to a troublesome, ill-looking old woman. About the neck of the oldest wether (in England, especially,) is fastened a bell, to gather them together, or to conduct them to their place of pasture; whence, a noisy and brawling woman is called a bell-wether. The Romans used battering-rams in their sieges; and our terms ram and ramrod seem to have their origin from this source. Of a person of indifferent character, who may be suspected to corrupt his companions, we say that "one scabby sheep infects the flock."

By the Israelitsh women, the wool was spun into garments, and formed a part of their offering to the sanctuary. In the olden times, the maidens of the family spun the wool of their flocks; whence unmarried women are denominated spinsters; and, in heraldry, bear their arms not in warlike shield, like men, but in a lozenge, having a resemblance to the outline of a spindle or distaff, charged with worsted.

The celebrated Morocco leather is made of the skins of rams dyed red. With this was formed a covering for the tabernacle in the wilderness, in the days of Moses; and with this was decorated the celebrated shrine of Minerva, and with this are covered our most costly chairs, tables, and books. The wool of the sheep is considered of such inestimable importance to the comforts and commerce of Great Britain, that the Lord Chancellor of the realm sits on a woolsack in the House of Lords; and the funeral garments of deceased bodies are by law directed to be made exclusively of woollen.

From the occupation of collecting scattered flocks of wool from hedges and brakes, it is said of a person not settled in his ideas, that his wits are gone woolgathering. Its valuable uses in various garments, in flannels, in blannets, are sufficiently well known; the coarser lumps, called flock, are used to stuff mattresses. The skins of the sheep make parchment and covering for books; and the skins of lambs a finer kind of gloves.

But we owe our sincere acknowledgment of thanks to Mr Reitz for his interesting *Observations on Merino*,—for it is high time, after our lengthened remarks, that we should pay him that just tribute which is due to his meritorious exertions in promoting the interests of the wool-trade.

Mr. Reitz adverts to "the selfish or prejudiced notions" of many of the colonists who are adverse to the Merino system—but is himself justly alive to its merits; and, in reference to futurity, observes—"I hope we may one day or other be able to send rams to Saxony." In his *Introductory Remarks*, he informs us that Capt. Gordon was the first to introduce Merinos, and "upwards of forty years ago, those indefatigable agriculturists, the brothers Van Renen, had turned their attention to this branch of industry, for we find Joh. G. van Renen selling 4000 lbs. of wool to Mr. McDonald, in 1804."* The following statement of our Author will be read with interest:

"There are, from all accounts, upwards of three millions of Sheep in this colony; if they were more valuable, and better attended to, there is no doubt that five millions of the same breed might be kept on the same pasture; but if these five millions were converted into Merinos, I have not the smallest doubt that seven millions could feed where only three fed before. Supposing the produce of each sheep to average two lbs. and each pound to be worth half a rix-dollar, the Colony would then be enabled to export seven million rix-dollars worth of produce more than it does at present, —the *possibility* of attaining such an object is sufficient to call for the utmost exertions,—and I do not think the people of Europe have the slightest conception of there being the least grounds for such a glorious prospect."

Mr. Reitz compliments the exertions of the wool-growers "Messrs. Proctor, Daniel, Korsten, Breda, Van der Byl, Cloete," and when we contemplate the extent and superiority of the late Merino importations by Capt. Robb, Mr. Ebden, and Messrs. Dickson, Burnies, & Co. we think these gentlemen equally entitled to the thanks of the community.

In the course of his subsequent inquiries, Mr. Reitz confines himself exclusively to his subject, and as he is no theorist, all his observations on the Merino are well deserving the attention of the colonial farmers. The following is a synopsis of the order of his researches.

I. On Wool:—
- 1st, Its Fineness
- 2d, — Elasticity.
- 3d, — Pliancy.
- 4th, — Softness.
- 5th, — Assorting.
- 6th, — Packing.
- 7th, — Transportation and Sale.

II. On the Management of Merinos:—
- 1st, Classification, &c.
- 2d, Feeding, Pasture, &c.
- 3d, Sheds, Kraals &c.
- 4th, Shepherds.
- 5th, Management of Lambs.
- 6th, Washing and Shearing.

On the subject of *transport*, we learn from Mr. Reitz, that a Cape Wagon "will contain a couple of thousand pounds' weight of Wool; which, considering the value of the article, compared to wheat, butter, oats, or any other produce, is certainly a more economical material of transport than any that incumber the outspan place, or pay toll at Sir Lowry's Pass. Calculating the expense of a wagon for 100 miles at Rds. 40, it would bring it to about a stiver per pound; the freight to England, and other attendant expenses, are generally computed at from 1½ to 2¼d. per lb."

That all important appendage to a sheep Farm—the *Shepherd*, is noticed by Mr. Reitz in terms not very friendly to those who do not think proper to supply this calling in South Africa. He says—

"What a celebrated German writer has said of the necessity of having intelligent persons as shepherds, together with the account he gives of the political degradation and moral darkness in which the lower classes of Hungary are sunk, applies with equal truth to the Cape,—nothing is so difficult now-a-days as to fall in with some one who will undertake the task of being a shepherd—that patriarchal life is falling fast in the esteem of the aborigines,—high wages do not tempt them,—and unless some of the wards of the Children's Friend Society can be brought up to that profession, there is an alarming prospect of one most profitable branch of our rural economy being somewhat kept back, through the want of shepherds alone."

This picture of degradation is, we think, too highly coloured; we happen to know many of the aborigines who are zealously devoted to the shepherd's pastoral life—no small act of self-denial, by the bye, in the solitudes of this colony—

"Tending another's flock upon the fields,
His father's once, where the White Man builds
His home, and issues forth his proud commands."

And as to the wards of the Children's Friend Society, there can be little hope for the farmer. The born and bred of the city haunts seldom make good outdoor servants.

In conclusion, we think Mr. Reitz deserves well of the community; he has gone abroad and studied our language, and looked about him to some purpose. His Treatise deserves a wide distribution, and should a second edition be called for, we recommend the Author to notice the *disorders* incidental to the Cape flocks, and the specifics for recovery. Some advice might also be given as to the required amount of stock. In Argyleshire, the principal circumstances attended to by the most intelligent sheep-farmers, are these—to stock lightly, which will mend the size of the sheep, with the quantity and quality of the wool; and also render them less subject to diseases. In all these respects, it is allowed by good judges that 500 kept well, will return more profit than 600 kept indifferently.

* It is of no small importance to the Wool-grower, to find good and honorable purchasers, and it redounds to the credit of one of the Merchants, (Mr. John Thomas Buck,) that during a few past years he has distributed for Wool, upwards of one hundred and four thousand dollars.

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If there be in the Treatise before us any slight imperfection in the grammatical construction of a few sentences, or errors typographical, we leave to others the invidious task of pointing them out.

THE REMINISCENT.---No. VII.

THE LUBBOCKS.

I recollect on one occasion dining with Sir John Lubbock, at his seat near Twickenham. Alderman Curtis, and several other celebrated feeders, were present, who one and all eulogised *the fish and good fare* of the worthy host. Sir John seemed proud of the compliment, and boasted of the great superiority of his woman-cook over the skill and vaunted abilities of men-cooks. Lady L. observed—"Yes, she is an excellent servant, but unfortunately very mercurial in her temper." This was fully illustrated soon afterwards, for we heard in the back-ground the voices of fury and choler. Smashing and breakage seemed to be the order of the day. Sir John and his lady behaved with remarkable equanimity of temper, the former simply demanding of an attendant, the reasons of the disturbance. "O, Sir, please ye," said the man, "its only the cook and the footman engaged in pitched battle." "Is that all?" said the good-humoured knight, "well—two to one on cookey, for she's *Cayenne to the back-bone.*" ***

No. VIII.
SANDIE BELL.

The late Earl Tyreconnel was fond of the scenery of middle and even cottage life. He had often witnessed in the course of years the approaches towards his house of one of the rarities of former days—a Travelling Scotchman. This man was Sandie Bell,* who

"Gained respect in simpler times,
When Squire and Priest, and they who round them dwelt
In rustic sequestration—all dependant
Upon the merchant's toil—supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies with the wares he brought."

Bell was an excellent creature, (well I knew the man,) and his travelling stock was extremely diversified, and, as the Earl knew, of a costly nature. On one occasion, the Earl of Tyreconnel made way for Bell, by alighting from his horse, and opening the gates of his park for the convenience of the o'er-wearied chapman. The Earl was in high good humour. "Bell," said he, "what's the price of your cargo? I'll make a bargain with you—a farthing a yard, and double it, for all your stock." "On the faith of a nobleman," replied Bell. "Yes," said the Earl. "Done!" cried Sandie Bell, and they proceeded to the Tyreconnel House. Here, on the great table of the hall, Bell commenced admeasuring from his stock—the Earl being engaged in registering the result. The wily Scot began, in the first place, to unfold an abundance of rich silks, fancy ribbons, and French cambricks. The Earl was in great glee. "Why, man," said he, "you are done up, ruined,—lost." Sandie Bell soon turned the tables, by exposing 155 packages of threads, tapes, and ball-cottons. The Earl looked aghast. "Ah, my Lord," exclaimed Bell, "you are done up, ruined,—lost." It is needless to say that the Earl and Lady T. amply repaid Bell for his trouble, by large purchases on the occasion.—*Ib.*

* A Juvenile Emigrant.

No. IX.
POPULAR IGNORANCE—DOROTHY GLYNN, ETC.

THE other day, a fine little fellow* was seated after a hard day's work of toil, on the height ajoining the Malay burial ground. But here his mind was in vigorous exercise—he was *reading* Robertson's History of Charles the V., being a subscriber to the "Popular Library" in Cape Town. But his studies were interrupted, by a voice crying out—"Why, I would'nt be so *mo-lon-cholly*, e'en if you was to *gie* me all the money in the *Savians Bank.*" This remark was made by a shopmate of the little reader's, unfortunately an Englishman, a native of Suffolk.

Now, this is by no means a solitary case, as it respects many of our illiterate countrymen. The sight of a book, or a reader of books, disturb their inmost soul. Why is this? Because they stupidly imagine, that the book must be a religious book; or, as they term it, a "Godly book."† I have seen much of the peasantry of England, in all the counties of the kingdom; and I have invariably discovered among the unlettered classes, this antipathy to a book. I have not forgotten the persecutions of a whole village, not excepting the "Church Warden and Overseers," against a youth, the son of a respectable tradesman, for spending his leisure hours in the fields, reading such works as Pope's Homer and Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. "'Thusiast" and "Whitefieldite" were terms generally applied to him. Nay, I have seen a worshipful Clergyman on the Bench frequently "tear a passion to rags," whilst imputing the crime of his prisoner to the numerous publications of Sir Walter Scott! But the evils of Popular Ignorance are well enumerated in Foster's Book on that subject, and in Mrs. Hannah More's lately-published Memoirs. But no man experienced more of these evils, than the Philanthropist Wesley, and the mention of his venerable name brings me to the marrow of my Reminiscence.

Some years since, I met with a travelling companion,--the Vicar of St. Anthony, in Cornwall. He was a gentleman of great talent, as his numerous publications discover, and was moreover kind-hearted and generous in his nature. He would frequently describe the manners and customs of the people of Cornwall, and state, that, in religion and civilization, they were fifty years behind all others in England.* Wesley, during the prosecution of his mission of mercy found them to be not only grossly ignorant, but brutally inhospitable. He slept in the open air, using his saddle for his pillow, and eating bramble-berries for his breakfast. In one of his Journals he says, "I ought to be thankful that there are plenty of black-berries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that ever I knew for filling the belly." Whenever he attempted to open his commission in the villages, he generally found "a rude, gaping, staring, stone-throwing rabble rout." But further to illustrate the ideas which an ignorant people entertain of a Book, I must immediately proceed to the Vicar's narrative.

In a sequestered nook, fifteen miles from the village of Newlyn, near Penzance, stood a small ale-house on the south sea, which had been kept for half a century by Dorothy Glynn. She was well fitted for her station—was never without guests, who, with herself, were ignorant, noisy, and profane. In fact, the whole community in the neighbourhood kept no divine appointments, and were shrouded in gross darkness. The lowering clouds of the heavens, on a certain occasion, predicted a coming storm. The *Marquis of Granby* public-house, was filled to excess, and Mistress Glynn was well pleased with this *ill-wind.* The canopy of nature became blacker, and towards evening the swelling of the sea, the roaring of the thunder, and flashings of lightning were frightful. The rain descended in torrents, but not to appease the electricity of the atmosphere as in ordinary cases. A loud crash was heard, a detached cottage was struck by the lightning, two small ricks of corn were in a blaze, and the windows and doors of the *Marquis of Granby* were shattered in pieces. Dorothy Glynn now cried out, "St. Michael save us! have mercy on us!" The guests threw away their pewters, and were in the extreme of terror and dismay.

† Much of this opposition may, also, and often does, proceed from sheer jealousy. Reading refines the taste to such a degree, that the *unread* cannot fail to witness a superiority of deportment in those who are conversant with books. Hence, their envy and wrath.

* Happily, this state of things has long passed away.

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"Can nobody *lay* the storm?" said a travelling rat-catcher. "How?" said Mrs. Glynn, with eager inquiry. "By a few prayers," replied the man. "By all means," observed Mrs. Dorothy,—"free lodging for a month to he that can do it." A stentorian voice immediately struck up—

"The Sun, the Moon, and all the Stars,
The Sun the Moon,
The Sun the Moon,
The Sun, the Moon, and a-a-all the Stars."

And this was the burthen of his song. But the moon was sullen, the sun shone not,—and the stars unveiled not,—the storm was not *laid*. Its terrors increased; all around was devastation, and it seemed next to impossible that the *Marquis of Granby* could hold out the night. The crash of the kitchen chimney which now ensued, threw the company into desperation. "A Book! a Book!" cried Mrs. Glynn,"—where's Ned, the new ostler boy?—"*Misses*," replied a little urchin, "here I is."—"Fye upon't, you sinner," brawled the landlady, "on such a night to be a-mute. Where's your Book? bring the Book." "Lor, Mam—what book?"—said the respondent. "The Book, the Book!" vociferated some thirty voices. The lad stood aghast—"You infernal," exclaimed Dorothy, "did'nt I *cotch* you in the cow-house, in the stable, and the pig-stye with a book?" "O yes, Misses, it be very true, but it b'ant a prayer book." "Yes it is, you fool," rejoined Mrs. G. "It is, It is!" exclaimed the company. Ned was in a terrible minority, and all expostulation was out of the question. The elements of nature were now at the very height of their fury, when Ned proceeded to a corner of the kitchen, and from a leathern sack produced a well-thumbed volume. A holy awe seemed to pervade the pent house of each brow, and following the example of Dorothy Glynn, down went all her guests on their bended knees. Ned opened his book, and performed service by reading the first chapter of *Robinson Crusoe!* All the hearers arose apparently edified, the storm seemed to have been *laid*—towards morning all was calm serenity. This was Sunday morning, July 12th, 1747. The people were still congregated at the *Marquis of Granby*, their numbers having been augmented by country people who had come to report on the late storm. In the course of the day, a clerical-looking gentleman of imposing appearance, was announced as approaching on horseback—It was *John Wesley!* The whole of the inmates of the *Granby*, with Mrs. Glynn, were now on the green before the door. There was a marked silence when the venerable apostle came up, removed his hat, and said,—"let us pray." Many wept! But after sermon, from the text, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings," many, (to use the words of my friend, the Vicar,) were *converted*. Among these was Dorothy Glynn, whose after life exhibited every virtue. She died at an advanced age, in the faith and hope of a sincere christian.—(*Ib*)

ODDS AND ENDS: A MEDLEY.
WITH NOTES, ETC.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE north is described in the historians of the lower Empire, as a sort of hive, which, in every succeeding generation, seemed to send forth a clustering swarm of surplus inhabitants, to carve themselves out a country, and to establish themselves by force of arms in the happier regions of the south; the same superfluity of inhabitants appears to continue, and to render emigration at least desirable, if not necessary, from the same regions: the mind is lost in reflection on what may be the eventual result of British colonization, for the German colonists are lost in the superior numbers and energy of character of the British. The spread of the British language and literature, and free institutions; trial by jury, and a government responsible to the governed, promises a new world of something better and something greater than what Spain created. The Editor of the Baltimore Gazette seems like most men of limited understanding and observation, to have a tolerably good opinion of his countrymen: the Americans are a noble people, but they owe their superiority over the Germans, if there be any, to their free institutions: all who have studied the German character, speak of it with esteem and admiration: how happy would it be for this colony if a few of these 30,000 who are waiting at Bremen to be transported to America, would seek cheap living, a fine climate, and liberal wages for labour in South Africa.

GERMAN EMIGRANTS.

By official returns it appears that there have arrived at this port from Germany, within the past three months, upwards of 2,000 emigrants. Many more have reached other of our Atlantic cities, and 20,000 or 30,000 are waiting in Bremen for a passage to our shores. It is a subject for curious if not an important speculation to inquire what influence the transplanting of this exotic species into our country may have upon our indigenous or native race, inasmuch as they may bring with them no habits positively evil—inasmuch, also, as an intermingling of races will take place. We may hope that whatever is cold or sordid in the foreign natures may be tempered into something better by sharing the excess of the courage, enterprise, and generosity of our own people. We feel obliged to confess, as the result of our observation, that many of these foreigners, being the veriest peasantry (if nothing worse) of their own land, bring with them a moral and mental organisation not calculated to give a favourable impression.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

A man does not fly poverty and the tax-gatherer, and seek a foreign soil, and land at Baltimore in his holiday clothes, with a nosegay in his button-hole, and himself on his best behavior! but our Baltimore friend thinks that the peasantry only are rough and uncorteous in their demeanor; the worthy American, probably, had never seen aristocrats; let him hear what the *Herald* says:

Don Pedro was the first Prince, either of Spain or Portugal, who introduced anything like sociable and gentlemanly manners and habits. Before his time every member of the Royal Family dined alone, and *seldom used a knife and fork*. For his innovations he was much disliked by all the old servants at the palaces, whom he used to call savages. He retained his faculties to the last, and in great pain and suffering made many domestic and other arrangements for the Queen's Government. Within a few hours of his death, he desired to be dressed in the uniform of Colonel of his regiment, the heroic 5th Caçadorçs, in which he breathed his last, without making any observation on the subject. With this anecdote the army are delighted.—*Morning Herald.*

And yet the Royal Houses of Bourbon and Braganza, among whom, it appears, our friend Don Pedro was the first who had the manners of a gentleman, and the first who could eat with more decency than a pig,—were the very prime nobility of Europe.

It is lamentable to think, however, how much the poor emigrants must go through. Charity and virtue cannot act more benevolently nor more beneficently than by instituting an Emigrant's Friend Society, to advise and aid these poor people, and protect them from their own imprudence, as well as from the knavery of others; the heavy calamities of shipwreck may probably be traced to the avarice of the ship-owners; over-crowding ill-found shipping, and reckless of any other consideration than the amount of freight and passage-money: humanity requires that these things should be looked to.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK: MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* of the 1st instant, contains the following melancholy intelligence:—

"Extract of a letter from Picton, dated 11th September.—"We have just received accounts of the loss of the ship *Sybelle*, of Liverpool, from Cromarty for Quebec, with three hundred and sixteen emigrants, all of whom perished. Six of the crew saved themselves in the boat, four of whom arrived here this morning. Can nothing be done to erect a light-house on that fatal island? Surely means should be taken, if possible, to prevent such fatal shipwrecks."—*Halifax Paper.*

We may say, without fear of contradiction (says the above paper), that MORE THAN A THOUSAND of the emigrants who have left Great Britain and Ireland the present year for Quebec, have *perished by shipwreck on the passage*. This is a thirtieth part of the whole number of emigrants. Of a still greater number who have left the same countries for New York, *not one has perished by shipwreck*. These are facts worthy of being taken into consideration by emigrants and their friends.—*Times.*

Whilst we are allowing the ship-owners to drown one thousand emigrants for Quebec per annum, we are told that the school-master saves in England, France, and Germany, no less than 700,000 lives annually; this is refreshing, truly! and shews, therefore, that we can afford to people America and Australia, and let the ship-owners drown away, *ad libitum.*

LIFE PROLONGED BY CIVILIZATION.

If we collect England, Germany, and France, in one group, we find that the average term of mortality, which in that great and populous

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region was formerly 1 in 30 annually, is not at present more than 1 in 38. This difference reduces the number of deaths throughout these countries from 1,900,000 to less than 1,200,000 persons; and 700,000 lives, or 1 in 83 annually owe their preservation to the social ameliorations effected in the three countries of Western Europe, whose efforts to obtain this object have been attended with the greatest success. The life of man is thus not only embellished in its course by the advancement of civilization, but is extended by it, and rendered less doubtful. The effects of the amelioration of the social condition are to restrain and diminish, in proportion to the population, the annual number of births, and in a still greater degree that of deaths; on the contrary, a great number of births, equalled or exceeded by that of deaths, is a characteristic sign of a state of barbarism.—*Philosophical Journal.*

The South Australian Colony seems progressing, though in the last accounts from England men's minds were much too full of the change of administration, to leave a space for minor matters: the *Herald* attaches great importance to the appointment of Colonel Napier to govern it: the query is, would not it have done better without a Governor at all? Colonists should be a rough and ready race; up to anything, and equal to anything, but paying for Governors: poverty drives them from home, and if they had been equal to paying for the Corinthian Capital! and had a taste for the decoration! they would have staid at home, or at least ought to have staid at home

By a provision of the South Australian Act, His Majesty is prevented from formally appointing the Governor of the province, until the colonists shall have made arrangements with the Commissioners for the purchase of lands to the amount of £35,000, and for the investment of £20,000, by way of security for money advanced on the Colonial Revenue Bonds, by the issue of which the expenses of colonial government are to be defrayed. The colonists, in short, must invest £55,000 in the undertaking, before the appointment of their Governor can appear in the *Gazette*. As, however, the early success of the colony must very much depend on the character of the first Governor, and as the assembled colonists require a leader now, almost as much as they will require one after their arrival in Australia, His Majesty's Government have elected the gentleman, who will be appointed Governor as soon as the Act shall allow. The choice is most creditable to Mr. Spring Rice's administration of the Colonial Department. We remember that our contemporary, *The Examiner*, in reviewing Colonel Charles James Napier's account of his proceedings as Governor of Cephalonia, said, "he has shown himself to be the fittest man in England to govern a colony, and, *therefore*, he is the last man to be chosen for such a purpose." This Colonel C. J. Napier is to be the Governor of South Australia.

Until now, indeed, if a colonial officer disagreed with his chief in Downing-street, and, above all, if he were so bold as to defend his own conduct by an appeal to the public, he was marked for neglect, if not persecution.

But, it seems, we have changed all that. Colonel Napier, who, for years, has been a sort of *bête noire* to the Tories yet nestling in Downing-street, who has published a book full of strong reflections on our colonial administration, and who is incapable of expressing a repentance which does not feel, is, nevertheless, selected to fill an important office under Government. This is one of the many good fruits of reform. Let us hope that, in time, all public servants will be chosen for their fitness.—*Chronicle.*

Public servants chosen for their fitness! when the Devil is once fairly chained, and the Millenium is really begun, the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* will have the extreme satisfaction of seenig the salaried officials of government acknowledge themselves "Public Servants," and the people will then exercise that controul over their representatives in Parliament, which shall insure their being "chosen for their fitness;" but the difficulty is to get the Devil chained.

THE REV. MR. GATHERCOLE.

Who is the Rev. Mr. Gathercoals, or Mr. Set-on-fire-coals! for the creature seems a termagant? his being praised for such outrageous vituperations is a bad sign of the times. The Devil was the first Whig! say the Tories; the Devil was the first Dissenter! say the High Churchmen! The Devil was the first who touched the tree of knowledge! say the Noodles! marvellous logic! "Dissent and monarchy can never coalesce or stand together;" if by monarchy, a very pretty word if not ill coupled, the Rev. Mr. Gathercole means Rotten Boroughs, and a Church with Bishops on £25,000 per annum, and 7000 working clergy, having cure of souls, whose average income falls short of £90 per annum; and such like sprigs and ramifications of the "monarchy" of his love, he is right; the sturdy spirit of dissent is awake and aroused, and not to be cajoled; and most certainly not to be abused and bullied into acquiescence with abuses, proved to be such, any longer; the Dissenters will ask for more than University privileges before they are many months older.

The Dissenters throughout the country are quite indignant at the praise bestowed by the Bishop of London, in a late charge on the Rev. Mr. Gathercole's Letters to a Dissenting Minister, in which the most virulent abuse is heaped on them as a body. It is not to be supposed that dissent can be approved of by a Bishop; but of speaking of opponents, something like decency of language ought to be observed, and the production with which the Right Rev. Father in God has identified himself, is beyond measure scurrilous. What apology can be offered for language like the following:—

"The principles of independency are indeed the principles of depraved human nature, instilled into man and fostered in him by his great enemy *the Devil—the first Dissenter!!* . . . Every Dissenter in choosing his own teacher despiseth and rejecteth God in despising and rejecting his regularly appointed ministers, who are his representatives, acting in his name, and in virtue of the authority which he has committed to them through a medium of his own appointment. . . . . In short 'the principles of dissent' or independency influence every son and daughter of Adam, more or less, and are the source of all the evil of every kind on earth. Drunkenness, adultery, robbery, and murder, and every species of iniquity and vice, proceed from those infernal principles of licentiousness, for which Dissenting teachers contend under the specious names of 'liberty of conscience' and liberalism. I know that they do not allow their principles to carry them to such lengths, but I also know that others do, and consistently so too; for some, alas! too many, claim and take liberty of conscience sufficient to allow them to practise deceit, falsehood, cheating, robbery, and even murder itself. And were it not for the wholesome restraints imposed upon the consciences of men, and their liberty circumscribed by ecclesiastical and civil laws, their numbers would be so much increased that the state of society would be intolerable. . . . Dissenters in dissenting and separating from the Church, commit the heinous sin of schism, which is, in my opinion, a greater sin than the sin of drunkenness, and, therefore, a great deal more spoken against in the Word of GOD. . . . I look upon schism, in fact, as tantamount to a renunciation of Christianity. What is it but a renouncing of the Church of CHRIST—a renouncing of her ministers, and, through them, a renouncing of CHRIST himself? Do not schismatics, in forsaking the Church of GOD, and thus abandoning that machine which GOD has placed upon earth for the accomplishment of his great work of redemption in the salvation of men, and inventing new schemes of salvation, prefer their own wisdom and their own ways to the wisdom and ways of GOD? And as schismatics forsake the Church, and cut themselves off from her, they ought to be the very first persons over whom the Church should refuse her burial service to be read."

"Dissent and monarchy can never coalesce or stand together. Dissent is naturally opposed to monarchy, and cannot be otherwise. Its very principles naturally generate, and ever must generate, disloyalty and disaffection to a king, and insubordination and rebellion to any form of Government that does not square with the dissenting notions of democracy. Dissenters do sometimes, to be sure, boast of their loyalty, but just as a criminal asserts his innocence—in such a way that the very manner of doing it is only calculated to excite suspicion."

It is true the Bishop of London does not stand alone in eulogising this precious tissue of abuse. Thanks were expressly voted to the Rev. Mr. Gathercole "for his book," at a numerous meeting of his brethren at Leversedge, in Yorkshire. But Dr. Blomfield ought to have considered the conduct of those clergymen as worthy of reprehension, and not imitation. Does the Right Reverend Father in GOD think that the Church is to be benefited at this time of day, by calling of names—by terming "the Devil the first Dissenter?" This piece of low abuse has not even the merit of originality—it is a parody on the well-known opprobrious saying, that "the Devil was the first Whig."*—*Times.*

The Devil was the first Dissenter, was he? is there a Devil-created, or

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* In fairness to the Bishop of London, it should be known that his Lordship has confessed that "Mr. Gathercole was too severe in some things," and in his pastoral letter he is very complimentary to a proportion of the Dissenters.

The *British Critic*, the organ of High Church principles, is very indignant at Mr. Gathercole's attack. In an article *On Extremes in Religion*, it is intimated that Mr Gathercole has done injury to the Church, and should retire from it. (ED.)

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instigated by the Devil, dissenting congregation in Great Britain, which would have permitted their devotions and divine service to be interrupted by such a piece of foolery as the following?

SINGULAR CELEBRATION OF MARRIAGE.

On Sunday morning last, a marriage was solemnized in the parish church, Cheltenham, much to the surprise of the congregation, during the morning service—the performance of which was suspended a short time for the purpose. The bridegroom was a gentleman's servant, who claimed his right to be married at that time, the banns having been thrice published—in consequence, as he said, of his being obliged to leave Cheltenham with his bride in the afternoon of Sunday. It appears that, by the ecclesiastical law, his claim could not be refused.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

HANOVER.

The legitimates are looking about, as usual, for means to be mischievous; there seems fire and fuel ready for a combustion in Hanover; and Prussia will not look idly on. The mouths of the Elbe, Ems, and Wesee would form an incalculable gain to that thing of shreds and patchwork which the military genius of Frederic made up into a kingdom out of the Electorate of Brandenburg, and the spoils of all its weak neighbours. Hanover, and Denmark, and Mecklenburgh, united to Brandenburg, would consolidate Prussia into a firm sovereignty, of which Berlin would be, as nearly as possible, the centre; but what will Russia say? as for poor M. d'Este, he would cut a sorry figure in the contest.

Frankfort, Sept. 22.—M. d'Este, son of the Duke of Sussex by Lady Augusta, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, on the 23d August, presented a petition to the Chambers of Hanover, and to the Viceroy, wherein he endeavours to prove that he is issue of a legitimate marriage, not beneath the rank of his royal father, since the Earl of Dunmore was directly descended from a reigning family; he therefore prays to be admitted to all the rights and dignities belonging to a member of the royal family He supports himself on the opinion of Counsellor Klüber, one of the most celebrated lawyers of Germany. The heiress presumptive to the Crown of England is the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent. As females are excluded from the throne of Hanover, it will be separated from that of England on the accession of the Princess Victoria, daughter of the fourth son of George the Third. The heir presumptive to the throne of Hanover is the Duke of Cumberland, George the Third's fifth son. His son, born in 1819, is nearly blind, not of strong intellect, and in bad health. It is therefore evident that if M. d'Este were recognised as being the legitimate issue of the Duke of Sussex, he would have a good chance of succeeding to the throne of Hanover.

It was not until after the late conferences at Vienna that the idea of putting forth his pretensions was suggested to M. d'Este by an individual who resides in this country, and seems to keep aloof from public affairs, but who is, nevertheless, an agent of the northern powers, whenever any difficulties are to be raised in the way of the governments or persons not devoted to the system of those courts.

The Frankfort account of the young Prince of Cumberland is not very encouraging to the loyal hopes of the Ultra-Tories, who eat, and drink, and sleep, and live on the hopes of consigning the young Princess Victoria to this clear-sighted, strong-headed, and vigourous young gentleman.

COFFEE.

The island of Java appears to yield more Coffee than all the British West India Slave Islands united; the coffee-tree is a beautiful and most highly ornamental shrub, growing as much as twelve or fourteen feet high, of the most brilliant-coloured leaf, what Chaucer terms "a glad light green," and the blossoms snowy white; easily reared, producing fruit the fourth year, and lasting twenty years. The writer of this planted three hundred young trees as ornamental shrubbery in his garden in India, and hopes in the fifth year to supply his table from his own garden. The district in which he made this plantation is equal to the culture of very many thousand tons of coffee; and superior coffee to Java was sold there in the village bazaars, in 1831, for 14 seers, or $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, the rupee, or about 1s. 6d.; the rupee of that district being a bad one. Such are the capabilities of parts of India, utterly neglected! whilst the tea-trade and China occupied the conclaves of Leadenhall-street; they may now have leisure to think of India.

COFFEE CONSUMED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The consumption of coffee in Great Britain is about 10,000 tons; France, 20,000 tons; in the Netherlands, 40,000 tons; Spain and Portugal, 10,000 tons; Germany and the Baltic, 32,000 tons; United States, 15,000 tons. Total consumption, *tons*, 127,000. Of this large quantity the British West-Indies does not produce more than 30,000,000lbs. or 13,392 tons; while the Island Java alone yields 20,000 tons; Cuba about 15,000 tons; St. Domingo, nearly 16,000 tons; the Dutch West-India colonies, 5,000 tons; the French ditto and Bourbon, 8,000 tons; and the Brasils and Spanish Main, fully 32,000 tons. Our East-India colonies are capable of yielding excellent coffee to an indefinite amount.—*Spectator.*

In the meanwhile, let us see what British capital and British energy is capable of creating: the Liverpool and Manchester Railway-rate of travelling being nearly half a mile in a minute, on an average! and exceeding that rate when needed. This stupendous work employs above two millions sterling, and upwards of three thousand operatives, and expedites the most important trade of the country in a manner that no human foresight or calculation would have dared to anticipate.

MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL RAILWAY.

The report of the fifth-yearly meeting of the company has been published, from which it appears that, compared with the corresponding six months of the previous year, the increase in merchandise conveyed along the line has been 7,727 tons, and in passengers 29,255 persons; and that a profit on the half-year's business has accrued of 34,621*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* which enables the company to declare a dividend for that period of 4*l.* 10*s.* per 100*l.* share, leaving a reserved fund of upwards of 4000*l.* to meet contingencies. The total expenditure on the construction of the railway and works is stated at 1,132,075*l.*, and the net profit between July, 1833, and July, 1834, at 75,575*l.*, being at the rate of 6*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* per cent. per annum.—*Liverpool Paper.*

The following curious experiment, if quite correctly stated, seems applicable to further use than the mere solving of a question of physical power; if the steady pressure of 107 tons does not exceed the force of one man's strength delivered in a blow, then the outcry that has been made respecting the supposed unscientific principles of ship-building, is senseless in the extreme; the strength of a ship compared with its weight, and the weight it has to stow in cargo, &c. far exceeds the above proportion of the supposed effect of 107 tons applied in steady pressure; let us do our best to improve in naval architecture; but let us beware lest we over-rate supposed defects; a little stronger than strong enough, and renewing before the good ship goes to pieces by decay, and the wooden walls of old England may float on, as they have hitherto floated, the joy and rejoicing of the boldest and the best sailors of any age or any nation.

HUMAN STRENGTH.

From the results of experiments made in Portsmouth dock-yard, in driving and pressing in large iron and copper bolts, a man of medium strength, striking with a mallet weighing 18 pounds, and the handle of which was 44 inches long, would *start* a bolt about one-eighth of an inch every blow. It required a pressure of 107 tons to press the same bolt down the same quantity of space; but a small additional weight pressed it completely home.

The following, as a match against time in aquatic exercise, appears to surpass ordinary feats of eccentric and gallant spirits, "indocile to endure inactivity." Such occurrences should be noted; and any thing that speaks out, characteristic of John Bullism, should be cheered and welcomed. We wish Capt. Kemp had not wasted his precious time over his cheroots at Hampton Bridge, and lost his wager for mere smoke! but so Fortune decreed, and it is not the first laurel that has been thrown away for something

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equally vapoury. Let us compare the vices and the follies, and the expenditures of Newmarket, with that highly national and praiseworthy establishment, the Royal Yacht Club, and then let us consider how aristocratic tastes, by being good or bad, may benefit or injure a country.

AQUATICS.—MATCH AGAINST TIME.

A match which excited some interest in certain private circles, came off on Friday last. J. N. Kemp, Esq. an officer in a dragoon regiment quartered at Hampton, and we believe son of the Kemp, of Kemptown, had accepted a wager of 100*l.* to 70*l.* that he would not row from Westminister-bridge to Hampton-bridge and back, a distance of about 45 miles, several of which were in the teeth of a strong current, in seven hours. He had also another bet, that he could not perform the distance in 7½ hours. The boat in which he rowed the match was built expressly by Searle, the celebrated boat-builder, and is not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the lightest ever launched, being 27 feet long, and weighing only 82lbs. Mr. Kemp started from Westminster-bridge at 19 minutes to two, p m. about an hour before high water. He reached Putney in 31 minutes, and Hampton-bridge in three hours and 33 minutes, which, as in returning he would not have to contend with the current, gave him the fullest confidence of success. In this, however, he seems to have been too sanguine, as he wasted some time in smoking, and sending ashore for refreshment; these delays, added to the fog which came on at night, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions on his part, cost him his wager, as he did not arrive at Westminister-bridge till 2½ minutes after the stipulated time. Having won his second bet, however, he is, we believe, no loser, and as he had previously, while practising, accomplished the distance within the nine hours, there can be little doubt that but for the circumstances to which we have alluded, he would have won the match. It is admitted to be a great feat even for a waterman, and such as perhaps very few could accomplish.

John Bull, and his brother Paddy, are strange contrasts; whoever ventures to laugh at John, runs a serious risk of feeling John's fist as an accompaniment to his indiscreet betrayal of merriment. Paddy, on the other hand, will be laughed at, rather than not attract attention, or deliver himself of one of his strange conceits which, generally speaking, exceed in wit and invention the utmost expectation of the listener. "Why do you not destroy these flies?" says the superlatively wise Mr. Carey, and he gives the reply as if it had been delivered in sober sadness!

IRISH FLIES.

When we came into the parlour of the inn, at Fermoy, we found it black with flies. "Why do you not destroy these flies?" we inquired of the landlord. "Bless you," he replied, "that would only make the matter worse; whenever we kill one, all his acquaintances come to the funeral."—*Letters from Ireland, by Carey.*

Every day is producing its changes every where, and no where more decidedly than in the green island. The tithe war is a contest which will give the Duke of Wellington more trouble than the whole of his glorious career from Roleia to Waterloo, and the value of the honor will be short of the price of a tithe pig! but, whilst the peasantry are year by year advancing in the knowledge of their strength, and of what may be effected even against military discipline by "agitation," Dublin, it seems, can correspond with America.

UNITED STATES—IRELAND.

Some idea may be obtained of the communication between persons resident in America and their connexions in this country when it was estimated by the clerks in the post-office that the postage upon the letters in the American post-bag, received one day last week, was upwards of 300*l.*—*Dublin Register.*

The Duke of Wellington was reported to say in Parliament, that poor Ireland had only been half conquered! it may be worthy of his consideration, before the idea of completing the good work occurs to him, to conjecture what may be contained in the American post-bags; and whether Paddy's cousins at Baltimore would merely twirl their thumbs whilst Paddy was cudgelled into submission to Orange lodges!

TYLER ON OATHS.

The appearance of a Quaker, and sundry Catholics in Parliament, must have been as astounding an event, as fearful a phenomenon indicative of the moral volcano then bursting, as Mons. Roland's shoe-*strings* in the Court of Louis 16th. We are, it may be hoped, rapidly advancing to the study of essentials, and the contempt of non-essentials. John Bull at sea, and John Bull on shore, are in absolute opposition; but whether our soldiers are ever to be dressed and equipt in a manner that will leave them the free use of their limbs, or whether our noble tars are to have their honest necks buckled into stocks, and their heads encumbered with weighty shakoes, remains for the future to develope; perhaps, as the old-order men are coming in again, we may have Jack belted and buckled, and fancy revels in the confusion he would make, poor fellow, in his drill-master's priggery! but what are we to say to the profane system of legalized swearing? every thing in England is on oath. The *Sun*, commenting on the *Edinburgh Review* of Tyler on Oaths, describes the Work as a curious, an able, but a sad record of English extravagance in the article of adjuration. Our annual consumption of oaths is truly enormous, and right glad are we to find that even at this late period of the world's existence, inquiries are being set on foot to diminish it. The great difficulty appears to be in fixing on some less awful, and in many cases, blasphemous means of obliging men to speak the truth. Yet this seems impossible without abolishing oaths altogether, unless men agree that there is an intrinsic holiness in certain sounds, or combinations of matter, independent of what is conceded to it by that common consent which raises it up an arbiter of truth.

The reviewer says—

"The oath was formerly a regular part of every treaty. Let jurists make out their lists of the broken faith of nations, and put the sworn treatise of the thirteenth, and the unsworn ones of the nineteenth century, in contrast, with each other. Modern diplomacy need not blush. Formerly, the entire male population was sworn to its allegiance. In England, boys, as soon as they were twelve years old, attended the Court Leet for that purpose. We do not know when this comedy was played for the last time. But there can be no doubt, that it would be a much more difficult thing to get a single village to turn out into rebellion now, than it would have been for party leaders to bring out the suitors of the Court Leets of half the kingdon into the field against the king."

And yet, notwithstanding this falling off in our national expenditure of oaths, a return laid before the House of Commons states the number taken before the Board of Customs in 1830, to be no fewer than 101,596! and before the Board of Excise 194,612! while the consumption at Chelsea only is estimated at 320,000!

Religion and common sense alike call for a change here.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLASSICAL DISCUSSION.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I regret that your valuable Correspondent, in his Review of Howison's Work on European Colonies, in your last Number, has given a translation of a passage in Herodotus, which, on more careful examination, I think, he will not find defensible. He endeavours, on the authority of Herodotus, to establish his opinion, that the Phenicians who were sent by Necho to ascertain the circumnavigation of Southern Africa, stopped and wintered in parts resorted to "by African Traders." "Herodotus

* We believe the change has already taken place. (ED.)

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states," says he, "that when autumn came on, the navigators secured their ships on shore, *in the usual place*, where traders to Africa were wont to winter; sowed grain, reaped a harvest, and proceeded; and having consumed two years, turned the pillars of Hercules in the third year, and returned to Egypt." Again: "The points overlooked by the learned commentators are, the declaration that the navigators wintered, and sowed grain, precisely *in the same manner* as African traders are wont to do, HINA HEKASTOTE TES LIBVES PLEONTES GINOIATO."

The Reviewer, by quoting the words of the original author, intends, doubtless, that a stress should be laid upon them, in supporting his charge against the Commentators; but surely "in the usual place," and "in the same manner," although translated from the same words, convey very different meanings. The statement of Herodotus has hitherto been considered, and, I believe, will still continue to be considered this,—"that the Phenicians, as often as autumn came, having brought their ships to shore, sowed the land, along whatever part of the Lybian coast they might be in their voyage, (literally, they sailing might be,) and waiting for the harvest." The old translators agree in the sense of the words HINA HEKASTOTE K. T. L. though with some variety of expression, namely, "in whatever part of Lybia they, the Phenicians, might be in their voyage," not, "where traders of Africa might be."

They have good authority for this translation; the words HINA HEKASTOTE, are used in the same sense by Herodotus, Lib. viii. 155, where, also, the uncertainty of place is expressed by the optative mood. But it may be asked, will not these words bear the meaning adduced by the Reviewer? No expression similar to TES LIBVES PLEONTES, with a meaning parallel to that of "African traders" has been adduced by Dr. Burney, who searched for examples to invalidate the rules on the use of the Greek article by Bishop Middleton. If the places in Africa, at which the Phenician navigators stopped, were determinate, the construction of GINOIATO with HINA, is contrary to the general usage, and to that of Herodotus.

It was to be expected that the Phenicians, in the first voyage round the southern extremity of Africa, should stop in unknown places. If it be conceded that Port Natal was the place in which they passed the autumn of the *first* year, it still remains an object of enquiry, where they passed the autumn of the *second* year. Was this, also, a place "where African traders were wont to winter?" That the Phenicians landed in two successive autumns to sow grain, and wait for a crop, appears from the account of Herodotus, who states that they passed between the pillars of Hercules on the third year of their voyage. The silence of Herodotus respecting any trade along the eastern or western coast of Africa, is an argument sufficiently decisive that none existed in his time, especially as he describes the course of trade in several countries, and particularly the route and stages of the traders along the northern parts of Africa. It may be further observed, if voyages as far as Port Natal had been familiar to African traders in the time of Necho, that the Phenicians, sent by his order, would not have reported the appearance of the sun on their right hand as a wonderful occurrence. H. O.

We doubt whether an antiquarian or Greek discussion would be relished by the generality of our readers, but circumstances, to which we need only refer, having drawn attention to the article under consideration, it becomes requisite to reply more fully to H. O. than would otherwise have been thought necessary.

To those who read Greek, a reference to the original will show, that if the Reviewer gave a free translation of the six words quoted from Herodotus; H. O., whilst reproving our freedom, has made equally free with the nine preceding words; and what is more, has argued as stoutly upon his error as we have on ours. There is, however, this difference betwixt us, that our error, if it be one, makes sense of the passage, and is very strongly supported, not refuted, as H. O. would insinuate, by ancient history: whilst H. O.'s version, if it is to be received as the meaning of Herodotus, supposes the 'Father of History' to deliver himself of a palpable absurdity.

As it may appear bad taste to bandy charges of inaccurate translation, backwards and forwards, we will give Wesseling's Latin version, and Beloe's English, of the whole passage, which is luckily a short one. Wesseling renders it—"Qui quum autumnus advenisset, applicitis ad terram navibus, sementem faciebant; ubi identidem navigantes in Africam forent." Beloe says "on the approach of autumn, they landed in Libya, and planted some corn in the place where they happened to find themselves." Let these be compared with H. O. who makes the passage: "as often as autumn came, having brought their ships to shore, they sowed the land along whatever part of the Lybian coast they might be in their voyage (literally, they sailing might be), &c." As all these three essentially vary, it is clear that all three cannot be right; therefore it is fortunate that common sense may be called in to arbitrate; for whatever makes nonsense of a passage, may be safely rejected as an inaccurate version.

Thus we may venture to suppose that the Greek words HOKOS DE GENOITO PHTHINOPORON PROSCHONTES AN SPEIRESKON TEEN GEEN, do not mean "as often as autumn came, having brought their ships to shore, they sowed the land;" first, because it has not been the usage of agriculturists in any country, or in any age, to sow in autumn! or to reap at the end of winter! secondly, because if they had stopt merely for harvest, and for no other reason, the corn consumed by the mariners of a fleet, whilst waiting for a harvest, would amount to as much as they were likely to gain by the increase of the seed corn they planted! thirdly, because the acts of digging and sowing, indicate a knowledge of the soil and climate, and the changes of season to be expected; the seed corn was too precious to have been cast upon the earth, unless they had the certainty of reaping, founded on former experience.

H. O. says—"If it be conceded that Port Natal was the place in which they passed the autumn of the first year, it still remains an object of inquiry where they passed the autumn of the second year. Was this also a place where African traders were wont to winter? That the Phœnicians landed in two successive autumns to sow grain, and wait for a crop, appears," &c. "The silence of Herodotus respecting any trade along the eastern or western coast of Africa, is an argument *sufficiently decisive that none existed*," &c. We should deny this conclusion, even if the hypothesis on which it is founded, were correct, which it is not. Herodotus *does mention* a trade on the western coast of Africa, and states the particulars; and it cannot surely be wonderful that the spirit of enterprize which carried the Phœnician ships north of the Pillar of Hercules to Britain, for tin, should have likewise carried them the same distance, coasting south, that is to say, beyond Sierra Leone, for gold and ivory: the absurdity lies, not in the belief, but in the doubt, of so natural an occurrence. Modern discovery has shown the impracticability of coasting down the west side of Africa below the 10th degree south: the wind and current are unchangeably from the south, and there is no watering place on the shore; this, though it may define the limit of Phœnician knowledge, does not disprove any knowledge at all. But as respects the fact of a remote foreign trade, long before the date of Herodotus, we hold it to be established, first, because Moses, supposed to have promulgated his law upwards of 1500 years before Christ, that is 1100 years, or thereabouts, before Herodotus, in the 30th chapter Exodus, and 23d verse, proves that a trade to the Cinnamon Country existed in that day; second, because Solomon is supposed to have sent his fleets to Ophir, 550 years, or thereabouts, before Herodotus; therefore, a trade to a country which yielded gold, ivory, apes, and peacocks, and some wood of more value than cedar, or it would not have been brought so far, must have existed. Should H. O. say that both the Cinnamon Country and Ophir are considered by him to lie in the east, we agree with him, and could support his opinion to that effect with better arguments than we suspect he himself possesses: but the voyage from the Egyptian coast of the Red Sea, coasting Arabia and Persia to India, is longer than the voyage to the 30th degree on the coast of Africa; therefore the practicability of the thing is established; the only question is, the probability. But Herodotus is not silent "respecting any trade on the western coast;" on the contrary, near the conclusion of the 4th Book, he describes, very particularly, the Carthaginian mode of intercourse with the Libyans, somewhere beyond the Pillars of Hercules, which Beloe supposes to be in Senegambia; but we would place it further south, supposing Cape Verd to be the Western Horn, and Cape Palmas the Southern Horn, of their ancient geography. Let H. O. refer to Wesseling's Edition in the Public Library, page 367; the passage, and the notes, are worth his perusal,

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if he has never read them, which it would seem that he has not.

Again:—H. O. says "it may be further observed, if voyages as far as Port Natal had been familiar to African traders in the time of Necho, that the Phœnicians, sent by his order, would not have reported the appearance of the sun on their right hand as a wonderful circumstance." Now, here is a man who ought to know better, and yet who will write nonsense, merely, as it seems, because he won't take the trouble to think on what he is writing about. The possibility of having the sun to the right hand, that is, of getting south of the sun, was surely known to those who built the observatory of Syene, on the tropic, where Herodotus himself was, and saw it, and must, had he been totally ignorant of the fact before, have had it explained to him when on the spot: the marvel is, not "the appearance of the sun on their right hand," but that it was there all the time they circumnavigated Africa: the wonder was, not that they reached and passed the Tropic of Cancer, a very ordinary occurrence, as in the journey from Egypt into Ethiopia, and down the Red Sea; but, that they reached the Tropic of Capricorn, and were beyond the Torrid Zone altogether. Wesseling translates the passage thus: "referentes quæ apud me fidem non habent, sed forte apud aliquem alium: circumnavigantes Africam se habuisse solem ad dextram;" it is not "they sailing," but "they circumnavigating." Baillie, on ancient astronomy, has well said, that the fragments of real knowledge scattered through the errors of the classic literature, resemble the demembrements of a former age of higher attainments, than what the Greeks and Romans ever reached. The circumstance may possibly be explained, should our knowledge of oriental literature ever enable us to trace the sources and channels through which the knowledge of the east was filtered through the Phœnicians to the Greeks. But, that the geographical fact of an inhabited region in the south temperate zone was known to the ancients, is incontestibly proved by Pomponius Mela, who says, cap. 1, "Hujus medio terra sublinus cingitur undique mari. Zonis quinque distinguitur: mediam æstas infestat, frigus ultima reliquæ habitabiles paria agunt anni tempora verum non paritur. Antichthones alteram, nos alteram incolunt:" the word, antichthones, meaning inhabitants of an opposite part of the earth, and as nearly as possible parallel with antipodes, though not so precisely opposite! No man could have invented such an accurate description; and therefore, as it is followed up by fiction, we must suppose that the knowledge of these facts had rolled from a far distant source, and become turbid in its course; and yet it is a curious circumstance, too, that the region where the pigmies fought the cranes,—a land of dwarf men and gigantic birds,—should be the southern limit of Africa, the region of the pigmy Hottentots, the smallest of men! and the giant crane, the ostrich, largest of birds! the fable appears with a foundation. But to return to Pomponius Mela: as no part of Asia lies south of the Line, and America was not known, there could not possibly be any antichthones, except the South Africans, then known to inhabit the southern temperate zone; and consequently, the utter ignorance respecting them, which H. O. has supposed and argued on, appears to be disproved. Further, the author of the African Periplus having first placed Prasum, the limit of the resort of the African traders on the eastern coast in 34º south; and having, apparently, after comparing his dead reckoning with the journals of others, corrected it to 24º, it is worthy of remark, that Ptolemy reduces it to 15º, for no other reason than that the natives are described as a race of small black men; and therefore, that their region cannot be so far from the Line as 24º south; an assertion which shows Ptolemy to be a theorist, correcting a practical man, who appears to have described from personal knowledge; and whose acquaintance with the current which set round the Cape from the Mozambique Channel, proves him to have been well informed of the peculiar characteristics of the southern ocean. The accuracy of the Periplus respecting Prasum, seems corroborated by Mela, who having described the known coast of Africa, concludes with the singular assertion "Cœterum oris *ad Eurum* sequentibus nihil memorabile occurrit: vasta omnia, &c." Now assuredly there is no part of the coast of Africa, whence it could be said "the rest of the coast *eastward*," that is to say, where an alteration in the direction of the line of coast could be thus distinctly indicated, except somewhere about the 24th degree south; and the *ad Eurum* may either be an error for *ad Hesperum*, or it may be confounding Madagascar with the African coast; or it may be the error of Ptolemy's Geography: but we are disposed to doubt the latter, as the above extracts indicate a superior knowledge than what Ptolemy possessed.

Again:—Herodotus cannot have considered this voyage as a wonderful achievement; nor does he describe it as such: the Persian army which marched to the Hesperides, to the shores of the Atlantic, TES LIBUES HEKASTATO ES HESPERIDAS, to the extremity of Africa, performed a far more arduous and toilsome expedition; and a longer march than it would be for a caravan of traders by land, to coast the eastern side of Africa from Egypt to Sofala.

The subject matter of these remarks having a local interest, we prosecute the discussion further than we should otherwise consider expedient. H. O. in translating the passage, uses the words, TEEN GEEN, twice; "they brought their ships *to shore*, sowed *the land*. He also overlooks the force of the word, PROSCHONTES, which used as a nautical technical word, means a great deal more, than "they brought their ships to shore;" or as Beloc blunders it, 'they landed.' Wesseling renders it, applicitis ad terram navibus, which is better than either; but is still unequal to the original.

This brings us to our next remark, that in translating from an ancient account of ancient manners, something more is wanted than what is to be learnt in a Lexicon: *fortunately* for our purpose, the inhabitants of the East remain unchanged through the lapse of three thousand years; and the oldest chronicles describe them in the first ages to have been such as they now are; nor is there a more faithful delineation of oriental character and manners, as they are now to be recognized in the East, than what is presented to us in the sacred volume: the reason is obvious; without the press, and without the schoolmaster, improvement, beyond a certain pitch, is almost impracticable; and Nature never changes: thence, many obscure passages in the two best books, the Bible and Homer, lose their obscurity to one conversant with the East. We will give an example. Let Iliad, p. 257 to 262, especially the concluding line, be compared with Deutoronomy, c. 11, v. 10, "watering with the foot like a garden of herbs:" the two passages cannot be accurately understood, without having seen the process of irrigation, as practised in Egypt and the East. And here let us pause to add our feeble testimony to the beauty and fidelity of the English version of the Holy Scripture: the wonderful accuracy with which the Hebrew text has been translated, appears almost miraculous to one who has tried and knows the difficulty of putting anything Oriental into an European garb of modern phraseology. But to return to Herodotus, we consider the obscurity of the passage under discussion, to be occasioned by the ignorance of modern Lexicographers of the precise import of PROSCHONTES, used as a naval technical: any one who has been in an Arab or Indian port, knows that their largest vessels, upwards of 500 tons, when they *winter*, as we call it, are totally stript of masts and rigging; and being floated thus light, as high on the beach as a spring tide will take them, are thence hauled by windlasses, and the whole population of the port, above high water mark, and are then *thatched over*, to lay up for the Mousum, (Anglice, Monsoon,) the season during which sailing is dangerous or inexpedient; and during which period, the mariners employ themselves in agricultural pursuits and fishing, as suits their inclination or convenience; for it is worthy of remembrance, that the winter months are their fine sea weather period; and their season of storm and rain, the agricultural months from May to September. The north-west Monsoon commences betwixt the middle of October and middle of November, the fleet taking its departure with the change of Monsoon, would reach Sofula, a distance of 3,500 miles, or thereabouts, at the average rate of 15 miles per diem, under eight months: from July to December, the winds are westerly, and would enforce their stay: and it being supposed that former experience and knowledge of the coast having instructed them in this necessity, they would be prepared for it, and the period is sufficient, and the season is suitable to get in a crop whilst they waited for a favorable change of wind. Should it be said they ought not to have set out so early, as to render such a long stay necessary, we reply, that from June to September are foul weather months from Egypt to the Line, and the navigators had no option, with their means, but to act as they did. After the middle of December, the south-east wind is steady, and would convey the voyagers round the Cape to the Congo River, in the 10th degree on the Western Coast, without their requiring to use the oar; a few weeks sufficing to carry them 3,000 miles of distance, with the favorable current and fair wind: whence their course by force of oar to Sierra Leone, would occupy them until May or June, the commencement of the hurricane and rainy period of that coast; where remaining until October, they could proceed thence, and passing the Straits of Gibralter, would return to Egypt in the third year.

The argument by H. O. that, if the places in Africa at which the Phœnician navigators stopped, "were determinate, the construction of GENOIATO with HINA, is contrary to general usage, &c." falls, because we have not said, that Herodotus spoke of the places as determinate; we gather from the context and sense of the passage, that the Phœnicians who guided the fleet, were aware of a certain wintering haven, and went thither; but that it was unknown to Herodotus.

Our reason for supposing that the word PLEONTES did not apply to the parties then sailing was, that when Heredotus speaks of them on their voyage, he uses the word PERIPLOONTES, they circumnavigating, not PLEONTES, they sailing. Further, with perfect deference to H. O's superior knowledge of the Greek language, we humbly suggest that if Herodotus had written "HINA TES LIBUES HEKASTATO," or "OI PERIPLOONTES TEEN LIBUEN," then our version would not have been *defensible;* but supported by the context, as it now stands, we think it so at present. The parallel passage referred to by H. O. is the example in Scapula's Lexicon, under the word TEKASTOTE, and the production of it, is not, consequently, any great proof of extensive reading! but though HINA and HEKASTOTE, occur together in both passages, we are far from agreeing that they bear the same meaning in both places; and we are borne out by Wesseling, who translates the words, "ubi identidem" in our case, and "ut in quamque" in Scapula's example, referred to by H. O.

We do not wish, in future, to renew discussions of this nature, which can interest so few of our readers; and though we shall always receive H. O's communications with grateful pleasure, we hope they may embrace subjects of a more popular character. We should, however, feel flattered should he consider our

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pages as deserving of his commentary in any of the periodicals at home exclusively devoted to classical literature. Should he do so, we beg leave, in addition to the two interesting passages to which we solicited his attention, to point out a third, which is in Herodotus, and which, we think, is a curious historical hint, that has escaped observation.

H. O. will well know, that a certain class of unbelievers in the sacred books, have built an argument on the fact, that the first thirty-six chapters of Genesis are evidently, from the style and language, by different writers from those which follow: whence, and from some other circumstances, it has been contested that the early history, the rite of circumcision, and the Jewish ritual, were adopted from the Egyptians; and the latter not of divine institution. Now it would be a triumphant reply to such an argument, to prove that the Egyptians borrowed something from the Jews; and we think Herodotus unwittingly establishes it in the following passage, which, our apprehension of being again charged with fanciful translation, induces us to transcribe from Wesseling, as Beloe's English version is not worth quoting. After describing sundry peculiarities, which he conceives that the Greeks had borrowed from Ethiopia, he adds: "Quinctiam hinc primum mihi videtur ululatus ('ololugè) in templis extitisse, quod eo Africanæ mulieres utuntur ac utuntur belle," (kalos.)

As Hololugè very clearly appears to have been the burthen of a sacred song used by the Ethiopians, and chanted *sweetly* by their women in their temples; and to have been received by the Greeks from them, through the Egyptians; our recognizing in it the Hebrew Halelu Jah—Praise ye the Lord, the chorus of the Hebrew psalms and sacred melodies, indicates the Hebrew origin of the song; as the word has no meaning in Greek, but has become corrupted from its Hebrew original of sacred melody, to the howl of funeral lamentation. Neither the Ethiopic nor Coptic languages are dialects of the Arabic and Hebrew root; consequently, the word being so little altered in sound one thousand years after the departure of the Hebrews from Egypt! and retained for its original purport of the chorus of a psalm, proves its Hebrew derivation: the subject deserves an essay, and H. O. should give us one thereon.

* * *

HORTICULTURE.

[We have been long attempting to bring out the practical gardeners from their retreats—to stir them up from a sort of inglorious inactivity which we suspected had laid hold of their native energies. We have *thrown the line* for the last two years without a single bite,—at length we have been successful.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Sir,—In your "Few plain Thoughts on Horticulture," you appear to think that the vegetables of the Cape gardens might be improved if there was an active Horticultural Society established here. You deplore the death of a former society, and seem to ascribe its decease to the want of working-gardeners among the members. I rather presume that it was the want of an experimental garden in the vicinity of Cape Town, which caused the *melancholy* demise.

In England it is not necessary that a Horticultural Society should possess an experimental garden; there, gardens are (as they ought to be) considered as the most ornamental and *moral* appendage to the Palace, to the Villa, and to the Cottage; the possessors of which cannot be expected to be either professional or practical gardeners. Still, however, we find that, from the prince to the humble cottager, of either sex, all take an interest in the garden; and, if the higher classes of English society do not perform the manual labour, (their minds, during the retirement from other pursuits are not quiescent,) they disdain not to suggest ideas which the mere empirick gardener could never surmise.

In this colony there are scarcely two gardens alike, however near they may be placed in locality; hence, any improvement in practice and results, as ascertained by their respective owners, would be of little benefit to the colony at large, but if the various methods were brought into notice, and shewn in one garden only, and under the management of a skilful gardener, the experiments would speak for themselves, and consequently the most successful method would be adopted by those who chose to perform their duty. Duty, say you? Yes, Duty! Man was a gardener from the first, he was commanded by his Creator to improve the fruits of the earth, and the infinite variety of form and colour, together with the various properties of the vegetable kingdom, prove that it was not for punishment that this command was given, but rather that man might observe the power and presence of his Maker, in the book of nature unfolded to his view—this ought to teach the gentry of South Africa, that, in despising the garden and the field-labour as being too humble for their practice, they are surely neglecting a most essential duty to God and themselves.

"Our potatoes are good, bad, and indifferent. For one good boiling you get three bad ones." I must congratulate you upon having these three chances; but as to the boiling, your *artiste*, or in plain English your cook, may spoil the best potato that can be produced, in the cooking. Your list of sorts of potatoes, I must not meddle with at present, neither that of your peas; but I think that if you will take the trouble to look over the Cape Calendar for the present year, you will find that in the month "August," instructions are given for the production of the *too frequently despised pome de terre*, with several other matters worth your notice. How the Cape Directory for 1835 has escaped your critical pen, is best known to yourself; on former occasions, the *Commercial Advertiser* particularly noted any alterations in the compilation, this year he is silent;—What is the secret of this? The title-page of the Calendar alone informs us that it is "Written expressly for the Cape Directory for the present year;" upon a cursory reading, I find that it is so, and that an appendix is also attached. I must regret that a larger Colonial Calendar does not seem likely to appear, the appendix recommending English publications for farther intelligence. A note to the appendix (whether from the printer, or printer's devil, it does not appear,) states that the works mentioned are useless to the country farmers, in consequence of their ignorance of the English language. Mr. Greig *helps* those persons *greatly;* I have been informed that he has not given a Dutch translation this year! although it is expressly written for the use of those very persons.

As it does not seem adviseable to form an Horticultural Society in Cape Town, it is recommended that the Agricultural Society should extend their operations, the two arts (?) being so intimately connected with each other; pray do any of the Societies already formed publish, or intend to publish their transactions? some parts of which would surely be of general utility.

You complain of the quality of the vegetables brought into the Cape market; many complain of the prices charged for such produce. A short time since a correspondent of the *S. A. Commercial Advertiser* complained of the high price of cauliflower in the market, and to shew the profits of the *poor* gardener, produced a statement which appeared pretty enough on paper, but false in practice, it went to shew that the profits on one acre of cauliflower was somewhat above £209 sterling, (I quote from memory.) I should like to know in what part of this colony a compact acre of ground is to be found that is capable of bearing an average crop of cauliflower.

Upon a piece of ground—a rood, or perhaps less—an industrious practical

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gardener lost no less than four thousand cauliflower plants from blight, drought, and the depredations of insects; persevering, however, in a succession of young plants, he at last produced an average crop, and would have been happy and content if he could have realised sixpence each for the cauliflower sent to market. It is not the grower that realises a large profit, nor very frequently a remunerating one; it is the vender who reaps the fruits of the husbandman's labor; much of this is occasioned by the common practice now in operation; the domestic vender is despatched in the morning with fruit, vegetables, &c. some of which are necessarily put up in bunches; he proceeds to the most convenient spot for his purpose, and commences his operations by sub-dividing the bunches; of two he makes three, and so on The next description of vender is one who goes at once to the grower, makes the best bargain he can, and paying the amount, gives the grower no farther trouble. The last, though not least, is the vender *en chef*, the regular *smouch*, who, attending the market, purchases by wholesale, either on speculation or on commission; his real profits are large, and he is truly a monopolist, having full command in the market.

How far those, and many other connected evils may be remedied, or altogether removed, by the establishment of the proposed Fruit and Vegetable Market, remains for proof; but if the establishment takes place, I beg leave to recommend to all good housewives, to visit the vegetable market themselves, the exercise of a morning walk will prove beneficial to their health; in some, it will correct the obesity which at present defies the united power of whalebone, steel, and cordage to control, or keep within reasonable (or rather fashionable) bounds; in others, it will restore the healthy tone of the stomach; and, to all economical housewives, it will confer the power of abolishing a most nefarious tax which has been too long exacted, by their domestics charging considerably more than the actual payment they have made in the purchases with which they have been intrusted.

It now remains with me to apologise for my intrusion upon your Editorship, and you must receive my excuses as I make them, whether agreeable or not. E. J.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

ON THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

The following interesting particulars are selected from the *Nautical Magazine* for September last. The communication is made by an Officer lately of H. M. Sloop *Zebra*.

The following is an account of the population and produce of Tahiti and Eimeo, at the time of our visit:—Number of persons, 10,000, increasing since the abolition of infanticide, and the destruction of the stills. Imports—hardware, cotton, and cloth, by the European whalers; New England rum, by the Americans. Exports—rope, from the fibre of the cocoa-nut, (price 5 dollars per 100 lbs;) sugar, of which twenty tons was made in 1831, (and almost any quantity can be made,) price 27*s.* per cwt.; cocoa-nut oil, arrow-root, tortoise-shell, pigs, bullocks, and poultry, in abundance; also goats. A very fine breed of horses and horned cattle; wood and water very plentiful. The natives make straw bonnets and plat, principally for their own use. The native cloth is disappearing, and European cottons are becoming general The religion is under the guidance of the London Missionary Society, which has twelve European preachers, sixteen teachers, or exhorters, a church and school at each station, and the SOUTH SEA ACADEMY at Eimeo, for the children of Europeans and Americans, and Natives. The following will shew the course of education adopted:—

Boys' Classes.

1st.—English language, grammar, and composition.
Latin ditto ditto.
Greek ditto ditto.
Arithmetic, the square and cube roots.
Trigonometry, plain and spherical, navigation, and the first branches of theology.
2d.—English language, and grammar.
Rudiments of the Latin tongue, and grammar.
Arithmetic, as far as the single and double rule of three direct.
Writing, geography, and mental philosophy.
3d.—English reading, and orthography; English writing, and arithmetic, as far as compound addition.

Girls' Classes.

1st.—English language, grammar, and composition; geography, chronology, ancient history, biography, arithmetic, needle-work, &c.
2d.—English reading, grammar, and writing; orthography, arithmetic, needle-work, &c.
3d.—English reading, orthography, needle-work, &c.

The Head Master of the School is Mr Simpson. The average expence to each pupil is £4:3:2 per annum, *i. e.* for educating, board, washing, books, and paper.

There is also belonging to the academy a library, to which the charitably disposed are invited to contribute. Captain Macmurdo presented Langhorne's Plutarch, 6 vols.

I went to the native school, previous to the divine service on Sunday morning, and was gratified in seeing about 180 adults and children of both sexes, separate from each other, under the immediate guidance of a native exhorter. We put several questions to them, on scriptural subjects, which they answered with much readiness, and to the point. Their conduct was more decorous than I have witnessed at Sunday schools even in England From the school room they walked to church, in the most quiet and orderly manner. Divine service was then performed in the native language, and hymns were sung with much musical propriety. The queen, her mother, and aunt, arrived previous to the commencement of the service: we met them at the door, and had the honour of handing them to their seats; availing ourselves afterwards of their pew They were neatly dressed, in the European style; and the attentive and decorous conduct of a native congregation of nearly 700 persons, would have put many an European congregation to the blush. After the termination of the service, they retired in the same orderly and quiet way, and their behaviour generally seemed to imply a desire "to keep the sabbath holy." Mr. Pritchard afterwards read the prayers of the established church to a congregation of about twenty Europeans and Americans. Many natives remained also, I suppose from curiosity. There is a good printing-press, from which many portions of the scriptures have been published. These consist of several elementary works, the Assembly's catechism, a collection of 236 hymns, the Gospels of St. Mark and John, the Epistles and the Revelation, and most part of the Psalms.

The odium thrown upon the moral and religious habits of these interesting people by a celebrated naval officer as far as I have been enabled to judge, is unfounded; his conclusions are too hastily formed, and his censures too general; in which opinion I am borne out by the officers of the Zebra, as well as by Captain Waldegrave, of his Majesty's ship Seringapatam, who visited Tahita in May, 1830. He says, "I made the tour of Eimeo and Tahita, and had the pleasure of finding every missionary at his post, and of visiting every school, and entering every church, in the island; and I can truly state, that what I witnessed there gave me, and every officer who had the opportunity of seeing it, the most sincere gratification. The population of those islands was at one time most dissolute; the triumph of Christianity is now seen in the outward decorum observed in the general conduct of the natives. I never saw the sabbath passed with more propriety; I will not say that I did not also witness improper conduct; for it is impossible for any person to live long in any country without witnessing vice: I can, however, truly state, that the influence of the missionary must have been very great, to have formed the inhabitants to the degree of outward decorum which I witnessed; it should be remembered, that they worked alone; they had nothing but the strong religious principle of God to support them. They had also much to contend with, because every European, and, I regret to say, American whaler, brought with it a contamination, the effects of which was frightful to witness; and were it not for the power of the Holy Spirit, working with the missionaries, it would have been impossible that the native should be impressed with religion, because at every instant one or other of these ships was introducing every excitement to immoral conduct. King Pomare destroyed the spirit stills, but these whalers introduced ardent spirits, and continued to import them for the purpose of attaining those base objects, which, without the aid of intoxication, they could not attain.

"One thing made a great impression upon my mind—the missionaries were treated with the greatest respect by the natives. What could be the reason of this, but the uniform character of their lives. They were surrounded by every opportunity of gratifying any base propensity; but I can truly say, that I never saw any body of men more correct in deportment, nor any treated with more respect. They appeared not indeed the persons who ruled, but the friends of the king and the church. When differences arose, the missionaries were applied to, not as judges, but as councillors. I never saw a missionary lose his temper, whoever came, although they might interrupt him in his particular engagements"

This opinion, from a man of Captain Waldegrave's rank and character is decisive, but in regard to the importation of ardent spirits, which is the greatest curse which can be in

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flicted on these people; I know not how it can be prevented Interest will prevail, and, while the Americans can procure a good-sized pig for a gallon of New England rum, which costs about 6d, this demoralizing traffic will be carried on. The natives, however, of the Bow and Chain Islands, are the principal purchasers, for there are generally a great number passing backwards and forwards

The Royal Mission Chapel, built by Pomare the First, was originally 712 feet long, when it was first opened. It contained three pulpits, and separate congregations of about 2,000 natives. The length of it is now reduced 300 feet.

During our stay, the queen, accompanied by her mother, aunt, and a large party of nobles, came on board the Zebra. She was received with a salute, and military honours, and partook of as sumptuous a repast as our limited stock could furnish And, as the Colonial Government had liberally supplied Captain Macmurdo with European articles of all descriptions, to the value of £80, as presents to the chiefs of the different islands, a selection was made, and presented to the queen and her attendants, differing in value according to their rank. The females were elegantly dressed, in the European style; but the queen-mother, and aunt, had forgotten their shoes and stockings! A formal visit was made in return; and, with the hospitality of the missionaries, the twenty days we remained in this delightful island passed very pleasantly. When getting under weigh, it being nearly calm, the boats from three American whalers came alongside, unsolicited, towed us through the reefs out into the offing; and I believe they were very glad to get rid of us, for there is very little doubt that our presence had been unwelcome to them.

LIFE IN THE WILDS.

AN ENGLISH SETTLER IN CANADA.

'*Paisley Block, Guelph.*

'My dear Cousin,—It is with pleasure I sit myself down on the bare floor, as I have nothing else to sit upon, to write a few lines to you. I shall not trouble you with a lengthened prologue or preface; I shall therefore, as my paper is so small, proceed to inform you of what I think you are most anxious to know, in as concise a manner as possible. I do not think it would be at all interesting were I to enumerate all our privations and hardships from the time we left England to our arrival here: I will therefore pass over that part of our history, and confine myself to what we at present are, and what we at present enjoy. When we got to Guelph we opened our eyes and gained information before we located; and the property that we have purchased we considered to be of all that we had seen the most likely to suit us; we have 108 acres of good land, fifteen acres of which are cleared; we have five acres of wheat, which is looking as well as can be wished, and which I believe will be ripe for the sickle about the middle of August: we have five acres of oats and nearly two acres of potatoes, the greater part of which we have planted ourselves; for this we have given £175 currency; £100 we paid to the man whom it belonged, which paid him reasonably for the clearance and crop, and an instalment that he had paid to the Canada Company on purchasing; we paid an instalment of £15, so that we have £60 to pay in five years, viz. £15 in two years, £15 in three years, £15 in four years, and £15 in five years. We have about eight acres of swamp. We have a fine spring of water, which rises in and runs through our lot. We have bought two good cows with their calves; the calves we are rearing, the cows yield us a most plentiful supply of milk, they give on an average eighteen quarts a day; we gave for them fifty three dollars; a dollar here is 5*s.* 0*d.* currency, (or 4*s.* 6*d* sterling); they live entirely in the woods, and cost us nothing keeping; they come up to be milked morning and evening regularly, for which we reward them with a trifle of bran We have a lot of fowls which my wife has had given her; we have also four dogs; we are busy getting in some turnips for winter fodder; we are about buying a yoke of oxen, they are about seventy dollars a yoke; we intend having a couple of horses in the spring; horses are on an average eighty dollars each, good ones. We are erecting a beautiful frame house, which will be the finest in this part of the country; we contracted with a carpenter to do the wood work for £85. The house will be built entirely of wood after the fashion of the country, but I do assure you they look much more neat and respectable than brick houses do. The length of it is thirty-two feet, the breadth twenty feet, five sash windows to the front and four to the back; a passage runs through the centre, with a door front and back, and the stairs go up in the passage; the roof will project over twelve inches, and the outside will be painted white; there will also be a chimney at each end. We lads have dug a cellar twenty by fourteen and six feet deep. I expect the house will be finished in a short time, or as brother Jonathan says, "right off." We have got all the stone ourselves, and done a variety of jobs that has saved us a great deal of money. I should have mentioned that we have sown our five acres of wheat with grass seeds. We live at the present in places called shanties, which are mere temporary cobblements put up in a rough manner, viz. boards piled up and a hole in the side to creep in at. Now in such a duck hull as this, myself and wife contrive to live; we have our bed on the floor, and whenever we have a fire we are nearly poisoned with smoke; when it rains, also, it comes into bed to us delightfully; but never mind that, I do not care a fig. My father and brothers live in a much better place; it consists of four poles driven into the earth and boarded at the sides, and is in every respect genteel compared to mine.

'It now remains for me to say something of the country, and how we like it, &c Now this I apprehend is what you want to know most about; then, to tell you in one word, we are all perfectly satisfied; we have not hopped out of a frying-pan into a fire, but out of a fire into a frying-pan. I have found things as I expected I should do; and what I read at home concerning Canada has proved to be correct; in this I am not mistaken, it is a solid fact. My father's property at home, which was doing us no good, has here purchased for us a maintenance for life, as well as put us in possession of independence and comfort. We have exchanged a life fraught with care and anxiety, a life of bubble bubble, toil, and never-ceasing trouble, for one in connexion with which there is no care, no anxiety, and no dismal forebodings as to the future, for to morrow here taketh care for itself. My father says, he would never mind encountering the same privations over again to put us in possession of the same independence; he feels more than satisfied; he says, moreover, that he never felt rich in his life, and never knew what riches were until now. We feel rich; we are little kings, and do enjoy such health as we perhaps never did before. We can here work a day beneath the rays of a burning sun; we can in turn be wet to the skin three times a day, and still enjoy it all. We live here as the patriarchs of old, on plain and homely fare; whilst the lowing of the cattle, and other rural sounds, impress my mind with a conviction that these are such times as they experienced, and which I have impatiently and ardently longed and hoped for. We are here farmers to all intents and purposes; the land appears to me to bring forth its increase abundantly, and will continue to do so to the end of time. We do not go about here soliciting orders, and bowing and endeavouring to please and serve this man or the other; no, no; the scene has changed altogether; we are all rich people here, and all independent; we feel here our importance as men, as rational beings endowed with the power of thinking and acting; we do as we like, for there is none to control us We have here the wild woods in which to rove at will, together with the advantage of shooting what we like, as here is game of all sorts, bears, wolves, foxes, pheasants, deer, partridges, and nobody knows what besides, and nobody cares; I would not exchange the life that I lead with the best mechanic that ever breathed, or ever will do. Canada, as I have said before, is a land of peace and plenty, blest with everything that can render it delightful to an independent spirit; there is no poverty here, a beggar was never known. "Plenty to eat and nought to pay, this is the land we live in."

'In a short time, if Providence continue to bless us with health, we shall have herds of cattle of all kinds; in another year, all being well, I hope to have my expectations fulfilled or realized, as by that time we shall have some out buildings finished, together with barns, stables, &c. It is, as I said before, the best place for the industrious of all classes to come unto, for according to the extent of their labour will be the extent of their riches, and these riches will not merely consist of cleared farms, and flocks, and herds, but of money too, for here is a market for every commodity that the farmer can raise, and a good market too: potatoes are selling now at 2*s.* 6*d* per bushel; wheat 5*s.* per bushel; it is all humbug to suppose there is no money market, for if the farmer should not feel disposed to sell in Guelph, he can take his produce to Hamilton or Dundas, and get money for it there too, so that, whenever you hear any one speak contrary to this, contradict them, and do not let them be led away with such folly. There is another thing I will just set you right in, and that is the *tree-stumps;* it is said that these require twenty or thirty years to destroy them; now know from me that five years will destroy some of the largest stumps, and some will rot out in three years. Our clearance is not a year old, and a number of our stumps are already so far decayed that I have pulled them up myself. Out of the number of instances that I could bring forward of persons getting rich in this country I will only mention one, and that is our neighbour, a Yorkshireman; he came here three years ago; he then had but 2*s.* 6*d.*, and an axe: well, he set to work mightily, and now he has 100 acres of land, a herd of cattle, fine crops, &c., and what he has done at his land is worth 375*l.*, and he has cleared this last year 100*l.*; now this has been done in this short time—where now is there a man in England that can do or get one-fourth of this? We, in like manner, must get rich, for we save all our wages, our cattle will continually increase, and thus every thing will go on progressively and prosperously; but as fine a country as this is, I would never advise any individual to come here, on account of so many coming and find themselves disappointed, and who never would be satisfied with any thing in nature. Now here is a man in Guelph employed by a gentleman who related to me the story, who, when in England, could only get 12*s.* per week, and this gentleman was giving him 10*s.* a day, yet the man grumbled: the fact is, the country cannot suit all, and for the reason already given, I should never advise any person to come for fear they should feel disappointed. There is another little matter I wish to set you right in, and that is society here; now I would not have you think that there are none here but pauper lunatics, for when we first reached Guelph we were agreeably surprised to see a number of gentlemen dressed in white trousers, flannel jackets, and straw hats, playing at cricket on the green, and they were quite adepts at the game; they meet to play every Saturday. And then again the people are all civil and well

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behaved. more so than ever I found them at home; even in the most remote townships you will find them quite polite and agreeable. A Scotch church is already built at Guelph, as well as a Catholic church, an English church is building; and when things get put to rights we intend having a light wagon to take us to town; the Scotch, the Church of England, and the Methodist, all at present preach and worship in our place by turns.

'I can now tell you how hot it has been since we have been here. Once my thermometer stood at 88, but the average heat is 82 to 84, and sometimes it will drop to 50 in the night, and sometimes to 40, yet it is all right and all comfortable, we feel nothing of these great changes. We intended making a dam on our stream for water fowl, &c; we go here without stockings, handkerchief, coat, and waistcoat, and this altogether through choice, and we are just as comfortable with only trousers, shoes, and straw hats, as you with all your clothing on. I see now that I must be bringing matters to a conclusion; you must tell Mr. D., that if ever he thinks of coming here, he had better do so as soon as possible, or else for ever be nothing more, and his children after him, than humble obedient slaves; my reason for saying so is, land is getting dearer every succeeding year, and in a few years there will be no purchasing land but at an enormous price; if, therefore, he should ever think of coming, it would be well for him not to do so without first receiving from me a letter of instructions.

'Your affectionate cousin,
(Signed) 'JOHN NEWTON.'

'P.S.—When a person comes to Canada, it requires great resolution in order to prevent himself from being heartbroken at the sight of such a number of big trees, which are all to be tumbled to the earth by his arm alone. I have seen a tree three yards in diameter.

'To Mr. Joseph Mappin,
Far Gate, Sheffield, Yorkshire.'

THE MAN OF COLOUR: A FACT.

The morning arose unusually calm and bright, not a single cloud was visible in the sky, the threatening aspect the elements had worn yesterday, had entirely disappeared. It was towards the end of the Monsoon, or rainy season, and the air as usual at this period of the year, in the Upper Provinces, was keen and chill. It was about six o'clock that the Officers of the Cantonment of J —— began to assemble, for the purpose of paying the last earthly rites to the remains of the late Captain W. who had expired after a lingering illness the day before. He was a man who had been universally respected both in his public and private character. His unassuming gentlemanly manners had rendered him respected by every one, while his talents, and general information made him a fitting ornament to that society to which he was now lost for ever. During his life he was passionately fond of the pencil, and as a draughtsman, probably, was excelled by few in India; a fortnight before his death he had painted two beautiful scenes for an Amateur performance, that was about to take place at the Theatre of the Station! The performance took place three weeks after his death, and when they were exhibited, my thoughts inwardly recurred to *him* who had painted them. And where was he? Mouldering in his grave, disregarded, and forgotten, like the many who had gone before him! Such are the vicissitudes of a soldier's life; a subject may occupy the attention in the morning, and call forth all the feelings of the heart, while in the evening, one, probable of a lighter nature succeeds, and the incident of the morning is forgotten. The body lay in a tent pitched for the purpose on the general Parade, and from thence the procession was to move to the burial ground, situated about five hundred yards distant!

There are probably few incidents in life, so affecting as a military funeral: the splendor of the uniforms, the plumed helmets, and caps, contrasted with the black or white scarves, as the case may happen, and the solemnity of the music, accompanied by the deep toll of the muffled drum, all conspire to render the scene at once impressive and affecting. In a short time all were assembled, and the procession began to move, the band playing the beautiful Portuguese hymn of '*Ad este fideles*' On the arrival at the burial ground, during the reading of the funeral service, I cast my eyes on the countenances of those around, and endeavoured to trace the feelings they depicted. In most indifference predominated, while some there were, especially those of his own Regiment, whose countenances exhibited traces of real, though not lasting sorrow, and to whom with great justice might be applied the words of our immortal poet:

"The tears though *few, sincerely* shed."

But among the concourse of people assembled, was there not *one* who for a more lasting period would feel his loss? Now that he was so far distant from his parents, wife, and country, was there not found *one*, who would give a thought towards his memory, after a few short days! Yes; there *was* one! And who was he?

Close beside the grave, indifferent to every object but the coffin that lay before him, stood an old native weeping like a child: the roar of the musquetry that now marked the conclusion of the ceremony, fell unheeded on his ear, he stood motionless, wrapt in contemplation of the object before him, till the filling up of the grave shut it from his view: he then turned away.

"You were a servant of Captain W.'s I suppose," said an Officer, who having observed him from the commencement, now stepped forward, and addressed him.

"I was, Sir," said the old man, turning round, and salaaming respectfully, "I was his Lascar, and had been in his service for the last twenty years." "He was probably a kind master to you," said the Soldier, "you seem to feel his loss so deeply, should you have any objection to enter my service?" The old man shook his head, as he mournfully replied, "my service in this life is ended; my good and kind master is gone, and I shall not long survive. I knew him, Sir," he added, "when he first arrived in this country from his native land, he was then a boy of sixteen years of age. He engaged me in his service, in which I remained for eleven years; at the end of which period he returned to Europe. I left him with regret, for he was ever a kind and indulgent master; but as he was to return to this country at the end of three years, I waited for him at Madras, and on his arrival, I again entered his service! He is now gone, Sir," he added, his voice faltering with agitation, "and I could not feel greater regret, if I had lost my own son. I am obliged to you for your kind offer of providing for me, but I shall not long survive my master: as he said this, he cast one more look at the grave, and walked slowly away!

"Can this be affectation?" said the Soldier, as he mounted his horse, and rode homewards—"no,—it *cannot*,—is *not*, and yet I have heard (and thought so too,) that gratitude was a feeling totally unknown in India; here at least is an exception to it!"

On the following day he dispatched a servant with some money in search of the old man. In the lines he was not to be found, and at length was traced to the grave of his late master. For five successive days, this was the place of his constant resort; on the sixth he was not there, nor had any one seen him throughout the day. In the evening some people entered his hut, to ascertain if he was there, and there he was found a corpse, having literally died the victim of a broken heart.—*(Madras Lit Gazette.)*

JACK KETCH.

THE fact cannot be concealed, that Mr. Ketch is no longer what he was—no longer the bustling, active functionary—his place is not the value of a rope's-end—his occupation's gone. The schoolmaster has filched his rod, and he is now on the list with titled sinecurists, and public pensioners. How, in this most unprosperous period, must his recollection carry him back to the good "good old times" of Billy Pitt, when a mighty slender qualification made a man eligible for "Tyburn Tree," when the *maladroit* conveyance of a £2 note made him intimate with the natural history of flax. With what an artist-like eye, on a Monday morning, must he have surveyed the beam when some three or four of these forty shilling freeholders were cooling their heels outside the debtors' door for an hour at a stretch! Those *were* days of business—Jack Ketch had no time to write books then—the utmost he could do was to favour his friends with a *line*. Now we have before us an Autobiography of Ketch, with fourteen illustrations from Meadows It is one of the recently-received books in the Colony. It presents in many instances some shuddering scenes, but in many of the chapters there is wit lurking in every line. One extract will discover that Mr. Ketch is a great stickler for the honour of his calling.

"With all due respect, however, to the prejudices and weakness of mankind, I must still consider this repugnance to our truly national and natural mode of dying singular, if not absurd. For what possible difference can it make to any person, I should be glad to be resolved, whether he die in a perpendicular or a horizontal position?—whether he lie or hang?—whether he be suspended or extended?—What possible choice can there be, in a wise man's estimation, between giving up the ghost, as is the chamber usage, or giving in to the ghost, which is the custom of the forewarned? To pay the debt of nature in one's bed is to do the thing lazily and reluctantly which must be done at last; to discharge the amount betimes of a morning, well dressed (I admire a neat and respectable apparel on such occasions), is not only to wipe off the score, but to satisfy it strictly according to law. You have witnesses to prove the payment. You carry away a receipt for all demands. You are out of her books, at all events, even though you 'stand aye accursed in the Calendar.' Besides, and in addition, the death itself is an honourable one. You meet and satisfy the justice of the case: no man has the slightest claim against you:—you are absolved from every thing. Who can say he is wronged? who is not redressed? What personal wrong have you committed for which your death does not amply atone? Look, on the other hand, on those who are unhappily hurried away before their maturity of years or wisdom brought them to the gallows. How different is this picture! Here we see long existing debts, outstanding feuds, unaccounted and unaccountable hostilities, hungry relatives, expecting legatees, joyful heirs; grief at three-and-sixpence a day, called mutes: extract of onion, called tears; white handkerchief, otherwise mouth stop-

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per, or nose-propper, or both, called mourning. Be assured, therefore, my dear reader, that 'the drop' is the drop of all others best calculated to prove a cordial to your sinking spirits. Believe me, it is far better that your personal property should be taken possession of by the considerate executioner, than by the rapacious executor. Rest satisfied that it is more gratifying and honourable to be cut down, than to be cut off in the prime of existence; be assured that the thread of life is more handsomely terminated by a few yards of rope, than by the lengthiest yarn that was ever penned by the panegyrist, or paid for to the poet; and, finally, that they who boast of having been descended from a long line of ancestors, have not half the cause of triumph which you will possess, who may justly claim the merit of descending from a long line, without any assistance from your ancestors whatever. Need I say more, intelligent reader, to prove the surpassing superiority of this method of demise over all others? Nor let the vulgar prejudice of ignorance bias you against the truly noble and excellent contrivance which, let me trust, you are one day to test in your own person. You do not die and make no sign; on the contrary, although it is said that 'good wine needs no bush,' yet, let me tell you, without such intimation we should not know where good wine was to be had. You are an emphatic sign, therefore, hanging forth for the purpose of catching the eye of the passenger, that he may learn where better accommodation is to be found than this vile tavern called the Globe pleases to afford. Was not the coffin of Mohamet suspended between heaven and earth, and does it not retain its impartial situation to this day? Does not the earth itself hang in the infinity of space? What does the moon? Hang. What does the sun? Hang. The stars? Hang. They are all hanged. Hang it, then! why can't you hang likewise? Let it not be said that I do not 'do unto others as I would they should do unto me.' My time is not yet come; besides, I can do it for myself. Look, then, upon the summons to hanging as the calling of Nature. The ties of Nature are strong; she yearns for her children; she will have them come and see her; she invites them to an ordinary at eight o'clock; she wishes them to take the air for an hour. At length she dismisses them to their beds, which, whatever way they had chanced to prefer, they must come to at last. I am the chamberlain—*I tuck them all up.*"

THE REDEEMED SLAVE.

AMONG the interesting details brought to light by the operation of Britain's Law for the ransom of the slaves in the West Indies, there is one singularly striking. Abon Bekir was apprenticed in the month of August last, to Mr. Anderson, of Kingston, island of Jamaica; but in progress of the business before Dr. Madden, one of the special Magistrates (a gentleman of great benevolence, and who takes an unwearied interest in behalf of his constituents, the apprentices,) it appeared that the poor slave was an Arabic scholar, and though he had been 40 years in bondage, that he still wrote that language. Dr. Madden immediately displayed a humane concern for his fate, and succeeded in declaring to him—"You are now absolutely FREE." "He is," says Dr. Madden, "a scheriffe by rank, a title equivalent to that of noble. He came to the country at an early age, and during the many years of his thraldom he has managed not only to make for himself, but to maintain a character for probity, industry, and surprising intelligence. His knowledge of his own language, and his ability as a penman, have enabled him to keep the books of his employer for some years past." Dr. M. opened a subscription list for the benefit of Abon Bekir Jadiki, to which the most respectable persons have attached their names. Some gentlemen of Liverpool have joined in this good work, and as Abon Bekir is a sincere christian, it is believed he will visit his own country (the great wish of his heart,) either as a missionary, or in any other capacity, in the noble work of the civilization of the interior of Africa. Abon Bekir was born at Timbuctoo, and a narrative of his own life, written by himself, appears in the London Literary Gazette for December last.

SCIENCE.

THE SUCCESSFUL APPLICATION OF AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

VALUE OF READING.

Every body is familiar with that noble series of paintings, by Barry, which has so long adorned the walls of the great room, at the house of the Society of Arts; and which, in spite of one or two little incongruities and absurdities (such, for instance, as the introduction of Dr. Burney, with his hair full-dressed and powdered, swimming among a group of Nereids in the Thames) must be generally acknowledged to convey an admirable illustration of the progress of the human faculties, from "what is called a state of nature" to the highest degree of cultivation which they have hitherto reached. About twenty years ago, these paintings having become somewhat dull and absorbed, on the recommendation of the late Mr. West, a coat of linseed oil was laid over them, which had the effect of nourishing the colours, and, for a time, of renewing their original brilliancy. As, however, we confess we think might have naturally been expected, after a while the impurities of the oil exuded, and the surface became covered with a thin veil of yellow and horny matter, that especially stained and obscured the lighter parts of the paintings. It so happened, during last summer, that in the private apartments of the highly respectable and worthy lady who has so long and so satisfactorily discharged the duties of the housekeeper of the institution, there was a carpet much soiled by use. A servant girl proposed to clean it: "it cannot be done, Betty," said the mistress; "it can be done, Ma'am," said Betty; and Betty next morning proved that she was in the right, by exultingly producing the carpet, in a condition of freshness and splendour that would not have disgraced the warehouse of a Dowbiggen or a Waugh. On being questioned as to her process, she owned that she had learnt it from a book—we believe a volume of the Transactions of the Society of Arts—which was lying on her mistress's table. It occurred to some one that the same process might be safely and advantageously applied to the pictures in the great room. After several prudent and successful experiments, it was so applied; and the result is, that, without having suffered the slightest injury, those pictures are in a state of clearness and purity, which is "the admiration of all beholders." They alone who have had opportunities of witnessing the sad havoc frequently occasioned in cleaning pictures, by the use of means that bring away the delicate "glazings," in which all the beauty of some finely-coloured works consists, can fully appreciate the importance of the discovery of an abstergent, at once powerful and innocuous.

"But the process?"—Well, we believe we must tell it. After the fashion of the old magazine writers, who invariably broke off their stories at the most critical moment with a "*To be continued in our next*;" we had entertained some malicious thoughts of tantalising those of our readers who take an interest in such matters, by postponing the disclosure. But "we are not stocks and stones;" our hearts relent. The process then is as follows:

Scrape a pound of raw potatoes into a gallon of water: let the pulp steep all night, and it will be fit for use. With flannels and sponges rub it over the surface of the picture, until the dirt and impurities disappear.—*London Literary Gazette.*

SELECT NOTICES.

MR. COBBETT has been lecturing in Ireland on Political Economy, with great pecuniary success. His receipts in Dublin amounted to £150—expenses £20. He appears to be as furious as ever against what he calls *an infernal root—the Potato.*——*Antipathies.*—There was till lately only one Brewer at Rathdrum, in Ireland, the property of the Catholics'. Some disputes arose with the Protestants, and they set up a *Protestant Brewery.* It is called by the Catholics—"*The Boyne Waters.*" Could not the several drinkers mingle their ales in peace?——*Rev. R. Hill.*—The sum annually raised for charitable purposes at Surry Chapel, by its lamented Minister, Mr. Hill, was from £1,500 to £2,000.——*English and French Languages.*—"What nonsense, said the old Highlander," Capt. G. "all this learning of languages! I'd go over the world with one phrase out of each. I travelled through France with "*Combien?*" and through England with "*How much?*"——*The Landers.*—A column is to be erected at Truro, 71 feet high, in honour of their important discoveries.——*Runcorn.*—At this place the chimney of a soap manufactory has been erected, 72 feet higher than the monument of London!——*Oriental Memoirs.*—This splendid work in 4 vols. 4to. by the late Jas. Forbes, Esq. containing a narrative of 17 years' residence in India, and which cost about 20 guineas, is now republished by his daughter, the Countess de Montalembert, 2 vols. 8vo. ——*Immense value of Insects.*—It was stated at the last meeting of the Entomological Society in London, that 700,000 persons were at the present time occupied in the silk trade.

Most Wonderful.—In the London Literary Gazette of December 18th, it is thus recorded:—"A common fly, in full vigour, is at this late season of the year resting upon our writing-table."

QUICK TANNING.—*New Discovery.*—Take a common fulling-mill, put the hides into the trough along with the ooze or tanning liquor, beat them as you do woollen cloths while there immersed, renew the liquor as it becomes exhausted, and in a few hours the hides will be tanned.—*New York Paper.*

Public Calamities.—National afflictions sent by Providence, melt the constancy of the noble-minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens *clay*, liquifies gold; and in the strong manifestations of Divine power, Pharoah found his punishment, and David his pardon.—*Colton.*

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CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

A GLANCE HOMEWARDS.

THE MEN OF MIDDLESEX

THE men of Middlesex, we are told in a London paper, (the *Standard*,) are "animals:" but they are ruminating animals, we suspect; and sometimes while they chew the cud of politics, they cannot be made to understand why John Bull should not be the best judge of what is good for himself.

THE TWO *IFS*.

THESE look a little awkward in Sir Rob. Peel's Letter to his Constituents. "If," says Sir Robert, "by an improved distribution of the revenues of the Church, its just influence *can* be extended, then all other considerations should be made subordinate; and again, if possible the question of tithe should be satisfactorily settled." Dryden has told us, that

"Two *ifs* scarce make a possibility."

Dr. WEBSTER'S NARRATIVE

Of the Voyage of H. M. S. CHANTICLEER, 2 vols. 8vo. 1835.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Bounce the 1st.

"Pot houses and gin-shops, are by no means common in Cape Town."—(page 241)

Bounce the 2nd.

"A Merchant has generally two sales every week, the goods are disposed of before the door in the open street, he being his own Auctioneer." (*Ib.*)

Bounce the 3rd.

"Although the wheat is so good, yet the flour is not so. This, however, arises from the mixture of sand with it brought by the heavy S. E. winds, which fill every crevice, so that at times both corn and flour are injured by it. The soft *sand-stone* by which the wheat is ground, also adds a portion of sand."—(p. 253)

Bounce the 4th.

"No one can stay too long at the house of a Dutchman, nor can he ever wear out his blunt hospitality. When you talk of leaving, the boor is distressed, and immediately asks—'An't I nice?—An't wife nice?—An't slaves?"—He expects no other acknowledgement of his attention than a pinch of snuff to each of his slaves."—(p. 261.)

Bounce the 5th.

"If their wagon should stick fast in a *kloof*, as the *morass* is called in the colony, or in the sand, the Dutchman betrays no impatience."—(p. 262.)

Bounce the 6th.

"On visiting the cattle of my friend, to my great astonishment I found them champing bones, and relics of their own species, with avidity."—(p. 268.)

Bounce the 7th.

"I passed a restless night at the farm, which day light accounted for, in discovering to my astonishment a host of fleas. My face and body was in a condition resembling that of a person with the scarlet fever. Their number was such that my clothes were darkened by them.—(p. 271.)

Bounce the 8th.

"The Hottentots grease their bodies all over to protect them from the scorching sun: scent themselves with buchu; and employ the feathers of the ostrich as a parasol. They are careless as to what they eat; and devour alike snakes, ants, or lizards."—(p. 281.)

Bounce the 9th.

"The Hottentots use their bows and arrows with great dexterity—they shoot their arrows with great force, sending them sometimes through the body of an ox."—(p. 282)

Bounce the 10th.

"Sometimes persons may be seen at Greenpoint riding the Zebras, which are brought from the interior, and generally kept at livery."—(p. 245.)

Oh! oh! oh!

In the evening we returned home in my favourite bullock-wagon, and on our arrival, found the house to our astonishment filled with a *most agreeable perfume*. We soon discovered that the slaves had been celebrating their Sabbath, for it was Friday. They burn sweet scents to drive away, according to their idea, the Devil and his imps.—(p. 278.)

MORE NUTS TO CRACK.

CHURCH IN DANGER.

"As has been maliciously represented" by a *pretender*—"Lover of Justice," in the two Cape papers, we never asserted that the Dutch Reformed Congregation was *confined to the village of Wynberg*. We simply referred to the clerical appointment *at Wynberg*, in the terms adopted by Government and Mr. Greig's Almanack. Of course it would be taken for granted that the Church comprehended within its pale the neighbourhood of the Village. The Rev. "Mr. Justice," and his Professor, assert that the Dutch Reformed Congregation extends from Roodebloem and Salt River to Kuyls River, Hout Bay, and Simon's Town* district." But we can tell the Co, in the words of a Correspondent, that

"An English Missionary of well known worth and probity, has from time to time visited *Papendorp*, near *Zonnebloem*, the *Salt River, Cape Flats, Cape Downs, even* beyond *Kuyls River, Rondebosch, Diep River, Baas Hermans Kraal, Steenberg, Muizenberg, Kalk Bay, Elsjes Bay, Klavervallei*, on the *Simon's Town Mountains*, preaching in *both languages*, but he never met with a *Reformed* minister, and he verily believes that since the beginning of the world, no such description of person ever visited these places, and taught the people the way of salvation."

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

AMUSEMENTS—CAMP GROUND—CAFFRARIA.

No. 1.—Why is a towel that has been wrung out in soap suds, like a glass of brandy?

No. 2.—Why is that species of spider which makes its nest in the leaves of the quarry-tree, like an officer in His Majesty's Service?

No. 3.—Why can a drunkard never be a fat man? or an honest man?

No 4.—Why does a kettle always sing out of time?

No. 5.—Why is a man that's yawning, like a bedstead?

No. 6.—Why is putting a man in the stocks like depriving him of victuals?

The Wigs.—As soon as the news arrived that the King had thrown off the Whigs, many gentlemen of Cape Town, in compliment to His Most Gracious Majesty, laid aside their *perukes*.

Not at Home.—You may always discover *guilt* stamped on the countenance of that servant who *denies* the master or mistress of the house, and declares *Not at Home*, when the contrary is the fact. The slightest glance can detect the deceit. Sometimes the unfortunate servant halts between two opinions, and can scarcely afford a direct answer. Barry Cornwall describes one of these characters "I recollect calling one day with Basil Montagu, to visit a friend. The servant-maid who opened the door, replied to our question of 'Is home,' that she did—not—know—but—that—if—we were—so—kind—as—to—wait—for—the—shortest—portion—of—time—she would—inquire."

Advantages of Wooden Legs.—A man with one leg, has a leg the less for gout and rheumatism to play their pranks upon, than the man who has two. A man with two legs may get them *both* broken or put out of joint. A one legged man cannot. Two legs require two stockings; one leg only one stocking, one shoe, one boot; consequently, shoe makers and hosiers' bills are just the latter case, than they are in the former. This is a great matter for an economical character. Again—consider the money saved in blacking; no shoe-blacks to pay, no *Warren* expenses. Had General Moreau possessed wooden legs, he might have been still living the glory of France. Had all men wooden legs there would be no accursed wars, no Caffer irruptions, no horse-racing, no cruel amusements of any kind. Lastly, what an honour to have a wooden leg! Everybody looks at you. Every door and window in England is instantly opened for gazers when the spectacle of a wooden-legged man passes by. And the sight is at once attributed to some glorious act of Mr. Timber-toe. Waterloo and Trafalgar are brought instantly to recollection. Best of all—a wooden legged man is sure to get married. Don't know how it is—but who ever heard of a wooden-legged bachelor?

THE ALOE PLANT.

SINCE our recent notice of the value of this plant for cordage, we have read the following in the *National* paper of Toulon:

Toulon, November 26th.—A superior Commission was present yesterday at a series of trials made here to ascertain the comparative strength of cables made of hemp and of aloe from Algiers. These trials all turned to the advantage of aloe. Of cables of equal size, that made of aloe raised a weight of 2,000 killogrames; that made of hemp, a weight of only 400 killogrames.

GEORGE.

WE have several communications from George Town on the subject of alleged grievances affecting the English community—both in *spirituals* as well as *temporals*. We should think in these better days of colonial legislation, a respectful Memorial addressed to Government would bring about a change of measures at George. We know well enough that there are many of our countrymen in that town and district who are entitled to the full confidence and esteem of the community. And the day will shortly arrive, we trust, when there shall be two services in the church on each revolving sacred day—the one in English, and the other in Dutch. And this should be the case in all the Reformed Churches in the colony. Else, wherefore does the British Government pay the stipends of the ministers and school-

* Simon's Town is well off in religious instruction, and the ordinances of religion are faithfully administered. The *Reformed* should go forth to the Heathen. *The fields are white unto harvest*. The Church that stagnates—*dies*.

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masters? At present we behold the glaring inconsistency—English taught in the schools, and Dutch in the pulpits! If it be observed by some Dutch ministers in reply—

"MYNHEER!—Wy verstaat geen Engelsch;"

Well, then, set about learning English; do not be a hundred years behind all other professions. Qualify yourself immediately for the work as all others do who feel their own deficiencies.

Again:—As to the *Magistracy* of George, we may observe, as it regards all Magistrates, that they who are not imbued from on High with an awful sense of the responsibility of the trust reposed in them, cease to become conservators of the public good. In a public journal, the other day, we read a letter from a Clerical Magistrate, who, from scruples of conscience, resigned his office. Here is an extract from it—may it lead our Magistrates to ponder well the matter.

"The duties, habits, and associations of a Magistrate, have a tendency to divest him of that mild, unassuming, unostentatious disposition and manner, without which he cannot advantageously maintain a pastoral intercourse with his flock. The very possession of power and office contributes to foster a feeling of pride and overweening sense of personal importance, which too often, and almost imperceptibly, steals into the heart. The exercise, also, of legal authority, commonly produces a haughty demeanour, a habit of dictation, and a desire to command, altogether foreign to the servant of the Lord, who must not strive, but be gentle unto all: apt to teach, and patient in meekness; instructing those that oppose themselves."—(2 Tim. ii. 24.)

GREAT BRITAIN AND HER *FREE* PEOPLE.

"A precious stone set in the silver sea."

"Proud Freedom's home, when slavery's ills impend,
The exile's hope, the way-worn wanderer's friend:
The beacon light, to which the nations steer'd,
When tempests beat, that even proud hearts feared;
The rainbow smiling, o'er the clouds of war,
And heralding the ray of peace afar."

"Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain wave, her home is on the deep."

The *small* domestic and *vast* transmarine empire of Great Britain may be thus seen:—

Divisions.	Area in Sq. Miles.	British Subjects.
England, Wales, United Kingdom,	50,520	13,086,675
	7,409	803,000
Scotland, United Kingdom,	29,605	2,365,930
Ireland, United Kingdom,	26,798	7,839,469
Bengal,	306,012	72,000,000
Madras,	141,323	14,700,000
Bombay,	64,938	7,000,000
Ceylon,	27,000	1,200,000
Penang, &c.	1,317	136,000
New Holland,	1,000,000	160 000
Van Diemen's Land,	240,000	48,720
Mauritius,	1,000	104,479
Cape of Good Hope,	120,000	136,375
Western Africa,	1,080	34,923
Canada (Lower),	205,863	562,980
Canada (Upper),	95,125	250,000
New Brunswick,	26,704	94,392
Nova Scotia,	14,031	139,000
Cape Breton,	3,125	30,000
Prince Edward's Island,	2,159	32,000
Newfoundland,	35,923	80,000
Hudson's Bay Settlement,	525,000	2,000
Jamaica,	6,400	359,090
Trinidad,	2,400	44,163
Barbadoes,	166	102,277
Grenada,	109	28,732
Antigua,	94	35,678
Montserrat,	47	7,406
Dominica,	275	20,039
St. Vincent's,	131	27,738
Nevis,	20	12,154
St. Kitt's,	68	26,922
St. Lucia,	225	18,351
Tobago,	44	13,952
Tortola, &c.	120	10,642
Bahamas,	312	16,836
Bermudas,	36	8,920
Demerara, &c.	70,000	80,124
Berbice,	25,000	22,965
Honduras,	10,000	4,839
Malta, &c.	122	128,960
Gibraltar,	3	17,024
Jersey, &c.	0	65,836
Man,	220	36,000
Total,	2,824,040	121,829,501

* George Town and its vicinity is extremely interesting, and deserves every encouragement. There has been hitherto a good manly feeling abroad, and the habits of reading have been greatly cultivated. The inhabitants have also maintained much independence of character, and have not suffered themselves to be carried away by feud or faction. The late Magistrate, Mr Wentzel, greatly contributed towards the growth of this good feeling.

DEATHS.

MR. MALTHUS.

Few men have obtained greater celebrity than the Rev. Mr. Malthus, the Political Economist. His work on population took a strong hold on the public. He has in our opinion uniformly placed the tendency of our species to increase beyond the means of their subsistence, under a singularly gloomy aspect. Mr Malthus was beloved by all who had the advantage of knowing him. He was in truth a most amiable and accomplished gentleman.

MR CHARLES LAMB,

The *Elia* of the Magazines.

MR. COLERIDGE.

A great light has passed away from this earth.

REV E. IRVING.

He was to the latest hour of his life the eloquent, the enthusiastic, the learned, the honest, the honourable, the good. He was never heard to speak an unkind word of any of his numerous opponents, far less of any of his friends: he found something to commend in every child of Adam. He opened his heart, and with it his house and hand, to every one who came in his way. At no time or place, or company, or circumstance, was he otherwise than as a minister of God: he entered into the full importance of being an ambassador from heaven, and never was asleep on his post. His conversation and presence threw a sanctity over every society into which he entered; and none could cease to be conscious that there was a servant of God in the midst of them.

Irving was 42 years and some months old. Scotland sent him forth a Herculean man; our mad Babylon wore him and wasted him with all her strength: and it took her twelve years. He sleeps with his fathers in his loved birth-land. His last words were "In life or death, I am the Lord's."—(*Fraser.*)

MR. PRINGLE.

We regret to have to announce the death of this amiable and excellent man. Mr. Pringle was born in Tiviotdale, a romantic pastoral district in the south of Scotland, of which he has left some pleasing remembrances, in the poetry which from time to time he gave to the public. Mr. Pringle applied himself early in life to literature, as a profession; and was concerned in the establishment and early management of "Blackwood's Magazine;" shortly after, however, he chose to follow the fortunes of his family, who became settlers in South Africa. There, after a time, Mr. Pringle entered into some literary speculations in Cape Town, which, however, he was speedily forced to relinquish, by the government, at a pecuniary loss of little less than 1000*l*. Upon the failure of these speculations, Mr. Pringle returned to England; and his services were soon after engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within these few months, when the object of the society was accomplished; and the duties of which responsible office, he discharged, not merely as one expected to labour for hire, but as one whose heart was in the cause of humanity and justice. Mr. Pringle is also favourably known to the public as a sweet and graceful poet. His "Ephemerides" abound in graphic picture of African scenery; and are rich in evidences of the kind and Christian spirit which accompanied the writer, in all that he did or wrote. As the editor of "Friendship's Offering," too, Mr. Pringle brought to his task a sound judgment and a refined taste. The last work in which he was engaged, and which he finished only a month or two ago, was the revision of his volume entitled "African Sketches," with a view to a second edition, which, we believe, will soon appear. Early last summer, the rupture of a blood-vessel confined Mr. Pringle to a sick bed, and greatly reduced the energies of a naturally strong constitution; and towards the autumn it became apparent, that, for the preservation of life, a removal to a warmer climate was indispensable. Mr Pringle's circumstances not permitting a trial of the south of Europe, he again turned his thoughts towards the Cape; the necessary preparations were hastily completed; the passage-money was paid; and it wanted but three days of the time appointed for sailing, when a diarrhœa began to show itself, under which the powers of nature, already enfeebled by confinement, speedily sank. He died peacefully, and without a struggle; exhibiting to the end that moral courage for which he had ever been remarkable and supported by the recollections of a well-spent life, and by the hopes that spring from religion. Few men were richer in friends than Mr. Pringle; among their number we might enumerate most of the literary men of the day, and very many of those public men, who have made philanthropy the beacon of their political career: and although Mr. Pringle discharged, during many years, with a fearless and honest zeal, the duties of an office which exposed him to the bitterness of party spirit, no man, perhaps, ever had fewer enemies, or descended into the grave with fewer animosities.—*Athenæum.*

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

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AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 4. Vol. V.] CAPE TOWN: APRIL, 1835. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum*.

GREAT BRITAIN AND ITS ADMINISTRATIONS.

"You are too political," said a Governor of the Cape, to the Editor, in 1823. "*Earl Bathurst* is much averse to any discussion in this colony on political matters. Our system of Government works well enough here, and the old colonists, the Dutch, are equally opposed to what you may call the *Liberty of the Press*." Yes,—such things were at the Cape during the darkness of the by-gone days. It was a darkness similar to that of the *middle ages*, which were remarkable for two things; the extreme ignorance that prevailed, and an excessive veneration for received opinions. Every question in those times was subject to restraint; every new opinion was looked upon as dangerous. To affirm the globe we inhabit to be round, was deemed to be heresy, and for asserting it, the immortal Galileo was confined in the prisons of an inquisition. And in reference to political discussion, even in modern times, how shy do we find the periodical press of Great Britain in this matter. Twenty years since, who would dream of a discourse on the state of parties in any monthly magazine? Now we find Blackwood, and Fraser, and the Monthly, and Tait, and the Dublin, and the Metropolitan, up to the chin in politics. And why not? It were surely to be wished that every man had a competent acquaintance with the laws and constitution of the country to which he belongs. Patriotism is a blind and irrational impulse, unless it is founded on a knowledge of the blessings we are called to secure, and the privileges we propose to defend. Besides, this is peculiarly a political age, and a silent neutrality in a contest relating to particular men or measures affecting the commonwealth, exhibits little less than direct criminality. Solon, we are told, enacted a law for the capital punishment of every citizen of Athens who should continue neuter when parties ran high in the Republic. While we blame the rigour of this law, we must confess the principle on which it was founded, is just and solid. But without further preface or apology, we shall introduce to the notice of our readers a few historical notices on the *Policy* of our country in reference to its *Foreign Relations*. They may serve as aids to reflection to the readers of newspapers and other journals, in the course of their studies, in these times of more than ordinary interest. We shall commence first with the *Liverpool*, and then comprehend in our review the subsequent Administrations.

The Liverpool Administration.—With the exception of Canning's Administration, it has been the maxim of every Government (denominated Tory) to revert to the Treaty of Vienna as a master-piece of diplomatic wisdom; to trust to the securities it sought to provide against French aggression, as a sure pledge for the continuance of peace. In every attempt on the part of the people of Europe to free themselves from the trammels of political injustice, the British Government has remained a tacit observer; its conduct in the Austrian invasion of Naples, and in the French invasion of Spain, was remarkable for its lack of sympathy with the inhabitants of those countries. The legislative enactments of the Treaty of Vienna were made, as it were, in spite of natural principles. They were futile efforts to reconcile opposite natures, and blend, politically, people essentially distinct in habit, language, and national character. Of such a character were the incorporations of Belgium with Holland; Poland with Russia; Norway with Sweden; the Grand Duchy of the Rhine, and part of Saxony, with Prussia; the Lombard-Venetian States with Austria; the Genoese Territory with the States of the King of Sardinia; in fact, the Treaty apportioned to each Monarchy its unfortunate Ireland. Come we now to

Canning's System of Policy.—Canning, with great foresight, clearly saw that the Treaty of Vienna could not be maintained; that its very foundations were wrong in principle. "The war of opinion," he prophesied, will soon commence, and he immediately discovered the danger to which Britain was exposed by her connection with the "Holy Allies." His prompt measures in regard to Portugal, afforded a warning to absolutists as to the cause which Britain would espouse in the event of a continental interference. "While England has an arm to lift in her defence," observed Canning, in moving an address to His Majesty, "external force shall not be used to control the opinions of the Portuguese."

The Duke of Wellington's Administration.—The Duke's administration was predominantly Tory, with a slight admixture of the modified liberalism of Grant, Huskisson, &c. These were expelled through differences of opinion when the Duke's East Retford Reform Question was agitated. The Duke's plan of government was decidedly pacific. The conservative policy of Wellington, supported by his able colleague, so gifted in the science of European diplomacy, worked smoothly so long as the cause of freedom and liberal policy, founded on the enlarging sphere of human intelligence, was subservient to the confederate powers, who sought to perpetuate the views of the monkish ages; but when the first gun was fired, when the "war of opinions" commenced, the insecurity of the Duke's policy became apparent. His characteristic promptitude and discernment were never more strongly illustrated than on this occasion. He was immediately impressed with a *necessity of a change* in his system of foreign policy, and he did not hesitate to acknowledge the new order of things by the cordial reception of the political representatives of Louis Philippe.

Happy would it have been for the people of England, had the duke's views of the necessity of a change extended to the internal policy of Great Britain: he would then have added to his already well-earned laurels the honour of reforming our electoral law. But here his usual tact and discernment failed him—we do not mean as to the principle of reform, this is not the place to discuss that subject; but as to his estimate of the force of public opinion, reanimated by the passing events in France and Belgium. To refuse the just de-

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mand of a great majority of a nation, is but to add to its ardour and violence; and a government best consults its own safety and the national peace by ceding, with wisdom and good grace, that which is demanded with firmness and unanimity. The duke, though he admitted this principle in the discussion on the Catholic Relief Bill, seemed to deny its force in the demand for reform; and it is here, that whatever might be his private opinions as to the principle of the measure, we think he erred; and, indeed, the sequel proves that he did. But to return from this digression; on the duke's resignation, a change of measures was imperiously demanded by the nation; and the accession of lord Grey, a confirmed and consistent liberal, to office, promised a full compliance with the public requisition.

Change of measures concurrent with the accession of Lord Grey to office, and his system of Foreign Policy.—The first act of Lord Grey, after he became premier, was to respond to the *vox populi* by which he had been called to office, and by which liberal measures were to be supported. His prompt announcement that "peace, retrenchment, and reform," would be the fundamental objects of his government, was well received by the public as "a pledge of better times." The duke of Wellington and lord Grey were perfectly agreed as to the good policy of directing the influence of the British government to the maintenance of peace; but they differed essentially as to the means necessary to accomplish so desirable an end. Jealousy of French power, and a system of degrading intimidation towards France, by an unseemly deference to the dictates of the absolute courts, formed no part of lord Grey's system of foreign policy. He sought no coalition "to eat up freedom in detail;" but, on the contrary, desired to consolidate a political intimacy with constitutional France, as a sure preventive against such designs. His accession to office took place at a period of great difficulty. Europe was rapidly arming, and the elements of destruction gathering in the north and east seemed destined to burst over the free states of the west. France and Belgium were tempest-tost with the violence of revolution; and the "signs of the times" seemed to indicate an approaching dissolution of the peace of Europe. The attitude assumed by the British government baffled the calculations of the absolute courts; and the strong inclination manifested by Great Britain to defend the constitutionalists of Europe, powerfully contributed to protect France from the attacks of a continental confederacy, or, rather, to save Europe from the miseries of a general war. During lord Grey's administration, we have experienced no such "untoward event" as that of destroying the Turkish marine, and thus aiding the Russian czar in his Machiavelian designs; no such deceptive affair as that which outwitted "the ablest diplomatist in Europe;" deluged Portugal with her noblest blood, and loosened the satanic imp of royalty to progress in his libertici-dal machinations, and trample under foot the infant constitution which Canning had fostered; no such barbarity as that of expelling persecuted foreign patriots from the British shores, and firing into the ships of a friendly nation to aid and defend the usurpation of a tyrant. If lord Grey's foreign policy has not been all that could be wished; if it has been deficient in firmness, in permitting Prussia to aid Russia in her tragic and merciless crusade against unhappy Poland, and thus to favour the subjugation of a country whose independence we are bound by sacred treaty to protect; if it has been wanting in that well-directed energy by which the influence of reformed England can alone be maintained over the despotic courts of Europe; if it has unwarily permitted the Russian autocrat to cajole the Turkish sultan into treaties which impair British interests in the dominions of the Porte, it has at least been frank and conciliatory, and conducted, to excess, in the spirit of peace. Perhaps the points most open to censure in the Grey administration, are the tedious trifling evinced in the Dutch business, and the humble deference paid to Russia in renewing engagements cancelled, according to the letter of the bond, by the separation of Belgium from Holland. The latter measure, however, though unpopular, and seemingly derogatory to the British nation, is yet clearly defensible. The clause was designed to interest Russia in preventing the incorporation of Belgium with France. The sages assembled at Vienna never contemplated that Belgium would so speedily raise herself into an independent state; and when that event took place, we were bound by every principle of national honour to deal with the question upon the broad principle of doing that which conscience dictated to be just—to act according to the true *spirit*, and not the mere *wording* of the obligation: for as Addision, in his *Cato*, makes Juba say—

"Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
And noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with."

In our next we shall conclude this Article, by giving a concise view of that never-ending affair—*Dutch Negociations*. This protracted rigmarole, protocolling-business, requires some distinct explanation.

SPECIMEN OF WARFARE AGAINST PREDATORY MARAUDERS IN INDIA.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE late "Caffer Irruption" has naturally awakened and fixed the attention of the public to the state of the Eastern Border. The invading force (bands of barbarian Caffers) was first represented by the *Graham's Town Journal* as ten thousand strong, which was ridiculed by the *Commercial Advertiser*, and the enemy computed at only one thousand; this, however, the *Graham's Town Journal* indignantly contradicts; and states that the official documents had given a return of upwards of 400 killed, which, being only a small proportion of the combatants, and without reckoning the wounded, indicated a far superior force to have been in the field than was imagined by the *Commercial Adver, tiser*. Both may be in some degree right, though alluding to different periods of the invasion; the first onset was probably by a comparatively small force, or the sounds of preparation could not have been so stealthy as to have escaped observation.

Unprofessional people not accustomed to see masses of men under arms, and not trained by military education to judge of numbers by the ground covered, can have no idea of the difficulty of estimating the force of an undisciplined mob; it is in fact almost impracticable, and the nearest approximation can only be a lucky guess; as, however, the whole population of Caffreland is rated very far below the population of the Colony, and as only a small proportion of that population is actively engaged in the present affair, it would seem that any thing like ten thousand for the enemy's numbers, must be a very extravagant exaggeration.

The whole of the evil, say the *Graham's Town Journal* and the *Zuid-Afrikaan*, an illustrious pair! may be traced to Dr. Philip and the Missionaries! to Mr Fairbairn and his visit to Caffreland five years ago! to Mr. Greig and the *Commercial Advertiser!* and to Mr. Pringle and his Poetry! precisely, no doubt, as the men of Kent tell us that Tenterden Church steeple was the occasion of the Goodwin Sands! Mr. Fairbairn, however, in the *Commercial Advertiser*, replies, that his readings in books, and his observations of men, have enabled him to judge of motives and actions somewhat differently: he shows that he had foreseen this melancholy catastrophe, and warned the public of the necessary consequences of injudicious measures. The public will no doubt hear more on this subject hereafter, when the excitements of the awful crisis have subsided: facts are stubborn things; the printed pages live, and may be quoted verbatim; though conversations may be forgotten or mis-stated, and fatal occurrences may be attributed to sources as wide of their proper origin, as Tenterden Church steeple is foreign to the formation of the Goodwin Sands! With this we intermeddle not at present; we are now purposing to borrow a page or two from our note book, to show the history of an irruption of savage freebooters into a Province of the Bombay Presidency, which may, perhaps, have some interest to our readers at this "awful crisis."

The city of Surat, which was once one of the most important sea ports in the oriental world, though now reduced to a very secondary consequence; and its population, once rated above half a million, to about 150,000 souls; is still a place of great wealth, and the centre of a very populous and most fertile province; being the southern division of Guzurat, one of the richest agricultural districts in India. This Province, generally known under the appellation of the Surat Attaveesy; though the latter appellation is only appropriate to a certain division of twenty-eight villages, which the word Attaveesy implies, is bounded on the west by the Indian Ocean; by the Broach Purgunnah north; by the Demaun River south; and on the east by the Raj Peempla and Kandeish Mountains, and dense forests along a frontier, forming an arc of an irregular circle; the chord of which, within the frontier, may be about 70 miles in length. The population of this district, including the immense town of Surat, may be about 500,000; and the revenue paid to the British Government about £200,000; and to the Guicowar, or native Sovereign of Baroda, for his share, about £80,000.

The Raj Peempla district, an alpine country of about 3000 square miles, includes the space betwixt the Nerbuddah and Tapty Rivers, its south-western angle being about 60 miles from Surat; is thinly peopled; and was in a state of anarchy, owing to a disputed succession in the period betwixt 1812 and 1820; which was only progressive, to greater and worse disorder, until the British Government was compelled, in self-defence, to send a detachment into the country; when, after the most patient investigation, and after the most judicious arrangements of Mr. Willoughby, of the Bombay Civil Service, the rightful heir was enthroned; and that interesting little principality was restored to peace and prosperity, in a manner not only highly creditable to the talented agent employed, but most honorable to the British Government.

The same period, or from 1813 to 1818, inclusive, was also memorable for the predatory campaigns of the Pindarries, a body of freebooters or land buccaneers, whose sword was against every man who had property to lose: their force was, at one time, estimated at nearly 100,000 horse: of course they had neither artillery nor forts; they were vast gangs of highwaymen, and their barbarities, their enterprize, and their capabilities of forced marches, are all alike unparalleled in history.

Their first attack upon any British Dependancy, was in February, 1813, when they meditated an attempt on a wealthy suburb of Surat, to plunder Nowsarry, a populous and rich town of about 20,000 inhabitants, 20 miles south of Surat and Gundavie, another town of about the same size and importance as Nowsarry, 12 miles further south; and this, which they estimated would be as much as they could effect, ere the garrison of Surat would be upon them, would no doubt have been an easy achievement, and a rich prey. The towns of Nowsarry and Gundavie, are the chief towns of the Guicowar's district, in the Attaveesy; his

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territories there, as almost throughout all Guzurat, being intermingled with the British possessions, almost to the same degree that the black and white squares alternate on a chess-board. This first irruption of the Pindarries was providentially interrupted, and the district preserved, by the casual circumstance of a corps, the 2d battalion, 4th Regiment Native Infantry, then mustering a thousand firelocks on the effective war establishment, being on its march from Pallinad in Kattiwar, to Seroor, in the course of the annual reliefs. The battalion had halted the preceding day at Nowsarry, and marched southward for Gundavie, only two hours before the Pindarries arrived; thus their proceeding, as had been intended, was impracticable: and they had no remedy but to snatch such plunder as could be seized, whilst they halted to breathe and feed their horses; and this done, they retired as rapidly as they had come, having comparatively perpetrated very little mischief. Had not the 2d Bat. 4th Regt. been brought so happily to the spot at that critical moment, the slaughter and robbery in Nowsarry and Gundavie would have equalled the sanguinary and destructive horrors of the subsequent irruptions of the Pindarries into the southern districts of the Nizam's and Peishwa's countries, and into the Madras Presidency.

The Bombay government, then superintended by the Right Hon. Sir Evan Nepean, Bart. took the wisest precautionary measures to prevent the recurrence of such an outrage; and a force of 600 of the Guicowar's Marhatta horse, and a battalion of Native Infantry, were subsequently posted in the centre of the valley of the Taptee; the former being cantonned at Soughur, and the latter at Beearra; the first a Guicowar fort, 60 miles, and the other 45 miles due east of Surat.

The valley of the Taptee, betwixt Raj Peempla and Kandeish, from Songhur eastward for 60 miles is proverbially so unhealthy, as to be dangerous even for travellers to pass through; consequently, troops cannot be permanently stationed there; it was, therefore, unavoidable to withdraw the British force from Becarra during the rains; and they were consequently detached from Surat very early in November, and remained encamped at Becarra until June.

During some years previous to the irruption of the Pindarries, a detachment of about 200 men was usually dispersed through the frontier villages as police guards, in small parties of from 12 to 20 men, at suitable distances, to protect the country from the Bheels, inhabiting the Kandeish and Raj Peempla mountain forests. These Bheels are considered in their traditions, to be the descendants of those aborigines of the country who were dispossessed of the fertile country, and driven into the woods and mountains about two thousand years ago, by those, whose descendants were subjugated, about one thousand years after, in their turn, by the Mahomedans. Their peculiar rights in the frontier villages, and claims to a species of black mail, are admitted, and faithfully paid; and in the Raj Peempla district their aboriginal supremacy is acknowledged, by their being employed in the ceremonial of the inauguration, to lift the new sovereign in their arms, and place him on the Gaady, or cushion of state; and one of them imprints on the prince's forehead the Teeka, or symbol of Hindooism of his peculiar caste, with *his blood!* They are, in every respect, a singular race; thieves by profession, yet by no means despised by their countrymen; they are protected in their retreat by the unassailable nature of their country, which is as effectually defended by the demons of fever and dysentery, smiting every alien who dares to intrude, as by the absolute difficulties of almost inaccessible wildness. In the year 1814-15, a Bheel leader, named Jeewa Wassawa, had obtained to some influence in Raj Peempla; he was a bold and crafty man; an adept at obtaining intelligence, and in the art of managing such people as formed his following; and the outrage committed by those people during his sway, surpassed former excesses: among other feats of the like nature, in the rains of 1815, they attacked one of the best guarded British villages; and, mingling surprise with vive force, the sentinel was shot on his post; a volley upon the guard, as they flew to arms, annihilated them; and a fine village was plundered, and many lives lost. The arrangements which subsequently followed in 1820, of sending a detachment into Raj Peempla, would not have suited the policy of the day; consequently, nothing further was thought of than to increase the frontier guard; and an extra field detachment of 100 men of the 2d Bat. 3d Regt N.I. under the command of Lieut. Challon, were stationed at Bobary, which is nearly the centre of the extreme limit of the eastern border of the Province; and all the out-posts and village guards, were placed under his command.

Challon, then a Lieut. of the 3d Regt. was, what is called, a rough diamond: the roughness, however, originated in circumstances over which he had no controul; whilst the brilliancy was native, and his own: a clear-headed, indefatigable, and brave man; and a practically, and usefully, scientific officer: no one ever dreamt of finding him either at play or asleep when he was called for; he was, in fact, precisely one of those unpretending men of whom one never hears, until they are needed; or until some emergency brings them prominently to notice: he was well known to his immediate commanding officer, and was selected by him to command the out-posts, where an officer was wanted for the duty who could be relied on.

Challon's first care was to travel across the exposed frontier, and to take an accurate survey of the country; measuring very carefully the distances betwixt the villages; and ascertaining, accurately, the nature and direction of the routes to the fords of the Taptee into Raj Peempla on the one hand, and through the Ghauts into Kandeish, on the other. He instructed the people how to hedge in, and stocade their villages, and make the most of natural and available defences; and arranged a system of telegraph, that every hamlet, on any alarm, should dispatch a messenger with intelligence to the next, which should pass on the news to its neighbour, and thus onward to his head quarters; this, with other usual arrangements for communicating and spreading an alarm, secured that only one part of the frontier should be surprised at a time; and as the little villages are within very short distances of one another, in that rich and populous district, it was certain that the news of an invasion would reach the out-post head quarters in a very few hours. "I find," said Challon, in his report of his proceedings and plans, "that no force which could be spared, or so employed, could prevent the Raj Peempla people from entering the Purgunnah; but I hope that my arrangements will secure, that the next party of them who attempt an inroad, will either see that we are too well prepared, and so think it prudent to retire before they can commit any mischief; or should they pass the out-posts, and scour the Pergunnah as formerly, on my head be it, if any great proportion of those who cross the Taptee return with impunity."

The fair weather betwixt Nov. 1815, and June 1816, was a memorable period in Indian history; the grand Marhatta confederacy was then matured; and the Pindarries filled up the measure of their enormities by their wonderful march of nearly a thousand miles across India, without a halt, and by plundering Masulipatam in the heart of the Madras Presidency. Their first intention that year appears to have been, in concert with Jeewa Wassawa, of Raj Peempla, to have made another effort on the Surat districts; but Southern Guzurat was spared the cruel scourge by the wise precautions of Sir Evan Nepean's government. A brigade of two battalions of infantry, with a brigade of foot artillery, with detachments of H.M. 17th Dragoons and Native Cavalry, and a brigade of Horse Artillery, a total of 2400 sabres and firelocks, and 4 guns, were formed to be advanced upon the frontier, under the command of the late Gen. Kennedy, C.B. who died in command of the southern division of the Bombay army in 1831, and who was then Lieut.-Col. commanding the 2d Bat. 3d Regt. N. I.

Such a force, and so advanced, rendered it hazardous for the Pindarries to venture into a country accessible only by passes; they felt their way; and finding that all was too well secured for their purpose, they formed and executed their desperate plan of crossing the Nizam's country into Madras.

Before Jeewa Wassawa and his Raj Peempla Bheels had found that their friends, the Pindarries, were not likely to co-operate with them, they resolved to make an incursion into the province, ere the Beearra force should take the field; and in the end of October, 1815, they crossed the Taptee, in force about 500 strong; it being arranged, that Jeewa Wassawa, with half the party, should present the best front they could to the troops who might encounter them; and his nephew, Raewa Wassawa, was to spread the remainder over the country, for the purpose of plunder, and to secure and carry off the booty.

On crossing the frontier, they assailed Bardoly, the first village of importance they came to, in open day; but were beaten off with considerable loss; the entrance into the village being well stockaded, and the garrison of 12 men! being well supported by the villagers, alert and bold under cover, could not be overpowered Fighting, for the pleasure of giving and receiving hard blows, not being the Bheel taste, they passed onward into the Purgunnah, plundering some small hamlets, and driving off cattle as they proceeded. In the meanwhile, Challon had immediate information of their proceedings, and sent off expresses to Surat, that light detachments might move out to reinforce the villages, and support him; and, in conformity with his well-digested arrangements, hastened to place himself in the enemy's rear, to secure, that as few as possible of their party should return to Raj Peempla. At this time, the garrison of Surat consisted of H.M. 47th Regt., two battalions of Native Infantry, a strong corps of Artillery, and a squadron of Native Cavalry, a grand total of not less than 3000 fighting men; and Bardoly, the village attacked by Jeewa Wassawa, is not 25 miles distant from the city; whence, some idea may be formed of the courage of the enemy, and of the difficulty of covering an extensive frontier, with regular troops, against mere robbers. We much question whether any change of circumstances would ever enable Government to garrison Graham's Town as effectually as Surat was at this time garrisoned, and many centuries must elapse ere Albany equals Guzerat, in wealth and population, to pay the expenses of such protection; until which, the frontier farmers must rely, in a great measure, on their own sagacity or courage, and their own resources to meet danger, or to escape from it.

Challon's detachment consisted of 100 firelocks; his ammunition was musket grape; the best peppering for a loose horde of undisciplined savages, as it is desirable that your shot should spread, when the enemy have no intention of keeping together; it is very difficult, with a single ball, to pink a single man; but a dozen slugs, with common luck, make sure of him; and it is a grand object with these marauders, to mark as many as possible: the courtesy of combat being no part of the agreement! The police horse, whom the Bheels had most dreaded in their former inroads, on this occasion kept themselves unfatigued, and merely watched and reported their proceedings. The check at Bardoly, and the necessity of taking measures for their wounded, occasioned

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a little delay; and before Jeewa Wassawa could resolve on further offensive movements, a strong detachment had moved from Surat to meet him; so that prompt retreat was his sole resource. They were thus retiring, encumbered with cattle, and the booty collected by Raewa Wassawa's party, when they fell into the trap laid for them by Challon: the surprize was complete, and the destruction of the enemy most effectual; upwards of 100 were left dead on the field, and somewhere near 100 taken prisoners: and the rest so entirely dispersed, that it could not afterwards *be ascertained* that even 50 of the party escaped; an immense number of the wounded, being only struck by such light shot, were able to escape to the forest, and die there; their corpses being afterwards discovered, in all the stages of putrefaction, in the jungle, on the routes to Raj Peempla, or in the ravines of the Taptee; whilst Challon's loss was very trifling, only two or three killed, and five or six wounded.

Sir Evan Nepean's government was not to be trifled with; the prisoners were arraigned as highway robbers before the civil court in Surat, and about 20 were sentenced to be hanged, and the remainder transported to the Eastern Isles; a punishment severer than death to a native of India. The sentence was executed without delay; the unhappy culprits were conveyed in carts to the frontier, and hanged on trees; one in every village along the Border; and the result was, as might be expected, that the Province was not disturbed for many years after.

Challon's merits were not left unrewarded: he was very shortly afterward provided for in the Quarter Master General's Department, and subsequently was Commandant of the Corps of Pioneers; continuing till his death, which was a loss to the service, one of the most energetic, and, in every way, one of the most efficient men of the Bombay army.

JACK RATTLIN AND NANCY WORTHY.

Captain ——, of H. M. S. ——, stationed some years since in Simon's Bay, was a famous hand in describing the peculiarities of the British sailor and the West Indians. We have heard a story of his telling, which, at the time of its delivery, is said to have made a considerable impression on his auditory.

The scene is laid in the West Indies. Jack Rattlin, a British sailor, had been employed on board a West Indiamen; but a few days previous to his ship's sailing, he was attacked by that inflammatory disease, known by the name of Yellow Fever. Having been brought on shore for medical advice, and his case appearing desperate, the ship sailed without him. Rattlin being of spare habit, recovered from his sickness, and his next care was to look out for employment; but as his stock of clean apparel was exhausted, and he had no money, he did not wish to go on board any vessel without that appearance of neatness for which an English sailor so much prides himself; these circumstances made him determine on washing a pair of his trousers himself, a job which sailors are in the practice of doing on ship-board. To accomplish this, he went about half a mile from the suburbs of the town, and commenced operations beside a stream (for washing-tubs are here unknown), wherein, and on the banks of which, stood some fifty or sixty yellow and diggy laundresses, thumping away with their beetles at the apparel of the inhabitants of the town. These ladies were shocked and scandalized at seeing a man attempting what they conceived to be their peculiar calling, and accordingly commenced a violent set of *philippics* against the unfortunate sailor. All the terms of reproach in their language, English, French, and Spanish, were exhausted by those dark declaimers, who may be classed among the most accomplished female orators in existence.

These diatribes were pouring out against him when he exclaimed, "Avast there—haul taut the slack of your jaws, or clap a tomkin on your muzzles, for your tongues are running fourteen knots an hour, spinning a yarn with your double Dutch coiled against the sun; what tho' I be a poor sailor, and am obliged to scrub my own trousers, because, d'ye see, I am hard up in the clinch, without never a knife to cut the seizing. I desires none of them here black squalls."

Of this speech the sooty laundresses scarcely understood one word; they knew it was in reply to their tirades, and concluded, naturally enough, that he was paying them back in their own coin; as, often, when spoken to in a language they do not understand, they conceive they are abused, or as they call it, "*cursed*." Jack's reply drew many a severe rejoinder from the sable ladies.

"Look he yie (look at his eyes), dem like two dollar," said one.

"And him nose, like one two barrel pistol," said another.

A French negress exclaimed, "Gardez le! le pas becca! le matelôt!"—That is, "look at him! he is not a white man, he is *only* a sailor!" For the French negroes never class sailors and soldiers as "beogées" (white men).*

"Why you 'buse poor sailor, 'cause him 'bliged for wash him own trousers, for? You no hab pity for him—you no saby (know) 'spose him hab mother, wife, or sister, such a handsome buckra neber hab for wash him own clothes," said a mild-looking mulatto girl; and the appeal to the sable damsels had the effect of silencing their din. She added, addressing herself to Jack:—

"Neber mind dem, massa, dem foolish too much; go in dat shed yonder, sit down there, and I go wash your trousers."

"Thank'ee, my good blackee," said the sailor, "I can scrub them myself, because I'm used to it; besides, I've no money to pay you, my lass"

The girl informed him that she required no payment; that she would conceive it a favour if he would allow her to perform the proposed trifling service, as those employed in washing were a little piqued at seeing a man rivaling them at what they conceived was their sex's peculiar employment. This was spoken, not in the most eloquent language, it is true, but with perfect natural politeness; for she possessed what was the first requisite of genuine politeness, namely, a kind heart and good sense.

The offer of Nancy was accepted by Rattlin, who retired to an *ajapa* (a shed). The girl finished her voluntary work, and hung the habiliments on a bamboo to dry; this, a tropical mid-day sun and a breeze that proceeded from the neighbouring mountains, shortly accomplished; but in the interim, Nancy came into the *ajapa*, and entered into conversation with the sailor

"How do *all* the people do in England, Massa?" said the brown damsel.—This is a friendly sort of interrogative generally asked of new-comers from "*Home*," as Creoles call Britain. Jack had been long enough in the West Indies to understand the question, which was, however, too comprehensive for him immediately to reply to. After a pause, he answered:—

"Why, since the war, seamen's wages have been more than 3*l.* 10*s.* out of England, my lass."

"Me mean, how your fambly, your father and mother do?" said the mulattress.

"I have neither father nor mother," said the mariner; they died ever since I first went to sea, which was when I was a little boy."

"Me 'sposed you no hab mother, or you no 'blige for wash your own clothes; but neber mind, poor massa, luck go change, and you go get plenty money. But wha' can I do to 'muse (amuse) you, till you trousers dry?—Yes, I go make one little dinna ge (for) you."

Rattlin, though not a man of keen penetration, had the sense to comprehend this delicate and hospitable proposal; and the state of his appetite and purse induced him to accede to it. In a few minutes, Nancy spread a little table with a cloth as white as snow, on which she laid a cake of cassava, a wholesome kind of food (extracted from a root, which, in its natural state, is a deadly poison), some pound plantains, fried eggs, a dish of *cascodoroes* (a small delicious kind of river fish,) and by way of beverage, a jug of water, a bottle of syrup, and some weak claret.* These viands, though her common fare, Jack surveyed as luxuries; but he could not prevail on his humane hostess to sit down and partake of them with him. No; she knew he was *but* a poor sailor, but yet he was a WHITE MAN;—consequently, *she* conceived him her superior: so that all he could say or do, could not induce her to join him in his repast. His meal being ended, Nancy brought him his trousers. She had smoothened them, but regretted that she had not the means of ironing them on the spot. While she was explaining this, a voice was heard outside, inquiring the way to town. Rattlin went to the entrance of the shed, and called out:—

"Bear down to leeward, gemmen; and when you get to yonder tall tree, tack to the larboard, and you'll be in parallel latitude with town."

"You give us our sailing directions like a seaman," said the querist, who, together with his companion, were two midshipmen belonging to a frigate lying in port. They had been up the country, shooting; but, being no ornithologists, had shot at the first birds they came within distance of—these happened to be three turkey-buzzards, or tropical vultures, which are most useful birds; insomuch, that there is here a heavy fine imposed on any one who destroys them, and, being protected by the law, their tameness is astonishing; of this, the middies were not aware, and bagged their carrion carcasses as excellent game.

"You give us sailing directions like a seaman." Jack replied that, until lately, he had been in the merchant service; but that at present, he was without a ship.

"A good-looking lad like you," replied the midshipmen, "should never need be in want of a ship, while his majesty's navy requires hands. Why don't you volunteer on board our frigate, The Bull Dog?"

Jack held down his head, brushed his napless hat with his ragged jacket sleeve, and, with a scrape of his left leg, that he intended for a bow, said, "He would be glad to volunteer, if any body would *press him*;" for, like many more sailors, he conceived it more degrading to enter freely on board a man o' war than to be impressed. The midshipmen smiled; and one of them said:—

"Well, Jack (he hit on his name by chance), since you appear to wish it, I'll press you." This settled, Rattlin took leave of his generous hostess.

"But, before I go, lass, tell me your name."

"Nancy, Sir."

"Nancy what?"

"My mistress' name is Worthy; and I call my second name after her."

"Nancy Worthy!—Can either of you gemmen lend me a pencil and a piece of paper?—thank you, Sir; and as my hand is rather better used to the narling spike than the pen, I'll thank you, Sir, to write down 'Nancy Worthy' for me; for, when I gets on board, I mean to mark it on my arm with indigo and gunpowder. But what's the use of a man writing the name of a good friend on the skin, when it is written already by gratitude here?" said the seaman, placing his hand on his breast.

* The French negro word *beguè*, and English term *buckra*, are, perhaps, both corruptions from the Spanish *blánco*.

* Vin de Côte is almost as cheap in the Colonies as porter is in London.

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"My good fellow, you are quite sentimental!" said one of the midshipmen.

"*Sentry—sentrimental!* O no, your honour; I never stood sentry, or sarved as a marine, in all my life. I am a seaman as can hand, reef, steer, sound, and mend sails;—aye, I even know how to take a meridian altitude; only the numbers and round *o's* puzzles me a bit in the working of it—but all is one for that: the officer to his quadrant, the boatswain to his call, and the quarter-master to his helm. Good bye, my kind lass!—He who rules aloft will mark down your charity in his log-book—he'll reward you when we are all paid off for your goodness to a poor friendless seaman.—Good bye!"

"God bless you, massa!" said the kind-hearted girl, whimpering at Jack's address. "I'm sure you go come back."

"How are you sure of that, my lass?"

"Because you ha' eat cascadoroes," she replied; alluding to a common superstition of the island, which many believe, that any one who eats of the cascadoroes (mailed fish) and quits it, will return.

"Good bye, massa! I wish you may kill plenty rascal Frenchmen," she added; for poor Nancy, like most English colonial slaves, had a great hatred to the enemies of Britain. It is a fact that, when Sir Ralph Abercrombie made a descent on this island, much of the success of his enterprise was owing to the good guidance, and accurate information he obtained from an English negro, named Sharper.*

The parties left the hut—Nancy to her work; the midshipmen to carry their game to a gig waiting for them; and Jack to the same boat, to ask one of his future shipmates to help him down to the wharf with his chest.

Some years after this little event, and when Nancy had nearly forgotten it, her mistress was sitting in a kind of gallery, over a piazza, when in ran Buonaparte, a little, deformed negro, and what is called, "a pet" of his mistress; for Creole ladies often select from amongst their young domestics the ugliest they can find for their favourite, and allow it far more liberties than the spoilt son and heir of most European families. This urchin came in, and bawled out:

"Missis, missis, there is a sailor abottom (below) asking for you."

"A sailor!" said Mrs. Worthy; "what can he want with me?"

"Me no know; but he hab a *ribbin* round him neck, and a whistle tied to it. I axed him to gi' it to me; but he no been gi' me."

"Shew him in."

The black dwarf "vanished," and ushered in a good-looking sailor, clad in neat white drill trousers, fringed with blue, a white cotton jacket, with blue cuffs and collar, and white shirt, tastefully braided with a kind of blue cord; a black silk handkerchief was loosely thrown round his neck, and fastened to the edges of the opening of his shirt with blue tape; a silver call, or whistle, was suspended from his neck by a ribbon; a narrow-rimmed Panama hat, blue striped stockings, and long quartered pumps, completed his equipment, which set off to advantage a handsome, though rather weather beaten countenance, and a good figure, and withal accorded with his profession and the climate. The crooked urchin eyed him with some curiosity, not unmixed with childish fear. At first, he ran behind his mistress, and partly held her gown before him, while he stole a glance at the sailor; but his appearance soon made so favourable an impression upon the black letter of humanity that he ran between his legs, and put forth all his strength to lift one of them off the ground, exclaiming:—

"How do, massa sailor?"

"Come here, you imp of darkness!" said his mistress; "is that your manners?"

"Yes," said the boy, grinning like an ape.

"Have you any business with me, my good man?" asked Mrs. worthy.

The sailor doused his Panama, and made his best quarter-deck bow, and said:—

"I axes your pardon, ma'am, but is your name Worthy?"

"It is, Sir."

"Hadn't you a slave-girl, a yellow neger, called Nancy?"

"I have her still."

"Please Ma'am, I wants to buy her."—Mrs. Worthy was not a little astonished at the abruptness of the proposal.

"My good friend," said she, "if I wished to dispose of any of my slaves, Nancy is the last I would part with: she is the best conducted domestic I ever owned; but I hope never to sell any. I am a widow without children; and such of my servants as behave well to me during my life, shall never serve master or mistress after I am gone—I will bequeath them their freedom."

"God bless you, ma'am, for it—"that's what I call acting like a Christian."

"But, tell me, what can a man in your line of life want with a slave?"

"Why, ma'am, I doesn't want Nancy as a slave, I wish to buy her discharge."

"What can make you wish to do that?" said Mrs. Worthy, whose curiosity began to be excited.

Jack, who was not much of an orator, told as briefly as he could how poor Nancy had befriended him in his misfortunes; he also related his adventures after he entered on board his Majesty's frigate the Bull Dog; how he had been fortunate enough to be promoted after ten years' service to the rank of boatswain. He told her that lately the Bull Dog had taken three rich prizes out of Guadaloupe.

"And so you see, ma'am," said Jack, "we drew a good part of our prize money from the navy agents at Barbadoes; and as Nancy knew I must pass again through the Bocas,* because, do you see, I ate some *cask o' dollars*, as she called them.—'So,' says I to myself, I says, 'I may as well save my money as join the lads of our ship in their larks of frying watches."

"Frying watches!" ejaculated Mrs. Worthy.

"Yes, ma'am, in Carlisle Bay they broke up and fried two or three hundred watches in frying-pans that they bought in Bridge Town, and a good many of them ate bank notes between *soft-jack* (bread-and-butter); but I saved all my dollars, joes, and doubloons, 'because,' says I, 'I must pay the doctor and the old woman in Trinidad; besides, I'll see if I've enough left to buy poor Nancy.' Now, I find old Sall is dead, she as took care of me when I was sick with the yellow fever; and as to Dr. C.———, he would not touch a dollar, but squeezing my hand, said I was an honest tar, and an honour to my country. Howsomever, that's neither here nor there. I'll cut my yarn short; indeed I'm sorry you won't sell Nancy; but since that's the case, I'll give her the money, and she may do what she likes with it. Could I see her, ma'am?"

Mrs. Worthy sent the deformed boy to call Nancy, who happened to be a short distance from home. In the meantime she told Rattlin that, were she so inclined, she could not keep Nancy in slavery if any one offered her value for her manumission. Such was the decree of the Spanish colonial law, at that time in force in the island.

"However," she added, "it shall never be said of the widow of John Worthy, who was the kindest of masters, that any one had recourse to law to make her do justice to her slaves. I have frequently been offered 600 dollars for the girl Nancy, so well is she known for an excellent servant; but if you can give me 400 dollars she shall be free."

"I think I have about that 'ere sum, ma'am; let me see," said he, taking out a canvas purse, pretty well filled with Spanish gold; "how many dollars is this worth?" producing a doubloon.

"Sixteen," way the reply.

"Sixteen and sixteen——he paused—"yes, is thirty-two; and what is this?"

"A joe, eight dollars."

"Thank'e, ma'am—thirty-two and eight's—forty—no, I'm out in my deal reckoning—thirty and eight makes—I axes your pardon, ma'am, but I wish you'd count these yellow boys for me; if they were all the same size I could manage them, but some are little and others big. I wish all doubloons passed for ten dollars, and then I could manage to reckon them easy enough, as it would be all plain sailing."

She took the purse and counted twenty-six doubloons, a joe, and a two-dollar piece.—"There are twenty-six dollars over 400, and now, if you please, we'll send for Mr. Itchpalm, the lawyer, to draw up the manumission."

"No, no, ma'am," said Jack, "no land-sharks for me; for Jack, like most sailors, had an aversion to gentlemen of the profession; "besides," he added, "I've no time to stop, for the gig must be ashore by this; get the warrant of freedom made out yourself; I know by your good looks you wouldn't cheat a poor slave, or an honest sailor of the value of a bit of cakum.

"You are a generous man," said Mrs. Worthy, evidently pleased with the compliment, "and have too much honour yourself to suspect that others may want it; here take back seven doubloons, and now I only accept half what I was offered for my Nancy, and about one-tenth of her value to me." She gave him the seven doubloons; when Nancy entered, and without noticing the boatswain, inquiring of her mistress if she was wanted.

"What, my old friend, Nance! doesn't thee know me?" The brunette eyed him with some curiosity at first, then she seemed partially to recognize him. "I say, Nance, don't you recollect the poor sailor whose trousers you washed, and who you victualled when he was on short allowance?"

"Ah, is that you, Master Jack! I'm really glad to see you for true!" exclaimed Nancy, while a tear gathered in her eye. "How you're altered! you look older, but much better; you dress very pretty," examining him from head to foot, "I knew you would come back; I am very glad to see you once more."

Rattlin grasped her hand, and placed in it the seven doubloons that her mistress had returned—"Here, my lass, I've bought your freedom, and paid for you; here's a part of the price your mistress wants me to give you."

Nancy at first looked astounded, and when recovered a little, shewed as though she thought he was jesting. Her late mistress put an end to her incredulity by briefly informing her of the fact of Rattlin's assertion; when, overcome by her feelings, she let fall the money placed in her hands, burst into tears, and would have sunk on the floor, but Mrs. Worthy and her benefactor supported her.

"Oh, my dear mistress, and my dear master sailor, this too much kindness to a poor girl, only for doing what she ought for every body; but God bless you—bless you!"

"Holla, boatswain! is that you? I've been looking for you this half an hour; there's a signal for all hands to repair on board. But I'm sorry to spoil a scene—" said a voice in the street. Jack looked out from the gallery, and saw his lieutenant below; the same gentleman who, when a midshipman, induced Rattlin to enter on board the Bull Dog.

"Ay, ay, Lieutenant Quadrant, I'll be on the wharf before the boat can hoist her sail. Good bye, God bless you! I shall never see you any more, but shan't forget you; and when you say your prayers, put up a word or two by way of petition for poor Jack Rattlin!"

* This man is yet alive. Sir R. A. purchased his freedom on account of his services, and he is still allowed a small pension.

* *Bocas (mouths)*;—the different entrances of the Gulph of Paria are so called.

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The boatswain then quitted the gallery, hastened to the wharf, and got on board, where his late grateful act was told much to his advantage, and got him into general favour with both officers and men. Mrs. Worthy instantly legally manumitted Nancy; the latter, however, would not quit her "*old*" mistress, by whom she was reared from her childhood, but remained with her as an humble friend to the day of her death. She never prayed without interceding for her benefactors. Her prayers seemed to be efficacious, for within a month the Bull Dog, cruizing off Porto Cabello, took an immensely rich prize; and after that, sailing through the Carribean Isles, they took three other vessels. Jack, whilst amassing money to manumit the mulatto girl, had learned prudence, so that he saved the whole of his prize money; and being wounded while cutting out a merchantman from under the batteries of St. Pierre Martinique, he obtained a pension, which, together with his savings, rendered his circumstances easy for life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AFRICAN BOW-STRING HEMP.

[We have again to acknowledge, with much pleasure and thankfulness, another Communication from a practical agriculturist. It has been accompanied by a specimen of an indigenous plant of this colony, which the writer declares to be much better fitted for the manufacture of cordage than the Aloe (the *Agave Americana*,) as noticed in our No. 1 of this year.]

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Sir,—It is with pleasure that I observe the unwearied perseverance which you exercise to induce the colonists of the Cape to exert themselves, and bring forward to mercantile notice the various vegetable articles which this colony either does or might produce to a very great extent; I make this remark in consequence of the account you give of the *Agave* as a colonial plant; it is certainly common in various parts of the colony, but has not yet become a free denizen of South Africa: and I further have the pleasure to inform you, that the hemp-like properties of the Agave, are rivalled, if not indeed excelled, by an *indigenous* production of the colony, and of which I have procured the description accompanying this; to which I may add, that the plant in question can be manufactured with less trouble (as the specimen also sent will show,) than the Agave.

Your's, &c. &c. E.

SANSEVIERA Guineensis. African Bow-string Hemp.
Hexandria Monogynia,—*Linn.*
Natural Order, Hemorocallideæ.

Generic Character.—Carolla tubular, margin revolute, and divided into six segments, stamens slender, placed in the throat of the corolla. Berry three-celled, each cell containing one seed.

Specific Character.—Leaves uniformly broad-lanceolate, rigid, of a dark green color, marked with lighter coloured blotches in *fasciæ*; margin thready, red in color, the floral leaves one-third the length of the flower.

The flower is white, and after sun-set emits a pleasant perfume; overpowering if confined in a close room.

Inhabits, in great abundance, the various karoo soils of the colony.

HEDGE-FENCING.

We know nothing equal for security against cattle, equal to a hedge-fence now growing on the premises of the late Mr. Merckel, at the *Half Way House*. Independently of its protecting qualities, it is most remarkable for the distribution of its seed. When the fruit is ripe it opens, and borne on the breeze, two beautiful seedlings, in perfect appearance with the transparent wings of an insect, take their flight and become their own planters. Mr. Bowie has favoured us with the following scientific description of this plant. It is well worth the attention of all Landholders.

HAKEA Gibbosa, Gibbous-fruited Hakea.
Tetrandria Monogynia,—*Linn.*
Natural Order, Proteaceæ.

H. Leaves needle-shaped, terminated by a mucronate-spine; the upper part very slightly channelled, and together with the branches covered with down; peduncle hairy; calyx downy; capsule gibbous; inner part furrowed; wing of the seed half an ellipsis; nucleus furrowed, with a margin at the base.

This tree is a native of New South Wales, and was introduced to this colony some years since as a species of Banksia, from which genus it is now very properly separated.

In vegetable Geography, the above Natural Order forms a remarkable connection of the Botany of Australia and South Africa, the numerous species of either region appearing to rival each other in the singular formation of leaves, or the beauty of their flowers, and it must also be observed, that, in number of species, it would be difficult to decide which has the majority, as there are cultivated in the British gardens about 350 species, which number is almost equally divided between the before-mentioned rivals. J. B.

A PASSAGE IN VIRGIL EXPLAINED.

To the Editor of the Cape Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Sir,—There are doubtless many of your Subscribers who occasionally amuse themselves with Virgil; perhaps, therefore, the following attempt to explain a difficult passage which occurs Georg. IV. 232, will not be unacceptable to them.

Virgil mentions two seasons of making honey; the one at the heliacal rising, the other at the heliacal setting of the Pleiades.

Taygete simul os terris ostendit honestum
Pleias, et oceani spretos pede repulit amnes;
Aut eadem, sidus fugiens ubi Piscis aquosi,
Tristior hybernas cœlo descendit in undas.

Petavius, the celebrated Astronomer, (Rat. Temp. vol. iii. p. 51,) calls the two last lines "locum inextricabilem." Heyne in vain endeavours to explain them; Wakefield does not notice them.—*Piscis aquorus* has been supposed to mean the Southern Fish, the Dolphin, Hydra, or Scorpio; but neither of these Constellations can be substituted for the *Piscis aquosus* of Virgil.—It appears to me that the Poet intends the more Northern of the two Fish, which form the Constellation Pisces.

If we examine the sphere, we shall perceive that this Fish descends, or sets, before the Pleiades, but in *the same part* of the horizon; I imagine, therefore, that *ubi* refers, not to *time*, but to *place*.

The passage is usually translated—"Or *when* the same Pleiad *flying from* the constellation of the watery Fish," &c.

But if *ubi* be made an adverb of *place*, and the punctuation of the passage be admitted as above, the two lines may be thus translated; "Or the same Pleiad descends more gloomy from the sky into the wintery waves, *where* the flying, i. e. the setting, constellation of the watery Fish [descends.]

Cape Town, 15th April, 1835. H. O.

ODDS AND ENDS: A MEDLEY.

[communicated.]

The veracious and sage historian, Joe Miller, has recorded that our British Solomon, King James 1st, of Gun-powder-plot-discovering-blessed memory, insisted, on his first arrival in London, upon presiding in person in the Court of King's Bench. The counsel for the plaintiff being first heard, the royal judge pronounced that 'the honest chiel was i' the reete,' and would have proceeded to pronounce judgment; but being advised of the necessity of hearing the defendant also, he consented pro formâ, but was astonished to find that the other chiel was equally honest, and thereon declared them a couple of knaves, and left the Banco Regis in future to the usual judges. Such seems the bewilderment of the public on all questions involving the Corn Laws' question. There is no end of the mystification and the fallacies by which they are to be upheld: let us take the following, which has been published in the *South African Commercial Advertiser* without a comment.

RELATIVE WEIGHT OF EXISTING TAXATION.

Mr. Coke's estate consists of 40,000 acres of land, rented upon an average at 16*s.* per acre, and as the four-course system of husbandry is pursued in that country, one fourth part of this estate, or 10,000 acres, are annually sowed with barley, and which produces, on an average, five quarters per acre, or 50,000 quarters of barley annually. Now the duty paid (before the last repeal) to Government, on making five quarters of barley into malt and beer, of both sorts, was 14*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* so that each acre pays, in direct taxes, more than 17 times the annual rent, these 10,000 acres yielding to Government 141,660*l.*, while they yield to Mr. Coke only 8,000*l.* Now the fundholders receive about three-fifths of all the taxes raised, whence it follows that they get from these 10,000 acres, 84,996*l.* 8*s.* *or above ten times as much as the landlord.* This sum, too, he it remembered, is exempt from all direct taxation, contributes nothing to the poor, nothing to the state, the

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church, army, navy, &c. while the landlord's share is burdened with heavy expenses towards them all, and by far the greater part of it ultimately finds its way into the pockets of the same fundholders. Does not the above statement show the ruinous effects of taxation, and evince the utter and absolute incompatibility of *free trade, dividends*, and *cheap bread*, with golden money?—*Birmingham Journal.*

Now, the first point to be considered, is, that the land-*lords!* were the lords of the old boroughmongers' Parliament, which made all the wars, which consumed all the money, which money the landlords borrowed, and which the fundholders lent on the security of the lands; therefore, the question of paying, or not paying the dividends, is not a matter of policy, but of common honesty; if we declare ourselves insolvent, and unable to pay, then, indeed, the question assumes another shape, and it comes to an investigation of the bankrupt's estate, in order that the creditors may have justice, and all the proceeds that can be realized! thank God, we have not come to that pass yet! let the reformed Parliament have fair play, and let the people but demand their just rights, and we may weather a rougher day than the present.

The second point to be considered is, how much of the rent of 16*s.* per acre realized by Mr. Coke; how much of the £84,000 of taxes is to be credited to the people, as indirect taxation upon the consumer, dependant upon the Corn Laws! did it never occur to the wiseacre who endited the above paragraph, that wheat in the valley of the Elbe sells at little more than half the price it bears in London? "Does not the following show the ruinous effects of taxation?"

The highest quotation of white wheat of the first quality at Hamburgh, is 85 rix-dollars current the last, which answers to 27*s.* 5*d.* the English quarter of eight bushels imperial measure, and the highest quotation of red wheat of the first quality is 80 rix-dollars current the last, which answers to 25*s.* 10*d.* the quarter, and therefore the mean price at Hamburgh of white and red wheat together is 26*s.* 7*d.* the quarter. The highest quotation of white wheat in Mark-lane is 54*s.* the quarter, and the highest quotation of red wheat is 46*s.* the quarter, and therefore the mean price in Mark lane of white and red wheat together is 50*s.* the quarter. It appears therefore that wheat is 88⅛ per cent. dearer in London than at Hamburgh, and with the sum of 2*l.* 10*s.* a man may buy 15 bushels of wheat at Hamburgh, whereas with the same sum he can buy only eight bushels in London.—*Times, 22d Dec.*

And yet the madness and wickedness of the party which has left to posterity this fearful legacy of incumbrances and embarrassments, does not appear to be altogether, nor every where, exploded. The venerable relics of the august Bourbons seem to leave lingering longing looks behind; but let us hope, in vain. Bulwer's France has an admirable history of Charles X. during the Three Days; never was a more wretched scene than what the royal coterie exhibited; the dauphin, for instance, scratching and cutting his own royal thumb and fingers! in snatching the Duke of Ragusa's sword! and the whole affair, from first to last, is below ridicule:

"O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
To melt before the sun of Bolingbroke."

This rampant mountebank, disarmer of the Duke of Ragusa, is admirably exhibited in the true history of his celebrated speech of "one Frenchman more," all Paris—all France, and all Europe echoed that happy apothegm, which, it appears now, was put in his mouth by Talleyrand: he is now, it seems, a confirmed imbecile! was he ever more? but they have a *star* it seems, "the harbinger of better days"—much good may it do them!

CHARLES X.

The negociations of the agent of Charles X., charged to purchase the grand domain of Nachod, situated on the frontier of the county of Glatz, encircling the magnificent Castle of Ratiborschutz, with all its treasures of the fine arts of Italy, are still in progress. This domain belonged to Wallenstein, and latterly to the Prince of Piccolomini. The exiled Monarch is in a state of great activity, and his countenance is serene. The arrival of several strangers of distinction has restored some hope to him and his attendants, who imagine that the ministerial crisis in two great states may exercise an influence advantageous for his cause, and bring about, if not immediately and ostensibly, at least indirectly, a desirable amelioration. The Duke of Bordeaux, a favourite of the intimate circle of Radschin, consoles the exiles by his graceful and amiable manners. The Prince seems like a star, the harbinger of happier days.—*German Paper.*

Charles X.—The imbecility of mind of the Duke of Angouleme appears to have increased since 1830, and this is the reason why it is so difficult to get access to him. Mademoiselle de Berri is really a most accomplished young princess: but the Duke of Bordeaux does not answer the character generally given of him in France. His constitution seems bad, and his mental powers are of the most ordinary nature. The monkish education which he is receiving has, in all probability, stopped the development of his faculties. He goes to mass every morning, confesses, and takes the sacrament twice a-month. Although he is 14 years of age, he has not yet been allowed to read any of the great French authors. He carries continually under his arm a small Jesuitical work, called "Reflect upon it," in which are painted, in the most frightful colours, the torments of the wicked; it is the vade-mecum of him who is destined, by a retrograde faction, to reign over a great people.

Charles X. is as difficult to be seen at Prague as he was at the Tuilleries. In order to be presented to him, it is necessary to write to M. de B——, and undergo all the formalities of the old etiquette. In other respects, misfortune has not taught him wisdom; he is still under the influence of the same fatal fanaticism which induced him to issue the fatal ordonnances. "It was rather to save religion than my crown," says he, "that I took that step; and I do not repent of it."

After having talked some time of the affairs of Europe, he added, with an air of haughtiness, "Our enemies say that I receive pecuniary supplies from the Duke of Orleans, and that I would consent to give my grand-daughter in marriage to his son. Tell our friends that there never will be anything in common between us; and a man who"——

The Duchess of Berri resides in retirement at a distance of several leagues from Prague, and is not allowed to see her children so often as she wishes.—*Le Bons Sens.*

George the 4th did not require speeches to be put in his mouth: his farewell to Louis 18th, at Dover, was a home-thrust, when he used the words which Louis 14th addressed to Charles Edward the Pretender, when he took leave on his adventurous and ruinous expedition of 1715: "The best wish I can address to your Majesty is, that we may not meet again." Louis 18th was returning in triumph and security, and the hint that the Bourbons deserved no grace from the House of Hanover, was then no insult to misfortune or weakness: their star was then in its zenith; let us hope that it was fully disposed of in the Three Days, and with it the disastrous principles of which it was the harbinger and the evil omen. The divine and indefeisible rights of pure legitimacy were thoroughly demolished in England in 1689, but an oligarchy usurped the power which they had torn from the crown; the people have at last proved too strong for the Boroughmongers, and the eventual result after some further struggling, will probably be, direct taxation upon property, instead of indirect taxation upon industry: the tax that pinches hardest is the best tax: the man who feels what he pays will be loath to vote in such a way as implicates the hazard of expenditure; and in due time, with God's blessing, we might all be Quakers! no wars, and no sinecure placemen! and then the Millenium!

The *Times*, like all turn-coats and rats, is sunk in tone as well as character, and never limped at a lamer rate than through the month of December; the following, however, shows that the doffing of the lion's hide has not been without a tickling of the palm.

A City correspondent says the offer for the advertising the names appended to the City address to His Majesty, which appears in *The Times* this day, was first made to the *Herald*. That paper asked 180 guineas, which being objected to, *The Times* was then applied to; that paper asked 100 guineas only, and obtained the enticing *morceau*.—*True Sun.*——We have no wish to speak harshly, but our contemporary should have made some inquiry before he published two falsehoods on the information of perhaps an anonymous correspondent. The advertisement was sent to *The Times*, not *after*, but *before* its communication to the *Herald*. What the *Herald* charged we have not any right to inquire; our charge, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, (which certainly was not one to excite selfish considerations,) was less than

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our ordinary charge: but the sum charged was not 100 guineas, but 240 guineas.

The printing, as an advertisement, a list of six thousand signatures, is a notable specimen of Tory policy; the same, as a pamphlet, might have been printed and circulated to twenty times the extent, for a twentieth part of the expense, but *The Times* required a fee! Whether the six thousand signatures be *legitimate*, or, as is asserted, three-fourths be got up by humbug, it matters little; suffice it to remember, that the dry and rotten bones in all the old charnel-houses of despotism through Europe, are shaking for joy at the foul hopes which the "*Ministerial Crisis*" has awakened.

REFORM.—OPINION OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

"Those who have nothing to lose, and to whom the state owes nothing, are the first to cry out of *wrongs*, and the first to disturb civil order that they may enrich themselves with the spoils of those who, by legal inheritance or honest industry, have obtained wealth. Wherever the spirit of disobedience and insubordination appears, it should be discountenanced and opposed by every honest man. The very *seeds* of it are dangerous; the *embryo* and *buds* of it are much more so; and the *fruit* ruinous."—*Newcastle Journal.*

Dr. Adam Clarke, no doubt, set up Gatton and Old Sarum as the Gods of his Idolatry, and such pensions as King Charles the 2d, of pious memory, conferred upon the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton, to be enjoyed through all ages by their descendants, as "civil order." There is a book published by Mr. Wells, on the Revenue, &c. of England, which deserves the serious examination of every man who pretends to give an opinion, or even to fancy that he holds one on public affairs; among other curious matters more clearly brought to view than we have before seen them, are sundry pensions enjoyed by the above illustrious personages, who derive their origin from what Thurlow termed 'the accident of an accident'—a well-turned phraseology, and worth preserving for the illustration of heraldry: but let their birth be what it may, their pensions are probably equally "accidents of accidents;" and if they out-last many sessions of reformed Parliaments, without being pruned into order, they will be fortunate accidents.

SINECURE PENSIONS

Inherited by the Duke of Grafton, and enjoyed by his ancestors since the Reign of Charles the Second, who died 5th Feb. 1685:

Pension from the Revenues of the Post Office, - - - - - - - - -	£4,700
Ditto ditto Excise,	9,000
Sinecure *hereditary Office* in the King's Bench! - - - - - - - - -	4,000
Do. do. do. Prisage of Wines,	6,870
Total exceeding	24,000!!

Admit the right, which we question, of King Charles 2d to grant away the Royal Demesnes to his illegitimates, we utterly deny his right to saddle posterity with pensions, payable for ever, out of the taxes and *annual grants!!* by Parliament!! Let us suppose that the Dukes of Grafton have only enjoyed one-third of the above, say £8,000 per annum, during the lapse of 150 years from 1685 to 1835 inclusive, the amount of the people's money, obtained by taxes upon the people's industry! which this one family has consumed, amounts, at compound interest, to more than one hundred and sixty millions! any objection thereto being, in the opinion of the *Newcastle Journal*-monger, "the spirit of disobedience and insubordination." This is just the proper person to exult in the Wellington Administration, and never was a more exquisite bit of foolery than the following:

Such, then, as far as it goes, is the New Ministry. We ask the sourest of the Whigs, and the most ranting of the Radicals, to compare it with the Ministry just gone to the right-about, and say on which side is the superiority. We will leave this to their candour. We are satisfied that *such* a question should be decided by the enemies of the New Government.

We say, without hesitation, that we are satisfied with the Ministry, as a whole. There are offices, undoubtedly, that *we* should have differently bestowed, if *we* had had the dealing of the cards.

But there is Sir Robert Peel—the 'fittest man of all this land' for the post he has assumed. We have now a man at the helm who can plan and execute; aye, and who can make himself intelligible in the House of Commons.—*Newcastle Journal.*

Pity! indeed, that the Journalist has not "the dealing of the cards;" but as *dealing cards* has always appeared to us to be chance work, and not dependant upon wise deliberation or fore-thought, we consider the selection of the Journalist metaphor a happy, though unintentional illustration of the Tory Band: we suspect that the Duke and Sir Robert have had bad hands dealt them, and that the four honors and the odd trick are with their opponents.

Let us contrast the notions of the Boroughmongers respecting pensions, with the provisions by the Reformed House:

It was, we find, erroneously stated a few days ago in most of the daily journals, that Sir James Graham, the late First Lord of the Admiralty, had declined to receive the pension of 2,000*l.* a-year to which he was entitled. The truth is, that by the act of Parliament brought into the House of Commons by Sir James himself, and passed on the 25th of July, 1834, pensions not exceeding 2,000*l.* a-year may be granted to persons who have served for a period not less than two years as First Lord of the Treasury, as one of the Principal Secretaries of State, Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Lord of the Admiralty, President of the Board of Control, or as President of the Board of Trade; but the act contains the following limitations—namely, that there shall be no greater number than four such pensions hereafter to be granted existing at the same time, and that when any individual shall seek to obtain any one of the pensions before-mentioned, his application to the Lords of the Treasury shall be made in writing, subscribed by himself, containing a statement not only of his services and his grounds for claiming the pension, but a specific declaration that the amount of his income from other sources is so limited that his private fortune is inadequate to maintain his station in life. The last limitation of course altogether prevents Sir James Graham from applying for, and obtaining, a pension, but he is entitled to credit for introducing that new provision in the act, which will, in all probability, exclude him when he is not employed from ever receiving any emolument or pension from the state.—*Courier.*

The vile system of large pensions to people of large fortunes, burthening the finances to enrich the already rich, with incomes raised by taxation, has had a dreadful effect in swelling the amount of the Eight Hundred Millions!

Among the atrocities committed by the Reformers' Ministry, is the following:

The late Ministers have granted to a Dr. Podding, Roman Catholic Bishop of *Hiero Cæsarea*, a sum of one thousand pounds sterling per annum, and one thousand acres of land, for the establishment of a Popish College in New South Wales, together with the expences of the outfit of the said most eminent Bishop and his suite.—*Newcastle Journal.*

But as Catholics pay taxes as well as Protestants, emigrate and help to make new colonies as well as Protestants, we cannot see the enormity of a grant for a Catholic College. If Protestants consider their creed founded on reason and sense, they show a strange ignorance of the effects of education in their favor; deny education, and keep the people ignorant, and you keep them the slaves of superstition: instruct them, and you teach them the difference betwixt good and evil, and when that difference is manifested, who doubts of the issue? but the late ministry were also guilty of another enormity; they hesitated to increase the hierarchy of India!

A letter from India says, "We are in the dark as to our Bishop. Mr. Macaulay says nothing was settled when he left England regarding Madras or Bombay. He adds, there was great difficulty in carrying the measure, and that it was only done by making sacrifices to Mr. O'Connell regarding the Catholic priests—at this price I would not have increased the sees.—*Newcastle Journal.*

The European population of all India, including 20,000 European troops, may be estimated about 40,000 souls, or under; that is to say, less than the population of one of the third-rate manufacturing towns of England! for this we have already one Bishop and three Archdeacons! to 68 Chaplains! and the Reformers' Ministry were not wrong in thinking such an establishment quite sufficient, and preferring to send out

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twelve extra Chaplains instead of two more Bishops. Should the Peel Party exist through half a session, we may see an Archbishop and Bishops consecrated for India, to be paid out of the taxes levied on the natives. The Directors of the East India Company very properly opposed the multiplying of Bishoprics; and we do not believe one word of the expression which is attributed to Mr Macaulay.

One of the evils of monopolies, and the great scale of trading is, that the immensity of the operation renders all petty gains and diminutive branches of interchange of commodities too paltry to be taken into consideration. The East India Company would not have exported belts and buckles to New Zealand, nor imported 15,000 feet of flooring-boards from Canton; but the free-trade will do both; and when the majority of the people in either country see that the intercourse contributes to their well-being, we shall have an end of cannibals in New Zealand, and of non-intercourse with foreigners in China.

The last Papers from New York, reaching to the 2d instant, inform us that a new course of trade with China had been commenced by the American merchants; the ship *Commerce*, from Canton, being reported as having brought in a cargo, consisting of 15,000 feet of flooring-boards, and various articles not generally imported from that country.—*Times, Dec.*

NEW ZEALAND TRADE.

For many years past a rapidly increasing trade has been carried on between Sydney and New Zealand. We are now happy to find that a similar trade has at length commenced between that country and Hobart Town. Several vessels are now engaged in the trade, and more are on the stocks. Some of the articles of exchange are curious. One description which has been found productive is leather belts with buckles, which are used by the natives in fastening the mats, which they wear as clothing, round their bodies; the expense of these is not more than one shilling each; for each of which, it is said, they will readily give a pig, weighing 100 lbs.—*Chronicle.*

The future prospects of this colony, as respects the commerce with the interior, depend on so many contingencies, that it would be hazardous to conjecture whether the course of trade, on the pacification of Central Africa, by the extinction of the slave-traders' wars, will be hitherward, or to the eastern or western Coasts; still, under any circumstances, a portion of the trade must be through our ports, and as no part of Africa is so congenial to European constitutions as this climate, the new Carthage may be expected to rise here; thus it may be expected that any speculation investing capital in this colony, has a prospect of eventual success; and the question is, how far the parties can afford to wait for the slow and distant return? Joint-Stock Companies for a Bank here, for ship-building in the Knysna, for a sheep-walk on a scale of sufficient magnitude to include means of defence, as well as pastoral industry, and even for the formation of an establishment at Natal, somewhat similar to the new colony projected on the southern shores of Australia, would not in the end be losing speculations, though we question the probability of immediate or very gratifying returns in the present generation: those who embarked therein should act on the principle of one who plants acorns, and leaves the chances of the oaks to his children.

A village inquest on a suicide in the Yorkshire Wolds, brought in their verdict of *Luciny!* The case was something like the following, a cool, deliberate, and somewhat facetious "extinguishing of the vital principle," and the astonished coroner objected to the verdict; the honest clowns stuck to their opinion of *Luciny*, and maintained that "no man would make away with himself that was in his senses!" Were they right or wrong?

A few days ago, a man named Jean Guibert, about forty years of age, threw himself into the Seine, at Nogent, in a most singular manner. Have spent all his money at a public-house, without being as he conceived sufficiently drunk, he proceeded to the bridge, and said to a gentleman passing by, "Stop, Sir, and you shall see something." The gentleman stopped, expecting some mountebank tricks. The man then very deliberately divested himself of his hat, smock-frock, jacket, and waistcoat, and placed them on a stone post. He next mounted the parapet, which is 80 feet from the water, and exclaiming, "When a Frenchman has no longer a sous in his pocket, it is thus he should die!" immediately threw himself off. He had not reached the water, which is here eight feet deep, before the alarm was given by the astonished spectator of this mad act. A boat was almost as instantaneously launched, and the people in it were on the point of seizing the poor wretch, who had come to the top of the water, and appeared to be waiting for them; but whether from exhaustion, or from an obstinate determination to extinguish life, he again went down, and was not recovered till he was lifeless.—*Galignani.*

Some whose mania is not quite so desperate as to rush upon suicide, exhibit their wrong-headedness in funeral eccentricities as follows:

SINGULAR FUNERAL.

The beadle of St. Nicholas' Church, in Newcastle, was lately apprised that a corpse (at any rate a coffin) would be sent by the Ardincaple for interment; and accordingly, on Monday, the 24th ult, a box, directed "a Passenger," was taken to his house, containing a splendid coffin, which was interred at 9 o'clock next morning, in the most private manner, by going into the church by a back gate, and without the tolling of any bell. The entry made in the register is "Ellen Tatlock, Aberdeen." The only reason given for all this was, that the woman had requested not to be buried in Scotland.—*York Courant.*

We doubt the virtue of obeying such irreligious injunctions. Death and the Grave are solemn realities, and the echo of the jest that sounds in the damp vault, is "the fiend's arch mockery."

Our climate is the best adapted for orchards and kitchen-gardens, perhaps, in the world, and wherever there is shelter from the strong winds, and a command of water, the extent of capabilities depends entirely upon the area to be cultivated and the capital to be employed. A fine boundary-hedge of fir groves surrounding the homestead, and an orchard, with all its lower levels well manured for vegetables, would be as profitable as ornamental; and, if liberally conducted, might be of important advantage, even in a national point of view, to the colony. The noble exertions of such patriotic and zealous friends to the colony as the Baron von Ludwig and Mr. Breda, ought to be publicly and gratefully acknowledged. Whoever introduces a new fruit, or an improved species of the kind already possessed, renders a benefit to his neighbours. We should be glad to see the following:

EVER-BEARING RASPBERRY.

The fruit is very little known to agriculturists out of the state, and we suspect even those within our borders know scarce more. The only plants in this neighbourhood are in the garden of Nicholas Longworth, Esq., to whom we are indebted for the following description of the plant:—"In the latter part of October, 1832, I met in a garden in Warren county (among the Shakers) with raspberry plants in full bearing, and on inquiry learned they were a native fruit of the state, found near Lake Erie. The fruit resembles the common native blackberry, but is larger and finer. I introduced a few roots into my garden, and find them constant bearers from June until destroyed by frost. The fruit is produced in large clusters; the wood continuing to grow through the season, and the ends of the new shoots throwing out fresh blossoms. It is more decidedly a constant bearer than any kind of fruit I have seen. Our monthly strawberries are abundant bearers in June, but for the balance of the season their produce is so small as to be scarce worth the trouble of gathering. The raspberry is a constant and abundant bearer, except for two months in the summer, when, if the weather be very hot and dry, the produce is less."—*Cincinnati* (America) *Chronicle.*

Can the following be true? it is from the *Age*, July 27th; the circumstances of the case appear paradoxical, and yet it is given as fact:

SECRETS OF THE POST OFFICE.

The Duke of Richmond said, in his speech on the Punishment of Death Bill in the House of Lords on Friday last, that nearly 100,000 letters passed through the General Post Office in the course of the week, and 40,000 *per diem* through the Twopenny. The dead letters, or letters misdirected so as they could not be delivered, contained, *in money*, during the period while he was in office, upwards of £170,000; and in one year they contained £25,000. This, if true—and "we will take his

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Grace's word for a *thousand* pounds"—is an astounding secret. What becomes of *money*, we should like to know, when the clue is lost as to both parties, writer or sender, and the receiver?—*Age*.

Admitting that fourteen millions and a half of letters pass yearly by the Two-penny Post, and upwards of five millions through the General Post Office, still such a total amount as £170,000 to be sent, without any clue to either sender or sent-to, seems an "astounding secret" indeed.

We quote the following also from the *Age*, July 27th; first, as a specimen of the style of the Tory periodicals at that date; and secondly, to shew the signification, in English, of the signature which a correspondent of the *Zuid-Afrikaan* adopted in a scurrilous and vulgar attack on Mr. Fairbairn and his correspondents.

THE BALAAM HERD OF WHIGS.

By virtue of our high calling, we pres-AGE that the measures to be pursued by the present *patched-up* "lath and plaster" Cabinet will procure for their framers, by future historians, the appellation of the "*Balaam Herd*"—a cognomen, by the way, which it is their peculiar province to enjoy, from the circumstance of the initial letters of *ten* of the junta happening to compose that all-*significant* phrase; *ex. gr.*:

B-rougham,
A-lthorp,
L-ansdown,
A-uckland
A-bercrombie,
M-elbourn, } Balaam! { H-olland,
E llice,
R-ussel,
D-uncannon. } Herd!

"Balaam" is known by the veriest *jack-ass* in human intellect to imply a stupid dolt; and "Herd," quoth the Colossus of lexicography, "is a company of men held in the utmost contempt or detestation." We have given the signification of the component terms; it is for others to *blend* them as they may think proper.

Calling foul names, and using foul epithets, answers no other purpose than to demean the party so acting: but what are we to think of the party whose bad taste or ignorance shall select a term of opprobrium as a *nom de caresse?* The *Age* would honor them with a designation in something of their own language; but are we never to see the end of these vulgarities? Will the public never demand a periodical press unpolluted with personalities? We ventured a hint on the subject of one half of the papers being in Dutch, a language we do not read, nor wish to learn, and which the descendants of the Dutch colonists would do wisely to cease to read their politics in, even if their early associations should continue to make it more agreeable to worship God in Dutch. Those who can indulge in early recollections of domestic religion and religious habits from the nursery to their entrance into the world are fortunate, and they are wise if they persist in maintaining those solemn and sacred recollections through every variation of the "changes and chances" of their lives; to such, the language in which they were first taught prayer, will be the most hallowed for prayer, and they are right, if they wish it, to persist in using that language in their religious offices; but in politics they have become English, and the sooner they forget William van Holland, and begin to think and deliberate in Reformed Parliamentary English, the sooner they will rid themselves of their Balaams, and make vulgar scurrilities a losing speculation; the sooner, too, they will themselves become what they ought to be, as the chief landed proprietors of this interesting and most important colony.

ORIGINES ZOOLOGICÆ.

THE OX AND ITS USES.

In our last Number a few zoological recollections of the sheep were interspersed in our notice on Mr. Reitz's Pamphlet on *The Merino*. The following article on the Ox may not be unacceptable to many of our readers

In the earliest stages of society this valuable quadruped became an object of domestic care and regard; for we read in Genesis (xiii. 6, 7.) that "there was a strife between the herdsmen of Abram's cattle and the herdsmen of Lot's cattle;" the flocks of each of whom were so numerous "that the land was not able to bear them, and they could not dwell together." The ox was held sacred by the Egyptians, and elevated into one of the twelve signs of the zodiac (Taurus) A representation of the ox became an object of idolatrous worship, as in the golden calf erected by Aaron. (Exodus, xxxii.) At this day, in India, the sacred cow, as representing one of the transformations of the deity, is held in the highest veneration, and the flesh forbidden to be eaten. The ox became, from associations like these, an acceptable offering of propitiation or gratitude; as we find (Genesis, iv. 4) that Abel offered in sacrifice the firstlings of his flock: that Abram was directed (Genesis, xv. 9.) to sacrifice a heifer, of three years old, as an offering for the promise of a son; and that twenty-two thousand were sacrificed by Solomon at the dedication of the temple. (1 Kings, viii. 63.) The seven years of plenty and the seven years of want were typified by the fat and the lean kine of Pharaoh. (Genesis, xli.)

Veal, it appears, was the first dressed meat upon record: for when Abram entertained the three angels (Genesis, xviii. 7.), "he ran into the herd, and fetched a calf tender and good, and gave it to a young man, and he hasted to dress it." The ox and the ass, as the most valuable representatives of pastoral possessions, are expressly forbidden, in the Tenth Commandment (Exodus, xx. 17), to be unlawfully coveted from our neighbour: and the ox and sheep were pointed out to Moses, from Mount Sanai, as the chief subjects of sacrifice. (Exodus, xxix)

A white bull was the most acceptable sacrifice among the Romans; but a black ox was considered as the emblem of misfortune; as we say of one who has been unlucky in his pursuits, that the black ox has set his foot upon him. And a man who has been bribed to silence is said to have an ox in his tongue, *bos in linguâ*; because the figure of an ox was stamped upon the Roman coin: and for this reason the word *pecunia*, or money, was derived from *pecus*, or cattle. Europa was fabled to have been carried beyond sea by a bull, because Taurus, or the Bull, was the name of the ship by which she was conveyed. By the Roman law, the owner of a vicious bull was obliged to distinguish him by a bundle of hay tied to his horn; whence the expression, "he has hay on his horn," as spoken of a dangerous or litigious man: "fœnum habet in cornu; longè fuge." Of a bold adventurer we say, that he has taken the bull by the horns; and of a petulant woman, that the curst cow has taken the bull by the horns. [In Exodus, xxi. 28–36, there are various compensations appointed to be made for injuries received from oxen by human beings or other oxen, as well as for injuries occasioned by man to oxen.]

To plough with the heifer means, to make a friend of the female sex: for when Samson lost his wager to the Philistines by the treachery of his wife, "If," said he, "ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle." (Judges, xiv. 18.) To chew the cud and ruminate, expressions figurative of deep and serious reflection, are taken from the placid and quiescent habits of this tribe of quadrupeds. To bully and to cow, meaning to intimidate and overbear, are probably words taken from the menacing attitudes of these animals when irritated: so coward, from them when in an opposite condition. Some, however, have supposed that the expression bully arose from the pope's bull, or threat of excommunication. And he who is compelled to retract unwarrantable pretensions is said to draw in his horns.

Bull feasts are probably remains of pagan sacrifice, or augurial rites; at present a national and favourite amusement in Spain.

> "So Spanish heroes with their lances
> At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies;
> And he acquires the noblest spouse,
> That widows greatest herd of cows"
> *(Hudibras.)*

Bull-baiting was first introduced into England in the time of King John, and is supposed to be commemorative of the persecutions of Christians under the emperor Nero Bull-baiting is now exploded in England, but the Bull fight is as popular in Spain as ever.

By the laws of the Cambro British legislator, Howel-dha, if a man betrayed a young woman, he was sentenced to place a bull in a stall with his tail soaped; and if the damsel could draw him out by the tail, she was to have the bull for her pains.

The arms of the city of Oxford are three oxen passing a ford, with the motto, "Ox on," underneath. This was formerly finely represented in sculpture upon the ancient water-conduit at Carfax; but which is now removed. And here it may not, perhaps, be impertinent to remark, that Carfax is a simple corruption of quatre vaux: it being the centre of four roads radiating in crossing directions.

The bones of cattle slaughtered in London were formerly of such huge accumulation that it became necessary to consume them from time to time. This process was reserved for some holiday or period of public rejoicing, when faggots and combustible materials were collected from the neighbours for the purpose of illumination; whence our term bonfire may mean either bone fire, from the materials to be consumed, or boon fire, from the gratuitous collections made for the purpose. Of a person whom it is intended not to encourage or spare, it is said, that we make no bones of him.

The stealers of cattle have an ingenious method of twisting the horns of these in a direction so contrary to their natural position as to make it impossible that they can be identified by their owners. The cattle are concealed in caves under ground, and hot loaves of bread fastened successively on the horns, the heat and moisture of which soon render them malleable, when they are turned in any direction,

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and afterwards fixed and stiffened in their new position by cold water.

The age of a cow is known by the horns, reckoning three years for the first circular wrinkle, and one for every additional wrinkle. It is remarkable that the Comte de Buffon, generally so accurate, should assert that the cow sheds her horns every three years.

The ox, when alive, is the only horned quadruped which lends his labours to the service of man, except the rein-deer; furnishing him also with the substantial luxuries of milk, cream, butter, cheese, and whey: and, besides its national ["the roast beef of old England"] and nourishing food, when dead, almost every part is convertible into some useful purpose. The skin of the ox, has hitherto been a prime object of traffic with our Frontier Caffers,—a staple article of colonial export. The skin makes a durable leather, useful for shoes, boots, and numberless conveniences of life; and the fishermen of Wales, Scotland, and some parts of Ireland still make use of the ancient coracle, or leather boat, the ribs of which are made of osiers, and covered with the hide of a bull. Vellum is made of calves' skins; and Limerick gloves of the skin of such calves as are just dropped. The hair is mixed with lime as a necessary cement for mortar. The chippings of the hoofs, and fragments of the skin, make glue. Goldbeater's skin is made of the fine membrane which invests the larger intestines. Rennet for curdling the milk is made of the salted stomach of the calf. Of the horns are made combs, spoons, powder-flasks, boxes, the handles of knives, drinking cups called horns; * and when softened by steam or warm water, they are drawn into thin plates for lanterns; and, when scraped and properly compounded, were formerly used, like bezoar, as antidotes against poison.† The blood of oxen is useful in the manufacture of sugar, is an excellent manure for fruit trees [is an ingredient in the compost or soil used in the cultivation of auriculars,] and is the basis of Prussian blue. The bones, besides being useful to mechanics where ivory would be too expensive, produce, when crushed, an excellent manure; are essential in the formation of sal-ammoniac and phosphorus; produce an oil, much used by coach and harness makers, called neat's-foot oil; and, when calcined, give a valuable test to the smelter and refiner. The gall is serviceable to the chemist; the tallow contributes to give us light: and, above all, this noble quadruped has become sacred, as being the instrument of eradicating that loathsome disease the small pox. From the noble sirloin of beef, as being the prince of joints, we say of a man who predominates over his companions, that he rules the roast. The H bone of beef, the derivation of which is not generally known, is a corruption of isch bone, from *ischium*, the hip or huckle-bone; and is so spelt, I believe, by the venerable Mrs. Glasse.

It has been quaintly remarked, that most of our animals serving for food preserve their ancient Saxon names while living; but when they are dead and dressed their names immediately become French. Thus it is ox, calf, sheep, deer, pig, while alive; but beef, veal, mutton, venison, pork, when served at table. This might arise from our neighbours having introduced among us a more savoury and tasteful art of cookery.

* A fair, for the sale of horn ware, called Horn Fair, is held annually somewhere near London.

† The harvest horn, formerly blown at early dawn in harvest time in large farm establishments, and still in use in some, perhaps many, was, and doubtless is, mostly, I believe, a bullock's horn. Gray has, in his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," given record of this pleasing rural custom, and of some sweet associations of early morning which must ever keep it company.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

PROHIBITED FOOD.

MAHOMEDAN SUPERSTITIONS IN CAPE TOWN.—CUSTOMS OF THE JEWS.

The inhabitants of Cape Town have been long in the habit of bowing down to the superstitions of Mahomedanism in reference to animal food. They have tamely yielded to the customs of this people, and thus have tacitly compromised their christian principles. Hitherto it is well known, all meats are forbidden by the Mahometan Priests which do not undergo certain rites and ceremonies, by themselves or agents. It should be recollected that we live under a Christian Government and dwell among a christian people; but we have strangely added to the spiritual power of a Mahomedan Priesthood. At length we discover one of our butchers, Mr. Johnstone, has had the firmness to prepare his meat for the market apart from, distinct from the superstitions of the Malays.

On the subject of prohibited food, the following extract from the new work of D'Israeli, *The Genius of Judaism*, will, we think, be found extremely interesting.

The causes which led to the prohibition of certain aliments, and the distinctions observed of animals pure and impure among the Jews, have only been partially conjectured, but never satisfactorily accounted for.

These difficulties may be traced to a remote period. Aristeus, the envoy of Ptolemy Philadelphus, having been sent to the high priest Eliezer, to procure a copy of the Greek version of the Pentateuch, inquired, why Moses had prohibited certain animals from being eaten, and others from being sacrificed. The unexpected inquiry seems to have disconcerted the High Priest as much as it had puzzled the envoy, who himself was, probably, a Jew. The High Priest, however, proceeded to amuse the Egyptian ambassador, by assigning, as a reason, that the precepts concerning animals were enigmatical, like the symbols of Pythagoras and the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. He described, with Æsopian fancy, how the hare represents libidinousness, the swine impurity, and the fox, craftiness; and with some occult conceit, how the ostrich was the representative of hypocrisy, because, though it mimicked the stork in the whiteness of its wings, it failed in its fleetness; while the chameleon, like the common flatterer, changed at will, reflecting a colour foreign to itself. These mystical fancies, in those puerile days, may have satisfied the too inquisitive envoy, but certainly they never assisted him in comprehending the Law of Moses.

This opinion, that the prohibited animals were symbolically expressive of moral purity and impurity, was a Platonic reverie which, among others, was current with the Fathers. Cardosa, when the principles of Judaism are not endangered by too acute and penetrating inquiries, is no unskilful reasoner. He has observed that some animals are declared to be clean which offer no doubtful symbols of vicious habits; as the goat for lasciviousness, while others condemned as unclean are symbolical of virtues, as the dog, eminent for fidelity. This zealous Jew, having collected all that his learning or ingenuity could discover, fairly spun the net in which he is himself caught, and it is only by appealing in his distress to Heaven that his Rabbinical genius can silence any human objection.

"It is the obligation of Jews," says the ardent Hebrew, "to observe these precepts as coming from God, although to us the reason may be impenetrable; God exacts obedience and not speculation. But since the human understanding pants with the desire of knowledge; and is but too prone to investigate causes, everywhere searching for apparent or probable reasons, although the right and the certain are often hid from us, we may be allowed to inquire into the causes of the precepts; but to observe them is a duty which precedes inquiry, and obedience is more acceptable than investigation." So reasons our Bramin.

Of these prohibited animals and aliments many have been ascertained not to be sanitive. In the hot climate of the East, the swine, the hare; the fat or suet particularly enjoined to be burnt in the sacrifices, and never eaten; the blood corrupting in the meat; the limb of a living animal; the meat of one which had died; the rank shell-fish, the fat oyster; birds of prey and carnivorous animals; all these would be of bad digestion, and some even noxious. But the reason of forbidding certain aliments to be eaten by the Israelites could not be for any pernicious effects they might produce on their health, for the truth is that many of these forbidden aliments are not unwholesome; Pagan and Gentile ate of them, and were not more sickly than the Israelite who so rigidly abstained. Among the prohibited animals are the rabbit, and some wild fowl, the moor-cock, and others which are more salutary than the flesh of the buffalo or wild ox, or the goat. The greater part of the prohibited food are noxious aliments, but all noxious aliments are not prohibited food. If the health of the Israelite had been the sole motive of these ordinances, a book of medical precepts had sufficiently warned the people. We are not told that these prohibted aliments are pernicious, but that they are impure; it was not commanded to avoid whatever is noxious, which would have left every one to decide for himself, but the aliments themselves are specified. Must we not therefore infer, asks the Jew Cardoso, that these injunctions are of divine institution for divine purposes? a learned Rabbin, at the time Napolean held the extraordinary Sanhedrim at Paris, was called on to reply to those who, with political wisdom, would have abolished the ritual of forbidden food. His illustration of this difficult inquiry was ingenious, but the result was the argument of Cardoso. "The Camel is an interdicted animal," replied the Chevalier de Cologna, Grand Rabbin, "and as we know that its flesh yields a nutritious and even delicate meat among the orientalists, the great legislator must have had some more important motive in prohibiting the use of these animals as food; and therefore we must infer that the distinction between clean and unclean animals must originate in a higher and more occult source."

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NATURAL HISTORY.

INGENUITY OF RATS.

The rat, that "hateful and rapacious creature," as Goldsmith honestly designates it, formerly abounded in prodigious numbers in Inverness, and a traveller about the year 1730, describes his surprise at witnessing the flocks of them which used to sally out into the streets in the morning twilight after dry weather succeeded by a shower of rain. It is related that about this period, when the rats increased to a great degree in some small villages in the Highlands, and found it difficult to subsist, they used to creep into the manes and tails of the *garrons* or ponies (which were then generally matted and tangled, being seldom subjected to the comb) and in this way were transported to other places, to plant new colonies or find fresh quarters. This mode of conveyance was certainly dexterous and ingenious, but did our readers ever see or hear of a party of rats stealing eggs? The process is this. The roost being discovered and the rats mustered, one of the fraternity, generally of goodly port and dimensions, lies down on his back, and holds the egg within his four limbs, embracing it closely and cordially. His brethren then pull them off by the tail, each taking his turn in dragging the live machine, like the populace at the carriage of a "great man," who, it is probable, may be of a kindred species, the rat political. A gentleman in the country informed us the other day, that he was greatly amused at observing one morning the dexterity and perfect fairness with which a small band of these noxious intruders were feasting in his dairy. A pretty capacious dish of milk had been set out to cream, and the rats, finding the prize, immediately commenced superseding the labours of the dairy maid. One of them stood up against the dish, and another mounted his shoulders in due form like school boys preparing to plunder an apple-tree. He then whisked his tail over the luscious surface of the bowl, and turning round held it out to his expectant companions below, who stripped it of its milky treasure? This was repeated for some time; then another took his place occasionally shifting the position, and after they had all skimmed the dish and regaled their senses they scampered off in the morning sunshine to burrow in their holes and corners.—*Inverness Courier.*

THE HOG.

When we regard the numbers of mankind fed upon the flesh of this animal, it must be seen that he occupies an important place in the domestic economy of countries. His flesh is perfectly nutritive, and, from its ready reception of salt, it is better fitted for preservation than that of any other animal. It is thus eminently adapted for sea-voyages, for which purpose it is largely used. It forms a great part of the animal food of the labouring classes of Europe. The hog is truly the poor man's stock, since it may be raised by the cottager, as well as by the breeder on the larger scale. There is no animal which, in proportion to the food consumed, yields so great a quantity of muscle and fat. His flesh, indeed, may not be so profitable as that of the sheep and the ox, but this arises from the facility of production, and the consequent tendency of the market to be overstocked. To the settler in the new country the hog is the most valuable of all the larger domestic animals used as food. He is beyond every other, quickly multiplied, reared, and brought to the required maturity. The clearers of land in the American forests could hardly subsist during their first year of labour and danger without this creature. And in our own country, it is a great error for a farmer, however extended his concerns may be, to disregard this branch of farm stock; it is to him a source of household economy and comfort. He can raise the most delicate pork for use at all times, and with the greatest facility, and will always derive a sufficient profit, by the sale of the remainder, to pay him for his feeding, and induce him to give attention to this branch of economy.—*Professor Low's Elements of Practical Agriculture.*

ADVANTAGES OF DEEP PLOUGHING.

A farm and other lands on the estates of Broomhall, having falling into the landlord's possession, in a state of much dirt and exhaustion, it was found on examination, that this deterioration was greatly to be attributed to the practice of confining the labour to 6 or 8 inches of the surface, which a two horse plough could not more than effect in ordinary cases; and to the subsoil being rendered peculiarly retentive by the constant pressure of the plough upon it. At this time, attention had been much excited to experiments, in progress in East Lothian, of deep ploughing and deep delving, in imitation of the practice in Flanders, and also by the introduction of wedge drains, and the valuable suggestion of Mr. Smith of Deanston, near Doune, for combining that mode of draining and deep ploughing. Accordingly, the landlord proceeded to act upon these two unquestionable principles in good husbandry—that of draining the lands and deep ploughing—and the consequences have been:—1st, That, solely by the admixture of subsoil, and free use of the grubber, the dirt and exhaustion of the original surface have been got the better of, so that the seed has been at once sown without summer fallow. 2d, Any improvement which the quality of the subsoil is calculated to effect is obtained. 3d, The land is rendered pervious to rain to the full depth of the deep ploughing. And, accordingly, from the commencement of the operation, the crops have invariably been beyond comparison far better than ever were before produced on the same ground; and, in most instances, light land is improved, and a cold wet clay is now converted into essentially good turnip soil.—[This statement confirms the opinion of Martin Doyle.]—*Dumfries Courier.*

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

(From the Edinburgh Courant)

Professor Pillans concluded on Tuesday his two lectures on the subject of education, and on the importance of classical knowledge as a branch of study. The necessity of diffusing instruction widely among the people is now generally admitted; and all the discussions and questions to which this subject has given rise, relate only to the best mode of attaining this desirable end. Professor Pillans commenced his lecture, which was listened to with deep attention by a very crowded audience, with contrasting the state of education and the condition of society in ancient and modern times. In the classic ages of antiquity, he observed that no idea was ever entertained by the enlightened men of that day of diffusing knowledge generally among the people. It was considered the peculiar privilege of the rich; while the great mass were left in their primeval ignorance. The glory of this improvement was reserved for modern times; and he particularly expatiated in terms of eloquent commendation on the example of Prussia, where, contrary to the genius of a despotic Government, the great work of educating the people is enforced by law; and where, being aided by the manners of the people, it is carried on with an order and intelligence that distinguishes Prussia to her advantage above most other countries. Mr. Pillans then adverted to the state of education in France, and pointed out the great defect of the system in both those countries to be the absence of monitorial teaching—a process by which knowledge is more rapidly, cheaply, and effectually communicated than by any other mode that has yet been devised.—Adverting to the great subject of his lecture, he distinguished between the system of education proper for that portion of society whose destiny is to labour with their hands, and that higher degree of culture which those ought to receive who are to move in a higher sphere, that enlightened body from whom society must take its peculiar aspect and colour; from whom not only all social refinement must proceed, but on whom in perilous times, when it becomes necessary to enforce a salutary controul on the stormy passions of irritated factions, society must depend for peace and safety. Mr. Pillans dwelt on this subject for some time, placing it in various lights, and enforcing and illustrating his opinions with an eloquence, force, and closeness of reasoning, which appeared deeply to impress his numerous audience. His views respecting classical learning appear to be, that though it should not be adopted as the exclusive object of education, as is the system in some of the English seminaries of Eton, Harrow, &c, of which he introduced a brief and interesting sketch, yet that it should still form an important branch of study to be prosecuted as in the High School and Academy of this city, along with other studies, such as geography, English literature, and other modern languages; and in due time when the faculties are more matured, the pupil to be initiated in the severer sciences. Mr. Pillans successfully ridiculed the modern process of *cramming the mind with premature knowledge;* and argued strongly in favour of the study of languages as being the proper nutriment for the faculties while they are yet in their progress to maturity. It is in this view that we have always considered classical study as the most valuable exercise that can be devised for boys *between the age of* 10 *and* 14. The pupil is then initiated in a general knowledge of grammar and the structure of language—his reason, his taste, his judgment are called into play; and thus the mental faculties are exercised without being overloaded with ideas that cannot be comprehended: for the mind must have time to grow as well as the body, and it cannot be forced prematurely forward. We have no doubt that by judicious training for that limited end, and by severe application, the memory of a boy may be loaded with a great store of knowledge, and that he may be even trained to some surprising feats of mental agility. *But we place no value on such acquisitions, or on such tricks.* It is only when knowledge takes root in the mind, and when it springs up spontaneously in the congenial soil of the matured intellect into an abundant crop of new and original ideas, that we consider its acquisition to be of any value; and this cannot take place at the age when boys usually attend schools.

LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK.

From JACQUEMONT, the French Traveller's Journey in India.

THE man who, perhaps, does most honour to Europe in Asia, is he who governs it. Lord W. Bentinck, on the throne of the Great Mogul, thinks and acts like a Pennsylvanian Quaker. You may easily imagine that there are people who talk loudly of the dissolution of the empire and of the world's end, when they behold the temporary ruler of Asia riding on horseback, plainly dressed, and without escort, or on his way into the country with his umbrella under his arm. Like you, he has mixed in scenes of tumult and bloodshed; and, like you, he has preserved pure and unsullied that flower of humanity which the habits of a military life so often wither, leaving in its stead nothing but good-nature. Having been tried also by the

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most corrupting of professions, that of diplomatist, he has issued from the ordeal with the upright mind, and the simple and sincere language of a Franklin, convinced that there is no cleverness in appearing worse than one is.

A Successful Appeal.—Bell, a Scotch bookseller in Philadelphia, who flourished during the revolutionary war, published a number of pamphlets, and some books, which he sold at exorbitant prices. A person came into his store one day, and asked for a pamphlet of less than one hundred pages, for which Bell asked a hard dollar; whereas a hard half a dollar would have been its full value. The person was surprised at the exorbitant demand, to which he made some objection. Bell took the pamphlet from the counter, and was about to place it on the shelf, saying, with a pompous and significant air, "Sir, this book was *made for gentlemen.*" This tickled the vanity of the purchaser, who, not to lose his claim to that proud title, threw down the dollar and took up the pamphlet.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

PUBLIC HEALTH.

It is gratifying to read the reports published in England and France on the preservation of health, and the means in zealous operation for its better extension all over the world. What is doing at the Cape, we know not. Except the periodical reports of the mere names of diseases in Somerset Hospital, and something in the shape of a *Monthly Inspection* in the Town Prison, we are all in the dark as to the science of *Hygiene* and *Therapeutics*. We have no Surgical Report, no Medical Journal, no Medical or Surgical Lectures, no communications through the Press. Not one, since last year, when the worthy American Surgeon, Mr. Jaleel Brooksbank, addressed us on this subject.* As to the science of Hygiene,† so much cultivated at home, it is not only directed to cure the diseased, but to preserve and improve the sound, both as individuals and communities. We may attribute our higher average of life over that of other nations, ancient and modern, (we are speaking of Great Britain,) to our feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and helping the sick and broken-hearted; to our preventing the intercourse of the contagious with the healthy, and to our providing all the circumstances of cleanliness, warmth, ventilation, &c., by the neglect of which the health of communities always suffers. Besides what hospitals and legislators have done, we can boast of names whose patriotic philanthropy have bequeathed to the nation infinite blessings of a sanatory nature. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whilst travelling with her husband to his embassy at Constantinople, witnessed inoculation, and, with all a mother's hopes, submitted her children to the operation, and the result, when known in Britain, was the means of saving many lives. Howard, who found our prisons hot-beds of disease, showed that cleanliness was compatible with security and punishment, and also with moral reform. The thirst for gain in pestilential and unhealthy climates brought many to an untimely grave, owing to the ignorance of the principles of naval Hygiéne. The early history of the English as well as the Spanish colonies, shows how deadly were the voyages to and from them. But, who now dreads a voyage to the West Indies? Military Hygiéne, too, is now well understood; during the last war the British army, under Sir James M'Grigor, being a perfect model with respect to attention to the preservation of the soldiers' health. Among the illustrious benefactors of mankind in the department referred to, is it necessary to mention Jenner? But we like a name next to the discoverer of vaccination, as pointing out one of the best friends to human health – it is that of Watt. For every stroke of the steam-piston, which is doing the work of ten or forty men, is adding nearly ten or forty times to the common welfare and good; since by how much the more cheaply and plentifully every necessary is procured, by so much is the public health improved.

Oppressively taxed and over-worked as they are at home, England is still the healthiest country of the world. The period of human life is greater in the town of Birmingham, with all its smoke and all its noxious vapours, and its close and hot manufactories, than in the city of Paris or Naples itself. Now these are ascertained facts, and proclaim consolatory conclusions.

* See Page 23, Vol. 4th.

† A Greek term, comprehending those things which are not part of the body, and yet essential to its existence: such as food, drink, air, motion and rest, sleep, watching, retentions and secretions, and passions of the mind.

POLITENESS.

A gentleman of well-known hospitality in Cape Town, invited the writer to dine with him on a certain occasion, at the hour of six. In the course of the day, two or three friends dropped in, and the salubrity of the sea breezes provoking an appetite, the party sat down to good fare at four o'clock. At six o'clock the bell rings, when the invited is announced. The worthy host and his lady immediately discover their forgetfulness, but with great presence of mind, receive the visitor with every cordiality, and make no excuses.

Scarcely half an hour transpires, when dinner is announced, and the whole party sit down and partake of the good cheer of a second well-spread table.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Cape Town, on the 27th instant, William Tulloh Robertson, Esq. aged 36 years, of the Bengal Civil Service. Mr. Robertson was distinguished for his literary accomplishments and great ability in the Oriental languages. Mr R. was the Author of a translation of *Roostum Zaboolee*, (from the Persian) into English verse, with the original text annexed. The work was published at Calcutta, in 1829, and is a volume most elegant in all its appointments.

Mr. Robertson favoured this Journal in 1830, with many valuable contributions.

COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE.

The Annual Meeting on the 30th, was respectably attended. D. W. Hertzog, Esq. in the Chair. The Annual Report is encouraging, and a handsome dividend on the cost of the original Shares in the Exchange, was declared.

Committee elected for 1835-6:

Messrs. Watson, Simpson, Dickson, Venning, Ebden, T. Tennant, and Prince.

Auditors:

Messrs. Waters and P. M. Brink.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Subscribers, on the 27th instant,

Sir JOHN HERSCHEL presided.

The following other gentlemen took a share in forwarding the objects of the Institution.

Revds. George Hough, Dr. Okes, Dr. Philip, Rev. J. Pears.
Honorable Sir John Wylde,
Doctor Kennedy,
Mr. Advocate Cloete,
Captain Van Reenen,
Messrs. Eaton, Fairbairn, Buckton, and E. Christian.

Committee elected by Ballot for the present year:

Rev. G. Hough, Sir John Wylde, Mr. Sandford, Mr. Advocate Cloete, Mr. Gadney, Col. Thomson, Rev. Dr. Adamson, Mr. Marshall, Dr. Murray.

Treasurer,—Mr Gadney,
Auditor,—Mr. Lawson.

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ANACREON,—Ode XI.

Tell me not Love! that age's snow,
Is whitening o'er my wrinkled brow,
Nor let that smothered laugh disclose,
What well my conscious spirit knows;
Oft hath it sighed o'er every sign,
Which warned me of my life's decline,
And registered each pleasure past,
With tears upon my tablet cast.

Yet, think not, Love! my blanching hair,
Is withering on the head of care;
With stern experience, anxious thought,
And sullen wisdom's follies fraught.
No, Love! my songs when twilight fades,
Ring blithely 'mid the myrtle shades;
Come thou with smiles, the festal bower,
Lacks love alone to bless the hour.

* * *

Cape Town, April 28, 1835.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

We have often thought that our Cape Advertisements are perfectly unique in their kind, but here are a couple of *out-and-outers*, from an American Paper, which beat us all to sticks:

"To be sold by the printer of this paper, the very best negro in this town; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver.

"To be sold by the printer of this paper, a negro man about thirty years old, who can do both town and country business very well, but will suit the country best, where they have not so many dram shops as we have in Boston. He has worked at the printing business, can handle an axe, saw, spade, hoe, or other instrument of husbandry as well as most men, and values himself and is valued by others, for his skill in cookery and making of soap."—*Boston Gazette.*

AN APOLOGY FOR ROMPING, JUMPING, AND RUNNING.

Motion is a beautiful agent in the promotion of health and good humour. How crabbed, ill-natured, and snappish is our conduct towards each other, from being pent up without fresh air, and the wild-bliss exercise of mountain or hill-side rambles! The Infant School system has, we think, happily unfolded a correct view of the importance of motion in expanding the faculties of the human mind. How wearisome, what a task, to be confined in one position for many hours in the day at an old dame's school, and in default of bodily obedience, to be *pinned* in erect position to the old lady's apron! The Infant School system, we take the liberty of suggesting, should be engrafted on all systems of modern education. There should be regular days for active bodily exercise, and besides books and work, there should be

"Healthful play."

The importance of motion to health is shewn in the very construction of the body. When the brain is not receiving the motion of the blood, the lungs, that of the heart and diaphragm, then there is an end of thinking and living. Exercise is not advised by nature, but commanded; she has given almost the whole mass which covers the bones for motion, and made it capable of much more powerful motion than that which she herself keeps a-going. Her's are the finer and steadier movements, but she demands in us an accompaniment of the coarser and stronger ones. Broussais, after alluding to instinct, as leading imperiously to motion amongst all animals, places exercise as a passion affecting the young of the human race. Cheyne, speaking of the exercise of the young, gives us a good remark when he says: "Tis beautiful to observe that earnest *desire* planted by *nature* in the *young* persons, to *romp, jump, wrestle,* and *run,* and constantly to be pursuing *exercises* and bodily *diversions* that require labour, even till they are ready to drop down, especially the healthier sort of them, so that sitting or being *confined* seems to be the greatest *punishment* they can suffer; and imprisoning them for some time will much more readily correct them than *whipping*. This is a wise contrivance of nature, for thereby their joints are rendered *pliable* and *strong*, their blood continues sweet and proper for a full circulation; their perspiration is free, and their organs stretched out by due degrees to their proper extension.' Meditate on this, ye mothers, whose poor girls can scarcely walk, much less run and romp; and who procure for them crooked backs and pale cheeks. Meditate on it, ye parents who send your daughters to fashionable boarding-schools, in order that, in acquiring art, they may lose nature; and ye who are looking out for wives, say, will you take this deceptive creature with her pale cheeks, and distorted body—the victim of her mother and fashion—or her who comes bounding down the hill-side with her ringlets streaming in the wind, her face with the freshness and glow of health, and her kiss sweeter than

"Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest."

WATER AND ITS DRINKERS.

Many thanks to Government for appointing a Committee of Water Works, reminding us of the many heavenly blessings around us, and hinting to us the necessity of husbanding these pelucid resources with a miser's care. It is a fact, that liquids are more necessary to the system than food, hence the necessity of a pure beverage. A few extended thoughts on water may not be worthy the attention of thirsty souls.

Water is the proper diluent, and the only liquid proper to appease thirst. It should contain as few foreign matters as possible. Distilled water is the purest, but it has a faded and vapid taste, from not containing air. By exposure to the atmosphere it absorbs air, and more especially fixed air or carbonic acid gas, and loses the vapid taste. Boiled water has the same taste as distilled water. The hard waters, or those containing some of the earthy salts, are by no means injurious to the health, unless these exist in them to a very large extent, when they are supposed by some to lay the foundation for stone in the bladder. Water containing any animal or vegetable substances in a state of decomposition, is unfit for drink. *Rain water* is very pure, at any rate, such of it as is collected in an open country, and after the rain has poured down for some hours—the first fall of rain containing any impurities that may have collected in the air. *Spring water* is by far the best for drink, when not containing much earthy salts; then *well water* which is raised from a silicious stratum; and lastly, *river water* which runs over a rocky bed. Water when cold, or when warm, removes thirst better than when merely tepid, and water which is only slightly or sensibly cold, refreshes much better than water which has been cooled very far down. Water drinkers are, in general, long livers, are less subject to decay of the faculties, have better teeth, more regular appetites, and less acrid evacuations, than those who indulge in a more stimulating diluent for their common drink.

We ask, should not mere satisfying of the thirst be allowed to every patient? Practitioners are much questioned by friends as to the drink to be given; and these friends have a great unwillingness to allow *cold* drinks, especially *cold water,* to patients. But is not this a great mistake? Where cold water is desired, is not cold water as good a refrigerant as can be given? The juices are sometimes added to water. They make the drink more agreeable to the palate, but as to the temperature it is the same as cold water. The friends give this drink to the patient because they consider it medicated. Dr. Saunders states it as corresponding with his experience, that tepid water is often of great advantage

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in weak and delicate stomachs that are unable to digest the food properly, and especially in those subject to heart-burn.

THE NEW CHESTERFIELD'S ADVICE TO THE CAPE LADS.

1. Whenever you behold a stranger, stare at him with all your goggles at full stretch, and indicate by this gape from your bodily windows:

Who are you?
Where do you come from?
Where are you going?
What are you?

2. Never heed the exploded doctrine of keeping "your hands from *picking* and stealing." Touch and handle every thing you meet with in private houses, and in public institutions. All mantle-piece, table, and other ornaments, are fair game for your *paw*. If there be a watch hanging in a chamber, look well to its parts, examine whether the thing speaks or thinks; or if it be a manufactured article, or a hedge hog. And if there be duplicates—zoological, ornithological, geological, &c. weed the collection by a transfer to your pockets.

3. If you want to *raise the wind*, visit the *Mock-auctions*— the veriest child can get credit at the Cape. Buy Rds. 100, and retail at 60,—thus pay your way *on account*, and purchase again. Never mind the *final* settlement;—put that off, to a *more convenient season*.

4. When a bill is presented to you for settlement, be sure to be astonishingly surprised. Denounce the book-keepers as great rogues—say—"I never had these things; or tack about, and *promise* to produce receipts of payment.

5. Make a point of borrowing books and never returning them. And in all books but your own, scribble away in their margins, or tear out the blank leaves before and aft.

6. When you go to Church never heed the prayers, occupy your eyes and thoughts on other matters. Count the people, or the pews, examine the dresses of the worshippers, and return home with the important intelligence that Mr. and Mrs. wore no gloves!

7. Begin the accomplishments of Cape life as early as possible;—drink, smoke, join the club, gamble, wear long spurs, throw off your school jacket, wear a long tailed coat, and *keigh presto*——you are a man of the world,—nay, you are a 'Squire.

8. Now "live while you live,"—join every street broil, knock down the watch, demolish the lamps, and *bottle it away at the Canteens*.

9. Whenever you find a gentleman who is unwilling on account of your boy-hood, to chastise you for your impudence, proclaim him a coward, yourself a hero! a Van Spyk,—and then you'll be

"Loved by the women,
Cheered in the boxes,
Applauded by the pit, and
Clapped in the gallery.

Dear Cousin! is'nt he a charming creature?"

10. Put your name down as a subscriber to this and that, but consider it a mark of stupid propriety to put down the cash.

11. Strike out the word *Truth* from your vocabulary,—it is extremely unpleasant to the ears of a man of your consequence.

12. Shew great disdain to your country uncles, and thousand and one cousins when they come to town in their *duffles*. Give them the *cut* direct, and wonder, and be provoked at their familiar "*dag neef*,"—"*dag myn kint*." But mark you—when in the country, partaking of their hospitalities and bagging the game, be to them very courteous, very affable, and prodigiously polite!

THE LETTER HOME.

An original from a Juvenile Apprentice to his Friend in London.

Dear Sir Hapril 20th.

i have taken the hopenety of righten thease fue lines hopen to find you in good ealth as it relevese me at present i re turne you maney thanks For kindness Sir i have A got master and mises And so have Sister i Like the cape verey much the vetles verey cheape but clothen is verey deair And tel mester brion liksweks And hope heair frome you in A Short time We had A verey plesent voige And Tel my others frends if you pleaise Sir and if you Please Will you send this to me Ants She Leves Lambert wark Mrs. lasetman

ir maine o Servenent

* *

THE OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE IN CAFFERLAND.

COPY OF A LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.

Contents:

[Introduction,—A delightful Encampment,—Rev. Mr. Ayliffe's House,—Sir Benjamin D'Urban,—Large Fields of Caffer Corn,—The Fingo's, and their European appearance,—Hintza,—Crossing the Kei splendid and romantic.—The waters of the Kei.—A Highlander's remark,—Macomo's Kraal,—Pleasnt bed-fellows,—Scorpions, &c —Want of Medicines,—The Keiskamma,—Beauty of the Country,—Bothman's Kraal,—Picturesque approach to the Camp,—Luxuriant Country,—Major Cox,—Thunder-storm,—Capture of cattle,—Capt. Sutherland,—Caffer Library!!!—A Caffer Chief's hospitality, &c.]

Butterworth, Hintza's Territory, April 18th, 1835.
On the Koegha River.

My dear ———

I have a bad memory, and to that cause you must attribute my neglecting to answer the very many letters lately received from you; the last, I think, was dated some time about the centre of 1834!—*mais n'importe*—I'll write if you won't;—but I certainly *did* expect a FEW lines from you long before this; however, let that pass. Here, then, dear reader, I, the writer, am; enjoying what you learned call the "*otium cum dignitate*;" we are encamped in a most *delightful spot;* opposite me, about two hundred yards off, is the house (a very fine one) of the Rev. Mr. Ayliff, who has been obliged to desert it, and fly for protection into the Tambookie country. The Governor's tent is pitched under some lofty yellow-wood trees, beside the streamlet y'clept "Koegha," and is surrounded on all sides by large fields of Kafir corn, which is quite ripe, and *very luxuriant;* just below Ayliff's house is a large Kafir kraal, consisting of about 30 huts; and several groups of Fingo's are seated in different parts of the hill; these poor people have come to us for protection against their cruel masters, the Kafirs; they say they will follow the Camp, but it is not known what line of policy the good Sir Benjamin D'Urban intends to adopt with regard to them. They are quite a different race to the Kafirs; and, if white, most of them would be mistaken for Europeans; they have not got the flat noses and blubber lips that characterize the Kafir and Bechuana races; I saw several with large aquiline noses yesterday, and none with the flat nose; some had very sharp features, and they are in general well made; from what I can learn from their history, they were obliged to fly to the Kafirs for protection, when Chaka had nearly annihilated their tribes some time ago, and thus they became slaves to the Kafirs. We are at present in *a land of peace*, for war has not yet been declared against Hintza: he has been sent for, and is not to be found at his Kraal; if he come not very soon we shall commence operations. When we crossed the Kei, the opposite hills were covered with Kafirs, and the plains with cattle; now not a Kafir or a head of cattle is to be seen. On crossing the river they had a very formidable appearance, and we all thought they intended to attack us, and prevent our passing the river. They asked if we knew whose river it was, and what business we had in crossing it? The Governor had a palaver with them; but I dare say you will see the particulars at length, by some means or other, as the post leaves this evening for the colony. The scene in crossing the Kei was most splendid; such as *I* shall not attempt to describe. The mountains on the colony side break off abruptly at the river's edge, in a rocky precipice of many hundred feet high, and on the top you can indistinctly perceive a few tall aloes, amongst the stunted shrubbery, which have very much the appearance of Kafirs; when we crossed the river it was very shallow and stony; with some trouble, I dare say one might have crossed it dry, by jumping from stone to stone; the ascent on the other side (I mean this side) is steep and tiresome; it took us several hours in getting up, and we were obliged to yoke two spans of oxen to one wagon; I saw 24 oxen drawing one wagon up! Of course I had a swim in the Kei, and it was indeed a treat after several days' hot riding; the water is very hard; when washing, the soap all curdled; the alkali separating from the fat. I shall just give you a very short account of our march:

March 16th.—We left Graham's Town at 5 in the morning, and halted for breakfast near Botha's Hill; one of the Scotch soldiers observed, in the hearing of the officers, "Ecods, mon! I hoop the hassagais will be as AQUALLY divided as the wagons are—ALL *among the* OFFICERS!" We had then 100 wagons with us, one 6-pounder, and about 600 men of the 72d; stayed at Herman's Kraal that night; the next at Double Drift, on the Fish River; 18th, at the Camp, Macomo's Kraal, near Fort Wiltshire; killed one morning, a buck and 23 scorpions, some of them monstrously large; there were immense quantities of these beasts here, 2 were found in Capt. Murray's bed, and a large tarantula and centipede (ear-wig) in mine! pleasant bed-fellows! every day we killed great numbers of these reptiles. On the 22d, I went to Fort Wiltshire, to remain there whilst Chiappini (who is stationed there) went to town; there were a great many people very ill then, and no medicine at all! Dr. Sangrado's system was of course revived; nothing but "bleeding and hot water!" I remained at Fort Wiltshire till the 26th. On the 26th, Col. Smith went out with a party of Boers and some of the Cape Corps, and captured 800 head of cattle and 1000 goats; one of the Boers was wounded in the rump; a Kafir who lay concealed in a wolf hole, threw an assagai at him, which just went through his trousers above the thigh; seeing he had missed the Boer, the fellow ran up to him, and stabbed him with the whole bundle of assagais at once; had it been a single one, he would have run him through; but as it was, two or three assagais went in about half an inch. On the 24th, 5 Kafirs came to the Camp in the night; one stupid sentry challenged them, so they threw themselves on their bellies, and crawled away; 8 shots were fired but without effect. On the 28th, the Governor and suite arrived at the Camp. On the 31st we started from the Camp, and crossed the Keiskama, the country was very beautiful; *nothing like it in the colony*. The Kafir corn fields were most luxuriant; they were filled with water-melons, interspersed, or rather concealed, amongst the Kafir corn and melies: we bivouacked for the night at a kraal of Botman's. On the 1st of April we started at half-past 4, and when the sun broke upon us, which was on a beautiful green hill, about 4 miles from the Camp, the view was the most beautiful imaginable. Our route was distinctly marked by the towering columns of smoke issuing from the blazing huts, which had been fired by the rear guard. The army winding through the straggling mimosas on the plain below, for 2 or 3 miles, and the long train of wagons bringing up the rear, the last dwindled away to mere specks on the distant landscape; and the soldier's bayonets glittering in the rays of the

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rising sun, whilst the heavy morning mists were rising from the kloofs on the left, altogether it had a very picturesque appearance; in the fore-ground were His Excellency and staff, and a few yards off several large huts blazing beautifully bright, and sending up dense volumes of smoke; then the dense mass of cavalry that formed the advance guard, and front of the line of march; these were followed by the 72d Highlanders, with their bag-pipes playing, whose distant notes faintly caught the ear; next were the dark clad Provisional Battalion of Hottentots, and the rear was formed by an endless train of wagons; this, added to the luxuriant vegetation and mimosa-studded plains below, rendered the scene perfectly enchanting. The morning was delightful, and the country decidedly the finest in South Africa. We arrived at the Camp on the Debe early in the day, and several Kafirs were seen on the hills close by. On the 3d, (or rather the 2d, at midnight,) we started to attack Tyali; Major Cox went round on the left, and Somerset on the right; Van Wyk behind, and we advanced in front: our Division consisted of 1400 men, and 2 six-pounders. We ascended S'Lambi's Kop, and halted on the top to wait for day-light. Just before we started, Col. Somerset's Camp (which was a mile from ours,) was attacked, and there was a brisk hedge-fire for several minutes; we had a fine view of the whole affair, but were left in the dark as to the result; we afterwards learned that a few Kafirs had come there to steal horses; the sentries fired at them, and it being dark, the firing was carried quite round the Camp. One Kafir was found next morning dead, and one Hottentot sentry was shot by accident; he did not come in when the firing commenced, and so was shot; we have unfortunately had several men shot by our force, chiefly by those who obstinately cock their *hair-triggered* guns, and the least thing sets them off. At day-light we started from S'Lambi's Kop, and proceeded through country, if possible, much superior to that we passed through a few days ago; it was, however, quite a different scenery; large kloofs, well wooded with lofty trees (no brush-wood) on one side, and the other side perfectly free from bush or shrub of any sort—nothing but beautiful waving grass; you cannot conceive anything of the scenery here from that in the colony: there the grass, if there be any, is of a brownish hue, but here it is of the brightest green. At the bottom of the kloof ran a beautiful clear stream, completely shaded by the tall yellow-wood trees that grew in abundance on its left bank; the trees here are perfectly straight up, with scarcely any foliage till near the top, whereas those in the colony are crooked stems, and branches in every direction. I have never been at the Knysna, but they say that the scenery behind S'Lambi's Kop, and about the Amatoli, is very similar, only more splendid. It is very thickly inhabited, or rather *was*, for every hut is deserted now, and the *ripening corn stands ready for gathering*, but the owners are fled; some Kafir gardens are nearly perpendicular on the edge of the bush. The soldiers went into the corn-fields to look for melies, and really the two plants are so much alike, that I don't wonder at it. The chiefs' houses are very fine ones; some have 3 or 4 apartments, and are capable of holding 30 or 40 people. We were out all day, and saw scarcely a Kafir! only a few fellows here and there on the hills, and took a few goats; we got home just in time to get wet through. Major Cox was more successful; he took 2 or 3000 head of cattle. This morning, 3 Hottentot deserters came to us with their guns, they were traders' drivers, but had been obliged to join the Kafirs to save their lives, and this is the first opportunity they have had of escaping to us. A Kafir chief brought in a fat bullock yesterday as a present, in consequence (as he said) of our having kept our word, namely, what we said at the Kei, that we would not wage war, nor devastate, till we had seen Hintza. The post is going off, so I must end, although abruptly. Remember me to C. and *vrouw*, and believe me.

Ever yours, * *

P.S. We had a most dreadful thunder-storm last night; the General's tent was blown down, and all his papers scattered abroad; a great many of the officers' tents also shared the same fate; Capt. Sutherland's was moved altogether away, and he was seen by the sentry going about the Camp in sleeping trim, searching for his tent. I was sent to the rear with four wounded men from the Debe, and only joined the Head Quarter Division the day before yesterday. I had some famous adventures on my road back, which I will tell you of another time. We (I and Mr. Biddulph) captured 68 head of cattle, and 120 goats, and wounded 2 Kafirs!

N.B. Found Pringle's Ephemerides.* Akenside's Poems, Robinson Crusoe, &c. &c. in a Kafir hut!!! Pato and John Tzatzoe came with me from Wiltshire.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

"HAIL, HOLY LIGHT!"

Light for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador!
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more;
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!
An outcast though he be,
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
And the country of the free;
Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth has he?

Light for the hills of Greece!
Light for that trampled clime
Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
Ere it wrecked the boast of time;
If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
Can ye grudge your boon sublime?

Light on the Hindoo shed!
On the maddening idol-train,
The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
And the Fakir faints with pain,
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky!
The sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armor when death invades;
Hark! Hark!—'tis the sainted Martyn's sigh
From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales!
For the islands of the sea!
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
With sighs of agony,
And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
'Neath the loan banana-tree!

Light for the ancient race
Exiled from Zion's rest!
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppressed;
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base;
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darkened earth!
Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the day spring hath its birth,
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread
Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

AUSTRALIA.

By the late papers from Sydney, we find the spirit of enterprise on the alert. A scheme has been devised by Capt. Bannister and others, for an overland route from Sydney to Swan River. Liberal offers have been made at Sydney to encourage this arduous and meritorious task.

On the other hand, according to the *Sydney Herald*, villainy is on the increase, and villains multiply at so rapid a rate, that a *second* hulk is found necessary to hold in confinement the doubly and trebly-convicted felons sent out from Great Britain". So much for the Convict System.

THE LATE ARRIVAL.

Parliament.—The elections are over, and a new Parliament has met. The first trial of strength on the part of the liberal Reformers (for all men seem to be Reformers now,) was in the choice of a Speaker; and the result has been that the *thistle* has shaded the *rose*. Mr. Abercrombie, M. P. for Edinburgh, has been placed in the Chair; and Sir Charles Sutton, after 17 years of service, has been ousted. The thing was wholly unexpected by the Ministers, Sir Charles had always gained the confidence of the House, and was proposed in the last Reformed Parliament by Lord Morpeth, seconded by Sir F. Burdett.

The Elections.—After glancing over the papers, it would appear that never were the energies of ministry or opposition more intensely put in action for the invigoration of their *respective parties*. Never was the spacious talent of the Press more spendidly developed on either side of public feeling.

The Result.—Just as it should be. Opinion has resumed its empire, and vindicated its inestimable strength.

The Clergy.—The greater proportion of this respectable body fought well on the Conservative side, and were every where in the battle-field.

The Dissenters.—No less active were the Voluntary's. There was a manly and open course pursued by this influential body, which was conducted with good temper and feeling. Many Wesleyans *paired off*—some of their leading men took a decided Conservative side, and won many converts to the new Ministry. On the other hand, the Church of England, in a great many instances, was not backward in its avowal of liberal principles. The venerable Rev. Thos. Gisborne, A. M. of Yoxhall Lodge, (author of many deservedly celebrated works,) made a powerful speech on the hustings, on nominating a Reformer, Sir Oswald Mosley, as representative for North Staffordshire.

The King.—Very popular, and was hailed on his approach to Parliament House, by the cheers of thousands of his people. No hope of a revolution for the croakers!

The opening Debates.—Excellent! Lord Brougham's speech in the Lords, is beyond the adequacy of eulogium. He may shake the slanders of impertinence from his distinguished reputation, like—*dew drops from the Lion's mane.*

Blackwood turned Reformer.—In his Feb. Number, he pleads for freedom in the following extract. "Matters have at length come to a crisis. The cause of freedom; the 'cause for which Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney on the scaffold,' is now in jeopardy."

Courtesy of Sir Robert Peel.—He promises to reform all abuses, to relieve the Dissenters, and purify the Church. He has already conferred Church appointments on good men. At the suggestion of the inhabitants he has placed the Rev. Thos. Dale, of the London University, as parish Minister of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, London.

* We take it for granted that pages 52, 53, and 54, must have been well thumbed by the "bold sons of Kahabee". Won't this discovery arouse once more the *Gray*-goose-quill?

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THE EXACT POSITION OF THE DUTCH NEGOCIATIONS.

HOLLAND V. BELGIUM.

It was quite natural that the King of the Dutch, and his ministers, should hail with rapture the fall of the Melbourne Administration, and sympathise with Mr Peel and his measures. The protocollers seem from the Hague papers, to be all on the *qui vive* in reference to the late change, and anticipate "a speedy redress of their grievances." Now, it appears to us, that the history of this question is but little known or fairly understood. We allude to many of the colonists here, who seem to be wholly unacquainted with the matter, or are wilfully blinded to its merits by national prejudices. We approach the subject without regard to the political principles of the men in office, or of their opponents, and hasten to give a free, but we trust an honest, representation of the real state of the case.

The original object of the interference of England in the affairs of Holland, was, first, to secure the Belgic provinces against French incorporation; and secondly, to arrange terms of separation which could not be agreed upon between themselves. The history of these protracted, rigmarole, protocolling negotiations, is too long and tedious to be given here. The question seems to have become more and more clogged with difficulties at every step This arises, in some measure, from the number and importance of the points at issue, and from the various and conflicting interests which require to be consulted at every stage of the proceedings. The settlement of the articles, on which the separation should be based, was the first difficulty; and here, the dogged obstinacy of Holland, the unsteadiness of Belgium, and the artful and shuffling policy of the three great powers, in turns, tended to delay and embarrass the arrangement. The plenipotentiaries agree, and declare it to be their "*irrevocable*" resolution, to execute terms of separation contained in the twenty-four articles, which they pronounce "*definitive*;" and further declare, "that either party refusing to accede to them, shall be deemed *contumacious*." These terms the Belgians accept, and the Dutch refuse. Then Russia, Austria, and Prussia, refuse to ratify what they had before agreed to; defer, demur, and shuffle, until, by entreaties, they are induced to ratify, with "*reservations*." Then they refuse to execute what they have ratified, and allow his Dutch majesty to mock all their wise resolves. At length, the French and British governments, justly indignant at this vacillating fickleness, determine to resort to "coercive measures;" and plainly tell the Dutch king, "that since he contumaciously defies every effort towards a pacific arrangement of affairs, they are determined to perform their engagements to Belgium, by force of arms." In pursuance of the convention concluded between the British and French governments, an embargo is laid on Dutch property in British and French ports; the Scheldt is blockaded by the combined squadrons of the two powers, and 80,000 French troops advance to dispossess the Dutch of the citadel of Antwerp.*

These measures put the question of hostile interference by the three despotic powers to a severe test. The challenge to Prussia, in particular, was full and fair; her doubtful policy throughout the Belgic negotiations, her contiguity to the scene of action, and the intimate family connexion between the houses of Brandenburg and Nassau, had excited suspicion that she would oppose the march of a French army into Belgium. Hence the *fortiter in re* which had succeeded to the *suaviter in modo*, was well calculated to elicit a distinct avowal of the views of the cabinet of Berlin. However, Prussia remained a passive spectator of the scene; and officially declared, she would not oppose the hostile movement, so long as its operation was confined to the avowed objects and principles of the convention:—viz. "the expulsion of the Dutch from Antwerp and its dependencies, and the adjustment of the terms of the political separation of Holland and Belgium."

These coercive measures were little in favour with a numerous and influential portion of the parliamentary opposition. "Holland is our ancient ally," said the Tories, "and must not be dealt with harshly." If it be true, that Holland was our "*ancient* ally," she may nevertheless be our "*modern* opponent:" but we deny the veracity of the prior proposition. In the 16th century, we assisted her with 800,000*l.* to free herself from the shackles of Spanish domination, and powerfully aided her to cement her political independence;* and how did she recompense our good offices? By driving us from the islands of Landoire and

* To have assented to the demands of Holland respecting the navigation of the Scheldt, would have virtually shut out Belgium from any share in a direct foreign trade. Antwerp is the very core of Belgium, the organ of circulation through which she maintains her feeble commerce with transmarine nations. From the mouth of the Scheldt to Dunkirk, her entire littoral, there is no naturally formed port, no embouchure of any considerable stream. Ostend, situated between the Scheldt and Dunkirk, is an inconsiderable port, that can only admit brigs which draw less than twelve feet of water, during about two or three hours of flood-tide; hence the navigation of the Scheldt, subject only to such fair charges as may be necessary to repair its banks, &c. was a *sine qua non* with the Belgians in their negotiations with the Dutch government. Thus, the Conference and the British ministers, although disposed to give Holland all that circumstances admitted of, could not yield this point to the demands of the Dutch king.

* Camden's History of Elizabeth.—Parliamentary History, vol. iv.

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Pulo (1619), and by the horrible massacre of our defenceless countrymen on the island of Amboyna, 1623. This was her gracious return for our sacrifices on her behalf. We will not minute the horrors of that scene; it was a crime so foul, that the very idea,

"Fires the indignant soul, and revolting reason shocks."

Since she appeared as our ally in the last two campaigns of the war of Austrian Succession, Holland has never figured otherwise than as an avaricious neutral, or opponent of Great Britain. In the war of 1756, she affected neutrality, but readily granted to the French army under d'Estrées, a passage through Maestricht, to overrun the defenceless Duchies of Cleves, Vessel, and Hesse, to attack the British forces at Minden, and hence to invest Hanover. Prompted by her accustomed mercantile avarice, she employed her neutral flag to furnish our enemies with warlike stores and trans-marine produce; and on our just remonstrance against these open breaches of neutrality, she insulted us with menaces, and threatened to join the formidable coalition against us.† In the American contest, when Britain, cumbered with an incapable administration, distracted by internal dissensions, and attacked by a dangerous European confederacy, was in a more defenceless condition than at any period of her modern history, Holland was foremost in planning the maritime confederacy against her. In the war of the French revolution, she deserted our cause immediately it assumed a declining aspect. In the war of 1803, she made no resistance to the reception of Louis, the brother of Napoleon Buonaparte, as her king, to consolidate the power of our formidable foe: nay, she did not hesitate to surrender every vestige of her national independence, and become a mere province of France Where, then, is her title to British gratitude? An ancient ally, indeed! We know not to what era this word "*ancient*" may extend; but it is evident that for the last eighty years or thereabouts, she has uniformly figured as our opponent.

It is true, that in the last hour of the late struggle against France, Holland threw her weight into the scale against Napoleon; but this step arose from his incapacity to protect her territories with his legions against the merited vengeance of Great Britain, and hence entitles her to no commendation: and even at that time (1814) not a single Dutch regiment joined the allied forces; she left us the undivided honour of delivering her territories from foreign subjection. But when, in 1814, Holland lay postrate at the mercy of England, did the latter seek to punish her perfidious conduct during the war, by the imposition of penalties? On the contrary, with a zeal for Dutch interests, which blinded the better judgment of our rulers, England treated her as a constant, faithful, and "ancient ally;" raised her from a mean province of France to an independent powerful kingdom; extended her territory far beyond the utmost limits it had attained, even in the brightest days of her republic; gave her the extensive and rich island of Java, which cost so much British blood and treasure in its capture; allowed her to share in the trade with Surinam, Guiana, Demarara, and our possessions on that coast; ransomed her colonies from Sweden; raised, by British funds, fortresses on her southern and eastern frontier; and engaged the leading continental powers to protect her against the degradation of again becoming a French province.*

† Smollett, vol. ii.

THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

The great question of Sea Insurance to mercantile shipping has been warmly discussed in London, and it turns out that Sea Insurance is, in innumerable cases, the cause of shipwreck. The mercantile navy of Great Britain, including that of the plantations, consists at present of about 24,500 vessels, manned by about 160,000 seamen. The total burden of the registered vessels is about 2,650,000 tons; and valuing them, rigging and stores included, at a rough average, at £10 per ton, the entire aggregate value of our mercantile shipping will be no less than £26,500,000 But this great mass of property is hourly in jeopardy.

Every one who reads the newspapers—and who does not?—has every now and then his feelings painfully touched by accounts of shipwrecks. In point of fact, however, the details as to the greater number of these catastrophes never find their way into the public prints. Many ships founder at sea—many are wrecked on distant shores—and, with few exceptions, it is those only that are cast away on our coasts of the loss of which we ever hear. It might indeed have been supposed, seeing the vast improvements that have been made in astronomy, in the construction of chronometers, in the art af navigation, the accurate charts that have been published of most seas and places of general resort, the erection of lighthouses and beacons, and the various means and devices that have been fallen upon for lessening the dangers incident to navigation, that it would now be comparatively safe. But such, we regret to say, is not the case. In so far at least as England is concerned, shipwreck is at present more prevalent than ever, and has indeed grown to an excess that is quite frightful, and which has begun forcibly to excite the public attention. It appears from an examination of Lloyd's List from 1793 to 1829, that the losses in the British mercantile navy only, amounted, at an average of that period, to 557 vessels a year In 1829 the casualties were as follows:—'*On foreign* '*voyages*, 157 wrecked; 284 driven on shore, 'of which 224 are known to have been got off, 'some with more and some with less damage; 'twenty one foundered or sunk; one run down; 'thirty-five abandoned at sea, eight of which 'were afterwards carried into port; twelve con-'demned as unseaworthy; eight upset, one of 'them righted; twenty seven missing, one of 'them a packet, no doubt foundered. *Coasters* '*and colliers*, 109 wrecked; 297 driven on shore, 'of which 121 are known to have been got off, 'and probably more; sixty-seven foundered or 'sunk, four of them raised, six run down; 'thirteen abandoned, five of them afterwards 'brought into port; three upset, two of them 'righted; sixteen missing, no doubt foundered. 'During the year four steam vessels were 'wrecked; four driven on shore, but got off, 'and two sunk.'* This enormous loss has not diminished in the interval, but has gone on increasing In 1833, no fewer than 800 merchant ships, or a *thirtieth part* of the whole number of ships belonging to the British dominions, including the plantations, were either entirely lost or driven on shore! Of the prodigious number of ships that are thus annually engulfed many are laden with valuable cargoes; so that besides the loss of lives and of ships consequent to such an appalling extent of shipwreck, there is also a great loss of mercantile and other property.

Of the 800 shipwrecks that occurred in 1833, we have been well assured that not more than 200, or at most 250, can be fairly ascribed to natural causes. The remaining 550 or 600 shipwrecks are wholly owing to the absurd and vicious classification of our shipping; and to the ignorance, incapacity, and carelessness of the masters.—*See the last Edin. Review.*

* An account was presented to parliament, session 1832, of the sums of money contributed by Great Britain for the erection of fortifications in the Netherlands, and towards the defence and incorporation of the Belgic provinces with Holland, of which the following is a copy:—

Compensation to Sweden for rights in the colonies ceded by that country		£1,000,000
For the erection and repairs of fortifications in the Netherlands	1,999,999	
Paid out of the military chest of the British army in France and the Netherlands, in 1814 and 1816	223,669	
		2,223,688
On account of Russ-Dutch loan.	1,465,876	
,, Sinking fund for ditto	337,929	
		1,803,805
Total . . .		£5,027,493

* See M'Culloch's *Commercial Dictionary*, second edition, p. 1268.

PETER GOFF, THE MAN WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN.

A TALE OF A YANKEE LANDLORD.

(From a Traveller's MS.)

IT was one winter evening that I stopped to pass the night at the little village in the state of Massachusetts, where a tidy inn, kept by Colonel Solomon Shagbark, offering good entertainment for man and horse, had tempted me to suspend my wayfaring. 'Twas a cool evening, and I sat luxuriating over a blazing wood fire, big enough to roast an ox, while a knot of countrymen were convoked in the bar-room, guessing, question-

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ing, calculating—drinking cider, and telling stories. I was particularly amused by the noise of one of these junketers, who kept up a continued chorus of laughter throughout all the variations of their harmony. He was a tall fellow, of wide mouth and India-rubber lungs, and sent forth every five minutes such a stentorian peal, that a nervous man would have given both his ears to have been an hundred miles off.

"Moderation! moderation!" cried one of the talkers; "say nothing, but laugh, and do that silly."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" continued the laugher.

"Have a care how you stretch your jaws," cried another; "remember poor Peter Goff!"

"Especially such a night as this," rejoined the first speaker, "for if your face should happen to freeze just as it is now——"

"The man with his mouth open," said the laugher. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!—I've heard the story. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Come, now," replied another, "a man that won't believe anything old Uncle Josh used to say——"

"Pooh! old Uncle Josh never looked through a millstone but once, and then he peeped in at the hole."

"The story may be true, and it may not," said a third speaker; "but if you had heard what the deacon told me——"

"Ay, ay!" returned the laugher, "the deacon could always see more moons in the shade than any body else. Ha! ha! ha! ha!—the man with his mouth open!" and he roared ready to split.

I continued to listen, but could gather nothing more distinct of the subject in debate. The talk soon turned into another channel; the man with the lungs continued to laugh, but it was evidently subdued into something like a chuckle. Doubtless he had a lurking fear that the story *was* true.

"Landlord—Colonel," said I, as mine host of the Washington's Head stepped into the room; "it is a cold night, let us have something warm, and I must get you to tell me a story."

"A cold night you say, squire?" (a Yankee always calls you 'squire'—who dares say the Yankees are not civil?) "A *coldish* night, rather—that is, not so warm; but if you want to know what cold weather is, just stay here till the last of January, and you'll see a cold snap that will make you hum!"

"Why, Colonel, I have no curiosity in the matter of a cold snap, but I should like much to hear something of what they have been talking yonder—the man with his mouth open!"

"Ahem!" said the Colonel, with a sly sort of look, "we have some good gapers here in the neighbourhood. Now, there is Tom Take-a-bite, he has got a mouth like an alligator; but as to the real, genuine man with his mouth open—'tis only now and then one can get a peep at him."

After some little coquetry on the part of the landlord, to enhance the value of his narrative, I prevailed on him to sit down by the fire, and begin, but it was in the most approved fashion of story-telling, by a round affirmation of the truth of it:—

"'Twas a strange affair that part of it about his mouth," he commenced; "many is the time I have laughed to think of it, though, to be sure, 'tis no laughing matter for a man to have his mouth open, and not to be able to shut it. But it is just as true as I sit here. Some folks make more of it in telling the story, but it's founded on fact, as people say that write novels and such like. Well, this Peter Goff, you see was an odd chap, one of the oddest of all flesh; he would read his Bible upside downwards, just to be different from other folks. We paint our houses white, and Peter painted his house black, with red borders to the windows—ha! ha! such a sight!—it looked for all the world like a nigger with sore eyes! But it's all of another colour now, because Jerry Jones, one of Peter's creditors, who took possession the time that Peter went off in the fog, had it new painted, out of a neighbourly kindness to the deacon, for the deacon's wife used to have a regular fit of the hypochondriacs every time she went by; but the old woman never liked Peter, because he was so much given to laughing. 'What's that to you?' Peter used to say, 'I've a genius for it; every man has a genius for something, and I have a genius for laughing!' Sure enough so he had, if a body might judge by his looks, for he had a mouth big enough to take in half a cheese; but it was the ruin of Peter. Let all men take care of their mouths—but that is neither here nor there. Peter got into a sort of baddish way—he worked less and drank more. We gave him nothing but good advice, the deacon and I, hoping that he would lay it to heart. We talked to him in a fatherly way like; so did every body else. Pooh! what did he care for it; 'twas just like throwing apples into a bag without a bottom. Peter went on neglecting his farm; 'twould have made any man's heart grieve to see what a fine piece of land there was all going to destruction, and all for want of a good take-heed. As for Peter, he used to pass whole days idling and frolicking, and turning up jack, and laughing as loud as ever. Every body said he would come to no good, because his concarn was all wearing out and there was no money coming in. But the more his affairs went to ruin the louder Peter laughed! There was no knowing what possessed the creature to laugh so. His mouth, as I told you, was as wide as an oven, and when he set up a haw! haw! it was like the roar of a buffalo. The deacon and all of them took a great scandal at it, and quoted scripture, prophesying that Peter would come to a morsel of bread. But Peter said he hoped he should never come to worse, and then went on laughing and getting in debt till he had got through his cash and mortgaged his whole estate, so that it was as clear as preaching he must go to the dogs. Finally, the deacon undertook to give him a desperate sort of a lecture by way of a last trial; so he called upon him one Sunday evening—'Peter,' says he, 'you are little better than one of the wicked.'—'Have you any objection?' says Peter. 'Ah, Peter,' says the deacon, 'if you don't give over laughing, Old Nick will make you grin on the other side of your mouth,'—'Laugh and be fat,' says Peter. 'Not of a Saturday night,' says the deacon. 'May Old Nick scratch my jaws,' says Peter, 'but I am going to a frolic to-night, and I'll laugh a good stick if I laugh my everlasting one.' The deacon went away quite scared to see Peter so hardened, as he said, for the creature was determined to have it out; and it happened that very night."

"What happened?"

"Peter's catastrophe. It was a terrible cold night, and they sat over a rousing fire, drinking hot punch, and flip, and sangaree, and what not, and laughing, and singing, and roaring, and making such a halliballoo.—Hark! isn't that my wife?"

"What?"

"That voice I hear calling! No—never mind—it's only the deacon's pig got stuck in the gateway.—Well, they all went on drinking and making a tantarra that disturbed the whole neighbourhood. 'I wish,' says Peter, 'that the deacon was here to hear us.' Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—hickup! hick! hick!—*The clock struck midnight just at that moment!*—Hick! hick! hick! went Peter; and what do you think? he was in the midst of one of his most uproarious laughs, and had stretched his jaws wider than he was ever known to do before; and when he had laughed a regular peal that lasted a quarter of an hour, he tried to shut his mouth but could not! Strange enough, you'll say; but that is the fact. Hick! hick! hick! he went on.—'That's a long laugh,' said the other fellows. Hick! hick! hick!' says Peter. 'Stop, and let me take my turn,' says one. 'Hick! hick!' says Peter. 'You'll strain your lungs,' says another. 'Hick!' says Peter. Finally, he stood still gaping as wide as a barn-door. 'Shut your mouth,' said they. But O dear! he could not shut it to save him from going to the Old Harry! And how it happened—whether he had stretched his jaw-bones out of joint, and got them off the hinges; or whether it was a sort of witchcraft and judgment upon him, I don't pretend to say; but there he stood stiff as starch. Peter's companions thought him bewitched, so they took to their heels and ran off, frightened out of their wits. Peter was in a sad pickle; he tried to call for help, but how the dogs can a man speak without the use of his jaws? Well, after trying a long while, and finding he made no more noise than a mouse in a cheese, he gave it up for bad coffee. What could he do for himself? Nothing—so he mounted his horse, and set out to go for Dr. Drybones. It was one o'clock in the morning when he got to his house. Now the doctor was a mighty fretful, touchy, worrisome sort of a man, a good deal troubled with the hypo, and nervous complaints. He had got into a strange way about that time, imagining that somebody was going to eat him up alive. He could not abide any one with a large mouth, and whenever he saw Peter he used to feel a special fit of the horrors; so you may suppose it must have been a pretty considerable shock to his nerves, when in the dead of the night he was roused out of bed by a thundering knock at the door, and going down with a light to behold Peter with his big mouth stretched wide open to devour him. Mercy on us! he jumped back about a rod and a half, and then, in his desperation, catching up a broomstick, he went at him with such a mauling that he was glad to save himself at full gallop, and got off with an open mouth and a shirt full of sore bones! Well, his only course now was to make for the next town, where there was another doctor; so away he went, though it was a good distance. By and by the moon went down, and it was pitch dark. He lost his way, and wandering hither and thither without meeting a living soul. There was nobody abroad, and the only house he saw was inhabited by an old woman who was always afraid of seeing ghosts; and when Peter tried to get admission, the old woman was so frightened that she cried murder! thieves! hobgoblins! and Peter, fearing that he should be shot in the head for a robber or wizard, made his retreat as quick as he could."

"With his mouth open all the time?"

"Certainly.—So the story goes, and no doubt of the fact, for the night was so cold that it must have been hard work to move a man's jaw any way. Uncle Josh remembers the time; he was in the army that season, and many was the morning in camp that he could not get up for two hours after he was awake, because his old *queue* had froze fast to the ground!

"Well, Peter went on, but could not tell which way he was going. It was dark as pitch, as I said before, and he had got into a lonely part of the country; there was no fence to the road, and he soon found himself rambling over the fields, scaring the owls, and frightened himself with the expectation of breaking his neck among the ups and downs that gave him a jolt and a bounce every ten steps. After he had well battered the shins of his horse across the ditches and stone walls, he found himself upon the river. It was frozen pretty hard; but presently he came to an air-hole, and souse! he tumbled in. After floundering about some time, he was lucky enough to pick himself out, horse and all; indeed 'twas the horse that saved him, according to the best authorities. Peter and his horse got upon dry land again—which of them swallowed the most water during the accident I'll not say, as I was not there to see, but I rather think it was Peter. Well, they got upon dry land, as I said; but they were neither dry nor thirsty, you may suppose. It was terrible cold, as I said before, and Peter would have

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froze to death if he had not been as tough as a pine knot. But uncle Josh always said there was no killing him. Peter and his horse were soaking wet, and so in less than half an hour he found every rag of clothes about him as hard as horn,—in short, he had frozen to the horse's back, and could not move a limb, any more than if he had been hewed out of a block of stone!—There he sat as stiff as a poker.—The horse galloped on. So the story goes,—and it stands to reason.—On he galloped up hill, and down hill, hither and thither, over field and over pasture, through the bogs, and the swamps, and the woods, and among all sorts of scarecrow places, for Peter could not move an arm to turn him to the right or to the left. In short, he made a regular circumbendibus all round Robin Hood's barn."

"Pray, Colonel,— I beg pardon for interrupting you,—but how are all these particulars known?"

The Colonel paused at this question and looked a little puzzled. He scratched his head and gave two or three hems.

"I can't exactly say, but they rest on good authority; there's Giles Godkin's will take his oath on the bible book, that he spied him about four o'clock the Sunday morning as he got up to fodder his cattle; Peter was going at a full canter down Break-neck hill into Dead man's hollow. Giles hallowed after him, but he kept cantering on till he was out of sight in the darkness. Giles did not know what to make of it, thinking it might be the witch of Endor on a broomstick, or the ghost of old Sagamore Saul, the Indian marauder, astride of a black bear. However, some days afterward the whole story came out, and Giles found that he had seen Peter Goff."

"And what became of Peter the next morning?"

"You shall hear. All night long, as I said, he was trampling about, snuffing the gentle gale that blew just then from the north-west about sixteen degrees below nothing. Many a man remembers that cold snap, the deacon in particular, for he kept a grocery-store there, and his whole stock of rum and brandy froze as hard as rock Dunder. But that was easily accounted for

"Well, it blew as I tell you, pretty considerably keen; and Peter was cool enough for comfort He was right glad when he saw the day break, so that he could find the road again; and just after sun rise he got into Firetown.

"Now Peter's horse stopped at the tavern, for that is a horse's trick, whether his rider wants to stop or not; but Peter of course could not get off; by-and-by somebody came out—now it happened that this was old Crusty Tim, that used to keep the Punch Bowl—Tim, I say, had just caught a terrible cold, which made him so hoarse that he could not utter a voice louder than a whisper, and, moreover, he was so stiff in the neck with the rheumatism, that he could not turn his head the hundredth part of an inch Well, Tim came to the door, and you may think he was pretty considerably surprised at the sight of Peter; for Peter, you may depend, made a horible bobgoblin appearance by broad daylight However, Tim was not a man to be frightened, for he had been in the old French wars, and, besides that, he was inspector-general of our brigade of militia, so that, you know, he was used to all sorts of scarecrow sights. Tim stared, without saying a word—for why, he was not able to speak—Peter neither spoke nor stirred, for the same reason. Tim looked at Peter, and Peter looked at Tim!

"There was little tale telling lost between them, I promise you, for both were as dumb as haddocks. Tim waited for Peter to speak, and Peter waited for Tim to do the same. Tim wondered why Peter did not dismount, but Peter sat as stiff as ever Tim wondered that Peter did not move, and Peter wondered ditto at Tim—so they took it out in staring. After a long while came out Simon Stumper, the stable-boy; but here was another crook in the lot. Simon stuttered, like a cat a-choking, so that he was little better off than Tim I'm blessed if they did not find it awkward enough. Simon was struck all of a heap when he saw the two figures throwing silent looks at one another like the compliments between the cow and the haystack. It was a long time before he found the use of his tongue; but by-and-by he stammered out, 'Wha—wha—wha—wha—wha—wha—wha—t's the ma—ma—ma—ma—mat—mat—matter?' And what said they; why—just nothing at all. Then Simon began to stare at Peter, and says he, 'But—but—but—but—who are you?' Peter gave a sort of a wink-like, but could not move his jaws. 'But—but—but—but—who are you?" says Simon, but Peter said nothing in reply. Whatever he thought is nothing at all to the purpose. Peter sat stiff, Tim stared, and Simon stuttered: but in the end, finding that Peter kept up such a horrible gaping, Simon concluded he was making mouths at him, so catching up a stick of wood, he let drive at him such a lick, that if it had hit him 'twould have smashed in his front teeth. I guess. Peter's horse took a start, and away he went.

"But its pretty near an end, for Peter never came back.

"But was nothing more heard of Peter?"

"Not very diretl: some say he's wandering now in the Alleghany mountains, though a great many people are positive they have seen him on dark nights flitting here and there, trying to shut his mouth. Several times they have spoken to him, but he never made answer, and that is natural. There is many opinions about it to this day; and to tell the truth, Squire, I have many times had a distant glimmering of something like suspicion as to the mystery and withcraft of the affair; for you must be informed that Peter left a good many debts behind him; and old Commodore Keelson said that he was struck with a lock-jaw very *appropos*, as he calls it, just in the nick of time, as one may say; for he would have been taken up for debt had he staid till Monday. In fact, I have been told there is a man still living in New Hampshire State, that has a strong resemblance to Peter Old Commodore Keelson always maintained it was quite a natural occurrence, and that Peter cleared out to escape the landsharks."

"But you say his ghost still walks—rides I mean?"

"Ay; so many a fellow thinks of a dark night, after telling stories of the 'Man with his Mouth open' But the Commodore says that can be nothing but the flying Dutchman with his landtacks abroad, and he has seen that himself."

WILLIAM CAREY,
OF SERAMPORE, BENGAL.

[WERE I in search of that fine union of grace and of greatness which I have now been insisting on, and, in virtue of which, the enlightened Christian can at once find room in his bosom for the concerns of universal humanity, and for the play of kindliness towards every individual he meets with—I could no where more readily expect to find it, than with the worthies of our own land—the Howard of a former generation, who paced over Europe in quest of the unseen wretchedness which abounds in it—or in such men of our present generation, as Wilberforce, who lifted his unwearied voice against the biggest outrage ever practised on our nature, till he wrought its extermination—and Clarkson, who plied his assiduous task at rearing the materials of its impressive history, and, at length carried, for this righteous cause, the mind of Parliament—and CAREY, from whose hand the generations of the East are now receiving the elements of their moral renovation—and, in fine, those holy and devoted men, who count not their lives dear unto them; but, going forth every year from the island of our habitation, carry the message of heaven over the face of the world; and, in the front of severest obloquy, are now labouring in remotest lands.—*Chalmers.*]

It is quite delightful to discover in the records of each revolving age, the means, the comparatively obscure means, which Divine Providence frequently employs to unfold the human intellect, and accomplish the exalted purposes of His Will. The page of history is repeatedly shewing that the humblest social condition, and the greatest penury, are no barriers against either mental or moral advancement. Who that knew Bunyan, the Tinker of Bedford, would ever have dreamed that he would have risen to an intellectual eminence and vigour that has never been surpassed; that he would have immortalized his name, and his country, by the production of the best Commentary on Holy Scripture extant—that his immortal *Pilgrim* should be, as it ever will, to the end of time—

"*Food for all* hours and every mood of man;"

and what master ever contemplated, that the Slaves—Æsop, Publius, Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus, of ancient times, would become Philosophers, and their works live in after ages to grace the classical collections of our private and public libraries?* But to descend to our own times, in connection with a subject of never-dying importance.

We can picture to ourselves no human being partaking more of moral grandeur, no human intellect more sublimely occupied in the view of "myriads of human spirits," than WILLIAM CAREY, the obscure shoemaker, the village teacher, conceiving the project of going forth, single-handed, into the very heart of the kingdom of darkness in the distant East. While yet a youth, struggling with penury, his mind was anxiously

* How boundless is the materiel for enlarging on this subject. The following individuals were thus employed, in early life: Prideaux was a scullery boy; Linnæus was a shoe-maker; Dr. Isaac Madox was a pastry cook;—the two Milners (Church Historians) were weavers; so was Dr. White, Professor of Arabic at Oxford; the celebrated John Hunter, the great anatomist, was a cabinet-maker; Shakspeare was a lamp-lighter;—Franklin was a tallow chandler; Whitfield, the distinguished preacher, assisted his father when a boy, in the business of Inn-keeping; Dr. Alex. Murray, the Professor of Oriental languages, was a shepherd boy; Crabbe, the delightful poet of the people, was a coolie-boy; Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was a ploughman; Bloomfield, the poet of the seasons, was a Farmer's boy;—Gifford, the poet, and Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was a Shoemaker; and Drew, the celebrated author of the Immateriality of the Human Soul, was a Shoemaker.

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solicitous for the ignorant, and those that are "out of the way." If there is a call from Heaven, or "being moved, &c." as it is expressed by the Episcopal Church of England, conveyed not by audible sound, or by vision, but by an internal impression, of which the reason, not the imagination, is the subject—such language will most appropriately describe the formation of this strong heroic purpose in the mind of young Carey. Among other branches of elementary knowledge which he would employ himself in teaching to his village pupils, he was particularly fond of Geography; and as he pointed out to them the different countries on the map of the globe, he was led to mention the *religion* professed by the inhabitants. Going over these repeatedly, and having occasion to reiterate,—"These are Pagans, and these are Pagans,"—it occurred to him. "I am now telling these children as mere fact, what is truth of the most melancholy character." This led to a train of deep and anxious meditation, the result of which he afterwards embodied in the form of a pamphlet entitled, "Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use means for the Conversion of the Heathen." We shall not enter into the particulars of the immense difficulties and obstacles which this good and heroic man met with and overcame in the prosecution of his disinterested object—these will doubtless find a record in the forthcoming History of his Life. In the mean time we may just glance as to his birth, and a few particulars relative to the God-like errand which he prosecuted even unto death.

William Carey was born at Hackleton, in Leicestershire, on the 17th Aug. 1761. His parents were poor people, and he had few advantages of education except those which his own active and inquiring mind obtained for him. He was brought up as a journeyman shoemaker; and a boot made by him is still preserved by his friends as a valuable relic. We shall pass over his religious progress, which was marked by steady perseverance, until we find him becoming an ordained minister, at the instance of the Baptist Church, at Olney, in Bucks. In 1787, he was ordained Pastor over a small Church of the same order at Moulton, four miles from Northampton. His income there was under £20 per annum!! In 1789, he removed to Leicester, and was ordained to the Baptist Church, meeting in Harvey-lane, over which that distinguished man, the late ROBERT HALL, presided for so many years. Here his ministry was abundantly successful, but the Claims of the Heathen were continually before him, and he resolved, at length, to attempt "the largest measure of the greatest good"—*to forsake all* and go forward,—"giant like to save a World."

We know nothing in the page of history of an unshaken confidence in a Supreme Power, that hope which is an

"Anchor to the soul,"

equal to that which Carey manifested when he determined to go forth to the heathen world with £14,—the amount collected for his use at the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society. To this was added, when the expenses of the voyage was pointed out, the loan of £100 by Dr. Rippon, and a like sum by the late Mr. A. Booth.

On their arrival in India, they (Dr. Carey, and his colleague, Mr. Thomas,) immediately proceeded to act upon the intention they had avowed on quitting their own shores, of receiving no further pecuniary aid from the friends of the mission than might be necessary for their existence. In pursuance of this determination, therefore, they both engaged themselves in a secular employment, which enabled them, by constant intercourse with the natives, to become familiar with their vernacular language. Although Mr. Carey, who had obtained the superintendence of an indigo factory, at a considerable distance in the interior, was thus far removed from the observation of the ruling authorities in Calcutta, his frequent conversations with the natives on the subject of religion were soon reported there: he was immediately called to account, and, on his admitting that his design was to evangelize the heathen, he was told that the residence of Missionaries in India, of any denomination, would not be tolerated; and that he must forthwith re-embark for England. This cruel and impolitic proceeding drove Mr. Carey to seek refuge in the Danish settlement of Serampore, about 13 miles from Calcutta, where he was joined, in January 1800, by Ward, Marshman, and others; all of whom, except Dr. Marshman and his son, who joined his exertions to their's some years afterwards, have entered into their rest.

The first language to which Mr. Carey turned his attention was, the vernacular tongue of the people among whom he lived and died. But he soon perceived that the Sanskrit was the grand root of oriental literature, the key to all its treasures; and by the year 1796, he had begun to study both that language and the Hindoostanee. In Jan. 1800, he removed to Serampore, and, in the following year, was appointed professor in the new Government College of Fort William. Early in the same year, the Bengalee New Testament was finished at the Mission Press. This translation of the sacred Scriptures into the vernacular tongue of at least twenty-five millions, had been commenced by Mr. Carey as early as the spring of 1794; Mr. Thomas having, however, previously accomplished a translation of part of the New Testament. By the close of 1796, the translation of the New Testament was completed for revision. In July 1800, the Gospel by Matthew began to be distributed among the natives. At length, after being nine months in the press, the first edition of the Bengalee New Testament, (8vo. 900 pages) consisting of 2000 copies, was issued on the 7th of Feb. 1801. This was followed, in 1802, by the Pentateuch in the same language, and in 1803, by the Psalms and other portions of the Old Testament. A small impression of the Gospel of Matthew in Mahratta, was issued in 1805; and a second editon of the Bengalee New Testament in 1806. In 1809, the New Testament in Orissa, and in Sanskrit, were completed at press; and some portions of the Old Testament in Orissa had been issued, besides an edition of the Mahratta New Testament, of the Hindostanee New Testament, and the Four Gospels in Persian, when, on the 11th of March 1812, the printing office was destroyed by fire!

The circumstances which so greatly facilitated the translation of the Scriptures into the cognate dialects, after Mr. Carey had surmounted the first difficulties of acquiring the vernacular language and the sacred tongue of India, have been fully explained in our defence of the Translations against the base and ignorant calumnies of Dubois. The assembling of so many learned pundits from all parts of India in the College of Fort William, threw into the hands of Dr. Carey a living polyglot apparatus such as he could not otherwise have obtained; and the overruling hand of Divine Providence was strikingly manifested in the whole business. But how extraordinary must have been the energy of the mind which could grasp so vast a plan, and direct the movements of the subordinate instruments employed in this great work, upon which his soul was bent! Of Dr. Carey's indefatigable industry,—an industry the more extraordinary under the relaxing effects of a burning climate, the description of a single day affords a striking specimen. It occurs in a letter dated June 1806, and is given as an apology for not writing more frequently. At this time, he spent three days of every week at Calcutta, and the following describes one of his Calcutta days.

'I am extremely loth to let this opportunity pass without dropping a line, and yet scarcely can find time to write to any one. I give you a short view of my engagements for the present day, which is a specimen of the spending one-half of the week. I rose this morning at a quarter before six, read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and spent the time till seven in private addresses to God, and then attended family prayer with the servants in Bengalee. While tea was getting ready, I read a little in Persian with a Moonshi,

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who was waiting when I left my bed-room; read also before breakfast a portion of the Scripture in Hindoosthanee. The moment breakfast was over, sat down to the translation of the Ramayuna from Sungskrit, with a pundit, who was also waiting, and continued this translation till ten o'clock, at which hour I went to College, and attended the duties there till between one and two o'clock. When I returned home, I examined a proof sheet of the Bengalee translation of Jeremiah, which took till dinner time. I always, when down in Calcutta, dine at Mr. Rolt's, which is near. After dinner, translated, with the assistance of the chief Pundit of the College, the greatest part of the eighth chapter of Matthew into Sungskrit. This employed me till six o'clock. After six, sat down with a Telinga Pundit, (who is translating from the Sungskrit into the language of his country,) to learn that language. At seven I began to collect a few *previous* thoughts into the form of a sermon, and preached in English at half-past seven. About forty persons present, and among them one of the Puisne Judges of the Sudder Dewany Adawlut. After sermon I got a subscription from him of 5*0 rupees, (£63 10*s*) towards erecting our new place of worship; he is an exceedingly friendly man. Preaching was over and the congregation gone by nine o'clock. I then sat down and translated the eleventh of Ezekiel into Bengalee, and this lasted till near eleven, and now I sit down to write to you. After this I conclude the evening by reading a chapter in the Greek Testament, commending myself to God. I have never more time in a day than this, though the exercises vary. This is Thursday; to-morrow evening I return to Serampore. We have then a conference with our Native Brethren; after which Brother Marshman and I revise the Ramayuna till eleven. At six the next morning we begin again till eight. After breakfast and family prayer—revisal of proof-sheets and translations, and preparing for Sabbath. After tea, family consultations, and the temporal concerns of the mission till near midnight. Lord's day, exercises are various. Monday—the Ramayuna till breakfast. After which, proof sheets and translations till tea-time. After this a lecture on some *science* till nine. Tuesday at six, the Ramayuna. At seven, social prayer-meeting for the success of the gospel in Hindoosthan. After breakfast the same course as on Monday, till four. Then to Calcutta. Thus at present I spend my time.'

From his early youth, Dr. Carey discovered a fondness for botanical studies; and in his rural walks with his younger sister, he would often point out to her with vivid delight the beauty exhibited in the phenomena of vegetation. This admiration for nature accompanied him to the East; and his delight in the works of God has been considered as conducing in no small degree both to his health, and to that fine flow of spirits for which he was distinguished.

Rising before five in the morning, he rode out for an hour, and after this was to be found among his trees and plants. In process of time his garden became perhaps the first private garden belonging to any European in India; and when Dr. Roxburgh retired to this city, where he died, he said that Government could be at no loss in the meanwhile by committing the keys of the Government Botanic Gardens to Dr. Carey. The consequence of this was, the publication of the *Hortus Bengalensis*, or catalogue of the plants growing in the Honourable East India Company's Botanic Garden at Calcutta, which he printed at Serampore in 1812. The manuscripts of Roxburgh were also in part committed to his care, which he edited; *The Flora Indica*, first in two volumes, in 1821—24; and again in three volumes, from the Serampore press, in 1832. We shall only add here, that in the botany of India, two trees and an herb bear his name—the *Careya arborea*,—*spherica*,—and *herbacea*. The first of these, the Saul tree, is one of the woods of which Indian ships are built, and it was given by Dr. Roxburgh as a token of his respect, so long ago as the year 1797. Drawings of the *Careya arborea* and the *Careya herbacea* may be seen in Roxburgh's fasciculus of the plants of Coromandel.

The *Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India* owes its origin to Dr. Carey; the prospectus he published, dated "Mission-House, Serampore, 15th April, 1820," being the cause of its formation. What is rather singular, when the first meeting was called, no one appeared save Dr. Marshman and another gentleman; but nothing daunted, they considered the society as formed, on the 14th of September, 1821, and calling another meeting on the 21st of the following month, the plan was soon patronized by the Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings. Of this institution, of which Dr. Carey was for some time the secretary, the Governor-General is now the patron, and in 1830, 20,000 rupees, say about £2,000 was voted by Government to be bestowed in premiums for the most successful cultivation of sugar and tobacco, silk and cotton.

Nor was it to the vegetable world only that he directed his leisure moments, if leisure he ever knew; though he but seldom referred to these subjects when writing to his Christian correspondents. Now and then, however, he would glance at them, and in the present instance, you will observe the reason. "I have for a long time," says he to Dr. Ryland, so long ago as 1811, "been describing the birds of Asia, and have already accomplished almost one half of them, and some of the quadrupeds, and a few of the insects. I shall, perhaps, publish them in a series of papers in the Asiatic Researches, but have not yet determined. I have but little time to spare for these pursuits, for which I have a strong natural inclination; but I also find it very expensive, as nothing can be done without books and animals, as well as correspondents in different countries. These, I have in a good measure, but yet the work goes on very slowly. I notice this, because you mention a wish that our brethren might know something of natural history and geography. I certainly wish so too, and to shew that I do, I make this attempt to fill up this department.

In a few words, besides his valuable lectures on divinity, lectures on astronmy and geography, as well as natural history, and in Bengalee as well as English, were delivered by him for many years.

But his aptitude for acquiring languages was Dr. Carey's most wonderful natural endowment. Before he left his country for India, he had contrived, amid the pressure of poverty and the constant engagements of his school and pastoral office, to make himself sufficiently master of *six* languages, besides his native tongue, to read the Bible in each; viz, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Dutch. His knowledge of the last language was acquired, without the intervention of one elementary book, through some Dutch quarto obtained from an old woman.

As an authentic memoir of the life and labours of this great and good man is in preparation, it is not necessary for us to enlarge on the subject beyond one or two concluding notices. For a complete list of Dr. Carey's literary labours and of the publications issued from the Serampore Press, we must refer the reader to the forthcoming memoir. The entire Scriptures have been printed in six of the languages of India, besides that stupendous work of Carey's beloved and inseparable companion in labour, Dr. Marshman, the Chinese Bible; the New Testament has been printed in twenty-three languages, and portions of the Scriptures in ten others. In few words, 'God most graciously prolonged the years of his servant, till he lived to see more than 213,000 volumes of the divine word, in forty different languages, issued from the Serampore press.

There are some traits in the character of Carey, which must not be passed over. His exertions first led to the prevention of infanticide, and that of persons devoting themselves to death in the mouth of the Hooghly; and though the immolation of widows on the funeral pile went on (now suppressed,) it was through his influence that the Marquis of Wellesley left a minute, on his retiring from the Indian Government, declaring his conviction that Suttees *might and ought to be abolished*. In all works of public and private charity, Dr. Carey took an active interest. Disinterestedness and christian generosity were prominent features in the character of Carey and his brethren. The fact is history scarcely affords any parrallel example. They gave their earnings, amounting to about *eight thousand pounds* sterling, to the great cause of their mission.

Dr. Carey died in June last, of no disease, but of a gradual decay of nature. He was conscious of his approaching dissolution, and was much affected at the recollection of being permitted by Divine Providence to have laboured in India above forty years. The last cord that vibrated in his heart, was gratitude to God. It is a remarkable fact, and affords another proof of what can be done for the world we live in, that at Carey's death, the little church that he at first formed in India, has now branched out into *six and twenty churches*, in which the ordinances of religion are regularly administered.

ODDS AND ENDS: A MEDLEY.

[COMMUNICATED]

The history of a town, from the first squatter's log hut, to its Public Library, Town House, and Assembly Rooms, may be easily given in America and Australia. We can all remember when

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Graham's Town was not, and none of us dare conjecture what it may be; the following is very happy as the origin of a Highland Town. There are few more entertaining or more instructive books in the language than Macculloch's Highlands and Isles of Scotland, and its absence from our Public Library is an error of judgement in the Committee.

ORIGIN OF A HIGHLAND TOWN.

In the case of country towns, where a Highland laird or a speculating society has not interfered, it is a matter of analysis, for the fashionable science of political economy, to discover how one of them has grown, or by what cement it is united. There is a church; that is the ordinary foundation. Where there is a church, there must be a parson, a clerk, a sexton, and a midwife. Thus we account for four houses. An inn is required on the road. This produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher, and a brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the midwife, the butcher, the smith, the saddler, and the brewer, require a baker, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plum-pudding; and a grocer follows. The grocer's wife and parson's wife contend for superiority in dress; whence flows a milliner, and with the milliner, a mantuamaker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig, and to shave the smith on Saturday nights: and a stationer to furnish the ladies with paper for their sentimental correspondence; an exciseman is sent to guage the casks and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies cannot spell. A hatter, a hosier, and a linen-draper follow by degrees; and as children are born, they begin to cry out for rattles and ginger bread. The parson becomes idle and gouty, and gets a curate, and the curate gets twenty children and a wife; and thus it becomes necessary to have more shoemakers, and tailors, and grocers. In the mean time, a neighbouring apothecary, hearing with indignation that there is a community living without physic, places three blue bottles in a window; when, on a sudden, the parson, the butcher, the innkeeper, the grocer's wife, and the parson's wife, become bilious and nervous, and their children get water in the head, teeth, and convulsions. They are bled and blistered, till a physician finds it convenient to settle: the inhabitants become worse and worse every day, and an undertaker is established. The butcher having called the tailor pricklouse, over a pot of ale, Snip, to prove his manhood, knocks him down with his goose. Upon this plea, an action for assault is brought at the next sessions. The attorney sends his clerk over to take depositions and collect evidence: the clerk, finding a good opportunity, sets all the people by the ears, becomes a pettifogging attorney, and peace flies the village for ever. But the village becomes a town, acquires a bank, and a coterie of old maids; and should it have existed in happier days, might have gained a corporation, a mayor, a mace, a quarter sessions of its own, a county assembly, the assizes, and the gallows.—*Macculloch's Highlands.*

And yet, when the mind endeavors to travel through past ages, and rests its weary steps on the crumbling wall over which the young Remus could leap, to the infinite discomfiture of Romulus, the builder of Rome, what strange vicissitudes we recognize as we travel through the lapse of centuries, the varied fortunes of three thousand years. Australia has its mighty hopes, and its sublime futurity, and wants nothing that is needed for a great empire, and a sovereign people, but its century of establishment and growth; after which the language, and spirit, and character, and blood of Englishmen may overpower the feeble Asiatic characters, and rule the eastern and southern world unrivalled.

Who has not gazed in wonder and admiration at the strange hieroglyphics with which British manufactured plate is so wretchedly disfigured; and yet is it not true that we recognize these stamps as beauties, rather than disfigurement, from the knowledge of value which they impart? their precise meanings are worth knowing: but why is our plate to be so defaced? why cannot a becoming and ornamental stamp be used? better taste would not be more expensive: our present foul blotches are worthy of the good old days; let us hope that a better taste, as well as better things, are promised for the next generation.

STAMP MARKS ON GOLD AND SILVER.

Most of our readers have observed a sort of hieroglyphics stamped upon articles of plate, which only the initiated have been capable of decyphering. In a note to page 56 of the appendix in *Tate's Commercial Arithmetic*, we find this explanation of them: Standard purities of gold and silver are the purities of the coins of the kingdom, as determined from trial plates of the metals kept in the Exchequer, and all manufactured articles of these metals, except gold watch-cases, which are allowed to be made only 18 carats fine, and small articles of jewellery, must be of standard purity. To prove that they are of this fineness they are required to be tried at one of the Assay Offices, and they have the following marks stamped upon them, except they are articles that would be damaged by being stamped, and also watch-cases, with respect to the duty stamp. 1st. The maker's stamp, being the initials of his name or firm. 2d. The office stamp, to show where the assay has been made: the stamp of London or Goldsmith's Hall being a leopard's head crowned; of Sheffield, a crown; of Birmingham, an anchor; of Edinburgh, a thistle; of Dublin, a harp, &c. 3d. The date stamp, to show the year when it was stamped or made. This stamp is a letter of the alphabet, J being rejected. It extends as far as U, the alphabet being every twenty years.

Thus for 1795 the letter A; for 1806 L.
„ 1816 „ a; „ 1809 l.
„ 1836 is to be A; „ 1826 *L.*

4th. The standard stamp, which is a lion passant for the regular standards, and a crown, with the number 18, for gold watch cases only 18 carats fine. 5th. The duty stamp, which is the King's head, to show that the duty has been paid.—*Liverpool Journal, Aug.* 2.

Few men in such a humble sphere have figured more prominently before their generation, or made more noise in their day than Nash; he seems to have been a man of more merit and more talent than has been allowed him: such notoriety is not easily obtained by mere "mock importance and vulgar familiarity."

BEAU NASH.

A notice of Beau Nash, who is to figure as the hero of the new comedy at the Haymarket may not be unacceptable to our play going readers. A life of him, attributed, falsely we think, to Goldsmith, is now scarcely to be found, except on the shelves of the curious collector. The biographer styles the Beau, in the words of "Cicero," the little king of a little people. Certain it is, he raised Bath from comparative insignificance to importance. He founded the Pump room and Assembly-house, and was rewarded by the grateful corporation, whilst alive, with a statue, which was fixed, and yet remains, between the busts of Newton and Pope; and which circumstance drew from Chesterfield what Byron would call a "bone-cutting epigram." Nash was, however, a character, an extraordinary jumble of good and evil, of mock importance and vulgar familiarity. He ruled the costume of his subjects, and has been known on a ball night to strip the Duchess of Queensborough of her white apron. Indeed, to put down aprons, boots, and other external badges of slovenliness, he wrote a play for the puppets, which was enacted by Mr. Powell and his party, then flourishing at Bath. Musicians, poets, books, dancing-masters, nay, even reformed highwaymen, sought him for their patron, for one Jack Baxter, a notorious offender and blackleg, dedicated to him, from Taunton goal, his autobiography. Nash forbade the wearing of swords at Bath, to prevent mortal encounters; and sedulously checked slander among his female subjects. His equipage was sumptuous, appearing in a chariot and six greys, with footmen and French horns. He always wore a white hat, and to apologise for the singularity, said he did it purely to prevent it being stolen. It is reported of him, that whilst playing at picquet, and overhearing a man exclaim, "Heavens, how happy would all that money make me!" Nash, who won the sum, put the money into the man's hand, saying—"Go and be happy." It is this anecdote, differently related in the Spectator. Nash was honored with the confidence of the great. Princes and Lords gave him snuff-boxes, and even Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, corresponded with him. Many are the instances of his philanthropy. Though he died comparatively neglected in 1761, at the age of 88, his qualities, good and questionable, were writ in English and Latin, by Drs. Oliver and King.—*Examiner, July* 15.*

Bath is no longer the emporium of fashion; Brighton has reaped its ripe honors, and Cheltenham gleaned the fallen ears of its past harvest. Still Nash lives in the cherished traditions of its venerable dowagers, and will not be forgotten so long as one survives who has seen one of the Georgian Æra!

The writer of this having travelled through Leicestershire in his early youth, was singularly struck on reading the Heart of Mid-Lothian, at the felicitous use made of the Leicestershire proverbs, when Jenny Deans is landed in the Staunton Rectory—the "thatching of Groby Pool with pancakes!" The "agreement of the thieves, like the men of Masham when they lost their common!" are so local and so happy, that the wonder was how this singular writer

* There is in one of the volume's of the excellent Hervey, formerly of Weston Flavel, an admirable letter addressed to Beau Nash. It breathes the spirit of the Christian and the Gentleman—quite apart from that malevolence of temper called *faithfulness*.—ED.

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and made them promise never to change their religion, and always to remain united amongst themselves on 'Change. These promises have been religiously kept, and amply has the fable of the bundle of sticks been verified by the five brothers. Whenever they are about to undertake an affair of importance, all the united brethren invoke the memory of their father, which is venerated by them in a manner highly honourable to their filial feelings. Their great political operations commenced in 1813, and up to the present time it is computed their house has negotiated, in loans, subsidies, &c. upwards of 160,000 millions sterling, principally for the different monarchs of Europe; their profits have, of course, been immense. Their long and uninterrupted success was owing to their unanimity, and community of interests. Every proposition is decided by mutual deliberation. Each operation, of major or minor importance, is conducted upon a concerted and common plan; and all their individual, and combined energies, are employed to command success. Although, for several years, they have resided at a distance from each other, that circumstance has by no means caused a distance, or discord amongst them; on the contrary, it has proved a great advantage, in contributing towards the prosperity of their immense undertakings, by thus making them *au courant* of the state of the principal money markets of Europe, through a continual exchange of couriers, which generally precede the government-messengers; in this manner, each of the five brothers, from the point where he is placed, possesses a great facility for preparing and negotiating different affairs for the central establishment. It is but very recently that the tide of fortune has seemed to run less smooth for the house of Rothschild. The avidity with which they caught at the *Spanish* bonds, their calculating, and ever grasping ambition to become the financiers-in-chief of the queen's government, have caught the wary brothers at last, not in a petty mouse trap, but in a prodigious money trap, baited with reals, which, alas! are likely to turn up *unreal* mockeries. Their late losses have been estimated at from 1,200,000*l.* sterling to 2,000,000*l.* But it is not easy to fix the sum, for the following reasons. The Rothschilds' business at the Bourse is done by different agents, in such a way, that each is ignorant of the other's employer, consequently, the losses and gains cannot be fairly averaged by the public at large; except upon some great or particular purpose, the "Wondrous Five," choose not to appear on the great gambling stage, and publish their transactions in *propriâ personâ*. If rumour might be relied upon, a private pique had something to do with this first, and last, or rather latest reverse of the late golden purveyors of kings. A certain formerly proscribed count, and now, "by the vicissitudes of fate," a minister of a very critical department of the Spanish state, was refused by Rothschild a loan of 25,000*l* upon his sequestered property in Spain, when the Peninsula was under the sway of Ferdinand the Beloved. The Count de T—— was then a liberal in Paris. Baron Rothschild was then the sterling sheet anchor of the "blessed Bourbons," and had never been tainted with liberal notions in word or in deed. The quintuple firm, backed by the accredited Don A— had arranged a most *magnifique* bargain for themselves *bien entendu*; it was on the point of being legally validated, when, most unlucky *centre temps*, the erst banished count, on a certain fine morning, stepped into the national Spanish counting house at Madrid, as chief comptroller of finances. His first best step, was to annul the hopes of the Rothschilds, and, in so doing, there is no occasion to attribute personal malice, as the unlegalized contract was most unfair and disadvantageous to his country.

The *statistique* of the Wondrous Five is as follows:—

Amscha Anselmo, resides at Frankfort-sur-le Maine. He is the senior, and chief of the family, aged sixty-one years. At his house the general inventory is made out, from the private inventories furnished by the other four banks. It is there, also, that the congresses of the fraternity are generally held.

Solomon, the second brother, born September 9th, 1774, has passed his professional time, the last eighteen years, between Berlin and Vienna, chiefly at the latter.

Nathan, the third brother is in his fifty-seventh year. He is the London Rothschild.

Charles, the fourth of the five bankers, is forty-six years old. He has been established at Naples since 1821.

Jacob, the youngest in years, was born May the 5th, 1792. His consort, the baroness, is the daughter of his second brother, the Baron Solomon. Jacob has carried on his business since Anno Domini 1812, at Paris.

The Temperance Societies should attack all manner of strong drink, and every sort of narcotic and exhilarant in nature; the Vine and Tobacco should perish under their anathema, and John Barleycorn be confined to bannocks, and no longer strengthen as Double X. or stimulate as Glenlivet; but Kentucky has his own taste and his own phraseology, and we are strongly disposed to agree that the Temperance Societies are "off the trail:" put down the abuse by all means, if you can, but to deny the use is folly.

A KENTUCKIAN'S PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

"I am one of those who don't believe in the happy effects of either brandy or tobacco," replied Chevillere. "Then you are off the trail for once in your life, stranger, for I take tobacco to be one of God's mercies to the poor. Whether it came by a regular dispensation of Providence (as our parson used to say) or in a natural way, I can't tell; but hang me, if when I gets a quid of a real Kentuck twist or Maryland kite-foot into my mouth, if I ain't as proud a man as the grand Turk himself. It drives away the solemncholies, and makes a fellow feel so good natured and so comfortable; it turns the shillings in his pocket into dollars, and his wrath into fun and devilry. Let them talk about tobacco as they choose among the fine gals, and at theatres, and balls, and cotillions, and all them sort of things; but let one of 'em travel twenty miles deep into a Kentuck forest, and then see if a chew of the stuff ain't good for company and comfort."—*The Kentuckian in New-York.*

The Latin inscription over the Parisian Cook-shop, is only a Monkish maltreatment of Scripture; the fish shops and cook-shops are very commonly so decorated in Italy, particularly in Naples; it is a curious derivation:

PARISIAN RESTAURATEURS.

In the year 1756 only a few privileged persons in Paris were allowed to keep '*eating houses*.' In that year, however, an ingenious cook opened a room, elegantly furnished, with the inscription—'*Venite ad me omnes, qui stomacho laboratis et ego restaurabo vos*' over its entrance. Its novelty charmed the Parisians; public opinion established the cook, and the word *restaurabo* gave a name (*restaurant*) to the new eating-house. Places of the same description multiplied rapidly, and as suddenly revolutionised the domestic habits of the citizens. Previous to the era of *restaurateurs*, the people of Paris dined at home with their families, but since that period the great majority eat, drink, and enjoy themselves any where in preference to their respective domiciles.—*Simon's Letters to his Kinsfolk.*

The curiosities of derivation in English would be an amusing article. The word to saunter, for instance:—Saunter, (aller a la sainte terre,) from idle people who roved about the country visiting holy places or sacred shrines; to go a saincte terre-ing, was to go the round of all the Abbeys and Saints' tombs in the district.

STEAM NAVIGATION TO INDIA.

Three routes have been proposed for communicating with India by means of steam-packets: the first, by the Cape of Good Hope; the 2d, by the Mediterranean, Egypt, the River Euphrates, and the Persian Gulf. These three routes have their advantages and disadvantages, physical, political, and commercial; and these points are admirably represented and discussed in the Edinburgh Review for January. The route by the Cape has been the subject of one experiment—the voyage of the *Enterprise* in 1825. The time of her voyage to Calcutta was, in all, 113 days; the average voyage of a sailing vessel is 120 to 130 days to Calcutta. The most sanguine advocates for the renewal of this line of steam navigation, do not anticipate the probability of accomplishing the object in less than 70 days; but, be the time what it may, still it seems highly probable that half the distance can be done in half the time. The route of the Cape is clearly the route for sailing vessels with cargoes of merchandise. Politically, there are no obstacles to encounter; the ocean is our own high-way, and we have no one's leave to ask, and no one to conciliate on our route. We may deposit our coals at the Cape de Verd Islands, at St. Thomas's, at the Cape, and at Johanna or Mauritius, without fear of annoyance of any kind. The writer is clearly of opinion that it would be delightful if passengers and letters could be safely conveyed over 200 or 300 miles of land scenery, but he counterbalances the good by a reference to serious physical, political, and financial difficulties which stand in the way. The plague must not be forgotten in the comparison of the routes in India. It is not a small advantage of the Cape route, that it is free from this scourge. Egypt, and the cities of the Euphrates, are alike liable to it. The Egyptian plague might be avoided if there were a good harbour in the Mediterranean north of Suez, and the land transit were not to Cairo and Alexandria, but to lake Menzaleh. This

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was considered impracticable by the British agents in Egypt, in reply to some questions asked in 1829; but some of the witnesses before the Committee speak more encouragingly to the point.

The plague cannot be avoided on the route of the Euphrates; but it is less formidable on this line than on the route through Egypt.

Summarily, and in conclusion, observes the Reviewer, reversing the order of our enquiry, and beginning our summary with the financial branch of the question,—we recommend, to borrow the words of a writer in a Calcutta paper, a very careful consideration of 'the 'means of converting steam into rupees,' before we recommend the 'conversion of rupees into steam.' This point being disposed of, and the choice of the three routes being next to be made, we certainly give the preference to that of the Persian Gulf; as being the easiest, the most certain throughout the year, the most in the line of all our Asiatic interests, and the most economical. And we would have, for the Persian Gulf, steam vessels of great power, and of the very best description, of 500 or 600 tons measurement, and not less than 200 horse power, built in England; experience having demonstrated that vessels built in India, with engines sent from England, would be twice as costly and half as efficient. We would send them out under steam to Bombay, having deposited coals at the Cape de Verde Islands, at St. Thomas's, and St. Helena, at the Cape, at Johanna, and at the Mauritius. If one or two experiments should be conclusive against steaming round the Cape, we would work out all following vessels under sail, but we would always build them in England. These vessels would go in one run from Bombay to Bussorah, and from Bussorah to Bombay; and we are satisfied that such vessels would, through the whole year round, run the 1600 miles each way, in a week or ten days. We would provide for contingencies, by having an intermediate depot of coals at Muscat or Bassadore; but we should not contemplate the necessity of often using it.

If it should be determined to adopt the route of the Red Sea, either for the whole year, if practicable, or for that part of the year during which there is no doubt of the practicability, we would do this also with vessels of great power, capable of running the voyage in two stages; but we would not send coals to Suez at all, seeing that they must be sent either by sailing vessels beating up against the wind, in the worst part of the Red Sea, or carried by barges from Alexandria to Cairo, and by camels from Cairo to Suez, involving in either case an enormous charge. We would not send coals to Suez at all, except a small quantity to provide for contingencies, but not to be used unless the contingencies arose. We would have depots at Socotra or Aden, (Socotra, if possible,) and again, either at the Arabian port of Camoran, or the Abyssinian port of Massooah: both are islands, and therefore out of the reach of molestation. From either of those ports such a steamer as we propose would carry coals sufficient to take her to Suez and back, and the chief difficulty and expense of providing fuel be got rid of.

We do not speak now of the south-west monsoon. We are not adventurous enough to recommend the experiment in that season.

We would try the experiment of the line of the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates throughout the year. At all events, 'the physical difficul- 'ties on the line of the Red Sea appearing to be 'confined to the months of June, July, August, 'and September, and those of the river 'Euphrates to the months of November, De- 'cember, January, and February, the effective 'trial of both lines would open a certain com- 'munication with the Mediterranean in every 'month of the year, changing the line of the 'steam vessels on both sides, according to the 'seasons.'—(Resolution 10 of the Committee's Report.)

We would use the Llangennech coals, which appear to carry greater power in the same bulk than any other kind of coals; and which are exported very economically direct from South Wales to India.

But both for the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea we should look only to Bombay. There would be no saving of time sufficient to counterbalance the great additional expense and difficulty of running a steamer, on either of those lines, to Calcutta. When a steamer from Calcutta is at Point de Galle, she may as well run on round the Cape of Good Hope, and get into the line of the south east trade-wind. It is not worth while, for so small a consideration as 3000 or 4000 miles, to run to the northward again, and encounter all the risks and inconveniences of the Red Sea and the plague. If we are to carry on steam communication with Calcutta, we should do so by the Cape of Good Hope: at least from Calcutta, though not from Bombay, we would give this line a fair trial. We would reject the idea of steam navigation to Calcutta altogether; but if it were determined to have it in some way, we would try it by the Cape. Whatever line we adopt, we would build the vessels in England, and work them to India; because by so doing we should get better vessels for half the cost. The cost of an Indian-built steamer, as it appears in the Evidence, is enough to alarm the most resolute advocates for Indian steam navigation. We would build the vessels for the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf in England, and work them out to Bombay; and if the object of steam navigation to Calcutta be kept in view, we would work them out by steam; and thus make them, though destined for other lines, conducive to a series of experiments of steam navigation round the Cape. For Bombay, we should not think of this route; for Calcutta, we should prefer it to the Red Sea; though we repeat, that in consideration of the great increase of expense, and the diminished saving of distance, we should reject the idea of steam communication with Calcutta altogether.

ZOOLOGICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE HOG.

The emblem of filth, sloth, obstinacy, gluttony, and brutality: abhorred by the natives of warm climates as unclean, and subject to scrofula and leprous disorders of the skin. Hogs are highly sensible of the approach of foul weather, and run about in great agitation before storms, screaming, grunting, and snuffing up the air; whence they are said to "see the wind." Hogs are of exceedingly rapid growth, and as, when killed, their flesh takes salt more readily than the flesh of other animals, they form a valuable part of the husbandman's stock, and one of the principal objects of sale in a country fair: so, when a man has made a successful bargain, he is said to have brought his hogs to a fair market. Stubborn and inflexible obstinacy is likened to the casting of pearls before swine; and of indocible stupidity it is said, "Ne sus Minervam," You cannot make a silken purse of a sow's ear.

In some parts of the East, they were, nevertheless, objects of pastoral care and attention, if not of commerce; for the herd of swine, into which the evil spirits were suffered to enter, were under the care of feeders. (Matthew, viii. 28—34. [So in the parable of the Prodigal Son. (Luke, xv. 15.)] They are very gregarious, and in the wild and vast forests of Germany collect together in great herds; and persons who are closely packed in society are said to pig together. Hogs, like many animals in a state of domestication, bring several litters in a year, and at all seasons, from the abundance of food and accommodation which can be afforded them, as may also be observed of dogs, cats, rabbits, poultry, doves, cows, and sheep. When caught, they are seized by the ear or leg, and make a most noisy outcry: whence of a person who has fastened his suspicions on a wrong object, it is said, that he has taken the wrong sow by the ear.

The side or flitch, when salted and dried, makes bacon; and as this savoury food too frequently becomes the plunder of rats, bats, and other vermin*, it is said of him who has barely escaped a loss or an injury, that he has just saved his bacon. The smoking of hams is as old as Horace, who considered a hock of bacon and greens, as fit food for a country farmer.

"——— Tu mere edi
Quidquam præter olus, fumosæ cum pede pernæ."

The boar, when in anger, foams at the mouth, gnashes his teeth, and whets his tusks.† We learn that, at the tables of the Roman epicures, the flesh of the boar, together with the turbot, or probably the halibut, was considered as rank, and not fit to be served up, till it had been kept a long time: "putet aper rhombusque recens;" and again, "rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant." [Brawn's flesh, skilfully prepared, is, at our own tables, an esteemed and somewhat expensive kind of food.]

St. Anthony was the patron of swine, and celebrated for curing such diseases of the skin as were considered to be of swinish origin or nature, as leprosy, scrofula, and erysipelas, or Saint Anthony's fire. His monks were thence called, in derision, St Anthony's pigs; and thence originated the ironical taunt of "please the pigs;" and, as the gambols of young swine are singularly awkward, any frolic more than usually ridiculous was compared to a "tantony pig," and a stupid rustic was called a tony. In the monkish legends, it is related, that, when St. Anthony was once sorely beset by the temptations of Satan, he defied him by commanding him to shear his hogs; who, finding them more clamorous and troublesome than productive, exclaimed, that there was great cry and little wool.

Swine, if they are fed on fermented grains, or the must of cider, are subject to fits of the gout; and in large distilleries get rapidly fat and bloated, by being kept in a state of constant intoxication. The hog, although apparently shapeless and unwieldy, is of considerable swiftness and agility: for the hind legs have two bones in each, whereas there is but one in horned cattle.

The hog, as a beast of chase, forms the armorial bearing of many families. It constituted the arms of King Richard the Third: and in his reign, when great enormities were committed by himself, Ratcliff, Catesby, and Lovel whose crest was a talbot or kind of hound, an unhappy wit was hanged for the following not inelegant pasquinade:—

"The rat, the cat, and Lovel the dog,
Govern all England under the hog."

In his reign the English coin was first introduced into Ireland, whence an English shilling is in the sister island still called a hog: and after his reign, the popular sign of the hog in armour probably originated, in allusion to his unshapely person and his arms or crest. The bristles are made into brushes; and the skin of the wild boar is used in Spain to hold wine, whence the origin of our word hogshead, a corruption of hog's hide.

In the casting of metallic ores, the red-hot fusion runs from the furnace down a straight groove, and branches on each side into shorter ones, supposed by the workmen to resemble a sow suckling her little; whence the longer piece is called the sow, and the shorter ones pig iron or pig lead.

A learned monk wrote a long poem in praise of

* One of these is the larva of the insect *Dermestes lardarius*.

† Æsop has taught wise instruction by his fable of the boar whetting his tusks in time of peace, that he might be prepared for the most sudden presentment of war.

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pigs, every word of which begins with the letter P:—

"Plaudite porcelli porcorum pigra propago."

Although the flesh of the hog is held in abhorrence by the Jew and the Turk, no other animal affords so large a series of savoury viands to the table of the Christian. Every part is in use, except the brains and the marrow, which, from ancient prejudice, are thought to create melancholy. The smaller intestines make chitterlings, and the ears are made into souse; as it was said of the fiddler Crowdero.—

"His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings;
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music or for pudden."
Hudibras.

The sides of the head are made into cheeks, and the tongue is pickled. The neck or collar makes brawn; whence anything strongly muscular is called brawny. Of the shoulders are made gammons and blade-bones; of the back bone are made the chine and the griskin; the thinner portion of the ribs forms the spareribs; the sides and the belly make the flitch and the rasher; the hind legs make the ham and the hock; the feet of the sucking pig make petit toes; of the heart, the liver, and the lights, with morsels from the throat, are made the harslet or fry; of the spare lean parts are made sausages; the larger intestines, stuffed with grits mixed with the blood make black-puddings.

"And fat black-puddings, proper food
For men that most delight in blood."
Hudibras.

The bristles are made into brushes, and point the waxed thread of the shoemaker.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

EXTRAVAGANT FLATTERY CORRECTED.

HAYLEY, ANNA SEWARD, AND PORSON.

PERHAPS the vainest old maid that ever existed, was Miss Anna Seward, of Lichfield. She lived to little purpose except to write sentimental letters to Mr. Hayley, the poet, and others: a few birth-day odes and sonnets to the Moon, the Robin Red-breast, and Mr. Hayley. The latter gentleman and Miss Seward were long in the habit of playing double wickets in the compliment way, and it was difficult to discover who had the best of it in adulating each other. On the extravagant terms of flattery which Mr. Hayley and Miss Anna used in compliments to one another, Professor Porson frequently indulged much satirical observation. The following dialogue is supposed to take place between the parties:

Miss SEWARD *loquitor.*
Tuneful Poet, Britain's glory,
Mr. Hayley, that is you.

HAYLEY *respondet.*
Ma'am, you carry all before you.
Trust me, Lichfield Swan, you do.

Miss SEWARD.
Ode, dramatic, epic, sonnet,
Mr. Hayley, you're divine.

Mr. HAYLEY.
Ma'am, I'll take my oath upon it,
You, yourself, are all the Nine."

The Three Wives—A sitter came to Copley, father of the present Lord Lyndhurst, and had himself, his wife, and some children, all included in a family piece. "It wants something," said he, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this is my second." "But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, Sir; what can I do? She is only to be admitted as an angel" "Oh no, not at all," answered the other, "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me."—The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back. When he returned he had a stranger lady on his arm. "I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said, "an accident befel my second wife: this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied; the likeness was introduced, and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses; not so the lady—she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.

Domestic Servants.—The number of female servants in Britain is upwards of 700,000; and if their ages were calculated, we do not doubt it would be found that two-thirds of all the British damsels between the ages of 15 and 25, are domestic servants. Yet, notwithstanding, this immense supply of female labourers, the demand is superior to it; their wages rise, and their prosperity is strikingly evinced by their elegant garments and costly decorations. Male servants are not so numerous, yet the demand is superior to the supply; and the services of a footman gratuitously educated at the parish school, already command an equal remuneration, and promise to command a higher price than the services of a curate, who has expended large sums in the acquirement of classic lore at the universities.—*Browning's Political and Domestic Condition of Great Britain.*

SELECT NOTICES.

American Regard to the Old Country.—It is a curious fact that American works are little read in America, until they have at least been stamped by English approval. We do not altogether like this want of *self-respect.*——*Rio, 1st June*, 1834.—The prison contains at present 627 prisoners. A traveller who recently visited this seat of iniquity, observes:—In the street four prisoners were chained by the neck to the wall, begging—they were asking justice. An opportunity was thus offered to those who were without money, to obtain means to pay for their trial, and *fee their Lawyers.*——*Making Butter.*—The primitive mode of churning butter, by putting the cream into large gourds or dry skins, placing them on a donkey's back, and making the animal trot round till the operation is completed, is still practised in Chili.——*What is Power?*—Power must be founded either on *property* or on *ability*, i. e. intellect.——*Rio.*—"At Rio," says Dr Webster, "two thirds of the population are in bondage, and numbers are to be seen linked together, drawing carts and sledges, like the brutes that perish." —*Monte Video*—The people of Monte Video are great riders; they do almost every thing on horse-back. The peasant (the gaucho,) for instance, seems to be nobody without his horse. If any thing is wanted from the most trifling distance he mounts. He sows his grain on horse-back; beggars have been known to follow their calling in the same state.——*The late Mr Sotheby, the Poet.*—He died recently, in the 77th year of his age. The Holy Scriptures were daily his study, and his hopes were founded upon what they teach.——*Ireland.*—Mr. Inglis, in his new work on Ireland, has ascertained that the greater proportion of the lower classes in Ireland, die prematurely of destitution.——*Monkeys.*—There are, it appears, two or three monkeys in the Zoological Gardens of London, whose passion for snuff affords much amusement to visitors. The Quarterly Review says, "a friend of ours, on visiting a monkey in Cheapside some time since, soon after his arrival from India, he found him in the act of finishing his mutton chop and potatoes, and about to begin his usual pipe, with the accompaniment of Madeira negus. He lighted the pipe, and filled the bowl for himself."

DAVID HUME A PROPHET.

The following prophetic vision by David Hume, of our present Reform Bill, and of the various points under discussion, connected therewith, cannot fail to be interesting as exhibiting the acuteness of the historian, and at the same time his political character in a different light from that in which it is generally viewed. We quote from volume 1st of an edition of his Essays, published 1788, from an Essay entitled, "Idea of a perfect Commonwealth," page 460.

"The chief alterations that could be made on the BRITISH Government, in order to bring it to the most perfect model of limited monarchy, seem to be the following. *First*, the plan of Cromwell's Parliament ought to be restored, by making the representation equal, and by allowing none to vote in the country elections who possess not a property of 200 pounds value. *Secondly*, As such a House of Commons would be too weighty, for a frail House of Lords, like the present, the Bishops and Scotch Peers ought to be removed. The number of the Upper House ought to be raised to three or four hundred: Their seats not hereditary, but during life: They ought to have the election of their own members; and no commoner should be allowed to refuse a seat that was offered to him. By this means the House of Lords would consist entirely of the men of chief credit, abilities, and interest in the nation; and every turbulent leader in the House of Commons might be taken off, and connected by interest with the House of Peers. Such an aristocracy would be an excellent barrier both to the Monarchy and against it. At present, the balance of our Government depends in some measure on the abilities and behaviour of the Sovereign, which are variable and uncertain circumstances.

This plan of limited monarchy, however corrected, seems still liable to three great inconveniences, *First*, It removes not entirely, though it may soften, the parties of *court* and *country*. *Secondly*, The King's personal character must still have great influence on the Government. *Thirdly*, The sword is in the hands of a single person, who will always neglect to discipline the militia, in order to have a pretence for keeping up a standing army.

ADVENTURE IN LOUISIANA.

From Audubon's "Ornithological Biography."

THOUGH we have scarcely opened the volume we have already come upon one of those sketches of wild life, the introduction of which into this paper must be acceptable to every reader. We can only make room for a part of it:—

Late in the afternoon of one of those saltry days which render the atmosphere of the Louisiana swamps pregnant with baneful effluvia, I directed my course towards my distant home, laden with a pack consisting of five or six Wood Ibises, and a heavy gun, the weight of which, even in those days when my natural powers were unimpaired, prevented me from moving with much speed. Reaching the banks of a miry bayou, only a few yards in breadth, but of which I could not ascertain the depth on account of the muddiness of its waters, I thought it might be dangerous to wade through it with my burden; for which reason, throwing to the

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opposite side each of my heavy birds in succession, together with my gun, powder flask, and shot-bag, and drawing my hunting-knife from its scabbard to defend myself, if need should be, against alligators, I entered the water, followed by my faithful dog. As I advanced carefully and slowly, Plato swam around me, enjoying the refreshing influence of the liquid element that cooled his fatigued and heated frame. The water deepened, as did the mire of its bed; but with a stroke or two I gained the shore.

Scarcely had I stood erect on the opposite shore when my dog ran to me exhibiting marks of terror, his eyes seeming ready to burst from their sockets, and his mouth grinning with the expression of hatred, while his feelings found vent in a stifled growl. Thinking that all this was produced by the scent of a wolf or a bear, I stooped to take up my gun, when a stentorial voice commanded me to 'stand still or die!' Such a *qui vive* in these woods was as unexpected as it was rare. I instantly raised and cocked my gun; and although I did not yet perceive the individual who had thus issued so peremptory a mandate, I felt determined to combat with him for the free passage of the grounds. Presently a tall firmly-built negro emerged from the bushy underwood, where, until that moment, he must have been crouched, and in a louder voice repeated his injunction. Had I pressed a trigger his life would have instantly terminated, but observing that the gun which he aimed at my breast was a wretched rusty piece, from which fire could not readily be produced, I felt little fear, and therefore did not think it necessary to proceed at once to extremities. I laid my gun at my side, tapped my dog quietly, and asked the man what he wanted.

My forbearance, and the stranger's long habit of submission, produced the most powerful effect on his mind. 'Master,' said he, 'I am a run-away. I might perhaps shoot you down; but God forbids it, for I feel just now as if I saw him just ready to pass his judgment against me for so foul a deed, and I ask mercy at your hands. For God's sake do not kill me, master!' And why, answered I, have you left your quarters, where certainly you must have fared better than in these unwholesome swamps? 'Master, my story is a short but a sorrowful one. My camp is close by, and as I know you cannot reach home this night, if you will follow me there, depend upon *my honor* you shall be safe until the morning, when I will carry your birds, if you choose, to the great road.'

After trudging along for some distance, and crossing several bayous, at all of which he threw his gun and knife to the opposite bank, and stood still until I got over, we came to the borders of an immense cane brake, from which I had, on former occasions, driven and killed several deer We entered, as I had frequently done before, now erect, then on 'all fours.' He regularly led the way; divided here and there the tangled stalks, and whenever he reached a fallen tree assisted me in getting over with all possible care. I saw that he was a perfect Indian in the knowledge of the woods, for he kept a direct course as precisely as any 'Redskin' I ever travelled with. All of a sudden he emitted a loud shriek, not unlike that of an owl, which so surprised me that I once more instantly levelled my gun. 'No harm, master; I only give notice to my wife and children that I am coming' A tremulous answer of the same nature gently echoed through the tree tops.

In the heart of the cane brake, I found a camp A small fire was lighted, and on its embers lay griddling some large slices of venison. A lad nine or ten years old was blowing the ashes from some fine sweet potatoes Various articles of household furniture were carefully disposed around, and a large pallet of bear and deer skins seemed to be the resting-place of the whole family. The wife raised not her eye towards mine, and the little ones, three in number, retired into a corner, like so many discomfited racoons; but the Runaway, bold and apparently happy, spoke to them in such cheering words that at once one and all of them seemed to regard me as one sent by Providence to relieve them from all their troubles. My clothes were hung up by them to dry, and the negro asked if he might grease and clean my gun, which I permitted him to do, while the wife threw a large piece of deer's flesh to my dog, which the children were already caressing.

Only think of my situation, reader! Here I was, ten miles at least from home, and four or five from the nearest plantation, in the camp of runaway slaves, and quite at their mercy. My eyes involuntarily followed their motions, but as I thought I perceived in them a strong desire to make me their confidant and friend, I gradually relinquished all suspicion. The venison and the potatoes looked quite tempting, and by this time I was in a condition to relish much less savoury fare; so, on being humbly asked to divide the viands before us, I partook of as hearty a meal as I had ever done in my life.

Supper over, the fire was completely extinguished, and a small lighted pine knot placed in a hollowed calabash. Seeing that both the husband and wife were desirous of communicating to me, I at once and fearlessly desired them to unburden their minds: when the Runaway told me a tale of which the following is the substance:—

About eighteen months before, a planter residing not very far off, having met with some losses, was obliged to expose his slaves at a public sale The value of his negroes was well known, and on the appointed day the auctioneer laid them out in small lots, or offered them singly, in the manner which he judged most advantageously to their owner. The Runaway, who was well known as being the most valuable next to his wife, was put up by himself for sale, and brought an immoderate price. For his wife, who came next, and alone, eight hundred dollars were bidden, and paid down. Then the children were exposed, and, on account of their breed, brought high prices. The rest of the slaves went off at rates corresponding to their qualifications.

The Runaway chanced to be purchased by the overseer of the plantation; the wife was bought by an individual residing about a hundred miles off, and the children went to different places along the river—the heart of the father and husband had failed him under this dire calamity. For a while he pined in deep sorrow under his new master; but having marked down in his memory the names of the different persons who had purchased each dear portion of his family, he feigned illness if, indeed, he whose affections had been so grievously blasted could be said to feign it, refrained from food for several days, and was little regarded by the overseer, who felt himself disappointed in what he considered a bargain.

On a stormy night, when the elements raged with all the fury of a hurricane, the poor Negro made his escape, and being well acquainted with all the neighbouring swamps, at once made directly for the cane brake, in the centre of which I found his camp. A few nights afterwards he gained the abode of his wife, and the very next after their meeting he led her away. The children one after another he succeeded in stealing, until at last the whole objects of his love were under his care.

To provide for five individuals was no easy task in those wilds, which after the first notice was given of the wonderful disappearance of this extraordinary family, were daily ransacked by armed planters.

We may conclude this interesting anecdote by telling the reader that the Runaways were, by the intervention of our author, placed in a state of comparative comfort under the protection of a Louisiana planter.

THE PROPHETIC ALMANACK.

(From Old Francis Moore, 1855.)

The present Parliament was called on the day when the moon was in conjuction with the sun, and in evil aspect to both Saturn and Mars, in moveable signs. I am confident that it will disappoint those who summoned it, and be of *very brief existence*. The sun and moon, on the 30th December, were in the 90th degree of Capricorn, a square aspect to the 9th degree of Libra, where evil Saturn was at the last birthday of his Majesty, a position always evil to the person then born, or who was born when the sun was in that place, &c. The planet Saturn, on the 7th inst., was in the 22 deg. 40 min. of the sign Libra, (*vide* "White's Ephemeris,") and that was where the moon was at 4 A.M. on the 21st of August, 1765, when the King was born. Now on that day, as I predicted, the King met with *vexation*, by the city election, &c. going against his ministry. This evil passage of Saturn over the moon's place (which can happen only once in about thirty years) proves that the King is now acting under evil influence.

In the King's nativity the moon came to the aspect of Mars (*sine latitudine*) in October last, which caused the change of ministry. In March and in April there are other aspects formed, which will produce some very *sudden and great changes and much violence in the nation*. There will be much evil about the 25th of February to the Government, as Saturn, falling retrograde, will again pass over the moon's place at the King's birth. I judge that a vote of the commons *hostile to the ministry* will on that day be recorded. And before April be over, changes again occur in the ministry. In May the affairs of the church will cause great excitement and trouble to the King; *a vast change begins*. In June *military proceedings* will draw much attention; and some tumult may be feared. In August the moon forms a sextile aspect with her own place at the King's birth, (*sine lat.*) which will bring beneficial changes and benefits to the nation; things appear more settled and the nation more prosperous.

If these predictions be fulfilled, of which I am confident, I will then offer you some observations on the remainder of the year. In the mean time I predict decidedly, that the *present ministry is destined to a very brief existence*; but that they will make a desperate struggle, in which the constitution will suffer a severe shock. The people will *eventually triumph*, but not without great turmoil and excitement, and I fear some blood shed.

A THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION

In the presence of the Emperors and Kings at Erfurth, in 1808 By Madame J. Schopenhaner, translated from the French.

What an extraordinary bustle prevailed within the little circuit of the town of Erfurth, now so deserted! What an epoch was that, when the all-powerful will of that extraordinary man (who for a number of years past has reposed on the rock of St. Helena from the wonderful dream of life) called around him there, as if by a magic wand, emperors, kings, and the most remarkable men of the times.

Napoleon had sent for the principal actors of the Theatre Francais to Erfurth; Talma, Madlle Duchesnois, Madlle. Mars, the beautiful Georges, the charming Burgoing, appeared several times a week in the first characters before that august assembly. A little theatre found in the old convent of the Jesuits, had been arranged for this purpose with a promptitude and elegance truly French.

I was fortunate enough to be placed with two of my friends in the front of a box near the stage, whence we could easily see every thing that went on in the parquet. We congratulated ourselves upon being so comfortable, but our hap-

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piness did not last long. Those boxes near us became by degrees full to overflowing. The door of ours flew violently open. How! cried an enraged soldier or gendarme, I do not know which, placed there to take care of us.—How is this? Three females upon three chairs! There is room for six, introducing at the same time between us two ladies, who were fortunately of our acquaintance.

All the other boxes were becoming more and more full as well as ours; we were dreadfully squeezed; we could scarcely move; the heat was enough to kill us, but we had no time for it.—The importance of the grand spectacle which was about to present itself to our view in the parquet so occupied our thoughts, that we forgot all the inconveniences of our situation.

Directly in front of the stage were placed two arm chairs for the two Emperors, and on each side of them common chairs for the Kings and reigning Princes. The space behind these seats began to be filled. Statesmen and Generals of most of the European Powers, men whose names were then celebrated, and are now become in a great degree historical, came in. Uniforms bedizzened with gold, and an air of vivacity and assurance, distinguished the French from the Germans, who were more serious and unassuming. There was Berthier, and Soult, and Caulincourt, and Savary, and Lannes, and Duroc, and many others equally celebrated. It seemed as if the greatness of their master was reflected upon all their countenances. We saw Goethe with his calm and dignified face and the venerable Wieland; the Grand Duke of Weimer had invited them to Erfurth. The Duke of Gotha and several reigning Princes and branches of the royal families of Germany were formed in a group round these veterans of German literature.

A roll of drums was heard without. That's the Emperor! said every one all through the streets. Simpletons, what are you thinking of? bawled out in a rage the commanding officer to the drummers; it is only a King! In fact one of the German Monarchs entered the house, and three other Kings appeared shortly afterwards. Then came the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, without noise and without eclat. The King of Westphalia, who arrived later, eclipsed them all by the brilliancy of his rich embroideries and precious stones. The Emperor Alexander, with his majesty's majestic figure, came in afterwards. The great box opposite the state dazzled our eyes with the glare that it threw into the house. The Queen of Westphalia, covered with diamonds, sat in the centre; by the side of her the charming Stephanie, Graad Duchess of Baden, was remarked for her grace, and still more for her style of dress. Some German Princesses were sitting near the two reigning Princesses; and the Lords and Ladies of their Courts occupied the back of the box.

At this time Talleyrand appeared in a small box contrived for him upon a level with the parquet near the state, for an infirmity in his feet would not allow of his standing in the parquet. The Emperor and Kings stood up before the box conversing with this Minister who was sitting at his ease. Every body was assembled: he alone who had been the cause of bringing all these great men together, was not yet come, and he made them wait some time.

At last, another and louder roll was heard. All eyes were directed with impatient curiosity to the entrance door. At length the most incomprehensible man of the most inconceivable period appeared. Dressed as usual in the most simple manner, he made a slight inclination to the Sovereigns present who had been kept waiting for him so long, and sat himself down in the arm chair to the right of the Emperor of Russia. His squat and rather shapeless figure was a contrast to the stately mien of Alexander. The four Kings took their seats upon the chairs without arms, and the play began. But in vain did Talma display all his art; as for us, we could neither see nor attend to any thing else than the parquet before us. The gendarmes in the mean time, at the door of our box, did all they could to make up for our want of manners, by teaching us between the acts the etiquette to be observed in the presence of the master of the world. Put down that opera glass—the Emperor will not have it, cried one of them, poking himself forward over the heads of the ladies sitting behind us. Sit upright, do not stretch forth your neck so—the Emperor does not like it, ejaculated the other.

This was a great impertinence truly; but we followed the example of the Kings and Princes before us, and supported impatiently from the French what we could not help.

Immediately after the performance of the tragedy, which he had perhaps seen a hundred times, Napoleon put himself in an easy position in his arm chair, and fell into a profound sleep. It is well known, that at any hour of the day or night he could go to sleep whenever he chose: ocular witnesses assure us, that in the middle of a decisive battle he would purposely give himself up to sleep for an hour or two, in order to collect fresh strength, and that he would always awake at a stated hour. On the day of this representation at Erfurth he had fatigued himself in exercising the troops in the field for several hours together.

THE WORKING BEES AN EXAMPLE TO THE DRONES.

DUTCH PREACHING.

Divine Worship is held five times a-day in the Reformed Churches of Amsterdam; at 7, 10, 12, 2, and 5 o'clock. Besides this, says the Rev. Theodore Fliedner, in his collection-tour in Holland, there is a peculiar kind of service held in several of the large cities such as Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden, called Poors-preachings, intended for the very poorest class of the people, who, from want of decent clothes, are ashamed to attend the ordinary services, and who cannot easily understand connected and systematic preaching. These are held in particular localities, in school-houses, small churches, &c. on Sunday, from two to three o'clock, or, in summer, from five to six in the evening.

'I attended such a poors-preaching at Leyden, and was deeply affected by it. The large hall of the Latin school was the place of meeting,—I came rather late. The preacher, (the young, faithful, and rejoicing Verwey,) was standing in the pulpit, engaged in the introductory prayer. To the very door, and on the steps, stood the poor, crowded together, with bent heads and listening ears, catching every word. I followed their example, and remained standing on the stair until prayer was ended, and then a death-like stillness permitted every word to be heard. I then urged my way forwards with more force through the crowd of heads that besieged the entrance, and took my stance amid the crowd in the fore part of the hall, holding down my three-crowned clerical hat, in order to escape observation, and that all might have their attention undisturbed. The hall was well suited to those who filled it. It was lofty and unadorned; the colours of the walls and furniture were faded; long ranges of benches and chairs stood on the back part up to the middle of the apartment, so that about two-thirds could sit while the remainder stood. In the back wall, there was a huge half-decayed fire-place, around and even within which there were men placed for want of room elsewhere. Even the narrow intervals between the benches and chairs were fully occupied. The teacher's chair, at the other end, served for the pulpit, old and plain, but raised a few steps. Those very steps were filled with people up to the very place where the preacher stood. Four grey headed men stood next him on both sides with ear-horns, to catch the words as they fell from his lips. In a circle around him, betwixt myself and the pulpit, I beheld a motley assemblage of men, women, and children, with threadbare coats, tattered waist-coats, patched aprons, and wooden shoes.

'The preacher read out a hymn with a stronger and fuller voice, as at the time they had no psalm and hymn books, and they sung with full hearts the word of thanksgiving and trust, [illegible] He then gave out as his text the conversion of the heathen centurion, Cornelius, in the Acts of the Apostles, chap. x. ver. 34—43; and having read the whole narrative, he gave, in his own way, the meaning and application of the whole. All are attention. He advances into his subject, pictures the great grace that was the portion of Cornelius, as the reward of his quiet domestic piety, and proposes him as an example for the fathers and mothers of families [illegible] why they are less importunate than this heathen was in prayer and entreaty for that grace which was daily offered to them; draws the curtains of their hearts, and they seem ashamed of the iniquity of their doings. With lively eloquence he points mourners to the inexhaustible fountain of consolation,—to the blood of Jesus Christ. He explains every thing from the text, reading, opening up, and applying it verse by verse. His full heart cannot cease pouring forth its consolations and admonitions: new weighty considerations rush into his mind; new, weighty circumstances in the condition of his hearers, rise before his spirit. He reasons, and powerfully reasons with them. Were his hearers wearied? O look now at the assemblage! How one, with head unmoved, gazes at the pulpit, as if he looked towards God's Zion, whence his salvation cometh! How earnestly these look at their Bibles, reading over and over again what the preacher has expounded! There sits a mother, her arms folded round the babe at her breast, but her eyes and ears are intently fixed on the messenger of God's word. In a corner sit some less manageable and stronger children,—you look at them; their carnal nature might well tempt them to leave the crowded room for the open air, but the spirit triumphs over the flesh. They are, as it were, rooted in their place by the word. Many are wearied with the long standing, but not with hearing. There the old mother who has been sitting, makes way for the old father, who has been standing,—the child gives his seat to the boy; and thus you see many, though strangers to each other, exchange seats for standing-room from mere brotherly kindness. Behind a long bench lies a woman, sunk down upon her knees, but intently looking and listening. Well may these aged knees have failed from the fatigue of long standing, but man sees with the outward eye; her still more lowly spirit harmonises with her body. Heavy lies the air above the crowded assemblage in the dampened room. The perspiration burst from my forehead, and my chest feels oppressed. From more than one fresh countenance the colour departs, but they still hold out. Others of weaker constitution, find they must draw a few breaths of fresh air out of doors, but soon return to their places, so as to lose as little as possible. An aged pair sat near me, the very picture of the most deplorable poverty. Their cheeks were wan and sunken,—grief had deeply furrowed their bleached foreheads: on these you might read the questions which, for years, they had daily put for themselves and their children,—What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed? Their bodies threaten to give way under the weary labours and scanty nourishment of the week, and the unsympathizing world will not refresh and reinvigorate them. They have hastened to the house to which a more compassionate friend had directed them, to revive their wearied souls, to raise their heads for awhile above the dust, and to transplant themselves, though but for a moment, into a land of peace, where the voice of the taskmaster is no more heard, and where they shall hunger and thirst no more. But how can they leave their young children? They do not leave them,—they have taken them with them to the house of God, as their dearest treasure, and fond

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objects of their care; one little thing lies at its mother's breast, another is on her lap, a third stands between its father's knees, and thoughtfully holds his cap in his hands. The longer the preacher speaks, their straitened heart feels more enlarged. Their looks of distress clear away, like the clouds from the sky after a heavy storm. They behold here, aye, that even in answer to a gentile's prayers, the most precious of all treasures, the saving grace of God in Christ was imparted, and that God is not a respecter of persons; they listen as the preacher with holy warmth proclaims:—'God so loved the world that he gaved his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life:' that all kinds of people who feared him are accepted with him in the beloved. Even they, poor common people, even they should have eternal life, if so they believed. Even for this world, they should receive all that was needful. Why did they doubt, people of little faith? He who hath given for us the highest proof of love, the most precious gift that heaven or earth could furnish, even his only begotten Son, how shall he not with him give us all things? As a mother forgets not her little one, so the Lord will not forget thee. And though the mother forget her little one, yet will I not forget thee, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. At these words, the mother who had forgotten the child at her breast gives it a silent look, and presses it to her bosom. 'Behold the flowers of the field, O ye of little faith;' they clothe themselves not, and yet are they clothed; they provide not for themselves, yet are they provided for. Behold the ravens at the brook cry to me for food and I refuse them not. Are not ye then much more than they? Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Is not the body more than clothing, and the soul more than the body? Behold the message of salvation is declared to you, 'I have compassion on your souls, shall I not then compassionate your bodies also?' So speaks the compassionate God, who is faithful, and will you not believe, because you are poor, because you are in a state of suffering? Oh it is good for you that you are poor, that you are lowly, that you suffer! Behold, since the world neglects you, lift up your eyes unto me. Since all your running and toiling brings you not this world's happiness, pray for a blessing from me. The horse that is glutted with oats and clover, is not the most indefatigable in labour, nor the strongest at pulling, nor the fleetest in running. So must every one among men, that would obtain an unfading crown, learn to endure and to struggle. Therefore now, my friends, ever pressing forwards be your foot, and ever upwards be your eye! There, there gleams the prize!

'And is then the glory above not worth the toil and the sufferings of this world? Yonder shines over against us the heavenly Jerusalem, the city of the living God! There our heart shall no more sigh; there our feet no more shall weary. Yonder is the peace of God provided for those who labour here below according to his will. There, there shall be no more suffering, no more crying, no more sorrow. There, there shall be reaped in joy what here is sown in tears. Without sowing there can be no reaping. Therefore, dear people, sow cheerfully! Soon will the seed-time be past, and you shall know the rejoicing of the reaper, the harvest-song, yea, the hallelujahs of the reaper and of the harvest-bands, who there surround the throne of God and of the Lamb with praises day and night, and who stretch forth their hands towards you that they may receive you into their circle.

'The preacher concludes. He desires for all this peace of God, this dawn of the eternal day, and pronounces 'Amen.' And all hearts respond —Amen!

'Happy, thought I, as I returned, happy he who thus preaches the Gospel to the poor. Blessed, also, are the poor in spirit, for they shall be rich.

'As I went out I remarked that many, almost the greater number, put some money into the poor's-box which was fastened to the wall. They did not reckon themselves so poor, as that they might not give something from their poverty when receiving such riches. I returned home much moved.'

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

(BY VIVIAN.)

SUN-RISE AT THE CAPE,—LIGHT, AND SOME OF ITS PROPERTIES.

We have often at this season of the year, thought it late ere morning dawned upon our Cape world. Ere the shutters of heaven were unbarred, and light dawned upon us, and the sun rejoiced to run "the business of the day." But what reason have we to complain? nay, how grateful should we be for our cup of privileges!—"good measure, pressed down, and running over." How should we like to exchange places with the native of the polar circles? The tract of land lying within the boundaries of these circles, during *six months* in the year, feels no day to visit it. The shivering inhabitant of these desolate regions, when he has sighed his last farewell to the sun, and seen the lingering twilight fade from his horizon, descends forlorn and cheerless to crouch over the fire, and to kindle his oil to pour a little artificial day over his gloomy cavern, concealed from the horrors of winter beneath the surface of the earth. But how glorious are our Cape mornings of sun-rising! Reader, did you ever look out to watch the sublime spectacle? We put the question, because the other day we happened to fall in with a group, consisting of six individuals, who all candidly acknowledged that they had never witnessed a sun-rise. To those commanding a view of Table Bay, how magnificent the burst of the sun's morning splendour upon this arm of the sea! Here the contemplative at once enter into the spirit of calm magnificence, religious veneration, and devotional composure. And then, at these seasons, is it not reasonable to ask—by what inconceivable magic is this ancient luminary which we saw a few hours before retiring to rest weary, and glowing in the evening, the same youthful orb that awakes bathed in dew, and rises from behind the grey curtains of the dawn? But there is another grand agent of the Creator, antecedent to that of the sun. We allude to LIGHT, and it is to a few of the qualities of this atmospheric emanation we invite the reader's attention.

Light exercises a very great influence on living animal matter, as well as upon vegetable. The action of the rays of light upon colour is sufficiently well known. The parts exposed to them are always of a deeper tint than those which are covered, and the union of the two is distinct; they never shade into each other. It is the same with vegetables as with animals. A flower will spring from a plant kept in total darkness, but it is perfectly white; whilst, again, the flowers of the tropics are all distinguished by the extreme brilliancy and depth of their colours. By the continued exposure to the light, not only does the skin get darker, but it likewise gets thicker, coarser, and harder. It would seem as if, in warm climates, nature, in some measure, balanced the heat with the light; and that the latter was the preventive of the too great perspiration and relaxation produced by the former. The light increases likewise the solidity and tension of the muscular fibre, and it is owing to these circumstances that one sweats more in the shade than under the direct rays of the sun, and that the labourer is, comparatively with the idler, as hardy in the tropics as in the temperate regions. In no way is the influence of light better distinguished from that of heat, than by what we find in warm countries, where we perceive that the man who lives in the shade, covered with garments, is of a soft and flaccid habit of body, inactive and lazy; whilst he again who is obliged to labour almost entirely unclothed, in the face of the burning sun, is strong, active, and vigorous. Witness the Chinese Mandarin, and the Arab. When light, especially accompanied with heat, is very intense, it excites inflammation under the form of erysipelas; and when it strikes suddenly it occasions inflammation of the brain, and sometimes death, as in the well known instance of the *coup de soleil*. It is frequently, likewise, the exciting cause of mania. Esquirol* states, that the greatest number of cases of madness occur in summer, fewer in spring, fewer still in autumn, and the least in winter. Deformity, and more especially that arising from rickets in young children, has been ascribed to the deficiency of light. It is well known to medical men that scrofula, in all its varieties, is most frequently met with amongst the inhabitants of narrow streets and lanes.

But light is not solely a stimulant or a tonic in consequence of its rays falling on the body. It acts likewise as such by its application to the eye. This organ is exercised by it, in the same way as the limbs are exercised by walking, and the benefit of this exercise is distributed over the whole body. A person gets as much fatigued, and perhaps more painfully wearied, by too long exercise of light, as by too long walking. The eye too of a person accustomed to examine minute objects becomes stronger from this constant exercise, as the right arm of the blacksmith becomes much more vigorous by the constant use of the sledge hammer. In the cell which, to the man who has just quitted the blaze of heaven's day, appears filled with impenetrable darkness, the wretched and miserable prisoner can distinguish every object, and can watch the labours of the spider, or follow, with his eye, the track of the loathsome worm.

After every operation on the eye, or in every case of acute disease of that organ, the light is carefully excluded. And this, it may be said, is right, because the light affects the organ directly. But have we not the darkened chamber, in every acute disease? And what is the reason of this? It is because the light affecting the eye becomes, indirectly, as much a stimulant, and consequently highly injurious, as heat applied to the body, or brandy taken into the stomach.†

* See his observations on the Illusions of the Insane, and on the Medico-Legal question of their confinement, translated and published by Dr. W. Liddel, a copy of which is in the Public Library.

† Yes, and we are quite sure many of our maladies in Cape Town, as affecting the eyes and the head, arise from the constant bedaubings of

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HOW TO *DESPATCH* ACCORDING TO LAW.

THE following is the Form of Permission to quit the Mauritius, by which it will be seen that there are more ways than one of *despatching* an unfortunate traveller "agreeably to Law."

"Security having been given in the Court of First Instance, by ———, in favor of ———, I hereby *despatch* the said person on board of the ———, *agreeably to Law*,"

* * *

Chief Commissary of Police.

THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

A Correspondent inquires — 'How does it happen at the Cape that Religion, Law, and Physic is without a single Paper, Journal, or Pamphlet devoted to any of these learned departments?'

SIGN PAINTERS, &c.

Sign Painters, Caricaturists, and Quizzers, are known to be the greatest rogues imaginable. Many of the former are well known to indulge in the humourous and the ridiculous. Some from sheer amusement, others from ignorance. We all know well enough the corruption of the *Belle Sauvage* Inn, London, to *Bell and Savage*, and of the *Bulougne Mouth* to *Bull and Mouth*.

The Inn at Rondebosch bears the sign of three drinking cups, it is called the *Three Cups Inn*. This is an English sign-painter's interpretation of *De Drie Koppen*. (*Three heads* being for a long time attached to the spot on a pole as a warning to murderers.) The other day a vessel was sold at the Commercial Exchange, by Mr. J. M. Maynard. Her name was the *Siroc*, but the painter re-christened it, and wrote on her *Shylock*. Messrs. Sinclair, not long since, ordered their new vessel to be called, very properly, after their own good name, *The Sinclair*. The painter hit upon an abbreviation, and changed the whole into *St. Clair*. But De J——, in the Cape olden time, was a great wag at sign-painting. A man and his vrouw, who had set up a house of entertainment in Cape Town, sent for the painter to adjust the terms of a *Bear* for a sign-board, to be affixed over the door. "What sort of a Bear do you want?" inquired de J——, "a *loose* Bear, or a *fastened* Bear?" "What's the difference?" asked Mynheer. "Why, rejoined de J——, "for a loose Bear I charge Rds. 50; for a fastened Bear Rds. 100." "Nonsense," observed the wife, "Rds. 50 is quite enough, what signifies the bit of chain and pole." The loose Bear is accordingly represented, and placed in front of the house. Three weeks scarcely transpire, when after a night of heavy rain, a neighbour runs into the house of mine Host, and exclaims—"Why, your Bear is off." "Off, off! what do you mean?" replies the publican. On examination it turns out that the rain had banished the Bear from the board. The painter is sent for, and in defence pleads that the party would not allow of a *fastened* Bear, but chose rather a *loose* one. The truth is, that the latter was simply done in chalk and water, and the former would have been *fastened* by *oil colour*.

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the *white-washed* houses. And there stand the Commercial Exchange and the Public Library, the very focus of the evil—always renewing the glare by their eternal *white-washing*. Why not change the colour after the admirable manner of Deane & Johnson's premises over the way, and Dr. Murray's, near at hand? Not, by the bye, as it regards the architectural masonry of the latter, but simply as it relates to colour.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

FOR BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Rowland's Kalydor,

Patronised by her Majesty, the Royal Family, the Prince and Princess Esterhazy, and the Nobility.

WARRANTED perfectly innocent, yet possessing properties of surprising energy, it eradicates all CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, SPOTS, REDNESS, &c. gradually producing a delicate, clear and soft Skin: transforms even the most SALLOW COMPLEXION into RADIANT WHITENESS, realizing delicate

White NECK, HANDS, and ARMS,
and imparting a BEAUTIFUL JUVENILE BLOOM to the COMPLEXION.

Successfully render HARSH and ROUGH SKIN, beautifully soft, smooth and even; imparts to the FACE, NECK, and ARMS, a healthy and juvenile Bloom; and to the Skin a pleasing COOLNESS, truly comfortable and refreshing. It is equally indispensable at the Nursery as at the Toilet, perfectly innoxious, it is recommended by the first Physicians to the most delicate Lady or Infant with the assurance of safety and efficacy; possessing softening and healing properties, and gives, in cases of incidental inflammation, immediate relief.

GENTLEMEN whose Faces are tender after SHAVING, will find it excellent beyond precedent in ameliorating and allaying that most unpleasant sensation, the irritability of the skin.

Sold in Half Pints at 4s. 6d. each, and Pints at 8s. 6d. each.

The intelligence from our Agents at the Cape is of the most gratifying description, as will be seen in the sequel. The wonderful efficacy of our delicious liquid is such, that we find our friends in the country districts of South Africa, swallow it "like winking," and it has proved singularly useful, not only as an external wash, but as a stomachic of the most essential character. Ever grateful for the extensive patronage bestowed on our *sovereign* remedy, we feel it our duty to recommend it to all people and tongues throughout the globe. The following are selected out of several millions of cases furnished by our various Agents, to prove the never-to-be-enough-wondered-at wonderful efficacy of Rowland's Kalydor.

Long Kloof, 31st Sept. 1834.

LIEVE MYNHEER,

Do me the pleasure to send 20 dozen of your Calydor. The last did me a deal of good. Always squeamish in my stomach, and craving brandy, I took a glass of your composition, which produced a delicious sleep for 24 hours. The very thing I wanted. Next time shall take a double quantity, supposing that will double the effects. If you have two sorts, send me the strongest.

Yours truly,
A. FERRRARRRA.

Stellenbosch, 30th Feb. 1835.

DEAR SIR,

As in duty bound, I must declare my thankfulness on behalf of my daughter for the use of your delightful Kalydor. She is a young lady of 15 years, and her marriage was put off 6 months, owing to two large pimples on her cheek as big as Bokkeveld cherries. I have nothing to say against our regular doctors here, who are very clever gentlemen, yet it so happened that the pimples baffled their skill. Six bottles of Kalydor, however, reduced the unpleasant appearances, and has left no *mark* behind, except the *mark* of gratitude which beams in my daughter's eye.

Yours respectfully,
X. Y. Z.

Stellenbosch, 31st Feb. 1835.

SIR,

I hasten to inform you that a poor man was blown high-sky-high, owing to an explosion of our 500-horse power steam-engine, used by the *Spirit Association*. His affectionate wife, who happened to be passing at the time, carefully picked up his poor fragments, and placed them together; and by administering a dose of Mr. Rowland's Kalydor, happening to have no other specific by her, he was able to walk home and eat a hearty dinner of mutton and cabbage.

If any person should doubt the truth of the above statement, I beg you will refer them to me, when I will satisfy all inquiries. *I am easily found out,—as every body knows me.*

Your obedient servant,
GILES GAMMON.

MOST RESPECTED SIR,

Being clearly convinced, from a proper use of my reasoning faculties, that it is perfectly consistent with probability and good sense, to believe, that one medicine made of I don't know what, by I don't know who, is certain to cure every disorder, and is equally efficacious in all inside and outside complaints; and, being moreover equally convinced, that it is quite unreasonable to place any sort of trust or dependence on the prescriptions of men of scientific education, who have *merely* devoted their whole lives to the medical profession; and further, being struck with the astounding fact and exceeding likelihood, that an universal panacea could only be reserved for those who are quite innocent of all medical knowledge, and whose perfect disinterestedness is manifested by their being contented with the trifling remuneration derived from the amiable credulity of the public,—I say, Sir, for all these reasons, I have become a zealous advocate of the Kalydor.

As your Agent, I am doing a deal of business here, and as I argue that if six bottles do a certain quantity of good, it follows as a natural consequence that 60 times 6 *must* do 60 times as much good. Please, therefore, to send 6 wagon loads as soon as possible.

Yours, ever to command,
JASPER FLEECE'EM.

N. B. I hand you the following interesting case:

To the Haygent for the Callydore.

ONERR'T SUR,

This hear kums 2 akwaint you that havein lost my happy-tight, i tuk to takein havin no glob Bur saults in houce, youre stuf has maid by Doctor Rowland. I begun with takein fife tee cups full, witch had the blessed defect of turnin me inside-out, and I felt in a wery pekooliar citywation witch discurraged me 2 parsewere and I took 7 bottels full, by witch I was turned outside in, by witch my happytight was kwite discuvvered witch was a grate blessin for my whife and 12 smal childern, with grate happytights, an I am now Abel to work and yarn my 7 dollers a weak.

So no more hat preasant from your
Umbel sarvant,
GODFREY GUDGEON.

QUESTION AND ANSWER,

On witnessing a huge pair of Spittoons in a Cape Town Church.

Q. Why is man very nearly allied to a toad?
A. Because he is a *spitting* animal.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 6. Vol. V.] CAPE TOWN: JUNE, 1835. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* / *per Annum.*

THE GRAHAM's TOWN PRESS.

NOTICE OF

"Introductory Remarks to a Narrative of the irruption of the Kafir Hordes into the Eastern Province of the Cape of Good Hope, A.D. 1834--35." Graham's Town: Printed by Meurant and Godlonton. 1835.

Ex pede Hercules! This Introduction, which we owe in its present form to the 'momentous crisis' is, no doubt, a fair specimen of the "Narrative" with which we are threatened, and we may consequently venture to conjecture, from the glance we have given it, that our Graham's Town Sallust may, peradventure, be read and admired when Hume, and Gibbon, and Robertson are forgotten! but very possibly not much sooner! the subject is worthy of the masterly handling it has received, and the style, overflowing with cockneyisms, is worthy of the subject matter: let Graham's Town rejoice, and the Great Fish River shout for joy, and let the Neutral Territory and Fort Wiltshire clap their hands, at their unparalleled good fortune in being so stoutly championized, at their utmost need, when so grievously bested by Kafirs, as ruthless, as innumerable, and encouraged by Pringle's poetry and Fairbairn's prose; by Dr. Philip's sermons in Cape Town, and Mr. Fowell Buxton's speeches in the Reformed Parliament.

But the Author has disarmed criticism by his Introduction to the Introduction, which he calls an Advertisement; this, though not quite equal to Sam. Johnson's preface to his Dictionary, is the next best to it, no doubt, in Graham's Town estimation! we confess we differ from that opinion, but let it pass; he says—

"The seeker after truth does not hunt for blemishes, but for facts. The air-bubble floating down the stream may amuse the listless vacant mind of the idler, but the man of worth must have his time occupied by employment more congenial and useful."

This is a marvellous truism, indeed! for since truth is not, we believe, generally accounted a blemish, we shall suppose that those who seek the former, do not hunt for the latter; at least, not upon the same scent! But let it be granted that what the Author considers his truth, may adorn the forthcoming Narrative, without any admixture whatever of, what he considers, party statement, interested speculation, and local prejudice; without any ingenious twisting of what has been said of one class and one period, to apply to another class and another period; still, our search for truth may discover sundry blemishes among his facts, precisely to the extent that our notions of what is truth, and what are blemishes, may be totally opposite to the cherished opinions of the Graham's Town Committee of Public Safety! Without, however, being very outrageous at blemish or 'bubble hunting,' for in good sooth the work is not worth the perusal, we shall take the trouble to fix the public attention to pages 43—46, as a notable specimen of the extent to which keeping evil company may corrupt good manners! We can believe it very possible that even our Introductionist, before his evil destiny consigned him to the life of a squatter; before he took to squatting, and learned the moralities and habits of a back-wood's-man! would have spurned the prophet who should have told him that Time, "whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox," would have matured him into such a commentator as he has shown himself, on such a legal opinion as Mr. Oliphant's. How distorted must the imagination have become, ere truth could thus appear a blemish, and the blot on human nature be exhibited for truth!

We shall quote the detestable paragraph at length, for the benefit of the British public, and in order that those who do not understand what is meant in this colony by local knowledge! may have, from the parties themselves, their own edition of their way of thinking; whence a shrewd guess may be made of their probable way of acting, whenever strongly driven by the devil, or too tenderly invited by their own inclinations.

The British public will be at no loss to decide betwixt the Graham's Town Introductionist and Mr. Oliphant, and will think that the latter may justly pride himself on the very points selected for his condemnation: "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God!" says Scripture, and none but a fool would say so; it is abstract folly, and folly alone, that makes truth a lie, and a lie, truth! in like manner, when twenty-one lines of excellent sound sense are selected, for three pages of shallow witlingism, and bitter vituperation, one may safely adjudge the epithet of folly to the trashy compound.

"On recurring to this period, it is clearly apparent that General Bourke arrived in the colony with special instructions to adopt in his frontier policy the soothing system; to treat the natives with the utmost mildness, and to prohibit most scrupulously every thing like severity towards them, or undue interference with their affairs on the part of the colonists. A powerful impression had evidently been made on the government at home that hitherto the colonists had presented an attitude far too warlike, and that the Kafirs were an ill-used and calumniated people. Impressed with these feelings, and possessing himself a truly benevolent disposition, the Lieut.-Governor entered upon his duty by using every means to conciliate and acquire the good-will of the frontier chiefs. Presents were made to them, and permission granted to their people to pass with produce for sale to Graham's Town and Somerset. But notwithstanding all these measures the frontier inhabitants were still plundered as before, and murder and devastation still marked the footsteps of these incorrigible marauders. His Excellency himself visited the frontier,—examined on the spot into every allegation for and against the Kafirs, and endeavoured by all means in his power to preserve the inhabitants from pillage, and to repress any feeling of enmity which might lurk in their minds against these active despoilers *

* Notwithstanding the strenuous endeavours of Major General Bourke to live at peace with the Kafirs, and his dislike to Commandos, yet he was ultimately compelled to admit their

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"Unfortunately for the colonists the Lieutenant-Governor was totally ignorant of the real character of the Kafir, and consequently all his measures failed to answer the purposes for which they were intended. Major Dundas—then Landdrost of Albany—who possessed great experience, as well as extensive local knowledge, and who was a man of shrewd observation, talent, and decision, judged more accurately, and did not fail to apprise the government that the encrease of depredations might in part be attributed to the injudicious mode of distributing presents to the chiefs,—who were thereby led to incite their people to commit theft, in order that they might claim merit for returning part of the stolen property, and receive a reward for their apparent honesty. Still the system was adhered to; and notwithstanding the Kafirs perpetrated at this period two cruel murders—one at no greater distance than six miles from Graham's Town, and likewise carried off a very large amount in cattle and horses—yet the government were content to have recourse to measures which went directly to encourage rather than suppress the existing disorders.

"To such an absurd excess was the system of forbearance carried at this period, that it became a matter of doubt whether the owner of property would be legally justified in recovering it by force from the hands of the robber. Preposterous as this may appear, yet a question to this effect was actually proposed by government to the Attorney General of the colony, and the reply of that officer will shew the length to which principles that are in themselves humane and benevolent may be carried when persons lose sight of the maxims of common sense for refined and new-fangled utopian notions. To those who know the Kafir, and his methods of conducting his plundering expedition, the reply in question will appear most extravagantly ridiculous. The following extract will sufficiently prove this:*—The learned attorney commences with becoming gravity by premising that 'no general rule can be laid down applicable to all cases;' but that 'when any theft or other serious crime has been committed by these savages, or when they are seen with arms in any considerable numbers, they may be pursued with hue and cry† The best way,' he continues, 'of proceeding in such cases is to give immediate information to the nearest Field-cornet, whose duty it is then to raise all the neighbouring inhabitants, or at least such a number of them as, from the information given to him, he may deem sufficient for the purpose of apprehending them without bloodshed

"'Should the parties succeed in overtaking the marauders, the person commanding the party should adopt such measures and give such directions as are best calculated for their apprehension without loss of life on either side. In no case should fire-arms or other deadly weapons be used, until all other means have proved abortive.

"'Should the life of a Kafir be lost in the affray, it will be the duty of the Clerk of the Peace to institute a preparatory examination; and the duty of the Resident Magistrate to commit or discharge, according as upon the evidence adduced, it shall appear to him that unnecessary or premature violence was used, or the contrary.

"'With submission,' adds the learned gentleman, 'to those who may be better informed on the subject, I do not see there can be much danger or difficulty in apprehending these people when in small numbers, as they usually are, were that patience and forbearance used, which surely ought always to be exercised when the life of a fellow creature is at stake.'

"There is scarcely a sentence in this document which does not betray utter ignorance of the subject on which the writer gives his opinion; the last paragraph borders on the ridiculous. How, indeed, should the Attorney-General, in his office at Cape Town, see much danger or difficulty in apprehending bands of active expert robbers, 600 miles distant? How should he know that they generally choose the hour of darkness to plunder their victims? How should he know that before morning light they are far beyond the colonial boundary? how should he be acquainted with the localities of the country, or with the scattered state of the population? All these queries will admit of an easy solution; the Attorney-General knew nothing of the subject on which he wrote, and might, therefore, well have spared that unnecessary caution and that affectation of humanity with which he closes his subject."—pp. 43—46.

The tissue of trash of which this would-be witty commentary on Mr. Oliphant's legal opinion is composed, is in admirable contrast to the opinion itself, which is exceedingly well expressed, and is as correct in its theory, as humane in its tendency; and the pitiful sneer which the Introductionist presumes to indulge in, at one who is as much his superior in capabilities, as he is in every other respect, indicates a weak head, a worse heart, and a still worse education. As for the latter, it is true, that though a whole forest of birch had been expended on the nether end of this Introductionist, it would not have "whipped the offending devil out of him;" for this is worse than folly, and is engrained, but it might have scourged a better style into him, which would have been an advantage to the good cause, by dressing his pamphlet in a more inviting garb. The light of truth has beamed, thank God, into the dark corners of the earth, and no sophistry now, can veil a down right error: it therefore only requires to be dragged prominently forward, either by a bold uncompromising writer, like Fairbairn, or involuntarily betrayed by some weak-headed, ill-judging friend, like our Introductionist, to receive the due reward of its merits.

And what is the amount of Mr. Oliphant's opinion, which is so vehemently reprobated by this Draco of Graham's Town? simply, that being placed here to administer British Law, within the British Frontier, he conceives it incumbent upon him to recommend an adherence to the spirit and forms of that legislation, of which he is the local official: his duties are defined, his powers circumscribed, and his means limited: it is not for him to proclaim military law; to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;" it is not for him to proclaim Albany a new Kentucky, and the Albanese a race of Back-wood's-men and Yankee squatters, with the blunderbuss and long rifle for their title-deeds of territorial possession; and the good old squatters' law for their royal road to prosperity—

> That those may take who have the power,
> And those may keep who can.

Mr. Oliphant cannot twist Acts of Parliament to suit the wish or the interests of the Introductionist's admirers, or the party of which he is the organ; and it is to his honor, that when years of active administration, of such peculiar duties, have passed over his head, that the only subject which interested men can produce for railing, shall be hailed by every good and honest man, as a remarkable proof of his intellectual and moral fitness for his situation.

The subject, divested of extraneous matter, resolves itself into this:—The Border law must be administered either by the Supreme Court, and its legal officer, Mr. Oliphant, as British Law; or by the Commander in Chief, and Courts Martial by him appointed, as Military Law; or the whole be left to Providence, and Back-wood's-manism: for the first, Mr. Oliphant is responsible, and has shown himself perfectly qualified for his duties; with the second he has nothing to do; and the less the colony ventures upon the third, with the unknown myriads of the native races, by no means receding from the frontier, the better. There is no national reward for aggression in South Africa; no encouragement to advance the frontier into the wilderness, and increase the burthen of the state, by spreading forth this comparatively poor and ill-peopled colony. It is most valuable as a port of refreshment for Indian shipping, and contains certain capabilities, to a certain extent, but they are too dearly purchased, if they are to be enjoyed only under the protection of a barrier of bayonets. No improvement, which reason can suggest as probable, is to be looked for, to repay the British government, for the expense of such a garrison, as would be indispensably necessary, for the sufficient military protection of the eastern frontier, on a line of upwards of three hundred miles of desert; and, therefore, we have no resource, but a judicious and mild system of management towards the Border Chiefs, supporting their authority in the controul of their own people,

necessity. Accordingly on the 7th Sept 1827, the Secretary to Government writes officially—"I am directed by the Lieut. Governor to desire you will make known to the Field-Commandants and Field-Cornets, and inhabitants of the district of Albany called out upon the late Commandos, the high sense which he entertains of their loyalty and spirit, and his entire approbation of their orderly and regular behaviour whilst under command.

* This document is dated June 20, 1828.

† There is nothing on record quite analagous to this, except it be the time out of mind plan of '*belling* the cat,' or bird-catching by 'salt on the tail.'

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and giving them an object for personal exertion, and personal responsibility, for the conduct of their people; or, the utter ruin and abandonment of the Eastern Province.

The Introductionist must either be a most disingenuous historian of what is passing on the frontier, or he must be ignorant to a degree that is most discreditable to one who pretends to be an historian, to have bolstered up such a story as he makes at pages 82—83:

"One instance of the plausible way in which such injurious statements were got up at this time may serve to give a sufficient illustration of this remark. We refer the reader to Mr. Pringle's '*African Sketches*,' where, at page 372, he will find the following narration:—'In November, 1829, a commando went out against a horde of Bushmen near the Sak River, who were reported to have been guilty of *some* depredations. The party did not, however, find the horde they were in search of, but in returning they came upon another horde who were at that time living in peace with the colonists, and who were not accused or suspected of having been guilty of any offence. This kraal they thought fit to surprise, and shot seven of the unsuspecting and unresisting people in cold blood. As the party returned from this doughty exploit, a Bushwoman was observed lying in the path, wrapped up in her caross, apparently asleep. The commander, without uttering a word or asking a question, levelled his musket and fired. The caross heaved up, and an aged female, in the agonies of death, rolled out of it, and the party rode on without considering the matter worthy even of a passing remark!' Now the facts of this horrid murder have been substantiated upon the oaths of several of the persons present; and the official documents, I am assured upon authority which it is impossible for me to doubt, are now, or at least were very lately, in the possession of Mr. Oliphant, the Attorney General at Cape Town; but for reasons of which I am ignorant, no punishment whatever has been inflicted upon the persons implicated in these transactions.

"This case has been selected because it details one of the greatest atrocities recorded against the colonists—even by Mr. Pringle; and because, since its publication, it has attracted considerable notice, and Mr. Oliphant has been called on, through the public papers at Cape Town, to declare whether the allegations are well founded or not,—but to which that gentleman has not thought proper to make the required reply. The scene of this imputed atrocity is too distant, (about 400 miles) for the inhabitants in this part of the frontier to be acquainted with the circumstances of the case; but it has been brought forward to shew the injustice done to the colonists by the publication of such *ex parte* statements, directly tending to render infamous in the eyes of the world the people who could perpetrate them, and the government that could permit them to pass without bringing the criminals to condign punishment. Had Mr. Pringle been a faithful historian, he would in justice have shewn both sides of the question, in which case he would not have been at any loss in finding that the colonists on the northern boundary were goaded to desperation by the horrible cruelties and plunders of the Bushmen in that neighbourhood."—pp. 82—83.

The fact is, that Mr. Oliphant being called upon to explain his non-interference in the matter of the charge against the Commando in Nov. 1829, he, not being much disposed to bandy compliments with the Balaams of the *Zuid-Afrikaan*, distinctly replied in the public paper, that any one wishing information, and applying for it, at his office, in office hours, might have it. Had any one applied, they would have been told that the occurrence took place fifty miles beyond the jurisdiction of the Court; the Attorney-General, therefore, could not interfere, further than to report the knowledge which he had of the occurrence to government.

Sir B. D'Urban is introduced as supporting by his "altered tone" the view which our Introductionist has taken of the Colonial policy: let the sapient chronicler of the Great Fish Riverland, take all the benefit he can from the annexation of the new Province to the Colony; greatly indeed shall we be surprized, if those sanguine expectations which he and his party have formed of grants in *Adelaideshire*, be not woefully disappointed. We esteem the character of the good Sir B. D'Urban almost to veneration, and quote the following to show, that his measures, to the present date, have been lauded and exulted in, by those, who will, we doubt not, be as virulent in condemning, as they are now outrageous in applauding, when they find that like Gideon's fleece in the second miracle, they only are unbene fitted by the dewy shower of the good Governor's benevolence, which we firmly believe is not forgetful of the just claims of the natives.

"We do not denounce men, but measures and principles; let the friends of those to whom we have adverted take credit for all those talents and virtues which they claim on their behalf, and the case is not altered one jot or tittle. It has been well said, that names may give a sanction to opinions, but that the true merits of a question are not to be thus determined, nor truth confounded and driven from the field by the 'whistling of a name' Here, then, we take our stand; we have brought forward our charge of misrepresentation openly and fairly; and we have supported it by such proof as will, we are assured, commend itself to the understanding of every impartial, candid, and honest mind.

"Nothing, however, can shew more clearly the decidedly false impressions under which the best disposed persons might labour, than the altered tone of our present Governor, occasioned by a few months residence on the frontier, and after having acquired a thorough knowledge of the duplicity of the Kafir character, by personal experience and indubitable proof.

"Sir Benjamin D'Urban requires no panegyrick from us, and we shall offer none. His character is fixed upon too solid a basis to require support, or to fear the shocks of those who may attack it; whilst his motives in reference to *his* opinions of the natives, must indeed be far beyond the reach of suspicion itself. When, therefore, we find His Excellency supporting by a public act the position we have taken in the foregoing pages—and which, be it remembered, had emanated from the press before the publication of the official documents referred to—we may surely without the charge of presumption, take credit for having fully made out our case, and *proved* the injurious misrepresentations, which have been so industriously circulated in the mother country with regard to this colony."—pp. 119—120.

We have done with this exquisite Introduction; nor can we venture to hope that the forthcoming Narrative will be worthy of even this slight consideration. We should not even have noticed this specimen of its qualities, had we not regarded it our duty, as Journalists, to record our opinion, that, however unpalatable the Attorney-General's notions of equity and humanity may be to the sapient would-be legislators of the eastern frontier, the very passage which they have selected for their puny reprobation, is honorable to his character and feelings, and indicates a mind better adapted for the functions of colonial administration, than most of those which, in our belief, this misruled colony has been hitherto favored with in its high places; and we sincerely hope that the spirit he has hitherto manifested, and the regard for the subjects' rights which he has always exhibited, on every occasion which has offered for its display, may continue to benefit this colony, and deserve the applause of the good and right-minded of the British public in every part of the British dominions.

The world is too wise now, for the Club Law of the old frontier policy to be tolerated when it can be prevented, or to be sanctioned wherever it can be put down by a wholesome legal provision; and we doubt not, but that the next accounts from England will show us that the Reformed Parliament has taken a very opposite view of our frontier policy, past, present, and future, than that which would have been congenial to the tastes of our Introductionist; but he has not written in vain, he has shown what the measures are which they would recommend, by his unqualified condemnation of what is humane and equitable; and the consummation he would ambitionate, is to be imagined from the policy which he would approve: thus his work will, probably, serve as a beacon, to show the rocks and quicksands which Mr. Oliphant, and such men as he is, would conscientiously, and most strenuously, labour to avoid.

One point requires particularly to be cleared up for the benefit of those who will not take the trouble to think, or who have not the means of inquiry; let it not be supposed that the errors, the follies, the passions, or the vices of the borderers on the extreme limits of the colony, are, or have been at any time, attributed to the inland residents, the commercial interests of the towns,

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or the shipping interests of the coast; surely these parties are not to suppose themselves implicated in the condemnation, which those who advocate mildness to the natives, have cast on those alone, who have been in collision with the frontier tribes, and by whose ill-judged policy it has been declared that a very large proportion of these lamentable occurrences have been occasioned. Let those who are blamed, defend themselves, and enjoy the advantages they have a claim to in the argument, from the painful peculiarities of their situation, and the infirmities of temper incidental to our natures. There has nothing occurred on the colonial borders which is in any respect worse than what was the every-day history of the English and Scottish borders three centuries ago, and it is truly grievous that the more enlightened class of society, who are so deeply interested in the suppression of these irregularities, should allow their temper to be inflamed into partizanship, and their zeal to be excited against their best friends.

Let us conclude: we regret that the incapacity of this Introductionist to hash up a readable Narrative, will, in all probability, deprive us of the vast assistance which a naked display of the mode of thinking and reasoning that can exist in South Africa, would be calculated to afford us; it would enlighten the British public on a subject which has not hitherto been quite so clearly betrayed by the confession of an accomplice, as seem promised to us in this forthcoming Narrative. It is ridiculous to say that this Introduction of 120 pages, has been "hurriedly written," &c. a single evening, enlivened by half-a-dozen cheroots, and two tumblers of gin and water! would suffice to re-peruse it for revision and correction; and six days would afford abundant leisure to re-write the whole, a period at the author's disposal, since it must have required double that at Graham's Town to set up the press; and consequently, however hurried the Public Safety Committee-man may have been betwixt his meals, and his drills, and the overwhelming solicitudes of the press, and the public safety, and inquiries respecting grants of land in the neutral territory! still he might have re-composed the pamphlet, had he not considered his Introduction a *chef d'œuvre*, and his maiden blush apology a flourish of trumpets. The fact is, that such excuses are generally as shallow as the wits that advance them, and we are, seriously speaking, much concerned to think that we cannot expect any thing better from the Narrative, than what we have met in the Introduction.

TRIUMPHS OF HUMANITY IN THE WEST INDIES.

We especially call the attention of our readers to the following copy of an official document, under the head Papers from *Demerara*, in the *Times* of March last.

Let all Magistrates of this colony, and more especially the Individuals sent out from England by the Philanthropy of her Sons, as Special Magistrates under the new *Act for the Abolition of Slavery*, peruse it with that attention which the subject demands. And if, on reflection, it shall suggest to any one of the Magistrates* that it is contrary to the spirit of the Act—to Humanity, to Christianity, to all the finer feelings of our nature, as "man born of woman," to *confine* females in a prison shackled with *irons*, and exhibit other *females* in the stocks by the side of the high road on the bare ground, with a burning sun over-head, —then this appeal will not have been made in vain.

"His Excellency Sir James Carmichael Smyth, having received and carefully examined the reports from the twelve judicial districts for the month of December, has directed that the public should be informed that their contents are *highly gratifying and satisfactory*, showing not only the prevalence of perfect tranquillity, but the *cheerfulness, subordination, industry*, and general good conduct of the labouring population throughout the whole of this province. His Excellency, in desiring that his congratulations may be offered to all those interested in the welfare of this colony, not only at the present state of their affairs, but at their future prospects, has thought proper that their attention should be particularly directed to the fact, that not *one single police station has* been established, nor *one single police sergeant* or policeman has as yet been engaged for the judicial districts. The ordinance for the government of the apprenticed labourers, directed the formation of twelve police stations, at each of which one sergeant and ten policemen were to be quartered. The place of the latter has been supplied by the *apprenticed labourers themselves*. Constables selected from amongst the labourers, (*armed with no other weapon than a short painted staff*, and distinguished from their *comrades* merely by a red scarf worn over the shoulder,) afford their unpaid services in maintaining order, and in executing (at all hours) the directions of the special justices. *Unassisted by policemen, and without the intervention of a single soldier* (whether from the regulars or the militia), the laws have been upheld and maintained during the last four months (and are at this moment upheld and maintained) by the labourers themselves. It would be difficult in the annals of the most civilized and best informed countries of Europe to select stronger proofs of the respect and obedience paid to the laws than are here daily afforded by the untaught and uneducated labourers who have so lately been released from the bonds of slavery.

* In fairness to the majority of the Magistrates, it must be observed that these transactions have taken place at the Paarl.

MOODIE AND HIS BOOK.

Ten Years in South Africa. By Lieut. Moodie. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835. Bentley.

We have lately been amused, we dare not say *instructed*, by the researches on our Cape society, by Howison, Webster, and Holman. Now appears Lieut. Moodie, who may, *probably*, belong to the same school, or, as we suspect, much worse. We say probably, because we have not read the work, and know nothing of its character, except from a few extracts which we propose to follow these remarks, from the *London Literary Gazette*. We suspect from these samples that the Cape colonists will still be inclined to make

"Wry faces,"

but they should by this time look upon their critics as dispensers of medicine for their sole use and benefit. Happy will it be if any of them in a diseased state become restored to soundness and vigour. That a few *alteratives* have been long required, has always been our favourite axiom; but alas, and a-lack-a-day, it is up-hill work for their advisers. Howison, quite in love with the Caffers—their persons, their intellect, their heroism, turns round upon the South African Boers with no ray of hope in his soul, and pronounces them "irreclaimable." "There is," says he, "every chance of their remaining unchanged for a long period, or perhaps *as long as they exist at all!*" We now proceed with our extracts:—

I.

WHO THE AUTHOR IS.

"Lieut. Moodie (according to our London cotemporary,) belongs to an ancient family in the Orkneys, but its fortunes having somewhat declined, his elder brother determined to plant a settlement in another land; and he went to join him at Swellendam."

II.

The Hottentots,—Their rich possessions,—Their oppressions,—Their deliverance,—Their sincerity,—Their vices,—Dutch and English partiality to Hottentot ladies.

The poor Hottentots were looked upon by the ignorant colonists as a people incapable by nature of improvement, and were treated like horses and oxen, as a part of the property of their conquerors. They originally were possessed of cattle and sheep in abundance, and the country teemed with game of all kinds, which together afforded them a subsistence proportionate to their habits and necessities. They have gradually been robbed or cheated of flocks and pasture grounds. And what have they got in return? Three words answer this question—vice, poverty, oppression. Not contented with the possession of every thing that was valuable which originally belonged to this unhappy people, and, as if for the purpose of cutting off every avenue by which they might arrive at independence, the Hottentots were considered by the colonial laws as incapable of holding lands in the country of their fathers.

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They were thus consigned to hopeless poverty and degradation. What could be expected from such an execrable system but moral and intellectual debasement? Happily for this much-injured race, a new order of things has, within these few years, dawned on this colony, and lands have, for the first time, been granted to the Hottentots; and it may confidently be expected that their industry will be increased, and their morals improved, in proportion to the inducements holds out to exertion.

The Hottentots are possessed of acute though not very powerful or durable feelings. Their character is one of singular weakness, joined to the most lively perceptions and observation of external things. Their reasoning powers are of a mean order. They have not a little cunning when their suspicious are excited: but they are habitually honest, sincere, and confiding; and will rather steal than cheat. They are quick in noting peculiarities of character and manner, but are incapable of forming a chain of deductions from their observations. They are also peculiarly ignorant of relative value and numbers. Out of a dozen Hottentots, I found only one or two able to count to the number of twenty; and I remember one of them, who was by no means inferior in other respects, refusing to serve me for ten rix-dollars a month, telling me he had always got *five* from the Dutch. After vainly attempting to shew him his mistake, I was at last obliged to take him on his own terms. The Hottentots are fickle in the extreme; quitting on a sudden whim a place where they have been well fed and well treated for months, for another where they know they will be much worse off. If you ask them why they leave you, their usual answer is, 'Almagtig! mynheer, ik heb hier geweest voor een heien jaar.'—'Almighty! sir, I have been here for a whole year.' If they have liked their situation, they will readily return to you again after they have had their ramble, and admit that they were great fools to change it, but that they were tired, and wanted to roam a little. The Hottentots are generous in the extreme to their friends and acquaintances, and can refuse them a share of nothing they possess. This is one cause of their general poverty, and that so few of them acquire any considerable property of any kind. Oppression has drawn the bonds of union closer between them, as is always the case in such circumstances. A Cape-Dutchman's sympathies are confined to his own family: he knows not the feeling of friendship beyond the circle of his immediate relatives. But the Hottentots are like one large family, bound together by common injuries, common feelings, and common interest. This union constitutes their happiness; and of this comfort tyranny cannot deprive them. Theft is very uncommon among them, and they may safely be entrusted with anything but intoxicating liquors, which they are not able to resist * * *

The most amiable trait in the character of these people is their sincerity. It is a well-known fact that a Hottentot, when he is examined before a court of justice, generally tells the whole truth without disguise, though he is certain that his own conviction and punishment will immediately follow his confession. So often have I observed this noble trait in their character, that I would at any time attach more credit to the assertion of a Hottentot regarding any simple matter of fact, than to the oath of one of the lower classes of our own countrymen in the colony when they have any object to serve by deception. I now come to the vices of the Hottentots. Though incapable of lasting resentment, they are passionate, savage, and cruel to their women and children on the slighest provocation. The men hardly ever come to blows in their quarrels; but the unhappy wife generally has to suffer for every temporary resentment of the husband, whether she has been the cause of it or not. On these occasions, the brutal husband often beats his wife in the most cruel manner, treads her under foot, and uses her in a way that would be death to a more delicate female. The wife, on her part, is by no means deficient in the artillery of her sex, and uses her other natural weapons with great effect, scratching, biting, and tearing the hair with the most undaunted courage, until she sinks to the ground with exhaustion; but the tongue still wags with unabated volubility in an overwhelming torrent of oaths and contumelious terms, which aggravates her punishment, until the infuriated husband is driven half frantic with disappointed rage. Contrary to the well-established maxim applied to such cases, I have sometimes interfered to prevent fatal consequences; but, finding that only tended to increase the evil, I was reluctantly compelled to allow them to belabour each other in their own way. These shocking scenes are generally occasioned by drinking, to which vice they are very much addicted. Intoxication seems to have a much more infuriating effect on savages than on civilised men, which is simply because they are less habituated to self-restraint. It is for the same reason that a vulgar person may easily be distinguished from a gentleman under the like circumstances, and that the effects of intemperance are more pernicious to the former than to the latter. There is, however, nothing rude in the manners of the Hottentots on ordinary occasions: they are extremely affectionate, and are very delicate in avoiding causes of offence, never contradicting or interrupting each other in conversation, unless they are excited by violent passions. Their conversation is at the same time coarse and unrefined, though less so than that of the Cape-Dutch. Polygamy seems never to have been in use among them; and I have often been told by aged Hottentots that illicit correspondence between the sexes was formerly very rare, and severely punished by their laws. The superstitious respect which savages entertain for men of a different colour has been made a powerful engine of corruption against them; and European nations, instead of improving their morals, have become the active agents of their debasement. Most of the Hottentots within the boundaries of the colony are more or less of a mixed race, arising chiefly from the connexion of white men with Hottentot women. The older Hottentots are, however, generally of a purer race; which shews that their corruption has been gradually increasing since the first settlement of the colony. The women seldom repel the advances of white men, for whom they have a decided personal preference, and they are generally faithful to them while the connexion subsists: they are so proud of these temporary engagements, that they seldom consent to live with one of their own nation afterwards. It may seem somewhat extraordinary to Europeans, but it is nevertheless true, that the colonists, both Dutch and English, are very partial to the female Hottentots. This, of course, is carefully concealed by the Dutchmen from their wives; and they apply the most opprobrious epithets and affect the greatest disgust to the persons of the Hottentots on all occasions. Some of the features of these people do not certainly agree with the commonly received ideas of beauty; but they have expressive eyes and a liveliness and grace of carriage that render them far from being unattractive. The colonial female Hottentots, indeed, are often strikingly elegant in their proportions, and they have all that lightness and ease in their motions for which all savages are remarkable: we need not therefore wonder that they are often preferred to the clumsy, torpid, and insensible Dutchwomen, with their stony eyes and jealous domineering manners. The offspring of the Dutch by the Hottentot women are distinguished for uniting in their persons the vices of both races. In point of understanding, they are superior to the Hottentots; and, by what I have seen of them, I should think them, under other circumstances, many of them would shew a decided superiority over the Dutch; they assume it over the Hottentots with whom they live, and hate the white population, to whose society they can never aspire: they are also a taller and stouter race than the Hottentots, and share, in some degree, in the constitutional tendency of the Dutch to corpulence. The intermixture of races seems to improve the intellectual powers as much as it does the bodily proportions. The true Hottentots are a small and slight race, with acute senses and lively irritable tempers. People of this description seldom become corpulent; and I have never seen an instance of a Hottentot man becoming absolutely fat, though it is not at all rare among the females.

III.

The Cape Dutch,—Coarse Manners,—Improved by intercourse with the English,—Torpid and phlegmatic women,—A monster of obesity,—Groot Vaders Bosch,—Journeying for a Coffin,—Mynheer Botha,—Can Hottentots and Blacks be received in Heaven?

"Of all people I have ever seen, the Cape-Dutch are the coarsest and least polished in their manners. The conversation of both sexes is marked by an almost total absence of common decency: the most disgusting oaths are used on all occasions by the men: and the women do not even feel ashamed to talk on the most indelicate subjects, hardly condescending to use any circumlocution. In this respect, indeed, they are even less refined than the Hottentots. Wherever they have had more intercourse with the English, however, a gradual improvement is observable. The females, though often handsome when very young, are from this coarseness of manners exceedingly distasteful to the English, and few even of the lower classes of our countrymen can bring themselves to marry into a Dutch family. The moment a Dutchwoman enters into the conjugal state, she takes her seat by a little table in the hall, from which she never stirs if she can help it; and they often laugh at the folly of the Englishwomen, in going about the house to attend to their domestic concerns, when they might have every thing done by calling to their servants, without quitting their places. When the Dutch ladies marry, they become exceedingly torpid and phlegmatic in their manners and habits, dirty and slovenly in their dress; and, from their cold constitution and freedom from care, like the men, they generally at an early age grow to an unwieldy size."

Of one fat fellow there is a whimsical picture. He was one of those monsters of obesity who are so often to be seen in this colony, and of whose appearance we can form but a faint conception from any common instance of the kind in England. He was literally a martyr to corpulence, his prodigious powers of digestion having nearly destroyed the exercise of his mental faculties. For several years Martinus Botha had not been able to lie down in his bed for fear of suffocation, and the only way he could get any sleep was by leaning his head on the table before him: in this manner he could procure a little rest, which was only for a few minutes at a time. It is difficult to describe his person, for shape he had hardly any. A huge bag of fat hung below his chin, and the flesh of his ankles hung down till it touched his shoes. Notwithstanding his enormous size, he was a great *gourmand*, and thought little of devouring several pounds of mutton at a meal; after which he could sometimes drink a bottle of brandy without being affected by it. He was at this period beginning to feel some alarm at his increasing dimensions, and took from time to time a journey in his wagon to Swellendam to consult the medical practitioner on his case. On these occasions he would call on his way at Groot Vaders Bosch; but the doctor, who had killed many men without intending it, could not succeed by any means in checking the

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growth of his unwieldy patient, who began to fancy that he was afflicted with dropsy; and he was confirmed in the idea by the opinions of his family and neighbours. In a county where it is found most convenient to bury the dead as speedily as possible, it is common for elderly people to keep a coffin in their houses ready for their own use, or to lend to any of their neighbours who may chance to die before them. In travelling through this part of the colony, if you cast your eyes upwards in a 'boar's' house, this rather melancholy object may be often seen lying across the beams; and so far from exciting any unpleasant feelings, it has often been pointed out to me by the old farmers with great self-complacency, as a proof of their good management in being beforehand with time. Our bulky friend arrived one day at Groot Vaders Bosch in his wagon, accompanied by two of his sons. After sitting for some time, and drinking a glass of brandy, he informed us that he had come to get a coffin made for his own use, as he had the 'water' (dropsy), and did not expect to live long, and had, moreover, grown to such a size that none of his neighbours had any large enough to hold him. 'That's true, father, what you say,' replied one of the young men, without altering a muscle of his countenance. My brother had two carpenters in an adjoining outhouse, employed in making up various articles of furniture for sale among the farmers; and to their workshop I accompanied our visitor. Jamie Learmouth, a little, sly, drunken body, was hard at work at his bench, and singing one of our favourite Scotch songs, in a manner that shewed he was more occupied with the words and the recollections to which they gave rise, than the modulation of his notes. He had just come to the words of Burns,—

'We twa hae paidled in the burn
When simmer days were fine,'

when we entered his shop. Observing the lusty customer who darkened his door, Jamie quitted his plane, and addressed him, with a sly twinkle, in a jargon in which Dutch and broad Scotch were curiously intermingled. 'Goe'n dag, Mynheer Botha; hoo faar you the day?' 'I come,' answered Botha in his own language, 'to have a coffin made.' 'I can shune do that for ye,' replied Jamie; 'but is't for yersel?' 'Yes, certainly.' 'Faith, ye'll need a gude big ane,' said the carpenter; 'but if ye'll joost lay yersel' oot on the bed there, I'll shune tak yer measure.' Jamie cast a sly look at me as he made this proposal; for he knew it was easier said than done. However, with the assistance of his sons, the old farmer, who had seated himself on the side of the bed, was gradually lowered down on his back, to the great danger of the conscious bedstead, which uttered sundry discontented creaks at the unusual weight imposed on it, which seemed to excite Jamie's fears not a little for his hastily-constructed couch. Poor Botha's sufferings in this position were so great, that if the carpenter had not completed his measurements with expedition, he must infallibly have died of suffocation on the spot. His respiration ceased almost entirely as long as he lay in a horizontal position; and it was not until he was again raised up that the air pent up in his lungs found a passage, when it rushed out like the blowing of a porpoise when he comes to the surface of the water. When Martinus could collect his thoughts, he again addressed the workman. 'Hear, James, you must make my coffin roomy enough, for I'll swell up very much when I am dead. While he was retiring to his wagon, his son took Jamie by the arm and begged him to make the coffin close in the joints; 'for,' he added, 'father will, perhaps, *run out* after he is dead.' The perfect apathy and *sang froid* with which these serious arrangements were made, were highly characteristic of the people. This kind of indifference to death is generally to be observed among ignorant people; but, in addition to their extreme ignorance on all subjects unconnected with their peculiar mode of life, the Dutch colonists entertain rather extravagant notions of the privileges of Christians, and are in general firmly persuaded that all who have been sprinkled with a little water go to Heaven when they die, as a matter of course. One thing, however, puzzles them sadly—how the baptised Hottentots and slaves are to be disposed of after death; for they think it quite impossible that an order of beings whom they are accustomed to regard with such contempt should be placed on an equality with themselves. The more enlightened among them are considerably relieved from their perplexity by the passage of Scripture which tells us that there are many mansions in the kingdom of Heaven, in which case they trust that the black and white Christians will be kept separate.

IV.

Graham's Town Merchants,—Republicans,—Dissenting Chapels and Dissenters.

The merchants, who, with only *one* or *two* exceptions, are all retailers from the middle class in Graham's Town. Some of them are men of education; but the greater number are persons who have raised themselves by their industry from the working classes Where wealth is quickly gained, extravagance generally keeps pace with it. All the lower classes in colonies are Republicans in principle, and feeling their consequence in the community, are eager to be considered on an equality with the higher classes. The same circumstance also accounts for the number of Dissenting Chapels and Dissenters in Graham's Town. Dissenters are generally republicans in feeling, if not in principle.

Missionaries,—Dutch Manners,—Roasting a Slave to Death.

The Missionaries are themselves but the mere slaves of a party—half religious, half political. Many of them are men of good natural talent, but they are generally uneducated; their minds are over run by narrow prejudices and fanatical zeal. One peculiarity in the manners of the Dutch at Cape Town, and which marks more strongly the low state of morals, is, that it is generally *after* marriage that both sexes are most noted for their laxity of conduct. No crime, however heinous or disgraceful, excludes a man from society in this country, provided he conforms to its usual observances. I have often seen a man walking about the streets of Cape Town, who, several years ago, deliberately roasted a slave to death in an oven, for presuming to smile at his master.

From these extracts, our readers will, no doubt, characterise Moodie's Book as a calumnious production, a disgrace to the author, the press, and the British name.

BED AND *BOARD*

As our readers must be fully aware by this time, we have always contended that the law of population has never exceeded that of the productive power of vegetative life.* And that cultivated produce has hitherto outran population in every country, unless marred by the Charlatans of the Malthus school. These theorists have shut their eyes to the fact, that the tenets—"Be fruitful and multiply; replenish the earth and subdue it," were first propounded in Paradise. They were breathed out in the form of a blessing upon the human race; and, that they might never be forgotten, they have been laid up in the archives of *The Truth* in sacred writ, which records the dealings of the Almighty with mankind, for instruction and government.

But we are not just now inclined to sermonize, unless it be to *return thanks*. And that, for having been introduced to a new source of supply,—a source that can supply—

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls."

And this supply is scattered around us in all directions, and little did we think that the piles of timber at Mr. Jones' end of the Commercial Exchange, was only so much bread in embryo. While in a musing mood the other day, and contemplating the suspension of the water-mills and the wind mills from long draught and suitable gales, we dwelt with much composure on the ready facilities and decided public advantages of Mr. Prince's steam flour-mill. But then, again, what is prospective we know not. The harvests may utterly fail. What then? Why we are to look to Mr. 's Sawing Machine, for our aid is in *wood*-flour; and here is the recipe, extracted from no less an authority than the *Quarterly Review*, (No. 104.)

HOW TO MAKE A QUARTERN LOAF OUT OF A DEAL BOARD.

To make wood-flour in perfection, according to Professor Autenreith, the wood, after being thoroughly stripped of its bark, is to be sawed transversely into disks, of about an inch in diameter. The saw-dust is to be preserved, and the disks are to be beaten to fibres, in a pounding mill. The fibres and saw-dust, mixed together, are next to be deprived of every thing harsh and bitter which is soluble in water, by boiling them, where fuel is abundant, or by subjecting them for a longer time to the action of cold water, which is easily done by enclosing them in a sling sack, which they only half fill, and beating the sack with a stick, or treading it with the feet in a rivulet The whole is then to be completely dried, either in the sun, or by fire, and repeatedly ground in a flour-mill. The ground wood is next baked into small flat cakes, with water, rendered slightly mucilaginous by the addition of some decoction of linseed, mallow stalks and leaves, lime-tree bark, or any other such substance. Professor Autenreith prefers marsh mallow roots, of which one ounce renders eighteen quarts of water sufficiently mucilaginous, and these serve to form four pounds and a half of wood-flour into cakes. These cakes are baked until they are brown on the surface. After this, they are broken to pieces, and again ground, until the flour pass through a fine-boulting-cloth; and upon the fineness of the flour does its fitness to make bread depend. The flour of a *hard wood* such as beech, requires the

* See *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*, vol. ii and an Article entitled *Supply and Demand*, page 371, vol. ii. *Literary Gazette*.

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process of baking and grinding to be repeated. Wood flour does not ferment so readily as wheaten flour; but the Professor found fifteen pounds of birch-wood flour, with three pounds of sour wheat-leaven, and two pounds of wheat-flour, mixed up with eight measures of new milk, yielded thirty-six pounds of *very good bread.* The learned Professor tried the nutritious properties of wood-flour, in the first instance, upon a young dog; afterwards he fed two pigs upon it; and then, taking courage from the success of the experiment, he attacked it himself. His family party, he says, ate it in the form of gruel or soup, dumplings and pancakes, all made with as little of any other ingredient as possible; and found them palatable, and quite wholesome. Are we, then, instead of looking upon a human being stretched upon a bare plank, as the picture of extreme want and wretchedness, to regard him as reposing in the lap of abundance, and consider henceforth, the common phrase, "*bed and board,*" as compounded of synonymous terms?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cape Town, 13th June, 1835.

SIR,—Originality, whether in prose or verse, is so rarely to be met with at the Cape, that I am induced, on the score of *novelty,* to forward you the following trifle, my first attempt at poetry, which is "really, truly, and *bona fide,*" the production of a person "at, in, and within" the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

I trust you will review this with a lenient eye, for you I look upon as the foster-father of any sprig of literature, which, (otherwise) may germinate on this our adopted neglected, but frequently abounding sterile soil.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
I. T. P.

THE TOMB.

View yonder shape of manly pride,
Blooming with youth and beauty fair,
Another week may scarcely glide,
Ere that fine form is doom'd to share,
Though young, and gay, and free from care—
The Tomb.

See yonder form of heavenly mould,
Observe her lively, buoyant pace;
Perhaps, another summer told,
That beauteous being too, may grace,
Though roseate bloom bedeck her face—
The Tomb.

Gaze on yon little innocent,
So calmly slumb'ring at the breast;
Death may this very night be sent,
When that dear babe will find its rest,
Though harmless, pure, and all that's best,
The Tomb.

Reader, if thou with thoughtless care,
Review the present and the past,
Repent,—for death thy soul prepare,
As even now, thy doom is cast,
If not to day, to seek at last—
The Tomb.

I. T. P.

[We readily enough give insertion to the above Lines of I. T. P., because we apprehend periodical Journals are frequently the first steps to knowledge, and should always become the means of setting afloat the young *buccaneers* of literature. If we may be allowed to offer an opinion, we think the "Tomb" of I. T. P. is by far too cold and cheerless. In this respect it belongs to the "*Blair's-Grave*" *school.* There is no representation of a bright scene beyond it—no ray of light athwart the dark valley. By way of improvement to this subject, and to

"Point a moral,"

we think an apology is scarcely necessary for the introduction of the following extremely beautiful—

"*Lines written in the Church-yard of Richmond, Yorkshire, by* HERBERT KNOWLES, *who died, Æ. xix. 17th Feb.* 1817.*

"It is good for us to be here;
"if thou wilt, let us make here three Tabernacles;
"one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."—MATT. xvii, 4.

Methinks it is good to be here:
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor ELIAS nor MOSES appear,
But the shadows of eve, that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to ambition? oh, no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For, see! they would pin him below,
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey!

To beauty? ah, no!—she forgets
The charms which she wielded before—
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of pride—
The trappings which dizen the proud;
Alas! they are all laid aside—
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,
But the long-winding sheet and the fringe of the shroud!

To riches? alas! 'tis in vain—
Who hid, in their turns, have been hid—
The treasures are squander'd again—
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which mirth can afford—
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here!

Shall we build to affection and love?
Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above—
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet, none have saluted and none have replied!

Unto sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve—
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve!
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear—
Peace, Peace, is the watchword, the only one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath, the cold dead! and around, the dark stone!
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown!

The first tabernacle to HOPE we will build!—
And look for the sleepers around us, to rise!
The second, to FAITH, which ensures it fulfill'd—
And the third to the LAMB of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeath'd us them both, when he rose to the skies!

* Herbert Knowles was a youthful artillery-driver at Canterbury. His talents attracted the attention of his officers, and they subscribed a handsome sum for his education, and placed him at a distinguished public school at Richmond, in Yorkshire.—(ED.)

THE JUST COMPLAINT OF THE ENGLISH AT BEAUFORT.

Beaufort, May, 1835.
To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—That the inhabitants of this Colony are deeply indebted to you for the constant interest you pay both to their intellectual wants and religious instruction, cannot be denied, particularly to the improvement of the rising generation; I am imperatively called to make these remarks from noticing in your Number for March last, the comments you made on communications from George Town, particularly as regards the want of religious instruction in both languages: but I much fear that the English inhabitants of this *rising village* have as great, if not greater cause of complaint than our countrymen at George. I can assure you, as a fact, that often a period of two months elapses without our being blessed by hearing the word of God in our native tongue; there are thirteen or fourteen heads of families, exclusive of unmarried men, residing in this village, (one of these families alone consists of no less than nineteen in number,) and of all these families I do not think one of them would intentionally absent themselves from Divine Service, was it regularly to take place *even* every second Sunday. I am creditably informed that in the villages of Somerset and Uitenhage, where the English inhabitants do not much exceed the number we have here, that Divine Service is regularly performed *once* every Sabbath; I have further to observe, that in one respect we are highly favoured in having in the village two very eminent English schools; one established by Government, and the other by a private individual.

It was some short time past reported that the cause of our not being favoured with English Service more regularly, arose from doubts the Synod had whether it was the duty of the Government Clergyman to officiate in both languages. Was this the case, why, then, should Somerset and Uitenhage be an exception to this rule? By inserting the above in your very valuable Publication, you

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will not only oblige the majority of the English inhabitants at Beaufort, but lso your constant reader, and

AN ENGLISHMAN.

[We trust the insertion of the above Communication will meet the eye of the minister of Beaufort, or some other religious teacher. In one of the country villages a few weeks ago, the religious destitution of a large portion of the English inhabitants was pointed out to the minister of the Reformed Church, who confines himself exclusively to preaching *in Dutch!* The answer of the reverend gentleman was, that he did not think the English to be any part of his charge!!! that Synod would not allow of his adopting the English language.

This is not the fact. At the last meeting of that body in Cape Town, the instructions of Government were promulgated on this head, and the English language declared essential, *in part*, to the right distribution of religious service. How shall we account for it, that, in many of the villages, there are those who eat the flesh, and clothe themselves with the wool, while

"The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed?"]

(ED.)

[WE have thought proper to expunge three or four passages from the original of the following letter, from the circumstance of their personal tendency. With the private affairs, history, or opinions of any person or party, we can have no concern. But when men enter into public discussion, either *vive voce* or by the pen, then we are free to canvass their published opinions.

As it regards the Wesleyan Missionaries, we have hitherto considered them a useful body of men. We can speak with certainty, when we declare of one whom we have the pleasure to know, that we consider him (the Rev. B. Shaw) to be an honour to the christian name and profession.]

DEFENCE OF MR. SHREWSBURY, AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Graham's Town, 10th July, 1835.

SIR,—There has been much irreligious allusion in the *Advertiser*, to some of our worthy Missionaries of the Wesleyan persuasion, — particularly Mr. Shrewsbury and Mr. Haddy. And against the last-mentioned gentleman, Sir, you yourself made some cruel remarks in one of your Gazettes, about his calculating powers. I am sorry for it, Sir, for I don't know one teaching the King's English with true *proun-ciation*, so capable as he of throwing light upon all matters in these quarters. But again, as to Mr. Shrewsbury. That gentleman is much respected here, and has discovered his error, now that he is in Albany, of not having become all things to all men when he was in Barbadoes. *There* he was carried away, it is true, with morbid notions of philanthropy; there he opposed the opinions of the majority of the worthy slave proprietors, and their clerks, and agents, and overseers. Now, this was bad policy; because I hold it to be sound policy—when we are at Rome, to do as Rome does, and wherever we are, under whatever government, to repeat with the majority.

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

But Mr. S. *felt* his error, alas! when it was too late. The voice of the people, by a large majority, pulled down his meeting-house, and destroyed his goods. And then all men forsook him and fled, and a placard was signed against him. He was happily delivered from the fury of the majority, and is now actively employed in Albany. He has been led to witness the success of his prophetic mission. He went, according to the good old Jewish custom, in the days of that Priesthood, and proclaimed Woe! Woe! Woe! to the late King Hintza—crying out "blood for blood"* The philanthropic passage in The New Testament — "He came to seek and to save them that were lost," did not then suit the purposes of his mission. Well! the denunciation is declared, and Brother Southey speeds the prophecy, and executes the deed. Weak persons blame Mr. Shrewsbury in this call for blood; but how futile! Was our reverend Brother to preach repentance, I ask, to a savage? to cast pearls before swine?

It's not much to be wondered at that the *Advertiser* got angry with Mr. S. and some others of our Missionaries. They signed a paper against that paper, it is true, but then they could do no more than their numerous friends and acquaintance advised and commanded. Was it to be expected that they would run counter to the opinions of the majority, and offend their own Methodist brethren, the Editor and Printer of our "Journal," and Brother Cock, and others? Was it likely they would oppose them, over whom they have the spiritual charge? As for the Missionaries of the other societies, only witness what they suffer for their non-compliance with the order of the day here! See what they *gain* for being *righteous over-much*,—a thing condemned by scripture; and only think what poor work it is not to have the applause of the world with you, and not to be well spoken of—to see old friends giving you the cut direct! What makes Mr. S. respected, is, that he is not political, as it is greatly to be feared those of other denominations are shockingly so,—which is evidently against the christian calling. Now, our society at home are wise in enjoining, as Mr. S. and others have been equally wise in obeying, what follows:—

"The Committee (Wesleyan Missionary Society at home) caution you against engaging in any of the civil disputes or local politics of the colony to which you may be appointed, either verbally or by correspondence, with any person at home, or in the colonies. The whole period of your residence in the colony is to be filled up with the proper work of your mission, you are not to become parties in any civil quarrel, but are to *please all men* for their good, edification," &c.*

I would just here remark, by the way, that it is true that the letter of our dear brethren, signed Shrewsbury, Young, and Haddy, has found its way in the Cape papers, being extracted from the London "*Watchman*" newspaper. But there is an error somewhere. That letter was not *intended* for this colony, and should only have been made use of by Conference at home. A good many people in Albany are much hurt at the letter, because it insinuates their cowardice, yielding their goods and cattle to the enemy, as the letter says, "*without resistance.*" But it should be remembered, this letter was written in a hurry, and it was not fair for our secretaries at home to publish it in the London papers, seeing it was confidential. But on the other hand, our good friends here will discover that the worthy writers did not say a word about other Missionaries— the suspected ones, I mean—nothing about their losses and alleged sufferings. This was all good policy, for to have expressed the least sympathy for them, would only have exposed our dear people to persecution and loss of custom.

Another thing in our favour is, and what makes us so beloved, is, that we are not Dissenters,—that we belong to the church; that we are, in fact, the true church of England. And to make good this assertion, I appeal to dear Mr. Shrewsbury, who, in a printed discourse, says;

"Every Church-of-England-man, who observes his baptismal vow, is to all intents and purposes a Methodist; for according to the true original application of the term, a Methodist is nothing more than *an improved Churchman*.†

Again:—we are a very loyal people, and that gravels some people. We presented a loyal and affectionate address to Lord C. Somerset, on his departure, and thanked him for his good, mild, and paternal rule in the colony. And did we not make a handsome present of Wesley's Hymns, in Morrocco and gilt, to Col. S. our worthy commandant, with a suitable address? Who then dare call us radicals in the teeth of these substantial proofs to the contrary? It may be argued by the sneering and ill-disposed, that some of our Mission-

* See *Graham's Town Journal.*

* Shrewsbury's Sermons, page 171, 8vo. 1835.

† Quoted from Shrewsbury's Sermons, entitled *Methodism Explained.* (page 245.)

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aries did, in 1825, sign the declaration in favour of a *Free Press*. At first sight this may appear political—but our system of *pleasing all men*, allows each of our members to act for himself. And, perhaps, in signing the document aforesaid, our beloved brethren defended themselves by a reference to the Bishops, who preside in the political House of Lords, and the subordinate ministers, who, as magistrates of parishes and counties, enter minutely into the secular cases of poaching and bastardy. In respect to *pleasing all men*, several of our worthy West India Missionaries did not scruple to declare before the Committee of the House of Commons of 1833, that Slavery was a right good thing, and that the Blackamoors liked the cart-whip system above all others of fancied privilege. Some of our divines, it is true, took another side of the question, and this was all right, for these worthy make-weights balanced the scale, and we were not found wanting

I shall conclude, Sir, with giving you, for the benefit of the rising generation, and all settlers and rulers in foreign lands, a few extracts from the writings of my own great ancestor.

'He who becomes master of a country, habituated to freedom, and does not destroy it, must expect to be destroyed by it.'—*Machiavelli.*

'He who resolves on all occasions to adhere to what is virtuous, may be destroyed by the many who are virtuous.'—*Ib.*

'There are two ways of acting:—one by law, and the other by force; the one for men, and the other for animals; but, when the first does not succeed, recourse must be had to the second; and a ruler ought *to know how to put the animal to good use*.'—*Ib.*

'Injuries ought to be done at once, because they are less felt and offendless; but benefits ought to bestowed gradually, that they may produce a profounder impression.'—*Ib.*

'Those men have best succeeded according to the page of history, who held truth in small esteem.'—*Ib.*

'A sovereign or a subject need not possess all the cardinal virtues, but it is necessary they should appear to do so.'—*Ib.*

'Do not openly oppose the current of human opinions, but contrive to be in unison with it. At the same time always look to the end, as the best criterion whereby to judge of the means. Act conscientiously when you can; but, when obliged, the expediency of the case should prompt otherwise.'—*Ib.*

I must now conclude by wishing you well, and trusting in your well-known impartiality to give all parties a fair hearing.

I am, Sir, your obedt. Servant,
JABEZ MACHIAVELLI.

BRITISH INDIA.

We have great pleasure in submitting to our readers Lord William Bentinck's Reply to an Address presented to him by the Natives, on the eve of his departure for Europe. We have no time to say more upon it than that the sentiments expressed reflect honour upon his Lordship's heart and understanding, and that they are expressed in clear and energetic language. Lord William has, throughout the whole course of his public life, advocated the policy, and acted up to the principles of *moral government*, instead of those of *brute force*—whips, scourges, tread-mills, and prisons. And he has invariably won the most noble victories in the cause of "Immortal Truth."

THE ADDRESS OF LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK, IN REPLY TO THE NATIVES.

The extreme kindness of your address towards myself—the cordial *spirit of brotherhood* that it breathes towards *my native country* specially entitle me to salute you as *affectionate friends and brethren*.

You alone can accurately judge of the effects of our administration; you best can decide upon its failure or success; and your gratifying testimony upon this occasion encourages me to hope that we have *not* lost sight of *the great end* and purpose of British Government in India, as laid down for our guidance by the Legislature and the Home Authorities, and so eloquently and justly described in your address to be these, —"to establish *a community of feeling* and of interest between races separate by almost every conceivable circumstances of alienation,—to efface *all distinction* between conquerors and conquered,—and to make all in heart and mind, in hopes and aspirations, ONE WITH ENGLISHMEN." It is the consummation of this great truth, that is to be devoutly prayed for. This foundation once solidly laid, the greatness and honor of Britain, the happiness, prosperity and independence of India can never be impaired.

But it would ill become me, in my position, to conceal the unpleasant fact, that during my course I have seen too much of this conqueror spirit, of *the pride of domination*, of the *abuse of power, and of the too general oppression of the strong over the weak*, to be able to pronounce that this wished-for time is arrived. These evils still require the strong hand of authority to put them down,—the establishment of a more simple code of laws, and what is of great importance, *a more efficacious administration of them* But the dawn of that day, under other influences than ours, has long appeared and the day itself is rapidly advancing. The same spirit of *enlightened* and *benevolent* improvement which is *reforming* the European world, has established its powerful sway over India, and even the present generation may, I hope, live to see more than a partial realization of those blessings, which the dispensation of a kind Providence seems to have intended for India, when she permitted her almost miraculous union with a nation, the most distant from her, but alone able by her insular situation, *her mighty power, and liberal institutions* to perform effectually towards her the joint offices of guardianship and of regeneration.

I have read with peculiar satisfaction in your address, the large expression of approbation passed by those best able to form a judgment upon the measure of the Government ABOLISHING CORPORAL PUNISHMENT from the *Native Penal Code*. I am glad to see the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Council, confirmed by your own greater knowledge of the character of your countrymen, viz. "*That this ignominious punishment tended to perpetuate the degradation of the natives*, and afforded occasion for new and enormous *abuses*." We all believed further in its uselessness, either to check crime or to reform the offender. It may be of advantage to state, that the Council consisted at that time, of Sir C. Metcalfe, Messrs. Blunt and Ross—names to which deference and respect are particularly due, and that their conviction long previously formed, and resulted from their great experience in the judical and every other branch of the Indian administration.

But the subject of the highest congratulation with all those whose hearts are with India, is that enactment of the Legislature, which, in harmony with the injunctions of the Home Authorities for the more extensive employment of Native Agency, has abolished *all distinction* in respect to eligibility for office. This measure is as wise as it is just, for there can be really no good government till the spirit of it is brought into full operation. The two races are indispensable to each other, the labours of each are imperfect without the aid of the other. The European brings to India, *his higher education, his superior knowledge, his greater energy, and his active valour*. The Native contributes the collective talents of his vast numbers, his local information and sympathies,—his aptitude for business, his subordination and patient courage. The most complete administrative system ought to be created out of this union of various merits. But to arrive at this end, it is necessary on your part to advance the *elevation of the native mind* and character to the highest possible standard of perfection, while the ruling authority on theirs must give the utmost encouragement to the attainment of the necessary qualifications by throwing wide open the doors to distinction, and by granting a full participation in all the honors and emoluments of the state.

I will now conclude. *I part from you with sincere regret*. I should most willingly have devoted a further portion of my life to your service, but it has been otherwise ruled; and it only remains for me to bid you a most affectionate farewell.

MADRAS.

SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE.

The India Papers furnish interesting details of the happy results of a public Meeting in the Town Hall, on the propriety of erecting a Breakwater at the Port of Madras Great union prevailed, and a true public spirit was clearly developed.

The following extracts happily discover the share which some of the ministers of religion took in the proceedings.

The Venerable Archdeacon informed the Meeting that he held in hand a letter from the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, who regretted that his early departure prevented his Lordship's attendance at a Meeting held for so desirable and beneficial a purpose. The letter ran as follows:

To Captain DALRYMPLE, &c &c. &c.

DEAR SIR,—I am truly sorry that I am compelled to leave the Presidency before the Meeting takes place, for considering the practicability of erecting a Breakwater in the Madras Roads I cannot refrain however from assuring you that I heartily wish success to so useful and important an undertaking. If upon mature consultation any plan should be resolved upon, you may put me down as a Subscriber for 1,000 Rupees I should, however, venture to recommend great care in framing your calculations, and preparing for expecting difficulties from the first If you look every thing fairly in the face, and obtain the concurrent approbation of the leading Nautical and Scientific Gentlemen of the Presidency, to some definite project, I

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should have very little doubt of the ultimate success of the Subscriptions. The Roads of Madras are famous, I might say with Virgil, infamous throughout the civilized world. The moment is surely, then, peculiarly favorable for removing the danger and inconvenience, when the gates of commerce are thrown open, when colonization is inviting Science and the Arts to your shores, and when the diffusion of knowledge is tending to raise the native mind to the efforts of commercial enterprize, nor can Britain appear in a more becoming attitude than when she is thus distributing those advantages of the Western world, and accumulating those benefits of civilization in her Eastern Empire, which she has herself derived from her Religion and Laws, and which go to commend those foundations of her own prosperity, to the enquiring minds of the Inhabitants of Hindoostan.

I remain, dear Sir,
Your most obedient and faithful,
DANIEL CALCUTTA.

Government House, Madras, 21st Feb. 1835.

It was perused amidst warm applause from all parts of the room

The Venerable Archdeacon then rose to propose the first resolution, and spoke in the following terms:

Sir,—Having read the letter of the Bishop of Calcutta, whose representative I have the honor to be, I might have contented myself with assuring the Meeting of my entire concurrence with the sentiments expressed by his Lordship; but, I gladly avail myself of the opportunity which has been thus kindly offered me of submitting to this numerous and respectable assembly the first general proposition of the subject before us. And I am the more anxious to offer myself thus early to your notice, because I stand altogether unconnected with the immediate interests of the measure we are met to advocate. My ignorance of the specific plans to be proposed, my inability to enter into the details or to grapple with any of the practical difficulties, and the circumstances of the profession to which I belong might appear at first sight to mark me out as the last person to take any share in the discussion; but it is important for us to shew that in this and in all similiar plans of public improvement, all professions and classes of the community join hand and heart as in one great and common cause. It is true that the measure now to be considered is one chiefly of commercial enterprize, and the proximate and immediate benefits we anticipate are those of mercantile speculations, but we know little of the true interests of our country and its colonies, if we imagine that all of us—whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, are not deeply interested in its success England is a commercial nation. Commerce is the salient living spring from which all its power and pre-eminence among the nations of Europe is derived, and by which its moral power is transferred to every quarter of the habitable world. When, therefore, we aid its commerce we extend its power, and whether at Home or in her distant colonies, every measure of improvement, though immediately bearing only on her mercantile prosperity, is an instrument of raising the civil and moral grandeur of our native country. It is impossible for any of her children, especially when new sources of improvement are opening upon us by the late political arrangements for India, to be indifferent to the success of schemes so important as this,—the more important because it is one of a primary and elementary character What would England now have been, with all the beauty of her rivers and the majesty of her shores, without her Piers and breakwaters to secure and defend her trade, and to enable her to receive into her bosom the wealth of the civilized world. Without them it would have still remained the haunt of the half-naked savage: and it was by seizing every opportunity within her reach of progressive improvement which the skill, industry and enterprize of her sons individually as well as nationally, furnished, in short by steps of advance similar to that we now advocate, that she has attained the high and commanding station she now holds in the western world. If we would share and perpetuate her triumph we must aid her commerce, nor must we narrow our prospects of success. It is not the present generation only that will receive the benefits resulting from such improvements as this, but future years, and the future colonists of India in an infinitely greater degree than we can hope to do; and we are only following up the true principle of the commercial spirit of our country, by uniting to effect a measure which, if effected, must inevitably produce results of immense, though distant benefit

SCIENCE, RURAL ECONOMY, &c

ST. MICHAEL ORANGES.

Methods of Orange Cultivation.

The orange plantations or quintas of St. Michael's, are of large extent, always encircled by a wall from fifteen to twenty feet high, and within a thick plantation belt of the faya, cedar-tree, fern, birch, &c. to protect the orange-trees from the sea breezes. The trees are propagated from shoots or layers, which are bent at the lower end into the ground, and covered with soil until the roots begin to strike, when they are separated from the parent stem, and transplanted into a small excavated well about three feet deep (lined with pieces of lava, and surrounded at the top by plantations of laurel, young faya, and broom), until the tender orange plants are sufficiently strong, at which period the plantations immediately round them are removed, and each plant begins to shoot up and flourish, after which no further care is taken of it, beyond tarring occasionally the stem to prevent injury by insects; and it in time spreads out with the majestic luxuriance of a chesnut-tree. In this country it only requires seven years to bring an orange plantation to good bearing; and each tree, on arriving at full growth, a few years after, will then annually, upon an average, produce from 12,000 to 16,000 oranges. A gentleman told me he had once gathered 26,000. —The crops are purchased previous to their arriving at a state of maturity by the merchants, who ascertain the value of the probable year's produce, through the medium of experienced men, and then make their offer accordingly. The men thus employed to value orange crops, gain a livlihood thereby; and such is the skill whereto they attain, that, by walking once through a plantation, and giving a general glance at the trees, they are enabled to state, with the most astonishing accuracy, on what number of boxes the merchants may calculate. It becomes, however, quite a matter of speculation to the purchaser, as orange crops are a very uncertain property, and subject to various casualties between the time they are thus valued and the gathering. For instance, a continuance of cold north or north-easterly wind will cut them off;—a violent storm will sometimes lay the whole crop on the ground in a night, or it may be entirely destroyed by insects.—Nothing can exceed the rich luxuriant appearance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit months, namely, from November to March, when the emerald tints of the unripe and golden hue of the mature fruit mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees; and the bright odoriferous blossom which diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighbourhood is quite delicious.—The present amount of oranges and lemons exported, is upwards of 120,000 boxes, and nearly seventy or eighty vessels are sometimes seen lying in the roads, waiting to carry them to Europe. Besides these, a large quantity of the sweet lemon is cultivated for the consumption of the inhabitants: it is produced by grafting the sour lemon on the orange, but it is tasteless and vapid, though esteemed salutary and refreshing by the natives—There is a species of epicurism peculiar to the Azores with respect to oranges, particularly observed by the higher classes, who only eat that side which has been most exposed to the sun, and is, of course, in its fresh state, easily distinguished by the tint—a refinement we are unable to emulate, the colour being rendered uniform by age—*Boid's Western Islands.*

EXPERIMENT TO PRODUCE LIGHT IN WATER.

To illuminate the depths of the ocean, and observe from the etheral air above, the monsters of the deep, and the countless myriads of the finny tribe disporting in happy ignorance, or attacking one another to satisfy their craving appetite, the greater fish devouring those that are less, like the lords of the creation, may now, perhaps, be considered an amusement quite practicable, supplying naturalists and men of science with new and boundless sources of knowledge, wonder, and delight.

How truly has the great Apostle said, "We know in part, and we see in part!" When we are lightly skimming over the heaving surface of the deep, with nothing but a frail plank between us and eternity,—immensity above, around, and below,—how little do we think, how little do we know, what strange scenes may be taking place at that instant beneath our feet: yet this, which has been lying for so many ages before us, like a sealed volume, is now likely to be opened to our eyes, disclosing to our searching gaze a new and interesting page in the wonderful book of nature.

An experiment, to ascertain at what depth a white object might be visible in the sea, has just been made by a gentleman who has devoted much time and attention to extend the bounds of science. Having let down a metal plate, painted with white lead, he was able to distinguish it by moonlight at the depth of forty feet; while, by that of the sun, he lost sight of it at about eighty feet deep. This difference must seem surprising when we compare the intensity of the two lights—that of the sun being, according to Bouguer, *three hundred thousand* times stronger than that of the moon; but the dazzling which affects the eyes by the coruscation of the solar rays, does not allow us to be sensible to feeble impressions on the visual organs. Any instrument, therefore, which should enable us to see at great depths under water, would be exceedingly useful, either in recovering any object that might be lost, or in constructing submarine works in sea-ports. A method used by fishermen to obtain this advantage consists in pouring oil upon the water to make it more transparent. In the Bay of Naples it is constantly practised by the fishermen at night. Their boats are provided with a composition which gives an intensely vivid flame, and is placed out at the stern. Attracted by the light, the fish follow it from every direction, keeping near the surface, and hovering around it like moths. They are then easily captured, after being struck or harpooned by four pronged spears. Those who search for shell-fish *(frutti di mare)* in the day-time, near the shore, employ the same method, throwing little pebbles steeped in oil before them. The gentleman, who was acquainted with this simple contrivance, wishing to ascertain its efficacy, poured a small quantity of oil on the sea, and was thereby enabled to distinguish shells and other objects, which had not been visible to him before. When oil is thrown on the surface of water which is not confined by banks, the coat extends itself to a great distance, becoming thinner and thinner, until it can no longer be

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distinguished separate from the water. The effect of the oil is, apparently, to draw off as it spreads, those little objects which prevent the transparency of the water by floating on its surface. All the experiments hitherto made tend to corroborate this assertion; one of them in particular is very conclusive. Half a spoonful of olive-oil having been poured near the edge of a large oval sheet of water, on which the wind had blown a quantity of acacia flowers, it was observed, that in a few seconds afterwards, one half of the surface was completely swept of these floating flowers, and that they were all collected on the opposite part. Similar experiments are still in progress. If they prove successful, we may hope to discover

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,"

and see with our eyes *Doris* and her fifty daughters reposing in some coral cave; *Proteus* and his flock; *Triton* sounding his hollow conch; and Father *Neptune* himself, though not as in the days of Homer, when rising above the surface—

"From isle to isle three ample strides he took,
And at the fourth the distant Ægæ shook;"

but driving his dolphins with the speed of lightning through the immensity of his watery realm.

NATURALISTS' CLUB DINNER.

THE anniversary dinner of this Club took place on the 12th of March in London. It was numerously attended; yet several members were absent. The cause of Mr. Rennie's absence was the *rainy* weather; of Mr Mudie's the *muddy* state of the roads, and of Mr. Spence's the *expense* of carriage, though 'tis but *sixpence*, per omnibus. The *mammalogists* came driving *unicorns;* the *ornithologists* riding in the *dickey;* the *entomologists* in *flies* and *buggies;* the *botanists* in *cabs*, thus shewing a preference for a *cab-age;* and the *ichthyologist* came by water, *roe-ing* so fast, that they made the *boat fly*. Mr. Bracy Clark did not ride in his own vehicle, but in *Bree's fly*. The dinner consisted of all orders of animals and vegetables, in such abundance, that an entomologist, on entering the room, exclaimed with astonishment, "My eye! what a lot of *grub!*" The dishes were arranged according to the *septenary system*, under the entire management of Mr. Newman. The meats were carved by gentlemen distinguished as dissectors; and it deserves notice that the *John Dory* was cut up according to the *Quin*-ary system. The company seemed to relish heartily both the eatables and drinkables—save Mr. Sowerby, who railed against what he termed *sour beer*. Mr. Knight reproved the last gentleman for drinking out of the pewter, declaring such an act peculiarly offensive to his sight, he being a *pot-hater*. Mr. Blyth displayed his powers as a *bottle*-tit. The *botanists* drank deeply of *shrub;* the *conchologists* of *purl;* and the *ornithologists* of *canary* and *egghot*. After dinner several excellent speeches were delivered, and the healths of the *King and Queen Bee, Emperor Moth, Lady Bird, Alderman Butterfly Cardinal Beetle, Jenny Wren*, and *Jack Daw*, were drunk with enthusiasm. Then followed the toasts, "Our *cabinet;*" "The indissoluble union of the *animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms;*" "Good order among all *classes;*" and "*Everlasting-peas (peace).*" Some excellent songs were sung, among which were, "I'd be a *butterfly;*" "Fly away, pretty *moth;*" and "The *flea!* the *flea!* the ocean *flea!*" When the singing was over, *Hope* "told a flattering tale;" at the conclusion of which the party broke up.

JEMMY F-NN-LL.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

GOOD LIVING.

A GERMAN TABLE D'HOTE.

WE do declare, after reading the following narrative, extracted from the *Baths of Pfeffers*, just published by that talented physician, Dr. Jas. Johnson, we shall be quite reconciled to our *sheep's-tail* in all its oily varieties. Nay, our country friends may continue to dust the potatoes with nutmeg, powder the cabbage and pumpkin with cinnamon, and bake the chickens to rags, just as it suits their convenience.

Among the "miseries of human life" might be ranked that of dining, or rather starving, at a German *table d'hôte*—and that, too, in the midst of plenty! It is in such a place that the paradox is explained—*inopem me copia fecit*. Sir F. Head has remarked, that "that the dish that is not acid is sure to be oily." If this were all, we should have small reason to complain. The misfortune is, that not only oils and acids are liberally distributed among his messes, by that infernal agent, the *Maitre de Cuisine*, but every loathsome ingredient that the three kingdoms of Nature can furnish, is crammed into every pot and saucepan in his subterranean dominion. Some philosophers have endeavoured to distinguish man from other animals, and elevate him on the scale of created beings, on account of his *cooking* propensities. I think they entitle him to an additional seven years in purgatory, if there be such a place, as our Catholic brethren affirm there is! One thing is clear, however,—that he is punished here below for the crimes which he commits against Nature, by "torturing dishes from their native taste," and mingling all unutterable things in that box of Pandora—his accursed culinary cauldron!

The succession is not less abhorrent to the English palate than the composition of continental dishes. It is generally believed that animal and vegetable food is designed to be eaten together; otherwise Nature would have furnished one side of the mouth with incisors and the other with grinders. In the "continental system" they take a very different view of things. When the vegetables (rather less than half-boiled, and swimming in oil) are on the table, there is no animal food—none, at least, that has not undergone more transubstantiations than Vishnou, and more metamorphoses than are recorded by Ovid. When meat smokes on the board, the vegetables have disappeared! The animal that was browsing or bleating on the mountains the preceding day, and slaughtered in the night, is burnt to a cinder, or boiled till little more than bones and sinews are left:—in either case, it is some degrees harder and tougher than well tanned sole leather. As for poor chanticleer, his oblation from the roost—decapitation in the court-yard—*auto da fé* in the kitchen—dissection in the *salle à manger*—and sepultre in some dark recess of a German stomach, occupy about three quarters of an hour—the five acts of the tragedy being often enacted *after* the soup has gone its round of the *table d'hôte!* If the uninitiated Briton sometimes screws his courage up to make an attack on one of those petty fortresses of filth, called "MADE DISHES"—or if he endeavours to stifle the cravings of Nature on sour bread, sour krout, or sour wine, he stands a fair chance to be visited with colic, if not cholera, before the day is over. Placed thus between Scylla and Chyrybdis—between the tortures of hunger and the terrors of poison, an oasis in the desert does sometimes greet his eye—a good substantial dish of capon, veal, or mutton. By an instinctive impulse, he brandishes his couteau, or solicits to be *helped* by a brother guest. But the fate of Tantalus is his doom. Just as the prize appears to be within his grasp, it vanishes with as much celerity as the dishes of poor Sancho did by the conjuror's wand, in the Island of Pandataria! The malicious waiter, aware of John Bull's propensities, never takes his eye from the savoury viand till he snatches it off the table, for dissection at the side board! it is two to one that John Bull never tastes the desired fare. It is handed round to every one, before the *rejecta membra*, reach him—if they ever do reach him, which is very problematical! Many a time have I seized the dish at the same moment with the waiter, and captured the prize by an unequivocal threat to chop off two or three of his fingers with my knife, if he persisted in his unhallowed "abduction."

Long experience has taught me, that the best plan for an Englishman whose stomach does not measure three feet in circumference, and who does not possess some secret antidote against all kinds of poisons, is to secure his place at the *table d'hôte*, and, when the soup comes in, to take a walk of full an hour round the town, and then come back to his place—when he may probably find a dish of some kind of animal food, biped or quadruned, with sour bread, on which he may dine. The "vin ordinaire" is, of course, ordinary destruction to all stomachs which have not the capacity for a pint of oil to qualify a quart of acid.

The foregoing sketch is not drawn from the ordinary of the Pfeffers—where, indeed, we had better fare than in many places of higher pretensions—but will apply very generally to the Continent. I am well aware that great numbers of my countrymen have become *acclimatè* (if I may use the expression) to foreign cookery—or, more properly speaking, *denaturalized*, as to every thing which they put into their stomachs. By such folks I have been often asked—"how is it that the people of the Continent live and thrive on the provender which you condemn?" My answer has been very short—and I have never received a satisfactory rejoinder. They do *not* live and thrive on the cookery which they use. On the contrary, they wither and die on it. The bills of mortality, in the most favoured parts on the Continent, as compared with the same gloomy registers in England, prove, beyond contradiction, the shortest range of existence enjoyed by the inhabitants of the former, notwithstanding their advantages in respect of climate: while the unhealthy aspects, the stunted growth, and the large proportion of deformities, that meet the eye and attract the notice of English travellers in every part of Europe, attest the deleterious agency of some general cause on the human frame. As that agency can hardly be sought either wholly, or even principally, in the climate, the soil, the air, or the water, (excepting, of course, certain malarious and goitrous localities in Italy and the Alps,) we have fair reason to attribute much of the curtailment of life and deterioration of health to the denaturalization of their food by complicated cookery—to their inordinate addiction to tobacco—to *malpropre* habits—and to the quality of their drink. If oily, acid, or rancid dishes, elaborated "de omnibus rebus et *quibusdem aliis*,"—half-boiled vegetables—meat just killed and then cinderized—with sour wine, be wholesome and nutritious, then the people of the Continent ought to live to the age of the Antediluvians

Another fallacious argument has been adduced in favour of continental cookery and continental habits: namely, that the English enjoy good health while travelling, or even sojourning there. This may be true to the full extent, without invalidating the arguments adduced above. The English owe this improvement of health to climate, to change of air and scene, to the exercise of travelling, to earlier hours than they kept at home—and perhaps, in some degree, to the excitement resulting from novelty, and intercourse with strangers. I

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maintain that their health is neither improved nor sustained by the adoption of continental habits in eating, drinking, smoking, and some others which I shall not describe.

GOING FORWARD.

"Looking neither to the right hand nor to the left."

THE members of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution assembled at the Lecture Room in Edward Street, Portman Square, on Wednesday evening. LORD BROUGHAM, Patron of the Institution, was in the chair. After the business of the evening had been gone through, a vote of thanks to Lord Brougham for his patronage and services was passed. His Lordship delivered a long address in reply, the conclusion of which was as follows:—"I have often been told that I went about voluntarily attending meetings of the public, and that I was wrong in doing so. This is not the case. The story of my attending meetings voluntarily on my journey in Scotland is a positive fiction. I have attended but two of my own accord—one for the purpose of meeting my friend Earl Grey, at Edinburgh; and the other to meet my friend Mr. Bannerman, at Aberdeen. It has happened that in various towns the people have assembled, whom I had served by contributing to afford them the freedom of election, and I could not refuse to acknowledge them, when fatigue would have impelled me to decline; but I have come here voluntarily to-day, and any man that pleases may stigmatize the act as unworthy. It was understood to be the business of a public man to meet the people sometimes; but I have been told that I have done so for self-glorification; but I will say that if I have done some public service with my name, I have accomplished much more privately, and in a manner that no one knows, in periods stolen from my professional avocations. Not the thousandth part of what I have written upon subjects calculated to be of public benefit is known or suspected to be mine. Ten or twelve years ago I wrote courses of lectures which were then delivered, and are now delivering over the country, but which were anonymous, and the author was known but to one individual, the person who directed their distribution. People may work in a good cause for the love of employment; they may be actuated by enthusiasm; but it does not follow that the motive is a selfish one. I merely state this in consequence of the allusion that has been made as to the expence of lectures, and to show the possibility of my being able to lecture anonymously, perhaps, for the next twenty-five years. This may be deemed to be fanaticism, but I shall never mind what any man or set of men please to say of me; I shall just go on as usual, in the path I conceive to be the right, looking neither to the right nor to the left."—*Sun.*

SELECT NOTICES.

Cottage Lectures.—The Bishops of Chester and Winchester, are most active in giving every encouragement to Cottage Lectures. For this purpose their expositions on the sacred writings are circulated in a cheap form.——*A Blooming old Lady.*—An American gentleman who was lately introduced at the British Court says, in an American publication, "I saw quite an elderly lady on the Queen's right hand, whose *paint* laid upon her cheeks, reminded me of nothing so impressively as the wife of a Winnebago Chief, in the N. W. territory of America, whom I have frequently seen, as she came from her toilet over the mirror surface of Fox River, with the aid of an abundance of vermillion."——*National School Society.*—Great complaints have been made against the alleged apathy of the Episcopalians, that a general collection throughout England, extending to "our Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed," and "Flint, Denby, and Radnor in Wales," under authority of the King's letter, only produced to the Society £23,490.—— *National Intercourse.*— A Post Office has been established at Damascus, for the transmission of letters every twenty days between that city and Bagdad; every fortnight with Aleppo; and twice a week with Beirant.——*Cowper's Life and Poems.*—The Revd. Mr. Grimshaw is publishing monthly volumes, after the manner of the new editions of Crabbe, Johnson, and Burns, the Life and Poems of the immortal Cowper, with original notes. On this subject a paper war has commenced among the publishers. Mr. Grimshaw having stolen a march on Dr. Southey, who had prepared a work precisely on the plan of the reverend divine.——*Honours and Remarks to Literary Men.*—The complaints of the neglect paid to genius and talent has been attended to. Many knighthoods have taken place; and the restoration of the pension of the associates of the Royal Society, has been hailed with applause. Mr. John Barrow has obtained a baronetage, and Croly has been presented the living of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Good old Dr. Jamieson, the Scottish Burgher minister, with Mr. Dalton and others, have also had their pensions restored; and Professor Airy has obtained from Government an annuity of £300, in consideration of his eminent services to the cause of general science; and Mr. Bennett has been appointed, by Government, Naturalist at New South Wales.——*Russian Clergy.*—The number of the Clergy of all ranks in Russia, is about 215,000, and they are mostly dependent on the free will offerings of their people for support. Their subsistence is often scanty, on which account many of the village clergy cultivate the fields with their own hands.—*Pinkerton.*

HARD SAYINGS.

EUROPEAN SETTLERS.

(*From Howson's South Africa, p. 235, vol. 1*)

I am aware that many persons will ask if the extermination of savages, of barbarians, is at any time to be regretted, and least of all when their place is to be supplied by Europeans and civilized beings? and as this objection may appear plausible, it will be well to submit it to examination; and, in the first place, it is proper to remark that when we talk of peopling a country with civilized beings, it is always taken for granted by the mass of society, that persons of education and refinement are to be transported there at once, and that the wilderness or desert is suddenly to become the abode of a virtuous and intelligent community, and the seat of arts, elegancies, and domestic enjoyment. There are dreams produced by ignorance and delusion. In every instance, the emigrants who first flock to a new country, are inferior to its aborigines, in virtue, intelligence, usefulness, and respectability.

The dregs of the population of large towns; a peasant rendered desperate by the pressure of hopeless poverty; debauchees and spendthrifts, destitute of friends and credit; such are the materials which form the foundation of the anticipated structure of civilized life; such are the beings who are let loose to play pranks in the wilderness, and commit ravages upon its simple and uncorrupted inhabitants. Transported into a new land, freed from the terrors of laws and police, and independent of their superiors, they rush into all kinds of excesses, and feel a particular delight in frightening, oppressing, and enslaving the aborigines of the country. These, if they attempt to assert their rights, are maltreated and massacred as insulting and dangerous barbarians; and if they quietly submit to the tyranny of their invaders, they are counted as beasts destitute of spirit, and unworthy of mercy and commiseration.

HANNAH MORE

AT A DISSENTING COMMUNION.

Dr. Valpy, whose lamp is still burning brightly in old age, has published Reminiscences of that distinguished lady, the late Hannah More. Dr. V. once said to her, "is it true what the Anti-Jacobin Review says of you, that you received the communion in Mr. Jay's Meeting House, in Bath? She told me that it was true—the facts, she said, were these. On her appearance in the meeting, she was led from aisle to aisle to the very highest seat: she did not know that the Lord's Supper was to be administered; but after the ordinary service she saw all the persons remain around her, and apparently every person in the congregation remaining to receive it; and she wanted nerve to leave the place alone or unattended. (The bread and wine were brought to her to the pew, as is the custom among the Dissenters.) "The front, therefore," she said, "of her offending, had this extent—no more," and her peace of conscience, she added, had never been interrupted by the recollection of that circumstance."*

* In selecting this extract, we are reminded of two circumstances somewhat similar to the particulars recorded. We were gallery spectators on one occasion of a communion among Dissenters in a county village. A stranger entered, and took his seat in what was called the *Tabled Pew.* This was reserved for Communicants, and it was Sacrament Sunday. The Deacon was about passing the stranger, when the latter arose, and extended his hand to the cup. He partook of the Ordinance. The unbidden guest was that worthy man, John Marten Cripps, M. A., of Jesus' College, Cambridge, the cause and companion of Dr. E. D. Clarke's Travels.

On another occasion, at the same Meeting House, a stranger entered and partook of the Sacrament, and this was that upright and distinguished man, James Forbes, F. R. S., Author of the *Oriental Memoirs, &c.*—ED.

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CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

HOLIDAYS, — WYNBERG, — DUTCH CHURCH,—EPISCOPAL RUINS,—THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

WHO is there among us, that does not hail the return of those few Cape holidays, which now and then set us free from the world's strife and all its "carking cares." We have always thought the notices of these returns in Mr. Greig's Almanack, were the best part of that Annual. Viewing these days as drawing us away from our pent-up streets, with no health in the breeze, where the sun-shines so scantily and flowers are never seen, we rejoice, we say, in their return, and generally rusticate among the groves of Wynberg and its vicinity, whenever these opportunities occur.

Wynberg is truly a British Village, and right glad are we to discover a growing interest taken by its British Inhabitants, Mr. High Sheriff Steuart, Mr. Bird, Mr. Carey, Major Rogers, Capt. Hare, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Marshall, Rev. Dr. Okes, and the Indian Visitors, to establish and support Institutions of a benevolent nature, for the good of the whole Community. Among these, we would class the foundation of a Benefit Club. It appears to us, that this Institution is calculated to bring about incalculable good, and we recommend it as a model-club to the colony at large.

As it regards the village of Wynberg itself, its beauteous site is disfigured by a couple of objects. The new Dutch Reformed Church wears the appearance of a Pack or a Wine House; and, the unfortunate Episcopal Church, fell down just at the moment of the completion of its roof. It is now a heap of *ruins*. Ruins, do we say? Well, doubtless, some of the neighbouring gentry, or Mr. Skirrow, intended that it should be so. Many a Nobleman has laid out costly sums to procure a heap of *ruins* on his estate. Such are picturesque, and convey correct ideas of the *Sublime and Beautiful*. The historian of John Knox, (Mc'Crie,) archly, apologizes for the Reformer's Knight errantry against cathedrals and monuments, and considers that the men of *taste* should less deplore their destruction than they do, seeing they cultivate the *taste*,—afford so much pleasure to the painter's pencil, the poet's eye, and vary the landscape scenery.

But seriously, we trust the people of Wynberg will again all strive together to build up the walls of their own Jerusalem. It is really a disgrace for a people to live destitute of a christian temple. Let one more appeal be made to the public for Wynberg, and we think the call will not be in vain. It redounds to the immortal honour and glory of an Englishman, that all the world concedes to him the point of being foremost in the ranks of christian philanthropy. Let the people of Wynberg and their friends think of this; and when the scriptural question is put in this colony —"What do *ye* more than others?" we trust ere long the inhabitants may point to their English Church, and say:—

> Let strangers walk abroad,
> The Village where we dwell,
> Compass and view the holy ground,
> And mark the Building well!

EXPEDITIONS INTO THE INTERIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Intelligence has just been received from the Cape Expedition under Dr. Smith, dated 28th April, *Kuruman* or *New Lattakoo*. Everything was going on well, and the Expedition was in communication with, and preparing to visit the powerful Chief *Masilikatzee*. Dr. Smith has made valuable additions to Natural History, speaks highly of the London Missionary Society's station at New Lattakoo, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Moffat, where, observes Dr. S. "religion and civilization go hand in hand with rapid strides."

EXPEDITION DIRECTED BY CAPTAIN ALEXANDER,

Under the Patronage of the Royal Geographical Society.

This Expedition consists of only one adventurous traveller, Captain Alexander, furnished, however, with the means of equipping a suitable party to accompany him from the Cape; and his object is purely that of a pioneer, to push beyond previous lines, and collect information for other travellers.

On Capt. Alexander's arrival in this colony in the *Thalia*, in Jan. last, he was introduced to His Excellency the Governor, and, according to letters of recommendation, placed on the Staff. In this situation, Capt. Alexander's services were required on the Frontier in the suite of His Excellency, from the unfortunate breaking out of the Caffer Irruption. Thus circumstanced, a necessary delay has taken place as it regards the Expedition. The following is a copy of the Instructions addressed to Capt. Alexander.

"SIR,—The council of the Royal Geographical Society of London having intrusted to you the conduct of an expedition of discovery in South Africa, furnish you with the following instructions relating to it, confining themselves therein to the more important and essential conditions of the undertaking, and leaving the minor arrangements to your own discretion. They will, however, transmit to you hereafter such memoranda and notes of information, or advice, as may seem likely to be useful for your further guidance.

"The interval of seven or eight months which will be spent in the voyage out, or in residing at the Cape, may be advantageously employed in acquiring expertness in the use of the astronomical and other instruments, and in studying the Sichuana language.

"It is hoped that you will be conveyed in one of his Majesty's ships of war to Delagoa Bay, where it is not desirable that you should arrive before the termination of the rains, or the beginning of May, 1835.

"The general object of the proposed expedition, is to explore the river Manice, which flows into Delagoa Bay, (and which is named by the English King George's River, by the Portuguese and other nations Rio del Espiritu Santa), so as to ascertain whether or not it be indentical with the river of the interior which the Bechuana call the Mariqua.

"The farthest point of this river explored by Captain Owen, is in lat. 25° 21' 10" S., and about long. 32° 51 E.; being about fifty miles from the mouth along its course, but not more than eight from the nearest point of the sea-shore. It may, therefore, be advisable to land on the coast in about lat. 25° 27' S., and then to strike in towards the river, so as to avoid the labour of making up against the stream, as well as abridge materially that part of the journey which would conduct through a low alluvial soil.

"On your arrival in the bay, your first care will be to select a guide and interpreter, from among the chiefs if possible: this business, with the procuring of bullocks to carry your baggage, the choice of a place of debarkation, &c., may occasion a delay of a few days; but promptitude in the selection of your plans, which will materially result from previous diligence in collecting information, and the most despatchful execution of them, consistent with prudence, are especially recommended to you, as delay on the coast is likely to give rise to numerous unforeseen difficulties.

"The most northern point of the river Mariqua seen by Messrs. Scoon and Leckie, is, probably, in lat. 40° 50' S., long. 28° 30' E., and, consequently, about 300 miles in a straight line from the farthest explored point of the Manice. If the former of these rivers communicates with the latter, the unexplored portion of the connected stream may possibly form a circuitous course of 360 miles, or six week's journey; but how far it may be advisable to shorten the route by leaving the circuits of the river, and proceeding directly to its upper reaches, as they may be indicated by the natives, will be best determined by the circumstances which arise in your progress. It would, indeed, be highly desirable to learn the character of the river, and to what extent and in what manner it is navigable; but this consideration must be held subordinate to that of safety, in providing for which, it will, perhaps, be found expedient to follow the most frequented routes, and the line of densest population. The Mariqua once reached, the difficulties of the journey may be considered overcome, and a few days' march southward will conduct to a missionary station.

"The council expect that you will keep an exact register of all astronomical and meteorological observations, and that you will note carefully the variations of the compass, and the bearings

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and estimated distances of every remarkable object in view.

"In your intercourse with the natives, you are recommended to maintain a deportment at once resolute and confiding, to avoid associating with any but chiefs, and to accept, and even press them to an exercise of that hospitality which they regard as a moral obligation.

"You are requested not to neglect any opportunity which may arise, in the course of your journey, of despatching to the Society's correspondent at the Cape, to be forwarded to the Society, an assurance of your safety, and an account of your proceedings.

"The council place at your disposal a letter of credit on Messrs. Borradaile and Thompson, at the Cape, for 300*l.*, which sum it is expected will be sufficient to defray the expenses of guides, interpreters, the journey through the colony, and the passage home to England, as well as to purchase such small additions as may hereafter appear necessary to be made to the stock of merchandise with which you are already provided.

(Signed,) W. D. COOLEY, Hon. Sec.

To the Committee appointed to organize the Expedition.

GEORGE.

A remarkable instance of good feeling, which, we trust, is a prelude to its enlargement throughout the Colony, has been recently displayed at George. The Rev. R. Nesbit, of the Church of Scotland, (a resident at present in the Colony from India,) was requested, during a country excursion, to occupy the pulpit of the Reformed Church at George, during the absence of the stated minister. Here Mr. Nisbet found a willing people, Dutch and English, paying devout attention to his earnest and pathetic appeals in the English language, and the young in particular are described as being greatly attached to the good minister. And no wonder, for to them he paid peculiar regard.

On the eve of the departure of Mr. Nesbit, a grateful Address was presented to him, which was acknowledged by a suitable reply. (See the documents in the *Commercial Advertiser*, June 17th.) The following are the names of the Inhabitants of George who signed the Address:

W. H. Hulme
S. J. Schoonraad
Sophia Smith
Widow Harding
Susan Douglas
Jemima Johnson
M. E. Johnson
Dirk Coolhaas
Wm. Anderson
Misses Anderson
P. J. Petersen
W. Foord
Thos. Hood
Henry Helm
B. Anderson
Widow J. G. Ehlers
M. A. Smith
Eliza Harding
Helena Teageur
G. W. Dutton
W. Tompson
G. D. Schoonraad
C. H. Hancke
M. O'Connell
Jas. Donaldson
William Dawson
R. Scott
J. B. Evert
Lndolph Niepoth, jun.
Marianne Niepoth
Robert Craill
C. P. Visscher
A. Hollett
F. A. Petersen
J. Poek
J. M. K. Johnson
J. H. Meyer
R. J. van der Riet
William Hollett
Lewis G. Fwaz
W. S. Koeke
J. Smith, jun.
J. E. van der Hoven
Mrs J. M. Anderson
Robert J. Boswell
H. Shepherd
Alex Petersen
M. A. Hood
William Helm
W. C. Kuys
J. Pawle
M. Garcia
S. H. Hulme
F. Modeman
J. Fotheringham
Isaac Tait
J. J. Loock
R. Flagan
Wm. Guest
John Kay
J. Ingram
D. Spirit
J. E. Anderson

SUPPLY OF WATER.

THE Superintendent and Committee of Waterworks, are still actively at work for the public good. We have become so habituated to the blessings of a large supply of pure water, at this extremity of the colony, that it has hitherto caused no more surprise than the regularly returning light of day, or warmth of summer. But a retrospect into past times may still awaken us to a sense of our obligations to advancing art and science. How often formerly, did periodical pestilence in Europe, arise from a deficiency of water, and how often has fire devoured whole cities, which a timely supply of water might have saved. Kings have often been accounted worthy of divine honors, for having constructed aqueducts to lead pure streams from the mountains into the peopled towns.

For a long period, the inhabitants of this town were supplied with water from the springs in and under Table Mountain. These springs in the Dutch time, flowed into two Reservoirs in the lowest part of the town, and to carry water for the bare supply of a family, was an expensive and serious affair. Lord Caledon laid down iron pipes imported from England, conveying a plentiful stream to pumps in almost every street. The Government of Sir Lowry Cole effected much in husbanding the water resources, and conveying it through pipes to the dwelling houses of the Inhabitants, thus conferring additional benefits to the community.

The Establishment of a Committee of Waterworks by the late Governor, has conferred on the inhabitants a boon of no small importance. The springs were found greatly to withhold their accustomed supplies during the last summer, and down to the present time. And this, too, at a time of increased demand from a growing population, the establishment of manufactories, distilleries, and the extension of our shipping interests. As it regards the latter, a single ship in the Bay, during last month, took in 750 tons of water in one week; and others have been known to proceed to St. Helena to secure a full stock. The existence of this state of things would naturally cause alarm; hence the Government warnings to the Inhabitants. But thanks to the Committee, their inquiries and exertions have opened up another resource to meet the exigency of the case. A spring at Newlands (6 miles from town,) bestows freely 700,000 gallons of water *per diem*, and plans are now in vigorous operation to lead this supply to town. Independently of trade, commerce, and domestic arrangements, we may expect from this happy result cleaner and sweeter streets; the dust laid in summer, and the canals purified from filth, rats, frogs, and musquitoes. We may also lose the sight of an *unwashed* proportion of the population.*

CAPTAIN SWORD AND CAPTAIN PEN.

UNDER the above title, Leigh Hunt has published a Poem. The object of the work is to point out the horrors and cold-heartedness of all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," and to use the words of the author in his preface, "to shew the false ideas of power produced in the minds of its leaders; and, by inference, the unfitness of these leaders for the Government of the world." The Poem constructed with this end in view, is an allegory, wherein Capt. Sword is the embodied idea of a military hero, and Capt. Pen represents the Press. The Poem opens with a picture of the grand march of the army for the field; the next scene takes us to a battle; the third to a Ball given to Capt. Sword after his victory; whence, as a contrast, we are carried back to the inconceivable horrors of the abandoned battle-field. The military gentleman is then shewn drunk with success and power; and Capt. Pen appears upon the stage.—*Spectator.*

* The horrible stench from the canal at the upper part of the Heeregracht has been intolerable during the present month.

WINDOW MUSINGS.

BLESS me, how fine that old lady is! So it is—as a woman advances in life she increases in finery,—so the cow's age can be accurately known by her rings.

OUR little patriots, those who change sides *now* and *then*, like little birds, only open their mouths for something to put in to stop them.

WHAT a fuss about Caffer ingratitude, baseness, rascality, and treachery; but dear me! what were formerly called cannibals in Europe, are now called *Cousins*.

SEE, there goes the rich Mr.———, how fat he is growing;—the rich man's merits we mete out by the *pound*.

LOOK there!—how polite that gentleman is; there is always an alchymy in manner which can convert every thing into gold.

WHAT a hustle that man is in,—he always appears to me to resemble a watch which is always faster than others; and, consequently, always wrong.

POOR fellow, there he goes—nothing left but Hope. And what is Hope? Why, like Paganini, Hope draws her sweetest sounds when she has only one string left to play upon.

HEART-BURNINGS IN CAFFRARIA.

A Correspondent writes—"There's been a kick-up between O— and R—, with some others, on the score of precedency in the army. The former was gazetted "*Gentleman*," and the other "*Esquire*." Now, the '*Squire* contends that he is the best man, the other denies it poz., but neither can explain the matter."

Well, then, we shall do it for them. In St. Mary's Parish, Lichfield, the baptism of the great Samuel Johnson is recorded in the Church books. "His father is there styled *Gentleman*, a circumstance of which an ignorant panegyrist has praised him for not being proud; when the truth is, that the appellation of Gentleman, though now lost in the indiscriminate assumption of *Esquire* by butchers, bakers, and others, was commonly taken by those who could not boast of *gentility*.*

After this explanation, we trust that all the new-made 'Squires will doff the cock's-tail feathers.

* See Croker's Johnson.

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EDITORIAL AND PRINTING CHANGES.

The *Advertiser* is happily rescued from all negotie winkel concerns, and has become exclusively the property of Mr. Fairbairn, sole Proprietor and Editor. We augur the best things from this change, the *Advertiser* having now become, in the true sense of the term, *a Free Press*. We now hope to witness a reduction in the charges for advertisements.

Mr. Greig having rented the *Government* Gazette, is employing his talents in the collection and editorship of its advertisements, for to the latter branch of dealing it is exclusively confined.

Mr. Bridekirk has retired from public life, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of his country villa.

Mr. Pike, so long the faithful and honourable Printer and Superintendent of Mr Bridekirk's Office, is now the Proprietor of the Business, associated with Mr. Richert. We take the liberty of recommending Mr. Pike's Printing Office to the public in general. No *sleeping partners* have the least interest in the concern, the Proprietors are *working*, but not party men; and, as perfectly distinct from trade and merchandize, they are not influenced by *Rise or Fall*,—the prices of "dry goods and tobacco's."

SCRAMBLING.

It is inconceivable—the anxiety and watchfulness on the part of very many persons to be in government employ. The applications to the Home Government for places were never more numerous (according to the papers) than during the month of January last. The people of England (*Scotland* more so), of every rank, from a peer's son to an exciseman's, are drawn aside from a praiseworthy exertion in honest callings, by having their eyes directed to the public treasure. The rewards of persevering industry are too slow for them, too small, and too stupid. They fondly trust to the great lottery, although the wheel contains so many blanks and so few prizes; hoping that their ticket may be drawn a place, a pension, or a contract, a living or a stall, a ship or a regiment, a seat on the bench, or a stool at a *pink-tape* office. As far as we can judge, the army, it would appear, generally contrives to ensure a prize.

But, is it not humiliating to witness the indecent scramble that is always going on for these prizes? even the sons of nobility, many of the highest born, and others the best educated, rolling in the dirt to pick them up, just as the lowest of the mob do for the Tory shillings or Whig pennies thrown among them by a successful candidate at a contested election?

INTELLECT IN THE HOUSE.

On the authority of the Westminster Review for April, it would appear that during the debate in the House of Commons on the Irish Church, many members were heard to pronounce the words—"spoliation and robbery." We hope better things of our Graham's Town orators.

THE RABBLE.

"Who made the rabble?" inquires the author of "Illustrations of Social Depravity," a monthly periodical published at home. "Was it themselves? Was it an absolute and tyrannic law of nature? Was it the Almighty? Speak out;—Who made the rabble? Why, the Game-keeper and the Squire, the Clerical Magistrates, the Church-wardens and Overseers, and the Exciseman." Now this is too bad—sweeping conclusions drawn from scanty premises. Not that we would be apologists for the culpable treatment of the poor people of England during the last century. We recollect Sheridan stating in his day, and during the time of the threatened invasion by Buonaparte, the deep concern which Pitt felt as minister, at not arousing the people to a sense of their presumed danger. It was in vain that good Mrs. Hannah More published her loyal Tracts, and Mr. Ackerman his caricature representations of the "Corsican Demon." The people were sunk in careless apathy, and indifferent as to a change of Government. Sheridan would always attribute the cause of making the rabble, to precisely the same causes as above stated.

BOUNCES BY THUNBERG.

THE HYÆNA.

The Hyæna is a bold and ravenous animal, which frequently *eats the saddle from under the traveller's head*," and the shoes from off his feet while he *lies* sleeping in the open air.—*Thunberg's Travels at the Cape, vol.* ii, p. 57.

THE LION.

The Lion is possessed of such immense strength, that he will not only attack an ox of the largest size, but will very nimbly throw it over his shoulders, and leap over a fence four feet high with it, although at the same time the ox's legs hang dangling on the ground.—*ib.* page 70.

THE NAMES OF THE REJECTED

AT THE HUNDRED AND NINETIETH SITTING OF THE BALL TRIBUNAL, CAPE TOWN.

(Extract from the Minutes, page 75,621.)

A. lives in lodgings; *B.* has but one coat for Sundays and work-a-days; *C.* uses wafers instead of wax, and neither dots his *i*'s, nor crosses his *t*'s; *D.* has been seen eating at a trades-man's table; *E.* married his wife at Gretna Green; *F.* has no silver forks at table; *G.* was born in a baggage-wagon; *H.* won't take a hand at cards; *I.* is opposed to field-sports; *J.* is a down-right radical; *K.* won't go with the stream; *L.* kissed his wife before marriage; *M.* keeps no horse or carriage; *N.* drinks *colonial* beer; *O* eats hashed mutton; *P.* refused invites to Government House; *Q.* is too much of a Quiz; *R.* never subscribes to the Race Course or Club Dinner; *S* is *censorious*; *T* makes a ham last five weeks, and grows parsley in a hat-box; *U.* is only a Liverpool trader, or *agent* for other people; *V.* is a whig radical; *W.* has a shabby look; *X.* (late Capt.) is a Destructive; *Y.* vends *parritch* pots and chamber utensils; *Z.* is a nobody-knows-who, and deals in *sneeze-'m, 'bacca, sheroots,* and Newcastle grind-stones.

A HINT FOR MORE MACASSAR IMPORTATIONS.

Q.—Our students are many, our schools abound, and the College was set up to take the lead in the march of intellect.—why don't we see the fruits of the *midnight oil?*

A.—Alas! that *oil* is all expended on the heads of our young men!

HEROIC BRAVERY.

On the 18th instant, a party of Gentlemen went on a sailing excursion in the recently launched vessel the *James*. Off Robben Island, in a sea by no means smooth, Mr. Zastron, of the office for the Registry of Deeds, one of the company, fell over-board and must have perished, but for the undaunted courage of Captain Herbert, (of the firm Herbert & Thornhill,) also of the party, who threw himself into the sea, and rescued Mr. Zastron from his perilous situation.

PLUMSTEAD VILLAGE.

A beautiful and costly monument of white marble has just been placed over the remains of the late Mr. Batt, formerly of that village. It bears the Inscription—

"Ob. 21st May, 1833,
Æ. 55.
Henry Batt, Esq. Plumstead Village.
For all flesh is as grass, &c. 1 Peter, i. c. 24 v.
So teach us to number our days, &c. 90 Psalm, 12 verse."

PUBLIC MEETING.

A good humoured Meeting took place in the Commercial Exchange on the 30th,—Col. Bird in the Chair. The object of the Meeting was to address His Excellency Sir Ben. D'Urban, on the success of his measures in Caffraria, and approving the same. An amendment was proposed and seconded by some gentlemen of well known independence, in reference to the *extension of the Colony*, which they, with many others, greatly deplored. The Address was of course carried. This better spirit of the meeting on the 30th, may be attributed to two causes. 1st, The wholesome lessons taught by a handful of independent men on the 8th of October last. And 2ndly, the judicious conduct of Col. Bird the Chairman. But for the latter, probably, some one or other might have attempted the pouring forth of *the 11th phial.*

"HE WENT THE WHOLE HOG."

"Mr. Secretary Cecil told the other members, if you stand upon law and dispute of the prerogative, hark ye what Bracton says;—*Prærogativam nostrum nemo audeat disputare.* Mr. Francis Bacon, *a whole hog man*, Sir, said, as to the prerogatives royal, he never questioned them, and he hoped they would never be discussed; this gentleman, Mr. President, *went the whole hog.*"—*(Irving's History of the United States' Senate.)*

Public opinion is too often in a vacillating state between right and wrong: it is convinced of its error, but has not courage enough and decision enough to adopt a decided course; *i. e.* as the Americans say—to go *the whole hog.* In that country, they observe of a bold uncompromising friend of civil and religious liberty, an unflinching philanthropist, who is not impeded in his course by pens dipped in liquid venom, or tongues imprecating fire and faggot, or is

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not turned aside by "the world's dread laugh,"—

"HE GOES THE WHOLE HOG!"

That is, as we take it, he goes the whole length of his principles; he does not conceal them, or let them rust in oblivion; he takes a sincere interest in those concerns which effect the general, not the partial good. He is not discouraged by the wagging of heads, the ha, ha! so would WE have it; the shiftings of false friends, the haltings of the Timids, the Pliables, the Ready-to Halts, the scruples of the bit-by-bit reformers or philanthropists—*He goes the whole hog*,

He beholds men forgiving great injuries, but contemning great services; an excess of desert turned into a kind of demerit, profaneness, buffoonery, libels, lampoons, and satires, all opposed to his course, but—*He goes the whole hog*.

He finds his principles tried (and confesses, that *principles are nothing* until they *are tried*); he discovers many an old acquaintance passing by like the Priest and the Levite on *the other side;* he witnesses the scowl of the wordly eye, the upbraiding of the scorner's lip, the shoutings, the clamours, the treacheries of a "Mr. Hate-Good," a "Mr. Pickthank," "Mr. Blindman," "Mr. Hate-Light," "Mr. Implacable," "Mr. Demas," "Mr. Enmity," "Mr. No-Good," "Mr. Malice, "Mr. Live-Loose," "Mr. High-Mind," "Mr. Heady,"*—but he endures; he holds on,—*He goes the whole hog*.

He is not ignorant of the voice of the multitude which is set against him,—he beholds it as a flock of sheep, merely led or driven by the call of the herdsmen; but these things do not move him; he knows well enough, that a single mind at issue with all the world has effected the most glorious revolutions in political and religious society. He admires the lofty intellectual decision of an Alfieri, the mighty struggles of a Dante, the undaunted perseverance of a Milton, a Hampden, a Howard, a Wilberforce, and a Carey; and, he goes forward with doubled strength in spite of the World's opposition, and the barking of its curs; in a word,—*He goes the whole hog*.

* Names of the Jurymen who tried John Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress.

OUR COUNTRY.

"Its gude to be wise, to be honest, and true,
And bide by the bonnets so blue!"

'WHEN a Ministry,' said Burke, 'stands upon private humour, its structure is of stubble, and its foundation is on a quick-sand! and so has it turned out with the choice of His Most Gracious Majesty, King William IV.

This great event we learn by the late arrival of the Sesostris, Captain Yates, bringing papers to the 13th of April. After a series of defeats on great questions of public interest, more especially that on the Irish Church, Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues laid down their office; and when the accounts came away, His Majesty was in conference with Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and the Marquis of Lansdowne. Thus, that active body of the movement party, which carried into execution the following principal measures during the last four years, are once more directing the councils of the Empire:—

I. Reform of Parliament.
II. Abolition of Colonial Slavery.
III. Reduction of Taxation. (The amount nearly *Six Millions*.
IV. The Retrenchment effected in the different Departments of the State.
V. The Law Reforms.
VI. The Poor Law Amendment Act.
VII. The Burgh or Corporation Reform. (Scotland.)
VIII. The opening of the China Trade.
IX. The Irish Church Temporalities Bill.
X. Reduction of Bishopricks, &c.
XI. The Plan of Education. (Ireland.)
XII. Grand Jury Bill. (Ireland, &c.)

This list will doubtless extend its dimensions, when all the measures contemplated by the passing of the Reform Bill shall have been carried. Several great questions are yet to be settled—The Church Rates,—Pluralities,—Irish Church,— Universities,—Dissenters' Marriage,—Registration,—Universal Education, and the Penal Laws, &c. will all undergo solemn review.

The men recently in office, with Sir Robert Peel at their head; let the reader not forget in reviewing this change in the national Councils, (as an historical fact,) were opposed to all real Reform. They comprised the foremost and most determined opponents of any Reform in the Representation,—were the vehement opposers of the Abolition of Slavery,—the protesters against providing for the moral and religious instruction of the negroes, 'on liberal and comprehensive principles,'— the subsidizers of Don Miguel, and the supporters of the Roman Catholic religion every where, but in poor Ireland. And now, whatever be the worldly politics of those at present in office, or those who may succeed them, it must be apparent that the religious interests of the British Empire are very unlikely much longer to repose where hitherto they have rested: the powers of change must be met and directed. Nor is it possible that a greater stake should be at hazard among any people; for the welfare of Britain, momentous as we must think it, is not all that is in question; since, with the religious and civil well-being of our own country, the moral and spiritual renovation of all countries in the great globe is involved. No national vanity is implied in saying so; for, none can look at the course of events during the last forty years, or anticipate those almost certain movements of the moral world which awaits us, without confessing that the brightest and fondest hopes we entertain on behalf of mankind at large, hang upon the auspicious or the ominous aspect of ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY,—of CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

QUESTION.

What is the reason that more deaths take place during the night than during the day?

ANOTHER.

What is the reason that the married gentlemen from India, "our Indian Visitors" in general, look squeamish, walk limpy, and exhibit symptoms of premature decay, while their ladies are as sprightly as larks, and happily preserve the rind of their countenances with undiminished lustre?

SCIENCE.

COOKING APPARATUS.

IN the Mechanics' Magazine for March, or, still better in the Gardeners' Magazine for the same month; our readers will discover much useful information, with embellishments, describing the Patent Cooking Apparatus invented by Mr. Weeks:—

1st. A Tradesman's kitchen range.
2nd. A Cottager's or a poorman's cooking range.
3rd. A Gentleman's kitchen range.
4th. An Hotel or Club house range.

We should think as it regards the three first, they require only to be known to be generally adopted.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Petreus van Wriggle won't do. The writer bears hard upon a highly respectable individual in trade, who has been made the victim of persecution from his manly avowal of attachment to the British nation. The author is, however, capable of affording innocent amusement, if he will be pleased to employ his pen for that purpose.

B. is completely in error as it respects Sir Lowry Cole and a public establishment of the colony. So far from being opposed to it, Sir Lowry was its warm and earnest supporter; and, if the writer is desirous of *facts*, and will pay us a visit, we will convince him of his unjust remarks in the twinkling of an eye.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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WHAT IS EDUCATION?

No. 1.

It is most important for us all to be aware that much intellectual and moral darkness broods upon our land; that "Ignorance," to use the words of Lord Brougham at the commencement of the present year, "prevails to a horrible extent". None are safe, most certainly, in the centre of pestilence, in daily contact with evil passions, demoralization, and ignorance. But we must not sit down folding our hands and venting our regrets in unavailing sadness. Our fears are but inferior impulses, and are not adequate to generous purposes; of these purposes, higher motives are the fitting guides, noble faculties the ministers. The best selfishness (we address ourselves in this clause more especially to the Albanian Settlers), the best selfishness is *justice,* and higher yet, an unselfish benevolence, overflowing in its own disinterested remembrance. The Creator will not bless any lower motive to do good, or His system is arranged upon the unalterable supremacy of justice and benevolence in Creation; and Christianity, (not its *counterfeit*), is mainly addressed to these faculties in man. Till we ourselves have light, and truth, and love enough to see and feel that our own good flows as a *secondary* but invariable consequence, from our efforts exerted, *primarily,*—and in their *motives,* exclusively, for our fellow men, of whatever complexion, we shall in vain attempt to improve them,—we must first improve ourselves.

Besides being actuated by a powerful impulse to increase the general happiness, we must arrive at just notions as to the true nature of that happiness. It is an error springing from human capabilities to rest satisfied with the *physical* weal of our fellow men.

"Man shall not live by bread alone."

The benevolence of Henry IV. of France, yearned for the happiness of his people, but his ambition was satisfied with wishing that there was "a fowl in the pot of every peasant in his Kingdom." Had he directed his utmost Kingly power to achieve this physical object, he would have failed. It is by operating on the moral and intellectual man, or the men whose intellects are chained down by ignorance or government misrule.

It is in this way only that the only steady and permanent provision is made for his physical wants. The man must be capacitated to provide his own fowl, if he is to enjoy it often. The kind-hearted Monarch would have *given* the fowl, if he could, and often repeated the dole; but he would thereby have degraded the whole character of his people, and unfitted them for the attainment of substantial permanent prosperity. The only true channel of physical comfort will be found in cultivating intellectual and moral power. Besides attaining the self-denying, benevolently co-operating. and industrious habits, which live in the very atmosphere of an improved morality; an enlightened intellect looks before and after, observes relations, calculates *consequences,* according to the nature of things, avoids evils, and secures good. But this is not all; it is the humblest office of an elevated moral and intellectual character to improve the physical condition; when it has established bodily comfort, and what is a new contemplation for the thinking few, reasonable leisure from reasonable toil,—*an indispensable element* of human weal, physical and moral,—it is in itself a positive good, a source of direct enjoyment, far above the richest material possessions. The Creator, let it be remembered, has done His part. He has placed in the human bosom, without respect to persons, an intellectual *materiel*—which we are to light up—those of us who have the Talent committed to our trust. And woe be to us, if knowing our Lord's will, we hide the light, or put it out, or refuse to apply it. Like the torches that were carried by those who engaged in some of the ancient Grecian races, and that were rapidly transmitted, with undiminished brightness, from one competitor to another, as they moved along the course, knowledge must pass from hand to hand. It is given for the purpose of transmission: and alas! for him who arrests it in its progress, or in whose hands it is allowed to become dim.

If education shall elevate, as it will be shewn that education alone can, the intellectual and moral, and, by necessary consequence, improve the physical condition of man. Education is the human means which must greatly aid in *preparing* him to receive religious impressions in their genuine spirit, and to apply them to their intended practical ends. *Before* the Sower went forth to sow, the soil was prepared. This previous preparation is so plainly pointed out in the parable, that it is surprising any one can lose sight of it. He was on his way to the prepared ground, when some seed fell by the uncultivated way. He did not expect to prepare the soil by the act of sowing the seed, else the seed would have taken root by its own virtue by the bare wayside, and risen and ripened even among the thorns. We shall have occasion to return in the progress of this discussion to the important subject of a legitimate use of human means; these are, in truth, God's means, for they are

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the working of the faculties which He hath bestowed, that they may be employed. Let us not in the mean time be misunderstood, nor let it be supposed that we subscribe to the doctrines of Lardner and others, that—"Men must be rational and civilized before they can be Christians;" and again—"Make them good mechanics, and then make them good Christians." "On this principle," observes a distinguished modern author and traveller, (Dr. Lang,)

"A number of missionary-artisans, of various handicrafts, were duly forwarded to New Zealand, where the missionary carpenter accordingly built a specimen-house, as like an English house as possible, expecting, of course, that every New Zealander who saw it would immediately build himself a house on the same plan; but the New Zealander, who had looked on with perfect indifference during the operation, preferred a hut after the fashion of his rude forefathers, and continued to live as before. The missionary boat-builder was still less successful; for the New Zealand war canoe, impelled with the speed of an arrow by fifty paddles, could sail round and round his clinker-built wherry, to the infinite satisfaction of the islanders, let her do her best. The missionary rope-spinner was absolutely laughed to scorn for his awkward attempts at the application of British machinery to the dressing and manufacture of the native flax, which the New Zealander could already manufacture into nets, lines, and mats for clothing, both useful and ornamental. The missionary blacksmith was doubtless a personage of more importance; but it was only because he could mend the lock of the crazy old musket, which the New Zealander had purchased from some English or American whaler, for a large quantity of pigs and potatoes, and with which he was only anxious to shoot his countrymen of some distant tribe, unacquainted with the use of fire-arms. And, although the stout missionary-ploughman turned up in one year, as he actually told me himself, no fewer than eleven acres of land which he had previously cleared, and which he afterwards sowed with wheat with his own hands, not a single New Zealander cared either for his plough, or his harrow, his crop, or himself. In short, for ten or twelve successive years the missionary-artisans and farmers cleared land, ploughed and sowed, sawed timber and built houses, plied the forehammer and spun ropes to *the dry bones* of New Zealand, without perceiving the least symptom of animation. They did every thing, in fact, but what God had himself commanded them to do two thousand years ago."

But once more we inquire, What is Education? What is understood by educating the people, according to the modern acceptation of the term? Is it of a kind to impart useful practical knowledge for resource in life—does it communicate to the pupil any light upon the important subject of his own nature and place in the Creation—on the conditions of his physical welfare, and his intellectual and moral happiness; does it, above all, make an attempt to regulate his passions, and train and *exercise* his moral feelings, to prevent his self-conceit, vanity, impracticability, destructiveness, cruelty, and sensuality? Alas! No. It teaches him to READ, WRITE, and CYPHER, and leaves him to pick up all the rest as he may! Now—reading, writing, and cyphering are mere instruments; when attained, as they rarely or never are, after all, by the working classes, to a reasonable perfection, they *leave* the pupil exactly in the situation where he would find himself, were we to put tools in his hands, the use of which, however, he may learn as he may. We shall come to our proofs on this point hereafter, and shall simply inquire (as it relates to intellectual Education)—How does it happen that mankind at the Cape think so little, except on any *given subject*, which excites—not their sensibilities, their intellect,—but their wrathy tempers and malignant passions. On any *given subject* we say!—Yes

"The hounds will gather to their hunt's-man's halloo,
And where he leads the duteous pack will follow."

No matter what the question be, provided the readers of the mass, or common herd, sit in hole and-corner, and devise the measures of action.

If we were asked what would prove the greatest effort of humanity, we should reply, to arouse men to the exertion of *Thought, i. e.* to THINK FOR THEMSELVES. Man has been defined as a cooking animal—a tool-making animal—a talking animal—and recently, by the Political Economists—an animal that makes exchanges; but the worst definition ever given (as applied to man at the Cape of Good Hope,) is that of a reasoning animal.

Man, *here,* is *not* a reasonable animal. It is by no means his characteristic. He is essentially the creature of *habit,* not reflection. Hence he has not the *ruminating* intelligence of the cow or the hare. *Here,* man is the creature of feeling, not of principle. He takes his opinions on trust, and resigns himself to the guidance of others, and therefore we still find him what he has ever been—the slave of prejudice and credulity. Much of the business of the Cape world, and nearly all its pleasures, are laborious efforts to escape thought. *Time* and *thought* are the grand enemies which are attempted to be hurled down, and if possible to be destroyed, as preservatives from listlessness and vacuity. Independent thought, and a generous espousal of the common rights of humanity are to be suppressed—now, not by Fiscal oppression, by the sealing of types and presses, and the banishment of printers, but—Oh! the world we live in!—by placard conspiracies even among those, who assume the aspect of sincerity, and have long affected a regard for the liberty of the press.

Here let us pause—there are honourable exceptions—"the noble few" who dare to be singular,—the

"Faithful among the faithless,"

who consider the Will of God as the Rule of their Conduct. To this small, but, happily, increasing number, we submit a few words of encouragement. Painful as it is to contemplate the existence of malignant detraction and party virulence and misconception,—those engaged in the righteous cause of Humanity and Justice, ought not only to feel no discouragement at being so assailed, but to congratulate themselves on finding such weapons employed against them, rather than on their side. And in particular, every one who is engaged in exposing and endeavouring to rectify any existing evils, should be prepared to encounter from those whose interest or prejudices enlist them on its side, with opposition the more strenuous in proportion as his efforts are the more likely to succeed. So far, therefore, from being intimidated, he ought rather to be encouraged by such opposition, as being a most favourable sign. Whitfield used to say, no good was done until the Devil began to roar.

Lastly:—To him who is engaged in the cause of Truth, it is one of the rewards of unflinching, undeviating, unwearied, patient perseverance in it, that he will obtain more and more of a full and calm confidence in its ultimate success: he will be more and more satisfied that though sophistry and calumny will often, for a time, overlay and disguise the truth, as the snow-drifts of the Boggeveids do the surface of the earth in that part of the colony, they are no less certain to melt away, and open up scenes of vernal beauty and delight.

What is Education? Second Part, in our next.

A FRAGMENT;
OR, HEEREGRACHT RECOLLECTIONS.

BEAUTIFUL was the night; a cooling freshness floated through the air; speckless of cloud or dingy mist was the whole expanse of the heavens; the twinkling stars alone threw out their flickering light; the stilly calmness

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spread its wooing charms, and blest Serenity held unruffled sway. On such a night my three quondam chums had spent their evening with me joyously, and left me without a single regret but that of parting too soon! Their half-and-half short step, with the shouldering jostle, gave proof of their approach to that sort of obliviousness which should never be got beyond. Proceeding by the light of these twinkling luminaries which so kindly lend their aid to light this comparative foot-ball of a world of ours, they found themselves in the Heeregracht, where the ceremony of parting was about to take place, when Will Masquequeue, with somewhat astonishment in his manner, threw himself in the favourite attitude of the Wolf Song, and

Silence! Silence! Silence!

was never better given in any of Will's happiest attempts.

"What are you now at, Will?" exclaimed Peter, "got into the Heroics again?"

Will, stretching out his neck, whispered out—

"That sound again, it had a dying fall."

"De'il take the man," remarked Nathan Puller, "that music of yours will make you mad, Will."

——— "Hear ye nothing,"

gentlemen?

"Never a bit of anything do I hear but the he-frogs in the ditch, rehearsing amorous ditties to their Ladies' Eyebrows."

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,—
Stealing and giving odour."

"For my part," said Peter, "I hear nothing but the low moaning of the waves on the beach of Table Bay."

"The man who hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils."

"Go it," said Nathan, "we'll have something out by and by. O, I have it, Will; the sound you hear must come from our worthy Scottish friend at the corner touching his Highland notes, though I confess I hear as little music as my friend does."

"Or an Æolian harp in the pastry-cook's window," replied Peter.

"Or Ashen, of fiddle-celebrity," responded Nathan; "trying the abilities of some decayed instrument picked up at public sale to-day."

Will threw out a look of scorn at his friends, and pitching one of his B flat minor keys rather higher than necessary for common hearing, exclaimed—

"Preposterous ass! who never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordained;
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?"

"There it goes; I have it now, by jingo!" bawled out Peter, "a brace of tom-cats settling an old grudge in the back gang there; don't you hear them, Will?"

"Once I sat upon a Promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres—
To hear the sea-maid's music."

"Why, man, your own glimmers are starting," exclaimed Nathan; "see, you've dropped your spectacles."

"And only look," remarked Peter, "the front of his wig is perched frowningly over his left ear. Stars shooting spears, eh!"

"This must be the music of the *spears*, for I'm blowed if each note of it does not run through one, as Tom Moore says; there's quotation for you."

Will adjusted his wig and picked up his spectacles; and, with one of his soft insinuating looks, said—"My friends, bear with me for a little space, and follow me, you shall both hear and see."

He led the way to the Parade with stealthy step, almost afraid that the sound of his own foot-fall would cause a discord; when, to the amazement of the trio, the cause of the deception on Will's quick musical ear lay stretched before them, which was nothing in the shape of Highland pipes, or the appearance of a mermaid riding a dolphin, nor even a brace of wrangling cats, but, in propria personæ, a couple of our *trusty guardians of the night* stretched on the top of a pile of timber intended for public sale at Mr. Jones' next morning, and snoring in concert as lustily as though they had tried it on for a wager.

Poor Will was never more out in his life; quite chop-fallen with the issue of the concord of sweet sounds; his first impulse was to kick them soundly, but being restrained, he bawled at the very extent of his voice—

"You miscreant rascals! say, what do you here?
Is this a time for sluggish, soft indulgence,
When the approaches are beset with enemies,
And all we have entrusted to your care?
Up! up! I say; or ——— ———
——— ——— I will do you injury."

The vigilant protectors gathered themselves the quickest way they could, and marched slowly off, muttering something not to be understood. Will followed their example without uttering a word; Peter took his arm, and walked in mock solemnity by his side; Nathan followed, whistling—"Croppies lie down," "We are na'e fou," and "The Dead March in Saul."

REPORTER.

ON THE RADICAL TENDENCY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S WRITINGS.

"ALL TRUTH IS RADICAL."—*(Howitt).*

William Howitt, the Poet, and Mary Howitt his wife, are alike distinguished for their unbounded attachment to the great cause of the World's Freedom. In a series of monthly articles by W. Howitt, entitled—THE GREAT MODERN POETS GREAT REFORMERS," he has, to the surprise of the many who merely read with the eye of the body, rather than that of the mind, *i. e.* the superficial and unthinking people, placed Sir Walter Scott's writings in their proper light. It has been said, that Sir Walter Scott was the very champion of royalty and aristocracy; that rank, knighthood, feudalism, all that sanctioned *caste*, and the subjection of the interests of the multitude to the interests of the few,—were his favorite topics, and breathed through all he wrote. This is altogether a mistake. Look through all his more than half-a-hundred volumes of romances and poetry, and what are his subjects? Almost without exception, the whole of them that can be considered as having any political connection at all, celebrate the efforts of those, who struggle for their freedom against the despotism of existing governments; the people of Scotland against the aggressions of England; Protestant Reformers against the bigotry of the Church of Rome; the dear old Covenanters against the monstrous tyranny and aggressions of the English Church; and the Jacobites of the vile old Stuart dynasty against the present reigning one. If there be no political connexion, it is still always the oppressed against the oppressor, man groaning under the tyranny of his fellow man. The fact is, Sir Walter was a man of the highest genius; and genius, when it retires from the consideration of every-day subjects, from the *party topic* and feeling of the passing moment, into its closet, and gives itself up to its own glorious visions and emotions, is too noble to see any thing but the *broad light of everlasting Truth*, to feel any

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thing but the majestic presence of Nature, and the quickest sympathies with struggling humanity. Like Shakespeare, he drew alone after the reality of life and action; and whoever draws so, draws suffering virtue—weeping truth—wisdom and knowledge, and honour contending with the perpetual assailments of *tyrant selfishness, false views of society*, and the barbarous maxims and institutions of dark times. He draws merit as belonging to every gradation of rank; and *cruelty and intolerance* odious in all. Whoever writes and feels this, may call himself what he will; he is a man of the true stamp; HE WRITES FOR MAN; and the spirit of man will respond to his call, with an energy that has in it perpetual increase of intelligence and freedom. Such a man cannot be Tory. If he calls himself so in the street, at the dinner-table, or even in the hall of public meeting, he goes into his study and gives himself a glorious contradiction. There humanity cries to him from the depths of its sorrows and its wrongs, and his great heart throbs at the sound; there the *sighs of the widow and the fatherless are brought to him on the winds of God's providence and his whole frame burns and trembles to assert their cause;* there in his ear sounds the clanking chain of those held in captivity; there, he beholds the poor exile, *his beard grown white* by sorrow; the tear of him who is scorned by the lifted-up and buffeted by the strong, falls and glitters before him, and he starts up and cries—"I, TOO, AM A MAN, AND WILL NOT BROOK THE INJURIES OF MY FELLOWS!"

Than Sir Walter Scott, there never existed an author to the hollow arts of Priestcraft, in all its varied shapes and modified relations. But we leave Sir Walter's church politics—a far wider field is before us, and one thickly strewn with the evidences of a free-born and freedom-breathing spirit. Let William Howitt speak for himself.

Who is the true hero of "WAVERLEY?" It is Vich Ian Vhor. It is the young, ardent, heroic chieftain, with all his romantic and faithful Highlanders about him, setting out on the fond but hopeless expedition to restore a faithful king to his throne. It is, to use the author's own words, "Fergus, the bold, the chivalrous, the free-minded, the lofty chieftain of a tribe devoted to him; it is he that led the chase, and headed the attack; the brave, the active, the young, the noble, the love of ladies, and the theme of song." It is he—now forming, with his beautiful and devoted sister, Flora MacIvor, amid their wild mountains, in their own mountain tower, high and generous, but fatal dreams of loyalty; now collecting around him the enthusiastic tribes of the Gael; now marching with the prince of their devotion to the battles, scattering in their bravery the troops of a mighty monarch before them; and it is he, now ironed like a malefactor, dragged to the common gallows, to die a lingering and cruel death, and to be mangled by the hands of the most outcast of wretches." He is the hero of this impressive story—his sister the heroine. Waverley and Rose Bradwardine are very amiable, and we sympathise in their fortunes, and rejoice in their triumph; but they are, after all, secondary personages. It is about the young chief and his heroic sister that our enthusiasm gathers; it is at the contemplation of their noble natures and high aspirations that our hearts beat quickly; it is at the bloody tragedy of Carlisle that we stand stunned and confounded. The same interest is revived in "ROB ROY" and "REDGAUNTLET;" and, in "OLD MORTALITY," it is not the crown and the Cavaliers, but the persecuted and resisting Covenanters, that are presented to our admiration. It has been said by the descendants of the Covenanters that Scott has caricatured them * He has certainly made ample use of that portion of fanaticism, of that rude enthusiasm, and that wild application of Scripture language, which characterizes them, along with their *high principles and righteous zeal*; but it cannot be denied that he has strongly made us feel that theirs was the *just cause*; that it was the Crown which was oppressive; and that theirs was only the alternative of dying a physical or moral death—of being cut down like sheep in the very moment of their worship, or of fighting like men for hearth and altar. It has been said, too, that he delights to paint Cavaliers and men of rank in flattering colours. Where? Has he made Claverhouse very attractive? He is polished, polite—but arbitrary and bloody. Nothing strikes me so much as the impartiality with which he describes all parties, and leaves the merits of the cause to speak to the heart of every intelligent man. He says himself—"Upon the whole, I can hardly fear, that at this time, in describing the operations which their opposite principles produced upon the good and bad men of both parties, I can hardly be suspected of meaning insult or injustice to either. If recollection of former injuries, extra-loyalty, and contempt and hatred of their adversaries, produced *rigour and tyranny* in the one party, it will hardly be denied on the other hand, that, if the zeal of God's house did not eat up the conventiclers, it devoured, at least—to imitate the phrase of Dryden—no small portion of their loyalty, sober sense, and good feeling. We may safely hope that the souls of the brave and sincere on either side, have long looked down with surprise and pity upon the ill-appreciated motives which caused their mutual hatred and hostility while in this valley of darkness, blood, and tears." Nothing appears more just. If the Covenanters are described with some extravagances about them—which *naturally clung to men pursued with fire and sword*, for those very principles which they felt to be their very best possessions—which present themselves most attractively to the spirit of the reader?—they, in their rude poverty and natural excitement—or the cold and tiger-like Claverhouse, or the Lords of the Council, armed with their thumb-screws and iron-boot? And where, indeed, shall we look, in the whole wonderful series of his works, for those portraitures of kings and rulers that are to make us in love with royalty and rank? Is it in the character of Elizabeth, as displayed in Kenilworth—capricious, arbitrary, jealous, and unjust? Is it in Leicester—ambitious, yet any thing but noble; haughty and treacherous? Is it he whom we are to adore, while we are filled with indignation at his treatment of Amy Robsart? Is it in King James—that old and ridiculous *pedant, dupe, and despot*, whom no one has hit off more deliciously than Scott? Is it the licentious and unprincipled Buckingham? Or can it be Lady Ashton in "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR?" For my part, I should as soon suspect him of a design to make cheap both royalty and nobility, by the awful display of their mischievous influence on human nature. Who so fond of a fling at overstrained loyalty and pride of rank? What can be more amusing than his perpetual banner upon poor Lady Bellenden for her vanity and passion for etiquette? When do we hear the last of the chair in which his sacred Majesty sate when he breakfasted at Tillietudlem? Who does not admire the calm pertinacity with which that rare character, old Touchwood, puts to route all the *fashionable hauteur* and *assumed superiority* of Captain Jekyl, in "ST. RONAN'S WELL?" Scott continually puts into the mouths of his actors sly jeers, and *naiveties* that would make us think him a professed Radical. Provost Crosbie, in "REDGAUNTLET," says to Alan Fairford—"Well, now, you see one may love the Kirk, and yet not ride on the rigging of it; and one may love the King, and yet not be cramming him eternally down the throats of the unhappy folk that may chance to like another King better." And, in the same volume, he represents Nicholas Faggot, the justice's clerk, as one "who, having some *petty provincial situation, deemed himself bound to be zealous for government.*" And what Radical could have drawn such characters as Justice Foxley and old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, without being charged with an intention to bring all the *squirearchy* and knighthood of the country into contempt? So far from maintaining that jealous intention to caste which a true Tory should, he has made a *hero out of a blacksmith* in "THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH," and raised Sir Halbert Glendinning out of the son of a conventual vassal. In a hundred places in his romances, he places *a high nature in a low situation*, and brings its possessors into contact with the *haughtiness of rank*, that you may feel the very insolence of worldly assumption, and the degradation of *God's true nobility* of merit. To take one instance out of numbers that will occur to the reader:—When Halbert Glendinning is introduced to the Lord Abbot and his company, to be installed in the office of park-ranger, the pompous parade made by the Abbot of the benefit to be conferred on the humble youth—the declaration of that fop, Sir Piercie Shafton, "That men do not look for gallant leaders and national deliverers in the hovels of the mean common people"—and the author's own assertion, that the greater part of the company were disposed to consider him with hauteur, if not absolute contempt—make us feel strongly the indignity of "the proud man's contumely;" while the high, yet becoming bearing of the youth himself contrasts finely with the servile spirit of the abbey retainers, whose base and subservient education have brought them to see no good, except in plenty of belly-and-back cheer. "What!" they keep crying out in astonishment—"What! refuse a green-gown and leathern galligaskins every Penticost; four merks by the year at Candlemas; an hogshead of ale at Martlemas, of the double strike, and single ale at pleasure, as he shall agree with the cellarer; a mess of broth, and a dole of mutton or beef at the kitchener's, at each high holyday!"

Now, this is not the way to teach passive obedience. To make your readers contemn the base-minded, and to sympathize with the generous aspirant after bettering his condition, is to accelerate that great movement amongst the people which has so much, of late years, alarmed the advocates of the *status quo*. If there be one of Sir Walter's historical novels that seems at all, at the first glance, to favour the supremacy of kings and the old right divine, it must be the "LEGEND OF MONTROSE," in which the gallant Earl of that name is seen, for a time, successfully prosecuting the Royal cause, without the bloodiness of Claverhouse, and without the trodden rights of

* A masterly defence of the Covenanters by Dr. McCrie, the Church Historian, is in our possession. The article (now scarce) is much at the service of any inquirer. The defence is contained in a Review of *The Tales of My Landlord.*—(ED)

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the people being brought so strongly into view. But even here the interest turns upon the adventures of Dalgetty in the dungeon of Argyle, and the grand poetical justice done upon that base nobleman, (if two such terms can come together,) and in the outraged feelings of the CHILDREN OF THE MIST.

These sons of the mountains—who have a wild grandeur about them, who like THE AMERICAN INDIANS, HAVE BEEN DRIVEN BACK AND BACK FROM THEIR ANCIENT HAUNTS by their enemies, have been hunted and *extirpated like wild beasts*, and, indeed, resemble the American Indians in many points of their character, in their unconquerable love of freedom; in their strong attachments and fiery spirit of vengeance—he has sketched with an inimitable hand. There is not, in all the wide round of literature, a more living, impassioned burst of eloquence than the death-charge of Ranald MacEagh to his grandson:—"'Kenneth," said the old outlaw, 'hear the last words of the sire of thy father. A Saxon soldier and Allan of the Red-hand, left this camp, within these few hours, to travel to the country of Caberfae. Pursue them as the blood hound pursues the hurt deer—swim the lake—climb the mountain—thread the forest—tarry not until you join them;' and then the countenance of the lad darkened as his grandfather spoke, and he laid his hand upon a knife which stuck in the thong of leather that confined his scanty plaid. 'No,' said the old man; 'it is not by thy hand he must fall. They will ask the news of the camp—say to them that Annot Lyle of the Harp is discovered to be the daughter of Duncan of Ardenvohr; that the Thane of Menteith is to wed her before the priest; and that you are sent to bid guests to the bridal. Tarry not their answer, but vanish like the lightning when the black cloud swallows it. And, now, depart, beloved son of my best beloved. I shall never more see thy face, nor hear the light sound of thy footstep—yet tarry an instant and hear my last charge. Remember the fate of the Children of the Mist. *We are now a straggling handful driven from every vale by the sword* of every clan, who rule in the possessions where their forefathers hewed the wood and drew the water for ours. But, in the thickest of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountains, Kenneth, son of Eracht, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it not; neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone-roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down; on the rock or in the valley—in abundance or in famine—in the leafy summer, and in the days of the iron winter.—Son of the Mist, *be free as thy fathers*. Own no lord—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—enclose no pasture—sow no grain;—let the deer of the mountain be thy flocks and herds—if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxons, and of such Gael as are Saxons in their souls, valuing herds and flocks more than honour and freedom. Well for us that they do so—it affords the broader scope for our revenge. Remember those who have done kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. If a MacIan shall come to thee with the head of the king's son in his hand, shelter him, though the avenging army of the father were behind him; for, in Glencoe, and Ardnamurchan, we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by. The sons of Diarmid, the race of Darnlinvarach, the riders of Menteith—my curse upon thy head, Child of the Mist, if thou spare one of those names, when the time shall offer for cutting them off. Once more, begone—shake the dust from thy feet against the inhabitants of men, whether banded together for peace or for war. Farewell, beloved; and mayst thou die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age, shall break thy spirit. Begone, begone,—live free—requite kindness—*avenge the injuries of thy race!*"

This is the language of a soul that felt the strength and the beauty, and could not avoid sowing the seeds of freedom. 'Tis the one pervading spirit of his works. Where neither contending crowns nor contending churches are concerned, in every lesser scene and character of life, it is still the cause of the weak against the strong. In "GUY MANNERING," it is the orphan youth that is made to triumph over the grasping *arts of the lawyer*—Glossin. In "ROB ROY," the chief of a proscribed race, is the object of our admiration and sympathy. In the "BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR," the interest arises from the tyrannous sacrifice of woman, in her youth and beauty, on the altar of family pride; and the horrors of that sacrifice are held aloft as an immortal lesson. In "IVANHOE," the oppressions of the Saxons and Jews are the food of our kindlier feelings—and so on. There is scarcely a form of despotism which has ground the people during the wide range of years over which his narratives extend, whether royal, aristocratic, or even popular, but he has exhibited it to our gaze and indignation. In "QUENTIN DURWARD," the terrors of arbitrary monarchy—in "ANNE OF GEIRSTEIN," those of the Secret Tribunal. And while he has with one hand boldly displayed the repulsive features of those great powers, whether regal, militant, or ecclesiastical, that have, from age to age, abused humanity, how beautifully has he drawn together, with the other, the bonds of our common nature? To say nothing of the numerous models of female beauty and worth that he has given us—in themselves no mean boon, since in them he has taught his youthful readers (and who shall number them?) what is really estimable in the female character, what is really worth loving and admiring; for his women are not like those of many novelists, clad in spurious and meretricious charms, but beings whose likeness may be found in actual life, and whose healthful tastes and domestic natures will be sure to bless it; this I say, is of itself worth a great deal, but it is far from the whole of his praise. The sound mind and true heart of Scott found such stores of worth in every rank and abode of humanity, as forcibly open our eyes to a wider acknowledgement of goodness and feeling of kindliness. It is this lover of rank, as he has been called, who has given us the simple attachment of Dominie Sampson; the rough and hearty generosity of Dandie Dinmont, the sisterly devotion of Jennie Deans; the imperturbable pertinacity of Caleb Balderston, in striving to maintain the credit of a fallen house; the fountain of the noblest feelings welling up in the heart of the deformed misanthrope—the BLACK DWARF. It is he who has given us the most affecting examples of fidelity and devotion, even to death, in the simple forms of servants and followers—that has evinced such sympathy with shepherds, troopers, gaberlunyies, smugglers, gipsies, and even jailors, and custom-house officers, in their several vocations; shewing us honour where we did not look for it—the traces of good in what would otherwise have seemed a moral ruin; marking the boundaries of selfishness and crime, even in minds where everything ethereal seemed quenched. Thus our hopes of humanity are kept alive; and, even while we are learning caution against the evils of life, we are taught the most important caution of all—not to utterly despair of man, in his lowest fall and most lamentable distortions.

Such was Scott. As to Shakespeare so to him Nature appeared without disguise—in all her glory, and all her weakness; and he drew her as he beheld her—warmly, vividly, but most faithfully; and whoever draws her faithfully, breaks down the artificial ice-mounds between man and man—restores fellowship—opens the heart of the high to the low, and, still better, of the low to the high, too often shut in that direction by oppression—gives at once knowledge of the good and evil of our social condition, and confidence in the powers of our nature to renovate our social laws.

Consider but the healthful, and, indeed, Christian tone of Scott's writings, the immense knowledge embodied in them, the accuracy of their costumes, the life of their characters,—the eloquence and the humour, and, above all, the free spirit that lives throughout them,—and then imagine the innumerable multitude of their readers, and it cannot be doubted that he will prove one of the most effective fathers of human liberty—one of the most genuine friends of men.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "MERE GUEST FROM THE EAST;"

OR, ONE "RECKLESS PLUNGE" MADE, AND ANOTHER SUGGESTED!

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—My review of the wondrous "Introduction" which has issued from the Graham's Town Press, to harbinger the forthcoming "Narrative" with which the said Press is pregnant, and labouring to be delivered of! has occasioned me the honorable notice of one of the *Zuid-Afrikaan* Balaams, and of the Introductionist himself. The former is far too astute to require more than the notice, that a needy and a very silly Balaam, who judges of others by himself, may stumble into an error. The Balaam race is below contempt; how little, poor devils! are they aware of the field of honorable usefulness which is open to their peculiar talents, and precisely suited to their imaginative powers and enlarged capacity, if they would but turn their attention to the laurels they might reap, and the pudding they might eat! by eulogizing Patent Blacking and Macassar Oil; it is well known that both Warren and Rowland are far more liberal paymasters to scribblers of any degree, than the "Powers that be" in this Colony. But though I dismiss the Balaams as canaille, I must have "a free and gentle passage of arms" with our Introductionist; he looms larger in the distance, and moreover figures, as the Historian to be, of the age we live in; and I am ready to confess, that I think he has more brains than *are* requisite to trundle a wheel-barrow, and cry "cat's-meat and dog's-meat" with becoming propriety; which is more than I would venture to asseverate of the Balaams.

But let the Introductionist first speak for himself, since King Cambyses is a chicken to him.

"This is pretty well from a writer who is now-a-day content to figure as the '*miserable tail*' of this apologist, and even—as he has himself proclaimed,—fabricator, of falsehood and foul slander. Truly these gentry prove their own cases so effectually, that they leave us nothing to do; but still we cannot quit our subject without remarking on the ridiculous and fulsome verbiage of the *Advertiser*, when blazoning forth the merits or qualifications of his adherents, however feeble or ridiculous they may appear to others. Thus, in his last week's paper, a certain mischievous busy-body from the East, who, a mere guest, a transient visitor, plunges recklessly into the arena of politics, and employs his leisure—*A la Bruce*, in

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officious meddling with affairs of which he is utterly ignorant—this person, in the cant phraseology of the *Advertiser*, 'assumes a lofty moral tone,—vindicates,' of course, 'justice and mercy,' &c., as well as the conduct of the Attorney General—which, by the-bye, as far as we know, has never been impugned; and performs to the delight of the veracious editor many other exploits equally marvellous and edifying."—*Graham's Town Journal, July* 16, 1835.

Admirable indeed! is it not? What will Mrs. Grundy say? These audacious Easterns, who *plunge recklessly*, and headlong, into the puzzling, perplexing complexities of colonial *politics!* are "fearful wild-fowl;" what, in the name of wonder, is to be done with them? Balaam has kicked and brayed in vain; and others of his kidney have done their worst to no purpose; they have all been as innocuous as the pecking of *the* dove! and we Easterns are all alive and joyous; nay, if report say true, there is nothing thought of among us but eating, drinking, dancing, marrying and giving in marriage; every fiddler in Cape Town, gravelled with rheumatic elbow, and the merry wedding chimes are practising, and rehearsing to be pealed from St. George's Tower! There's news for you, Mr. Introductionist! not one of us disposed to try hanging or drowning, to please such farthing rushlight meteors of colonial literature as yourself and the Balaams.

But let me ask this historical old gentlewoman in small clothes, at Graham's Town, what he means when he designates, "a certain mischievous busy body from the East, *a mere guest!*" Guests are wont to enjoy hospitality, and not to pay for it! and are generally grateful, to the extent that they are well or ill treated, or their hearts are capable of feeling gratitude! But when the said parties pay money down for every thing in the shape of money's worth, and generally speaking, some *trifle* per cent. more than the average of what the Colonists themselves pay for the same articles, it becomes a queerish sort of a hoax upon the gentle reader to call them *guests!* These 'Guests from the East' generally prepare from £30 to £100 per month for their expenditure here, as the case may be, of their being Bachelors or Benedicts, and after a year's residence with their munificent and high-born hosts, they generally find that every shilling has been required to satisfy the hospitable thoughts of the said hosts! Thus the extravagant appellation of *mere guest* resolves itself into the query, of what is the real amount of obligation actually due for the generous exercise of all that, which 'mere guests' are wont to enjoy, when they really are *mere guests.* Verily, the Cape of Good Hope is the last place where the mere guests from the East need be taunted with their undervaluing of the prodigious mass of courtesies, with which they are overwhelmed from their arrival to their departure!

True; the Cape is not without its duly-estimated, and most excellent society, in which the social, liberal, and friendly feelings, and warm hearts, display their amiable attractiveness to meet congenial spirits, whether "mere guests from the East" or from the West; but their worth, their kindness, and their hospitality are the exception, and not the rule, in this Colony; and, generally speaking, when the stranger has recorded his acknowledgments to Sir Benjamin and Lady D'Urban, the rest of his obligations may be screwed into a parenthesis, and have abundant elbow-room! let me not be misunderstood; we advance no claims; we are not querulous on supposed neglect: all I insist on is, that we are not to be taunted as 'mere guests,' when we pay fully its worth for all we get, and get nothing, from a horse to a tooth-pick! that we do not pay fully its value for.

As respects the perplexities of Colonial Politics and the *reckless plunge!*—the Colony contains a population of about 150,000 souls,—pays a revenue of about the same number of pounds sterling, and requires an expenditure of about the same amount, with a garrison of three regiments and the Cape Corps paid by the British Government. There is not a clerk in any slop-shop in Thames-street, though his education may have never flourished in any other academic grove than a Sunday-school, whose comprehensive cockney mind could not grapple with and embrace all the gigantic outlines and smallest minutiæ of Colonial Politics, as well as that world's wonder—our Graham's Town Introductionist.

But the mighty truths of colonial privileges or international rights: the mutual duties which bind, or ought to bind man to man, and nation to nation; the solemn reciprocal obligations betwixt Government and the Governed over the whole surface of the round world, require a clear head and honest heart to be rightly comprehended; and are something beyond what is meant by the Introductionist, as his "*arena of politics:*" and no doubt they surpass the Balaam capabilities, either here or in Graham's Town.

But such rubbish as Balaam's and the Introductionist's, is honored by the notice, and should be passed unregarded, did it not *serve* to show, that even their rhinoceros' hides are not insensible to the well merited castigation which, from time to time, has been inflicted on them. Let them rail till their throats ache, they disturb not the object of their spleen: on the contrary, I am so far from being wounded by their thrusts, that I publicly avow myself eager to recommend them to the notice of "the Powers that be," whose gratitude I deserve for belauding them, as I have done, so stoutly,—and I solemnly protest, that I shall consider myself sufficiently rewarded for all my merits, if I can but procure them, by my patronage, the sufficient reward of their's. But my recommendation is something more than mere patronage; it includes an object of the greatest possible public utility on the Eastern Frontier. I would suggest to Mr. Oliphant, that he should move in Council, as an economical measure for the protection of the frontier, that the Editors of the *Zuid-Afrikaan* and the Graham's Town Journal should be "*plunged recklessly*"—head over heels—the one into the Keiskamma, and the other into the Great Fish River: they are monstrously inflammatory; and as sure as those boundary streams roll downwards from their mountain springs to their ocean limits, so certainly would they be set on fire, a guardian fire for the Colony, by engulphing each one Editor! Let Mr. Oliphant then, but pause to imagine the quiet security and perfect safety of the Colony, behind these rivers of glowing fire; and as he is a classic, he will be forcibly reminded of the "flammantia mœnia mundi" of Lucretius, and will agree with me in thinking, that the Poet of Nature must have borrowed the idea and the brilliant epithet from the woeful catastrophe of some Roman Editor in the Tiber. *Vale—si vales bene est—ego valeo!*

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient Servant,
THE MERE GUEST.

P. S. In the thrilling interest of suggesting so efficacious and economical a plan for fortifying the Eastern frontier! I had nearly overlooked that a certain Mister Tim charges me with the murder of his Grandmother! a more foul, atrocious, and wanton slander was never fabricated, for, luckily, it is true that Dr. K. was called in: and it was distinctly sworn to before the Coroner, at the Inquest, that the old lady came by her death, entirely through Tim and his brother Balaam! a pretty pair of 'em! having worn her out, poor soul, by their unrelenting pertinacity in *teach-*

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ing her to suck eggs!! Mr. O. is not ignorant of the fact; but declines interference, in the idea that the poor wretches were labouring in their vocation, *and exercising the only talent they possess;* he even wishes they had another Grandmother to practise on, if it would only keep them from bothering us with long speeches at public meetings. But all this, and sundry other delectable matter, shall be fully detailed in my *Journal of a Year's Residence in Cape Town,* now preparing for publication, and which will give Tim and Balaam their due, before they are a year older.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

[J. T. P. is under some misapprehension. If he will dispassionately examine our remarks on his late poetic production—*The Tomb*—he will find that they convey no insinuation whatever that the writer "had pillaged Blair's Grave" of its *materiel.* The following are additional contributions by J. T. P.]

The Cape Town belles, I do declare,
Are lively, handsome, charming, fair,
Prattling, engaging, and so forth,
Modest or bold—(nay, some are both.)
But notwithstanding all the grace
Expressed by every winning face,
There is a something in their dressing
That is not quite so prepossessing—
And which, with certainty 'tis said,
Oftimes prevent them being wed.
The part we so dislike the look is—
What the Dutch, methinks, call "*broekjes,*"
Seeming to hide with jealous fear
Each little foot enveloped there.
Ladies! I speak with reverence,
Can you not with the same dispense?
For beaux advance with cautious care
To all fair ones who trousers wear,
The cause of which on this fact hitches—
Those who wear trousers, *may wear breeches.*

CAPE SIGNIFICATION OF VARIOUS WORDS IN DAILY USE.

Bargain,—Bidding furiously at sale, without any intention of paying for the goods so bought.

Society.—A word occasionally met with in English works, and said by travellers to exist in all other countries—meaning and usance unknown here.

Eau de Cologne,—An agreeable spirituous liquor taken by ladies when they faint (feint.)

Ecstacy,—Losing some ten or twelve pounds sterling in one night at that execrable game, ycleped "tip," with the concomitant "delights," flushed cheek, head ache, ruined health, empty pockets, &c. &c.

Friendship,—(Obsolete,) or like Love—a mere *name.*

Patriot,—One who puts down his name and this mark (£5) to every subscription afloat, without the least idea of ever subscribing a shilling.

Glory,—Getting "rehabilitated" before you are *really* insolvent.

Honour,—Paying a note-of-hand the day it becomes due.

Generosity,—On receiving a *Roman* fish from your friend Mrs. W——, sending her in return a couple of Hottentots fried in *Greece.*

Satisfaction,—Giving a gentleman whom you have seriously offended, a sound thrashing in a bye place, then running to the magistrate to prefer a complaint against him.

Gentleman,—An animal of the male kind, enveloped in a profusion of fine clothing, tight inexpressibles, *double breasted* waistcoat, velvet collar'd frock coat, &c. &c. a look of ineffable disdain upon his face, and the inimitable "*Ja, Mynheer, ja,*" on the tip of his tongue.

Religion,—Occupying a seat in —— church, and entertaining the family on your return by a minute description of Miss T's new silk dress, Mrs. G's fascinating plume of feathers, and Mr. L's unfortunate error in entering the wrong pew, and subsequent ejection from the same.

Drunkard,—A right good fellow, possessed of a *flowing* soul.

Bold,—Making a purchase of sundry bags of sugar or rice before you have actually sold the same.

Hospitality,—Taking in a new comer, for whom you have a most "affectionate regard," by getting him to purchase some *old* Cape Madeira (warranted four year in *wood*) at £15 15*s.* p. p. to export home, together with sundry ejaculations gratis, such as, Excellent remittance! Markets high! Your fortune's made, Sir!! and so forth. N. B. Brokerage to be paid by the buyer.

Attorney,—A very specious, long-faced sort of gentleman, with a six-and-eight-penny physiognomy "full of *wise saws* and (brief) instances."

M. D.—Man Destroyer, wholesale dealer in nerves and "small talk."

A true Churchman,—Having a most hallowed regard for steeples, bricks, and mortar. Resolving to stick to the "old Hussy" till you die. Falling in love with bits of painted glass and gilt whistle-pipes, and believing every pin in the Tabernacle precious—even to *the knob of a pew door.*

Editor,—Walking abroad with a Fernandez countenance, and singing "I'm Monarch of all I survey."

J. T. P.

HOPES AND PROSPECTS TO SCOTTISH EMIGRANTS, ILLUSTRATED.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Cape Town, July 29, 1835.

SIR,—As I don't profess to be a scholar, and had not the benefit of what is called a liberal education;—but only got enough of schooling to enable me to earn my bread, out of the face of a blue stane, you must not expect from me any thing worthy of a place in the Literary Gazette; however, if I have no imagination, and cannot write essays, or poetry, like Mr. Fletcher, the wheelwright, in Strand-street, I can collect and detail facts with as much veracity as any of my neighbours. I am the more emboldened to trouble *you* with this, because the farmers in this country have got no Farmers' Magazine, nor the Trade's Lads any Mechanics' Magazine, or the like; and in short, bating the twa Newspapers, which are so ta'en up fechtin ane anither like a couple of fisher-wives, that they have no time to attend to the common affairs of life, that there is no medium thro' which I can communicate what little I have got to say to the world, except thro' your Journal, which often gives us scraps of good information. Moreover, if you do not know it, I can tell you, that your literary production is read in many parts of bonny Scotland, and my present information will be conveyed by this means to anxious friends in that country, whose hearts have long been sick with the hope deferred of receiving a letter from the friends who left them for New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land in the *Thomas.* There were some 36 of us selected to *locate* here, as Jonathan says, and it possibly may be gratifying to the public in general, and to our friends in particular, to know how we have got on in this the land of our adoption. We landed in Table Bay, 29th day of May, 1833, and have therefore been in this Colony for the space of 25 months and 22 days. Our names, pursuits, and fortunes may be thus shortly detailed:—

The Edinbro' People consisted of *Alexander Lyall,* carpenter, with a wife and 2 or 3 children. Lyall is a first-rate hand in the cabinet-maker and joiner line; received whilst he was foreman to Mr. Cannon, £2 per week, has left him, and finds he can do better for himself; lodges with me, and his wife does a little in the straw bonnet line.

Robert Edwards, carpenter, soon after he came ashore married Joan Inglis, a passenger in the vessel; worked when I last heard of him with Mr. Arderne, his wages would be from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s* a day.

Gideon Wilkinson, carpenter, and his wife, is now busy at the carpenter work of Mr. High Sheriff Steuart's new house, for which he is contractor.

John Hamilton, blacksmith, wife, sister, and 2 children; as soon as he landed he went into Mr. Thomas Hunter's employ, at some 4*s.* a day, and is there still; his sister was lately married to Mr. George, the Proprietor of the celebrated Head Inn of this Town, called George's Hotel.

Henry Dewis, coppersmith, works with Mr. Fell, at some 4*s.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* a day; married Mr. Christie the turner's daughter, of this town.

The Glasgow People:—

Mr. *Robert Archibald,* miller, wife, and child. Mr. Archibald is the night superintendent of Messrs. Prince & Co.'s famous Steam Mill, at Guineas 5 a month; Mrs. Archibald keeps a school for the weans, near at hand.

From the Neighbourhood of Perth:—

Martyn Flesher, was born about

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Coupar Angus side, with his wife, a Perth woman; was immediately employed by Mr. Mechau at Rds. 30 a month, and remained with him until about 3 or 4 months ago, when he took one of the Government Shambles, and set up for himself a pork flesher. Mr. B. kills very well fed pork, and his wife, a canie body, is an extra hand at the fabrication of sausages.

From Aberdeen:—

James Small, and his sister Jean. James has no reason to complain of the encouragement he has received in the building line; he is at present building for Mr. Oliphant and Mr. McKenzie.

Charles Lyndy, wife, and 2 children; shortly after he landed, Lyndy took to the dressing of *Granite*, and has never wanted work in that line; he employs 5 or 6 men, amongst others, a man who was sailor in the Thomas, and who remained here, called *Alick*, but I never heard what his other name was, to whom he gives 4*s*. 6*d* a day.

From Dundee:—

Thomas Calder, wife, and 2 children, a sort of *Jammie a'll thing*; is gardener, cooper, mason, and slaterer; is at present slating Mr. Oliphant's house, gets 6*s*. a day, not a bad hand, for he passes muster with Mr. Butler, the carpenter of that building, a very particular pawkie man. Mr. B. says his wages were 15*s*. a week in Dundee, *when he could get work*

From other parts of Scotland, to me unknown, is *Henry Balfour*, painter; has married since he came here, and is steward to Mr. Sandenberg, up in the Gardens.

Skirving Cunningham, blacksmith, and wife, used to work with Mr. Thomas, but is lately gone to Stellenbosch to some relation of Mr. Bartie's, at 5*s*. a day.

Jean Gates, from Aberdeen side, servant lass to Mr. Dixon, the Livery Stablekeeper, at 18*s*. a month.

Agnes Campbell, servant in some Dutch family, a very decent lassie, would make *a very gude wife to ony wanter.*

Laurence Cunningham, boatswain of the Thomas, and wife, works in boats at the Jetty, and earns from £6 to 7 a month.

Alexander Justice, gunsmith, and wife, works with Mr. Clement, the gunsmith.

To the gude folk at hame I wud say, this is a grand land for health and caller food. Bread, meat, and fish in great rowth and for nae muckle siller. Wine at a couple of pennies a bottle, and excellent home-brewed Yill, the last mentioned a new affair at the Cape, and a down-right wholesome waught to an honest man who bends his back to the saw, the chisel, or the trowel, or e'en he (I wud that we had more of 'em,)

"The brawnie, bonie ploughman chiel!"

Ance mair, we have all sorts of Kirks here and meeting houses, and it's a great blessin' that folk may gang far awa' and find their own serious religion upon e'en the shores of Africa, as we have done in the new Episcopal and Scotch Kirk here—for with an honest pair o' hands, a regard for the Sabbath-day, and God's Providence, love, and favour, a man may be as happy and gude as the day is long.

With due respect,
I am, Sir,
Your very humble Servant,
J—— S——,
Late of Aberdeen.

A CONTRIBUTION TO OUR COLONIAL HORTICULTURE.

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will convey to your Correspondent E. J. the accompanying packets of seeds, which I have obtained from Bombay expressly for the use of such good fellows as he seems to be, and which I shall be glad if he can turn to any account for our mutual friends—the market-gardeners.

The seeds are—1st, *Bombay Onions*, which are either the Portugal onion improved in Bombay, or the original vegetable obtained by the Portuguese from India; they are of the largest size and mildest quality of any onion grown in the East, and are celebrated in every part of India.*

2. *Hibiscus esculentus Okro or Bhendy.* The green seed-pod, carefully boiled, is a very delicate vegetable; but by over-boiling, it becomes glutinous and mucilaginous; when a little over-ripe, so that the husk is stringy, the seeds, after being scraped out with a spoon, and spread upon buttered toast, form an admirable substitute for the finest asparagus.

3. *Solanum Melalongena*, or Brinjal. The blue coarse variety exists at the Cape; a better kind may, therefore, succeed. The young seed-pod, when about the size of an egg, being well boiled in milk, exceedingly resembles a highly-flavored artichoke, with the advantage of having enough for a meal. The seed-pod, full-sized, is an oval of eight or ten inches in length; this being cut through, and the seeds and pulp beaten up with butter, pepper, salt, &c. and fried in the husk, with bread-crumbs sprinkled over the surface, forms an agreeable vegetable side dish.

4. *Mehti Baji, a bitter spinage* worth introducing for its fine aromatic flavor, to mix with common spinage; this is considered an acquired taste, but variety is so pleasant, and the flavor of this plant so peculiar, especially in the Indian curries, that it is worth trying.

I have been disappointed in not hearing more from E. J., and am satisfied that I am speaking the sentiment of the public that his interesting communications, giving us his record monthly of the weather, and state of the gardens and vegetable markets, &c. would be received with unmingled pleasure by the herbivorous community.

I am, &c.
N. E.

* This onion we take upon ourselves to state, is perfectly distinct from the Portugal onion. (ED.)

The Editor thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the above Communication, accompanied with valuable seeds from India, contained in three quart bottles, and eight paper packets. They have been carefully transmitted to E. J. who will, doubtless, soon turn them to good account. See the Correspondence of E. J. in the *Literary Gazette* for March last, page 43.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

28*th* REGIMENT.

Narrative of the Campaigns of the 28th Regiment since their return from Egypt in 1802. By Lieut.-Col. C. Cadell, unattached, late Major of that Corps. 12mo. pp. 281. London. 1835. Whittaker & Co.

WHEN we read a book like this, a faithful sketch of actual and stirring events, we are apt to think that the pens of the writers of fiction might as well be allowed to stand quietly in the little holes of their inkstands. The latter, to be sure, if they are clever, dispose of their materials in more artificial, dramatic forms; but, for incident and extraordinary circumstances, the former beat all the creations of the imagination quite hollow. And war, especially, supplies a strange and vast fund of occurrences to mark both with a comic and a tragic interest the alternations of human life. Man becomes a beast of prey, yet with occasional manifestations of the better instincts, which heaven has implanted in the breast of the superior animal in this world's system. Hardship, and privation, and suffering are his hourly companions; existence is worth about a pin's fee; and desperate recklessness, and a passion to enjoy to the utmost the fleeting moment he can deem his own, are the characteristics of his course. The perpetual excitement, be it for peril and death, or for transient and precarious enjoyment, exalts his mind to so high a pitch, that the

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soldier's feelings are beyond conception intense; and he often lives within a few short days of vicissitude, more than the home and regular civilian lives in years of same occupation and humdrum rising up, feeding, gaping, and lying down. The history of his course, therefore, if even tolerably narrated, must possess strong claims to sympathy; and we trust that the following examples of Col. Cadell's work will shew that it is full of manifold attractions.

The 28th is a noble regiment, standing high among the foremost in the service. From the days of the great Marlborough to the days of the greater Wellington, it has sustained its ample share in the fame and glory achieved by the British army in every quarter of the globe. In later times it frequently fought side by side in the same bloody fields with the renowned Scottish regiments, the 42d, 79th, 92d, and with others of like bravery and conduct, such as the 52d, 71st, 95th, &c. &c. and it never moulted a feather of its plumes when compared with these gallant corps. Praise more honourable and distinguished could not be bestowed. In the American war it obtained the familiar *soubriquet* of "The *Slashers*," from its use of the sword, then worn by the infantry; and when, on its return from the immortality of Egypt, a second battalion was added to its force, the youngest recruit had the stimulus not only of recent victory, but of a century of splendid reputation to incite him to emulate his elder and veteran brethren in the mightier conflicts which awaited them.

Their first remarkable employment after this was the attack on Copenhagen, the account of which is in excellent taste; but we shall pass on to the still more memorable retreat of Sir John Moore in Spain, and commence our extracts with the story of a wonderfully narrow escape:—

"January 3d. The following occurrence had more effect in establishing the good conduct of the reserve than any thing that had yet been done. We were formed in close column, on the Bembibre side of the river, when our gallant chief, General Paget, in an excellent address, called the attention of the soldiers to the dreadful and disgraceful scene of yesterday, and the merciless conduct the enemy's cavalry had shewn to many of the stragglers. He told the men that they had now become the rear-guard of the army; and upon their sober, steady, and good conduct, the safety of the whole depended. Just as the General had finished his admirable and soldier-like address, and after all the orders had been given, and the necessary examples that had been made, two men of the reserve were found in the very act of shamefully plundering a house in the village, and ill-treating the inhabitants. The report was made, and the reserve was instantly formed in square; the culprits were brought out—the General being determined that an example should be made. They were ordered to be hanged upon a tree close to the village. Every thing being prepared, the awful sentence was about to be carried into execution; the unfortunate men were in the act of being lifted up to the fatal branch, when an officer of the hussars rode into the square, and reported that the enemy were at that moment advancing. The general said he did not care if the whole French cavalry were coming up; that he would hang those men, who had been guilty of so shameful an outrage. At that instant a few distant shots were heard, and a second officer arrived at full speed with another report. The general then stopped the execution, and turning round to the reserves, said, 'Soldiers! if you promise to behave well for the future, I will forgive those men—say yes, in an instant.' 'Yes!' was said by every one. 'Say it again,' said the general. 'Yes, yes!' was again exclaimed by all. 'Say it a third time.' 'Yes! yes! yes!' and a cheer followed. The men were forgiven; the square was reduced; and the 52d regiment, under Colonel Barclay, went through the village in double-quick time, and in the most beautiful manner took possession of the vineyards on the opposite side of the river."

After the battle of Corunna, we have the following entertaining anecdotes:—

"Our baggage animals were all left on the beach. Major Brown was fortunate enough to get a pig in exchange for a horse. The major was rather unlucky with his pork; for in the hurry of embarkation, piggy was taken on board one ship, and the major on board another." [The unlucky major, on a former occasion, had a nice piece of pork cut from his saddle-bow, by some of his hungry companions.] One exception, however, happened to the animals being left on the beach. "The wife of Sergeant Monday, the orderly room clerk, actually carried a lap-dog in a basket over her arm, throughout the whole of this dreadful retreat, and brought it home to England with her." A friend of our own, of the 95th, brought off a fine Spanish Pointer, which adhered to him throughout the whole of this murderous retreat.

The Walcherin expedition succeeded the return of the troops from Corunna, in 1809, and the 28th were again in request. Colonel Cadell relates a curious fact respecting the use of tobacco, which militates against a too commonly received opinion advanced in support of the use of this nasty drug:—

"I was (he states) the only officer of the regiment who did not smoke during the expedition to Walcheren, and the only one that escaped the fever." It is but fair towards tobacco, however, to mention a case where it was found useful. In the Pyrenees, when driving the French into their own country, we have the following singularly characteristic story, text and note:—

"While we were resting from our toils, some of the officers requested Colonel Belson to send a party to Pasages, near St. Sebastian (where supplies of every description were brought from England for the army), and to purchase tobacco for the men, and tea and sugar for the officers: 2000 dollars were collected, and given in charge to Sergeant Ball,* and six grenadiers. The conduct of these brave fellows on this occasion was chivalrous in the extreme—proving beyond all doubt, that British soldiers possess a high sense of honour and heroism, and that they are not, as supposed by many, mere machines. The party arrived at Pasages on the 30th, and learning that St. Sebastian was to be stormed the next day, the Sergeant addressed his men, telling them there was hardly an action in the Peninsula in which the 28th had not a share, and proposed to them to volunteer on the storming party, for the credit of their regiment. To this the men joyfully assented; and the next question was, how to dispose of the money safely, with which they had been entrusted. It was determined to place it in the hands of a commissary, taking his receipt for the amount, which document the sergeant again lodged in the hands of a third person. Having thus carefully provided for the property of their officers, these brave fellows volunteered for the desperate enterprise, and joined the ranks of their gallant comrades of Barosa heights—the grenadiers of the 9th. It would be superfluous to say, they did their duty, and most fortunately—indeed singularly—none of them were hurt. After the town was taken, the gallant sergeant collected his men, reclaimed the money, purchased the supplies, and returned to his regiment with a handsome testimonial of their conduct, addressed to Colonel Belson, from the general commanding the brigade."

But before returning to the Peninsula, we shall insert one other anecdote of Walcheren:—

"We had hardly settled, when the dreadful fever broke out amongst us. It was truly melancholy to behold the numbers that were cut off: every evening about dusk a string of from eight to ten fine fellows were carried to their graves! The deaths were so numerous that a corporal and eight men only attended each funeral."†

In 1810 our brave countrymen were once more on Spanish ground; and from the horrors of their many scenes of devastation, we select a few particulars. After the battle of Barossa, we are told:—

"Hearing that we were to march to the Isla de Leon in the evening, I, accompanied by the late Lieutenant and Adjutant Bridgeland (then sergeant-major), went to that part of the field where Colonel Browne's flank battalion had so nobly fought, to look for the body of Lieut. Bennet. After a short search we found it. The spectacle was truly horrible. A musket-ball had entered his forehead, and had carried away the whole of the back part of the head: a portion of the brain was lying in his cap; still he breathed! The sergeant-major said he would never leave him as long as he had breath in his body; and perceiving the army moving down to the beach, on their way to the Isla, a force being left to cover the removal of the wounded, he tied up the shattered head, and placing the body on his shoulder, carried it four miles to the Bermuda heights, where the army halted.

The surgeon coming up, examined the body, and said that it was perfectly ridiculous to think of conveying it a yard further, for although breath remained, all feeling was past. We therefore procured two great coats, and in the most retired place we could find, placed one under and the other over our poor comrade, and with sore hearts left him. About twelve at night we crossed over to the Isla, and were glad to get under any sort of cover. Some of us found our way into a Spanish hospital, where we were fortunate enough to get some clean straw on which we could lie down, and repose our weary limbs. About nine next morning I was aroused from a sound sleep by a soldier of the regiment. He told me that a corpse had been brought in by some Spaniards, who said it was that of an English officer; upon which I instantly got up, and limped down stairs as well as I could (for I had been wounded by a spent grape-shot about the middle of the action), when, shocking to relate, I saw the body of poor Bennet brought in a bread-bag. He was still breathing. The dust from the bread, which had almost filled his nostrils, mouth, and eyes, I quickly removed with a sponge and water. His usual placid smile was still upon his countenance; but no sooner had this last friendly office been performed, than our lamented comrade, with a deep sigh, expired."

In this battle the gallant author was himself put *hors de combat* for a while by a grape-shot, but recovered sufficiently in time to resume his command, and to supersede his supersessor:—

"On returning to the right," he says, "and touching Lieutenant Potter on the shoulder it created in him no little astonishment to see me, as it were, arisen from the dead."

"On the 5th the division returned to Merida, in consequence of the investment of Ciudad Rodrigo, Sir Rowland (Hill) commenced his march by Portalegre, to Nisa, to cover it. On the first day's march, when we passed the place where the two Frenchmen of Captain Neville's gallant party were killed by the cannon-shot on the 29th, it was curious to observe that one body was completely devoured by the wolves—even the very gristles of the ribs were gnawed off; while the other was not touched, nor even where his clothes in the smallest degree injured."

On a future march, "just as the regiment was dismissed, a large body of the enemy's Polish lancers made their appearance, and, after shamefully cutting down several unfortunate women who had fallen behind, advanced rapidly to the wood,

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*This fine fellow, on a former occasion, received a musket ball through the fleshy part of his leg, when he very quietly took the quid out of his mouth, applied it to the wound, tied it up, and thought no more of the matter.

†On one of these melancholy occasions, a ridiculous occurrence took place: an Irish corporal and eight men of the grenadier company of the 28th went to bury a fine fellow who had died the day before,—the dead house at the hospital being full of men of different regiments, our corporal was taking away, by mistake, the body of a man of the 43d, when a non-commissioned officer of that corps claimed him; 'Sure,' says Paddy, 'I am come to bury a man, and isn't it now all the same which regiment he belonged to? I am only just taking the best looking one."

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where we were stationed. The light company fortunately happened to be on the rear-guard, under Captain Bradbey; and they instantly formed at the edge of the wood, and gave them such a well-directed volley, that many of them were brought down." Again: "A shocking imposition was practised upon two of our officers, Lieutenents I—— and C——, that evening. Some time after the action, a Portugese soldier came to their tent with some pork steaks to dispose of, which their servants eagerly purchased, and dressed them for their masters' supper. They being very tired and hungry after a long march and hard fighting, sate down and made a hearty meal: but a short time after, what was their surprise and disgust, when they discovered it to be more than equivocal that the alleged 'pork-steaks' had not long before belonged to the person of a Frenchman! I——, like an old soldier, drank off half a tumbler of brandy, and thought no more of the matter; but poor C—— turned very sick, and was always ill whenever the subject of their cannibal repast was mentioned."

How dreadful that human beings should be exposed to miseries like these; and that man, armed against his fellow man, should take part in such atrocities! We will endeavour to relieve our readers from the disgust of the subject by some more miscellaneous quotations.

1811. "The 28th embarked at Cadiz on the 13th of March, and arrived at Gibralter on the 16th. Sir Colin Campbell, the governor, was so pleased with the conduct of the regiment, that he ordered a *feu-de-joie* to be fired after dark on that evening, in commemoration of the battle of the 5th. We landed in a deplorable state—nothing but rags upon us; our clothing was very old when we commenced this short campaign, and the bullets of the French had torn it almost to pieces; there was hardly a cap that was not perforated. However, after we were all put to rights, we were not allowed to remain long idle."

At Arroyo del Molinos, "The weather was very fine, and it was a most gratifying sight for us to see the enemy scampering up the mountain in every direction; the British, notwithstanding the forced march the day before, being in wet jackets for twenty-four hours, and the night's march before the attack, were taking them at every step. On our arrival at the summit, our men were very much scattered, and General Howard most judiciously stopped the pursuit. At this period our gallant comrade, Captain Irving (now lieutenant-colonel), fell senseless from fatigue and exhaustion, and it was with great difficulty he was restored. Seven or eight Frenchmen, whilst endeavouring to make their escape down the mountain, were taken in an extraordinary manner by Lieutenant Irwin, of the grenadier company, the first in the pursuit. He took up what they call in Ireland a couple of 'two-year-old stones,'* which he aimed so well with his left hand, that he brought down two of the Frenchmen, one after the other; the others seeing their comrades so roughly handled, quietly surrendered, and he brought them all in prisoners. On our descent into the plain, the scene was a singular one; many officers and soldiers were mounted on horses they had picked up belonging to French officers, who finding they could not ride over the mountain, had abandoned them; and different parties were bringing in numerous prisoners, which, when collected, amounted to upwards of 1500; the Prince D'Aremberg, General Brune, and several officers of rank, were amongst them. The Prince D'Aremberg was taken by Lieutenant Blakeney, of the light-company, 28th, who, being mounted, as adjutant of the flankers, was at the head of the column. On coming up to a wall where a number of French officers had just retreated, seeing a person of distinction, with a star upon his breast, he gallantly leaped the wall into the midst, and made the prince his prisoner. The prince was so much pleased with the conduct of Lieutenant Blakeney, that he applied to General Hill to permit the lieutenant to conduct him to Lisbon, which was granted;—he was promoted to a company in the 36th for his bravery. When it was made known to the prince that the frigate was ready, which was appointed to take him to England, he told Blakeney that he should be happy to see him, whenever he might be at Brussels, Paris, Rome, Naples, or in any part of the Emperor's dominions. A midshipman soon after came to say that a boat was waiting, when the prince turned to Blakeney, and asked him how soon he thought he (the prince) should be in England, Blakeney replied, 'As soon as you are out of the Tagus—all the seas are England."

* "About the size of a man's hand."

THE POLITICS OF THE WESLEYANS.

THERE is an anxiety often manifested in this Colony, to distinguish the Wesleyan Missionaries *apart* from the general body of the devoted men of various respectable denominations of Christians who are zealously prosecuting their benevolent efforts. But this *preference*, in reference to its cause is a mistaken one, and in reality is a reproach to the Wesleyans. It is said, they do not inter-meddle with politics. But let it not be forgotten that the Great Author of our christian profession, never intended that his followers, on becoming christians, should forget that they were men, or consider themselves as idle or uninterested spectators on the great theatre of life. Nor in good truth, have the Wesleyans over-looked this well known truth. They are generally foremost in the field of discussion; and, in looking homewards, we find the power and might of their influence in their Holy War against the atrocities of Slavery, their zeal for the passing of the Reform Bill, and their independence at the late election. In a great many instances, the Wesleyan Ministers with others of the Clergy, took distinguished parts on the hustings, and at public dinners. This may be called *worldly*, but if we are to relinquish any undertaking of an honest nature on account of its being *worldly*, we must then go out of the world.

These fewremarks have been elicited from the circumstance of a wearisome epistle, which has been laid before us, signed *A Wesleyan*. The writer endeavours to prove that his friends "never interfere with the politics of this world," but he is evidently a noviciate in the art of defence, and so sadly disfigures his cause, that we feel disposed in mercy to our friends the Wesleyans in general, to smother the communication altogether. At the same time, we have no objection to give them fair play, and we select from among the many Wesleyan speeches which the English papers record, one delivered at a Norwich Purity of Election Dinner, by the 1,600 supporters of Messrs. Harbord & Martin.* It is no fault of ours that the worthy minister is a down right Reformer.

The Rev. T. JACKSON, Methodist Connexion, being loudly called for after the Dissenters' toast was given, spoke as follows: Gentlemen, the flattering manner in which you have received the last toast, and the enthusiasm with which you drank it is enough to make a dumb man speak by signs, and a deaf man speak by lines. There has been such deep impressions, such exhilirated feelings from the sentiments already expressed; there has been such a "feast of reason, and flow of soul," that I am afraid lest any thing I am about to say should loosen the one or disturb the other. (No. No.) You have had "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." You have been addressed in "language of light and sentiment of fire." I hope, however, that a few plain words from a very plain man will not be despised. (No, No.) Gentlemen, you, no doubt, are aware of the compliment paid you by the Conductors of the Norwich Chronicle the other day. I do not mean that insulting compliment paid you by the same authority of "Setting up your tub where you like," which was so ably commented upon by the Rev. J. Green, whose speech was worthy of being inserted in letters of gold, and I do most sincerely regret that it never appeared before the public. (Hear, Hear.) The compliment I mean is inserted in last Friday's paper. What do you think it is? As it breaks upon your ears I am confident you will smile. They have denominated you "Sectarian Pharisees." Who among you can think of this extraordinary title and maintain absolute command over his risible muscles! 'Tis true there are occasions, when

"To laugh were want of goodness and grace."

But really when you think of this tickling appellation,

"To be grave exceeds all power of face." (A laugh.)

If you be "Pharisees," then I suppose, politicaily speaking, I must be a "Pharisee of the strictest sect." This I know, "as touching the law" of bribery and perjury, "I am blameless." (Cheering.) Gentlemen, why have the Tory Journalists, in the plenitude of their liberality, palmed the name of "Pharisee" upon you? Because you do not choose to think as they think, to speak as they speak, to move as they move, to act as they act. You knew that bribery had been carried on in this city to its great and lasting disgrace—you knew that the legislative authorities had made a law in order to check the abominable system—you availed yourselves of that law, and for so doing you, forsooth, are "Pharisees." (Hear, hear.)

"Sectarian Pharisees."—If our opponents mean by that designation the 1600 unbought and independent electors who voted for Harbord and Martin, then we have a medley of "Pharisees." We have Quaker Pharisees, Baptist Pharisees, Methodist Pharisees, Roman Catholic Pharisees, Unitarian Pharisees, Calvinistic Pharisees, Church of England Pharisees, and I scarcely know what sort of Pharisees. (Loud laughter, and cheering.)

"Sectarian Pharisees"—Well, I am happy to say the following laity are of our "sect:"—Harbord and Martin, Gurney, Mitchell, Hudson, Newbegin, Foster, and our respected Chairman, Captain Money. (Laughter.) Did you ever know that these gentlemen were "Pharisees." previous to the information given in last week's Chronicle? (No, no.) I am also proud to remark, that amongst us as Pharisees, we have the

* Norwich Mercury, March 27th, 1835. Many Clergymen of the English Episcopacy were present.

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following clergy:—Green, Bakewell, Scott, Beaumont, Innis, Alexander, Puntus, and many others of equal intelligence and piety. (Loud cheering.) By the bye, I ought not to have omitted the Rev. R. F. Elwin. (Loud laughter.)

"Sectarian Pharisees"—The Tory Journalists might perhaps only include in this name the Dissenters. Well, be it so—we will receive the compliment at their hands. As Dissenters, we have nothing to fear from them. If we be "Sectarian Pharisees," we can boast a noble ancestry. *We have had a Fox (Quaker) who, amid abounding corruptions, stood forth an undaunted champion in the cause of liberty—Baxter, who rose high on freedom's wings—Watts, who like the unfettered bird of morn, ascended high amidst the music of his grateful piety—we have had a Bates, Owen, Flavel, Howe, Heywood, Doddridge, Henry, Whitfield, Wesley, Fuller, Ryland, Hall, and the illustrious* 2000 *non-conformists, who made a sacrifice of all for the sake of liberty, and who emulated each other in the high places of the field, and were fain to pluck the crown of martyrdom from each other's brow.* (Bravo.)

If the Dissenters be "Sectarian Pharisees," they are identified with some of the most eminent, intelligent, and distinguished individuals in the nation, a host which no man can number. (Loud cheering.) With men like these we will rather remain "Pharisees" than abandon our Pharisaical notions, in exchange for the Aristocratic principles cherished by the Corporation Scribes. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, we have as much right to call them "Scribes" as they have to call us Pharisees." Of one thing I am confident, as "Scribes" they are better paid for their writing than we, as Pharisees, are for our fasting and praying. (Loud and repeated cheering.)

"Sectarian Pharisees." Be it so. We are an increasing sect. We shall continue to increase in spite of the policy and power of the magistrate, or the interest, credit, and craft of the priests. The "Scribes" say that the "Sectarian Pharisees" are only as a drop of water; but if we are honest men, and firm to our principles, we shall constrain them to sing or rather howl,—

"A rill—a stream—a torrent flows:
It rolls——a mighty flood."

"Sectarian Pharisees." If you are pharisees, you are not fools,—you have proved yourselves to be men of independent principles. You have not been moved either by threatening or reward. You have resisted the temptation—you have, as honest voters, exclaimed:—

They knew that I was poor,
And they thought that I was base;
And would readily endure
To be covered with disgrace;—
They judged me of their tribe,
Who on dirty mammon dote
So they offered me a bribe,
For my vote, boys, vote!

What though these men be rich,

No wonder, think of their pensions, pluralities, resources—

"And what though I be poor."

No wonder that you are poor, when we consider how you are taxed, tithed, and priest-ridden—

"What though these men be rich,
And what though I be poor;
I would perish in a ditch
'Ere I'd listen to their lure:
They may treat me as their prey,
But their vengeance shall be brav'd,
I've a soul as well as they
To be saved, boys, saved!

O shame upon my *betters*,
Who would my conscience buy!
But shall I wear their fetters?
Not I, indeed, not I.
(Loud and continued cheering.)

Gentlemen, I shall not detain you any longer. I sincerely thank you for the honour you have done the Dissenters in the joyous manner in which you received the toast. And I hope that you, as far as you possibly can, will support and extend your principles—principles so pure, so honest, so patriotic, and so independent. (The Rev. Gentlemen sat down amid much cheering.)

AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT.

(TO BE READ IN 1840.)

[COMMUNICATED.]

In ancient times when, as every one knows, this earth was the abode of Giants, there existed a race of warlike monsters, horrible to the sight, and known by the appellation of IMPERII,—having but one eye, called by a name, which being translated signifies self-interest. Through this eye these monsters beheld all things, and being, as the word implies, very short-sighted, it frequently happened that what seemed at first beautiful and enchanting, proved on a closer inspection to be quite the reverse. At a great distance from this gigantic nation dwelt in undisturbed repose a numerous people, who, strange to say, were all DWARFS. They lived in a land rich in the glorious clothing of nature, and being delighted with her boundless varieties, they wandered from place to place, subsisting upon the spontaneous fruits of the earth. It happened that one of these Giants was compelled, by hunger and extreme penury, or some other cause, to quit his native country; and as chance would have it, he came to reside in the neighbourhood of the Pigmy Settlement. Here all his real wants were supplied by lucrative traffic; although, as you may suppose, his table was a great task upon them, and in a little time he grew fat. He then informed some of his brethren at home of the "very beautiful, abundantly watered, and fertile country" which had received him, and of the "numerous herds of fine cattle" which were to be found there, and was shortly joined by several other men like unto himself. These giants in the course of time began to covet the possession of this hospitable soil, and laid their heads together as to the best means of satisfying their wishes. Afraid, however, of bringing down upon them the wrath of the nation of which they were a branch, should it become known, if they boldly seized what they coveted, they sought a pretext for waging war with their former friends, nor were they long in finding or rather in making one; and as it may perhaps be for the guidance of future ages, we purpose to state the facts of their cunning device.

A few of their number went "in a time of the most profound peace," and "without provocation or any previous notice or declaration of war," and settled themselves in the most romantic and richest part, and in the very heart of the country of their peaceful neighbours, building houses, cutting down trees, sowing and planting the soil, and depasturing large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats which they brought with them. Those of their countrymen who stayed at home, in the mean time took every opportunity of making inroads upon these dwarfs, burning their houses, and carrying off and destroying large quantities of their means of subsistence, their cattle, and even their very milch goats, so that at length there was very nearly a famine in this formerly so prolific land. Things remained in this state for some time, until the dwarfs, goaded to desparation, began to resist their rapacious and gigantic *friends*. This was exactly what these cunning strangers had desired; a war of extermination was immediately commenced, when the survivors "were compelled to accept the terms of peace which were offered," after the slaughter of thousands of these pigmies, and which drove them for ever from their country and deprived them of all their little property they were possessed of. The conquerors then added this new territory to that which they had formerly been permitted to reside in, and solemnly declared (let not the reader laugh) that their "future security could only be provided for by removing these" pigmies, whom they denounced as "treacherous and irreclaimable savages, to a safer distance." But subsequent events shewed, how short-sighted these giants were. The eye of self-interest, in fact, lighted them to their own destruction. In time, the peaceful dwarfs profited by the lesson they had received,—they allied themselves with other nations—became warlike in their pursuits, and carried death and destruction into the country which had once been their own home, extending their depredations even beyond its limits. Where there had been one robber before, there were now thousands.

SONGS FROM VISCONTI,

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

BY R. HARTLEY KENNEDY, ESQ. M. D.

SONG.

I.

Our lot hath smiles as well as tears,
And joy as well as pain;
But hope, which braves a thousand fears,
Can glad my heart again.

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Tho' joys we once enjoy'd be gone,
The hopes we cherish'd o'er,
Yet other joys are yet to come
And other hopes in store :—

My girlish years had many a pain,
Yet had their pleasures too ;
Forgotten those, but these remain,
For they were sweet as few.

And oh! however fortune smile
On life's maturer day,
'Twill add to joys to think awhile
On pleasures past away.

SONG.

II.

The East in rosy red before
The rising sun is seen,
And glittering clouds when he is set,
Still show where he has been:

Thus hope announces joy to come,
Thus memory holds the past,
And rainbow hues on every cloud
That frowns upon us cast.

Thence, whether it be sun or shower,
Or bring its joys or sorrows,
To-day is but a speck between
Our yesterdays and morrows.

SONG.

III.

Our spirit is no child of earth,
Tho' clad a while in clay ;
It had a better birth than this,
And hopes a better day.

When sounds are heard we once have heard,
But where we cannot tell,
When unknown lips appear to breathe
A voice remember'd well.

Who will not own those startling thoughts
Are shadowy glimpses given,
To show the soul it sprang not hence,
But where it ends, in heaven ?

Cape Town, 1835.

ESCAPES AND ADVENTURES OF CAPT. JOHNSON,

THE CELEBRATED SMUGGLER.

In a new work of considerable interest, entitled—"Scenes and Stories by a Clergyman in debt, written during his confinement in the Debtors' Prison;" we find some lengthened notices of those remarkable men, Lord Cochrane and Captain Johnson, the famous smuggler. Johnson was celebrated in every walk of life which he has chosen to tread ; strong in a daring, reckless, yet not untempered energy of mind, but a humble individual in the sphere of society. After describing many of the extraordinary exploits of Johnson, we extract the Author's own account of the

PLAN FOR THE RESCUE OF BUONAPARTE FROM THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

We come now to the great and strange plot, upon which, had it succeeded, would have hinged, not only all the celebrity of Johnson's own life, but all the peace, the prospects, and the fate of empires—we mean the plan for emancipating Buonaparte from the Island of St. Helena; a plan so ingeniously devised, so carefully settled, and so completely prepared, that had the attempt been made, we are persuaded it would have been crowned with success, and Johnson himself was convinced of this.

The plan whereby Johnson was to have effected the emperor's escape involves a wonderful display of other qualities besides those of daring, foresight, and intrepidity. It exhibits the bold sailor and reckless prison-breaker, in the novel light of an engineer, a man of high inventive genius, possessing a knowledge of mechanics, mathematics, and natural philosophy ; a master of the abstruse principles of science, and making them available so as to influence the destinies of nations the moment they were brought into play.

Yes! in order to free the man who, while he was the world's admiration, would fain have been its despot; debtor Johnson, who had burst the barriers of his jail; smuggler Johnson, who had been the terror of the excise ; Captain Johnson, who had conducted the British fleet to its destination ; now not content, like the heathen Janus, to have stood before the world with two, or even three faces, for the fourth time tears away the mask that would have concealed the various capabilities of his mighty mind, and upon the banks of an English river, for the liberty of one who would have gloried in deluging that river with blood, he ventures to build a SUBMARINE SHIP; a vessel that would not only sail upon the face of the blue seas, but could at pleasuse sink itself into their secret depths, and, for the space of six hours, plough her way in the midst of waters, with the indignant waves of the ocean roaring over her head.

In such a ship was Napoleon to have been removed from the island of his captivity, unsignalled and unseen ; the enemy departing from his prison, and yet no cannon pointed at him from the hills and forts : no vessel pursuing him upon the sea.

Of this vessel, and the exploit which it was to be the means of performing, we are happy to be able to give the following account from Captain Johnson's own pen—of course relieving ourselves from any participation in the expressions used either respecting Napoleon, or Sir Hudson Lowe. Captain Johnson entitles it--

"A correct description of the Submarine Ship called the *Eagle*, which was intended to take away the Grand Emperor, Napoleon, in July, 1821, had not death hurried him out of this world, on the 5th of May previously. *(See Dr. O'Meara's 'Voice from St. Helena.')*

"I constructed two submarine ships, which I intended should be engaged in the meritorious and humane service of rescuing the immortal emperor Napoleon—the greatest man of his age—from the fangs of his jailor, Sir Hudson Lowe.

"The *Eagle* was of the burthen of a hundred and fourteen tons, eighty-four feet in length, and eighteen feet beam ; propelled by two steam engines of forty horse power.

"The *Etna*—the smaller ship—was forty feet long, and ten feet beam ; burthen, twenty three tons.

"These two vessels would be propelled—the large one with two engines of twenty horse power each ; the small one with one engine of ten horse power, high pressure, well arranged, equipped with warlike stores, and thirty well chosen seamen, with four engineers. They were also to take twenty torpedos, a number equal to the destruction of twenty ships, ready for action in case of my meeting with any opposition from the ships of war on the station.

"These two ships were to be stationed at a convenient distance from the rock (at St. Helena), abreast of Longwood House, the highest point of the island, being two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and because deemed inaccessible, of course unsuspected. All the accessible points were well fortified and guarded.

"In this position the two vessels were to lay at anchor at a cable's length from each other, the smaller one close to the rock, well fortified with cork fenders, in order to guard against any injury which might be apprehended from the friction or beating against the rock, which could at all times be prevented by hauling off or on, as occasion required.

"This smaller ship would be provided with a *mechanical chair*, capable of containing one person on the seat, and a standing foot-board at the back, so that the person at the back could regulate the ascent or descent at pleasure. Attached to this chair would be a patent whale-line, two thousand and fifty feet long, with all the necessary apparatus ready when called for.

"Thus far arranged, the vessels were to remain submerged during the day, and at night approach the surface. Every thing being then perfectly in order, I should then go on shore, provided with some other small articles, such as a ball of strong twine, an iron bolt, with a block, which I would sink into the ground at the top of the rock, opposite Longwood House, and abreast of the submarine ships.

"I should then obtain my introduction to his Imperial Majesty, and communicate my plan. The residence of the emperior being surrounded by a *chevaux de-frise*, and the stables being outside, the servants only had access to the house, I proposed that the coachman should go into the house at a certain hour which should be fixed, and that His Majesty should be provided with a similar livery, as well as myself, the one in the character of coachman, the other as groom ; and that thus disguised we should pass into the coach-house, and there remain unnoticed and unperceived.

"We should then watch our opportunity to avoid the eye of the frigate guard, who seldom looked out in the direction of the highest point in the Island, and on our arriving at the spot where our blocks, &c. were deposited, I should make fast one end of my ball of twine to the ring, and heave the ball down to my confidential men, then on the look- out below, who would make the other end fast to the fall belonging to the mechanical chair, by which means I should be able to haul up the end of the fall, which I should run through the block, and then haul up the mechanical chair to the top. I should then place His Majesty in the chair, while I took my station at the back, and lowered away with a corresponding weight on the other side, until we arrived safe at the bottom.

"Embarked on board the *Etna*, into which we should have lowered, as it lay close under the rock, I should then cast off our moorings, and haul alongside the *Eagle*, and remain there during the day ; in the evening, prepare our steam, and get under weigh as soon as it became dark. In this position I should propel by steam until I had given the island a good berth, and then ship our masts and make sail, steering for the United States.

"I calculated that no hostile ship or ships could impede our progress, so as to offer any very serious obstruction, as in the event of an attack I should haul our sails, and strike yards and masts (which would only occupy about forty minutes), and then submerge. Under water we should wait the approach of the enemy, and then, by the aid of the little *Etna*, attaching the torpedo to her bottom, effect her destruction in fifteen minutes.

"On my arrival at a secure and convenient spot on the coast of the United States, I should communicate with His Majesty's Government through the medium of my friend and patron the late 'ever to be lamented' Duke of York, to negociate for a more suitable and honourable asylum for his Imperial Majesty. Should my negociations, as I anticipated, fail, I should then address his Imperial Majesty, and propose his return to France, where he would meet with a very favourable reception."

Such is Johnson's own outline of this daring and ingenious plan ; the whole of the negociations for which were, he declares, carried on through O'Meara. In constructing the vessels, he set to work at his own expense at his fortress at Battersea, opposite to which, at Chelsea, he had a cottage, where he resided with his wife, son, and daughter. *The vessels were laid down to be coppered when news arrived of the exile's death.*

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LITERARY EXTRACTS.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

SHORT WHIST.

THE origin of the Game of Short Whist, which has nearly superseded all others, is thus described:

This revolution (compared to which those of 1789 and of 1830 were mere things of a day) was occasioned by a worthy Welsh baronet preferring his lobster for supper hot. Four first-rate whist-players—consequently, four great men—adjourned from the House of Commons to Brookes's, and proposed a rubber while the cook was busy. 'The lobster must be hot,' said the baronet. 'A rubber may last an hour,' said another, 'and the lobster cold again, or spoiled, before we have finished.' 'It is too long,' said a third. 'Let us cut it shorter,' said a fourth.—Carried *nem. con.* Down they sat, and found it very lively to win or lose so much quicker. Besides furnishing conversation at supper, the thing was new—they were legislators, and had a fine opportunity to exercise their calling. Let us imagine these four sages to represent the four suits—*Spades (digging into the bowels of the lobster.)* Five shall be game without reckoning honours; thus leaving less to chance and more to skill—*Clubs.* Then you will never get indifferent players to play, and knock up the game altogether.—*Diamonds.* Three should have lurch; and without calling, the honours may be then scored; but not at four. *Hearts.* I have finished the lobster; let us try again, upon the last-named principle, with which I am seriously inclined to coincide and settle it.—*All.* Agreed. So they settled to it, and went home in hackney-coaches by daylight, satisfied with having performed this arduous duty. Next day St. James's Street was in commotion; the Longs and the Shorts formed each a party, and violent was the contention between them. All the gamblers were Shorts; and, by dint of that eloquence which invariably flows in streams of persuasion when any thing is to be got, succeeded in bringing over many middling players to think it a good thing to have more frequent opportunities of losing, or, *may be*, winning. The regular old stagers made an obstinate stand; they were Longs to the back-bone. What! (cried they) overthrow the venerable institutions handed down by our forefathers, which we are bound to transmit unsullied to posterity? What is to become of all those calculations of the odds that we have got by rote, and which by prescription are an integral part of the game? How can we become suddenly habituated to this new fangled rapidity? it is change, but not reform: never will we consent to so great, so dangerous an innovation. They were soon, however, outvoted; those 'whose chariots roll upon the four aces' had succeeded in gaining over the multitude who play whist without ever thinking about it. The Longs began to give way, fearing to lose their diurnal amusement altogether, and listened to their opponents, who soon made it plain that good steady play would be recompensed, by obtaining a greater advantage, inasmuch as the loss of a critical odd trick, one out of five, must be oftener fatal than one out of ten; and the events being multiplied, the influence of bad play upon them must be multiplied also. In revenge of the clamouring mob of bunglers, they coalesced with the gamblers, and even went beyond them by introducing French points: thus the stakes were not only imperceptibly doubled by cutting the game in halves, but a very pretty addition made to them by this amendment, which ordained the points played for to be eight, instead of five. The waves of commotion having thus subsided, the original stirrers-up of the storm, instead of losing their heads, like many of their great prototypes, were installed as lawgivers upon the occasion: they framed a code, which has been observed to this day. Their constituents were, strange to say, all satisfied; and St. James's echoed to the cry of 'Long live Shorts!!!'—*London Literary Gazette*

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

(By Leitch Ritchie.)

The history of the heart I hold to be very nearly the same in all men. The apparent difference consists in the strength or faintness of the impression made upon the mind by things always the same. All men have their first love, their second love, and their third love; but some men do not know that they have had any; while others imagine that they have had a great many more. The history of love is like a picture engraven upon a plate of adamant with inimitable boldness and delicacy, depth and lightness, simplicity and art. But its effect depends mainly upon the paper subjected to the impression. The heart of man is like that paper—clouded, spongy, spotted, smooth, hard, coarse, fine, or soft, as it may happen. In some cases the lines appear fairly rendered; in others they are blotted and confused; in others they become so faint, on exposure to the air of the world, that they are nearly or altogether invisible. The history of love is divided into three books. The first is like a fairy tale; the second like a poem; the third like a chronicle. The first is the only one we reperuse in after-life with unmixed complacency. No matter what may have been the fate of the heroine—the catastrophe of the story—it is associated with all our best and most beautiful feelings; with the spring time of the heart, when our young bosoms opened like a flower, in an atmosphere of light, and music and perfume. The recollection of disappointment has no annoyance; the memorials of death bring back no sorrow; we talk of that shadowy past with complacency, even to strangers; it seems as if the fearless, guileless spirit of early life returned with the theme. The second era of love is very different. At that epoch the world began to mingle with our dreams—the *world*—comprehensive word! including strife, envy, hope, terror, delirious joy, and bitter, burning tears. The history of this period is a secret and a mystery, which in most cases descends with us to the grave. In public we recoil from its associations with terror; in private, they crimson or blanch our cheek at the distance of half a century; yet the narrative would, in general, seem to a listener to be the most common place imaginable. Alas! it is not the events that give it importance; it is the thoughts—the imaginations—the stirrings, and heavings, and writhings of the wrung spirit amidst the terrible lessons of early experience.

ANNE GREY'S WEDDING.

The bride turned a little pale, and then a little flushed, and at last had just the right quantity of bright, becoming colour, and almost shed a tear, but not quite, for a smile came instead and chased it away. The bridegroom was warned not to forget the ring, and all were assembled round the altar: 'I will,' was uttered in a clear, low voice, and the new name written—and Sophy Grey was Sophy Grey no more; and she turned her bright face to be looked on, and loved, and admired, by the crowd of relations and friends surrounding her; and they thought that Sophy Stokefon was still dearer and prettier than even Sophy Grey had been—and then the carriages were entered, and the house was reached. Sophy walked into her father's house—her childhood's home—her home no longer—and the bridal dress was changed, and the travelling dress took its place, and all crowded round her—the father, the mother, the sister, the brothers—all crowded round her to say her good-bye—to look and look on that dear face once more—to feel that her fate was sealed—to pray that it might be a happy one—to think that she was going away—away from them—away from her home—away with a stranger! and tears and smiles were mingled, and fond looks, and long embraces—and a father's mingled tear of joy and sorrow was on her cheek; and the sister's tear, that vainly tried to be a smile, and the mother's sobs: and Sophy Grey left her father's house—left it with the bright beam of joy and hope upon her brow; and another moment, the carriage-door was closed, the last good-bye uttered—and Sophy was gone. Oh! how melancholy! how lonely does the house appear, where but a moment before all has been interest and hurry! Who has not experienced the deserted sensation, when those whom we have been accustomed to see are gone—when the agitation, the interest of parting is over?—the forlorn, empty look of the room—the stillness—the work-box, the drawing materials, all gone; or perhaps one single thing left to remind us how all was—a flower perhaps, that had been gathered and cast aside—the cover of a letter which had been scribbled over in the forgetfulness of the happy conversation.

AN INDEPENDENT JUDGE.

There has been a great deal of talk lately on the extent of the powers and privileges of the Speaker of the House of Commons over the common law of the land. The following story of Judge Holt will show how differently that upright magistrate considered the matter:—

"In the year 1704 several persons who claimed to be freemen of the borough of Aylesbury were refused the privilege of voting at an election for a member of Parliament, and brought an action against the returning officer for penalties which the law imposes. The house, conceiving the appeal to the court to be an invasion of their privileges, declared it to be penal in either judge, or counsel, or attorney, to assist at the trial.

"The Lord Chief Justice Holt disregarded this order, and proceeded with the action in due course. The house, extremely offended at the contempt, sent the Sergeant-at-Arms to command the judge to appear before them; but the resolute upholder of the laws refused to stir from his seat. On this the Commons sent a second message by their Speaker, attended by a great many members, who having delivered his message, his lordship replied,—'Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within these five minutes, or you may depend on it I'll send you to Newgate. You speak of your authority; but I tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the laws and a distributor of justice, and were the whole House of Commons in your belly, I would not stir one foot.' The Speaker was prudent enough to withdraw, and the house let the matter drop."

THE LAMENT OF TOBY, THE LEARNED PIG,

WHO, HAVING LOST HIS MEMORY, WAS SENT BACK TO HIS STY.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.—POPE.

Oh heavy day! oh day of wo!
To misery a poster,
Why was I ever farrow'd—why
Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,
Must dance to fortune's fiddlings,
But must I give the classics up
For barley-meal and middlings?

Of what avail that I could spell
And read, just like my betters,
If I must come to this at last,
To litters, not to letters?

O, why are pigs made scholars of?
It baffles my discerning,
What griskins, fry, and chitterlings
Can have to do with learning.

Alas! my learning once drew cash,
But public fame's unstable,
So I must turn a pig again,
And fatten for the table.

To leave my literary line
My eyes get red and leaky;
But Giblett does'nt want me *blue*,
But red and white, and streaky.

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Old Mullins used to cultivate
My learning like a gard'ner;
But Giblett only thinks of lard,
And not of Doctor Lardner!

He does not care about my brain
The value of two coppers,
All that he thinks about my head
Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin
A farewell must be taken;
Good bye to the poetic Hogg!
The philosophic Bacon!

Day after day my lessons fade,
My intellect gets muddy;
A trough I have, and not a desk,
A sty—and not a study!

Another little month, and then
My progress ends, like Bunyan's;
The seven sages that I loved
Will be chopp'd up with onions!

Then over head and ears in brine
They'll souse me like a salmon;
My mathematics turned to brawn,
My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,
Now I'm put up to fatten;
My Greek, it will go all to grease,
The Dogs will have my Latin!

Farewell to Oxford! and to Bliss!
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop,
I now must be content with chits,
Instead of learned gossip!

Farewell to 'Town!' farewell to 'Gown!'
I've quite outgrown the latter;—
Instead of trencher-cap, my head
Will soon be in a platter!

O, why did I at Brazen-Nose
Rout up the roots of knowledge?
A butcher that can't read will kill
A pig that's been to college!

For sorrow I could stick myself—
But conscience is a clasher;
A thing that would be rash in man
In me would be a rasher!

One thing I ask—when I am dead,
And past the Stygian ditches—
And that is, Let my schoolmaster
Have one of my two flitches.

'Twas he who taught my letters so
I ne'er mistook or miss'd 'em;
Simply by *ringing* at the nose,
According to *Bell's* system.

WHAT WILL THE PRESENT MINISTRY DO?

THIS may be answered by one of their own colleagues. Sir John Hobhouse explained the nature of the intended policy of the government soon after its temporary dissolution by the Duke of Wellington, in the following words:

On the day of nomination at Nottingham, Sir John Hobhouse made a most important speech to the electors. It contains a more specific account of the measures which the late Ministry intended to propose than any which has yet been published. "It was our intention," he said, "on the very first day of the session, to have announced certain reforms, the nature of which I think it but right I should detail to you; and first, we should have proposed *an entire reform in the Church of Ireland—a reform which would have cut at the root of the great abuses*—(Cheers)—which have so materially contributed to render that country a by-word to the nations of the earth, and have overwhelmed it with distress. (Cheers.) The next bill we intended to propose was a bill to supersede the Irish Coercion Bill. (Loud cheers.) It is very true that the late Parliament has much to answer for in passing that bill—not only to you, the present constituency, but also at the bar of posterity. And here I beg to assure you, if you will give trust to him who now speaks to you, *it was only on the understanding that amongst the Ministerial arrangements, the Irish Coercion Bill was not to form the basis for the government of Ireland, that my Lord Duncannon and myself joined the late Cabinet.* (Loud cheers) The first question was, 'Is the Coercion Bill to be passed?' Lord Melbourne answered 'No.' My next question was as to the Irish Church Establishment, and the appropriation of its superfluous revenue, as I never could consent to the absurd proposition, that the means designed for the maintenance of a national establishment, in places where the functions were not exercised, should not be appropriated to the service of the people. (Cheers.) *Such a proposition appears to me little short of madness.* It is true that some influential gentlemen differed from me; *but none in the late administration.* It was also intended by the late Cabinet, on the first meeting of Parliament, to give notice of another bill, *for adjusting in a much better manner than at present, the English Church Establishment, and for a commutation of tithes,* on a plan which I firmly believe would, when well considered, be satisfactory to all. (Cheers.) We also intended to bring in *measures of redress for all practical grievances, under which the Dissenters are labouring,* (hear, hear,) so that the causes of real complaint might be completely removed. And I can speak with more certainty on this subject, as I happened to be one of that section of that Cabinet, to whom was intrusted the preparation of those measures, *and I have the bills now at home.* I have now stated what was our intention at the first opening of the session, and I trust you will think with me, it was a tolerably good bill of fare. We, however, did not rest here—we went further—*we proposed to do for England, what had already been done for Scotland, by introducing into this country, great and salutary municipal reforms.* (Loud cheers, in which several of the members of the Nottingham Corporation loudly joined.) We were, in fact, a Government opposed to monopoly in every sense of the word—the determined opponents of all power that was not exercised for the general good. (Cheers.) *Whether it was for this we have been dismissed from office is not for me to say, though it may be for you to guess.* A story has been told that there was disunion among the Cabinet—that we were not all agreed on certain points *Upon my word, it is a fable from beginning to end, for at no one time during the existence of the Melbourne Administration,* which was only about four months, *was there the slightest division of opinion.* And this, indeed, was but natural; for it will be recollected that when the changes occurred after the succession of the Stanley party, and then the retirement of Earl Grey, it inevitably followed that our Government was rendered more popular, having for its basis the measures which I have now detailed to you. (Hear.) You may depend upon it, that so sure as the constituency of England send a majority to the House of Commons to act against the present government, *so certain will the measures of future Cabinets be decided for the next half century.* If the present Government should fall quickly by a vote in the new House of Commons, *it will be impossible for this country ever to be governed again except by men of decided political character.*" The Right Hon. Baronet was heard throughout with the greatest enthusiasm, and was most fervently cheered at the close.

Steam Improvement.—Steam vessels are about to be employed, under the auspices of the King of Greece, to run between Athens, Marseilles, Smyrna, and Constantinople. The projector of this plan is an Englishman! Shade of Themistocles appear at the Piræus, and preside over the launch of the first of these vessels!

EDITORS OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRESS.

(From the Morning Advertiser.)

Our attention has been drawn to an article in the *Morning Post* of yesterday, imputing the opposition of its contemporary of the *Chronicle*, as well, we presume, as that of the antiministerial press, generally, to the disappointment of various pleasant expectancies of Commissionerships and other good things, the lamentable consequence of the expulsion of a liberal ministry. The assumption is charitable enough, and might easily be retorted, but let that pass as an *argumentum ad hominem* which cuts with two edges, if at all, and is the affair of the *Chronicle* rather than ours. Our object in alluding to the subject is merely by way of peg, to hang some remaks upon, touching the comparative position of the gentlemen of the press here and in France, at present and retrospectively, and their actual position in this country compared with their standing some very few years ago. We propose to state facts rather than to raise an argument.

Before the Revolution of July the press had attained, and almost monopolised, political power and public opinion in France; its conductors were looked upon as the equals—nay, more than the equals—of Ministers of State. The great social event only confirmed its importance, and the immediate result was, to raise some of its ablest conductors to the first offices in the Government. Moral influence imparted personal consideration; and we have ourselves been witness, in high society, when Casimir Perier, then Prime Minister, has stood in the circle with scarcely a satellite to do him honour, whilst Cauchois Lemair, then editor of the *Constitutionnel*, or Salvandy, of the *Journal des Debats*, or Carnal, of the *National*, were surrounded by admiring throngs, hanging with devoted attention, and in silence the most profound, upon the wisdom or the eloquence flowing from their lips. Numberless were the Prefectures, the Sub-prefectures, and other responsible employments to which men of the press were elevated, and in many instances most deservedly; the list would be too numerous even could we pretend to give it from memory. We shall content ourselves with selecting a few names which now figure in the Councils, in employments, or in the Chamber of Deputies, since the accession of the Citizen King:—

M. Guizot, formerly one of the editors of the *Globe*, is Minister of Public Instruction.

The Duc de Broglie, his co-Editor, was lately Minister for Foreign Affairs.

M. Thiers, late Editor of the *National*, is Minister of the Interior.

M. Etienne, Editor of the *Constitutionnel*, is Vice President of the Chamber of Deputies.

M. Chateaubriand, one of the Editors of the *Journal des Debats*, and formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs.

M. Bertin, one of the Editors of the *Journal des Debats*, holds an office, the title of which we forget; but the duties of which, like those of our Lord Chamberlain, relate to a superintendance of the Theatres and the Opera.

M. Bartin De Vaux, principal Editor of the same journal, was lately Ambassador to the Hague, and has been created a Peer.

M. Salvandy, another Editor of the same journal, is a Member of the Chamber of Deputies.

M. Lafitte, a proprietor and writer in the *Journal du Commerce*, was three years ago Prime Minister of France, and is now a Member of the Chamber of Deputies.

Here we close the account, although there are various other conductors of the press situated as honourably.

In England, the press and its managers have been, until of late, most unaccountably depreciated in the social scale.—Wielding a power inferior to that of no interest in the State, and perhaps superior to all, vulgar prejudice and

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the jealousy of the higher powers have alike combined to force them down and keep them down. But the empire of mind will, in the long run, assert its sway. Public opinion begins to do justice, tardily, to an interest and to a class of vital consequence to the great interests of all, because of all the direct voice and undeniable representatives. Justice is slow, but sure, and in the following statement of the preferment of men, whose only claims are those of having served the public cause, or the interests of their party well, faithful, and ably, there are just grounds for expectation that the services of a body of men for talent unsurpassed in the empire, for experience and industry rarely equalled, may be still more extensively called into action for the advantage of the nation.

Lord Brougham, formerly a Chief Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Lord High Chancellor of England.

The Right Hon. J. W. Croker, one of the Editors of the *Quarterly*, late Secretary of the Admiralty.

The Right Hon. F. Jeffrey, Chief Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, late Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Mr. Roebuck, one of the Editors of the *Westminster Review*, a Member of Parliament.

E. L. Bulwer, Esq., late Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, a Member of Parliament.

Of the newspaper press, the far higher and more influential branch of political literature, the following facts may be recorded:—

John Walter, Esq., the Proprietor and late Editor of the *Times*, a member of Parliament for a county.

Mr. Grote, Proprietor of the *Chronicle*, Member for the City of London.

Colonel Torrens, Proprietor and one of the Editors of the *Globe*, Member of Parliament, holding some place beside.

Mr. Praed, Editor of the *Morning Post*, Member of Parliament and Secretary to the India Board.

Mr. Cobbett, Editor of the *Register*, and Member of Parliament.

Mr. Baines, of the *Leeds Mercury*, Member of Parliament.

Mr. Coulsen, formerly Editor of the *Globe*, one of the late Commissioners for inquiring into the Poor Laws.

Mr. Chadwick, late one of the Editors of the *Examiner*, now Secretary to the Poor Law Commission.

Mr. Wakeley, Editor of the *Lancet*, Member of Parliament.

Mr. D. W. Harvey, late Editor of the *Sunday Times*, a Member of Parliament.

Mr. Buckingham, of the *Calcutta Journal*, of the *Argus*, &c., &c., &c., Member of Parliament.

Mr. Sergeant Spankie, one Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, late M. P., candidate for a Judgeship, and an actual Counsel to the East India Company.

Mr. Sheil, formerly Reporter on the *Chronicle*, Member of Parliament.

Sir John Campbell, formerly Reporter on the *Chronicle*, late Solicitor-General.

Sir John Jeffcott, formerly Reporter on the *New Times*, Judge at Sierra Leone.

Sir John Stoddart, Editor and Proprietor of the *New Times*, now Chief Judge of the Admiralty Court at Malta.

Mr. Dowling, formerly Reporter of the *Chronicle*, a Judge at Sydney.

Mr. Farren, formerly Editor of the *British Traveller*, *now* Consul General in Syria.

Besides many others, who have ably served in various commissions and other capacities, which it would take up too much of our space to enumerate.

We shall be pardoned, in conclusion, for stating that the Editor of this journal might have been placed in the present Parliament, free of expense, if his ambition had that way tended. The offer was made, and declined.

A COUNTRY BALL ON THE ALMACK'S PLAN!

BY HAYNES BAYLY.

Oh! joy to her who first began
A Country Ball on the Almack's plan!
Hogsnorton's Queen she walks erect,
The Ball exclusive and select;—
Patrons and Patronesses sit
From morn to night arranging it;
And when you hear the names of all,
You'll guess the merits of the ball.
Plebeian persons they reject,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

The Squire's own lady, Mistress Pearl,
Her sister (quite a stylish girl),
And then the friend of Mr. Flaw.
(The Exquisite, and man of law,)
And Mistress Pitts, the Doctor's bride,
Related on the mother's side
To Mr. Hal (who was, you know,
An Indian Judge some time ago!)
By these, all upstart claims are check'd,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

They've quite excluded Mr. Squills,
Who makes the antibilious pills;
Not 'cause he *makes 'em*, but they say
He *sells 'em* in a retail way;
But Mr. Squills declares his wife
Has seen a deal of stylish life,
And votes Hogsnorton people low,
So if she *could*, she wouldn't go—
A strange remark, when you reflect
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

And then you know there's Mr. Flinn,
The rich old Mercer, can't get in;
And Sweet the Grocer has applied!
But Sweet the Grocer was denied;
And both appear to think it hard
That Swipes the Brewer has a card:
And say, "Why should a brewer be
One bit more fit for *hops* than we?"
But Swipes of course is quite correct,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

Of course all those they won't admit,
Discuss the ball, and censure it;
And strange opinions they express
About each Lady Patroness:
Says Mrs. Flinn to Mrs. Sweet,
"*I* wash my hands of the *elite*;"
Says Mrs. Sweet to Mrs. Flinn,
"For all the world I'd not go in!"
Here envious feelings we detect,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select!

Says Mrs. Squills, "There's Mrs. Pearl,
You'd think her father was an Earl!
So high and mighty! bless your heart,
I recollect her much less smart,
Before she married: and I know
That people *said*—('tis *entre nous*)
She was a *leetle* indiscreet!
So much, my dear, for the *elite!*"
"Dear me! don't say she's incorrect,
Hogsnorton balls are *so* select."

Woe, woe to her who first began
A country ball on the Almack's plan!
Grim war is raging in the town,
The men are raving up and down;
And, what may lead to worse mishaps,
The ladies all are pulling caps;
Indeed we hear, from one and all,
As much of *bullets* as the *ball!*
Why was Hogsnorton's comfort wreck'd?
Because her balls were *so* select!
(*New Monthly*)

Hospitality not abused.—About the middle of the last century, a shepherd of the name of Stewart, with his family, resided in a *sheiling* during the summer months, in a certain pass between Glenorchy and Glenlyon; and, in order to better his circumstances and benefit people travelling that way, he provided himself with a cask of whisky, (the favorite beverage of the Highlanders,) and disposed of it as occasion might require. Towards the end of the season, when his family had returned to the *strath*, the whisky was still permitted to remain, so that any person that might pass, and had been accustomed to call there for a refreshment, should not be disappointed. The shepherd himself, however, being in the course of his occupation, daily in the neighbourhood, visited the *shieling* from time to time, to observe the results of this uncommon experiment; and, astonishing to relate, never missed a drop of his liquor but what had been fully accounted for, by its value being deposited beside the cask. Such an instance of honesty is truly honourable to humanity.—*Greenock Advertiser.*

Legal Precedents.—It is a maxim among lawyers, that whatever hath been done before, may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities, to justify the most iniquitous opinions, and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.—*Swift.*

Saxon Names of the Months—"*Wolf-monat*, or wolf-month; so called because in that month (January) the wolves were the most to be dreaded. *Sprout-kele* (February), from the sprouting of the kele wort, the ordinary pot-herb of the Saxons. *Lenct-monat* (March), because the days were lengthening. *Oster-monat* (April), whether from the easterly winds during that month, or from an ancient goddess, is perhaps doubtful. *Tri-milki* (May), because the cows were now milked three times a-day. *Weyd-monat* (June), because in this month the cattle were sent to wade in the marshes. *Hey-monat* (July), hay-month. *Barn-monat* (August), from the gathering of the harvest into the barns. *Berst-monat* (September), beer or barley month. *Wyn-monat* (October), wine month, when the grapes were pressed. *Wint* or *winden-monat* (November), the wind month. *Winter-monat* (December), winter month."—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE CAPE BABOONS.

Yahoo!

The baboons wander about the country in troops, having no fixed residence: [wanted, a vagrant law!] they move in a manner similar to an army in the field: that is, they are conducted by some rule of marked discipline. When they go forth on a marauding excursion, they place scouts upon the adjacent heights, who give notice of danger by shouting out very distinctly *Yahoo! Holloa! Yahoo!!!*—*(Holman.)*

The Fingoes.—Great rejoicings are taking place on the rescue of the Fingoes from the *bonds of slavery*. And the late Slave-Holders at Stellenbosch are about to approach His Excellency with a congratulatory address for this noble act of *Emancipation*. No mention is made of *Compensation* to the Caffers, but their dues will, no doubt, meet with attention by the gentlemen appointed to adjudicate the claims of the parties at this end of the Colony. If there be not cash enough in the Compensation chest, the people at home must once more come down liberally—that's all!

The Weather.—The present winter has been one of unparalleled mildness, and the spring is stealing rapid marches. Many of the oaks are putting forth their foliage, and vegetation in general is in great progress. The result of the Ther-

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mometer at St Helena Cottage, near Cape Town, on the 16th, is thus recorded:

	INSIDE.	OUTSIDE.
8 o'Clock, A.M.	76	73
Mid-day, ...	79	92
P.M.	77	76

Improvements.—It is but seldom we can advert with satisfaction to any improvements in this Town. Some pretty neat buildings are, however, springing up in the suburbs, which must eventually tend to lower the high price of rents in the Town. But there is one improvement of a public nature which requires notice. This is connected with the Custom's Department. The Wharf and its adjacencies now wear the face of civilization, and all its ten thousand heaps of invalided ship's tackle are marched off to the right-about. A new Custom-House—the Landing Surveyor's Office—has been erected, the approach to the Jetty and Strand is no longer blocked up, and the opening view of the sea, and the distant shore and mountains, is altogether a delightful scene.

THE "CLOUD OF WITNESSES."

If any people can be considered universally happy, the inland Caffers are so: but it is to be feared that evil days will soon come upon them, as they have already done upon the frontier tribes. The Caffers possess abundance of fine oxen and cows, and the milk of the latter forms a considerable part of their food. But they also eat the flesh of these animals and of sheep. They cultivate maize and millet, and several kinds of vegetables. —(*Dr. Howison*, 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1834)

Cast with sixty of my people on the shores of Caffraria, after combatting the horrors of a tempest, which I believe has but few parallels in the history of naval misfortune, I found in the Natives a hospitality, and received from them a protection, which on many of the shores that belong to the polished nations of Europe, I might have sought for in vain. These unfortunate inhabitants of Caffraria, who have been so often and so wickedly denominated savages that delight and revel in human slaughter, I found possessed of all those compassionate feelings that alone give a lustre to and adorn humanity; living in a state of perpetual alarm from the persecuting and avaricious disposition of the colonists.—(*Capt. Stout*, 8*vo.* 1820.)

From every account that we have been able to collect, they [the Caffers] really appear to be a nation "more sinned against than sinning."—(*Thos. Phillips, Magistrate of Albany*, 8*vo.* 1827.)

The policy hitherto adopted towards the Caffers is by no means in accordance with the spirit of the age. Physical force is not now in that repute it was in the times of the Goths and Vandals. It has long been discovered that a far more powerful effect may be produced by an appeal to the reasonable faculties of mankind, than to cold steel and the munition of war. Justice and humanity alike demand an equitable adjustment of all matters relative to our Frontier system.—(*Editor of the Graham's Town Journal, Dec.* 1834.)

Another cause of our calamities is the inefficiency in numbers of the military force stationed on this frontier, to protect it against the predatory inroads of the native tribes.

We require additional protection from the Government both for life and property; we require a consolidation of the means of defence along the whole of our exposed frontier, so that the inhabitants themselves may at all times readily co-operate with the Military in repelling invasion, and in *punishing* aggression.—(*Editor of the Graham's Town Journal, July* 9, 1835.)

The intercourse of Europeans with barbarous nations, except where it has led (as unhappily it has but too seldom done) to disinterested exertions for their improvement, has usually issued in their enthralment, their extirpation, or their moral debasement. The present condition of the Caffers on the S. E. Frontier of the Colony, does not contradict this assertion. They have not improved since we came in contact with them. In some respects they have retrograded. Still, however, they are a manly race, and though somewhat inferior to the Bechuanas in the mechanical arts, they are vastly their superiors in courage, in enterprise, and above all in humanity.—(*Thompson's Travels*, 4*to.* 1827.)

We turn away from the eastern districts, deeply affected by their lot—so bountifully gifted by nature—once the quiet pastures of a simple people, found by Europeans in their primitive condition, with all the virtues, although not without the vices of savage life. Boasting of our arts and arms, and civilization, we came among them unfettered by any restraints, and forthwith acknowledged no law but force. The finest countries are consequently reddened with our own blood, and with that of the unhappy natives whom we have invaded. Such are the fruits of a system of which the administration of law and justice forms no part.—(*Baron van Hogendorp*, 8*vo.*)

The Caffers have been often described, and I shall not here repeat what is well known about their appearance and customs. They are a good humoured, brave, athletic race, living on the product of their numerous herds.—(*Lieut. Halliday, 75th Regt.* 1834.)

I do not consider the Kaffers a cruel or vindictive people. The policy adopted towards them has been severe; for, when did Europeans respect the rights of the savage?

It is not strange that they should be troublesome neighbours to the settlers in a country of which they have been dispossessed. They were so; such instances were exaggerated, and a Commando (an inroad of military and boors) was the frequent consequence. The crimes were individual, but the punishment was general: the duty of the Commando was to destroy, to burn the habitations, and to seize the cattle, and they did their duty.

I hate the policy that turns the English soldier into the cold-blooded butcher of the unresisting native: I hate it even when, by the calculator, it might be considered expedient; but here it is as stupid as it is cruel. The Kaffers are a numerous and a brave people.—(*Lieut. Cowper Rose, Royal Engineers.*)

Our correspondent, "*A Frontier Farmer,*" whose communication appears in to-day's paper, would fain make it appear that we have but a very imperfect knowledge of the actual character of the Kafirs beyond our borders; we may, however, be permitted to remark that he is as little acquainted with the extent of our information on this subject, as he appears to be of the ordinary principles of equity to be observed in our intercourse with an independent people. His warlike breathings,—his dealing out threatening and slaughter may sound very imposing,—but he may fully depend upon it that such a method of proceeding as he points out will not be tolerated in the nineteenth century, and by a government disposed to make the standard of unerring justice the invariable guide in all matters of national policy. Our correspondent complains of losses by Kafir depredations, and we doubt not but his complaint is well founded; but, perhaps, after all, if he were to take the trouble to balance his accounts, he would find that by his intercourse with these people he is rather a gainer than otherwise. He appears to treat with ridicule the idea of mild measures, and to consider the system of commandoes and summary punishment as far more preferable. On these points experience is all against him. Mild measures have never been tried—commandoes have; and yet with all this our correspondent declares "That it arouses his utmost indignation when he reflects with what impunity the Kafirs have plundered the frontier ever since the arrival of the British settlers in 1820; and he goes on to predict that this year, under the present system, the colonists will be plundered of fifteen hundred head of cattle! When we find a system radically bad, we cannot expect it to work well; hence a material alteration becomes absolutely necessary. The system adopted towards the Kafirs *is* radically bad, inasmuch as it is not based on admitted principles of mutual faith and of national policy.—(*Graham's Town Journal, Feb.* 13, 1834.)

We scarcely know whether or not to complain of the conduct of the Kaffirs in affairs of this kind: they have an unquestionable right to defend their own territory against the inroads of the Colonial troops: and if we are to have no other system adopted, than that of *might is right*, let us look to it that in future no patroles consisting of about a dozen men, and headed by a mere stripling, be sent across the border to beard a whole nation within their own limits.—(*Graham's Town Journal, Dec.* 18, 1834.)

CAUSES OF THE "CAFFER IRRUPTION."

By a Member of the "Local Knowledge" Society.

"Every man has done what was right 'in his own eyes,' and we are now reaping the harvest of our egregious folly."—(*Graham's Town Journal, 25th Dec.* 1834.)

THE CAFFER DRAMA: A PROPHECY.

"Nero fiddled when Rome was burning."

"The Kafir *Drama* is performing with great eclat, and may soon be expected to arrive at a most intensely interesting *denouement*. Thanks to our savage neighbours, they, at least, are determined that our Rulers shall no longer indulge in their dreams of arcadian felicity—of the return of the Golden Age, of Elysian Bowers, &c.—(*Graham's Town Journal, 25th Dec.* 1834.)

LATEST NEWS.

Blackwood has conceded the point of allowing the Catholic Priesthood of Ireland a Government stipend, and the Quarterly Review has become liberal, and has had the courage to denounce the Revd. Mr. Gathercole, and to deny that "the Devil was the first Dissenter."

EXTRA LIMITES.

THE PRESS AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Our friend, Mr, Greig, has conveyed to our minds a bright thought. He has announced the Government Gazette—"an excellent *vehicle*," but we shall improve on it: a newspaper is a *flying* omnibus, licensed to carry the opinions of the world. Time and space are compromised by its velocity and power; for it has the regularity of ocean's tides, besides that, at home, they are turned into steam, and work at high pressure. A newspaper is the prime minister of almost all men's morning or evening hours, the seizer upon your button-hole,—your best guest for keeping you at home. You can neither eat your breakfast, smoke, take snuff, indulge in a bare-faced non-medicinal wilful tumbler of half-and-half, without a newspaper—your rummer of *moral* toddy: or else like a

"Good old English gentleman,
One of the olden time,"

sitting over your jorum of good "home-brewed," you study the news of the

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week. Again, every body is kindly disposed towards a newspaper—nobody ever bears resentment against a newspaper for telling "a thumper," except in the case of slander of private character, and this is an offence that cannot be forgiven; but for the rest, the public has no great objection to a humourous tirade, or even the sight of a mere outside scar: the statement *might* have been true, the sauce piquancy is amusing, and, "it is as fair for one as another."

The history of the Newspaper Press would, we think, form a curious and valuable work, and might occupy 20 vols. of Bentley, octavo. Another might be added, if the South African Press were included in the research. Very few, in fact, none of the working Editors of the London Press possess the *article* of capital—in fact, literary men are seldom known as the descendants of Crœsus, and talent and intellect are frequently overlooked. The *titled* of Scotland neglected the immortal Burns; the illustrious of his native land proved that they had the "carcase of greatness," but wanted the soul. But Scotland's sweetest minstrel soon vindicated the natural and unalienable rights of his species. Burns could not but feel that wealth, not talent, is the way to be made welcome—hence his noble song.

VERSE 1.

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that!
The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that!

VERSE 5.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As *come it will* for a' that—
That sense and worth, over a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

As it regards the Newspaper Press of this Colony, we can safely aver of the disresputable portion of it; (for there are those among us to cry out with Milton's Devil,)

"Evil! be thou my Good!"

that it is only characterised by turning the most serious subjects into levity, by falsifying the most common occurrences, and putting a forced construction on even the plain and straight forward common business transactions of the day. *Ex. gra.*

Here is a property for sale on the part of one, of two partners. The stock is not composed of treacle and rice, coffee, sugar, or punjums, but it is Literary property, and it is in the market. A. wishes to sell out, and B. the other partner, consents, at a given and mutually agreed price, to become sole proprietor of the whole. But in fulfilling the terms of the contract, as in the common and daily methods of buying and selling an estate at the Cape—*Securities* come forward and enable the *purchaser* to take over his newly acquired property. And in this simple transaction between the two last-mentioned parties, there is the *quid pro quo* of equal satisfaction.

The reader will readily enough discover, that this is no imaginary contract, it is connected with the sale and purchase of the *Advertiser* Newspaper. And yet this fair and honourable and open transaction has been magnified and tortured into a thousand hideous shapes. And the respectable individuals who affixed their names to the deed, have been villified, insulted, and made the sport of spiteful malice, saucy impudence, and unblushing falsehood.

But who are the gentlemen who are allied to this transaction? It is with proud satisfaction that we are enabled to record a correct and alphabetical list of their names, and the amount of their several engagements.

Abercrombie, J. (M. D.)	£100
Collison, F.	50
Christian, E.	50
Ebden, Hon. J. B.	50
Hodgskin, G.	50
Lawton, J.	50
Prince, G. W.	50
Philip, J. (D. D.)	200
Rutherfoord, H. E.	100
Simpson, J.	50
Sutherland, T.	50
Thomson, A.	50
Tredgold, J. H.	100
Tennant, Thos.	50*

Surely, this list may fairly challenge scrutiny, and should for ever silence the job-workers in truculent foul-mouthed invective, venom, and vindictiveness.

* It is pretty well known all over the world, that in general there is a somebody to aid the progress or starting of the Press—a fact that redounds to the honour of the monied interests. *The Literary Gazette* cannot produce a list of worthies equal to the above, which has thus honoured the Press at the Cape, but it is not without *two* patrons connected exclusively with the Mercantile interests of the oldest standing at the Cape of Good Hope. Our obligations to these gentlemen amount to £100, and if our Subscribers would only be pleased to redeem their subscription pledges, we could readily enough discharge the debt. Two things must be here observed—the remark applies to Country Subscribers—and our two Mercantile friends enjoy their own perfect freedom of opinion, leaving us to take our own unrestrained course.

Beyond the transactions of public business, in the face of open day, and in public resort, we know nothing of the Editor of the *Advertiser*, or any of his personal friends, but we feel bound, as on former occasions, to advert to the purity and independence of the Press under his controul. And without pledging ourselves to think alike with the *Advertiser* in all things, we beg leave, with the British public, to return our hearty thanks to the gentlemen already named, who did not scruple to afford every accommodation to the proprietor of the paper, without shackling the Editor with any *system* of politics which might be more or less agreeable to each individual. But, on the other hand, they could not be ignorant of their man, of his true political courage and manly independence. We say political courage: for we imagine it is not so cheap a commodity as personal courage. Ten men will run with cheerfulness to almost certain death, for one who can maintain an unflinching constancy, an unsubdued firmness amidst the shocks and variations of public life. We would assign the noble distinction of true political courage to that man alone who can bear up with an unconquerable spirit, an undismayed, untemporising energy, through misrepresentation and mockery, opposition and insult; who can incur, without shrinking, the obloquy of enemies, the misgivings of old associates, the reproach even of the friends whom he esteems—that most galling of all afflictions to the proud and generous mind;—who can endure to see his motives villified, his opinions mistaken, his conduct misrepresented; who can look calumny and ridicule in the face; who can withstand the jeers of faction, and the taunts of worldly wisdom, without swerving from the straight and narrow path;—that man who should *write for man*. Man in all his varieties—man civilized and man savage—man as a whole and not as a branch of the great human family;—that man, who, when truth and justice demand of him, will consent to make to himself foes on the right hand and on the left, and who, in the exaltedness of his self-devotion to the cause of Freedom and Liberty all over the world, should dare to admonish and reprove, even although the gate of worldly advancement should be shut against him for ever.

THE COMMON ENEMY.

The evils scattered abroad by the

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stiletto ruffianism of the *Zuid-Afrikaan* Press and its masked contributors, are too notorious to be overlooked, and too enormous to be neglected. It may be thought that we place too much stress upon the mere squibs of the day, the usual caricatures of the conduct and character of public men. But we cannot regard the *Zuid-Afrikaan* system in this light. So long as falsehood, either asserted or implied, is more agreeable than pure and unadulturated truth, and flippant attacks than regular discussion, so long as there prevails in the human heart the low and mischievous desire of having the faults and follies and misfortunes of our neighbours exposed before our eyes, it must always be accompanied with extreme danger to the community. In the whole system of the *Zuid-Afrikaan,* there is meanness, there is unfairness, there is dishonesty, there is dishonour. And if evidence of these facts be demanded, we answer—There is no man who has *dared* openly to defend it;—its very shareholders *dare not* publish a correct list of themselves; and not one of its *anonymous* contributors *dare* confess their articles of authorship.

While on this subject, we declare once for all, that it is not our intention to notice any attacks intended for ourselves. We utterly despise and hold in defiance every anonymous *straatlouse,* scrub-worker, underling, and poltroon writer of that paper. There is some pride in encountering a noble foe, but none in being assaulted by some secret enemy, with whom, if he dared to shew himself, we would either kick or disdain to contend. We may perhaps look with a sort of awe upon the sharks and whales troubling the waters, and rushing upon their prey, but we are too generous to notice the minnows and tad-poles, which are spawned forth and welcomed in the *Zuid-Afrikaan.* But be it observed, whenever that disgraceful *thing,* shall injure us in the pursuit of an honourable and lawful calling—we mean effect by libel, or otherwise, the *quantity* of that kind suffrage awarded to us by our countrymen; then, with the assistance of our legal advisers, the enemy shall not long complain of the "law's delay."

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

THIS noble structure now adorns Cape Town, and its Spire, pointing to Heaven, is on the eve of completion. Its Bells already

"Ring the blest summons
To the House of God,"

and the chimes of last Sunday morning must have produced lively sensations in every British heart.

SOUTH AFRICAN INSTITUTION.

THE Annual Meeting took place on the 18th instant. Sir John Wylde presided, and the senior Secretary, Rev. Dr. Adamson, read the Report. It is an interesting document, and is to be printed. The Meeting, we regret to say, was thinly attended; and but for a few (two or three generally perform all the work of public Institutions,) the Society and the Museum would probably fall away altogether.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

SUBSEQUENTLY to the last Annual Meeting, the Committee have selected from its own body a Chairman and Deputy-Chairman. The Direction thus stands—

Committee:
Honble. Sir JNO. WYLDE, L.L. D. *Chairman.*
Revd. GEO. HOUGH, A. M. *Deputy-Chairman.*
G. SANFORD, Esq.
Mr. Advocate CLOETE.
Lieut..Col. THOMPSON.
Revd. J. ADAMSON, D. D.
JNO. MARSHALL, Esq.
JNO. MURRAY, Esqr. M. D.
WM. GADNEY, Esq. *Treasurer.*

A Supplementary Catalogue has just appeared, to which is appended the last Annual Report. The following concluding part of it, as far as it regards the Library Stock of Books, is encouraging, and is but a just tribute towards the Founders and Promoters of the Institution.

"Finally, your Committee having performed the Annual Service, and declared its results, therefore trust, that your hopes have not been disappointed:—the advantages are altogether your own, and will supply the strongest motives for securing and extending them. That the Library resources has materially aided and assisted in various departments of Colonial Improvement and Enterprise, is now surely an acknowledged fact. Not only does your Library present a list of immortal names, whose Works tend to enlighten the understanding, to ameliorate the heart, to enrich the fancy, and refine the taste; but it contains invaluable stores of PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE, from authors who, by their researches into the bosom of Nature, have proved the greatest Benefactors of mankind.

Nor would your Committee pass over the truth, that your Library has now had popular recognition in all quarters of the World:—it has been hailed in approval by Travellers, Public Writers, and Visitors of all degrees. It has been raised in public opinion as a monument, publicly announcing the enlightened views in influence with our Cape Society:—commemorating their zeal for the progress of knowledge:—their dread and horror of ignorance. It is the Genius of the place hovering over their sons with Guardian care, illuminating them with its bright and intellectual radiance, and pointing where to resort, that they may secure to themselves the imperishable treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge.

"Your Committee would, that these weighty considerations may from time to time be viewed by more powerful advocates. They are a theme for talents of the highest order—acting freely in perfect leisure—undisturbed and undivided."

THE VERZAMELAAR.

Mr. de Lima is about to resuscitate our old friend—*De Verzamelaar.* We are glad of this—we recollect the days of its prosperity with pleasure. He kept us alive all the year round by the good humour of his many harmless correspondents. Should he recover the services of Captain Pen,—*The Man in the Moon,* and *The British Subject,* Mr. de Lima's fortune is made.

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1835.

AN EPHEMERIS IN JEST AND EARNEST,
CONTAINING
"All things fitting for such a Work,"
By RICDUM FUNNIDOS, Gent.
Adorned with a dozen "Righte Merrie" Cuts pertaining to the Months, sketched and etched
By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Very good! and just befitting the table of the Library, *round* which lively countenances prevail, and Willie Shakspeare, in bust, looks down upon. In the illustrations of the Months, the 7th of August is denominated *Oyster Day,* and the following veritable story (which we do not remember to have read before) is recorded:

Paddy was sent to Billingsgate, on the First of August, to buy a bushel of Oysters. When he returned, "What made you so long, Pat?" said his master. "Long, is it? By the powers, I think I've been pretty quick, considering all things."—"Considering what things?"—Why, considering the gutting of the fish."—"Gutting what fish?"—"What fish! why the oysthers, to be sure."—"What is it that you mean?"—"What do I mane! why I mane, as I was resting meeself a bit, and taking a drop to comfort me, a jontleman axed me what I had got in the sack. Oysthers, sir, says I. Let's look at them, says he, and he opened the bag. Och! thunder and praties! said he, who sould them to ye? It was Mick Carney, said I. Mick Carney? said he; the thief o' the world! what a big blackguard must he have been to give them to ye without gutting.—And arn't they gutted? said I. Divil a one o' them said he. Musha, then, said I, what will I do? Do? said he, I'd sooner do them for you myself, than have you abused; and so he takes 'em in doors, and guts 'em all nate and clane, as you'll see." And out Paddy turned the empty shells on the floor.

The proceedings of some of the Learned Societies are thus noticed:

Geological Society of Hog's Norton.—The fossil remains of an antediluvian pawnbroker have been dug up, within a mile of this place. This is not regarded as a very remarkable circumstance, as many recent instances have been known of the hearts of several persons of this class being in a petrified state while alive.

Zoological Society at Hookem Snivey.—A new animal has been transmitted from No Man's-Land, which has been named the Flat-Catcher. It bears some resemblance to the human species, as it walks on two legs, and has the gift of speech. It seems quite in its element when among *pigeons,* and preys ravenously on the *gulls* that hover about watering places, getting hold of them by a kind of fascination, which throws its unconscious victims entirely off their guard, when it never fails to make them bleed profusely; after which, it suffers them to depart.

A laborious investigator has discovered, that there are exactly nine millions, one hundred and sixty-four thousand, five hundred and thirty-three hairs on a tom-cat's tail, which he defies all the zoologists in Europe to disprove. He also maintains, that a bull sees with its horns, and a rat with its tail, although he admits the possibility of their doing so without them.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 8. Vol. V.] CAPE TOWN: AUGUST, 1835. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* / *per Annum.*

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE.

REFLECTIONS
SUGGESTED BY THE LATE PUBLIC MEETING OF THE POPULAR LIBRARY.

The late Meeting in the *Commercial Hall*, on the first Anniversary of the Popular Library in Cape Town, was altogether an extraordinary one. We were not prepared for anything half so brilliant and animating. The Chairman was Sir John Herschel, and the other gentlemen who took a share in the proceedings were Sir John Wylde, Captain Fawcett, Sir Jeremiah Bryant, Rev. Dr. Philip, and Messrs. Oliphant, Tredgold, Fairbairn, Dr. Abercrombie, and Collison.

During a most interesting discussion, a reference was frequently made to the *order* of books calculated to produce the largest measure of the greatest good, and the works of Fiction were either pointed out as publications of questionable tendency, or as "the Schoolmaster" to higher attainments. In the latter point of view Sir John Herschel contemplated that class of books, which are termed *Works of Imagination*. The drift of Sir John's argument was, we think, pretty nearly this:

Although willing to allow that fictitious writing is the most humble means of moral instruction, I am still earnest in endeavouring to maintain its utility, especially on the ground that it finds its way to the dense multitude who close their eyes upon the introduction of purer light.

Fiction may be compared to a key, which opens many minds that would be closed to a sermon. Nor is it without authority in the writings of sincere and zealous christians. In vain might instruction be laid before thousands of the public in a weightier form. Their pursuit is pleasure, their food excitement, but they are frequently led forward by such means to a mental taste of an higher order—to that which dignifies, exalts, and brings forth great practical results.

But we may go further—How are our natures constituted? The peculiar susceptibility of the young mind to poetry, and to works of feeling, and to imaginative narrations, and to reading or hearing of romantic incidents or of supernatural fictions, must be generally admitted as moral certainty; and this is so natural and so universal, and has in all countries created so many tales of this sort, which have been the delight of millions, and of all species of the human population, that we cannot err in presuming that it is an effect which was *intended* to take place. The human mind is Athenian in this one propensity, —*the desire to hear and tell some new thing*. And if it be a part of the original plan of our nature, it must have a quality in it of a beneficial tendency; for nothing is a natural instinct or inclination within us, which is not of this character. This hunger after novelty, by the way, is an instrument of inconceivable importance, placed by Providence in the hands of every writer, and should strike him forcibly with the duty of turning this sharp appetite to good account, by appeasing it with pure and wholesome aliment. The object of the early novelists appears to have been to amuse. The next, or early moderns, seem to have placed all the felicities of life on the joys and pains of successful and unsuccessful love. The fair authoress of Cælebs, the late Hannah More, may be fairly stated as having opened a way which let loose the novel on the whole range of human contests and pursuits.

Again, as to the tendency of fictitious writings, our belief is, that all such works which do not paint and praise vice and vicious characters, and seek to make them attractive and imitated, acts advantageously on the mind, and directs it onwards in the pursuit of knowledge. As the great Duke of Marlborough is said to have derived his acquaintance with English history from Shakspeare's historical plays, so a large proportion of mankind derive much of their moral impressions and opinions from the narratives, fictitious or real, which they read, hear, or talk about. How many thousands and tens of thousands of people all over the globe have studied our language and carefully turned over the great page of English History from the perusal of the immortal works of Sir Walter Scott! And even the errors of a single tale of that great author, tended to arouse the somewhat slumbering energies of the best portion of Scotland's far-famed people. The caricature description of her first Reformers in "Old Mortality," led to the removal of the rubbish of lies and prejudice that had been heaped upon their memories by certain party-writers. "Old Mortality," on its first publication, excited a burst of admiration on the one side, and a burst of indignation, deep and severe, on the other. The one from the half-and-half Scotchmen,—absentees, pliables,—the men of

'Riband, star, and a' that;'—

the other from the Whigs—we do not mean the modern Whigs, but the descendants and lovers of the true "Whigs of the Covenant." And such a burst, the like was never seen. It was a novel affair, and it excited the public feeling to an intense degree, to see venerable clergymen descending into the arena to attack the statements and sentiments of a Romancer. There was reason for this. That book was read by every body, and it was understood to contain the sentiments of ultra-toryism to the prejudice of the people. Nay, the religious public deemed that they saw no less than a design to ridicule the memory of the martyrs and patriots of the days of Charles II., and to vilify their holy religion. The description which is given of the conduct and motives of the military

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chieftains; the personal accomplishments and the romantic gallantry with which the author's imagination has clothed the atrocious Claverhouse, do prove that there is too much room for the one; and the absurd balderdash and disgusting cant which he has put into the mouths of the leading preachers of that age, (and they were no mean men,) do altogether show a spirit of hostility and persecution not to be tamely submitted to in this enlightened age.

The result of this public indignation was visibly in favour of the "good old cause." Accurate engravings of Grahame of Clavers were brought forward. In opposition to the romantic paintings of the novelist, the harsh features of his iron face were revealed; and the *tout ensemble* exhibited an exterior in every respect befitting the gloomy and dark soul of a man whose hands were dipped in human blood to the wrists!—And in the late additional details of his public character, it has been satisfactorily shown, from the most authentic documents, that "the gallant and enterprising officer" of Hume and his party, was a cold-blooded murderer of the unarmed peasantry; that he shot down, without trial or form of law, free citizens on their own lands, and by their own firesides; that he belonged to that licensed banditti, the oppressors of their country, who "employed even the sagacity of blood hounds to discover the lurking places of the patriots and martyrs," whom they butchered in the presence of their wives and crying babes. (See Laing's History of Scotland, vol ii., and Scottish Worthies, &c., *passim.*)

Another consequence of this national excitement was a holy zeal, which put forth its activities in repairing the tombs and monuments over the bodies of the martyrs. Each sacred spot, on mountains, in vallies, and on moors, where the patriots had fallen by the steel of the life-guards, was sought out, and monuments erected, and tomb-stones repaired, and a host of "Old Mortalities" put in requisition to chissel deeper the names and the epitaphs of the martyrs.*

Again—what has excited our youth to deeds of enterprise—to know the world, to traverse the ocean, to procure for England "a local habitation and a name" in all quarters of the great globe? What has manned our merchantmen and peopled our fleets? Was it bounties—"all able-bodied men come and enter?" Was it the press-gang or the pinching of poverty? No: our best men have been those who almost knew *Robinson Crusoe* by heart!

Further, how many have been directed to the study of ancient history—the Works of Josephus,—from turning over the pages of Mr. Croly's extraordinary novel—*Salathiel?* And to ascend still higher—how mighty in influence the almost inspired allegory of Bunyan in directing the weary wanderer and the inquiring mind to those fountains of pure wisdom—the Holy Scriptures!

Similar works influence more than the songs of a nation, and their composition improves as the social mind advances.* It is, therefore, as we have already hinted, a benefit to society when a moral genius writes them. Dr. Johnson's grand idea is universally true: 'whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.' Most men of genius and celebrity have been fond of romances in their youth. Luther used to say, 'I would not for any quantity of gold, part with the wonderful tales which I have retained from my earliest youth, or have met with in my progress through life.' Mr. Southey, in one of his letters to Sir E. Brydges, observes—'The prose romances have had a greater effect upon our literature than has been supposed. In reading Amadis of Greece, I have found Spenser's Mask of Cupid, Sir Philip Sydney's Zelmane, and Shakspeare's Florizel; the latter by name, going to court a shepherdess, who proves a princess at last. Was ever any single work honoured with such imitators?'

Lastly, Mr. Fairbairn, one of the speakers at the late Meeting, advanced some happy illustrations on the triumphs of Popular Institutions from the *little* or small beginnings of the "two or three met together." We may further observe, that it was the absence of the *little* that produced the darkness of the 'Middle Ages.' It should be in the recollection of the impugners or scoffers at our Penny Literature, our cheap books, our *little* tracts, that the Middle Ages knew nothing of such instruments and opportunities. *Great* books, therefore, were both the fruits and the proofs of the ignorance of the age: they were usually composed in the gloom and torpor of the cloister, and it almost required a human life to read the works of an author of the first magnitude, because it was nearly as easy to compound as to digest such crudities. It was then, during the age of *great books* of the "voluminous and vast," the age of magic, alchymy, judicial astrology, polemics, and the subtleties of the schoolmen, that all reading was kept from the people. The common people, under such circumstances, could feel no interest and derive no advantage from *great books*, which were equally beyond their purchase and their comprehension. Those *libra eliphanti* contained little more than catalogues of things, and thoughts, and names, in words without measure, and often without meaning worth searching out. And it was not only that *great books* were the produce of the Middle Ages, and that the writers knew not how to make little ones, but it well suited the aristocratical notions of the penmen of the day. They clung to their monopoly with all the eagerness of *interested* desire. The vulgar, the profane vulgar, the multitude, the million were jealously and cruelly excluded from the benefits of learning; for long before Bacon uttered the famous oracle—'Knowledge is Power,' the middle men were aware of that mystery, unsuspected by the ignorant whom they ruled by that very power—the power of knowledge—both in spiritual and temporal predominance. The aristocracy of learning has been the veriest despotism ever exercised upon earth, for it was bondage both to soul and body in those who were its victims. Oh! what a waste of mind and worth! What havoc of natural talent and capacity, of every degree and every kind is implied in that perpetual thraldom of *uninstructedness*, wherein the bulk of mankind, through every age and nation under heaven, have been held by tyrants as brutish as themselves, who knew nothing of knowledge, except that they *feared* it; or by the more flagrant injustice of those who possessed, but durst not or would not communicate it to the multitude!

* It is no small merit in the writings of Scott, to have quickened the cloyed appetites of circulating-library readers for purer entertainment than the dulness, froth, and sentimentality which were previously in the market. People read Scott over and over again, and manifest an utter distaste to anything lower in the scale of fiction. A higher tribute cannot be paid to the sovereignty of genius than this.

* It cannot be concealed that a most fearful ignorance prevails in many of the country districts in this colony. The people do not read, their minds are in a state of stupor as to laudable ambition, improvement, or enterprise. Man is here, observes Mr. Blunt, in his "Notes on the Cape," but one step removed from the baboons that surround him. The deserts are without pyramids, and the towns without a trophy. We have no historical recollections—no poetry—no song—no popular works, either historical or imaginative. Such was the extreme ignorance of a country farmer during the present year in the District of Beaufort, that when a Traveller alighted at his location, he demanded, among other inquiries in Dutch,—"Hoe vaart Generaal Janssens?" (How is General Janssens?)

THE REMINISCENT.—No VII.

I was in London; I recollect the night was dark; the wind moaned in fitful gusts; the sleet fell in slanting lines, resembling those in use by modern improvers of the art of caligraphy, who teach their pupils to write a fine running hand in *six* lessons. With an umbrella blown inside out, forming a capacious and rapidly filling bowl poised on a stick over my head, and the pitiless shower incipiently introducing itself through various parts of my person, it was with an agreeable emotion that I espied, in spite of all the drizzle, at the corner of the street, a hackney-coach—it was lonely, unhired, untenanted, unheeded, save but by myself. The driver had apparently abandoned his box for the purpose of taking shelter in a *watering* house, to get out of the wet. It was in vain I several times called out 'coach, coach, coach!' The weather-beaten vehicle stood before me: the aged horses were both fast asleep, and yet one, the grey, had its eyes wide open—the lignt of a gas lamp discovered to me that the distended orbs of the poor brute were sightless: the wretched animals were leaning side to side for warmth and ease; the ribs of the grey fitted with tolerable accuracy the ribs of the dun, like a tally—(had either of them in the hey-day of their coltship ever heard of a tally-ho?) Two little cobbler's aprons on their backs partially warded off the incessant dripping of the rain, which, however, accumulated into a channel formed by the hip-bones, and soaked into the helpless haunches. A rising steam from the nostrils to the croppers was beaten down again by the weather; the knees of the once gallant gray stood in advance, twisted out like the elbows of an old-fashioned chair, and one fetlock was graced with a gaiter of damp and dingy canvass. Some hay, which had been left at the top of the pole (and for the good it could do to the horses it might as well have been with Captain Parry at the North Pole), was blown upon the roof of the coach, saving the scattered particles, saturated with the shower, which adhered to the patched harness. The old beasts (like Socrates when he had swallowed his hemlock) were, or *appeared to be*, resigned to their fate,—with drooping and dripping ears, and tails tightly tucked down, they braved the horrors of the storm in silence, save that the dun made all the ironmongery of his trappings jingle, and ever and anon waking his yoke-fellow. Poor quadruped! would that a

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pectoral lozenge could alleviate thy sufferings! (I had a box full of Dawson's in my pocket, and sympathetically swallowed one); would that, my poor worn-out Bucephalus, you were in a warm stable, littered up for the night, in a cap and wrapper, luxuriating on a hot mash! The coach was on a par with the cattle (it was a coach not a chariot) and had probably been manufactured in the period of the second or third George; many modern additions had deteriorated from its original splendour and inconveniences—the box and boot had never appertained to aristocracy, but had been put on by a bungling artisan—the wheels were of three distinct colours—the *springs* alas had seen many *winters*—the steps were unsteady, like the steps of old age; and as for the glasses, one may use the sea term to them, *glass and half glass;* if you look for any other embellishment in that department, you would have to 'pity the poor blind.' The panels, once highly varnished, had now assumed a deadly rhubarb aspect, and contrasted as wofully with the coat of arms of Mexborough painted thereon in gorgeous display, as the coach itself did with the family motto, 'Be fast.' But the rain was finding its way to my skin—no longer waiting for the driver of the equipage, without further ceremony I endeavoured to open the door, and with a hard pull, for the damp had closed it firmly, I effected my object, and got inside. Aware that possession is nine points of the law, I threw myself in a corner. Wrapped in my cloak, and lulled by the pattering of the storm, I insensibly fell asleep, and, like Addison, Steele, Johnson, and others of the great essayists and authors of allegory, I dreamt. Methought I heard a voice uttering melancholy plaints, mixed with deep sighs. 'Who art thou?' said I. 'I am 239,' replied the voice. 'What is 239?' said I. 'Would that I had never known,' exclaimed the voice; 'time was, and time is; I am on a job now! Once I was attached to nobility, now my creaking body is destined for any vile purpose.' 'Poor fallen creature!' said I, 'proceed.' 'The arms of a noble lord still cleave to my side, though I am so degraded; my pockets, which once contained scent bottles, fans, or reticules, are now the receptacles for two or three rusty nails, a piece of cord, a hammer, and a horse picker!' 'Pockets!' said I, 'what is your name?' 'My present name is that of a famous admiral (since Lord St. Vincent). I was born (thanks to my maker!) in Long Acre; for a considerable period I regularly attended every drawing room, levee, and birthday at St. James's. But, alas! pride must have its fall, and my fate has been as checqered as is my lining. Once I was the admiration of the ring at Hyde Park; I am not now permitted to enter the gates. I shall never forget the feelings of mortification I experienced when I was stripped of my lace!—when they barbarously deprived me of my hammercloth; and, worst of all, when the carpet was removed from the bottom of me! That which had hitherto only been pressed by the silken foot of high born beauty, was now covered with damp straw, trodden down by the *canaille*. When I first appeared in the world, the nobility alone kept us, but now any body—every body, and even persons who are nobody, sport us—with bodies. I have waited in the street a whole winter's night for the late Mr. Sheridan, who, when he had rejoined me after his seventh bottle, has been on my seat in such a state of mental aberration, as to fancy himself Mr. Wilberforce. Wilks has squinted out of my windows: in more modern times Cobbett and Hunt have quarrelled in me. I conveyed, in a soaking shower, Romeo Coates, Esq. from Carlton House, when the cruel hoax was passed on him of the forged ticket for the grand *fête* given to the allied sovereigns..... and exceedingly wet were the crimson velvet coat and white satin smalls of that much-injured gentleman; to say nothing of the water which came out of his *pumps*. I went with the mysterious mask to Newgate, he who decapitated the Cato Street conspirators. I did not much like my company, yet there is a gratifying sensation in being useful to one's country. I thought so, as I rested on my perch at the Old Bailey! I have had my gradations in rank, from the rank of a peer to a hackney-coach rank. Thousands of my inmates must ere this be numbered with the mighty dead, whilst I am regularly numbered in Essex Street in the Strand. I was once exceedingly disgusted with a pert valet of the secretary of the French ambassador, who called me a *fiacre!* But I trifle...if I am garrulous (and garrulity accompanies age), gently pull my check-strings,—but I am breaking down, almost crazy, existing only by two plates. The streets in a state of *demi-macadamisation*, jolt me till I shudder to my very linch-pins. Though wretchedly old, damp, and filthy, I have the consolation to reflect that I never ran over any one in my existence; and the pride to remember that when a silly dog has bitten at my revolving wheel, he always had the worst of it. Adieu, farewell! farewell!' At this moment I was awakened by a less plaintive voice, which uttered, 'Vy, blow my catskin, if here ain't a covee inside my leather rusky a-snoozing? Now, sir, vere am I to drive to?"

INDIAN EXPORTS,---No. 4.

THE FAREWELL.

FOR want of a better heading, I resume the title of my first address, and make it, though so little relevant, introductory to this, which must be my last. I was once sitting at the door of a tent with Bishop Heber, when, after being half-amused and half-annoyed with the neighing, kicking, and biting of the baggage-carriers' ponies, called on the western side of India tattooes, the Bishop remarked, that he had not thought there existed "a more pugnacious character than a Calcutta Editor! but certainly, your Guzerat tattooes," said he, "may affect a rivalry!" What would Heber have said could he have read, or rather looked at, for he could never have endured to read the *Zuid-Afrikaan* or the *Graham's Town Journal?* since let the Calcutta Editors, at any time of my experience, have been what they would, they invariably wrote like Englishmen, and pretty generally like gentlemen, whilst the *Zuid-Afrikaan* Balaams bray, fire and faggot, in bastard colonial Dutch, and the Graham's Town Journal storms and placards in a style, whose harshness and construction betray, that the writer has an inward conception of euphony in language, dependant upon the insertion and elision of the aspirate, by the most approved rule within the sound of the Bow-bells!

The lamentable part is, that these worthies appear to be quite good enough for the Colony! and their English, their politics, and their placards, precisely adapted to the colonial standard of the right, and the excellent; and such being the case, there appears, for the present at least, no remedy. But to confirm this position, let any man who can read English without a dictionary, and write it without a fearful violation of grammar and orthography; who can pronounce "*the* and *that* and *thither*" and "white wine vinegar and olive oil," without betraying himself to be a foreigner or a cockney, let any man, I say, who knows what the British language is, and consequently has one presumption in his favor, that he may peradventure also know what British feelings are; let such an one, after having been nauseated with the ribaldries and vulgarities of the Balaams, whether here or in Graham's Town, take up any English paper whatever, and let him dwell upon even the most intemperate of their undisguised blackguardism, and he will see the degraded state of even good old English abuse in this Colony: hot we must be: the politics of the present stormy period are not boy's-play at pitch-penny! but dead hits, and home-thrusts, and unmitigated blows in the firm unconcealed resolve to bear the worst and do the worst, and struggle through the hurricane of the times, victors if possible, and if not, to make the victory as disagreeable as possible to all opponents. But in the most outrageous of the English periodicals there is the high intellectual tone of the master spirit, and a classic language and a flashing wit which makes the argument picquant, and carries one through it, always amused at least, even when most scandalized, and often half-converted against one's own convictions and habits of thinking by the powers of a great mind and commanding talents. What a contrast to our Balaams and the Graham's Town creatures, who have not the pretension to excellence, even in the vulgar line they relish and have adopted, making "evil their good," and evincing the absence of capacity as well as judgement. A brawny pair of Wapping fish-wives at Billingsgate would use their vulgarisms in better English; and with an immeasurable superiority of talented command of simile, epithet, and metaphor, would scold them deaf and dumb, and bewilder every faculty of their souls in ten minutes!

"Like loveth like," said Dante to the Duke of Verona, who complained that Dante was a bit of a bore, and by no means so pleasant a companion as his court-jester! Like loveth like, indeed! and though it was no marvel

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for a Duke to prefer a fool to Dante, yet it is not usual for a community to be so under educated as to be gulled into the belief that such things as the Balaams are men of letters, of greater pretensions than the learned pig! and the Cape public must be prepared for Dante's sarcasm being applied to them, if they not only tolerate such vulgarisms, but actually pay for them as the marketable article in colonial literature.

But are there no hopes of improvement? is it indispensably requisite that the public press must be polluted with a barbaric idiom, and gross, revolting personalities? cannot the good sense and self-respect which Col. Bird showed at the last Thanks-voting affair in the Commercial Hall be taken by the rest of the community as their guide and example? Col. Bird knew the parties he had to deal with, and by peremptorily prohibiting personalities and scurrilities as the condition on which he consented to take the chair, indicated his conviction, founded on a long experience, that such were likely to be the taste they would indulge in. The result of Col. Bird's judicious prohibition was, that the meeting was spared, at least in one instance, the bore of sundry delectable pages of trash which a little prig of a reader! for it would be ridiculous to call the spouting of a certain quantity of manuscript twaddle "public speaking!" had prepared as a hash for the public, and prudently forebore to hazard in Col. Bird's presence. If all those who hold the same place in society with Col. Bird, if all men of education, and men of character and sense would but thus resolutely set their faces against these Balaams and their ribaldries, we might at all events prevent the current of their foul-mouthed vulgarities from over-flowing their legitimate channels, and leave them to vent their gall on one another to their hearts' content in their own circle.

Having thus disposed of the Balaams, let us briefly consider how much of what is good, detailing local incidents or suggesting local improvements, or applying extracts from European periodicals to local purposes, or for general information, might have been conveyed in the countless columns which have been polluted by virulent scurrility; and let us sigh over our own want of taste, or rather our tameness in submitting to personalities and vulgarities which Col. Bird has shown us that common sense, and a common share of spirit, may at once put down, by the peremptory and unqualified refusal to tolerate them.

How interesting and how numerous are the different heads under which the periodical press might labour incessantly and importunately for the public benefit, and more honourably for the parties themselves, than in their contemptible rivalries. One of the late *Commercial Advertisers* gave us an account of a meeting in London of the Shareholders of the Australian Land Company, by which we learnt that this enterprising body possess more than half a million acres of land, nearly forty thousand sheep, with horses, &c. and cattle in proportion, and had netted in the year previous nearly £12,000 income, and this upon a tract of country which, but a very few years ago, was a barren desert. Here is no Utopian romance, but a simple detail of the natural result of industry and capital employed judiciously in an open field of improvement, and with only the trifling risk of a few pounds to each individual of the thousand shareholders. How much of profit, how much of pleasure, might there be derived from an accurate knowledge of the minutest details of their history? how much benefit might accrue to the colony if the Balaams of the *Zuid-Afrikaan* and the Graham's Town Placardists were silenced by the contempt and derision of a disgusted public, and a patriotic press employed in soliciting British capitalists to establish some similar Joint-Stock Company in this colony. A Colonial Bank, giving 5 per cent. interest, on tolerable security, good names being probably sufficient, might procure half a million or a million sterling from England or from India with perfect facility, and could support an Agricultural Joint-Stock Company, or any other local associations for local improvement, and to make the most of all local resources, with almost the perfect certainty of eventual profit. In such cases the shares should be very small, as in the Australian Land Company, for some few years must elapse without any return whatever; and the adventuring parties engaged should not be those whose all is implicated, and whose first disaster would be ruin and complete discomfiture; but firm capitalists, prepared for a slow and remote contingency of profit, and contented to wait for it; thus, as money at 5 per cent. compound interest doubles in 15 years, these adventurers should consent to stake £100 to receive £200 in 15 years, or £400 in 30, and there need be little doubt but that such would be the positively certain result of any judicious outlay of capital by a well-conducted Land Company in this colony. England and India have their millions of half-employed capital, some half a million of which could unquestionably realize sufficient, under honest management, to afford more than five per cent. interest to the owners, and double that to the agents employed in distributing it through fifty different channels of local improvement through this hitherto misgoverned colony. And what would be the result? an impetus would be given to the cause of colonial prosperity, dormant interests would be awakened, and latent advantages developed, a spirit of enterprize would be aroused, and riches might spring up under the feet of the colonists to an extent of which they can at present form no conception. Forests might cover the hills, and every valley contain its reservoir of water preserved during the winter rains by scientific dams for summer uses; these are improvements of comparatively little outlay, and of an immense return; flocks of fine-woolled sheep, cattle, and the kitchen gardens and orchards for the shipping, are all sure objects for speculation and enterprize; perseverance, skill, and capital are alone required, and how deeply is it to be lamented that these are wanting!

Another view of a prospective good which might be obtained for the colony, if more forcibly and more frequently brought by the periodical press before the public, is in the advantages which this delightful climate, cheap market, and improving colony, offer to Indian veterans, with families for whom they have no means of even decent provision, and who live in the painful knowledge of the fearful consequences of their death to their widows and orphans; and in an agony of apprehension at every shock which indicates the failure of their constitutions. These poor fellows, after passing fifty years of age, and residing thirty-five years in India, are very seldom fit to weather through any longer service, nor in fact to bear with safety the hazardous process of acclimating again to the northern winter. Let such be clearly and fairly made acquainted

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with the superior advantages of retirement to this colony; the more eligible position and enjoyment in society for themselves, and hopes for their family, compared with what the same means could procure them in any part of Great Britain. For instance, let us suppose an Indian Lieut.-Col. after thirty-five years service, aged 52, entitled to a pension of £365, and let us suppose him possessed of £5000, which, alas! I say it with sorrow, is very, very far indeed from being the average fortune of Lieut.-Cols. of the Indian army; such a capital, at 3½ per cent. the average interest in Europe, added to his pension, would afford him an income of £540. This, as a provision for wife and children accustomed to move in the first circles and best society in India, appears a sorry pittance indeed, especially as the family must be haunted by the perpetual apprehension that more than two-thirds is dependant upon a most precarious life-interest: the merest absolute necessaries of life alone could be allotted to them; and the most meagre provision for adult children must be contemplated. But in this colony the pension of £365 would afford an easy and bearable subsistence, and for a moderate and prudent family, would leave a surplus: whilst the judicious investment of £5000 would secure at least £300 per annum, without any risk whatever, leaving a disposeable balance yearly to be invested in the purchase and stocking of country farms, which would provide for the young men as they grew up, an honorable and respectable settlement, in a delightful climate and an improving colony: a colony, of which it may safely be predicted that all property will be more than double its present value in the next generation, and the sheep-farms become an important inheritance to the grand-children of the present proprietors.

There are many, very many civil and military servants of the East India Company who are so situated, that though their years and decaying health require their removal from a tropical climate, yet their domestic encumbrances deny them the means of retirement, under those circumstances, which they have accustomed themselves to consider as almost a natural right, and indispensably necessary to make existence endurable. Let such grapple at once the formidable idea of expatriation, to which they are virtually doomed, and resign themselves to the evil, which is in reality their unavoidable lot, and instead of lingering on to die in India, let them seek a quiet and comfortable retirement here, and a decent, though not brilliant, provision for their children.

Hath England all the sun that shines? day, night,
Are they not, but in Britain? in the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; pr'ythee, think
There's living out of Britain.

But it is not merely the small capitalists and the ill-provided gentleman who may seek healthy and economical retirement here; let the industrious artizan, the sober, hard-working agriculturist hope to find here the foot of Jacob's ladder, whose top reaches to heaven; that is to say, a sure practicable process by which honest hearty industry may climb to a certain, though humble independance; here the humblest labouring man need fear no necessity for seeking parish relief, or the bitter bread of charity; let them be instructed in the average wages and fair prospects of the skilful and the abstinent, and let the local press be usefully employed for the benefit of the colony, and happily for the starving poor of the three kingdoms in persuading them to emigrate, and in inducing these emigrants to prefer this colony to Canada or America.

Further, this poverty-stricken colony, with less than 100,000 free population, pays £150,000, or thereabouts, in taxes, a weighty rate of taxation unknown elsewhere, except in happy—merry—well-taxed Old England! But the British nation have resolutely kicked the Boroughmonger Oligarchy, which created this taxation, from off their rotten borough, tax-creating, tax-eating perch, and the chances are that the Reformed Parliament will cause such reduction of useless establishments as shall place the expenditure of the people's hard-earned driblets on a more reasonable scale than what the aristocracy have been wont to consider appropriate to their in-born tax-consuming propensities. Is there no possibility, if the press did its duty, of assembling public meetings to petition Parliament to look into the expenditure and taxation of this colony? Not one shilling ought to be expended but solely for the public good; is it so? Are there no unnecessary burthens laid upon the people? Of the £12,000 per annum paid in pensions by the colony, are there no items of the old oligarchical infliction for nominal services, or totally disproportionate to the services which they are presumed to remunerate? are there no unnecessary and merely nominal appointments? none whose duties could not be better discharged for half the present salary, if reference to fitness for office were the sole consideration on appointment? finally, are all paid only in proportion to their labour, and the duties and responsibilities of their appointments, and their personal claims to consideration before appointment. Sir John Malcolm would frequently say of the Bombay Presidency, that it was "all head and no tail," nothing but heads of departments! and yet Bombay has nearly twelve million inhabitants, and a revenue exceeding two millions and a half sterling! this is something of a tail, too! what would Sir John have thought of this colony, which is the veriest tadpole of the British Dependancies. The Lord Chief Justice and his Puisne Judges, the Lord High Sheriff and Attorney General, the Master in Chancery, Registrar, &c. and all the establishment of the Court are adapted to what the colony may be about a century hence, but are what the colony will not be able to afford to pay during less than a century. The tender mercies of the aristocracy of England are, it seems, visiting Australia with a Bishop! which may probably be considered by some as "the beginning of the end!" by what miracle has this colony escaped the infliction of a Tory Hierarch? A very simple rule has been suggested for the testing of official merit; let every servant of government show the number of hours in the year that he is actually occupied on duty, and compare his employment, his responsibility, his personal risk, and his personal merit and claims on the country ere he obtained office, with the personal claims, the risks, responsibilities and the hard duty of a Captain in the Royal Navy; so laboriously instructed, so slowly promoted, so rigidly disciplined, so exhaustingly occupied, so meagrely remunerated, and yet the noblest and most essentially British character in the British service. This done, and properly done, let us see whether we could not obtain a greater efficiency on diminished charges, and at all events a diminished taxation for the colony: for it is but too clear that unless taxation be diminished, the tide of emigration from the United Kingdom must con-

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tinue to flow toward the United States, and strengthen them instead of the dependancies of the parent empire.

England maintains the Cape colony solely for the sake of India and the China trade; that point apart, the expenditure of about £200,000 per annum, incurred here by the British government, for the troops and naval establishment, would be absolute waste, and a profligate disregard for the interest of the British nation: thus, the said £200,000 is as clearly and indisputably a political charge upon the United Kingdom for the sake of the Eastern territory and trade, as any fortress in India, or any frigate in the Indian seas. Far am I from suggesting the idea of increasing the burthens on India to relieve the Cape, but I am clearly convinced that the European troops in India, perhaps 30,000,* could spare 1500, or the strength of two regiments, even with benefit to themselves, to assist in the protection of the Cape. Such a general war as should require masses of European troops, cannot come upon India without full and sufficient warning, and in such a case, reinforcements would be called for, even under present circumstances, from England, to meet the emergency. The European troops are seldom considered in any other view than as the important corps de reserve, and 1500 men stationed at the Cape would be nearly as available for general purposes, as if they were in India; for instance, 1500 men required in Malabar, would be almost as easily, and speedily conveyed thither from the Cape, as from Meerut near Delhi; and if the Indian governments, by taking off all local duties, would encourage the importation of Cape Wine, to supersede the use of the poor Lisbons and inferior kinds of Teneriffe which are consumed, to the extent of some thousand pipes annually, an intercourse betwixt the Cape and India might be established, which would render tonnage at all times, and economically available for the transport of troops on the shortest notice. Thus the Cape garrison might be considered as containing a small supernumerary force, the abstraction of which from India, to employ it in the colony, would not be felt there, but would be of the most prodigious effect here; it might be held in a state of readiness to be embarked for Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, to occupy the ground of either of the Presidency garrisons, should any pressing emergency require their advance into the interior; and there can be no question but that a disposeable Brigade of the Indian European force could be maintained at a much less expense, and in a more efficient and healthy state; and, as has been already said, almost as advantageously for general purposes if cantonned at the Cape as in the Peninsula of India. But without absolutely withdrawing complete regiments from India, if every corps had a depot detachment at the Cape; if the hospitals of every regiment were once a-year cleared out of the protracted cases of organic disease; if the broken constitutioned men, such as spend two-thirds of their time in hospital, till they are invalided home, or die, were sent to the Cape, a very considerable proportion of these poor fellows might be saved, and after two years easy garrison duty here, might return to India with restored health, and better qualified for service than young recruits from Europe.

The expenditure in the cause of humanity would be a positive saving in the end, as judicious outlay always is; every European soldier who lands in India is estimated by some to cost from £100 to £150, and by others as much as £200, ere he takes a tour of useful duty: the saving of lives is therefore economy as well as humanity, and even policy as well as virtue demands some arrangement, by which the benefit of removal from a tropical climate, at a critical and beneficial period, may be extended to the private soldier. A depot of 1500 invalids from India, the sick who, in India, would be confined to hospital, and probably bed-ridden, would soon muster a sufficient number of convalescents to be divided betwixt Cape Town, and Simon's Bay, and Robben Island, equal to all police and municipal purposes in time of peace; but, as Cape Town itself is probably the least salubrious site in the whole colony, and consequently worst adapted for a convalescent station, relief hospitals at Wynberg or on Robben Island for the worst cases and relapses, should be included in the plan. Some such arrangement as this would not only be a most humane and beneficial measure for the health of the European troops in India, but would leave the Cape garrison of three regiments unencumbered to occupy the frontier and inland districts, and the increased expenditure of fully £70,000 per annum introduced into the colony, would tell to a prodigious extent on the colonial prosperity.

The expense to the Indian government would be comparatively trifling: the hospital charges would be one-half what they are at present; that is to say, even if the 1500 sick continued as long infirm in hospital here as they would in India, and the charges for the convalescents would, in like manner, be infinitely less for pay and maintenance: the grand item would be the freight and tonnage, for the removal of the sick hither, and the convalescents back, which might be done by two ships of 500 tons, at under £2: 10 per ton for each voyage, say about £5000, and there is no doubt but that even if this amount were not made good by the saving of fifty lives per annum, if it were not saved by the reduction of the hospital charges and diminished sick in India, still, there are other reductions which might be suggested, the recourse to which would cover all expenses. The benefit to the invalids and the saving of lives would exceed the most sanguine hopes that could be formed from the plan: there is no want of humanity and honorable concern for the soldier in the Indian government, and the funds at their disposal are equal to the experiment on a small scale, if required to be tried ere they venture upon a more general application of the system. It would be a very virtuous and wise act to try the experiment, and to send in the first ship which sails from Calcutta to the Cape, a hundred of the worst cases, of those who have spent the longest period in the last two years in hospital, to be attached to do duty with the Regt. in Cape Town; and I will pledge myself, that if the removal be well timed, in reference to season, that the result will surprize and delight the regimental surgeons, and convince government of the wisdom of the measure.

Thus I have thrown together very loosely, and merely as headings for leading articles of the periodical press, a series of suggestions embracing distinct objects of colonial improvement: let them be coolly examined, and incessantly discussed, and let us see what can be made with them: the progress of events is in our favor, and the

* King's troops by the Charter, 20,000; Company's European Regiments and Artillery, about 10,000; total 30,000.

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times are working with us; the tide should be taken at the ebb, and our success seems certain. The abolition of the slave trade must cause a re-action in the central regions of Africa, which will extend progressively to the coasts on every side; whether the course of civilization will ascend the stream of the Niger, in spite of its pestilential climate, or be spread by missionaries and traders from this healthy colony, cannot yet be conjectured, though the eventual probabilities are in favor of the latter; but, in either case, a vast change is to be expected, and Central Africa cannot become more populous without becoming more civilized: when a thousand savages cover a hundred thousand square miles, they may hunt, and exist on game and wild fruits; but when they multiply to ten thousand souls on the same area, they must either destroy or eat one another, or rear tame cattle; when they become a hundred thousand souls, they must cultivate the soil industriously, and live in fellowship, under laws and government. Such is the world's history, and the building of huts, the congregating together of a village and villages, the formation of communities, and the acknowledgment of neighbourly obligations, are the certain steps of advance, which the poor scattered tribes, which have been hitherto hunted down like wild beasts to be sold for slaves, must speedily make, upon this murderous trade being discontinued; and another generation must see such a change as sober calculation cannot venture to anticipate; but which must occur, and which will, either most momentously and immediately; or possibly, only slowly and remotely, yet still beneficially, affect the colony.

Such prospects should be dwelt upon and kept in constant view by the colonial press, and should be taken into serious consideration by every capitalist embarking in any colonial interest, as the future good that is certainly to bring, in due time, the abundant harvest of the present risk; but time and patience are needed, nor is the oak to be obtained but from the pigmy acorn, and through half a wearisome century of expectation.

And now I must bid the gentle reader farewell. I shall most probably have left the colony ere another Number of this Work issues from the press, and my humble efforts to assist the good cause which the colonial press should advocate, must cease with my departure from the colony. I shall carry away with me many delightful recollections of the fifteen months I have spent most pleasantly and very happily in the colony, and hope there may be some whose kindness will hold me in their remembrance, at least for as long a period as "mere guests from the East" are wont to be remembered. I will therefore conclude, with grateful thanks to kind friends for many kindnesses, and say farewell, with my sincere and heartfelt wishes for the good of all. INDIAN EXPORT.

LITERATURE.

SCENES AND STORIES BY A CLERGYMAN IN DEBT. 3 VOLS. 8VO. 1835.

WE need not at this time of day be at pains to enumerate the many objections that may be urged against the present state of the law of England, as regards imprisonment for debt. The public mind is fully aware of that. It is worth while to notice, that at the very time these volumes were put forth in London, Sir J. Campbell brought the question immediately before the House of Commons in an able speech; advocating the principles maintained by the author, viz: that there should be no imprisonment for debt except in cases of fraud; which view met with no general opposition from any party; so that ere long we may expect to see the crying evil swept entirely away.

As it regards the volumes before us, we do not believe that they are written by a clergyman. We are rather of opinion that they are the work of a clever, observant, glib-tongued limb of the law, who has without troubling himself with nice scruples, fastened on a title that is likely to catch the attention of the public, and help the sale of the book. If he be a clergyman, he is by no means tightly laced, for we find him profane, an instance of which occurs when he tells us of three sheriffs' officers being "not *tria juncta in uno*, but three persons with one aim." Besides his familiarity with the use of flash terms, personages, and places, never can become a clergyman. But we are getting more serious and particular than the occasion requires; and since there is really a touching and impressive moral taught by the spirit and detail of the work, we must not be remarkably squeamish about individual points. It is not the fault of the author that the field he occupies is by no means of the most attractive nature. Scenes of a repulsive character and stories of sufferings, necessarily are the subjects to be dealt with by him who gives a faithful picture of a prison. The low intrigues, the heartless frauds of the most worthless practitioners in the law—the relentless conduct of creditors—the infectious vice of spend-thrifts, cheats, depraved and established inmates of prison-houses; together with accounts of broken hearts, famishing families, must in one shape or another ever form the burden of the stories told by him who draws from the quarter here chosen for description. But there is more variety in the book than we could have anticipated. We have good songs, laughable positions, and lively *noctes*. We must quote one story of a hoax which was played by a captain in the army, who had been for some years in the King's Bench Prison, and, who, every term time, took out his day rules, and under their protection walked his ways daily without fear of arrest.

"However, he was one day passing the shop of a man in the Strand, to whom he owed money, and whose quick eye twigged the captain.

"'How d'ye do, captain?

"'Very well, I thank ye; and the captain was going to pass on.

"'I suppose you're in a hurry, now, captain; but if you're passing here to-morrow, I wish you'd look in; I want a word with ye.

"'By all means, said the captain; 'I'll look in at four o'clock;' and on he went.

"The next day the captain kept his word; he called in upon his creditor at four o'clock, and his creditor had a sheriff's officer waiting for him. The officer happened to be a master—not a follower—and he and the captain sallied forth, arm-in-arm.

"'I tell you what,' said the captain, 'this is no execution; you need not take me to the lock-up till evening; and I've an inclination for a good dinner. Come with me to Long's Hotel, and I'll treat you to whatever ye like; we'll have a bottle of good wine, at all events.'

"'The offer was accepted; they got into a coach, and alighted at Long's. When they entered, the waiter, who knew the captain, made his bow.

"'We want to dine,' said the captain.

"'What will you like, Sir?'

"'What would *you* like,' said the captain to the officer; 'come, now, just order what you fancy.'

"The officer was modest at first, but at last did as he was bid.

"'Gravy soup and Turbot, followed by roast duck.'

"'And if we had a pint of Madeira while it is preparing,' insinuated the captain.

"'True,' said the officer; 'bring a pint of Madeira.'

"'And some bitters, to sharpen the appetite,' asked the captain.

"'Ay, and some bitters,' said the officer.

"The Madeira, bitters, dinner, and desert,

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were duly demolished, the officer having, at the suggestion of the captain, ordered a pine-apple with the latter, punch with the turbot, and champagne with the duck. The *Petits verres* were taken before the cheese; a bottle of port, and about four of claret, were all that our officer ventured to order after the repast.

"By the time these were demolished the evening waned towards half-past eight of the clock, and the officer was not so blinded with wine as to forget his duty.

"'If you please, Sir,' said he to the captain, 'we must go.'

"'With all my heart,' said the captain; 'you had better call for the bill.'

"The officer called for the bill; it came; and while he was counting it over, the captain whispered the waiter, 'Do not let him go until he has paid that;' and then taking down his hat, and buttoning his coat, he made a movement to depart. The officer rose to accompany him.

"'I beg your pardon, Sir,' said the waiter, 'but you have not settled the bill.'

"'O, Captain —— will do that.'

"'O no, Sir, the captain said you would pay; and if you recollect, Sir, all the orders were given by you; besides, Sir, the captain is going.'

"'Ha, but he can't go, though!' shouted the officer; 'he's my prisoner.'

"'No— no, my dear fellow, you are wrong this time at any rate,' said the captain; 'you see here's my *day-rule*;' and as I must haste back, I will wish you a good evening, thanking you for your good dinner and pleasant company, and leaving you to pay the bill.'

"The officer glanced at the day-rule,—it was enough, he had no more authority over the captain; and while he was pulling out his purse, the captain sallied forth in quest of Banco Regis, which, it is to be presumed, he reached in safety."

ANOTHER NORTHERN LIGHT.

Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland; or, the Traditional History of Cromarty. By HUGH MILLER. London: Longman and Co. 1835.

We learn that the author of these scenes and legends is a young man, who, by his genius, his industry, and his moral character, has raised himself to distinction in his native district. It appears that, from being a common stone-mason, his ardent thirst for knowledge and evening readings, after the ordinary toils of the day were over, have so highly distinguished him, as to secure the notice of eminent patrons, and to obtain a situation in one of the northern banking-houses. His ephemeral writings, we presume, have ere this procured for him a name in his own neighbourhood, but in the present work his talents will be acknowledged and praised from one end of the kingdom to the other.

The subject, though confined to a remote and small Scottish sea-port town and its vicinity, presented to the inquisitive and inventive mind of the author abundance of materials to fill this volume, and as is hinted, another of the same character. The truth is, that to such a vigilant caterer and ready thinker there is no community or scene, however limited the segment may be, of this mighty globe, but would furnish exhaustless stores for description and sentiment. Cromarty, for example, like every town, has its traditions, its celebrated characters, its grades of society, its abundant mass of human nature, the great and leading elements of which are the same everywhere, requiring only the discernment of a quicksighted observer and nice delineator. Cromarty, to be sure, has some recommendations which are not everywhere to be found for such a work as the one before us. It figures in a district of the north, where superstitions, warlike and quaint traditions, abound to a remarkable extent. It has the scenery of hill and dale, of mountain and flood, and still more characteristically the paths, dangers, and charms of the ocean, where a class of men will ever find a scope that leads to strange developments and affecting records. But above all, Cromarty is signalized by possessing the author's genius and tastes, and it has chiefly become famous in the present work by being the field where these mental exhibitions are so happily displayed, that in future it will have a place among the classic scenes in Scotland. *And what an honour is this result to the power of genius and of mental cultivation!* To think that one young man, without the aids of what is usually understood by the indulgence of his own inborn desires and tastes, create, for a seemingly barren or ordinary subject, the enthusiasm of a deep and elevating interest on the part of those that never thought and scarcely ever heard of it before—an interest that, we are confident, will hereafter continually maintain the height to which Mr. Miller has now carried it, respecting his favorite little sea-port town, is enough of homage in attestation of the riches and beauties of the human mind, and more than any other efforts, though a thousand times repeated, could command, if emanating from a grosser power. If it should be asked how it is that the mental beauty and wealth spoken of most effectively display themselves, we would answer, that although there may be a thousand nameless turns in the efforts of genius and refined tastes, each and all contributing to the highest achievements, there are yet certain evidences that may be pointed out, and that are indispensible. Of these, originality of ideas, and yet a mind well stored with ordinary information, are essential; while for such a work as the present, dramatic skill, charming sentiments, and a manly as well as a lucid style, are equally requisite. Now these qualities our author indisputably possesses, with another of a still more graceful appearance—we mean a modesty that becomes the first efforts of a young man. Some may add, that this modesty is especially required from an uneducated person in a humble sphere in life; but we repel the distinction; for no one who has used or rather created his opportunities for improvement, as the author has done, is either uneducated, or of a humble order. It will immediately be apparent to those who can procure the book, that his intellectual vigour has received a culture which rarely attaches to those whose academical career and high birth lead us to presume the finest literary attainments on their part.

Much that is legendary in the work possesses the highest interest, but much more those portions of it of veracious accounts and scenes, Scotland and Cromarty, like many other regions, have been subjected to much later calamities of a pestilential nature. The author accordingly brings down his history to the most recent instance, which was, when the cholera raged so fiercely in this country. The bay of the little borough he belongs to, was one of the places appointed by government, during the rigid system of quarantine then established, for the reception of vessels, until their term of restriction should have expired. We held our breath when we came upon the first sentence of the following extract; nor will the deepest emotions subside during the succeeding details.

"On a calm and beautiful evening in the month of July, 1831, a little fleet of square rigged vessels were espied in the offing, slowly advancing towards the bay. They were borne onwards by the tide, which, when flowing, rushes with much impetuosity through the narrow opening, and, as they passed under the northern Sutor, there was seen from the shore, relieved by the dark cliffs which frowned over them, a pale yellow flag drooping from the mast-head of each. As they advanced further on, the tide began to recede. The foremost was towed by her boats to the common anchoring ground; and the burden of a Danish song, in which all the rowers joined, was heard echoing over the waves with a cadence so extremely melancholy, that, associated in the minds of the town-people with ideas of death and disease, it seemed a coronach of lamentation poured out over the dead and the expiring. The other vessels threw out their anchors opposite the town;— groups of people, their countenances shaded by anxiety, sauntering along the beach; and children ran about, shouting at the full pitch of their voices, that the ships of the plague had got up as far as the ferry. As the evening darkened, little glimmering lights, like stars of the third magnitude, twinkled on the mast heads from

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whence the yellow flags had lately depended; and never did astrologer experience greater dismay when gazing at the two comets, the fiery and the pale, which preceded those years of pestilence and conflagration that wasted the capital of England, than some of the people of Cromarty did when gazing at these lights.

"Day after day vessels from the Baltic came sailing up the bay, and the fears of the people, exposed to so continual a friction, began to wear out. The first terror, however, had been communicated to the nearer parishes, and from them to the more remote; and so on it went, escorted by a train of vagabond stories that, like felons flying from justice, assumed new aspects at every stage. The whole country talked of nothing but Cholera and the Quarantine port. Such of the shopkeepers of Cromarty as were most in the good graces of the country women who come to town laden with the produce of the dairy and hencot, and return with their little parcels of the luxuries of the grocer, experienced a marked falling away in their trade. Occasionally, however, a few of the more courageous housewives might be seen creeping warily along our streets; but, in coming in by the road which passes along the edge of the way, they invariably struck up the hill, if the wind blew from off the quarantine vessels, and winding by a circuitous route among the fields and cottages, entered the town on the opposite side."—pp. 264—266.

We have some extremely well conceived notices in Mr. Miller's book of the literati of Cromarty; for long ago there were some of the borough's mechanics conversant with books and the pen. They had, as was and is general throughout Scotland, their libraries of ten or twenty volumes of sermons and controversial divinity. But few of them, we are told, were acquainted with the best literary models. So late as 1750, continues our author, a copy of the Paradise Lost, which had been brought to town by a sailor, elicited much curious criticism in the town; some thinking it heterodox and deserving to be burned; others thought it was prophetic. One called it a romance; another said, it was merely a poem. Yet, even at that period Cromarty had its writers of verses: and although merely imitators, we agree with the author, that the poetical imitator is the most eccentric of all, and always an original. Here follows a sketch of one of those originals, that may be found all over Scotland. We like the author particularly for setting an example of dealing with serious subjects and good men, without levity; for many modish writers think themselves entitled to ridicule, or treat with the formal liberality of a cold philosophy all such things. Mr. Miller is not only a juster thinker and a fairer observer, but a finer sentimentalist. But now for the sketch:—

"On the southern shore of the bay of Cromarty, about two miles to the west of the town, there stood, ninety years ago, a meal mill, and the cottage of the miller. The road leading to the country passed in front, between the mill and the beach; a ridge of low hills, intersected by deep narrow ravines, and covered with bushes of birch and hazel, rose directly behind.—A straggling line of alders marked the course of the stream that turned the mill wheel; two gigantic elms, which rose out of the fence of a little garden, spread their arms over the cottage. The view of the neighbouring farm-steadings was shut out by the windings of the shore, and the ledge behind; and, to the traveller who passed along the road in front, and saw no other human dwelling nearer him than the little speck-like houses which mottled the opposite shore of the bay, this one seemed to occupy one of the most secluded spots in the parish. Its inmates, at this period, were John Williamson, the miller, or, as he was more commonly termed, Johnie o' the shore, and his sister Margaret,—two of the best and most eccentric people of their day in the country side. John was a poet and a christian, and much valued by all the serious and all the intelligent people of the place; his sister, who was remarkable in the little circle of her acquaintance, for the acuteness of her judgment in nice points of divinity, was scarcely less esteemed.

"The duties of John's profession left him much leisure to write and to pray. During the droughts of summer, his mill pond would be dried up for months together; and in these seasons he used to retire almost every day to a green hillock in the vicinity of his cottage, which commands an extensive view of the bay and the opposite coast; and there, in a grassy opening among the bushes, would he remain until sunset, with only the Bible and his pen for his companions. He was so much attached to this spot, that he has been heard to say there was no place in which he thought he could so patiently wait the Resurrection; and he intimated to his friends his wish of being buried in it; but, on his death-bed, he changed his mind, and requested to be laid beside his mother. It is now covered by a fir wood, and roughened by thickets of furze and juniper, but enough may still be seen to justify his choice. On one side it descends somewhat abruptly into a narrow ravine, through the bottom of which there runs a little tinkling streamlet, on the other, it slopes gently towards the shore. We look on the one hand, and see through the chance vistas which have been opened in the wood, the country rising above us in long undulations of surface, like waves of the sea after a storm, and variegated with fields, hedge-rows, and clumps of copse wood. On the other, the wide expanse of the bay lies stretched at our feet, with all its winding shores, and blue jutting headlands: we look down on the rower as he passes, and hear the notes of his song, and the measured dash of his oars; and, when the winds are abroad, we see them travelling black over the water before they wave the branches that spread over our heads. Many of the poet's happiest moments were passed in the solitude of this retreat; and from the experience derived in it, though one of the most benevolent of men, and at times one of the most sociable, whenever he wished to be happy he sought to be alone. In going to church every Sabbath, instead of following the road, he used invariably to strike across the beach, and walk by the edge of the sea; and, on reaching the churchyard, he always retired into some solitary corner, to ponder in silence among the graves. To a person of so serious a cast, a life of solitude and self-examination cannot be happy, unless it be a blameless one; and Johnie o' the shore was one of the rigidly just. Like the Pharisees, he tithed mint, and anise, and cumin, but, unlike the Pharisees, he did not neglect the weightier matters of the law. It is recorded of him, that, on descending one evening from his hillock, he saw his only cow browsing on the grass plot of a neighbour, and that, after having her milked as usual, he despatched his sister with the milk to the owner of the grass."

Our last extracts shall regard the history of Cromarty politics; a borough, and we believe, one in Scotland, being the quaintest field that ever has been discovered under the head now named. The account given of the cause of Cromarty and Scottish toryism during George III.'s reign, is clearly as just as in some points it is original. We must not mutilate the following representation:—

"The people of Cromarty who lived ninety years ago were quite as unskilled in politics as their neighbours, and thought as little for themselves. They were but the wheels and pinions of an immense engine; and regarding their governors as men sent into the world to rule,—themselves as men born to obey, they troubled their heads no more with the matter. Even the two Rebellions had failed of converting them into politicians; for, viewing these in only their connexion with religion, they exulted in the successes of Hanover as those of Protestantism, and identified the cause of the Stewarts with Popery and persecution. Their Whiggism was a Whiggism of the future world only; and the liberty of preparing themselves for Heaven was the only liberty they deemed worth fighting for.

"Principles such as these, and the dominancy of the Protestant interest, rendered the people of Cromarty, for two whole reigns, as quiet subjects as any in the kingdom. In latter times, too, there was a circumstance which thoroughly attached them to the government, by shutting out from among them the Radicalism of modern times for well nigh a whole year. The Scotch, early in the reign of George III., had risen high at court;—Earl Bute had become Premier, and Mansfield Lord Chief Justice; and the English, who would have as lief have witnessed the return of William and his Normans, grumbled exceedingly. The Premier managed his business like most other Premiers; the Chief Justice conducted his rather better than most other Chief Justices; but both gentlemen, says Smollet, 'had the misfortune of being born natives of North Britain; and this very circumstance was, in the opinion of the people, more than sufficient to counterbalance all the good qualities which human nature could possess.' Junius, and Wilkes, and Churchill, and hundreds more, who with as much ill nature, but less wit, were forgotten as soon as the public ceased to be satisfied with ill nature alone, opened in full cry against the King, the Ministry, and the Scotch. The hollo reached Cromarty, and the townsfolks were told, with the rest of their countrymen, that they were proud, and poor, and dirty, and not very honest, and that they had sold their King; all this too, as if they hadn't known the whole of it before. Now it so happened, naturally enough I suppose, that they could bear to be dirty, but not be told of it, and poor, but not to be twitted with their poverty, and they could be quite as angry as either Junius or Churchill, though they could neither write letters like the one, nor make verses like the other. And angry they were,—desperately angry at Whiggism and the English, and devotedly attached to the King, poor man, who was suffering so much for his attachment to the Scotch. Nothing could come amiss to them from so thorough a friend to their country; and when on any occasion they could not wholly defend his measures, they contented themselves with calling him an honest man."—pp. 389—391.

The manner in which the Cromarty people sided with the crown in the case of the ill-advised American War, is with the same discernment stated. The author, amid all his earnestness, can be a satirist when he chooses, as the whole of this political chapter

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shows. But let us hear something of the individual theorists at the time spoken of—the description is capital.

"Even in this age, however, as if to show that there can be nothing completely perfect that has nature in it, Cromarty had its one Whig, a person who affirmed that Franklin was a philosopher, and Washington was a good man, and that the Americans were very much in the right. Could anything be more preposterous? The townsfolks lacked patience to reason with a fellow so amazingly absurd. He was a slater, and his name was John Holm;—a name which became so proverbial in the place for folly, that when any one talked very great nonsense, it was said of him that he talked like John Holm. The very children, who had carried the phrase with them to the play ground and the school, used to cut short the fudge of a comrade, or, at times, even some unpopular remark of the master, with a 'ho! ho! John Holm!' John, however, held stiffly to his opinions, and the defence of Washington; and some of the graver townsmen chaffed by his pertinacity, were ill natured enough to say that he was little better than Washington himself. Curious as it may appear, he was, notwithstanding the modern tone of his politics, a rare and singular piece of antiquity, one of that extinct class of mechanics described by Coleridge, 'to whom every trade was an allegory, and had its own guardian saint.' He was a connecting link between two different worlds,—the worlds of popular opinion and of popular mystery; and strange as it may seem, both a herald of the Reform Bill and a last relic of the age 'in which' (to use the language of the writer just quoted) 'the detail of each art was ennobled in the eyes of its professors by being spiritually improved into symbols and mementos of all doctrines and all duties John had, besides, a strong turn for military architecture, and used to draw plans and construct models. He was one evening descanting to an old compaigner on the admirable works at Fort George (a very recent erection at that time) and illustrating his descriptions with his stick on a hearth-stone strewed over with ashes, when by came the cat, and with one sweep of her tail demolished the entire plan. 'Och Donald,' said John, 'it's all in vain;' a remark which, simple as it may seem, passed into a proverb. When an adventure proved unsuccessful, or an effort unavailing, it was said to be all in vain like John Holm's plan of the fort. But John's day was at hand.—We, the people, are excellent fellows in our way, but I must confess not very consistent. I have seen the principles which we would hang a man for entertaining on the evening of one day, becoming quite our own before the evening of the next."—pp. 392—394.

The French Revolution next wafted some of its doctrines even to remoter points than Cromarty. The revolutionary procession that ensued is a capital hit, as told by Mr. Miller. But the manner in which a young and clever man of Cromarty, who at this time was known by the emphatic appellation of Democrat, alarmed the country gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and the authorities in the borough, till they floundered out of one mistake and unfounded suspicion into another, is the best satire of all; exposing the official insolence of certain men in power, and at that time of day. But our readers for these rich morsels must have recourse to the volume itself; for by this time they must be satisfied that whatever the author sets his hand to will be admirably finished.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To J—— S——, late of Aberdeen,
Author of a Letter published in the Literary Gazette, headed—Hopes and Prospects of Scottish Emigrants, &c.

My worthy Countryman,

I am clannish enough to say that my heart warms to the tartan, and kindles to the pibroch; and that those local peculiarities, which mark the difference betwixt good Scots and good English, are dear to my very soul; your letter was, consequently, a delight to me. Even were it not so suited to my taste and early associations, its simple, unpretending excellence would require no apology from its author, nor any accidental circumstances, to make it interesting to any real friend of his fellow men: it comes home to every generous man's heart and feelings, as the faithful recital of struggles and success, and, in my own case, revives a thousand recollections of my own feelings, when, a quarter of a century ago, in August, 1810, I turned my back on "the banks and braes of bonnie Doon" for the far East. Your 25 months appear to have been better spent than my 25 years, since you have learned content, and can thank God for His gifts, and can live in hope: may your best hopes be realized! You may rest assured that you do not need book-learning for the task you have undertaken: Nature has done more for you than books and masters have for many who conceit themselves to be your betters: take no pains to write as they do; you write much more to the purpose in your own language and your own way; and let me beg you to inquire carefully into the names and origin of as many of our countrymen as you can accurately describe, for the information of their kith and kin at home. Let the list contain their Scottish and their colonial experience; show their wages, their diet, their lodging, their clothing, and their means in poor old Scotland! and their improved situation as to earnings, living, and means in this healthy and improving Colony; and let us get as many of our poor suffering countrymen away from their hard task-masters as we can possibly prevail upon to try their fortunes here, as you and your friends have done, and apparently with so much advantage to yourselves and usefulness to all with whom you have become connected in the Colony. Show what a sober, steady, hard-working man may do, who brings but a willing heart and a ready pair of hands. Show what an industrious virtuous couple may do who come prepared, and contented to fight their way through difficulties, and who do not grumble at finding that they must creep before they fly. Show what a farmer's son may do, who, having a few hundreds, would but throw them into a greedy cruel landlord's sporran, if he took the farm on which his forefathers flourished; and let him be told of the prospects before him here and the difference betwixt starving where he was born, or becoming comfortably independent here: finally, show the broken-down Laird, with a family dependent on the scanty proceeds of the sale of his last acres; and the retired trade's-man or merchant, with children, without any resource but some small capital he may have accumulated, the incalculable difference betwixt pinching back and belly to squeeze together a pittance for each child there—and the easier provision of a farm and cattle for their settlement here,—the world is wide enough, and might be a good world, and a happy world too, if a man did not continue to mar and pollute the fair sweet face of God's creation with his wicked inventions.

I take the liberty of sending you a copy of Burn's Poems, which I beg you will keep for my sake, and remember when you read these beautiful verses, that the poor fellow who composed them was an untaught child of the cottage and the plough stilts; and that the most learned, and the most polished poets of the age have failed to produce any thing to equal his simple productions, and let this remind us that God's gifts are not as man's gifts, and that the poor cottager is not forgotten in the grand distributions of distinction and blessing here, nor will he be forgotten when peers, poets, and ploughmen all meet on a perfect equality, when "*the books are opened*" hereafter.—Farewell.

From your sincere and
hearty well-wisher,
CARRICK.

Fourteen thousand seven hundred and sixteen persons visited the paintings of Adam and Eve, at Boston, in the space of six weeks.—*New York Booksellers' Advertiser.*

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LADY MORGAN's "PRINCESS;" OR, THE BEGUINE, 3 Vols. 8vo.

(The German States.)

In the new work of Lady Morgan, which is principally descriptive of the outbreak of the Belgian revolution, we find many well-told conversations. The novelist appears to be acuter than some of those who believe themselves to approximate to statesmen. The following is worth a multitude of what men call state-papers

"Hasn't Nassau something of a little constitution of her own?" asked Lord Aubrey. "I think somebody said so in the House, the other night."

"Oh, yes," said the Princess, sneering; "a little house of commons in the village of Beiberick, close to the Duke's country-house; and prettily he has been paid for it. One of its members chose to oppose the budget. The Duke naturally turned him out, and all who voted with him. The *frondeur* refused to pay the tax, all the same; was thrown into prison, and died. The son, following in the father's steps, had his property in Wisbaden seized, when two pictures, amongst other things, were put up for sale; the first, the portrait of the *frondeur*, sold for four hundred francs; and the second, the Grand Duke's own, was knocked down for three kreutzers."

"Well, if they will give constitutions to nations who are not fit for them, they must take the consequence," said the Marquis.

"True, Milord," said the Count, "Germany is essentially aristocratic. The people are well fed and contented; and provided the press be kept quiet, and a few turbulent spirits curbed, all will go the better for it."

"That is just the reverse with us," said Lord Allington: "our people are better taught than fed; and that's the reason I have *mangé ma fortune*, before the radicals rise to eat it for me."

"Not," said the Count, "that our people are ignorant. The King of Prussia, for example, has taken the national education into his own hands; and, improving on Napoleon's catechism, has determined, not only what the nation shall believe, but what they shall know. By his benignant despotism, in educating the youth of his land to be useful and submissive subjects, and prevented them from educating themselves in the school of French jacobinism, he has done one of the greatest things that has been effected since the foundation of the Jesuits."

"I prefer the Emperor of Austria's plan," said the Princess: "plenty to eat, and no press; pleasures for the obedient in Vienna, and fortresses for the refractory in Hungary. Your King—for I believe, Count, you are a subject of Prussia—has put thoughts into his subjects' heads, and arms into their hands. Not but that the Prussian system would do very well for England and France; and I am happy to see that the *juste milieu* ministry in France are trying to import it, and that your English Tory writers, my Lord, and reviewers, are preaching German metaphysics and German criticism, and German institutions, to their countrymen One way or other, the press must be put down. You must dog the heels of miscreant publishers, and incarcerate revolutionary authors in dungeons as deep as those of Spielberg, or as high as those of Marksberg, if you do not mean to merge your hereditary honours in a universal democracy."

"You are quite right, Princess," said Lord Alfred.

"I saw two statesmen in Marksberg, the other day," said the Count, while the vehement Princess paused for breath: "they are shut up, the one for forty, the other for two-and-twenty years, for some inflammatory publication."

"You will see the romantic fortress," resumed the Princess, penning the route with her pencil, where these erring mortals beho'd from their grated windows the glories of the Rhine beneath. The late affair at Frankfort will people the towers, and fill *oubliettes* long untenanted."

"It is all the fault of the Whigs," said Lord Montressor, yawning.

"From the very first attempt to abolish the patriarchical Leibeigenschaft, I augured the worst results," said the Count.

"Why, Count, said Lord Allington, "you and the Princess seem to anticipate the restoration of the secret tribunal! What do you call it in German?"

"The *frei gericht*," exclaimed the two mediatized potentates together.

"My own castle," said the Count, "was a *frei stuhl*, or seat of the tribunal. Margrave Rudolph II., from whom I descend in a direct line, was the last *stahl graf*, or supreme judge; and all the principal vassals of the family were *frei schöppers* for many generations."

"How very nice!" said Mrs. St. Leger. "I do so love the German language!"

"But the whole magnificent system," continued the Count, "was overset by the short sighted policy of Charles the Fifth."

"Or rather," said the Princess, "by the innovating spirit of that reforming age to which Charles was obliged to yield."

"The very word 'reform' makes me sick," said Lord Alfred.

"What really was that secret tribunal," asked Mrs. St. Leger, "one reads so much about in German romances?"

'Lady Frances Mottram and Claude Campbell were meantime engaged in the window apart, muttering over a bouquet of flowers and some toys he had brought in: Lord Aubrey was leaning over Lady Montressor's couch, catching, as he might, the feeble murmurs of her lisping accents.'

"The *frei gericht*," said the Count and the Princess, speaking in a breath, but the Princess maintained the *parole*—"The *frei gericht* was a mysterious tribunal which spread throughout Germany, selected from princes, nobles, and citizens; for all who could, were anxious to be the agents, rather than the victims of its terrific but necessary denunciations. The *wissenden*, or initiated, knew each other by secret signs."

"A sort of despotic carbonari, I suppose," said Lord Allington. a sly look of mingled humour and surprised curiosity passing over his countenance.

"The accused knew neither his accuser nor his judge," said the Count.

"That was pleasant," said Lord Allington.

"The oath," said the Princess, "was to spare none—(and what beautiful poetry!) none that the sun shineth on, or the rain wetteth, or that floats between heaven and earth. Is not that fine? How very sublime!"

"Very!" said Mrs. St. Leger: "what Lady Agnes would give for it, for her traditions of the Rhine, which will now have such an interest, when everybody is going there!"

"And such novelty!" said Lord Allington.

"Lady Agnes is a twaddle!" said Lord Alfred.

"I think her charming!" said Mrs. St. Leger. "But go on, Count, about your tribunal."

"The proceedings were summary," said the Count. "The culprit was summoned: if he refused to appear, he was surely found dead, with the executioner's knife sticking in his breast."

"And if he did appear?" said Lord Allington.

"Why, he was brought to one of our castles, let fall through a trap into the *oubliettes*, and there was an end to him," said the Princess, carelessly. "But pray read Guethe's divine 'Goetz Von Berlichingen.'"

"Oh! I remember," said Lord Allington; "his extravagant heroine was a victim of the secret tribunal."

"Should such an institution be again required," continued the Princess, "in these most innovating times I believe, Count, that many of our castles are still in *statu quo*."

"One of mine," said the Count, "has its range of dungeons perfect, with dark vaulted chambers, stone doors, instruments of torture fixed in the walls, and *oubliettes*."

"How very nice!" again exclaimed Mrs. St. Leger: "I wonder all the romance writers in the world don't come to Germany, to visit these castles on the Rhine."—vol. iii. pp. 162—168.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

NEVER JUDGE BY APPEARANCE, OR SALL's SHOE.

(Stories ashore.)

Well then you must know when I was a-board the Terp-sy-chore, there was a fore-topman of the name of Bill Harness, a good sort of chap enough, but rather soft in the upper-works. Now we'd been on the Jamaica station for some years, and had come home, and merry enough, and happy enough we were, (those that were left of us), and we were spending our money like the devil. Bill Harness had a wife, who was very fond of he, and he were very fond of she, but she was a slatternly sort of a body, never tidy in her rigging, all adrift at all times, and what's more, she never had a shoe up at heel, so she went by the name of Slatternly Sall; and the first lieutenant, who was a 'ticular sort of a chap, never liked to see her on deck, for you see she put her hair in paper on New Year's day, and never changed it or took it out till the year came round again. However, be it as it may be, she loved Bill, and Bill loved she, and they were very happy together. A'ter all, it ar'n't whether a woman's tidy without, that makes a man's happiness, it depends upon whether she be right within; that is, if she be good-tempered, and obliging, and civil, and 'commodating, and so forth. A'ter the first day or two, person's nothing—eyes get palled, like the capstern when the anchor's up to the bows; but what a man likes is, not to be disturbed, by vagaries, or gusts of temper. Well, Bill was happy—but one day he was devilish unhappy, because Sall had lost one of her shoes, which wasn't to be wondered at, considering as how she was always slipshod. 'Who has seen my wife's shoe?' says he. 'Hang your wife's shoe,' said one, 'it warn't worth casting an eye upon.' Still he cried out, 'Who has seen my wife's shoe?' 'I seed it,' says another. 'Where?' says Bill. 'I seed it down at the heel,' says the fellow. But Bill still allooed out about his wife's shoe, which it appeared she had dropped off her foot as she was going up the forecastle ladder to take the air a bit, just as it was dark. At last, Bill made so much fuss about it that the ship's company laughed and all called out to each other, 'Who has seen Sall's shoe?'—'Have you got Sall's shoe?' and they passed the word fore and aft the whole evening, till they went to their hammocks. Notwithstanding, as Sall's shoe was not forthcoming, the next morning Bill goes on the quarter-deck, and complains to the first lieutenant as how he had lost Sall's shoe. 'De'il take Sall's shoe,' said he, 'haven't I enough to look after without your wife's confounded shoes, which can't be worth twopence.' Well, Bill argues that his wife has only one shoe left, and that won't keep two feet dry, and begs the first lieutenant to order a search for it; but the first lieutenant turns away, and tells him to go to the devil, and all the men grin at Bill's making such a fuss about nothing. So Bill at last goes up to the first lieutenant, and whispers something, and the first lieutenant booms him off with his speaking-trumpet, as if he was making too free, in whispering to his commanding officer, and then sends for the master-at arms. 'Collier,' says he, 'this man has lost his wife's shoe; let a search be made for it immediately—take all the ship's boys, and look every where for it; if you find it, bring it up to me.' So away goes the master-at-arms with his cane, and collects all the boys to look for Sall's shoe—and they go peeping about the main-deck, under the guns, and under the hen coops, and in the sheep-pen, and every where; now and then getting a smart slap with the cane behind, upon the taut parts of their trousers, to make them look sharp, until they all wished

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Sall's shoe at Old Nick, and her too, and Bill in the bargain. At last one of the boys picks it out of the manger, where it had lain all the night, poked up and down by the noses of the pigs, who didn't think it eatable, although it might have smelt human-like; the fact was, it was the boy who had picked up Sall's shoe when she dropped it, and had shied it forward. It sartainly did not seem to be worth all the trouble, but howsomever it was taken aft by the master-at-arms, and laid on the capstern head. Then Bill steps out, and takes the shoe before the first lieutenant, and cuts it open, and from between the lining pulls out four ten-pound notes, which Sall had sewn up there by way of security; and the first lieutenant tells Bill he was great fool to trust his money in the shoe of a woman who always went slipshod, and tells him to go about his business, and stow his money away in a safer place next time. A'ter, if any thing was better than it looked to be, the ship's company used always to say it was like Sall's shoe."

"THE NATION OF SHOP-KEEPERS."—*(Napoleon.)*

Where are the appearances of decay or neglect of an enfeebled or paralysed industry in England? On the contrary, a vigilant and energetic care is visible every where. Nothing seems to lie fallow. The divisions and subdivisions of proprietorship are strictly and tenaciously kept up. The fields wear the aspect of a garden. A considerable portion of the people are far better dressed than in former years, seek and possess more comforts, and are becoming more intelligent and educated. New roads are opening at great expense, the old ones are perfecting, shorter lines are devised.* If five hundred yards of distance can be saved, there seems to be no difficulty in procuring as many thousands wherewith to effect it. Well-appointed public carriages and magnificent horses follow in rapid succession along every line, with a dispatch indicating that the passengers stand much more in need of time than money.

In how many directions, also, may be seen commencing, or in process of completion, new canals, railways, superb bridges, and other public works—not usually of a perishable, cheap, or frail material, as would be the case were funds really deficient, but of durable iron and massive stone. Nor does utility alone seem to be consulted. Many of these works are proofs of a triumphant science, as they are monuments of ornamental art, destined to embellish the country in which they have been reared, for many ages to come. Some—the bridges, and one in particular, the Waterloo—demanded an expenditure equal to a whole year's surplus revenue of the empire in the reign of George the First or Queen Anne.

Observe the description of household furniture now in use. Is it not more choice, more frequently replaced by a new fashion, more curiously wrought and neatly finished, than formerly?

All branches of trade and commerce, and every town, seaport, or entrepôt, depending on particular branches of commerce, do not, it is true, equally flourish and thrive. But if some articles of produce have lost in value by desuetude or competition (foreign or domestic), others are in request which were not before invented or in being.

But a metropolis, especially one such as ours, which is not supported by a gorgeous court or a vast military establishment, will not be a bad index of the wealth of an empire. Where is there another London—this capital of an impoverished state?—Is it not a kingdom rather than a city?—For, perhaps, a hundred miles of its interminable streets, one may walk within almost a continued range, on either hand, of store-houses filled, for the most part, to the very door-ways, with every imaginable variety of clothing, food, furniture, jewellery, plate, &c. Why, the contents of these shops would purchase the fee simple of the revenues of some very respectable states! Many of the owners of these shops have their villas in the country, whither they retire after the business of the day is over, and where they live very often more like aristocrats than retail dealers.

"But there are no buyers," say those who take another view of these matters. "The unfortunate shopman is closing his accounts, and must soon inevitably close his doors," &c. &c. But there are plenty of capitalists in the City, who are daily racking their brains to find out some new description of enterprize wherein to embark their money, and who would inevitably possess themselves of these unsaleable commodities, (if they really were unsaleable,) and would freight a fleet with them, and find a market for them some where else; for the greater part would be useful or in request in any region of the world.

Are the buildings, public or private, of this commercial centre and common mart of all nations, falling into decay, or lessening in number?

On the contrary, great expense continues to be gone to, in throwing down whole streets, in order to erect in their place a better-adapted, more lofty, spacious, and a superior style of architecture. Hundreds of those more resemble palaces than private dwellings, and are only calculated for incomes of a very large amount. Nor are these gratifying signs of a prosperous condition, and of an abundant means, to be witnessed only in particular quarters: the interior, and the whole circumference, present a continuous and similar picture. It is new cities that are creating around the old one, while the latter is reconstructing after a more convenient and modern fashion. These are not the evidences of wealth—they are wealth itself.

But those who maintain the converse, not unusually answer such statements as the above by saying—"*We are living on credit—we are spending our capital.*"

But this is impossible. It is one of the monstrous absurdities which sometimes pass current as argument. *A private individual cannot spend his principal, or even anticipate his income, without borrowing from some other individual, in money or goods* (which includes credit). Neither can a NATION, without *borrowing in money or goods*, from SOME OTHER NATION. *Have we done so?* On the contrary, our merchants give long credits to foreign merchants; and our CAPITALISTS HAVE, SINCE THE WAR, LENT TO OTHER NATIONS, OR ADVANCED FOR FOREIGN SPECULATIONS, BETWEEN ONE AND TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS STERLING.*

MISS DIP'S ALBUM.

(AN EXTRACT).

"June 1st.—Pa having made a good 'spec' in *tallow*, ma and I were determined to 'set upon him,' and accomplish a jaunt out of his good humour. When Jim our boy, had shut up the shop, I sat down to my piano and played and sang several songs from Moore's 'Evenings in *Greece*,' and so won upon him that he consented, although he had never attempted a voyage before, to take a trip to Twickenham. On the 2d day of June, 18—, the bright golden rays of a summer's sun beamed playfully upon us as we walked gaily down to the stairs at Queenhithe, all in our Sunday's best arrayed. 'Boat! boat, sir?' said the attendant gondoliers. 'Will you take water here, Pa?' said I. 'Yes love,' said he; 'and take it *neat* for the first time in my life.' I was glad to see him in so good a humour, for he can be very merry when he likes. 'You're funny, dear,' said ma. 'To be sure, my duck,' replied he; it is *necessary* to get a *little funny* before we get on board, you know.' Ma was rather fidgetty about the 'little boats,' in which sentiment I must confess I sympathised, and longed to pace the deck of the Diana. 'Which boat, sir? inquired our 'grim ferryman.' 'The Diana,' said my father; then turning to me, 'I say, Juley, my dear, do you remember the story you read me, t'other night, about that same Diana, and the man that wor out a-hunting, and all that? By gosh! I hope this Diana won't do the like, and turn us all into stags for looking at her while she's in the water.' 'At least she will have no need to change you, pa,' replied I; 'for you are already a *buck*' And, indeed, he *did* look very nice, with his white Marcella waistcoat, blue coat, and black, spic, and span new, Wellingtons. The Captain whose embrowned physiognomy indicated a long acquaintance with Apollo, received us politely. I seated myself as soon as I could, and pensively reclining over the side-rails of the bark, I watched the mimic waves, kissing her painted sides! The band struck up, and I thought of Cleopatra, in her barge, going to meet her adored Antony! A sudden and discordant creaking and rattling of chains broke the pleasant reverie in which my rapt imagination was luxuriating! 'What are them chaps about now?' asked my father. 'They are *weighing* the anchor,' replied a gentleman in green spectacles. 'Bless me!' exclaimed my father; 'and I s'pose, then, these musicians are the *waits*—for I see no others!' The steam was soon 'put on,' and the boat glided over the limpid waves like a swan. 'What a noise she makes!' said my father; 'why, Juley, it puts me in mind of the song, 'Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, away!' We laughed heartily at the aptness of the simile and quotation, in which the green spectacled gentleman joined. 'It is a beautiful day for a bathe, sir,' said he addressing my father. 'How I delight in a plunge on a hot summer's day.' 'Very pleasant, sir, indeed,' replied my father. *I—I*—often have a *dip* on a '*melting-day!*' winking significantly at ma and me. When we had proceeded as far as Hammersmith Bridge—'I wonder what that bridge is hung in chains for!' said my father. 'Because,' answered the 'green-eyed' gentleman, 'That, although it had liberty to *draw* upon two *banks*, it has not yet paid its way; and so the judges of the court of Arches have *suspended it*!' As we passed along we beheld several temples erected on the verdant borders of the river. 'What taste is here displayed!' observed our spectacled acquaintance; 'great praise is, indeed, due to the owners of these retreats. But they are amply repaid, for it must really be very refreshing during these hot summer months to have their *temples continually bathed* by the cool waters of the Thames!' We all smiled at this very poetical conceit! When we came to Kew,—'There stands the palace of George the Good,' said our companion. 'It may be truly said, that like a good actor, or a billiard-player, he always had his—*Kew*' The times are sadly altered since those days. *I* remember when every *wig* had a *cue;* and, egad! methinks such a *cue* would be a great addition to some of our *whigs* of the present day!' On arriving at Richmond I was struck with wonder and delight. It is really the *beau-idéal* of a rural picture! What a luxuriant prospect of hill and dale, wood and water, did it present to my enraptured view! I could scarcely express myself in terms sufficiently laudatory. The gentleman with the *verdant optics* observed, that every traveller looked upon the garden of England' with the same feelings. 'And let any one seek far and wide,' said he, 'he ne'er will look upon its like again.' 'And few, I think, will have the audacity to assert that there is such another spot in the world, although Shakespeare, that lover and painter of nature, does certainly say,

'I think there be *six Richmonds* in the field'

Talking of Shakespeare reminded him of Kean, who, he said, resided at Richmond, and he produced a picture of him in his favourite character

* Roads of the United Kingdom. 200,000 miles; internal navigation 2600 miles. It is calculated that, within the last half century, there have been laid out on roads, canals, rivers, docks, and seaports, about 100 millions sterling.

* (Col. de Lacy Evans).—The above was written in 1829. Innumerable national works have been subsequently completed or are in active progress.

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of Richard III., which he called an 'excellent *cut* of *Glo'ster!*' 'Safely moored' at Twickenham Ait, we had the felicity of walking directly on dry land without the aid of 'little boats';' when we partook of a repast, which pa would persist in terming 'a cobbler's feast!' as it consisted entirely of '*soles and eels!*' Having walked about the island, and thought of Robinson Crusoe—for there is but one solitary house upon it—we repaired on board the vessel and started again, while the band struck up the appropriate air of 'Home, sweet Home!' and, after an agreeable voyage of three hours, reached the Iron Bridge—the Monument and St. Paul's looking like a huge *toothpick* and *pincushion* in the dim and dusky shades of evening! Pa was delighted with the voyage, and ma no less so; and the next morning at breakfast we talked over the pleasures of our jaunt while discussing the shrimps which ma had purchased at Twickenham, and brought home in her pocket-handkerchief!"—*Hood.*

THE MISSISSIPPI.

(From the Narrative of an Expedition to Explore its Source. 8vo. 1835.)

THE Mississippi river traverses more degrees of latitude than any other river in America, and the remark might, perhaps, be extended to the habitable globe. The extremes of its changes in climate and vegetable productions, are, consequently, very great. It occupies more than three thousand miles of the distance between the arctic circle and the equator. Long as it is, however, it has a tributary longer than itself, (the Missouri.) Like the Niger, its mouth was discovered by expeditions down its current, but unlike that stream, which has so long held the geographical world in suspense, its sources have been also sought from its central parts. Its entire course is at length known. And we may now appeal with full certainty to the Balize and to Itasca Lake, as its most extreme points. At the latter, it is a placid basin of transparent spring water. At the former, it is as turbid as earth in suspension can make it, and carries a forest of floating trees on its bosom. Below the junction of its primary forks, it expands at very unequal distances, into eight sheets of clear water, each of which has features worthy of admiration. Four of these, Lac Travers, Class Lake, Winnepec, and Lake Pepin, are lakes of handsome magnitude, and striking scenery. The number of its tributaries of the first, and the second and the third class, is so large, that it would furnish a labour of some research to determine it. The Missouri, the Ohio, and the Arkansas, are of the noblest class. Whoever has stood at the junction of these streams, as the writer has done, must have been impressed with an idea of magnitude and power, which words are incapable of conveying. The broadest parts of its channel lie in the central portions of its valley. Its depth is great in all its lower parts, and increases as it flows on to the Gulf, and its general descent and velocity are such as to appear very striking characteristics. Noble views arrest the eye of the observer, in every part of its diversified course. Originating in a heavy and extensive bed of diluvial soil, superimposed upon primitive strata, it soon wears its channel down to the latter, and after running over them for several hundred miles, plunges at length, at the Falls of St. Anthony, over the carboniferous limestone formation, which is so prevalent and so valuable for its mineral deposites, below that point. This is finally succeeded by diluvial and alluvial banks, the latter of which are semi-annually enriched by fresh deposits, and exhibit a delta as broad, and as exuberant as the Nile. Like the latter, it has its cataracts in the Falls of St. Anthony and Pukiagama, and in numerous lesser leaps and cascades, where its current is tossed into foam, and threatens destruction to the navigation. Such are its physical traits, and these enough in their character, magnitude, and variety, to lead our contemplations irresistibly through 'nature up to nature's God.'"

LITERATURE AND THE BOOK TRADE.

IT would appear from the late Book arrivals, that the periods of political excitement are not extremely favourable to any thing staple in literature beyond the pamphlet of the class. With the exception of Taylor's "Artevelde," no original composition of striking character or merit has appeared for many years; and no poetry except Mrs. Heman's, has been selling. The booksellers have been cheapening their wares, and forcing a trade in cyclopedias, libraries, annuals, and reprints; and it is true, that readers of a certain class are multiplied, but in the city who reads any thing but the newspaper? Who has time for reading any thing in this busy, busy season of political movement and ecclesiastical stirle, with all things in transition, and whirl, and transmutation around us? Coleridge tells us, 'that there have been 'three silent revolutions in England; 'first, when the professions fell off from 'the Church; secondly, when literature fell' off from the professions; and 'thirdly, *when the press fell off from 'literature.*' Such silent revolutions are continually going forward, unmarked except by the retired and thoughtful observer; while a slight and obvious change of mere political arrangement is sufficient to waken the loud and angry clamours of those conservative politicians with whom the word revolution is a synonyme for all that is tragical and monstrous. They are like children frightened at the idea of the earth's revolving on its axis, as thinking they must drop off when they come to have their heads downwards. Silent revolutions are always the most important; yet as, in the physical world, the revolutions of the weather, the battles of the clouds and winds, and the phenomena which strike the senses, occupy infinitely more attention than the movements of the celestial bodies; so, in the social system, great but silent changes go on unnoticed, while every one speaks of things which affect us only, like the weather, for the moment. If the state of things to which we have referred were to be permanent, and the press were to be, as Coleridge represents, finally divorced from literature, this would be of far more moment and worse consequence to society, than if the Irish Church were swept 'with all it inherits' into the Atlantic. But all natural revolutions take place in cycles; and we may therefore hope that gradually, as the political atmosphere becomes cooler and more settled, literature will revive, and be no longer (in the language of Paternoster Row) a drug.

OPENING THE DOORS.

The Court of Aldermen of London, as originally constituted, was a secret one, and every member sworn to secrecy; but after a late decision (May 25,) it has yielded to the spirit of the times; the doors are thrown open, and the public admitted. Not, however, with much grace on the part of the present Lord Mayor and four other light-haters.

For open doors,... 13
Against, ... 5

Majority, ... 8

When this decision was reported, the Lord Mayor was desired to request the sword-bearer to open the doors. His Lordship refused to give any direction; whereupon Alderman Wood said, 'We don't come here to be made children of.' He then walked from his seat, unlocked the door himself, and invited the excluded public to enter. The good effect of this new arrangement was, that the routine of business which usually occupies three hours, was finished in an hour.

Sir Peter Laurie has caused the private Court of the Middlesex Magistrates to be thrown open, and no magistrate now regrets the change.—*(Herald.)*

SELECT NOTICES.

Moore's Ireland, Vol. 1st.—Mr. Moore has begun his history sufficiently early, making the origin of the Irish a thousand years before the Christian era. This is nothing like the Welsh pedigrees, where Adam stands about the middle of their genealogical tree.——*The Church of England.*—The Bishop of Norwich once said, 'As a pure religion, that of the Church of England is the greatest blessing; so is its perversion the greatest curse.'——*New Expedition.*—The Expedition to the Euphrates in the George Canning had arrived *all well* at Malta, on the 13th April.——*China.*—It is highly probable that the distinguished Missionary, the Rev. Mr Gutzlaff, is by this time in the heart of the Chinese empire. A steam-boat, according to the last accounts was building in China for the purpose of undertaking an expedition into the interior by ascending one of the great rivers. A journal in the Chinese language has been commenced and published. The first number contains a very interesting report on the Map of China. It is well received by the natives. ——*Literary and Scientific Institutions.*—Twenty-five counties in England now have Literary and Scientific Societies of a highly first-rate character.—— *The Marriage Almanack*; or, Ladies perpetual Calendar has been republished from the German. Every day of the year is marked with reference to three important epochs. ——*Death of a Naturalist.*— The celebrated Mr. Douglas, of Score, near Perth, has met with an awful death. After many years of successful travel in all parts of the world in the pursuit of Botanical discovery, he fell into a pit while in the Sandwich Islands, made by the natives for catching wild bulls, and melancholy to relate, one of the latter being in at the same time,——*Zoological Gardens.*—On the 25th of May, Mr. Green ascended in a Balloon from these gardens. He was accompanied by Jacopo, a favourite monkey, attached to the establishment. Mr. Green descended in safety at Brentwood, in Essex. Jacopo descended in his parachute, with great velocity, none the worse for his flight. A label affixed to the monkey aëronaut promised a reward of £2, and a free admission to the Zoological Gardens to any one who might find Jacopo, and convey him back to his family. He was brought home by a policeman in East-lane, Walworth, in whose garden he descended.——*Ireland's Curse.*— Dire distress rages among the peasantry of Kerry, from a scarcity of potatoes.

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Cheap Cure for Fever.—A German doctor, during twenty-five years practice, has never failed to cure intermitting fever by strictly and literally starving his patients for three whole days. He allows them only a little water; and after the fast, accustoms them to food gradually.

Progress of Dissent.—It is calculated by those well skilled in the business of *Church Reform*, that whereas in the time of the Stuarts the Church established by Elizabeth was to dissent as 22 to 1, the proportions at this moment may be something about equal!—— *An American Steamer* is not only a ship, but a well-appointed hotel—a shop for the sale of all sorts of commodities, and even of horses and carriages.——*The Elections.*—The cause of retirement on the part of the Peel Administration in April last stands thus:

Anti-Ministerialists, ...	370
Ministerialists, ...	237
Doubtful, ...	51
	658

The Anti's must now be denominated Ministerialists.

Love of Wealth.—A widow, residing in the vicinity of this town, some time since, took into her house for charity, a miserable looking old man, who lately took ill, and after being attended by his clergyman, told his benefactress he was about to die; and blessing her for her attention to him, said he would not wish to put her to the expense of any linen for his coffin, but desired her to throw his old jacket under him, and that would do as well; she said she would not grudge a sheet for the purpose, but he rejected the offer, and made her promise to put in the jacket. After he was buried, she threw the jacket on a bush, outside the door, and when one of the children was viewing it, she thought she felt something hard, and, on ripping it, she found ten gold guineas—a parcel of old half-crowns, and some 13d. pieces,—the poor woman, we understand, brought it to the priest, who desired her to keep it for her own use.—*Ballyshannon Herald.*

Milk.—The scientific world in France, are now engaged in verifying some curious experiments upon milk, particularly as regards its preservation. The discovery is a remarkable one; and, if it is founded on reality, will make a great revolution in a part of our alimentary regimen, and in a very considerable branch of agricultural industry. It is nothing less than reducing milk to a solid state; so that an inhabitant of Paris may procure his supply from Normandy or Auverge, and preserve it in the same manner as sugar. This discovery has been made by M. Gabriol Grimand Caux.

Such is the cheapness of provisions in this neighbourhood, that at Westonzoyland, a person may purchase a loaf of bread weighing 3¾lbs., a pound of butter, a quart of cider, and a pipe of tobacco, for one shilling.—*Sherborne Journal.*

Strange Sale.—The following advertisement is seriously said to be extracted from a Newfoundland paper of the 10th June:—"*Auction.*—Tomorrow, at twelve o'clock in the forenoon, if not previously redeemed, at the house now occupied by Mrs. Traverse, the under-mentioned articles, taken by distress for rent, due from the Legislative Assembly of Newfoundland to the subscriber, viz: one large desk, containing eight drawers, filled with a variety of books and papers of every description—one small ditto, used exclusively by the Speaker, and filled also with books and papers, and a portfolio of great value—the Speaker's chair, stuffed and elegantly covered with blue moreen, and mounted with brass—one large chair, stuffed and superbly covered, and well and substantially built, used by the usher of the black rod!—a cocked hat, of superior quality, but now a little shabby, worn by the sergeant at arms!—the reporter's desk—two large stoves, with funnelling—and six covered forms, with a variety of other articles too tedious to mention—all very valuable. Terms made known on the day of Sale."—*New York Booksellers' Advertiser.*

Ennui.—A French lady has just bequeathed 20,000 francs to the Royal Academy of Medicine at Paris, the interest of which, 1000 francs annually, is to be given for the best treatise on the baneful influence of chagrin in causing illness and death.

Instinct of Herrings.—One of the most remarkable objections to the continuance of the tithe system, was stated the other night in the House of Commons:—a clergyman having obtained a living on the coast of Ireland, signified his intention of taking the tithe of fish; which was, however, considered to be so utterly repugnant to their privileges and feelings, that not a single herring has ever since visited that part of the shore!!!

The Archivio Generale at Venice.—The city of Venice possesses the most considerable, most valuable, and ancient collection of documents in Europe. No where is there such a mass of manuscripts collected in one place as in its *Archivio Generale*, consisting of 298 rooms and galleries, the whole of which, from top to bottom, are covered with book-shelves. These shelves, if laid out in a straight line, would extend 78,238 feet! Yet they have not been found sufficient to receive the immense number of 8,664,709 volnmes, or *brochures*, which are collected here, and which form 1890 separate collections. If 1000 persons were to work eight hours daily, without intermission, they would be 734 years, or 22 generations, in copying all these documents. Supposing that each has, on an average, 80 leaves, if laid together breadthwise only, make a line 1,444,800,000 feet, or more than eleven times the greatest circumference of the earth!

A Discriminating Preceptor.—A schoolmaster in Cornwall, advertising his establishment, says:—"Every boarder must be supplied with a Bible and Prayer-book, a knife and fork, three towels, and a silver dessert spoon; all of which, *except the books*, become the proprietor's perquisite on the pupil's quitting school." The conscientious pedagogue seems to think that the Bible and Prayer-book may be well for the pupil—he prefers, however, the steel and the silver.

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY.

A soul-stirring pamphlet has been published in London, from the pen of the Honble. and Revd. B. W. Noel, a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England. It points out in distinct terms the aboundings of ignorance and depravity in the sequestered retreats of the great city, and it appeals to the consciences of the clergy in all the towns and villages of the empire. Mr. Noel is an uncompromising advocate for open-air preaching.

THE CHRISTIAN HUSBANDMAN.

"*Go out into the highways and hedges.*"
(*Luke* xiv. 23.)

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found;
GO FORTH, then, every where.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength;
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry—"Harvest-home!"
(*Montgomery.*)

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

FIRST REPORT OF A CORONER'S INQUEST AT THE CAPE.

(From the Commercial Advertiser, 32d August, 1835.)

1. Yesterday, a Coroner's Inquest was held at No. 156, Heeregracht, to inquire into the circumstances attending the death of Captain William Sensitive, a gentleman from India, a visitor at the Cape, on account of ill health; a vast crowd was assembled outside the house, rumour having been busy in ascribing the melancholy event to foul means, in which some of the most respectable of our community were implicated, and several principal officers of the government directly accused.

2. The Foreman of the Jury, Hugo de Groot, Esq. opened the proceedings, by observing that he had a few remarks to make before the Coroner called the witnesses, and he trusted that his remarks would be interpreted fairly. He meant to accuse no one; but he must say, that gross neglect had been evinced somewhere. A story of a most deliberate and atrocious murder had been in circulation about town several days, and, until the issue of the summons for the present inquest, no steps had been taken, by any of the authorities, to allay the excitement so generally prevailing. So intense was the infatuation, that he might safely say, all Cape Town felt its injurious influence. Commercial engagements were paralized; outside and inside sales were deserted; and it was familiar to all that the peace of private families had been seriously disturbed. It was evident, from what he thus thought it his duty to state to his fellow Jurors, that remissness, to call it by no harsher name, had been evinced somewhere.

3. The Coroner, apparently irritated at the observations of the Foreman, said that it was not his fault that the inquest had not been assembled sooner; nor was it his fault, if those, whose education and station in society ought to raise them above it, should lend themselves to the belief and repetition of the gross absurdities about town.

4. Mr. Advocate Papinian here pushed through the crowd, and said he represented the Officers of the Health, or Conservancy Department, by whom he was retained to attend the inquest. He accordingly took a chair near the Coroner.

5. The first witness was Henry Lavender, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Establishment He appeared in a very weak state of health, and the Coroner appealed to the good feelings of the assembly not to crowd on the gentleman's chair.

6 Mr. Lavender said, the deceased, Captain Sensitive, was his particular friend; they had arrived together in the colony; had always lived in the same house, and had been inseparable in their pursuits. The deceased was in a very debilitated state, and the last two months was fast declining. About a fortnight ago, he and witness

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were taking their usual saunter in the Heeregracht, and comparing notes on their rapidly decaying health, when the deceased suddenly and solemnly said, 'Lavender, I am poisoned; we both are poisoned; yes, in this very Heeregracht.' I requested my friend to explain. He did so; and I felt convinced that *he* was poisoned and that *I* was poisoned; I think so still. Here the witness was much distressed, and the Jury and audience remained in respectful sympathy.

7. The Coroner observed, that the evidence was becoming of that grave nature, it was quite necessary, for the sake of public justice, as well as for the protection of those persons whose names must inevitably be brought forward, persons who, by residence in the Heeregracht, must evidently be not only of the first class from their wealth, but, in the estimation of all who knew them, equally high in character and respectability, to warn the witness of the very serious accusation he was now preferring.

8. Mr. Lavender, addressing the Jury, said, he did not require the admonition of the Coroner. He had no disposition to reflect unnecessarily on any one, but when men undertook public duties, they became responsible for the violation or neglect of them. He would not be deterred from fulfilling the solemn obligations which friendship, justice, and he would add indignation, all demanded, by the advice, or menace, of any man living.

9. The Coroner observed, he had meant well in what he had said, and that Mr. Lavender had wholly misconceived him. He had now to desire, that the witness would clearly and distinctly point out to the Jury, the foul means by which his friend had been destroyed, and the person, or persons, whom he charged with the guilt.

10 Mr. Lavender rose from his chair, and, from the window, pointed to the Canal in front of the house, saying "There are the means;" then slowly advancing to the circle near the Coroner, said solemnly, "And here is the person," putting his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Advocate Papinian.

11. A very great sensation was created by this unexpected accusation. Several gentlemen stood up to have a more complete view of the countenance of the accused, on which the bystanders rudely pushed into their chairs, and all was confusion. Our reporter jumped upon the table, but could see nothing but Mr. Advocate Paninian indignantly throwing off the hand of Mr. Lavender. Not a word of the Coroner or Foreman could be heard. Several persons cried out, then he is not poisoned after all! Some, that he could not be drowned, because there was no water in the canal; and others, that he could not be smothered, for there were not two feet mud. At length, after much exertion to obtain attention, the Coroner succeeded in making himself heard, and spoke to this effect: That great misapprehension existed regarding the charge. It did not assert direct, deliberate, wilful murder, by poison, such as administering deleterious drugs, or potion; but that such was the uncleanliness of Cape Town, that the atmosphere of the streets was poisonous, that is murderous; charging the canal of the Heeregracht as an abomination, which had killed the said William Sensitive, against the peace and dignity of our Sovereign Lord the King; and specifying the officers of the conservancy department as accessories before the fact; Mr. Advocate Papinian being their counsel and representative.

12. If confusion had before existed, this explanation by the Coroner put an end to all order and decorum. A general and loud expression of disappointment and discontent pervaded the assembly, which only ceased as the crowd outside and inside gradually retired.

13. On quiet being restored, Mr. Lavender was desired to proceed with his evidence. He said he had been offered the testimony of every person, gentle or simple, not native of the town, or who had not from long residence lost his olfactory powers; but he was content to rest his case on his own evidence, and that of the canal in front of the house; assisted by the evidence that the gentlemen of the Jury must have obtained in their morning walk to the inquest.

14. Mr. Advocate Papinian said, he must oppose the reception of the latter evidence. If admitted, it would open a door to the most injurious results, and he must implore those gentlemen, who, in their walk to the inquest, had incautiously permitted themselves to see or smell, to dismiss from their minds such unlawful impressions. The decisions of the Court were uniform on this point. The defendants were not present, who, perhaps, by cross examination of any such juryman, might have convinced him, that he had lost his faculty of smelling, and had been born blind; or might have established that the offending putrescent mass was a fragrant rosebed, and the stagnant puddle the gurgling crystal of the Breda fountains. Nothing is more deceptive than the senses, or more dangerous than untutored reason. He need not further point out to gentlemen of their superior sense and acquirements the mischievous tendency of Mr. Lavender's positions.

15. The Jury decided that the evidence of their own senses was inadmissible.

16. Mr. John Bull, of Green Point, here addressed the Jury. He said, the Foreman had adverted to the extraordinary ferment existing in town regarding the murder of Capt. Sensitive; and he, Mr. Bull, begged the interference and protection of the Jury in a case of the most malicious and insufferable persecution now going on next door. The inmates of the house of Mr. Rotterdam, one of the most respectable of their fellow-citizens, and a near relation of his own, had been so closely besieged, that no member of the family could stir out in the day-time; their very stoep had been taken possession of, and several persons, whose dress and appearance would have made them gentlemen if their behaviour did not belie that character, were observed peeping in at the windows, as if they expected to see some tragedy in actual performance at the moment; and all this occasioned by the mere circumstance of a dead rat having been thrown out of the house into the street, where, of course, it would, as usual, in time have been consumed by the crush of wheels and feet of passengers. Unfortunately, Professor Kuttimuppo, passing by at the moment, poked at the rat with his stick, observing that the rat had died in full health and perfect frame. This simple observation, by which the learned Professor will declare that he meant nothing beyond the fact it asserted, has been converted into an accusation against a very worthy family, of being accessary to the murder of Captain Sensitive; the story about the town being, that the poison was tried on the rat before it was given to the Captain Mr. Bull concluded by saying, he had requested Doctor Kuttimuppo to attend, and he hoped, in vindication of an insulted family, that the Jury would call the Professor before them and hear his evidence.

17. The Coroner said, that calling Professor Kuttimuppo as a witness was inadmissible. The innocence of Mr. Rotterdam could not benefit those now under impeachment, which was the only plea for its reception. There could not be a more respectable family than that of Mr. Rotterdam, and the malice of the accusation equalled its absurdity. But Mr. Rotterdam had been imprudent in not throwing the rat further into the street, where, perhaps, it might have mixed with other rats. He ought to have recollected that the Reform Bill had passed, and its abominable progeny was in full activity in Cape Town. He, the Coroner, meant no disrespect to Mr. Lavender; he was a stranger, and there was no discredit in his being imposed upon; but he strongly suspected that the affair now before the Jury was got up by the Radicals He had heard, on very good authority, that at the last Meeting of the South African Institution, the very hot-bed of Radicalism, one of them had impudently declared, that before six months were passed they would bring water from Newlands, and wash the dirty face of Cape Town. So much for Learned Societies! not that more water would not be a good thing; and, if properly directed, that is to fill the Canal in the Heeregracht, and purify the principal streets, certainly the town would be much beautified and improved. But, said the Coroner, in these days of Radical equality, who can say if such would be the application of the stream; or whether it would not be frittered away in equal portions, and perhaps conveyed to some streets where at present there is no water at all. Let us beware of the Radicals! they are becoming powerful in the Colony. Popular Rights is their watchword, Education their cat's-paw, and Infant Schools and Popular Libraries their atheistical spawn. They have enlisted in their March of Intellect all the vagabonds of our town, in this Colony as elsewhere. This morning, as I left the house to attend the Inquest, I missed the band of little gambling blackguards, who are in the habit of spending the day in floating their rival straws along my gutter. I found the little rascals sitting by the puddle, forming themselves into a literary society. Kicking one of them out of the way, he pertly told me they were raising, by subscription, the sum of one penny, to pay for the hire of the book before them, Ainsworth's Dictionary, borrowed from the Popular Library, and containing, he said, a receipt how to grow rich. The ragged little scoundrel begged me to contribute a half-penny or a farthing. (Here Mr. Coroner buttoned up his breeches pockets.) Gentlemen, continued Mr. Coroner, addressing the Jury, I have a great respect for His Majesty's Attorney General, which I take you all to witness, for there is danger in playing with edge tools; but I cannot help saying, that Mr. Attorney's speech, at the Popular Library Meeting, has done more mischief, than all the Attorney Generals in the world have done good. Why, you cannot now pass the streets without falling over some tatterdemalion, practising A, B, C with his fingers in the mud; or a group of juveniles, reciting to each other the story of a poor little boy, who, by reading his book, became at last to be His Excellency the Governor himself. The very infant schools have caught the infection, and Mr. Buchanan, who I really think might keep to his own business, content with that which gives so much content to others, now I hear permits his little imps, white, black, and grey, to chaunt the ditty of the streets; so that after their usual "LET US ALL LOVE ONE ANOTHER," now comes the melodious twang "*Let us all—all read together.*" Children of a larger growth are equally infected. My grand-daughter, a girl of fifteen, tells me she has a class at the Infant Charity School. Why in the days of her grandmother, whipping little children was thought a very disagreeable occupation: but Miss tells me that now it is quite delightful to teach the young idea how to shoot. Sir, I have no patience with these new-fangled doctrines. Let us stop before ruin and anarchy overwhelm us. "Leave well alone," says the English proverb. "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow," says the Spanish proverb. "No improvement is required," says the Duke of Wellington. And, in the name of reason, what higher authorities can be obtained? Are not proverbs the collected wisdom of past ages? and is not the Duke of Wellington the concentrated wisdom of the present? I say leave Newlands to Mr. Cruywagen, and Cape Town to itself. Our fathers did not faint at a dead rat, and I see no reason why Professor Kuttimuppo should be deprived of subjects for his admiration. There is no rule for taste; but, unfortunately, there is a rule in evidence, depriving us of the pleasure of the Professor's company.

18. Mr. Lavender being asked if he had any farther evidence to offer, said, that as Mr. Professor Kuttimuppo was in the room, he wished, with the permission of the Jury, to put to him a few questions; and he could assure the Coroner that they should be strictly relevant, bearing directly on the acts of the accused.

19. Leave being granted, Doctor Anatomo Kuttimuppo, examined by Mr. Lavender, says:

He is a native of Rome, and has been five

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years in the Colony, during which period he has held the appointment of Professor of Anatomy in the South African College; has seldom been able to procure human subjects for his lectures; his dissections have been confined to sheep goats, and *toadies* The students of the Anatomical class generally receive instruction from the witness in the streets, in their walks about town; fully understands the question; witness usually lectures in the streets; considers Cape Town a noble theatre for anatomical inquiry and observation from the abundant character of animal carcase the streets always present: dogs, cats, rats, fish, and fowl, dead from violence, and dead from disease, exhibiting the animal frame in all shapes and all stages; broken heads, and simple and compound fractures, in the most admired variety; and decomposition in a graduated scale, from the flight of the vital principle to partial admixture, or general consolidation with the dust of the streets; witness professes Surgery as well as Anatomy, but not Medicine, is consequently unable to pronounce on the influence of atmospheric poison on the human constitution. Mr. Lavender said he had no more questions.

20. Examined by the Jury: Considers the instruction afforded to the students of witness' class to be very imperfect, from the absence of human subjects for dissection; has remonstrated with the Directors; understands that the present grand Hunting expedition in Cafferland will supply the deficiency, and prove highly beneficial to Anatomical Science. The College possesses only two skeletons; one of the Hottentot Venus, presented by the late Lord Grenville, who, according to the Antijacobin, was a near relation to the lady. The other, the skeleton of Jan Van Riebeek, the Founder of the Colony, presented by Sir Lowry Cole. Witness has experienced great repugnance among the Colonists, to give up their grandfathers and grandmothers to the knife; this prejudice very unfavourable to the progress of Anatomical Science in South Africa, but a remedy exists which an enlightened assembly like the present might supply.

21. Here the witness took a small memorandum book from his pocket, and, bowing around, said he was happy to believe that there were several gentlemen in the room of the same pure philanthropy and benevolence as the late Jeremy Bentham, and His Royal Highness the present Duke of Sussex, who have bequeathed to public institutions their own bodies for dissection; and if gentlemen of the Jury, and others equally disposed, would honor him with their names——

22. The profound silence which marked the examination of this witness, was here suddenly interrupted by the retiring movement of chairs, and general ejaculation of Atheist! Cannibal! and many other terms and symptoms of abhorrence and alarm. The learned Professor did not notice it, but, opening his book, addressed the Foreman, saying, Sir, the name you bear, dear to Truth, to Wisdom, and to Science, encourages me to hope that I may inscribe it in this book.

23. The Foreman, Mr. De Groot, declared his sincere respect for the opinions and pursuits of the learned Professor, "which," added he, "my judgment tells me, promote in a very important degree the prolongation and preservation of human life. But feeling subdues our reason. Sorrowing affection kneels at the grave communing with the dead; and I cannot consent to disturb or alienate the dust which affords this hallowed association."

24. The Professor closed his book and retired.

25. The Jury now adjourned to the street to inspect the canal, but Mr. Lavender applied to be excused, declaring that it would be his instant death; the Coroner however deciding on the necessity of his attendance, Mr. Lavender repaired to the door, where, fixing his eye for some seconds on the weathercock on the Church steeple, he sat down on the stoep, and declared that nothing should induce him to move a step further. The Jury had gone to the other, the leeward-side of the canal; where, leaning over the parapet for ocular, as well as olfactory examination, the whole of them, to the great scandal of their Foreman and the Coroner, simultaneously took to flight. Some ran to George's Hotel, helping themselves copiously to *eau-de-vie*. Others rushed to Mrs. Saunders, the confectioner, devouring peppermint drops and cherry brandy; while the few that staggered into the Commercial Rooms, to the astonishment and indignation of Mr. Rose, expended the subscription snuff-box in a twinkling. The Coroner had come over to the other side of the canal to remonstrate with Mr. Lavender, but evinced no disposition to return. Our reporter seeing him much indisposed, resigned to him his chair, and, with Mr. Advocate Papinian, sought the Foreman to ascertain the verdict, when unhappily they found Mr. De Groot senseless in the shop of Mr. Kuuhardt, the Apothecary. After strong stimulants had in some degree restored him, he was placed in his carriage, and conveyed to his house at Rondebosch.

26. On the fate of the Jury being known, Mr Lavender declared he should not press for a verdict; on which Mr. Advocate Papinian intimated that he should prosecute for defamation.

27. The very few persons who remained after the Coroner's explanaton of murder and no murder, now retired; and we and our reporter left the Heeregracht.

28. In concluding this Report, we beg leave to remark, that devoted to the service of our fellow-citizens, and jealous of any infringement of their privileges, we think it our duty, on this occasion, to enter our solemn protest against the light and unceremonious manner in which the public have been treated by His Majesty's Coroner. For this gentleman we profess the utmost respect, but there is a wide line between his personal worth and his official obliquities; and we must say, that he has no right or title to play with the feelings of the community. The discontent displayed on his explanation of murder and no murder, was natural. The public had gone to the inquest, fully prepared to hear of a most diabolical and interesting murder: and lo! it turns out to be nothing but the crotchet of an atrabilarian invalide, who has been himself inhaling, for the last dozen years, the mire and mud of Bengal.

29. P. S. We are happy in being able to relieve the deep anxiety of the Community, by stating, that when this Paper went to the Press, a most favorable report of our much-respected fellow citizen, Mr. De Groot, had been just received by his friends in town.

THE COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE.

THE following Newspapers are regularly received at the Commercial Exchange, exclusive of those devoted especially to Shipping and Trade concerns; the local papers, and others from the East, Australia, and Mauritius:—

Morning Chronicle.
Herald.
Times.
Bell's Weekly Messenger.
Hampshire Chronicle.
Dublin Freeman's Journal.
Edinbro' Weekly Journal.
Spectator.
Atlas.

Those marked in italics are reputed to advocate Tory principles.

The Examiner has been ordered to be restored to the Room, (having been suspended from motives of Economy,) in consequence of a requisition on the part of many Subscribers.

WHAT NEXT?

Another distressing change appears to have taken place at *home*. We humbly trust our conservative friends *here* will stoutly defend our Church and King rights— the public holidays The Destructives have done away with the greater proportion of the dear old Festival days, and the Waterloo day, and the blessed old 30th of January day, and now the poor fellows of the Public offices are left to chaunt——

Time was in old Moore's Almanac,
That each red-letter day
Was hail'd with joy—for every one,
'Twas either play or pay.

We kept the days of all the saints,
Right primitive were we;
But now we have renounced them all
Like heathens as we be.

We once kept holy Lord Mayor's day,
And also Powder Plot;
The Parliament may now blow up,
And we care not a jot!

We married men could now and then
Upon a holiday,
Take wifey out with all her train,
And rustic visits pay.

But now in vain the sun may shine,
In vain the fields look gay—
We cannot see a corn-field now—
We have no Holiday.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NICE DISTINCTIONS.

Speech of the Revd. Mr. Jackson.

[This gentleman, it would appear, is not strictly speaking a Wesleyan minister, but is a Methodist of the *New Connection*. The grounds of separation, however, relate not to doctrine, but to discipline. They invariably teach the Arminian doctrines as professed by the distinguished Wesley—General Redemption and a Free Salvation. In this respect, they differ from the Calvinistic Methodists.

The following good humoured epistle, from the Revd. B. Shaw, the respected Wesleyan Minister of Cape Town, is worth a volume of fiery polemics.]

To the Editor of the Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette.

Cape Town, 10th August, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had written a few lines respecting the *speech* you quote from a Norwich Newspaper, to shew you that the person was not a Wesleyan Minister. This, I think, you knew, or should have known. But on reading forward in the same number of the Literary Gazette, at page 113, where you say, "nobody ever bears resentment against a newspaper for telling a thumper,"—I tore up my paper, and said, this is quite sufficient. *

Yours truly,
B. SHAW.

TURNING TO ACCOUNT.

Extract of a Letter.

"The African Glen, Colosseum, Regent's Park, London, is now turned to good account. The additions are very numerous, and we found ourselves, during a late visit to it, once more at the Cape, in the midst of its varieties of 'man and bird and beast.' They have added to the Glen a splendid and highly finished panoramic painting of the Irruption in Caffraria, and the troops, the settlers, and the Caffers—quite as natural (of course) as if we were there. Crowds of persons visit the Glen."

* The paragraph in its *unbroken* sense stands thus:—"nobody ever bears resentment against a newspaper for telling a thumper, *exeept* in the case of slander of private character, and this is an offence that cannot be forgiven."

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

No. 9. Vol. V.] CAPE TOWN: SEPTEMBER, 1835. PRICE, { 20 *Shillings* per *Annum*.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

[Geography,—Area,—General History,—Physical Aspect,—Geology and Climate,—Territorial Divisions, and Population,—Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms,—Staple Produce,—Wine, Corn, Oil, and Wool,—Form of Government,—Military Defence,—Laws,—Religion,—Education, and the Press,—Finance,—Monetary System,—Commerce,—Shipping,—Imports and Exports,—Weights and Measures,—Value of Property,—Emigration,—Prices,—Social View, and General Reflections on the Value of the Colony, &c.]

It is impossible to suppose, that so many British Travellers would employ their time in visiting this colony, and afterwards publishing the results of their observations, if a very potent appetite for such information did not exist among the public. In addition to this, almost every Newspaper, Review, Magazine, and Pamphlet in Europe, is periodically engaged in describing its localities—drawing forth our frailties—or disclosing our merits. It is true, that some of our travelling tourists, would seem, from their blunders, to have groped their way through the colony in the dark; and others to have travelled against time with all the perambulating speed of Capt. Barclay, of Urie, or the great renowned 'Squire Janson, who ran and wrote through the United States of America, with a bumbaliff at his heels—or the flying Dutchman—or Hyde the famous highway-man, who rode one hundred and twelve miles in eleven hours. Not so the author of the work before us, which we are about to introduce to the notice of our readers.

The table of contents at the head of the present Article, presents the various subjects under review, by Mr. Montgomery Martin, in his new volume on the British Colonies.* Till the appearance of Mr. Martin's work, our British literature presented the striking and painful anomaly of an utter absence of any colonial history considered *as a whole*. To this work, therefore, we should be under considerable obligations, had it done no more than offered us a general sketch—a connected view of our country's widely-extended empire. But it has done greatly more than this. Mr. Martin is not a *desk* historian—neither is he one of the *Rapids*, already noticed; neither has he been a *gentleman traveller*, i. e. a *Rider*, to seek customers for the articles of *gun-powder and muskets!* No, he has been a *disinterested* observer of human nature. He draws his remarks, in the generality of cases, from actual and careful observation; and has very skilfully worked up personal experience of men, manners, and things, with the statistical portions of his works. Again, Mr. Martin's enlightened, liberal, and religious fervour of humanity, sheds abroad such a lovely light upon every page of the present volume, as to render his purely statistical details exceedingly interesting and attractive, even to the general reader; and to excite kindred feelings in all. That one man should not only visit all, or almost all of the British Colonies, but write of each, and all, by far the most satisfactory account of their relations, internal condition, capabilities, and prospects, that has ever appeared, can only be explained by declaring, that the writer's mental powers and acquirements are extraordinary, and that nothing short of a passion for the task could have carried him through with it. As a man of wide philanthropy, shrewd sense, and as a politician and a statist, (differ, though we may, with some of his notions on political economy,) he has worked for himself a high and imperishable reputation. It is men like him who ought to be placed in situations of trust, with regard to our colonies.

But to a few particulars of the History before us. Mr. Martin clearly points out that Africa's southern extremity, termed—*The Cape of Good Hope*, is politically, as also commercially speaking, one of the most valuable sections of the British Empire. Territorially united with Europe and Asia, the peninsula stretches far into the great Austral ocean, and by reason of its singular locality, forms the maritime Key to the Anglo-Indian Empire, and our Eastern dominions. He demonstrates, in the clearest manner, that the colony is not as has been erroneously represented, a mere sand bank, suited for the refreshment of Indian ships.

"In a political aspect, the colony is deserving of the highest consideration: it is the key to the eastern hemisphere, and to a maritime power like England, a jewel beyond price; by its central position, it is admirably adapted as a depôt for troops, as well as for a naval station during war time, and for watching the motions of an enemy in Asia, Africa, and America; while its healthy climate, and abundant and cheap provisions, secures to our mariners on long voyages, a friendly port, where it is most needed in doubling the Cape of storms."*

This southern extremity has been so frequently of late years explored and described, that many things ne-

* History of the British Colonies. By R. Montgomery Martin, Esq. F.S.S. in five vols. Vol. iv.—Possessions in Africa and Australasia, 1835.

* The conquest of the tyrant of Mysore, and the overthrow of the French army in Egypt, were both materially aided by the speedy and seasonable reinforcement of troops (*ready for tropical service,*) dispatched from this colony. The Marquis of Wellesley, in his despatches home, 18th January, 1798, acknowledges the receipt from Lord Macartney, at the Cape of Good Hope, of the regular Proclamation of the Government of Mauritius, for the aid of the French to Tippo Saib; when the latter strove to effect the destruction of the British in India. Had the British not then possessed the Cape, the injury intended for India by the French might have been known too late.

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cessarily entering into our author's comprehensive and diversified account, must be familiar to all. We shall only glance therefore at a few particulars, without any very systematic notice of the order of his arrangement. We may remark in the first place, that Mr. Martin pays an early attention to the Governors of the Cape, and to several of these he offers the tribute of commendation or otherwise. In like manner, the uncompromising historian of New South Wales, Dr. Lang, does not fail to exercise the freedom of his independent pen, by pourtraying the characteristics of public rulers. In sketching the full lengths of the successive potentates who have borne sway in the *fifth quarter* of the globe, he emulates, and sometimes equals, the immortal Knickerbocker, of New York. The Revd. Author represents to his readers "Philip the Good,"—the Alfred of New South Wales,—"King the Domineering,—"Bligh the Unlucky,"—"Hunter the Respectable,"—"Macquarie the Vain,"—"Brisbane the Promising,"—"Darling the Martinet." Mr. Martin commences with the reign of the Earl of Caledon, in the following terms:—

"I cannot pass over the list of Governors of South Africa, without adverting to the administration of the Earl of Caledon, whose wise, beneficent, and philanthropic exertions have been successively the theme of every one who has written on the subject of the Cape: His Lordship's impartial and firm administration of the laws,—his Christian-like conduct, as exhibited towards the dark and benighted brethren,—and the numerous efforts to ameliorate the social condition of a people entrusted to his sway, all evince the workings of no ordinary mind; indeed, when I consider the age at which his Lordship held the government of the Cape, (1807 to 1811,) and reflect that he is still in the prime of life, and devoting his benevolent principles towards alleviating the miseries and wretchedness of his native land; I am at a loss, whether to admire most the comprehensive views developed in his Lordship's government at the Cape, or the attention paid to minute points of domestic interests, as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Tyrone."*

The author mildly expresses his regret that he is unable to report thus favourably of the government of the late Lord Charles Somerset. He was several times at the Cape during the administration of Lord Charles, and found that few persons spoke of him with respect. The truth is, Lord Charles, although a man of capacity and kindness, and accessible to all, fell upon evil times, and bad laws. His advisers, too, were all of a kidney with these laws. He was a notable example of a shrewd, sensible, well informed man, but paying implicit homage to the *letter* of despotic regulations—to laws changeable, ambiguous, uncertain, all or either of them being summoned whenever *Expediency* should call them to its bar. These laws existed in the most barbarous periods, before men had acquired the art or learned the use of writing. But it was the law of the Cape in 1821. It was the law of men who, in fact, made it expressly to decide upon; made it for the particular occasion; made it *ex post facto*;—made it with fresh modifications for each occasion as it occurred.

We are bound to declare for ourselves, that we are fully sensible that Lord Charles, in himself, was not an ill-disposed man His mistakes were the faults of others, in whom he unfortunately placed unlimited confidence. The Cape Almanack characterizes this period in our history as the Reign of Terror,—and certainly those times were awful, which could thumb-screw a witness in the old Court with closed doors, in order to extort evidence; which could invade the sanctities of private life, by establishing the despotic authority of *General Search Warrants!* Then, again, Lord Charles' whole reign seemed calculated to un-English the colony. Immense grants of land were given away; Holland and Earl Bathurst were synonymous terms, and always enjoyed a *preferent claim*, whilst the British Settlers were insulted, despised, and rejected!

"It is, nevertheless, probable," says Mr Martin, "that Lord Charles was attached to the colony; and although some of his proceedings, particularly as it regards the Press, were undoubtedly despotic, yet he may have had the welfare of the inhabitants at heart."

This, the historian had a right to conjecture, more especially when connected with the facts of the celebrated departure of his Lordship from the Cape; the grand entertainment presented to him, and the complimentary addresses which bade him farewell. At that celebrated dinner (in the Commercial Hall,) the voice of joy and gladness was heard!—the shout of "well done," greeted the ears of the departing ruler; the tumults of applause were deafening; the speakers and thanks-givers followed each other in harmonious succession; whilst others, unable, after often repeated attempts to give utterance to their *grateful* bosoms, flourished their handkerchiefs, or cried—

"Good by Saint, and clapped him on the back."

And then the glorious *finale*,—the "take out the horses,"—the display of *animal* instinct,—the

"Long pull, the strong pull, and the pull altogether."

But, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him!"—What a chimera! What a novelty! What a chaos! What a subject of contradiction! What a heap of uncertainty! Scarcely is the echo of applause silent in the hall of banquet, and his Lordship not far at sea, when behold, the change in the features of his numerous admirers. The varnish penetrates not beyond the surface,—the very men who advised, applauded, who palliated every excess of arbitrary power, now become liberals,—hold their public meetings, proclaim the ruinous system of past measures, and petition Parliament for free Institutions and a Legislative Assembly!

As it regards Sir Rufane Donkin, the author states that "his exertions for the welfare of South Africa are held in grateful remembrance by the colonists." General Bourke is noticed for his "comprehensive liberality" in legislating for the location of the Hottentots on the Kat River. It is justly observed, that these hitherto-despised people "have shewn themselves worthy of the treatment bestowed on them," and still more so, that it was Sir Lowry Cole who "wisely adopted General Bourke's enactment, and prevented its becoming a dead letter." It was not always that we were of one mind with Sir Lowry Cole; but this we know, that he had the interests of the colony much at heart. If there were any occasional displays of temper somewhat beyond the ordinary limits of an unruffled surface, still the expression of it was open, undisguised, and without hypocrisy. It is the late Mr. Pringle, in his Sketches, who so justly awards to Sir L. Cole the characteristic of a "frank honesty of nature." He was not led away by whisperers, nor caught in the net of those who pride themselves on the superiority of local or family influence. He was never unmindful of merit, and took it by the hand whenever he beheld it associated with rectitude of conduct and honest industry. He had the courage to watch over with unceasing vigilence the offices of the civil-servants. An idler, or a street-walker during the hours of required service, brought down his faithful rebuke. He drove out the money-changers in the government offices, *i. e.* those who privately usurped the affairs of trade and commerce, and were merchants, or wine-dealers, or boatmen, or agents, enjoying at the same time place under government. Moreover, his firmness was unmoved amidst the din of popular clamour and party strife. He beheld a mob of excited appealers to Parliament before his door, with all the self-possession and firmness of an English gentleman, and a brave General. The suddenness of this irruption did not take him by surprise; he compromised none of his dignity as the King's Representative, and beheld the *thing* shrink away before the lightning of his eye. Then, again, he checked rebellion in the bud, cashiered the disloyal, or pusillanimous, tried and punished the rioters, and vindicated the authority of the true origin of government. He was the friend of education, coupled with religious instruction,—and devoted to the improvement of the public roads throughout the colony.*

* The author found the town of Caledon in Ireland, on a recent visit to it, to redound greatly to the honour of the Earl of Caledon. In the midst of Irish wretchedness, it was to the traveller as an oasis in the desert; its mills, the busy hum of industry, its cleanliness, and happiness of the people, all proclaimed the worth of a good landlord.

* The author records the following anecdote, which is highly characteristic of Sir Lowry Cole: "When Sir Lowry Cole arrived as Governor

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As Mr. Martin does not take cognizance of the administration of our colonial government under Sir Benjamin D'Urban, we are left without a text for discussion. At the same time, we may simply observe, respecting his Excellency, that there is not the slightest difference of opinion throughout the vast range of South Africa, regarding Sir Benjamin's general courtesy, benevolence of heart, and great application to official duty.

In reference to the Rulers at home, and Governors in general, and intending no individual application, a question here presents itself. How are the colonies ruled? and is there any Reform essential for their better direction? Can any good thing be expected in the government of the British colonial possessions, when not one man amongst the officials connected with them *at home*, possesses a single atom of Knowledge of the spirit of their people; the bearing of their institutions; the resources of their soil and produce, or of the ameliorations and improvements of which one and all of these are capable. What can be expected from mere political play-things—here to day, and gone to-morrow? Thus, in a very brief space of time we have had at home, no less than five colonial Secretaries, and five under Secretaries; and these will be speedily followed by a sixth. What can be expected from this state of things at head quarters, but the most inoperative and vacillating government? And neither had any of the colonial secretaries, as far as we can judge, any particular recommendation to office beyond their political position; and what opinions they held or do hold on our colonies, were and are of the most diverse character, and before answers could be received, much before any measures recommended could be carried into effect, the men have been gone from whose wisdom or folly, as the case might be, the dispatches had issued.

Again, we think as a general principle, that the education of military men, be they noble and gallant as they are, has a strong tendency to incapacitate them from governing. They have been accustomed *to rule*, but not *to govern*. They are not prepared for the slightest mark of disobedience; and they treat as disrespect that which is mere legitimate dissent and freedom of thought. However, the custom of sending out military men to govern is broken in upon: by the appointment, first, of Lord Amherst; and on his resignation, Lord Gosford, as Governor of Canada. We are attaching no personal blame to military Governors, far from it. But we do say, military men should not be called upon to fill an office in civil society of much anxiety and labour; requiring much forbearance and temper; together with a certain abandonment of the prejudices of their order to the opinions and feelings of the majority, who have to procure bread by "the sweat of their brow." It is also a great hardship to a military man, after nobly fighting the battles of his country, and asserting the prowess of the British arms, to be sent out to a distant colony as a reward for his services in the field. We do think it would be much better far, to reward those worthy officers whom it has pleased God to make physically brave, by allowing them to sit down in some quiet tranquil dale of retired life. Or if needs be, to make one of a *table d'hote*, after the methods of Chelsea or Greenwich. Be this as it may, two things are certain as it respects the governing and the governed. The situation of things at present is vastly different from what it was fifty years or a century ago. The objects of human attention are prodigiously multiplied; and the great and mighty changes in the revolution of society, must be met and directed, not shunned or counteracted. In this critical posture of affairs, more lights and superior industry are requisite both to ministers of states and governors, and to all persons connected in official office with public establishments. In other words, a new furniture of mind is requisite to be brought into the business of life. Secondly, it is the great duty of the people to advise and assist the higher authorities, but never to be carried away by the passion of *imaginary grievances*. As good and faithful citizens, to watch and examine into the springs of the great wheel of government, on the just balance and regular motions of which our temporal security and happiness depends. Under an arbitrary government, we are fully aware, free inquiry is not tolerated,—happily this colony has been delivered out of the house of bondage; and we are all free to act and think; none daring to make us afraid. And under a free government, as it is well observed by Lord Bolingbroke, "the public service is not confined to those whom the prince appoints to the several posts in the administration under him. Men of all degrees ought to instruct themselves in those affairs in which they may be actors themselves, or judges of those who act, or controllers of those who judge;" and from some one or other of these classes (having remembrance of Sir Jonah Barrington's carpenter who made a chair on which he afterwards sat as Chief Justice,) no subject of Great Britain is wholly excluded.

It would be impossible to follow the author in all his researches; and having already exceeded our limits, we may only take a bird's-eye view of a portion of them.

He is evidently greatly attached to the Colony and its strangely-deversified inhabitants. He considers the Dutch colonists to be hospitable and brave; the latter being evinced in their hunting the lion and the elephant; and the former by their good-will to strangers. In physical structure, we are told that

"The Cape Dutchmen are a fine race; in some districts their stature and strength is gigantic, and not less so on the frontier, where little vegetable food is consumed, mutton stewed in fat sheep's-tails being the standing dish three or four times a day throughout the year. In mental calibre they are by no means deficient when educated in youth, and a proper stimulus given to the developement of their faculties. The witchery of the Cape Ladies has cost many an Englishman his heart, and our *naval officers* especially have many an *affaire de cœur* while on the station. In the interior, *en bon point*, is one of the chief beauties of a Dutch housewife; perhaps the Hollanders, who are no bad judges of character, consider that *rotundity* and good temper are in equal ratio, and, therefore, desire the former for the sake of the latter."

In a note attached to the above extract, Mr. Martin is most just in his tribute to the memory of a native of the colony, viz:

"One of my brother officers in H. M. S. *Severn*, Lieut. Reitz, a Cape Dutchman, was one of the most talented men I ever met with; his bravery, accomplishments, and amenity of manners, rendered him an universal favourite." (p. 92.)

And in regard to the "noble Britons," we find a respectful notice:

"The English, with the exception of those located in the Uitenhage, Albany, and Somerset Districts, are principally confined to Cape Town, or as traders at different stations. Their character is similar to that observed in other Colonies—shrewd, generally intelligent, solicitous for political liberty, careful of its preservation, hospitable to strangers, and enterprising in their commercial pursuits."

Our author is equally complimentary in his remarks on the people lately slaves and now apprentices—Hottentots, the Korannas, the Namaquas, the Griquas, "the cheerful, frank, and fine pastoral race—the Caffres. The kindness and humanity of the natives of what is vaguely denominated the Caffer coast as displayed towards shipwrecked seamen, have often been the theme of just and warm commendation." (p. 112.)

In the affair of Cape politics, Mr. Martin says—

"The colonists are strenuously in favour of an Elective Legislative Assembly, such as exists in Canada; they ground their claims for such on the allegation that serious misgovernment has been continually exercised under the rule of an individual Governor, Dutch or English."

Mr. Martin appears to have overlooked the fact, that the Cape would-be legislators who advance their claims—*Augæn stablum purgare*, are the very men who approved and lived upon the maladministration of which they now complain. And secondly, as it regards Canada, the whole country is in a state of confusion, and disputes are daily arising between the people and the Legislature. Unless, indeed, Parliament interpose its authority between the people of Canada and the local oligarchy, the very connection between the colony and the mother country will be endangered. In Canada, the House of Assembly is chosen by the freeholders, and there can be no doubt that it fully and fairly represents the people. But all its acts are counteracted by the Governor and the packed bodies of the Executive and Legislative Councils. Here, as we take it, we should be in an infinitely worse condition. The members of a Legislative Assembly would be so identified by *clanship*, or *pension*, or *salary*, with the two councils, as to form merely, *one whole* of family interest. Besides (were this not the case) we question very much whether we possess at present any sufficient materiel for the formation of such a body.

In the further discussion of Cape politics, Mr. Martin is in favour of a Lieut.-Governor, a code of municipal regulations with a Mayor and Shrievalty at *Graham's Town!* And moreover, "Cape Town ought to have been made a corporate city, with a Mayor and *freely-elected Court of Aldermen*, &c for its management." (p. 119)

After some observations on our naval and military force, the *Laws* of the Colony form the subject of discussion. "And," says Mr. M.,

"Several of the Cape councillors, though born in Africa, would do honour to Westminster Hall. Messrs. Cloete and De Wet are profound and eloquent lawyers."

The next points of consideration are those connected with Churches and Missionary Institutions. The author is tolerably correct in his statements on religious statistics, but strangely out of order in describing "the Calvinist or Reformed Communion" as distinct from the "*Christians* — the English or Episcopalian Church." (p. 124.) The Missionary Societies—The South African,—The London,—The Moravians,—The Wesleyan are all characterised as nobly exerting themselves in South Africa, for the promotion of religion, morality, and education.* And in the great

at the Cape, the Settlers at Albany were desirous of presenting a congratulatory Address, on account of the high character he bore whilst Governor of Mauritius; but the permission to hold a meeting for the purpose had to be sought from the Governor himself. His Excellency felt the awkward predicament in which he should appear as granter of a meeting to praise himself; he then begged to thank the settlers for their good intentions, and assured them he would take the will for the deed."

* Mr. Martin will regret, we feel assured, that he has overlooked the Glasgow Missionary Society. He acknowledges to have derived a mass of information from the Cape Directory, a work which he considers a model for other colonies; but in the Directory, the Glasgow Society has been through some inadvertency omitted. At the commencement of the present year the Glasgow Missions in Caffraria stood thus:—

Pirrie—Revd. J. Ross, A. M. Missionary. Jos. Williams, native teacher; the latter supported by the ladies of Greenock.

Lovedale.—Revd. Mr. Bennie. Rob. Balfour, native teacher; supported by the ladies of Dunfermline.

Burnshill.—Revd. Mr. Laing, and Mr. McDermed. Chas. Henry, native teacher; supported by the ladies of Kelso.

Chumie.—Revd Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Wier, and his venerable mother. John Burns and Thos. Brown, native teachers.

The Glasgow Society does honour to its founders—the pious people of Scotland's far-famed city. The very recollection of a visit to their

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cause of religion and humanity, Mr. Martin makes just and honourable mention of "the lamented Mr. Pringle, a writer whose genius has called into activity a large portion of sympathy for the semi-civilized tribes of South Africa," in connection with "the worthy and indefatigable Dr Philip, Superintendent of the London Missions."

It is for those who utter in private and in public, "Thy Kingdom come," to consider whether the duty of extending the Knowledge of divine truth, is not now more especially pressed upon us than at any former period of the world's history. Especially when we contemplate that

"No country offers a wider and more useful field for the useful and pious missionary than South Africa and its adjacent country, with myriads of people emerging from the confines of barbarism, and beginning to taste the fruits of knowledge and industry."

Mr. Martin considers that the schoolmaster is abroad in South Africa, and records several of our existing institutions in their due order:—The College,— South African Institution,— Public Library,— Infant Schools,— Medical Society,— Royal Observatory, — Christian Knowledge Society,— Bible Society,— Friendly Society,— Agricultural Society, and Book Societies, &c. in different districts. The Press is thus noticed:—

"Among the other extraordinary features of the present age is the introduction and extension of the Press on the shores of Southern Africa—extending our language, laws, and literature, and erecting a monument for the British name, less perishable than one of marble or brass,—'*ære monumentum perennius!*'

This is true enough, but the author has not referred to the cost, the struggle, the warfare, and the victory which gained for the colony a new era of mind. It is the Press guided by the supremacy of Mr. Fairbairn's pen, that has introduced a simultaneous activity, a desire of improvement, and new directions of thought and enterprise throughout this colony. That there are persons among us who disrelish the independent sayings and doings of this Press, we do not deny. It requires, however, some talent and generosity in others, some *thinking for one's self* to find out talent and generosity and independence in others. These individuals may therefore be forgiven, especially when we add to the consideration that the oppositionists possess *vested interests* in many of those affairs which are so keenly reprobated and probed by the *Advertiser*. That misconstruction and purely malicious assertion are abroad in the colony, in reference to the Press, we would not disguise;—but the duty we think of the independent Press, is, not to return railing for railing. To use the language of Mr. Lord, in his recently published and admirably written work on Algiers,—

"Men who can distort views and misconstrue motives deserve contempt not refutation; and as praise when undeserved is the severest censure, so assertion, destitute of foundation and calumnies, with not even the semblance of truth, must place the upright conduct of the assailed party in a still brighter and loftier situation."

Mr. Martin's observations on our staple products, corn, wine, wool, provisions, imports, and exports, are well worth attention. He is clearly an advocate for the Wool trade; and among other authorities, quotes the Attorney General's ingenious calculation:—

The Cow *versus* The Vine. (p. 88.)

A single extract from the work, and we have done. After the statement that the Monetary System at the Cape is very imperfect, we find the following reasons suggested for the

NECESSITY OF A NEW BANK.

"There is no private Bank in the Colony, but a Lombard (or loan) and Discount Bank under the control of Government, who derive profit on the discount of bills. That the Cape is in want of a proper banking system must be evident; a Discount Bank under Government management, leaves every mercantile man, or others requiring pecuniary accommodation, at the mercy of the rulers for the time being. and exposes their private affairs and credit to the cognizance of Government Officers; the former is a great evil, *the free exercise of thought* and action is prevented, and a Government thus holding the purse-strings of the only Discount Bank in the Colony, becomes possessed of a *despotic power more arbitrary than that of any armed force.* The colonists to a considerable number feel this; they also think that with increased business the colony is in want of a free system of banking, which, with a parent establishment at Cape Town, would establish a branch at Graham's Town, and in some other of the remote and principal districts. In justice to Government, I believe there will be no opposition to such a measure from the home colonial authorities; but several persons of much reflection think that the present moment is not peculiarly adapted for the establishment of a private bank at the Cape; and they ground this opinion on this circumstance, that nearly £1.000,000 sterling will be necessary to repay the slave-holders on the Emancipation Act: the sudden introduction of this sum into the colony would, they think, derange the circulation of the colony materially; in this respect, I perfectly agree, but it has been suggested to me, that paying the small holders up to £100 in English Coin, and giving the larger colonial debentures bearing 3 or 3½ per cent. interest, payable at sight, or redeemable at the option of Government, would prevent any anticipated evil arising from too sudden an increase of the circulating medium. If this plan be adopted, then there can be no reasonable impediment to the Government withdrawing its banking concerns, and leaving the trade in money open to private speculation and enterprise; this much is certain, that the Eastern Province, distant 500 miles from the seat of Government, imperiously requires the establishment of some bank, not only by reason of its distance from Cape Town, but also on account of the enterprise which distinguishes the British Settlers; and which is now cramped and restrained to a degree injurious to the whole colony by reason of the want of that pecuniary accommodation which is the very life and soul of an English Community."

GRANT THORBURN,
(THE LAWRIE TODD OF GALT.)

GRANT THORBURN, the Seedsman of New York, has just published a little work entitled "Men and Manners in Britain; or, a Bone to gnaw for the Trollopes." His "Forty Years Residence in America" appeared in the course of last year, and attracted no inconsiderable attention. It is designed to illustrate the doctrine of a particular Providence; and certainly, Thorburn's history is a remarkable one. We only regret that the author should so frequently *affect* a singularity of expression bordering on the ludicrous.

The Biography of Thorburn, is one of a thousand. He was born near Dalkeith, six miles south of Edinburgh, in 1773. His father was poor, but honest and industrious, following the trade of a nail-maker. In the year 1792, when the French Revolution had fairly commenced, and the Pulpit and the Press were teeming all over Britain with Reform, Grant joined the societies of what were then called the Friends of the People; and in London were termed the Corresponding Societies, whose ostensible motive was, to obtain the Reform of Parliament, by a more equal Representation. Their intended Reform was precisely on a par with that recently effected by the Government under Lord Grey. But at that time of day the discussion of the subject was a crime of the deepest magnitude. Grant, with seventeen more of the Dalkeith members, were arrested and marched prisoners into Edinburgh. The celebrated Thos. Muir, of Glasgow, with the Revd. Mr. Palmer, were also seized, tried, and condemned. They were transported. Palmer died—and eventually Muir, who suffered shipwreck, and intolerable hardships. Muir was a gentlemen of family, and possessed eminent talents. "Gentlemen of the Jury!" said he on his trial, "my crime is for happening to be, according to the measure of my feeble abilities, a strenuous and active advocate for an equal representation of the People in the House of Commons—for having dared to accomplish a measure by legal means, which was to diminish the weight of their taxes, and put an end to the profusion of their blood; Gentlemen, from my infancy to this moment, I have devoted myself to the cause of the people. IT IS A GOOD CAUSE—IT SHALL ULTIMATELY PREVAIL—IT SHALL FINALLY TRIUMPH.*" Muir was born too soon—his prophecy has now been accomplished. The fate of Muir excited the commiseration of Fox in the Commons, and Lauderdale in the Lords, but it prevailed no further; the cold-heart of William Pitt was dead to sympathy. These were evil days for honest men. Burns the poet was told by the Board of Excise, that his business was to work, not to *think*.

In Ireland, Muir's fate was greatly deplored by the people, and it was in the defence of Hamilton Rowan, by Curran, that Muir was alluded to by the speaker, and Scotland thus eulogised:—"Scotland—a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth;

missionary stations in the country of the Caffers. makes our hearts burn within us Gladly would we hail the return of Sabbaths among the Mountains, and become once more one among the church-goers in Caffraria.

* The charge on which he was tried was for sedition. He was accused of having talked of Liberty and Reform, and desired a musician to play "Ca ira!" The trial lasted 18 hours, and he was sentenced to 14 years transportation.

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—cool and ardent—adventurous and persevering: winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires."

But to return to Grant Thorburn. Just before the days of trial, his good father, sore at heart, paid for his passage to New York, in a ship then lying at Leith; he also discharged the forfeited bail, and having invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the runaway, parted with his child in the *Providence*, bound to America, 13th April, 1794. 'The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much.' Grant Thorburn landed at New York with only three cents. in his pocket, a nail-hammer in his hand, and neither shoe or stocking on his feet.* The subsequent events of his life are truly marvellous. From nail-making he became seedsman, and when he purchased a first plant, he knew not a geranium from a cabbage-head. He is now well to do in the world—his establishment is the most distinguished in America; his son a reputable botanist, and his daughter inimitable in flower-drawing. After a forty-years' residence in America, he returns to the country of his birth, but first lands in London. He visits and describes all the public Institutions of the great metropolis, and is introduced to several distinguished personages. It was proposed to introduce him to the King, but on hearing that he must wear silk stockings, knee breeches, a cocked hat, and sword, and cost upwards of twenty guineas, he declines the honour. Leaving London, he proceeds to the north by way of Manchester, Liverpool, &c. and in December, 1834, arrives at Dalkeith, his native village. The following extracts are from Grant Thorburn's Journal. He must have a cold-heart who can read them unmoved by filial affection.

MEETING WITH MY FATHER.

I was set down at 9 o'clock—procured a person to carry my trunk—arrived at the gate where my father has lived for half a century—directed the man to call my brother, but not to mention my name, as I wished to try whether my father would remember my voice, not knowing me to be in the room. (He is blind with age.) The family consists of my father, brother and wife, a young man and servant girl. My brother came out. I told him to caution the family not to mention my name. I followed in a minute. My father sat before the fire, his arm resting on a table, and his cheek on the hand. "Is old Mr. Thorburn in the room?" I inquired. "I am here," says he, "what's your wish?" "When did you hear from your son in America?" says I. "We had a letter *frae* Grant the other day; he is some *way aboot* Lunnun or Liverpool, he *aye rites he's comin doon, but he's unco lang about it.*" I found he did not recognise my voice. I continued, "Don't you find a great loss in the want of your sight; you used to read and walk so much?" "To be sure it is a loss," says he; "but how can an *auld* man *o' ninety-ane* expect to *hae a* his faculties. I may be very glad there is *ony o'* them left. I can hear my *freends* speak to me; I can eat my bit meat;* my health is gude, and I sleep *weel* at night; so I ought to be very thankful." I made some other enquiry, when he says, (beginning to recollect my voice,) "but, I'm thinking you're Grant *himself*." The rest may be *described*, but cannot be *felt*.

It was now within a few months of forty years since we first parted on that same spot. At that time our calculations were, that we would never meet until we met in eternity. But here we were, and in circumstances of peace, comfort, and plenty. A pleasure this, which few who have left their father's house ever enjoyed in such perfection. Not many days after, I sat down to dinner with nearly twenty of my old schoolfellows. We had then the days o' lang syne up to nature.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE, AND THE GRAVE OF MY MOTHER.

In the house of my father, I enjoyed all that heart could wish in like circumstances. The house stands on the same spot, though somewhat enlarged. There sat my worthy and venerated father, in the same room I last parted with him; his faculties as bright, and his health better than it was fifty years ago. Though blind with age, (having seen the frosts of ninety-one winters,) he knew my voice before he heard my name. There stood the same eight-day clock, which has given note of time to the family as long back as my memory serves; there lay the same old family Bible, with the book containing the simple but beautiful version of the Scottish psalms. Much of the furniture was the same—in short, I was at home. I would not have exchanged my feelings, at this moment, for all the pomp and pageantry of kings since the world began.

On a gray, calm, cloudy afternoon, when the days were short, and darkness covering the land by four o'clock, I walked out to visit the *grave of my mother* for the last time. *The grave of my mother!* Of all the sounds which issue from the tomb, there is not one more solemn, nor one which more keenly penetrates the soul than this. *The grave of my mother!*—though your mother may have shut her eyes in death, as you first opened your's to see the light of the sun; though you may have spent a half of a century in thoughtlessness and folly; though you have seen perils by land, and perils on the great deep; though you fear not God nor regard man; yet stand by the grave of your mother, (on her dust you dare not tread, *nature forbids!*) and your heart will melt like softened wax.

In a lonely church-yard, remote from mortals dwelling on this gloomy winter's day, I stood by the grave of my mother. Her image I could not recall, (as she left this world before I knew my right hand from my left.) But, as I stooped over the *sod*, which covered that breast from whence I drew the first nourishment of life, I wondered with myself why I should *still weep*, though that sod has been wet with the snow of *sixty winters*—it was nature claiming her own. I was lost! The spot where I stood was consecrated ground, and my spirit was communing with hers, perhaps it was hovering around.

THE DINNER—OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

On a late visit to my native village, after an original absence of forty years, when the day of separation again drew near, I accepted an invitation to a farewell dinner. It was on the last day of the year 1834. The company was select, consisting of twenty-five. The majority of them had been my school-fellows *fifty years ago*. The exit of the old, and commencment of the new year, is a time of high festivity all over Scotland.

The room where we sat was within one hundred yards of the identical school-house into which we had so often trudged, with lingering step and rueful face, and spirits sunk down to our heels; and from whence, when dismissed, we used to bound in all the noise of frantic mirth. There it stood, with the same low rough stone wall, short and narrow windows, leaden sashes and small triangular panes of glass, and its venerable roof covered with thatch. This house, I think, must have been built before the year *one (viz.* 1701.)—indeed I could not perceive on it the *march of time*, I could not see that the house looked a whit older than it did fifty years* ago. It stands in what they call a close in Scotch, or alley. Neither could I perceive that any of the buildings adjoining had either been *pulled down* or *altered*; and herein lies the essence of pleasure—for when you revisit the place of your birth after a long absence, a new generation stares at you with a look of something like alarm. You are a stranger at your own door. You look round; there stands the same venerable church and school house, and may be some ancient oak, under whose limbs, in youth, you whiled away the long and sultry summer day. You hail them as friends. You talk to yourself and the moss; and the ivy on their darkened walls seems to respond to your whisper. This exquisite feeling is only enjoyed by him whose birth-place is a village, a small *deserted village*, where five hundred souls live as one family, where each one knows and is known—for in large cities, man is a stranger among strangers. I stood on my village green. I knew nobody but everybody knew me. I sat at the table, the friends of my youth on each side. I tried to trace on their healthy sunburnt faces some lines of the school-boys' countenance. They were gone, and replaced by the wrinkles of time—the flowing locks were shorn, and on their bald foreheads sat the snows of age.

We played over again the games, the frolics, and pranks of our school-boy days. It was altogether a feast of reason and a flow of soul: no *debauch*, for though the whiskey punch stood on the table, it was tasted in moderation. We parted with "*Auld Lang Syne*," and here it was acted up to nature.

"We twa had played aboot the braes, when simmer days were fine,
But, we had wandered mony a weary fit, since auld lang syne;
And, we twa had paddled in the burn, from morning time, till dine,
But seas between us braid had roared, since auld lang syne."

THE PARTING SCENE.

During the four months and fifteen days I sojourned in Britain, this meeting and parting with friends was a matter of very frequent occurrence. In some cases, of course, the attachment was more strong, and the parting more keenly felt. But there seems to be something in our nature that revolts at the idea of a parting for ever. There is a hope, a well-grounded and a rational hope, held out in the gospel, and there only, that friends will meet to part no more. Allowing (as the vain philosopher says) it is all delusion, it is a very soothing, and a very consoling, and a very innocent delusion, and it is one which no man of sound mind (whatever he may profess in words) can shake from his soul, viz: the hopes of meeting them he holds most dear in some improved state of *existence hereafter*. Depraved propensity may wish for annihilation, but the soul still says *I never die.*

When I came to part with my father for the last time, I saw before me a living proof that the hope of the gospel can support nature in the most trying situations. He is now in his ninety-first year. His eyes are dim, so that he cannot discern ob-

* The prudent Scotchman had, however, some pairs of each in his little chest.

* Meat, in Scotland, means all sorts of food.

* At this time no other books were then used in this school, but the Shorter Catechism, Spelling Book, and Bible.

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jects around. I dreaded this day of parting. I knew it was for the last time, and put it off as long as possible; but time lingers not—the hour came, and the coach was at the door. I held his hand, it trembled not, neither did his voice falter.—"Now," says he, "we part, and except we meet at the right hand of Christ, it will be for ever. Go, and may he who has led and fed me all my life long, go with you." At this moment he stood, like Jacob, leaning upon the top of his staff. Thus we separated, on the same spot on which we had parted forty years before.

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

We have been reading *Sketches of a Sea-Port Town*, in 3 vols. by H. F. Chorley. We rather think the Author is a *Friend* of ours; that we have met with him; but *where* and *when* we really forget. Be this as it may, we are in favour of the Author, because he appears to have raised the standard of the *Belle Lettres* in Liverpool,—a town the most interesting, perhaps, of all the towns and cities in all the world. The following sketch of parties at Liverpool is very truth-like, and is equally befitting almost every town which has arisen to notoriety from *small beginnings*. We hope we don't offend—but some portions of the sketch we are about to submit to our readers from Mr. Chorley's book, would seem monstrously well to apply to us Kapenaars.

To say, that in a place singularly destitute of nobility, its inhabitants have themselves substituted an aristocracy of wealth in place of one of family, is, perhaps, some little beyond the precise truth; and yet it comes nearer to the truth than any other form of words which could be used. There is as much subdivision into sets and sects, as much exclusiveness, with all its train of bad consequences, as in the wider and nobler circles of the metropolis—and over all, and through all, a mercantile spirit at work, which is singularly unfavourable to the development of mind. There is, indeed, *scarcely any inducement for a man to exact and improve the powers with which he has been gifted, if valuing every thing by the standard of pounds, shillings, and pence, he feels that his standing is secure, that he may talk wisdom or folly, as he will, and still be looked up to in society, as a person of consequence and authority*;—nay, that he is in most circles more popular as he is, than he would be were he to bear the character of a hard reader, or a deep thinker. The *withering influence of fashion*, has also its share in depreciating the standard of intelligence. Our circles are not wide enough to allow of individuals setting up as characters; in which case alone does she tolerate any originality of thought, word, or deed—she therefore imposes upon her subjects an uniformity of conduct and manner; trammelling them as effectually within her artificial ordinances, as the conjuror, when he confines the chicken within his magic circle of chalk. But, it seems to me, that we are fallen on particularly cheerless times, as respects ease or enjoyment in general society. As far as concerns the men, the age of dandyism has, thank Heaven! passed over: the *delicate youths who put their hair in papillotes*, and ironed their cravats upon their necks, are now striving in the mart of business, for their rising families, or shivering over their cheerless bachelor hearths, remembering days and glories gone by, when it was at once their occupation and their pleasure to rival the caprices of fair ones as fantastic and *manieré* as themselves. But though the present race of men may be less finical than the last,—poor society is no gainer by their increase of manliness. If they are less sedulous attenders of balls than their predecessors, they are more constant at dinner parties; and at these they love to herd together, to talk the *strong talk of emptiness*—of their dogs, and horses, amours,—and to settle the great questions of the day, over which statesmen are racking their brains, and for the right understanding whereof, philosophers are patiently drawing their conclusions from the experience of the past, in a few stout words, against which there is to be no appeal. As to pursuit of any kind, beyond the above mentioned amusements, it is almost utterly unknown among them, and even should any one be followed in secret, it is not to be alluded to in conversation, if its follower would keep clear of the artillery of idle tongues, ever ready to satirise what their owners do not comprehend. On the other hand, the present system of female training, has its share in making society a burden, instead of an excitement and an exercise to those who understand something better than mere vapid talk about the nothings of the day, or the more racy amusement *of quizzing your vis-à-vis in a quadrille*. While fashion attacks any tendency to bluism with her most blighting ridicule, and inculcates a cold *posé* demeanour, under which every natural impulse and feeling is to be impenetrably concealed: education has parcelled out the time of her victim, and carried her at set hours from French to history, from history to music, from music to metaphysics, and so on, without ever stopping to study the natural biases and talents born with her. What a marvellous discrepency is there between these two codes; Routine (for it is dishonouring education to allow her counterfeit to assume her name) ordains that the young lady of the nineteenth century, shall know everything: fashion values her in proportion as she talks as if she knew nothing—routine crams her with book-learning—fashion teaches her to sneer at clever people; and thus between the two, the natural buoyancy of girlhood, which never stayed to consider whether the laugh was a tone too loud, or the step a thought too quick, or the talk a shade too confidential, is as completely crushed as if it had never existed; and there seems now no longer any intermediate step between the child on her way to school, and the well-tutored, well-dressed woman, armed at all points for society, and equally proof against enjoyments and annoyances. Grammarians tell you to prove a rule by its exceptions, and it would be as ridiculous as false to say that we have not many who stand out, in bright relief, from amidst this general barrenness. But sectarian differences of religion and politics keep these much asunder; and the powers, which they might individually employ for the edification of general society, are sadly cramped by the suspicious dislike wherewith the world of common-place people regard them: a world unjust as it is vain, and, at any time, more ready to overlook moral defect than to forgive mental superiority. Thus it is, that unless a man wishes to expose himself to the sneer of the million, he must as *sternly confine* every symptom of enthusiasm and imagination within the silence of his own breast, as if it were a noxious influence, instead of being a link of that golden chain which connects the world below with the world above. Thus it is that the *teachers of our children*, those to whose authority and discretion we intrust our most precious treasure, are so often humbled to the condition of superior menials, that the weak and ignorant listen to the malice of antique prejudice or the folly of ridicule, and regard the artist as a hireling from whom a certain quantity of a given commodity is to be purchased, instead of as one who is honourable, from the inspiration of talent which has descended upon him, and as worthy of courtesy and consideration, as if he were the founder of a fortune, or the rectifier of a popular abuse. And what is the consequence of all this strange pride and pertinacity? The artist, heart-sore at finding that, in these enlightened days, the calling to which he belongs is considered little more respectable than that of the *jongleur* or mountebank in the old feudal times, is too often driven by his irritability into low and disgraceful courses; and if he is too high-minded to become a sycophant, frets out his life in scorn of those to whose patronage he is compelled to be indebted for the means of subsistence. This is stating the case broadly, and some will say rudely; but the harm which society both commits and receives by perpetuating this narrow spirit is so great, that one cannot touch upon it with a light pen or an indifferent heart. How much beauty, how much embellishment, how much instruction is excluded by the poverty of its judgement! how much talent is destroyed in embryo, how many a gentle and earnest spirit embittered for ever by its uncharitableness! It is not to be wished that all should be men of letters, all *dilettanti*. Heaven defend us from affected enthusiasm, and the apish criticisms of the shallow! but to every class should be allowed a clear stage and a candid hearing; and all who are sincerely devoted to their several professions, be they followers of arts, sciences, or commerce, should meet on equal ground, and cease to cast in each others' teeth the terms of opprobrium bequeathed to them by the imperfect enlightenment of their ancestors."

MILLER'S SCENES, &c. OF CROMARTY.

(*Concluded from our last.*)

THE DEMOCRAT.

[Cromarty Politics,—The American War,—The French Revolution,—The Whigs,—The King,—Paine's Rights of Man,—Paper Notes,—The Democrat,—Clubs,—The Procession,—Liberty and Equality,—Allies,—The Mob,—The Battle,—The Council House,—The Country Gentleman,—The Soldiers,—The Seizure,—A Gingerbread Discovery,—The Box of Papers,—Paine's effigy burnt at the expense of the country,—The War,—Loyalty,—Duncan's Victory,—Waterloo,—Reform Bill, &c.]

The American war was followed by the French Revolution, and the crash of a falling throne awakened opinion all over Europe. The young enquired whether men are not born equal; the old shook their heads, and asked what was to come next? There were gentlemen of the place who began to remark that the *tradesfolk no longer doffed to them their bonnets*, and tradesfolk that the Gentlemen no longer sent them their newspapers. But *the people* got newspapers *for themselves*;—these, too, of a very different stamp from the ones they had been accustomed to; and a crop of young Whigs began to shoot up all over the place, like nettles in Spring. They could not break into the meanings of all the new, hard-shelled words they were meeting with,—words ending in *acy* and *archy*; but no people could understand better that a king is only a kind of Justice of the Peace who may be cashiered for misconduct, just like any other magistrate; that all men are naturally equal; and that one whose grandfather had mended shoes was every whit as well born as one whose grandfather was the bastard of an emperor. And seldom were there people more zealous or less selfish in their devotion than the new made politicians of Cromarty. Their own concerns gave place, *as they ought*, to the more important business of the state; and they actually hurt their own heads, and sometimes, when the ale was bad, their own bellies, in drinking healths to the French. Light after light gleamed upon them, like star after star in a frosty evening. First of all, Paine's Rights of Man shone upon them through the medium of the newspapers, with the glitter of fifty constellations; then the Resolutions of the Liberty and Equality

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clubs of the south looked down upon them with the effulgence of fifty more; at length, up rose the scheme for the division of property, like the moon at full, and flaring with portentous splendour, cast all the others into comparative obscurity. The people looked round them at the parks which the modern scheme of agriculture had so conveniently fenced in with dikes and hedges; and spoke of the high price of potato-land and the coming Revolution.—A countryman went into one of the shops about this time, craving change for a pound note. "A pound note!" exclaimed the merchant; snapping his fingers;—"a pound note!—Man I widna gie you tippence for it."

There was a young man of the place, the son of a shopkeeper, who had been marked from his earliest boyhood by a singular precocity of intellect, and the boldness of his opinions;—his name, (for I must not forget that, and to borrow one of Johnson's figures, I am walking over ashes the fires of which are not yet extinguished,) I shall conceal. He was one of those persons who, like the stormy petrel of the tropics, come abroad only when the seas begin to rise, and the heavens to darken; and who find their proper element in a wild mixture of all the four elements jumbled into one. He read the newspapers, and it was said, wrote for them; he corresponded, too, with the Jacobin clubs of the south; and strove to form similar clubs at home; but the people were not yet sufficiently ripe. No one could say that he was disobliging or ill tempered, on the contrary, he was a favourite with, at least, his humbler townsmen for being much the reverse of both; but he was *poor and talented*, and alike impatient of poverty, and of seeing the wealth of the country in the hands of duller men than himself; and so the man who was unfortunate enough to be born to a thousand pounds a year had little chance of finding him either well tempered or obliging. He had stept into the ferry boat one morning, and the ferrymen had set themselves to their oars, when a neighbouring proprietor came down to the beach, and called on them to return and take him aboard. "Get on," shouted the Democrat, "and let the fellow wait; —'tis I who have hired you this time." "O Sir it's a shentlemen," said one of the ferrymen, propelling the boat sternwards, as he spoke, by a back stroke of the oar. "Gentleman!" exclaimed the Democrat, seizing the boat-hook and pushing lustily in a contrary direction,—"Gentleman, truly!—we are all gentlemen, or shall be so very soon." The proprietor, meanwhile, made a dash at the rudder, and held fast, but with such good will did the other ply the boat-hook, that ere he had made good a lodgement he was drenched to the armpits. "Nothing like being accustomed to hardship in time," muttered the Democrat, as glancing his eye contemptuously on the dripping vestments of the proprietor, he laid down the pole and quietly resumed his seat.

There were about a dozen young men in the place who were so excited by the newspaper accounts of the superb processions of their south country friends, that they resolved on having a procession of their own. They procured a long pole with a Kilmarnoch cap fixed to the one end of it, which they termed the cap of liberty, and a large square of cotton stripped blue, white, and red, which they called the tricolour of independence. In the middle strip there were inscribed in huge Roman capitals, the words Liberty and Equality; and a stuffed cormorant, intended to represent an eagle, was perched on the top of the staff. They got a shipmaster of the place prevailed on to join with them. He was a frank, hearty sailor, who saw nothing unfair in the anticipated division of property, and hated a press-gang as he hated the Devil. "But how," said he, "will we manage after all hands have been served out, should a few of us take a house, and melt our portions?—just divide again I suppose."—"Highly probable," replied the revolutionists, "but we have not yet fully determined on that."—"I see, I see," rejoined the sailor, "every thing can't be done at once." On the day of the procession he brought with him his crew attired in their best, and with all the ship flags mounted on poles. The revolutionist demurred. "To be sure," they said, "nothing could be finer; but then the flags were British flags." "And —— it," said the master "would you have me bring French flags!" It was no time, however, to dispute the point; and the procession moved on, followed by all the children of the place. It reached an eminence directly above the links, and drawing up beside an immense pile of brushwood, and a few empty tar barrels, planted the tree of liberty amid shouts, and music, and the shooting of muskets, on the very spot on which the town gallows had been planted about two centuries before. No one, however, so much as thought of the circumstance; for people were too thoroughly excited to employ themselves with any thing but the future;—besides, a very little ingenuity could have made it serve the purpose of either party. After planting the tree, the brushwood was fired, and a cask of whisky produced, out of which the Republicans drank healths to liberty and the French. "The French! the French!" exclaimed the shipmaster, well, —— them, I don't care though I do;—here's health to the French; may they and I live long enough to speak to one another through twelve pounders." All the boys and all the sailors huzza'd;—the republicans said nothing, but thought they had got a rather queer ally. The evening, however, passed off in capital style, and ere the crowd dispersed, they had burnt two fishing boats, a salmon cable, and almost all the paling of the neighbouring fields and gardens.

The day of the procession was also that of a Red cattle market;—at that time one of the chief cattle fairs of the north. It was largely attended, on this occasion, by Highlanders from the neighbouring straths, many of whom had fought for the Prince, and remembered the atrocities of Cumberland; it was attended, too, by parties of drovers from England, and the southern counties of Scotland, all of them brimful of the modern doctrines, and scarcely more loyal than the Highlanders themselves;—it was attended, besides, by a Cromarty salmon fisher, George Hossack, a man of immense personal strength, and high spirit—now a little past his prime, perhaps, but so much a politician of the old school, that he would have willingly fought for his namesake the King, with any two men at the fair. But he was no match for every body, and every body to-day seemed to hold but one opinion. "Terrible expensive government this of ours," said an East-Lothian drover, "we maun just try whether we canna manage it mair cheaply for ourselves"—"Ay, and what a blockhead of a king have we got," said an Englishman; not fit, as Tom Paine says, for a country constable; but, poor wretch, we must turn him about his business, and see whether he can't work like ourselves."—"Och, but he's a limmar, any-how, and a great plack Whig," remarked an old Highlander, "and has na right till ta crown.—Na, na, Charlie my king." Poor George was almost broken hearted by the abuse poured out against his sovereign on every side of him; but what could he do? He would look first at one speaker, then at another, and repress his rising wrath by the consideration that there was little wit in being angry with about three thousand people at once. He had driven a bargain with two Englishman, and on going in to drink with them, according to custom, was shewn into a room which chanced at the time, unlike every other room in the house, to be unoccupied. The Englishmen seated themselves at the table; George cautiously fastened the door, and took his place fronting them. "Now, gentlemen," said he, filling the glasses, "permit me to propose a toast:—Health and prosperity to George the Third." He drank off his glass, and set it down before him. One of the Englishmen, a bit of a wag in his way, looked at him with a droll, quizzical expression, and took up his. "Health and prosperity," he said, "to George the *here*."—"Well, young man," remarked George, "he is, as you say, a herd, and a very excellent one; —allow me, however, to wish him a less unruly charge."—"Health and prosperity," shouted the other, "to George the ——." This was unbearable: George sprung from his seat, and repaid the insult with a blow on the ear, which drove both man and glass to the floor. Up rose the other Englishman,—up rose, too, the fallen one, and fell together upon George; but the cause of the king was never yet better supported. Down they both went, one over the other, and down they went a second, and a third, and a fourth time; till, at length, convinced that nothing could be more imprudent than their attempts to rise, they lay just where they fell. George departed, after discharging the reckoning, leaving them to congratulate one another on their liberalism and their wit; and reached Cromarty as the last gleam of the Jacobin bonfire was dancing on the chimney tops, to learn that there was scarcely more loyalty among his townsmen, than at the market, and that his favourite coble had perished among the flames about two hours before. I remember George—a shrewd, clear-headed man of eighty-two, full of anecdote and remark; and I have derived not a few of my best traditions from him. But he is gone, and wellnigh forgotten:—and when the sexton of some future age shall shovel up his huges bones, the men who come to gaze on them may descant, as they turn them over, on modern degeneracy, and hint the might of their fathers, but who among them will know that they belonged to the *last of all the loyalists!*

The day after the procession came on pregnant with *mystery and conjecture*. Rider after rider entered the town and assembled in front of the Council-house;—the town's-officer was sent for, together with the sergeant of a small recruiting party, that barracked in one of the neighbouring lanes; they then entered the hall, and made fast the doors. *The country gentlemen*, it was said, had come to put down the revolutionists. Shortly after, two of the soldiers and a constable glided into the house of the young democrat, and producing a warrant for his apprehension, and the seizure of all the papers, hurried him away to the hall,—*the soldiers with their bayonets fixed*, guarding him on either side, the constable, *laden with a hamper of books* and papers, bringing up the rear. In they all went, and the door closed as before. The curiosity of the townspeople was now awakened in right earnest, and an immense crowd gathered in front of the Council-house; but they could see or hear nothing. At length the door opened, and the sergeant came out; he looked round him, and beckoned on George Hossack. "George," he said, "one of the London smacks has just entered the bay; you must board her and seize on all the parcels addressed to * * * * the Jacobin merchant; there is an information lodged that he is getting a supply of pikes from London for arming the towns-people. Take the custom-house boatmen with you; and bring whatever you find to the hall. And, hark ye, we must see and *get up* an effigy of the blackguard Tom Paine; try and procure some oakum and train oil, and I will furnish powder enough to blow him to Paris." Away went George delighted with the commission, and returned in about an hour after, accompanied by some boatmen bearing two boxes, large enough to contain pistols and pike-heads for all the men of the place. They were admitted into the hall, where they found the bench occupied by the town and country gentlemen,—the soldiers ranged in the area in front, and the Republican, nothing abashed, standing at the bar. *He had baffled all his judges*, and had given them so much more wit and argument than they wanted, that they had ceased questioning him, and were now employed in turning over his papers. A letter written in cipher had been found on his person, and a gentleman, somewhat skilled in such matters, was examining it with much interest, while his more immediate neighbours were looking over his shoulders. "Bring forward the boxes, George," said one of the gentlemen. George placed them both on the large table fronting the bench, and proceeded to uncord them. The first

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he opened was filled with *gingerbread,* the other with *girls' dolls and boys' whistles,* and an endless variety of trinkets and toys of a similar class. Some of the elderly gentlemen took snuff and looked at one another;—the younger laughed outright. "Have you deciphered that scrawl, Pointzfield?" enquired one of the more serious, with a view of restoring the court to its gravity. "Yes," said Pointzfield, drily enough, "I rather think I have."—"*Treasonable, of course,*" remarked the other. "No, not quite that now," rejoined the other, "whatever it might have been fifty years ago. It is merely a copy of the old Jacobitical ballad, the *Sow's Tail to Geordie.*" A titter ran along the bench as before, and the court broke up after determining that the Democrat should be sent to the jail of Tain to abide further trial, and that Paine should be burnt in effigy, *at the expense of the County.* Paine was accordingly burnt; and all the children were gratified with a second procession and a second bonfire, quite as showy in their way as those of the preceding evening. The prisoner was escorted to Tain by a party of soldiers; and on his release, which took place shortly after, he quitted the country for London, where he became the editor of a thriving newspaper on the popular side, which he conducted for many years with much spirit and ability. Meanwhile the Revolutionary cause languished for lack of a leader; and, on the declaration of war with France, sunk entirely amid the stormy ebullitions of a feeling still more popular than the Republican one.

There are some passions and employments of the human mind which give it a sceptical bias, and others apparently of a very similar nature, which incline it to credulity. So long as the Revolutionary spirit stalked abroad, it seemed as if every other spirit staid at home. The spectre slept quietly in its church-yard, and the wraith in its pool; the dead-light was hooded by an extinguisher, and the witch minded her own business without interfering with that of her neighbours. On the breaking out of the war, however, there came on a season of omens and prodigies, and the whole supernatural world seemed starting into as full activity as the fears and hopes of the community. Armies were seen fighting in the air, amid the waving of banners and the frequent flashing of cannon; and the whole northern sky appeared for three nights together as if deluged with blood. In the vicinity of Inverness, bands of armed men were descried at twilight as if marching across the fields,—at times half enveloped in smoke, at times levelling their arms as if for the charge. There was an ominously warlike spirit, too, among the chidren, which the elderly people did not at all like;—they went about, just as before the American war, with their mimic drums and fifes, and their muskets and halberts of elder, disturbing the whole country with uncouth music, and their zeal against the French. Then came the tug of war; trade sunk; and many of the mechanics of the place flung aside their tools and entered either the army or the navy. *Party spirit died;* the Whigs forgot every thing but that they were Britons; and when orders came that such of the males of the place as volunteered their services might be embodied into a kind of domestic militia, old men of seventy, and upwards, some of whom had fought at Culloden, and striplings of fifteen, who had not yet left school, came to the house of their future Colonel, begging to be enrolled, and furnished with arms. In less than two days every man in the town and parish was a soldier. Then came the stories of our great sea victories; the glare of illuminations and bonfires; the general anxiety when the intelligence first arrived that a battle had been fought, and the general sadness when it was ascertained that a townsman had fallen. When the news of Duncan's victory came to the town, a little girl, who had a brother among the sailors, ran more than three miles into the country to a field in which her mother was employed in digging potatoes, and falling down at her feet, had just breath enough left to say "*mither, mither, the Dutch are beaten, and Sandy's safe.*" The report of a threatened invasion knit the people still more firmly together, and they began to hate the French, not merely as national, but also as personal enemies. And thus they continued to feel, till, at length, the battle of Waterloo, by terminating the war, reduced them to the necessity of seeking, as before, their enemies at home.

For more than twenty years the words Whig and Tory had well nigh gone out; and the younger townsmen were for some time rather doubtful about their meaning. At length however they learnt that *the Whigs* meant *the people,* and *the Tories* those who wished to *live by them,* and yet call them names. The townspeople, therefore, became Whigs to a man; execrated the Holy Alliance, and the massacre at Manchester; drunk healths to Queen Caroline and Henry Brougham; and though they petitioned against Catholic emancipation, for, like most Scotch folks, they had too thorough a respect for their grand-fathers to be wholly consistent, they were yet shrewd enough to enquire whether any one had ever boasted of his country because the great men opposed to that measure were his countrymen. The Reform Bill, however, set them all right again, by turning them full in the wake of their old leaders; and yet, no sooner was Whiggism entrusted with the keys of office, than they began to make discoveries which had the effect of considerably modifying the tone of their politics. They began to discover,—will it be believed! that all men are not born equal; and that there exists an Aristocracy in the very economy of nature. It was not merely the choice of his countymen that made Washington a great general, or Franklin a profound statesmen. They have also begun to discover, that a good whig may be a dishonest man;—nay, that one may be at once Whig and Tory; a Tory to his servants and dependants, a Whig to his superiors and his country. For my own part I am a Whig,—a born Whig; but no similarity of political principle will ever lead me to put any confidence in the man to whom I could not entrust my private concerns; and as for the Whiggism that horse-whipped the poor woman who was picking up a few withered sticks out of its hedge, it may wear the laurel leaf and the blue ribbon in any way it pleases, but I assure it, it won't be of my party.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

PUG'S AERONAUTIC FLIGHT.

[In our last, we alluded to the balloon excursion of Mr. Green, and Jacopo, a favourite Monkey from the Zoological Gardens. In the London Literary Gazette for June, we discover the following particulars.]

Surrey Zoological Gardens, May 28.

My Dear Friend,—Being the first of my species who has ventured on an aërial voyage (the only other paw paw ascent in which a lady took a part being fatal), and knowing the kind interest you have always taken in my welfare, I have felt that I could not without ingratitude (a vice unknown to us, except to a few individuals who have lived much in the world with men and women) refrain from sending you, though but a slight and imperfect account of my excursion.

Mr. Cross having expressed a desire that I should accompany Mr. Green, I was not much disinclined to accede to the proposition; but, if I had been ever so much averse to it, a single glance from the soft blue eyes of Miss Fanny P——o would have induced me to run, or, more properly speaking, to swing, a far greater risk. I, accordingly, consented to the arrangement, which was properly advertised; and I understand about 22,000 people came to the Surrey Zoological Gardens to witness the interesting spectacle. Forgive my vanity if I impute their eager and multitudinous assemblage to my superior attraction; but when I take the air in public, human dandies may hide their unregarded heads!

On Saturday, I spent a social evening with the Old Baboon and the Ourang Outang. The former approved of the affair, and, in his usual philosophical manner (for he is a learned professor and lecturer among us) described it as a noble skyentific experiment, well calculated to enlarge the bounds of skyence; while the latter, who had just arrived from abroad, where the schoolmaster was not, considered it to be a foolish piece of sky-larking, unworthy of a creature who could climb trees of every kind, and skip, like a dancing master, from bough to bough. My mind, however, was made up; and so, on Sunday, I also made my will,* took an affectionate leave of Mrs. Pug and other relations, and prepared for the event.

Having inflated the public with announcements of this grand exploit, on Monday, we began to inflate the balloon; and the gas and the visitors flowed in freely—though we paid for the gas, and the visitors for themselves. There was, nevertheless, considerable delay, and I became almost as sick as a lover postponed: for, indeed, I expected to be in heaven about three o'clock, but did not mount till seven.

There seems to me to be always a great deal more bustle about leaving this world than the occasion requires. After hauling, and pulling, and shouting, and tearing, and swearing, however, the balloon was at length brought to the raft where I awaited it. I examined it carefully, saw the car attached, the ballast stowed, the flags appointed, the parachute suspended, and all the other particulars upon which the safety of my bold adventure depended. I assure you I let nothing escape me, not even a modicum of gas from the valve.

All being ready, Lord A. Fitzclarence and a few other acquaintances came off in a punt to bid me good-bye; and the guns began to tell upon the crowd that I was going to go. Green and another man were put into the car, and I was attached to the parachute hanging over its stem, or stern, for I was really so flabergasted at the moment that I cannot exactly say which it was: but my trepidation was only momentary. Green looked blue, and his companion a pale yellow—I alone did not change colour. The signal was given, and up we went—gradually, beautifully, majestically. Never shall I forget my emotions!

At first I saw a multitude of eyes fixed upon me, and especially one pair with a tremendous squint, which affected me like fascination; but soon the whole conglomerated, and I beheld, as it were, a single eye occupying all the vast garden I was now rapidly leaving. Squints could reach me no more, and Loveliness itself must have acknowledged a being beyond the power of its sweetest glance. For a moment I observed the Old Baboon 'specially contemplative in his cage, and the Ourang Outang jumping about like the lion at feeding time. Speedily my vision became less distinct, though still the noises of earth ascended to my exalted sphere, and tempered my exulting sensations. I heard the cockatoo distinctly; and the blue macaw, crying "How d'ye do, up there?" was the last sensible thing out of the garden. One remarkable phenomenon was

* Should there be any curiosity respecting this document, fortunately not immediately wanted, I beg to state what my intentions were. I left my laced jacket to Lord John——; my inexpressibles to Mrs. N——n; my cap and feathers to the prime minister who might be in office at the time of my decease; my collar-bell to the Archbishop of C——y, to be rung when the church was in danger; my head to our ambassador at Paris; my claws to four editors of party daily newspapers; my heart to L——; and my tail to Mr. Dan. O'Connell.

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obvious for a short while: what with the number of persons in a state of heat and excitement, the odours from the dens of the animals, and the fumes from the cigars of the rabble, the atmosphere was so delightfully impregnated, that I have not experienced such native enjoyment since I left Bengal on my travels for England. But we soon rose above this delectable composition of the aërial fluid; and you may guess how cold it was, when I confess that I began to chatter. I continued, notwithstanding, to nod my head and wave my arms to the admiring multitude.

A preceding aëronaut has told you that Epping Forest looked to him like a gooseberry-bush; and I can, though you cannot, readily believe him. Only go up in a balloon to have your ideas enlarged and objects diminished. At first, to me, the Surrey Zoological Gardens appeared to be an ant's hillock overturned; by and by it was a motionless speck. The Thames was a silver wire, London a model exhibited in a small room, and all the metropolitan districts quite incompetent, under any bill, to return members to a reformed parliament. In truth, the whole thing was a miserable mockery. A county was so small, you might, as Shakespeare says, "Saddle white Surrey;" Kent and Essex were nowhere; and Middlesex only somewhere, in consequence of being represented by Mr. Joseph Hume.

I am free to confess, that, with the exception of yourself, Mrs. Cross, and others, who have shewn me great kindness, I have had little reason to think well of the animal *homo*. The tricks I often see played in our gardens have disgusted me with the race, male and female, whom I constantly discover to be either utter fools, or busy in betraying each other. They little think that Monkeys have ears; though not so large as those of little Pitchers! Oh, the stories I could tell!

But it is impossible to describe the increase of my contempt, when soaring into my new elevation, and sweeping the clouds, I looked down upon the paltry automata below. Crowd of idiots I muttered, how inferior to a herd of my own species, roaming through the forest jungle of Bengal! You call yourselves rational beings, yet here you are astonished at the exploit of a Monkey, whose graceful and undaunted bearing, certainly deserves the admiration which these anxious exclamations and loud shoutings proclaim. But, my dear friend, why should I trouble you with my moral reflections on this occasion?

As I proceeded in my flight, things of earth began to lose their consequence, and at my highest point the only terrestrial thought that obtruded was, if casting my eyes towards the east, I could see any of my old comrades and relatives about Moorshedabad, Mauldah, Gour, or Rajmahal. Alas, I was yet too near the silly bipeds of Europe!

Now, however, the important moment arrived when I was to be detached from the balloon, and revisit England by the aid of one of my native country's articles, here ridiculously called Umbrella or Parachute—names unknown to Hindostan. I experienced no fear. The loop was cut, and it seemed to me as if the balloon rose rapidly. I stood steady and unmoved, when suddenly the parachute flew up with a jerk, and I firmly believe I would have tumbled out of my cage, had I not been carefully fastened in. As it was, Garnerin's horizontal swings were nothing to mine; but still I was perfectly composed, though my breath came and went, panting like a lover's. As I neared the ground I perceived I was somewhere above Walworth; and soon after (noticing, Asmodeus like, some odd practical matters as I overlooked and passed the haunts of men) I dropped in East Lane, into the garden of John Williamson, Policeman, No. ——, who immediately took me into custody, as a disorderly intruder. Having mentioned to him, through the medium of a paper under my own hand, that my procession was perfectly legal, and that a reward of two guineas would be paid on my return home, he had the politeness to be convinced of the truth, and civilly consented to carry me back. This he did; and I was received with a mixture of unanimous acclaim, such as has never before rewarded the most popular effort in the world. The screeches of children, the exclamations of women, the plaudits of men, were gloriously commingled with the roar of lions, the howls of hyenas, the screams of macaws, parrots, and parroquets, the grunts of tapirs, the snorts of quaggas, and other melodious sounds. I was so overcome by my emotions, that I absolutely mistook the Turkish ambassador and his three attendants, for Reich, Rosan, Klaus, and Kaln, the Hungarian singers!

With this, my friend, I would conclude; but as I am aware it is your wish in the *Literary Gazette* to instruct as well as to inform, I shall therefore only beg your application of this day's exploit, to illustrate the mighty advance which *We* have made in the useful arts, and the march of knowledge, on philosophical principles. Pray, refer back to the History of the only previous "Monkey *that had seen the world.*" How lame and impotent were his acquirements, in comparison with mine—a mere paltry acquaintance with fashionable life. I, on the other hand, mounted on a novel vehicle of power and wonder, to contemplate, as it were a god Apis, the entire human system, and return to earth so endued with wisdom, as to be fit to become (were it not beneath my intellect) a radical reformer. Yet I hope that the fruits of my voyage will not be altogether lost. I propose, should I find time, leisure, and inclination, to throw out a few hints for the government of mankind. In that case I shall open a shop in Regent Street, and publish my quarto volume by subscription; but I am not yet quite sure, as I had no opportunity of seeing the king in private, and the levee yesterday was too crowded to admit of any confidential conversation between us. Hereafter as may be: so no more at present, dear friend, from yours, affectionately,

JACOPO RHESUS, *Bengalensis*,
commonly called the White-faced Monkey.

THE REFORMATION, 23d AUGUST, 1535.

(FROM BULWER'S STUDENT, 1835.)

IT was a warm, clear, and sunny day, on which I commenced the voyage of the Lake; looking behind, I gazed on the roofs and spires of Geneva, and forgot the present in the past. What to me was its little community of watchmakers, and its little colony of *English?* I saw Charles, of Savoy, at its gates.—I heard the voice of Berthelier, invoking *liberty*, and summoning to arms. The struggle past—the scaffold rose—and the patriot became the *martyr!* His blood was not spilt in vain. *Religion* became the resurrection of *Freedom*. The town is silent—it is under excommunication. Suddenly a murmur is heard—it rises—it gathers—*the people are awake*—they sweep the streets—*the images are broken!* Farel is preaching to the Council: yet a little while, and the stern soul of *Calvin* is at work within those walls. The *loftiest of the Reformers*, and the one whose influence has been the most wide and lasting, is the earliest also of the great tribe of the persecuted, the city of the Lake receives within her arms. The benefits he repaid—behold them around! Wherever property is secure, wherever thought is free, wherever the ancient learning is revived, wherever the ancient spirit has been caught, you trace the work of the *Reformation*, and the *inflexible*, inquisitive, *unconquerable soul of Calvin!* He foresaw not, it is true, nor designed the effects he has produced. The same sternness of purpose, the same rigidity of conscience that led him to reform, and urged him to persecute The Exile of Bolsec, and the martyrdom of Servede, rest darkly upon his name. But the blessings we owe to the first inquirers, compensate their errors. Had Calvin not lived, there would have been not one, but a thousand Servedes! The spirit of enquiry redeems itself as it progresses; once loosed, it will not stop at the limit to which its early disciples would restrain it. Born with them, it does not grow with their growth, it *survives their death*—it but commences where they conclude. In one century, the flames are for the person, in another for the work; in the third, work and person are alike sacred.*

CATALOGUE OF ENGLISH FAMILY NAMES.

Kings, Princes, Dukes, Earls, Knights, *Pages*, Squires, Popes, Bishops. *Deans*, Abbots, Monks, Parsons, Priors, *Halls*, Castles, Chambers, *Bells*, Churches, and Spires; Towns, Streets, and Bridges; Alleys, Lanes, Rows, Parks, Woods, and *Hills;* Moors, Marshes, Meadows, *Brooks, Rivers, Pools, Waters, Herons*, Swans, Cranes, *Bucks, Hares*, and Foxes; Lambs, Shepherds, and Swains; Underwood, Greenwood, Redwood, and Blackwood; Atwood and Akwood; Wedgwood and Packwood; Fowlers and Fishers; Hookers, *Hunters*, and Hawkers; Hoppers and *Trotters;* Riders, Pedlars, and *Walkers;* Longman and Shortman; *Slowman* and *Trueman; Hardman* and *Woodman;* Freeman and Newman; Tailors, Turners, and Drapers; Barbers, *Bakers*, and Butlers; *Cooks, Coopers, Carters*, Chandlers, and Cutlers; Sharp, Little, Grey, Young, Swift, and Strong; Short, Small, and White; *Brown*, Smart, and *Long; Tom's-son* and Harry-son, *Wat's-son* and Hodge's-son, *Dick's-son* and *Jack's-son, John's-son* and *Roger's-son.*

Many more *Adam's-sons* may be added to these, Which you, courteous Reader, may do if you please.

PASSAGES FROM MR. BULWER'S NEW WORK—"THE STUDENT," 2 Vols.

SOLITUDE is only for the guiltless—evil thoughts are companions for a time—evil deeds are companions through *Eternity*.

Principle is a passion for truth, the truths of God are the *pillars* of the world.

To be immortal, is to be the companion of God! This hope makes the dignity of man, nor can I

* Here, in 1835, the *Placard* is the stake. The future Historian of Albany, will have cause to blush for this monstrous act, to countervail the freedom of thought and free inquity; for that inquisition set up to enthral and put down the Press by Clergymen, Wesleyan Missionaries, and their followers.

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conceive how *he* who feels its breathings, its exalted eloquence through his heart, can be guilty of one sordid action, or brood over one low desire.

In order to love mankind—expect but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must *accustom* ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a *justice* which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. The wisest men have always been the most indulgent.

In the presence of a Mother, we feel that our childhood has not all departed! It is a barrier between ourselves and the advance of *time*, chased and weaned out by the cares of manhood; we enter the temple dedicated to youth—and our persecutors sleep while we linger at the altar.

Life itself is but a long dying, and with every struggle against disease, we taste the grave, and the solemnities of our own funerals. Every day's necessity calls for a separation of that portion which death fed on all night; when we lay on his lap, and slept in his outer-chambers.

Our imagination kept rigidly from the world, is the Eden in which we walk with God.

In our sleep from the passions of the world, God makes an Eve to us from our own breast.

It is not necessary to live, but it *is* necessary to live nobly!

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

(Coleridge's Testimony.)

On a blank leaf in the late Mr. Coleridge's copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, the following note is written:

I know of no book, the Bible excepted, as above all comparison, which I, according to my judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth according to the mind that was in Jesus Christ, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologiæ evangelica* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired.

S. T. C.

AMERICAN DESPOTISM.

(Journal of a Residence in the United States, By E. S. Abdy, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, 3 Vols. 8vo. 1835.

Let the Americans look to it, for Mr. Abdy has brought home to their door, and substantiated one of the foulest, or rather a host of the foulest and darkest charges that have ever been arrayed against a nation. The Criminality of the United States, in reference to Slavery, has long been known and felt; but never till now has it been so firmly and sharply directed. However well the people of that vast country may have continued hitherto to stifle conviction, or court the searing progress that for a time deadens the conscience, the time has come round when the home thrust has been made, and the refuge of lies laid open to their dishonour and dismay. The Americans may storm and deny, may affect to palliate, and argue, so much the better; they can thereby only expose the plague spot of the national conduct the more to the disgust of civilized men.

Many, very many gross and astounding instances of tyranny are here related, affecting all classes, and not even excepting the President Jackson, and the far-famed Dr. Channing. And is it in the boasted land of freedom and equality that these monstrous acts of tyranny on the part of the many and the strong, over the few and the weak, are so daringly committed? Is she not deeply in debt to outraged humanity? Well may the author assert that not the least part of the debt is involved in the cruel indignities to which the free sons of those who were stolen from their native land are subjected by the descendants of the robbers. He adds, "I can say with the utmost sincerity, that I left England with a wish to do justice to America. I thought her character had been misrepresented, and I was anxious to collect facts that I might adduce in her vindication on my return. I soon found, however, that I must throw up my brief: the libel had become a criminal indictment; and the former plaintiff was the defendant. I am now in the witness-box; and I trust the claims of justice will still be satisfied." No longer let the Americans complain of the insults received from strangers, while they heap such-wrongs upon their own countrymen.

THE STAR-ENAMOURED.

"Who dwells among the stars, mamma—so mild, so fair, and bright?
As o'er us, in the dusky sky, they shed their lovely light:
Methinks a gently-beaming eye in every ray I see,
A host of heavenly watchers set to guide and counsel me!

"This earth has many a flower, mamma, and many a valley sweet,
To balm the sense with fragrance pure, and rest the weary feet;
And many a kindly face, mamma, we meet, as here we roam,
The kindest and the dearest still, the nearer to our home.

"But oh! mamma, I long to be a creature of the sky,
To shine and shine for ever more in yon bright place on high.
I long to be away—away!—from this pale prison free,
To look a long long tearless look of endless love on thee!

"They say that angel-forms, mamma, amongst those stars are seen
In everlasting whiteness clad, in never-dying sheen;
And kindly looks they send to all whose hearts with grief are riven,
A foretaste sweet of Faith's reward, when call'd to dwell in heaven!

"And might not I—a child, mamma,—become a little star,
And shed my looks of light and love from yonder fields afar?
You might not know my beams, mamma, but they would ever be
Directed, with a fervent glance, upon thy home and thee?

"Then let me go and pray, mamma, that I may soar away,
And never lift my eyes again upon another day!
I long to be among the stars—to feel their balmy light—
Oh! let me go and pray, mamma; good night, a long good night!"

The mother clasped her little child, and tenderly she said,
"Thou canst not be a star as yet, my gentle little maid!
But when thy lovely life is o'er, and God shall call his own,
I trust that thou *wilt* be a star,—the brightest round his throne!

"Thou canst not be a star as yet, for there is many a one
To whom thou art a light, my love, still shining softly on;
And if thy lustre from this life should suddenly depart,
'Twould quench thy mother's hopes on earth,—'twould break thy mother's heart!"

But still the little lady pined, and none might say her nay—
Her soul was with the stars by night—her heart the livelong day;
And on her infant pillow, cold, they found the little maid,
In holy sleep, like angels' rest,—all beautifully laid!

Oh! who could see her as she lay in her mild beauty dress'd,
Nor feel a wish to share with her that deep unbroken rest—
That faultless loveliness which speaks a gentle seraph's birth—
A star, if ever star there were, upon the dewy earth!

And now the mother looks for her, whene'er the silent night
Is gemm'd with countless stars serene, intensely, purely bright;
But to the eye of Faith alone, that vision fair is given—
That mother may not see her child, until they meet in heaven!—(*Monthly Magazine.*)

Remarks on War.—I firmly believe that war or the sending thousands of our fellow-creatures to cut one another to bits, often for what they have no concern in nor understand, will one day be reckoned far more absurd than if people were to settle an argument over the dinner-table with their knives—a logic, indeed, which was once fashionable in some places during the "good old times." The world has seen the absurdity of that practice; why should it not come to years of discretion with respect to violence on a larger scale? The other day our own country and the United States agreed to refer a point in dispute to the arbitration of the King of Holland, a compliment of which his Majesty was justly proud. Why should not every national dispute be referred in like manner to a third party? There is reason to suppose that the judgment would stand a good chance of being impartial; and it would benefit the character of the judge and dispose him to receive judgments of the same kind, till at length the custom should prevail like any other custom, and men be astonished at the customs that preceeded it.—*Leigh Hunt's "Captain Sword and Captain Pen."*

The Jews have resolved to petition Parliament for the removal of their disabilities. They pray to be put "in the same condition, as to all civil rights and franchises, with the other subjects, of His Majesty dissenting from the established church."

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THE LAW OF ARREST.

THE wit, the shrewdness, and the truth of the following passages from Bulwer's "Student," are striking in no ordinary degree. It outstrips some of the most lengthened and laboured pictures drawn by the "Clergyman in Debt," whose volumes we lately noticed. His story commences by telling us, that a certain merchant at Hamburgh had a claim on a captain of an English vessel for five hundred pounds; that on coming to Portsmouth to demand his own, he found that the captain was about to sail for Calcutta on the next day, and becoming therefore extremely urgent, the debtor unceremoniously and wickedly swore a debt against the unsuspecting merchant, whereby he was instantly arrested, instead of either securing the captain or obtaining any part of his five hundred pounds. The officer was kind enough, however, to say, that he might be extremely comfortable in his lock-up-house, at the moderate charge of only a guinea per day, provided he found his own wine. We must allow the author to narrate the rest:—

"In order to while away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow-prisoners. 'Vat be you in prison for?' said he to a stout respectable-looking man who seemed in a violent passion—'for vat crime?'

"'I, Sir, crime!' quoth the prisoner; 'Sir, I was going to Liverpool to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposite candidates had me suddenly arrested for 2,000*l.* Before I get bail the election will be over!'

"'Vat's that you tell me? arrest you to prevent you giving an honesht vote? is that justice?'

"'Justise, no!' cried our friend, 'it's the Law of Arrest.'

"'And vat be you in prishon for?' said the merchant, pityingly, to a thin cadaverous-looking object, who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to eyes that were worn with weeping.

"'An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could obtain a few names to indorse it—*I*, Sir, indorsed it. The bill became due, the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill; there were eight of us, the law allows him to charge two guineas for each; there are sixteen guineas, Sir, for the lawyer—but I, Sir—alas! my family will starve before *I* shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men called discounting-attornies, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folk.'

"'Mine Gott! but is dat justice?'

"'Alas! No, Sir, it is the Law of Arrest.'

"'But,' said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the Devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession—'dey tell me, dat in Englant a man be called innoshent till he be proved guilty; but here am I, who, because von carrion of a shailor, who owesh me five hundred pounts, takes an oath that *I* owe him ten thousand—here am I, on that scoundrel's single oath, clapped up in a prishon. Is this a man's being innoshent till he is proved guilty, Sare?'

"'Sir,' said the lawyer primly, 'you are thinking of criminal cases; but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that is quite a different thing:—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime!'

"'But, mine Gott! is dat justice?'

"'Justice! pooh! it's the Law of Arrest,' said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

"Our merchant was liberated; no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate; he told his case; he implored justice against Captain Jones.

"'Captain Jones!' said the magistrate, taking snuff; "Captain Gregory Jones, you mean?'

"'Ay, mine goot Sare—yesh!'

"'He set sail for Calcutta yesterday. He commands the Royal Sally. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer. He's a clever fellow is Gregory Jones!'

"'De teufel! but, Sare, ish dere no remedy for de poor merchant?'

"'Remedy! oh, yes—indictment for perjury.'

"'But vat use is dat? You say he be gone—ten thousand miles off to Calcutta.'

"'That's certainly against your indictment.'

"'And cannot I get my monish?'

"'Not as I see.'

"'And *I* have been arreshted instead of him.'

"'You have.'

"'Sare, I have only von vord to say—*is* dat justice.'

"'That I can't say, Mynheer Meyer, but it is certainly the Law of Arrest,' answered the magistrate; and he bowed the merchant out of the room."

LORD BROUGHAM.

At the third anniversary dinner in London, which was held in commemoration of the foundation of the Alms-houses erected out of the money subscribed for a reform illumination, Lord Brougham, the chairman, thus adverted to the positions of the ministry:—"In addition to a formidable majority leagued against them in the House of Lords, they had in the House of Commons to combat a powerful opposition, amounting to nearly one-half of the representation; and what was worse, an opposition composed of a compact and resolute body, while their own party was split in half a dozen sections. But though thus comparatively weak in point of numbers, he was proud to say that the present ministry were strong in honesty of purpose—strong in the rights they had to guide them—strong, he trusted, in the support of their country. This was the support on which alone it could stand; for should it desert and disregard the people, it would look in vain for court favour, and would be insulted, mocked, and turned out, with the contempt of the court which it had sought to fawn upon, and the detestation of the people whom it had betrayed. No ministry whatever could stand without the support of the people—it was the breath of their nostrils. He had said four years since, that no ministry ought to stand without the support of the people: he would now say—looking to the progress of public feeling and opinion—that no ministry could stand without it." The "liberty of the press, and the immediate repeal of the most pernicious of all taxes, the taxes on knowledge," elicited the following observations from the noble chairman:—"This toast had formerly been often drunk in Westminster, in the following form, 'the liberty of the press—it is like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we perish.' It was true that the air in question in some cases partook of the nature of an east wind; that it was sometimes impregnated with the most noxious vapours, and conveyed to the ear harsh and grating sounds, disgusting falsehoods, contagious, pestilential, and slanderous indecency; yet no man out of St Luke's or Bedlam would abuse the air because the exceptions to its utility were so numerous. He had just recommended them, as the means to obtain good government, to keep a watchful eye on whatever ministry was in office; the same vigilence would procure for them a free and a pure press. When they found a newspaper become corrupt, let them treat it with the indifference, contempt, and indignation it deserved; they would soon find the remedy effective. On the other hand, let them not fail to support that portion of the press which did its duty manfully and honestly, even in some cases in opposition to its own interest. The taxes on knowledge were described on the toast-paper as pernicious: pernicious was an expression hardly strong enough; he should call them infamous—he was going to say infernal. It was not very easy, however, to get this view of the case before the public, for the newspapers themselves were, in most cases, very careful in saying nothing about the matter; 'not that they cared about it on their account; oh, no; they were quite disinterested parties: all that they feared was, that if the tax were taken off, the public would be shocked with the appearance of blasphemous, obscene, and seditious papers! Now, he very much doubted whether any change of circumstances could increase the number of obscene, seditious, and blaphemous, certainly not slanderous papers: indeed, if ministers would take off this tax, he would guarantee them against an increase in such publications."

O'CONNELL'S CATHOLICISM.

THE following letter is rather curious. It is addressed by O'Connell to the Editor of *The Sun*, Morning Paper.

SIR,—Afford me space for a few lines. I am so assailed in the Newspapers that I have little inclination, and less leisure, to defend myself; besides, in my opinion, frankly, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*

But a paragraph, said to be copied from the *Times*, is "going the rounds" of the Irish Newspapers. It attributes to me to have shown disrespect to Divine worship by a Protestant Clergyman; and what appears stranger, certainly unusual to me, is, that the facts are not violently distorted in order to make out the charge against me.

Allow me to make such of the public as take an interest in the matter, conversant of the real facts—I then abide their judgment readily.

I attended the funeral of Mr. Cobbett to the church-door. The body was taken into the church to have the usual prayers said over it. I did not go into the church. I never join in worship with any persuasion of christians but mine own. This may be called bigotry; with me it is religious principle, confined to my own mode of action, not obtruded upon any body else.

When the coffin was taken from the church to the grave, I respectfully attended it to that grave; when the body was laid down the Clergyman began prayers, again I left the grave, and, without disturbing any person, retired to the church porch, remaining uncovered until I had reached the porch, where I found a large group of persons with their hats on. We were then out of sight of the Clergyman, and out of hearing of the prayers, and I then, and not till then, put on my travelling cap.

I certainly did not intend to show, and I am certain I did not show, any disrespect to the devotions then going on. I am quite incapable of showing disrespect to any Christians engaged in prayer.

It may be asked, why then did I not join in those prayers? My answer is ready—Because I claim for myself that which I insist upon for every other sect and party—the free exercise in my own religious observances.

Liberality does not, in my mind, consist in softening down or giving up any particle of one's own religious opinions. It consists, as I think, in being anxious to afford to every other person that which you claim for yourself—the free and the strict observance of his own religious practices, however repugnant they may be to your's.

There is the case of Captain Aitcheson of the Artillery—a case which I consider to be a disgrace to British military authority, and indeed to

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the British nation. It is a crying injustice, which loudly calls for redress. His case is just this:—He was ordered to fire a salute in honour of a procession of the holy sacrament. He felt that it was joining in an act of worship—and it was so—of that which his conscientious belief told him ought not to be worshipped. He does not believe in the real presence. Well—I do believe in the real presence with the firmest and most undoubting faith. He refused to fire the salute under those circumstances—I approve of his conduct. As a man of conscience, he could not do otherwise. What is the consequence? He is stripped of his commission without any recompense, and left with his family in deep distress. I honour his consistency. I have more than once advocated his case before Parliament—and I do hope the British people will one day or other be roused by a sense of wrong done, though it be to a single individual, and insist on justice being done to a conscientious and honourable man.

The Catholic is bound to pray *for* all men. He is bound to pray *with* Catholics only. This is my principle of action—I asserted this principle for Captain Aitcheson—I do assert it for myself. If I had shown any—even the slightest—disrespect to Divine Worship by Protestants, I should atone for it, in the most public and satisfactory manner I possibly could. I did not do so—I only asserted my own principles.

Let those blame me who please, and amongst them perhaps may be found some of the most constant and practical bigots of the day. For myself, I repeat, I only assert for myself fully and completely that which I am equally ready to to assert as fully and as completely for others—perfect individual freedom of religious observance. —I have the honour to be,

Your very obedient servant,

July 7th. DANIEL O'CONNEL.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A SPLENDID ENGRAVING FROM HARVEY'S NATIONAL PAINTING OF THE COVENANTERS' WORSHIP.

By Mrs. Johnstone.

[In this fine picture Mr. Harvey has made felicitous use of the accident of the Covenanters placing an armed watch on the heights to give notice of the sudden appearance of the moss troopers, that the aged, and the women and children, might be placed in safety; and the men stand to their arms, which they always carried with them to public worship.]

HARVEY! be thine than Art a nobler praise!
No courtly limner traced that brave design,
Where genius re-awakes the glorious days
Of our land's story,—paints the heroic line,
Martyrs and Saints, and high-souled peasant-men,
Gathered to worship GOD in that lone mountain-glen.

Our Covenant-Fathers!—who ne'er crooked the knee
To Prelate pride, Priestly or Tyrant sway;
But claimed the birth-right wherewith God makes free;—
Eternal blessing crown their names alway!—
Strong in the Truth, the Life, the Power, the Word;
Grasping with high resolve the Bible and the Sword.

Matron and maiden, child and grey haired sire,
In kindred groups, keep holy silence round,
Hanging on lips touched with a coal of fire
From Zion's altar—breathing prayer profound:—
Far on the height, the Shepherd-warrior stern
Paces his heedful watch by you sepulchral cairn.

And Israel's Shepherd guards the remnant flock,
Hunted by wolves to this lorn solitude
For them the desert blossoms—flows the rock
With living waters:—Hell shall not intrude!
For He, their Covenant God, their soul's desire,
Is Glory in the midst,—and round a Wall of Fire!

Harvey! thy artist power, how feebly told,
Whose patriot-pencil sketched the men of yore—
Lights of the land!—and bade the scroll unfold,
And painting's magic kindle hill, and moor,
And battle-field,—and, long to every age
Tell of our Fathers' Deeds—our children's Heritage! (*Tait's Magazine.*)

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

BY MR. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, 1835.

The good soil of the colony is in considerable quantity, and vast tracts now waste may be rendered profitable when irrigation becomes in general use;—the vine, the olive, the aloe, the mulberry, &c all thrive; tobacco and hemp may be raised to any extent; hides,* ivory, horns, oil, gums, &c. are procurable in great abundance; the shores abound in every variety of fish, and the country at large in vast flocks of cattle, sheep, &c.; in fine wool, we may now consider the colony as becoming the rival of New South Wales, so that in a few years we shall be totally independent of Spain or Germany for the raw material of one of our staple manufactures; while a profitable region is opening for emigrants of every description within eight weeks' sail of their parent land.

The possessor of small capital will here find a profitable field for its increase; the enterprising merchant may extend his intercourse with the industrious native tribes, either inland, along the coast, or throughout the numerous islands of the eastern seas; and the half-pay officer or small annuitant may still enjoy the pleasures of excellent society with a salubrious clime and the conveniencies and luxuries of life as cheap as they are to be found in any other part of the world. I am indebted to Mr. Phillips, an intelligent and patriotic Magistrate in Albany, for the following observations pointing out the advantages of the Cape colony for emigrants:

'To those who are desirous of removing themselves and families from the depressing anxieties of unprosperous circumstances, and who are able to carry out with them funds sufficient to purchase and stock a sheep farm for the growth of superior wool for exportation to England, Albany can be conscientiously recommended, as a country where rustic competence may be securely attained, without any severe exertion for the present, or harrassing anxiety for the future; where they will enjoy a mild and most salubrious climate, with perfect security of health, life, and property; and where they may comfortably establish themselves, by means of a capital more moderate, as has been well ascertained, than would suffice for the same purpose in any other British colony. To persons thus pre-disposed and circumstanced the following hints are offered.

'In the preparations for leaving England the intended sheep farmer must primarily have in view the procuring of the most improved breed of sheep; and as the Saxony wool is now in the highest estimation, rams, and the few ewes wanted should be imported from that country; which object can be attained with the greatest ease and safety, through the medium of merchants engaged in trade to that part of the continent. It would only be advisable to purchase a small number of ewes, in order to keep up the pure breed, and avoid the necessity of annual purchases of rams. Moreover, it has been proved that the climate and pasture of South Africa so highly agree with the animal, that the progeny reared in the colony have produced finer wool than the sheep imported. The number to be purchased must depend on the capital to be employed. At the same time, any number beyond what would be wanted on the farm could be disposed of in the colony to advantage. The following estimate has been made out at the request of a gentleman who is on the point of emigrating. It may serve as a guide to those who may have more or less capital to lay out. The prices quoted are at the *highest* present rate. Both farms and stock can no doubt be purchased cheaper.

'A farm of 6000 acres; payable in three instalments, viz: the first on the completion of the transfer, the second at the end of the first year, and the third at the end of the second year, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per acre, 450*l*; Government transfer duty, 4 per cent. 18*l*.; buildings, or repairs of those on the farm, 200*l*. furniture, 100*l*. 300. native ewes, at 2*s.* 30*l*; 40 Saxon Rams, at 12*l*. 480*l*; 10 do. ewes, at 5*l*. 50*l*; a wagon, 45*l*; 20 cows, at 20*s*. 20*l*; 12 draught oxen, at 30*s*. 18*l*; 4 horses and 4 mares, averaging 6*l*. 48*l*; total, 1729*l*.

'To this estimate may be added the annual quit-rent, from 3*l*. to 4*l*. and the annual taxes; to about the same amount. The capital about to be employed is stated to be 2,700*l*. which would be ample, after paying passage money for the family, for the Saxon sheep, and for two head shepherds; and would suffice until returns could be had from the increase of flocks, &c.

The Colony is no drain on the mother country; it pays all its civil, and part of its military expenses; and, under a free constitution, a sound banking system, and with a continuance of its present progressive prosperity, the Cape may well be deemed one of the most important sections of the empire. It is true the inhabitants may not yet be unanimous for the adoption of a legislative assembly; but, I trust no real friend of the colony will sow seeds of strife with a view to retard so

* While this page was going to press intelligence has reached me from the Cape that the colonial duty on Cape Hides, 1s. 2d. per cwt is to be raised to 2s. 4d. (the foreign duty) on all hides bought from the Caffres or other native tribes on the frontier; I trust the Colonial Authorities in Downing-street will prevent so impolitic a measure; the Caffre trade principally in hides, has risen within a few years to the value of £35,000 per annum, and the doubling of the duty would be equivalent to stopping altogether this outlet for our manufactures, as the Caffres have scarcely any thing else to give in exchange for our goods; such a paltry measure of profit would be disgraceful to a nation like England, and by similar suicidal acts she has done more to ruin her colonies and commerce than has ever been done by foreign enemies.

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desirable a consummation. The Africans have already suffered severely from a system of public peculation and private disputes among the authorities; they should be anxious to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of the former, and to lessen the cause of the latter. With a free press and education, I trust to see the foundation laid at the Cape of Good Hope of a great and powerful community, whose ancestors will have had the honour of converting an apparently sandy and inhospitable peninsula into a fertile and beautiful territory, from whence they will have the glory of extending among the natives and tribes of South Africa the comforts of civilization, the delights of freedom and literature, and the unspeakable blessings of Christianity.

SONG

BY THOMAS MOORE.

(From the new Series of Melodies.)

If thou would'st have me sing and play,
As once I played and sung,
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung.
Call back the time when Pleasure's sigh
First breathed among the strings;
And Time himself, in flitting by,
Made music with his wings.
Take, take the worn-out lute away,
And bring one newly strung,
If thou would'st have me sing and play
As once I played and sung.

But how is this? though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath the this hand they slumber mute,
Or speak but dreamy words.
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt—what nought could tell.
Oh, ask not, then, for passion's lay
From lute so coldly strung;
With this I ne'er can sing or play
As once I played and sung.

No—bring that long loved lute again,
Though chill'd by years it be,
If thou wilt call the slumbering strain,
'Twill wake again for thee.
Though time have froz'n the tuneful stream
Of thoughts that gush'd along,
One look from thee, like summer's beam,
Will thaw them into song.
Then give, oh give that wakening ray,
And, once more blithe and young,
Thy bard again will sing and play
As once he played and sung.

NEW INVENTION.

Capt. Dickson, 25th Regiment, has invented a Cloak, weighing but 14 oz. for general use in the army. It is intended to fit on between the soldiers' knapsack and mess-tin, and will effectively keep him from wet.

RURAL ECONOMY.

(On Steaming Food for Horses.)

In the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture for June, there is an interesting Paper, page 33, on steaming food for horses. To those who are unable to peruse the whole of the article, which is in the Public Library, the following extract may be interesting:—

Captain Cheyne, of the Royal Engineers, who has been succeeded in the posting establishment by Mr. Isaac Scott, at length, after repeated experiments, fixed upon the following mixture as the most economical and nutritious for horses performing fast work, on which they exhibited a finer condition than on a larger quantity of food without preparation. Each horse was given 15 lb. of the following mixture:—

10 bushels cut straw, . . .		90 lb.
6 ditto bruised oats, 29 lb. per bushel,		174
1 ditto bruised beans, . . .		59
		323 lb.
Or, of oats, . . .	8 lb.	
beans, . . .	2¾	
straw, . . .	4¼	
	15 lb. to each horse,	

And at night, in addition to the above, about 25 lb. of the following mixture:

1 boll of potatoes, at 7s. 6d 5 cwt. (steamed), 7. 6d. 560 lb., each horse	21½ lb.
Fine barley-dust, 10d. per stone, 2s. 1d. 36	1½
Oat-straw, at 6d. per stone, 1s. 0d. 40	2
Salt at 3d per cwt. 0s. 2d. 6 2 oz.	25 lb.

The cost for each horse, is, therefore, about 5d. for supper, and about 1s. for daily forage and cooking, in all about 1s. 5½d. when the whole food is purchased at market price.

INFALLIBLE CURE OF THE DRY ROT.

The same Journal (page 145) describes a simple, but most efficacious method, discovered by Mr. Kyan, for the preservation of timber under every circumstance.

Many other Papers in this Number of the Journal of Agriculture, are worth attention, viz:—

On General shows of Live Stock,—On the management of Heath,—Culture of the Dahlia,—On Preparing Manure,—On Planting Trees,—On Rot in Sheep,—Canada and the Illinois, &c.

BATHS FOR THE PEOPLE.

We introduce the following extract from a Welsh paper as a *hint* to our Cape projectors and joint-stock promoters. It has been long a matter of surprise and complaint, that here we have no accommodation for sea-bathing The subject is of the highest importance; we trust our enterprising countryman, Mr. Cannon, will take the business in hand without delay.

New Baths at Bangor.—We hinted some time ago the necessity of providing suitable places of public resort and amusement, in order to give effect to the unrivalled advantages which the vicinity of Bangor confessedly enjoys, for those "summer friends" who come with the swallows and go hence with the puffins, and who doubtless would be prevailed upon to shorten the "winter of our discontent," by locating amongst us, were proper accommodations provided. We are glad to perceive that our men of business and citizens in general have opened their eyes to the obvious utility or rather absolute necessity of keeping pace with other towns in the march of improvement. Our city has been highly favoured, and if, of late, the influx of visiters have fallen off, the fault is our own. The most *pressing of our exigencies* is about to be supplied. A project is on foot for the erection of baths, and a company is in course of formation for purchasing a convenient spot on the Pen'rallt estate, adjoining the Menai, for this purpose. The baths are intended to be built close to the sea shore, on a fine piece of gravelly marsh land called Siliwen, the level of which is a few feet above high water at spring tide. A large reservoir will be formed and sunk on this marsh, seven or eight feet lower than high-water-mark, in order to admit the water through the gravelly ground into it when the tide is in, so that there will be a plentiful and constant supply of pure water for the bathing places at low as well as at high water, which will afford an opportunity of bathing at any hour of the day, either in the open air or within the buildings, where both hot and cold baths may be enjoyed most favourably. Coupled with other great improvements in progress on the Pen'rallt estate, we look forward to this establishment as the means of greatly increasing the prosperity of this city, by inducing visiters to remain amongst us, and rendering Bangor a favorite watering place, which, from its position and its facility of intercourse with the beautiful and picturesque parts of North Wales—it is so eminently calculated to become. We are happy to learn that Mr. Williams, of Fron-deg, the engineer, who is engaged in carrying on the Pen'rallt improvements, and other respectable individuals, have already become subscribers for a good number of shares in this important undertaking, which we are told is divided into 100 shares of £20 each, so that the sum at present required to carry the same into effect will be £2000. It is considered that it will be one of the best public speculations which has hitherto offered itself in the principality.—*North Wales Chronicle.*

THE ROHAN POTATO: A NEW VARIETY.

An account of this new Potato is also described in the above Journal, (page 144.) Every attempt has been made by its original proprietor to prevent its propagation in Holland, Belgium, England, Prussia, or Germany. Happily, Switzerland and France were not interdicted. To give an idea of the extraordinary produce of this potato, it would appear that Mr. Martial, of Alais, gathered tubers, weighing 13lbs. 7oz.; and a single small tuber, wanting a few grains to make half an ounce, on being planted produced 48¼lbs.

SCIENCE.

Mr. C. P. Smyth, second son of Capt. Smyth, of Bedford, has been appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty, Assistant Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope.—(*Nautical Magazine.*)

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CAFFRE MANUFACTORY, &c.

In one of the villages (Lovedale), a native smith was at work, making "assagays," in the manner I have before alluded to, and which merits a particular description. The double bellows was the most curious part of the apparatus. It was formed of two goatskins, which were stripped from the carcasses of the goats in such a manner that they formed leather bags, open at both ends. The neck parts of the two skins were fixed into a common tube made of a straight bullock's horn. The openings at the opposite ends of the skins were contracted to narrow apertures, and short pieces of sticks sewed to them in such a manner that they may be opened and shut at pleasure by the thumb and fingers of each hand in succession.

A charcoal fire is kindled on one side of an anthill or lump of clay, which is perforated with a horizontal hole. Into this hole the common tube, or horn of the double bellows, is fixed on the opposite side to the fire, and the smith's assistant sits down on the ground between the two skins or bags. He then slips the thumb and fingers of each hand into small loops on each side of the aperture at the loose end of each bag, and opening his right hand to allow the air to enter the bag on that side, he again closes it and thrusts his arm forward, which forces the air through the tube. Before the air is all forced out of the bag on his right, he closes the aperture of the left-hand bag, and pushes the other arm forward in the same manner, and thus keeps up a constant blast through the common tube, which communicates with the furnace.

We saw the smith make several assagays in a very short time, with stones of different shapes for hammers. He had several thin bars of iron, which he beat out till they were of the proper thickness, upon his stone anvil, and then formed the point of the assagay in a very dexterous manner with his rude hammer. In forming the groove on each side of the head, or blade of the weapon, he used a flat round-edged shore-stone. The assagays are fashioned in a variety of ways, according to the uses to which they are applied. Most of them were made without shanks, to be used in war, or for killing small animals; others were formed with long shanks, for killing elephants or buffaloes, and some were barbed and notched in a very curious manner. These iron heads are fixed into long tapering sticks about four feet in length.

By means of the singular bellows I have just described, the Kaffres can smelt out *the iron from the ore, which is found in great abundance between Lovedale and the Buffalo river.* There is great reason to believe, from the narratives of recent travellers, that this simple bellows is used by most of the native tribes in the interior of Africa, and it is probably of great antiquity among them.—*Moodie's Ten Years in South Africa.*

Starch.—"The tax on starch (29*s.* per cwt) although high, yields but very little revenue to the state. The importance of the use of starch in the linen, cotton, and lace manufactories, its being essential to health and cleanliness, and the utility of the manufacture in profitably consuming the damp or injured wheats unsuitable for human food, are strong reasons why this article should be freed from tax. The diminished cost of the article, when duty-free, would greatly economise the expenditure of families, who now use a more economical, but, in a national sense, more expensive substitute. By the abolition of this duty, those wasteful and ridiculous excise restrictions, which now prohibit the disposal of the bran or refuse in any other shape than in feeding swine or cattle on the premises, would cease to divert the attention and capital of the starch manufacturers from their proper object."*—*Domestic and Financial Condition of Britain.*

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* Lord Althorp seems on this subject to have coincided in opinion with the author, for he has repealed the duty on starch. *Apropos*, not *des bottes*, but *des cravattes*, is there not reason to fear that this will render us a more "stiff-necked generation" even than we have hitherto been? And ought not a Chancellor of the Exchequer to have deeply considered the effect which such a measure might have upon stocks?

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE PAUL PRY FAMILY.

Of all characters in the world we think less of the Paul Pry class of beings who watch with keen anxiety the private affairs of their neighbours, than that of all others. We are occasionally troubled with communications from these people, which we have seldom or ever noticed. *X. Y. Z.* who addressed us a short time since, on the subject of a private ball and supper in Long-street, is evidently of the Pry denomination, and is probably grandson to the old lady mentioned in the following anecdote:

An old lady, living in a certain street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was for several days confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on without, as a substitute for the performance of that duty, she stationed her maid at the window. But Flora soon grew weary of the occupation; she became careless in her reports—impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence.

"Flora, what *are* you thinking about? don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?

"One of the gentlemen who lives there, Ma'am"

"Flora! Flora! I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?"

"Why, Ma'am, its only the baker with pies"

"*Pies*, Flora! what *can* they want with pies at 54? they had pies two days ago!"

READING THE NEWS.—GASTRONOMIE.

"Arrived in Table Bay, 28th Sept. the *Conch*, from Mussel Bay; cargo OYSTERS."

'Well, this is news indeed; I must send John down with the cart immediately. There's no living without Oysters"—when we can get them—our old friend should have added, who uttered the above exclamation on reading the above extraordinary annunciation. But it does appear, from the most respectable sources and the beaming countenances of the epicures themselves, that the town is all agog to be better acquainted with the natives from Mussel Bay.

For our own parts we could never very well *stomach* an oyster bed; in truth, we have been generally satisfied with *eprouvettes* of a different taste. A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas, or chicken with asparagus and a bread pudding, is dinner for an emperor,—so said the Earl of Dudley. We agree with him, but let peculiar attention be given to the accessaries. There was profound knowledge of character in the observation of the same statesman, on a deceased Baron of the Exchequer.—'He was a good man, sir; an excellent man; he had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life."

One or two words by way of warning to dinner eaters. The habit of eating too fast (and being alone) is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life,—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which might have been converted into decisive and influential victories, by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions, he has been known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the Emperor would have done much more than he did, "but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions"—a dish only to be paralleled by the pork chops which Thurtell & Co. regaled on after completing the murder of their friend Mr. Weare in Hertfordshire.

FALSE COLOURS.

Quiz is too severe on "the persons who assume to their names the distinction of *Esquire*, or otherwise exhibit signs of honour, such as cockades, mounted on the old worn-out *chapeau* of a Mosambique coachman or footman."

The variations of folly, pride, and vain glory are endless, but there are some, though discovering much human weakness, are nevertheless perfectly harmless. However, Parliament did not think so in 1758. It thus stands in the Journals of the House, 6th Feb. 1758:

"It was ordered by the Lords spiritual and temporal, that the King-at-Arms, attended by his proper officers, do blot out, disallow, deface, and destroy all ensigns of honour borne by such persons as have no legal title thereto,—in printed documents,—upon their carriages, plate, and furniture, and to make returns of their proceedings therein to the clerk in parliament."

The old Landdrosts of this colony were wont to hoist up their own *signs of pretension* over the Drostdy Houses. The Earl of Caledon had them pulled down, and placed the British Arms instead.

THE POPE OF ROME AND THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

The Pope of Rome, Gregory XVI., is in the utmost alarm on the extensive circulation of *The Penny Magazine* in the papal dominions. The Penny is

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well received all over the continent of Europe. The Pope's Bull on the subject is amusing. Here is an extract:

"Hither tends that worst and never-sufficiently-to-be-execrated and detested liberty of the Press, for the diffusion of all manner of writings, which some so loudly contend for, and so actively promote. We shudder, Venerable Brethren of the only true Apostolic Church, at the sight of the monstrous number of publications which crowd upon US in the shape of numberless printed documents, small in size, but big with novel sayings and enticing embellishments, which stalk forth in every direction."

The holy father then adverts to the laws for punishing heretics and extirpating unsanctioned writings, denounces the Protestant churches, and concludes thus—

"And that our Councils may have a successful and happy issue, let us raise our eyes to the most Blessed Virgin Mary, who alone destroys heresies, who is our greatest hope, yea, the entire ground of our hope."

WILLIAM COBBETT.

The late papers announce the death of the celebrated William Cobbett. With every thing to oppose him, he succeeded, by *dint of industry*, aided by the possession of intelligence, in making himself one of the most prominent men of his day. As an example of what may be effected by *a man's own efforts*,—as an example of the indomitable force of native energy,—as an example of the irresistible power of mind, Cobbett is unequalled. The great characteristic of Cobbett was, that he was *never idle*; the effect of which was a freshness of bodily and mental powers, unknown to most men. Year after year, to the latest moment of his life, his faculties were in untiring activity, and the products were full of vitality to the last. His mind retained in vigour and elasticity, and threw off all its impulses with all the freedom of early life, till a few hours before his death: there was no flagging, no sign of waste, no appearance that the "cruise of oil" was running low: the stream of intellect flowed freely, betraying neither by ebb nor pause that its source was weakened.

With the exception of Montaigne, Cobbett was the prince of egotists. He referred every thing to himself. As a politician and a statist, he was not a superior man, and his harangues and his political writings are more declamatory than sound. But let his errors, his contradictions, and his occasional bitterness die with him!

Mr. Cobbett was buried at Farneham, in Surrey, his native village. About 8000 people attended his funeral. A number of distinguished individuals were present. Mr. C. has left a widow and family; two of his sons are at the Bar, and are much esteemed. One of them wrote the well known description of the turning up of the rats, copied by the Quarterly Review as a happy effusion.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING PLUNDERED.

When the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moet, of Epernay; but he considers himself *a great gainer by the loss*; his *orders* from the North having more than doubled since then. Moet's cellars, be it said according to Travellers, are peculiary deserving of attention. Every visitor is presented with a bottle of the chociest wine.

AN IRISH BOUNCER.

The latest accounts from the Cape of Good Hope are awful. The beautiful and hitherto prosperous village of George has been laid in ashes by the ferocious Caffres, and it is with the most unmingled sensations of poignant regret, that we learn from unquestionable sources that our enterprising countryman, Mr. John Ingram, with the whole of his family, have fallen victims to the fury of the savages.—(*Cork Chronicle.*)

SWEET HARMONY.

It is a pleasant thing for brethren to dwell together in unity, and most happy are we to record the blessed instances of this good spirit at the Cape. There's an alchymy in gold after all, that produces wonders.

At the late Meeting in the Commercial Exchange by the persons interested in the receipt of the British Compensation Money, all was harmony and goodwill. This event is thus registered in a Friday's Newspaper, as one of an extraordinary nature:

"The unanimity, *good temper*, and *order* which prevailed, will distinguish *this Meeting* in the annals of the Colony"

Then, again, we read of another event of great importance, if we are to believe the Eastern Province Journal; there has actually taken place at Graham's Town,—

"A *social* Tea Party, composed of the resident ministers of the Town."

Of course the reign of *litigation* is over.

But the Bank, the New Bank here, is a scheme which seems to reconcile all differences—a perfect Roman-cement to our Cape society. The New Bank promises to be a treaty of peace and goodwill, a sort of law that knits together and tames the most discordant tempers. This Bank seems to beat all to sticks, the man who used to exhibit the animal tribe in a state of reconciliation on London Bridge. In one small cage there were cats, rats, and mice, hawks and small birds all living together in the utmost harmony, and without any attempt on the part of the predacious ones to injure their natural prey.

AN APOLOGY FOR INACTIVE SERVANTS, AND WEAK UNDERSTANDINGS.

We often hear violent outcries raised against the Cape servants, people of colour and others, from their alleged inaptitude to labour,—to perform a good day's work. This indisposition prevails, perhaps, by far too much among all classes—hence the languor, the supineness, the comparative indifference to the cultivation of the soil, to rural economy, to public works, and the prosperity of public institutions. It was always our private opinion that the prolific nature of the Cape fish-varieties as an article of diet, was extremely unfavorable to mental as well as corporeal exercise. The question is worth inquiry; the more so as we find on looking into Burne's Travels, the following observations:—

"The natives of the neighbouring countries, and the higher class of people in *Sinde*, have a singular notion regarding the fish diet of the inhabitants. They believe it prostrates the understanding; and in palliation of ignorance of any one, often plead that "he is but a fish-eater."

THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

(Business of the next Session.)

1. A Bill for the erection of a Market House for fruits, vegetables, butter, eggs, and poultry in the old green-market.
2. A Bill for the foundation of School Houses in the Towns and Villages, for the Education of the people, in accordance with the Provisions of the Emancipation Act.
3. A grant of £200 for the completion of the English Church at Simon's Bay, in lieu of the £50 *per annum* now and hitherto paid by *Government* to the Methodist Society for the use of its Meeting House, for the service of the Episcopal Community.
4. A Bill for the revival of the Botanic Garden in the present wastes—usually denominated the Government Gardens.
5. A Bill for the building a Fish-Market on the shores of Table Bay.
6. A Bill to permit certain proprietors of a Joint-Stock Company, to create a Break-water and Jetty.
7. A Bill to improve the entrance into Cape Town from the Castle by an iron bridge, and repairing the roads from the Western Gate.
8. A Bill to remove the Town Market from its present site to Hottentot-square, in order to rescue the Farmers from the fangs of rogues and informers; to regulate the morning business hours; and to enable the inhabitants fairly to compete

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for purchases, and relieve the country sales-men from the impositions of the truck system.

9. A Bill to provide the "Ten Commandments" a suitable place of occupation in all Churches and Chapels in the Colony.

10. A Bill to enact that the Town and District Surgeons, in the pay of Government, do administer Medical and Surgical advice *gratis* to the poor among the free Blacks, after the manner of the assistance supplied gratuitously to the poor Civil Servants and Pensioners.

11. A Bill to declare the First of December, the now first coming, "and ever shall be, world without end," a Public Holiday and Day of Thanksgiving.

12. A Bill for the letting on Public Tender Robben Island, and the use of the stone quarries, to relieve Government from its stone-mason occupations and victualling concerns in that island.

13. A Bill for the better regulation of the Mails, and for establishing Mail Carts or Wagons from Cape Town to the new Conservative Towns of "Queen Adelaide"—"King William's Town," "Fort Wellington," "Peel's Valley," and the *Hum*atola Mountains.

14. A Bill for the purpose of re-constructing the South African College upon British Principles, and rendering it worthy the Government support which it has hitherto received, for providing for the retirement of the six learned lawyers hitherto responsible for its mis-direction, and for securing to its Professors a proper authority and independence in the diligent discharge of their duties.

15. A Bill for providing a Chaplain for the Cape Town and Rondebosch Prisons; and appointing a Curate to St. George's Church, to perform Afternoon Service or Evening Prayer.

16. A Bill to relieve the Clergy from the duties of performing the Marriage Act, and providing that this civil contract be in future registered by the Magistrates or Justices of the Peace.

17. A Bill to effect the sale of the country palaces—the Drostdy Houses, at present in occupation of the Civil Commissioners, as *Alms* Houses,—or otherwise to direct a rental from these buildings for the benefit of *the Chest*, formerly used as a place of colonial deposit.

18. A Bill to compel the Town Watchmen to sleep during the day, in order to enable them to prosecute their nightly toils with becoming dexterity and vigilence.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

We learn by a letter from a gentleman pretty intimate with the affairs of the Colonial Office at *Home*, that the two vacancies in the Reformed Church are to be supplied in the persons of the Rev. Messrs. Reid and Fraser, or Frazer. They are conversant with the two languages spoken in the Colony, and will thus promote the spiritual interests of all classes. And to prove that this object is intimately connected with the views of the Home Government, Sir George Grey observed to the Revd. Dr.———, who addressed him in reference to Mr. W. Porteus, of Glasgow, a Student in Divinity, "Yes,—I think the Cape of Good Hope affords unbounded scope for pious exertion; and as far as I am concerned, every encouragement shall be given to those *seriously* in earnest in the business. But is your friend competent to conduct public worship, and afford religious instruction in Dutch, as well as English; and there is yet a higher point on which I would insist,—Will he cheerfully and zealously comprehend in his ministerial and missionary labours, the all-important duties of caring for the coloured population? —The answer being in the affirmative; Sir George said—'Let him take *ship* as soon as possible, in such a work no time should be lost.'"

MARISCHAL COLLEGE—UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

We are happy to observe in one of the *Aberdeen Journals* lately received, that the son of Mr. Blore, of Cape Town, has obtained collegiate honors at the trial in two Classes:—

1st. The Natural Philosophy Class.
2nd. The Mathematical Class.

THE MASTER SPIRIT.

(*A Recollection from an old Author.*)

Give me a spirit, that on life's rough sea,
Love's to have his sails fill'd with a breezy wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship runs on her side so low,
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is; there is not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

IMPROVED NAVIGATION TO THE CAPE.

The following are selected from the list of arrivals from England during the month:—

Falcon, left July 15th,	arrived September 17th,	days	64
Carnatic, . 12th,	. 17th,	.	67
St. George, 21st,	. 13th,	.	54
Bland, . 17th,	. 10th,	.	55

Captains—Burnell, Brodie, Thomson, and Callan.

A LATE ARRIVAL.

The South Easters made a very formidable appearance on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, Sept. 26th. The racers at Greenpoint, were driven like chaff before the wind, and the return home, required a more than ordinary skill on the part of the Jehu's. It also blew a perfect hurricane at sea, but the sailors on board would seem to have been in happy temperament, and kindly sympathised with us landsmen. *Ex gra.*

TABLE BAY CONSOLATION.

Air—(*Bay of Biscay O!*)

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea in billows rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said, to Billy Bowline,
A strong South Easter's blowing Bill,
Hark! don't you hear it roar now;
Why messmate, how I pities all
Unhappy *folks* on shore now?"

Fool-hardy chaps who live in town,
What danger they are hauling,
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in!

Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

But as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home
To cheer their babes and spouses;

While you and I Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying;
My eyes! what bricks and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!

And often have we heard
How men are bruised and undone,
By overturns of carriages
And thieves—much worse than London;

We know *what risks* all landsmen run,
From "*Coat-flaps*" made by Tailors;
Then Bill, let us thank Providence,
That you and I are sailors.

Notlazomahnitzteopixcatatzins.— Pronounce this *leetle* word: it is the original Mexican for country curates.

A DUTCH BOUNCER.

The English Government at the Cape of Good Hope, is contending with difficulties of an appalling and overwhelming nature. Nothing can save the settlement from the combined warfare of countless myriads of black African savages, who are carrying every thing before them in all parts of the Colony. The latest accounts state that the utmost confusion and panic prevailed in Cape Town. The invaders, under the command of a gifted warrior chief, had reached *Blauwberg*, and nothing could save the capital but a miraculous interposition.—*(Amsterdam Courant.)*

THE POLICE OFFICERS.

A correspondent (*Observer,*) has written us a long letter; guess, reader, what it is all about?—Why a serious charge against one of the Officers for using, as the writer says—"Curling irons." Now, really, this Observer is provokingly ridiculous; these implements are by far the most innocent *irons* that can be employed in civil society. But this notice affords us the opportunity of recording the fact—that the present body of Police are by far more respectable in appearance than that of any other for the last half century; and, knowing nothing to the contrary, we should think the Officers extremely well conducted.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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PAMPHLETEERING.

[While the public mind continues to be agitated by the anticipation of great and unusual changes, it does not seem that it is able to retire upon its own complete resources, and come forth either with the fully-ripened fruit of calm and profound reflection, or to exhibit any wonderful burst of gigantic power. No forest trees appear; (with the exception of a *here* and *there*) we have only coppice-wood, or, perhaps, bramble that cannot withstand the summer sun, and that will have no sap to outlive an English winter. The truth is, that an eye to the social, political, and practical improvement of society, is the tendency of the times—hence the political discussions, and the influx of those momentary organs for the expression of opinions, *the Pamphlets of the day.*

Of the nations of Europe our country has long stood unrivalled for the rapid succession of these busy records of men's thoughts—these suggestions of their opposite inferences and their eternal differences. Of these leaves of the hour, and volumes of a week, the labours of the passions, the wisdom or the folly of our countrymen during the Revolution of Charles the First, in that single period of twenty years, from 1640 to 1660, about thirty thousand pamphlets appear to have started up.* The pamphlets of this time were usually directed to prepare men's minds to the impending changes in the Church and State. Charles the First, by his constant notice of these winged thoughts, appears to have been greatly apprehensive of their influential importance. But without further reference to times past, we shall briefly advert to times present. This, too, is the age of Pamphlets, and more than this, it is the age in which the Press is directing public opinion and governing all. Upon its degrees (this is our belief) will eventually depend the influence of the aristocracy, the existence of an established church, the formation of ministries, and perhaps the very form of government. It was the unfortunate boast of Prince Polignac, that he never read the Journals! For this sin of omission, he is now a prisoner in the Castle of Vincennes.

Of all the Pamphlet Journals which seem to speak with more authority than others of a cotemporary relation, the one before us seems to us most formidable. It is the fourth or fifth of a series, and is attributed to the ready and masterly pen of Lord Brougham. His Lordship is assuredly one of the most remarkable men of the age. We cannot figure to ourselves such a phenomenon as that of Lord Brougham, so long as life and health are spared, becoming indolent. His Lordship and laziness are irreconcileable enemies, and we think, if his genius were to be briefly and accurately described, it would be by calling it the genius of activity. Then, again, calculate for a moment the extent and variety of his works—from penny information for the people, and school-books on all subjects, to his recent Discourse on Natural Theology, which has ranked him beside Locke, Bacon, and Hume. The reasons which induced his Lordship to the composition of his Natural Theology, are interesting. He had observed amongst many men of philosophical pursuits, a prejudice against Theology, that it was only a fancy or speculation, and not a body of truths, as legitimately deduced from Physical and Moral Facts, as any of their own favourite sciences. With a laudable anxiety to remove this prejudice, he has undertaken to shew the contrary. We earnestly recommend the perusal of this work to all our readers; faulty as it is in some instances, nevertheless, it fills up an important hiatus in science, and completes the imperfect works which have hitherto constituted our Natural Theology.

In the present instance, as will be seen in the sequel, Lord Brougham comes forward with a new Pamphlet, and states his political views with great plainness of speech. It forms the 2d part of "*Thoughts upon the Aristocracy of England, by Isaac Tomkins, Gent.*" The first part is small, but very sharp—indeed, bitter. This was succeeded by a Letter under the signature of Timothy Winterbottom—*On Primogeniture*, the ablest Pamphlet of this or any other age. In re-printing the second part of "Thoughts," or "We can't Affort It," we wish to be considered as bye-standers in the case, perfectly indifferent to the *party* terms adopted in the discussion, and concerned only in presenting to the notice of our colonial readers those new views of society which are so pre-eminently characteristic of modern times.]

* Most of the 30,000 Tracts or Pamphlets have been collected, and were presented by George the Third to the National Library.

"WE CAN'T AFFORD IT!"

By Isaac Tomkins, Gent.

The first part of these Thoughts has excited very great attention, awakened a lively interest, and roused no little curiosity among the various classes of the community. This I foresaw; and I could not for a moment doubt of my purpose being answered—the commencement of a successful resistance to the Aristocracy and an emancipation of society from the thraldom in which they are now held. While among the people thousands have read, and, reading, have been made to think—among their selfish oppressors hundreds who had never before read any thing beyond a mawkish novel or a fashionable and slanderous newspaper, have looked into my little book for the likeness, as they hoped, of their friends, and have been angry to find their own. Hence many a volley of oaths from the windows of the clubs; and hence a tempest of more delicate abuse from well-hung tongues in the drawing room. My motives have been impeached and my loyalty disputed; my acquaintance with "*good society*," "*high life*," and "*certain circles*," has been judged impossible. Decided vulgarity and underbreeding, doubtless the most serious charge of all in the eyes of those who made it, have been imputed to me more lightly than would seem charitable or even lawful in so grave a matter. Appeals have been made—now threatening now half laughing—now pathetic, to "*anybody*," which mysterious personage has been more loudly catechised than "*anybody*" can bear. Did he *ever* see such poor trash—such flimsy and silly stuff? *Can* he possibly listen to so absurd a farrago of spiteful invective? Then a touching appeal has been made to his near kinsman, "*any human being*;" and it is movingly asked whether *he* can be convinced or affected by such nonsense as this? Unfortunately, those two familiars of the boudoir have appeared when called upon—a thing they rarely do. They have many times answered and said, "Why truly, for one, I must say I cannot quite agree with you."—"Indeed if you really ask me, I confess I *have* seen greater nonsense and read descriptions much wider of the truth." So that when all would not do, and no comfort was to be found in any quarter, neither from "*anybody*" nor "*any human being*"—my existence has been boldly denied; and some of the most distinguished persons among the Aristocracy themselves have been boldly asserted by that judicious body, and their hired newsmongers, and their

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pensioned editors, and their editors who, it is said, *would fain have been pensioned*,* to lurk disguised under the homely name which I bear, and which I am not so ready to change for another as those who hate and fear and affect to despise me. It is indeed curious to remark, all that the indignation of the Aristocrats of both parties (for both dislike the subject of my writings about equally) has been unable to produce anything like a respectable defence. Not of course, that any man expected they should be their own counsel and verify, for the thousandth time, the old saying on this score —no one gave them credit for any such attempts. But it seems strange that their resources should have been unable to fit out anything of greater force than a few paragraphs in their papers, and a review containing nothing like an answer, but giving a wider circulation to my statements. I am, however, forgetting a worthy gentleman, the butt of one of our legislative assemblies,† and who has thrown himself into the breach very disinterestedly, if not very wisely—he being one of our middle order at the very best, and having no kind of connexion with our betters beyond affording them a little merriment when they are tired with gaping at the pantomime of the season, or are ashamed to be seen staring at Punch.

All this, however, is matter rather of curiosity than of any account to the People. What I chiefly regard is the spirit of inquiry excited by my very slight performance—every way, I am conscious, unworthy of so rich a subject. This is proved to me by innumerable communications; and I have been urged by persons, evidently so well fitted to give sound advice, so sincerely attached to the cause of the People, that I can no longer refuse listening to their desire, prompted by the most honest and affectionate regard for the best interests of their country. That I shall afford them the satisfaction which they seem to expect, I know not. But I fear they will think my speculations far more dull as they become less personal. However, it is their own fault, they will have me enter upon some of the more serious branches of the question; and if the continuation of my thoughts be dry and tedious, it is perhaps as likely to be really useful.

I will now proceed to lay down two positions, which appear to me unquestionable both as to their truth and their practical importance. *First*, whoever dreams that the people of this country either are, or ever will be, or ever ought to be, satisfied with any changes, made under the name of reforms, which really do not improve their condition, labours under a delusion, lamentable in the first instance, because hurtful to the country, but fatal in its consequences, because confusion will follow from it. *Secondly*, The delusion is as great and as dangerous of those who dream that the Lords can be suffered to rule this country now that the Commons speak the sense of the people in part, and must soon speak it altogether.

Now let me not be mistaken when I say that the reforms which have been obtained since the Bill of 1832 are, however valuable, only of use prospectively, and as laying a foundation to build upon. No man can doubt that the opening of trade in the East—the reform of the English law and the Scotch boroughs—are great benefits conferred on the country; while the Poor Law Bill is by far the most valuable improvement obtained by Parliament for all ranks of the people these two last centuries. The Abolition of Slavery, too, is a measure of justice as well as wisdom. But yet all these reforms, except the Poor Law, are such as do not enable any one to say at this hour that he is the better for the great change effected in 1832; and the Poor Law would probably have been passed even by a borough-monger Parliament. The same may be said of Municipal Reform, a measure of infinite use in furthering our emancipation from the Tory yoke; and of the next reform, (the Lowering of the Qualification,) which must be carried in order to complete the overthrow of our former masters. These are all good—nay necessary in themselves—but they are only instruments to do a work with: they are means towards an end. And what signifies our having ever so good a tool put in our hands, if we are by some secret spell to be prevented from using it? We had far better have been without it, for we then should have been less tantalized with hope, and less laughed at by our adversaries. What is it then that can really mend the condition of the people? Nothing but lowering our establishments, in order that our burthens may be lightened. This, and this alone, it is that can make us feel the better for all our struggles. Yet this it is that our liberal Ministers will assuredly never try, unless the people force them to the attempt, and support them in making it.

It is not that I distrust their good intentions. They mean *well* enough, what little they do mean. They will grant reductions when there is no possibility of refusing them. But all ministers like a quiet life; fear to quarrel with the "*Boards*," and the "*Offices*," and the "*Authorities*;" tremble at the very name of a Court revolt; and, therefore, naturally hate movement of any kind beyond everything. The present Ministers (from the peculiarity of their position, and not from any original fault) are more than any that ever existed under the influence of such feelings or such principles, if we may so call that which annihilates all principle. They have no power of doing as they like; on the contrary, they must do as everybody else likes. A threat, a word, a look from the Tories will head them back, till they find that worse looks (because accompanied with blows) from the friends of liberty await them if they retreat further. So the pressure from behind will drive them into something like reform, till the angry looks and the big words of my lords the Peers, and my lords the Bishops, and my masters the worthy Baronets, and other lords of the soil, become too awful to be resisted. Their object is just to do enough to keep the Liberals from revolt, without doing so much as to break entirely with the Tories; just to give the people what they dare not withhold; and when driven to reform by their support, then to go just as far as they dare for their adversaries. The natural state of such a Government is absolute inaction; but, hard fate! even that refuge is denied them. A body pulled opposite ways may be torn to pieces; but that is not their position. No party draws them to itself; they are in the state of a body pushed or driven in opposite directions, which seeks safety in standing still. But this resource is not for them! They have a powerful body of nominal supporters ready to crush them in one instant, if they dare to stand still. Thus unable to move, and not permitted to rest, their existence is a scene of buffetings and crossings, and all without any fault of theirs, but owing to their false position in a half-liberal Parliament. Accordingly, their most strenuous supporters have lately put forward their unexampled weakness as their title to the protection of the people. It is a little strange, however, that men so circumstanced should not perceive that protection and allegiance must be reciprocal; that the People will only stand by them if they keep to their principles; that their only safety is throwing themselves on the country; and that of all the

* This is evidently levelled at the "*Times*."
† Mr. Jno. Richards, M.P.

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dangers which can beset them, the greatest, the most fatal, is their refusing to persevere in reforming courses.

It does, therefore, seem beyond all reasonable expectation that the Whig Ministry should ever set seriously about relieving the country. They must have far stronger incitements applied, and they must be much stronger in Parliament, before we can hope from them any effectual retrenchments.

Of what then is it that the people justly complain? *Of an overgrown Civil, and Military, and Colonial establishment,* which no monarchy could require, were it not for an Aristocracy that has grown up around it, and now clings to it, and almost chokes it under pretence of giving it support. We complain of intolerable burthens which are laid upon our shoulders, in order that the noble and the wealthy may bring up their sons in luxury and idleness, while we are eating our bread in the sweat of our brow, paying higher for that bread to swell the rents of the landowner, and contributing, by every drop of beer we drink, and indeed by everything we consume, to feed the extravagance of the Aristocracy. The heaviest of our burthens, the debt and its interest, we cannot shake off. Justice forbids it; and the security of all property would be destroyed if the public creditor were defrauded. But while we submit to the load which it is our fate to bear, we may be allowed the poor relief which other beasts of burden seek in groans. Nor can our weary spirit thus vent itself without charging upon the Aristocracy the crime of having laid that heavy weight upon us. Their alarm it was for their titles and their estates, that plunged the country into wars which have left us in our present depressed condition. Surely, surely, the very least that those hard task-masters can expect is to have the establishment cut down to the very lowest farthing. No justice forbids this—no danger to property could accrue from bringing the expense of our Government to the scale with which a country exhausted by half a century of extravagance, and groaning under eight hundred millions of debt, must be content, if it would avoid a revolution. To all propositions that there should be a splendid court, brilliant embassies, well paid functionaries, large armies, *numerous colonies,* there is one answer, and it ought daily to be in the mouth of the people's representatives,—as it is in that of the people—"WE CANNOT AFFORD IT—we have not the money—we must be just before we indulge ourselves—we are in debt, and must do without it." But this is a kind of answer which no Ministers, and few Members of Parliament ever think of giving. Why? Because they are liberal at our expense; and so they turn periods upon the inexhaustible resources of the country, and we, who are exhausted long since, continue to bear the pressure that grinds our faces and crushes us to the very earth.

Yes! "*We can't afford it!* Our money is all gone!" *That* is the true answer—that is the answer which the suffering people have a right to hear from those who call themselves their representatives. Whatever temporizing Minister, whatever place-hunting Tory, whatever fanatical but honest Ultra, whatever drivelling courtier, shall speak of the "just splendour of the monarchy," let him be reminded of the just claims of the people, their claims to the necessaries and some little of the comforts of life, and let him be told to carry his smooth sentences elsewhere, and not insult those who are starving with demands for a magnificence which they can no more afford, honestly afford, to indulge, than a man can afford to invite the King and his Court to an entertainment when he has an execution in his house, and the bailiffs are waiting in the hall!

"*We cannot afford it!*" That is the answer, and the only answer, to give, when young gentlemen from the Universities turn their neat new periods with old common places so trim, about "paltry savings," "niggardly economy" "great nation," "inexhaustible resources;" and older heads that should be wiser, would have this country governed as if we were not burthened for ever with eight hundred millions of debt, and were not paying with twenty shillings what we borrow at fifteen!

"*We cannot afford it!*" is the only honest and manly answer, for you who have by large professions of retrenchment prevailed on the honest and suffering people to make you a Parliament-man, that you may strut about in the clubs, or wear an air of consequence at sessions, or look important when you leave the dinner-table to go and divide, or when you enter the drawing-room in the middle of a rout and seem so very big after the division. That is the answer for you to give, if you be an honest man, and are not resolved to live in the execration of those you have deceived! You may be little able to shed light upon dark subjects—you may have no weight in the councils of intriguing partisans in St. James's-street, nor any force in the wordy war which the wranglers wage at Westminister,—but these few words you can easily pronounce, and their virtue is enough to cure the State's diseases, and to cover all your deficiencies.

No, no—*we cannot afford it!* Away with your trash about dignity and splendour, and gallant defenders, and proud recollections of conquests that have cost so much treasure and so much blood—recollections that fire the pride of the nation! Away with the maudlin stuff about decent competence for decayed nobles, and Courts worthy the Prince of a powerful Empire, and salaries in keeping with the wealth of the country, and the suitable brilliancy of those who represent our power and our riches abroad, and all the thousand expedients for gilding, at our cost, the capital of the Corinthian order. "*We can no longer afford it!*" There's the answer to it all—the answer which you, the Aristocracy, must be content to hear every day of your lives, and which, if the People's Parliament give you not, the People itself will. Your long and bloody and costly wars, for one hundred years, to gain and to keep colonies, and to put down freedom abroad and at home, have fixed upon us the payment of thirty millions a year for ever; and though you would very willingly see your creditors defrauded of this sum, that you might have it to squander on objects more pleasing to you than the old-fashioned one of paying just debts, no time will ever see the honest people of England submit to such a sin and such a shame. So there is no more money to be had, and we must do with low salaries, and few of them—small armies, and a good armed police—a decent court, and a cheap one—few colonies, and these *keeping themselves.* All this is the People's right: all this—ay, every bit of it—the People must, and they will have. All this is their only gain by the late Reform, and all this flows from the magical virtue of the answer which the People will have their representatives give, and their rulers be prepared for and accustomed to—"WE CANNOT AFFORD IT! AND WE WILL BE TRIFLED WITH NO LONGER!"

But *will* the representatives of the people give this answer to the demands of the Government, and will they, with this watchword—this war-shout of popular rights—this rallying cry of true, practical reform, support the honest men who want to have a cheap Government, and care little which of the aristocratic factions rules the country? I greatly doubt it; indeed I do not expect it. There is unquestionably, but little encouragement for them to do their duty in the one House of Parliament, while the enemies of all reform carry everything their own way in the other. Yet who can hesitate to declare that it is the duty of our representatives to stand by us even if the Lords afterwards defeat the measures carried for our good? Besides, the question of money is peculiarly the province of the Commons; and though a repeal of former acts of waste, of profligate extravagance—acts in which the people have been shamefully sacrificed to the Court and the Nobility—cannot so easily be effected, at all events, new grants, and every thing that is voted yearly, may be refused if our representatives will do their duty. Will they? I more than doubt it. My reason is this:

The carrying Parliamentary Reform showed that a large body of Members, even in a Borough-monger Parliament, were resolved to give the people more power, and lay a good foundation whereon to build. But they who carried it had too small interest in the measure; they shut out their political adversaries form office, and secured it to themselves. By the destruction of close boroughs, they made it impossible for the Tories to govern as they had been wont to do; they raised up a power hostile to the Court, and a power more likely to favour the Whig party than the Tory. When the Horse (says the fable). could not beat the Ass by the force of his own hoofs, and after he had tired himself out with kicking against that obstinate and stupid but not ill-conditioned brute, he asked the Man to help him, which he did, and the long-eared and long-lived creature was overcome by the coalition, but then the Man kept in the saddle, and has ruled the Horse ever since.* So the Whig has overcome the Tory by help of the Man of England, and still more by Him of Scotland and Him of Ireland, and he is now, I fear, struggling might and main to fling his new rider out of the saddle: indeed, my opinion is, that he did so some time ago, and will not let him mount again. In a word, to come from Æsop to 1835, I fear much that the Liberal party—their leaders, certainly—but even the bulk of the party, care little for reforms, except as the means of keeping themselves in and the Tories out, and will give their ally the people, only just as much as is wanted for that purpose; will not quarrel with the Court, will not face the nobility, and above all, will not give up any share in the "*saddle.*" When I see any measures carried which really increase the people's comforts by giving them cheap food, cheap drink, cheap Government, I shall retract my opinion.

But at the root of all these is the merciless and unmingled aristocracy of our Government—that aristocracy, in the spirit of which all our institutions are framed, all our concerns administered, and all our Parliament-men tried.

Only consider how this pernicious spirit works in every quarter. A Minister, even a liberal and an honest one, associates with the upper classes and with them alone. In this select circle he lives and moves and has his being. Born and educated in this atmosphere, the odds are, that the air he has always breathed should affect his constitution and habits—that the medium he always sees through should affect his vision. But suppose him to have made a vigorous effort, (such a one as few of the Whig leaders are likely to make, and certainly none of their Tory colleagues,) he must do a vast deal more, and suffer far greater pain than this violence done to his own nature will have cost him, before he can do any good, the least in the world. He must face the frown, the sneer, the horse-laugh of all he ever sees in society; he must be prepared for every thing short of being shunned by that refined society which I have been so much abused by some for praising too highly, but which I really thought I had treated with reasonable severity. He must at least make up his mind for losing all the comforts of these circles, but only from and after the day he quits his office, unless, indeed, his powers of conversation are such that he is indispensable, or his brilliancy in debate is such that no one dares, for the fashion's sake, be without him. Conceive only the appearance of a Liberal Minister (or Member of either House) in one of those high circles the evening of his bringing in a Bill to take away the pensions of the nobility and their ladies, or convert the costly royal palaces which they occupy into places of public use, or lop off some four-score useless and expensive places which they hold! Many a man had rather march up to a battery than face the Clubs and the Drawing-rooms after proposing or supporting measures

* See Penny Magazine for July, page 288.

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so "Radical!" "so wild!" "so shocking to all delicacy!" "so unworthy an English gentleman!" And thus it will always be until some portion of the people themselves sit in Parliament, or at least until they choose men ready faithfully to represent them—men who will do their duty, and insist upon a cheap Government, without the least regard to the loss which the Crown may suffer in its influence, and the nobility in their comforts. Till then the people of England have about as good a chance of obtaining their just rights from our aristocratic assemblies at Westminster as the negroes had of getting theirs from assemblies of planters; and for exactly the same reasons. Those poor slaves never would have been set free had their cruel masters not overdone their work, and raised a strong feeling against them in this country. Nor would the people of England ever have got their share in the choice of their representatives, if the Tories had not resisted all reforms, little as well as great. So, believe me, the share we have got will never avail us anything to our real advantage if we do not bestir ourselves. For our enemies are taught by experience—they will feed our hopes by fair speeches, and amuse us with small improvements; but large and true reforms we never shall have from the Aristocracy who now rule us, sometimes under one name and sometimes under another, and not seldom under two at a time, until we think and speak and act for ourselves.

These things I have written for the use of my countrymen, towards whom I entertain an affection that knows no bounds. I speak of the honest Middle Classes and the honest Working Classes. For the Aristocracy I feel no dislike, still less any hostile sentiments. They are what the *worst education in the world* and the worst habits have made them. No one has any right to blame them who is not prepared to say that, thus brought up and thus circumstanced, his conduct would have been different from theirs.

But the contention is begun—the battle is joined—and knowing how many thousands of my beloved countrymen have taken a deep interest in its issue, I feel that my duty requires me to persevere, and therefore I shall again address them.

THE EXILED.

[COMMUNICATED.]

[THE following short Poem was written in the year 1826, but never before published. It is founded on the circumstances connected with the Russian Conspiracy, detected early in 1826, soon after the present Emperor Nicholas came to the Throne,—communicated at the time,—and which gave rather a minute account of the punishment reserved for those who were not put to death. From the view afforded of the manner in which their sentences were executed, it seems that the penalty of death was lenient when compared with the horrid mercy, which condemned the offender to march on foot, as a shackled captive, nine hundred English miles! and then to be buried alive with all the awful ceremony usually connected with the interment of the dead. Each wretched survivor in such a case, may often exclaim with equal bitterness and truth—

"Oh, happy in my mind, was he who died!"

Augsburgh, August 11th, 1826.

—"We yesterday communicated, says the Munich Gazette, the account of the fate of the conspirators in Russia, stating that besides the principals who were hanged, others were condemned to labour in the mines,—some for life—others for different periods. Great criminals are, in general, sent to the silver mines at Nortschink, on the frontiers of China. Even the journey to this place, which is 200 German (900 English) miles from Saint Petersburgh, may be called a capital punishment, as the criminals must go the whole way on foot, fastened together by a long chain, so that great numbers sink under their hardships on the road. Those who are let down into the mines for life (this is the fate reserved for Prince Trubetzkoi, among others) are considered as already dead; the prayers for the dead are said for them, and earth is thrown upon their bodies, as on a corpse that is to be interred. But even of those who are condemned for some years only to this most unwholesome abode and the hard labour of mining, hardly one ever returns to the surface of the earth. This dreadful place of punishment soon destroys the strongest constitutions, and even if they escape with life, their fate is like that of the individuals condemned on the 24th of July, so that they can never again leave Siberia, and Nortschink is situated in that part of Russia.]

THE EXILED.

I.

Stern spell of Freedom, and unshackled breath,
And soaring spirit of the ethérial mind!
Stern spell of Freedom, when thus unconfined,
The soul in ardent longing dares unsheathe
Itself from the corrupted flesh—and aim
The blow, regardless of a traitor's name,
And rather than succumb thus,—be the first
To raise the steel's point:—what, though thunders burst?
And the red lightnings strike the lifted brands
Of those who dared the most, defied the worst;
Blasting the molten iron in their hands
When ready to assert o'er prostrate lands
The pride of the heart's blood?—what, though they fall?
And Freedom's fragments, as the shatter'd wall
Lie, for the despot's purpose to reframe
On their ensanguin'd trunks, a mightier name?
Yet, 'tis in man,—rather than bow the knee,
And cramp his soul with Slavery's dark chain!
And stoop submissive, to defy as vain
The power which mannacles, but ne'er controuls
The eagle-spirit of aspiring souls—
Who call on Freedom,—their idolatry:
And thus men strive, when pent beneath the weight
Which clogs their fiercer natures, doom'd to bar
The heart's proud motives, that would soar more far
Than rulers choose; who, on the servile Earth
Look down as demi-gods of haughtier birth,
And goad men on,—through Fortune's abject state
To grasp at Freedom, or expire by Fate.

II.

Hark, to that hum of voices!—Lo, yon crowd,
And the long line of war's o'er-ruling ranks,
Who now repel the multitude aloud
In harsh invectives utter'd;—hark, how clanks
The iron fetter, whilst a hollow groan
Piercing the pitying ear with horror's tone,
Tell's of their doom,—oh, Petersburgh! That doom,
Where cold Siberia's frozen rocks extend,
Far in the bowels of the Earth,—the gloom
Of dark Tartarean vaults,—'tis *there* they wend
For the proud crime of striving to be Free,
To dig the ore from Earth's unwholesome caves,
And hurried, living, to their portion'd graves,
Toiling for what may gild; oh, Liberty!
The brow, perchance, which doom'd them there as slaves.
The curious loitering crowd now droop behind,
And leave them to their woes; onwards they toil
'Neath sultry suns, o'er stifling dusty soil,
And Pain and Misery working on each mind,
As nature sullen, or subdued appears
'Neath torture dumb, or worn to groans and tears.
Lo, the chafed limb that never knew a grasp,
Save Love's or Friendship's,—mark the goading hasp,
Where in the mangled flesh the steel has worn,
The warm blood dripping from the wound, alas!
Already, though 'tis Misery's first morn,
Yet many a dreary day, and worst must pass
Ere they approach that spot which is to be
(If Pain and Misery can so long be borne,)
Even as the portals of Eternity!

III.

A long, long fetter'd row, the foremost brow
Wearing the harsh sternfeatures of the hind,
Doom'd from his birth to toil, and rude in mind
The tool of his liege lord,—a bondsman still,
Even when thus leagued, to assist the blow,
A dull—dark instrument of other's will,
Another, and another, till at last
One of more haughty glance and lofty mien,
Fetter'd alike, now moves along between
The sullen soldiery; the nobler cast
Of Freedom settled on his brow and lip,
Marks the superior;—Torture's deadly goad,
Though witness'd by his feet's ensanguin'd drip
Bespeaks itself no more, as on the road
He moves disdainfully, ev'n if at heart,
Fester'd Despair and Pain with rankling smart;
But, late a Prince,—and now, 'twere vain to ask,—
Successless Freedom, ever has the mask
Of dark Rebellion on its features placed,
And branded, falls,—not deified, but disgraced.

IV.

Fair fields recede—and deserts now arise
As arid as their hopes,—whilst day by day,
Beholds their ghastly numbers fall away
As some fast-sickening wretched one, outworn,
Drops to the Earth, and 'ere the morrow, dies;
For though stern Fate, in spirit may be borne,
The limb will fail too oft, where life would brave,
In soul unshaken, but to Death a slave.
Oh, where is now each kinder, gentler breast,
To soothe in sickness, and alleviate woe?
Doom'd to the hopeless sentence which exiles,
No more shall tenderness with soft sweet smiles,
Look on those wasted forms:—no more caress'd,
Shall parent, child, or partner ever know
The bliss of nature to receive again
Joy's fond embrace, or hear Affection's strain.
Their's is a grief more harrowing, more drear,
Than if upon the spirit-yielded corse
The tongue's sad plaint, and eyes o'erflowing tear

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Pour'd its wild wail, and Hope drew no resource,
All suffering past, but, oh! the living doom
Knowing—*there*, Misery preys with fierce controul,
Heaps weightier sorrow on the sinking soul,
Than if their clay-cold relics fill'd the tomb.

V.

Onward and onward, every fleeting hour
Fills Time's wide gap up with Despair and Pain,
And suffering scarce can drag the goading chain,
And Pity there is none; cold, as the air
Which they now breathe,—where not one smiling flower
(Those types of Love and Sweetness) blossom there;
So seems all Nature, whilst the icy clime
Soon deals its rigours too, on Freedom's crime.
Alas, the soul can have no mortal pang
Like utter hopelessness, when Misery's fang
(Coil'd as a serpent round the human heart)
Goads on to madness,—and its ven'mous dart
Through the blood's pulse,—'tis then Strife's deadliest blow
Would be wild rapture to such frenzied woe.
Onward and onward.—'till the morn at last
Dawn'd on the captives, which was doomed to be
The last of light, but not of Misery;—
Hope long had flown, but still around had cast
A hectic-like disease,—when health is gone,
And the wan spectral shadow glimmers past,
Breathing a death-note in its lingering moan.

VI.

But, hark! a murmur stirs the exil'd band,
And the eyes langnor o'er the wasted cheek,
Darts all its horrors, as their wild looks seek
That goal of destiny, for none demand,
But as by presage, seem to know the spot
Which was to add Hell's terrors to their lot.
The dreaded "Halt," at length is heard around,
Which peal'd as awful as th' Archangel's sound,
When Earth shall be dissolved; the toil,—the blood
Wrung by the galling chain,—Fatigue,— nor woe
Had nought like this to pale the hardihood,
And bring the spirit's late stern impulse low.
There, yawn'd th' abyss,—in which, Day was not Light;
Life, scarce existence,— Darkness, but the sight;
Hope, a wan maniac, impotent and blind;
Time, as a streamless desert to the mind,
But Death, at whose dark shadow mankind starts,
The Syren image of despairing hearts.

VII.

Oh! what can equal this appalling hour?
The rocks, woods, rivers, hills, vale, fount, or bower,
And yon bright sun, which now around them streams,—
Alas, for them, Memory's desponding dreams
Will soon be all on which the sense can dwell:
Now, may they take a last, long, lone Farewell,
For hark, the awful sentence is begun
To deal a doom all would give Life to shun;
No more on them shall Heaven's fresh breezes swell,
But "dust to dust," denote their dream as done.
The proud, the princely, who, 'ere late had roll'd
In the high pageantries of pomp and state,
Stands the first victim summoned to his fate;
Behold, his haught demeanor, and behold
In the pale-haggard features, still that stern
Undaunted spirit which would scorn to turn
One accent for forgiveness; to the last
Fierce as the eagle, when its pinions spurn
The raging tempest, struggling in the blast,
Sullen, he past away,—whilst on his head,
Knell'd the deep prayer for the departed, said,
Fell the few ashes, sprinkled for the dead;
Whatever inward tortures were possess'd,
No fear reveal'd, nor faintest tremor shown,
Mark'd that Despair, or Misery wrung his breast;
Led to the fatal bourne,—thus, one by one
Answer the awful mandate's hopeless call,
Though, that high feeling of disdainful pride,
Which nerv'd that haughty bosom,—nerv'd not all;
The dreadful sentence, in some humbler few,
Turn'd former Fortitude's strong stream aside,
As if they groan'd forth, with the abyss in view,—
"Oh, happy in my mind, was he who died."

COLONIAL APATHY.

It is but poor consolation for the Cape to find other parts of the world alike with it in supineness and culpable indifference to the vast displays of the natural resources of the country which either present themselves to the eye, or require the diligence of research. It may appear incredible to some of our readers, and yet the following is by no means a solitary fact of that disgraceful indolgence which prevails in many of the Cape districts: some travellers sojourned at the house of a farmer in the course of the last month, the master of which was owner of forty thousand acres of land of the most useful and improveable kind. There was no bread in the house; and he confessed the family had been without that article of life for many months. Neither was there any milk or butter—but of pickled mutton and sheep's-tail fat there were abundance. No signs of cultivation appeared—not a tree, not a shrub, not a vegetable, not a flower; but all around wore the aspect of wretchednesss and poverty.

But let us turn our attention to one of our West India Islands. Dr. Madden, recently a Stipendiary Magistrate under the Compensation Act, thus characterizes the Jamaica men.

On a late excursion with Mr. Jerdan to the summit of one of the mountains of Liguanea, called Peter's Rock, in some places where detached portions of the side of the mountain had slipped away, we were surprised at the amazing quantity of copper ore that was visible, not in veins, but in petrous masses about three or four pounds weight. I am astonished, amongst all the mining companies that have been established for other countries, that speculating people at home have never made a trial of the lead and copper mines here. The unsuccessful experiment that was made by ignorant people, and on too small a scale to be productive of any good, is no argument against a further trial. It must not be supposed, because the people of Jamaica take no advantage of the natural resources of the country, that they are not worth attending to. The people of Jamaica make no novel experiments; they find the sugar planted, and where it is they continue to cultivate it: they find the hoe the ancient implement of the husbandman, and they have no desire to change it for the plough. They want to build a house—they send to England for the bricks, rather than cut stone from the quarries which everywhere abound. They object to the introduction of steam-engines for the sugar-mills, that the scarcity of fire-wood is too great; and yet, if the first geologist of Europe were to visit Jamaica, and state that the indication of coal was evident in the formations of the neighbouring mountains (and that there are such indications I have little doubt), no effort would be made to obtain it. In fact, no adequate effort has been made to develope the one-twentieth part of the available resources of this naturally rich and fertile country.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ACCIDENT,—CHANGES IN SOCIETY,—REVOLUTIONS IN THE HUMAN MIND,—THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION,—SMALL MEANS, ETC.

In the history of every community, observes a modern writer, there are periods of comparative quiet, when the great machine of society performs all its various movements so smoothly and regularly, that there is nothing to remind us of its being in motion. And who has not remarked that when an unlooked for accident sets it a-jarring, by breaking up some minor wheel or axis, there follows a whole series of disasters,—pressing the one upon the other, with stroke after stroke, until, stunned by the repetition, we begin to tremble lest the machine itself be falling into pieces. We live, perhaps, in some quiet village, and we see our neighbours, the inhabitants, moving noiselessly around us,—the young rising up to maturity, the old descending slowly to the grave. Death for a whole series of years draughts out his usual number of conscripts from among only the weak and the aged; and there is no irregular impressment of the young and vigorous in the way of accident. Anon, however, there succeeds a series of disasters. One of the villagers topples over a precipice, one is engulfed in a morass, one is torn to pieces by the wheels of an engine, one perishes in fording a river, one falls by the hand of an enemy, one dies by his own. And then in a few months, perhaps, the old order of things is again established, and all goes on regularly as before. In the phenomena of even the inanimate world we see marks of a similar economy. Whoever has mused for a single half hour by the side of a waterfall, must have remarked that, without any apparent change in the volume of the stream, the waters descend at one time louder and more furious, at another gentler and more subdued. Whoever has listened to the howlings of the night wind must have heard it sinking, at intervals, into long hollow pauses, and then rising and sweeping onwards, gust after gust. Whoever has stood on the sea shore during a tempest must have observed that the waves roll towards their iron barrier in alternate serieses of greater and lesser,—now fretting ineffectually against it, now thundering irresistibly over. But between the irregularities of the inanimate world, and those of the rational, there exits one striking difference. We may assign natural causes for the alternate rises and falls of the winds and waters; but it is not thus in most instances with those ebbs and flows, and gusts and pauses, which occur in the world of man. They set our reasonings at defiance, and we can refer them to only the will of the Deity. We can only say regarding them, that the climax is a favourite figure in the book of Providence;—that God speaks to us in his dispensations, and in the more eloquent turns of his discourse, piles up instance upon instance, with sublime and impressive profusion.

To the people of Scotland the whole of the seventeenth century was occupied by one continuous series of suffering and disaster. And though we can assign causes for every one of the evils which compose the series, just as we begin to assign causes for every single accident which befalls the villagers, or for the repeated attacks and intervening pauses of the hurricane, it is a rather different matter to account for the series itself. In flinging a die we may chance on any one certain number

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as readily as on any other; but it would be a rare occurrence, indeed, should the same number turn up twenty times together. And is there nothing singular in the fact, that, for a whole century, a nation should be invariably unfortunate in every change with which it was visited, and meet with only disaster in all its undertakings. There turned up an unlucky number at every cast of the die. Even when the shout of the persecutor, and the groans of his victim, had ceased to echo among our rocks and caverns, the very elements arrayed themselves against the people, and wasting famine, and exterminating pestilence did the work of the priest and the tyrant.

Human nature is a sad thing when subjected to the best of circumstances so trying, and is wholly unfitted for the encounter, unaided by the power of religion on the mind. Happily our virtuous ancestors were never left destitute of christian hope, and this hope became the anchor to their souls—"sure and stedfast." The day of adversity passed away, they were seasoned for the return of peace and enjoyment—they were made "perfect through suffering!"

But there is one point in Scottish history which should always create a more than ordinary attention. It is that of the out-break of the Reformation. In the history of the book of Providence, how innumerable are the instances of the "small means" which have been brought into action to accomplish mighty purposes. But of all purposes, or changes, or revolutions, it will be conceded, we think, that revolutions in the state of the human mind present more interest, and yield more instruction than those which affect the arrangement of communities and empires, and which are the effect of the human law. The revolt from the Pope, and the expulsion of Aristotle from the schools, are ampler themes for education and reflection than the fall of Kingdoms. and the changes in religious faith wrought by Luther and Calvin, more forcibly attract the cultivated mind than the conquests of Alexander or Napoleon, for in this comparison the devastations effected by the devastations of the globe are coarse and vulgar matters. But to return to the point in Scottish History, on which we intended more immediately to dwell; all our readers are not perhaps aware of the "small means" which ushered in the dawn of Scotland's Reformation. These are described by Grant Thorburn, in his little book—"Men and Manners in Britain;" chapter xii., entitled:—

EDINBURGH,—ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM,—JOHN KNOX'S PULPIT,—COVENANTERS' FLAG,—JENNY GEDDES' STOOL.

——————Times,
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour.
(*Wordsworth.*)

Visited the museum of the Antiquarian Society. The pulpit of John Knox, the Scottish Reformer, stands in one of the rooms,* also a silk flag taken from the Covenanters at the battle of Bothwell Bridge in 1556. The flag bears the following motto:

COVENANTS, RELIGION, KING AND COUNTRY.

Jenny Geddes's stool is also standing here. It is formed from four pieces of timber crossed, with a piece of black leather for a top, so when stretched out and set down, it makes a seat in the shape of a small bed cot—when lifted it folds up, and it may be carried in the hand. This stool is a relict connected with a very important part of Scottish history. Jenny Geddes kept a stall in the High-street of Edinburgh for retailing vegetables. I think it was about the year 1660, when Charles II. was so anxious to introduce Episcopacy into Scotland, that Jenny Geddes and her stool is first heard of in the annals of Scotland.

In those days there were no pews in the churches, and at the present day, in the old chapels and cathedrals in England, there are not seats enough to accommodate the one-half of the congregation. In Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, but more especially in the latter, the greater part of the pews and seats are occupied by readers, chanters and singers: the majority of the congregation stand during the whole of the service. Well, the important Sabbath day arrived, when, in obedience to the king's proclamation, prayers were to be read in all the churches of Scotland. The people, almost to a man, were opposed to this anti-Christian innovation, as they termed the reading of prayers. Jenny, as her custom was while the bell was tolling, might be seen plodding along the High street, entering the *Auld Kerk*, placing her stool and her person very composedly under the pulpit or reading desk. The organ thrums off a solo. Jenny sent forth a heavy groan. The Bishop rises on his feet, white surplice, black gown, white bands, powdered wig, and all his canonicals in order. Jenny thought he was the very Pope himself. He proceeds, "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us," &c. Jenny thought with herself that the *Deil* was moving him. He calls on the Dean to read the *Collect* for the day. She jumps up, and exclaims, in her Scottish dialect, "*The muckle Deil, colic the name o' ye! will ye say mass in my face?*" and flinging the stool at his head, commenced an insurrection which, continuing for twenty-eight years, terminated in *the overthrow of the Stewarts by the revolution of* 1688, *which placed William on the Throne of Britain.*

* Almost every one who visits the museum have a wish to stand in this pulpit. The managers, fearing lest this perpetual motion would bring it to pieces, had the stairs cut off. I also had a wish to stand in this hot-bed of Reformation. I told the Secretary I would not ask to infringe on any positive order of the house, but if there could be any exception, I certainly would like to enter that pulpit. He handed a chair, and helped me in at once. I must say I felt pleased when my feet stood where stood the feet of that great man, and my hands rested on that sacred desk from whence streams flowed as pure as ever watered the city of God. The pulpit is of hard oak, and has never been painted; it is still in good repair, though nearly 300 years old.

FREEDOM OF THE EASTERN SEAS,—BRIGHTER PROSPECTS OF EASTERN AFRICA,—SULTAN OF MUSCAT,—ZANZIBAR,—MOMBASA,—BRITISH ENTERPRISE,—AMERICAN TRADERS, ETC. ETC.

THE perfect freedom of trade now established in the seas eastward of this Colony; the extension of Mohammed Ali's power through the Red Sea, as far as Mocha; the improvements of Zanzibar, and its trade just opened with London;—are all of recent occurrences, indicating and aiding the important revolution which is about to take place in the circumstances of Eastern Africa. This revolution or development will be still further promoted if the East India Company purchase (as it is said they intend to do,) the island of Socotra, as a depôt for coal in the projected steam-navigation between Bombay and Suez.

The Sultan of Muscbat has resided during the last three years in Zanzibar, labouring with no less success than diligence in developing the resources of that fertile island. He employs a number of experienced sugar-makers, obtained at high salaries from Bourbon and the Isle of France; and the Sugars of Zanzibar already hold a very high place in the market. The cultivation of indigo, cotton, and of coffee—of ginger, cinnamon, cloves, and other spices, likewise engages his attention. But the spirit and enterprise of British merchants have done more for him than he probably ever anticipated; and the unlooked for experiment made in the commencement of last year of a direct trade between London and Zanzibar, which was crowned with complete success, cannot fail to call forth the commercial resources of Eastern Africa, and to lead to the most important results. It is singular enough that cargoes laden in Zanzibar had previously reached London from the *United States*, but the quarter whence they originally came was kept *profoundly secret by the American exporters*. There is now an English house established in Zanzibar, and we believe we are justified in asserting that the value of the importations into that island from London, in the first year of their direct intercourse, exceeded considerably that of the importations of all the Portuguese colonies in Africa put together.

But Seïd Sa'id, in the midst of his prosperity, laments one heavy disappointment. While indulged by fortune in all other respects, he has been repeatedly foiled in the favourite object of his ambition. As soon as his power was sufficiently established in Arabia, and he had leisure to look to the coast of Africa, the advantageous position of Mombása necessarily caught his attention. Rightful claim to it he had none, but he deemed himself the stronger party, and had too much common sense, under such circumstances, to talk of legitimacy. He had obtained possession of Patta, in 1817, by stratagem, and expected little resistance from the aged Sultan of Mombása. The numerical superiority of his forces enabled him to make himself master of the island of Pemba, which, with the low coast extending from Melinda southwards to the river Pangány, was dependant on Mombása, but he gained no further positive advantage. The ability and bravery of Mebárak, the son of Sultan Ahmed of Mombása, made up for the inferiority of his numbers. Yet the people of Mombása suffered severely from the protracted warfare; their commerce was hindered by the vigilance and naval superiority of the enemy; the fortifications of their little island were crumbling to decay, and seemed little capable of standing a siege. Under these circumstances, knowing that British ships of war were on the coast, they resolved to cede their little state to Great Britain, and, confidently anticipating the acceptance of their offer, they hoisted the British flag. This politic measure succeeded; Captain Owen accepted the conditional cession of Mombása; a truce of course took place between the contending parties, and the force of the Sultan of Muscat, which appeared in hostile array in the offing, entered the harbour as friends. The British Government, however, were unwilling to increase the number of British colonies, already too widely scattered, by accepting the cession of a petty state on the eastern coast of Africa, to which, in the then existing circumstances of the commercial world, no great importance could be attached. Orders were accordingly sent to give the place up, but delays arose in the transmission of these orders,—owing, we believe, to the reluctance of the naval officer commanding on that station to resign so fine a harbour; and for nearly three years the British flag waved on the fort of Mombása, The place was at length yielded up by the English, not—be it observed—to the Sultan of Muscat, but to its native and hereditary chiefs, from whom it had been accepted on conditions. The Governor of Bombay was at the same time instructed to exert his influence with the Sultan of Muscat, to prevent his molesting the people of Mombása any further.

It is highly gratifving to reflect, that during the greater part of the period that Mombàsa continued under the protection of Great Britain, the post of commandant was filled there by an officer who exercised his influence or authority in a manner honourable alike to his nation and to himself. Lieutenant Reitz, (of this Colony,) who first took

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the command of that place, soon perished in an ill-timed attempt to explore the river Pangány, which flows through the most populous country known to the Arabs in Eastern Africa. His successor, Lieutenant Emery, desirous of employing a number of liberated Africans who were placed under his care, conceived the bold design of improving the port of Mombása, by the construction of a good landing place. For this purpose he cut three flights of steps through the solid rock; and from the base of the cliff to which they conducted, he ran out a pier or jetty to a considerable distance. In the rock adjoining the stairs he cut a lateral gallery, at the extremity of which he sunk a well and found good water. The watering place previously resorted to by the shipping, was two miles distant from the anchorage. This work, we are assured, was in every respect well executed, and would not disgrace an experienced engineer. To the Arabs of Mombása it appeared stupendous, and they were at a loss which to admire most, the abilities or disinterestedness of Lieutenant Emery, for the expense of all the improvements effected by him, was defrayed out of the share of the port duties alloted by the terms of the cession for the support of himself and his party. The British flag attracted the Banyans in great numbers to Mombása, who, sure of protection, gave at once loose reins to their mercantile enterprise. The firmness of Lieut. Emery fully justified their confidence, nor did he quit the place before their accounts were settled, and interests secured. That young officer, in short, completely subdued the prejudices and gained the affections of the people of Mombása. The day of his departure, after a two years' residence among them, was a day of general mourning throughout the island. Previously to that period, the English were more dreaded than esteemed by the Arabs of Eastern Africa, but now they are acknowledged by them to be as beneficent at least as they are powerful.

During a three years' peace, with an improved administration, Mombása acquired new strength and fresh resources. As soon as the English abandoned it, the Sultan of Muscat recommenced his attacks on it; and of these he has made four within the last ten years, but without the least success. His attempt to reduce the place by blockade was frustrated by the violence of the south-eastern monsoon. His assault on it two years ago was repulsed with great slaughter. The death of the heroic Mebárak, Sheikh of Mombása, so far from damping the ardour of his people, gave a loose to the commemoration of his virtues, which served to spread far and wide the enthusiasm of the cause in which he perished. The people of Mombása obtained, and continued to obtain, their warlike stores from Bombay; nor could the representations of the Sultan of Muscat induce the Anglo-Indian Government to deviate from the path of strict neutrality.

Irritated by his defeats, and despairing of subduing Mombása by his single strength, or of making the English the tools of his ambition, the Sultan of Muscat betook himself *to the Americans, whose traders have of late years grown numerous on the coasts of Arabia and Eastern Africa.* In negotiating with these adventurers he had few scruples to contend with; and it was soon agreed between the parties, that the Americans should have a factory in Zanzibar, or on whatever part of the African coast they might select, with exclusive privileges of trade, provided that they enabled the Sultan to reduce Mombása. As soon as this transaction was known at Bombay, a ship of war was sent to Zanzibar (in April 1834), to demand explanations, and thus was frustrated, we presume, the scheme of conquest concerted by the Sultan with the Americans. *The latter are extremely desirous to possess a good port in the Arabian seas.* They carry on much trade with Madagascar, Mocha, and Zanzibar; adroitly availing themselves of that exclusion of British activity and enterprise from those seas, which was heretofore in a great measure occasioned by the monopoly of the East India Company.

To our mercantile readers, in reference to the last article, we apprehend, the subject of trade on the Eastern shores, should not be an unwelcome one, and we recommend to their notice the ampler details of this question in the last *Edinburgh Review*, page 342. From the body of evidence therein set forth, it will be seen that the Arabs have a wide and easy access to the very interior of Africa; that their traffic pervades the entire population of the eastern side of this continent, as far down as the 12th degree of south latitude. It should be noted, that the population in the island of Zanzibar, according to the Sultan of Muscat, is estimated at 400,000 souls. The town of Zanzibar contains not less than 10,000 inhabitants. Great results are anticipated from the British establishments now forming in the island.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

MR BROWN.

THIS singular character is thus described in "Mephistophiles in England:"

Almost every thing he wore was a particular shade of brown; brown hat, brown wig, brown—*no very red face,* with nose to match; brown coat, brown waistcoat, brown small clothes, and handkerchief of the same colour. His predilection for this particular suit was continually evinced. He always had his meat done brown; ate brown bread, drank brown stout, rode a brown mare; was partial to brown dogs; very often went without gloves that his hands might be browned by the sun; and, whenever he seemed reflecting, was always in a brown study. He liked to see every thing painted brown; used brown furniture, curtains, carpets; and in fact, carried this one idea to such an extent that his minister was a Revd. Brown, his physician Dr. Brown; and once as I was passing through his hall, and required the services of the footman, whose name I heard, I called out "Brown!" and in an instant, the butler, under-butler, coachman, groom, footman, stable-boy, game-keeper, and half-a-dozen female servants, rushed towards me—they were all *Browns.*

OLD LONDON.

The present race of Londoners little know what the appearance of the city was a century ago; their own city, I was about to have said; but it was the city of their great grandfathers, not theirs, from which the elder Allisons retired in the year 1746. At that time the kennels (as in Paris) were in the middle of the street, and there were no foot-paths; spouts projected the rain-water in streams, against which umbrellas, if umbrellas had been then in use, could have afforded no defence; and large signs, such as are now only to be seen at country inns, were suspended before every shop, from posts which impeded the way, or from iron supports strongly fixed into the front of the house. The swinging of one of the broad signs in a high wind, and the weight of the iron on which it acted, sometimes brought the wall down; and it is recorded that one front wall of this kind in Fleet-street maimed several persons, and killed "two young ladies, a cobbler, and a king's jeweller."—*The Doctor, vol. 3.*

HOW TO TELL A GENTLEMAN.

"Because you are a gentleman," replied the girl, curtseying, "for all your homespun clothes."—"Ha! pray how have you found that out?"—"You talk differently from our people, sir. Your words or your voice—I can't rightly tell which—are softer than I have been used to hear. And you don't look, and walk, and behave as if homespun was all you ever wore."—"And is that all?"—"You stop to consider, as if you were studying what would please other people; and you do not step so heavy, sir; and you do not swear; and you do not seem to like to give trouble; I can't think, sir, that you have been always used to such as are hereabouts."—*Kennedy's Horse-Shoe Robinson.*

GRAND MEETING.

A grand festival of no less than seventeen temperance societies in the towns and villages round Wilsden (Yorkshire) was held. The vast body of members who arrived at the appointed ground in succession, each headed by a banner, presented a most interesting and imposing spectacle. At 12 o'clock on Monday (*August 3d*) Wilsden church was filled by the temperance societies. Several highly interesting speeches were delivered on this and subsequent occasions (in the evening, and on Tuesday, both in the morning and evening), by Mr. Buckingham, Reverend G. S. Bull, Messrs Tompson of Halifax, E. Parsons of Leeds, Pollard, agent of the Yorkshire society, and Livesey, Anderton (the temperance poet), and Swidlehurst (King of the Reformed drunkards), all of Preston. Striking pictures from real life were drawn of the evils of intemperance, and of the blessings resulting from moderation, but especially from total abstinence; which was shown to have been remarkably beneficial to the health of sawyers, pressers, and others engaged in the more laborious and exhausting employments. In a field near the church, a splendidly decorated booth, forty-five yards by eighteen, had been erected, down which seven rows of tables were arranged. In the afternoon of Monday, one thousand four hundred persons sat down together to tea, and were succeeded by one thousand one hundred, who in their turn were followed by two hundred. Mirth and cheerfulness pervaded the vast assemblage; and, when morally considered, scarcely any sight could be of equal interest on this occasion. Next day the proceedings were resumed: a prayer meeting and a public meeting were held, and tea was again partaken of by an immense number of individuals. The same evening the festival *terminated.*—*Leeds Mercury.*

The British Magazine publishes the following statement of the sources of church of England patronage:—Patrons of benefices: the King, 93 benefices; ditto as Prince of Wales, 35; Duke of Lancaster, 52; the King by the Lord Chancellor, 824—in all, 1004: bishops, 1298; deans, 70; chapters, 694; dignitaries and prebends, 291—in all, 2353: Oxford, 432; Cambridge, 312; Eton, 42; Winchester, 15; St. Davids, 4—in all, 805: private patrons and lay corporations, 6548—total in England and Wales, 10,711. The more usual statement is, clerical, 2353; collegiate, 805; lay patrons, 7523—in all, 10,711.

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THE COAST GUARD OF ENGLAND.

LIBRARIES of a religious and useful class are forming at home for the Coast Guard,—the men with their families amounting to upwards of 21,000 souls. These Libraries are carried on by voluntary subscriptions, and the Government has kindly granted £500 towards the extension of objects so desirable. *(Herald.)*

FRENCH NATIONAL UNDERTAKING.

THE CHERBOURG BREAKWATER.

The great dam, about twenty minutes' walk below Cherbourg, which, together with Fort Napoleon, were so seriously injured by the storms of February and March, 1807, and again by that of February, 1808, is beginning to wear a substantial appearance; it is carrying out in an easterly direction, and will stretch about 3,200 feet (500 toises), from the fort on Pelée Island; by this means, and a fort at the extremity of the dam, so powerful a cross-fire will be obtained, that it is improbable any enemy will hereafter venture to attempt forcing a passage. The construction of the dam was commenced about fifty years ago; it has been prosecuted under various interruptions, and will probably be terminated after undergoing a host of modifications in the plan of its construction. Political convulsions sunk it almost into oblivion in the days of the National Convention and Directory; but the work was resumed by Napoleon's directions, in whose time 28,000*l.* were annually appropriated to it. For eight years subsequently to the restoration of the Bourbons it was again wholly neglected. In 1823, however, a sum of 20,000*l.* was spent upon the centre battery; and in 1827, Hyde de Neuville, the Secretary of the Navy, raised the grant to the sum which Napoleon had set down, and it is intended next year to increase it to 68,000*l.* a year; this grant will enable the Government to make rapid advances in completing the masonry of the dam. Cochin, the engineer, has estimated the quantity of stone already sunk in the bight of Cherbourg at upwards of 3,700,000 cubic metres; and not less than 2,800,000 more will be required before the undertaking is completed. Up to the present day the expenditure upon it amounts to more than 840,000*l.* sterling; and it is calculated that as much more will be necessary before it is terminated. The harbour of Cherbourg possesses no claims whatever in a Commercial point of view; but in a military one it is of high importance, for there is no roadstead on the French coast fit to be named on the same day with it, with reference to breadth, depth, and security. It is capable of receiving 50 ships of the line; and has space enough for all of them to manœuvre at their ease, *and run out of it at all seasons of the year.*"

BRITISH FORBEARANCE AND PHILANTHROPY.

MR. LORD, in his excellent Work on Algiers, has presented to us some interesting particulars of Lord Exmouth's policy when the English fleet arrived before the city of Algiers. Unwilling to chastise the Dey of Algiers further than had already been done, Lord Exmouth addressed a letter to him in the following terms:—

"SIR,

"For your atrocities at Bona on defenceless Christians, and your unbecoming disregard to the demands I made yesterday, in the name of the Prince Regent of England, the fleet under my orders has given you a signal chastisement, by the total destruction of your navy, store-houses, and arsenal, with half your batteries.

"As England does not war for the destruction of cities, I am unwilling to visit your personal cruelties upon the inoffensive inhabitants of the country, and I therefore offer you the same terms of peace, which I conveyed to you yesterday in my Sovereign's name; without the acceptance of these terms, you can have no peace with England.

"If you receive this offer as you ought, you will fire three guns; and I shall consider your not making this signal as a refusal, and shall renew my operations at my own convenience.

"I offer you the above terms, provided neither the British consul, nor the officers and men so wickedly seized by you from the boats of a British ship-of war, have met with any cruel treatment, or any of the Christian slaves in your power; and I repeat my demand, that the consul, and officers and men, may be sent off to me conformable to ancient treaties. "I have, &c.

"EXMOUTH"

At the same time that he despatched this letter, orders were given to the bomb-vessels to resume their situations,—so that the bombardment, if necessary, might be at once renewed. All further hostilities, however, were prevented by the Dey, after three hours' consideration, firing the three guns, directed as a signal of acceptance. Negotiations were immediately opened in form; and on the 30th August the admiral published a notification to the fleet, that all demands had been complied with, the British consul had been indemnified for his losses, and the Dey, in presence of all his officers, had made him a public apology for the insults offered him. On the 1st of September, Lord Exmouth had the pleasure of informing the secretary of the Admiralty, that all the slaves in the city of Algiers, and its immediate vicinity were embarked; as also 357,000 dollars for Naples, and 25,000 dollars for Sardinia.

The number of slaves thus released amounted to one thousand and eighty-three; of whom four hundred and seventy-one were Neapolitans, two hundred and thirty-six Sicilians, one hundred and seventy-three Romans, six Tuscans, one hundred and sixty-one Spaniards, one Portuguese, seven Greeks, twenty-eight Dutch, *and not one single Englishman.*

English Journal in Paris.—The London and Paris Courier, in English, has been well received in France. The shares have been all taken, and it promises a good understanding between Great Britain and France.

Bank of England—from April to June:—

Liabilities.		Assets.	
Circulation,	£18,315,000	Securities,	£25,678,000
Deposits,	10,954,000	Bullion,	6,219,000
	£29,269,000		£31,897,000

Savings' Banks.—These important Institutions are now rapidly increasing in France. Upwards of 124 Banks duly authorised, have been formed. On the 30th of June, the balance in hand was 49,897,000*fr.*

The Comet.—London, August 1st. The extraordinary heat of our weather indicates a comet year; and it is worthy of observation, how generally atmospheric and other natural phenomena are connected with the appearance of these once terrific visitors.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Sea Serpent again!—Decidedly seen on Lake Ontario, according to the averment of the Capt. of an American schooner, who ran up the rigging to avoid being swallowed. From this station he surveyed the *serpent* for a quarter of an hour, and found it to be 78 feet long, bluish, with brown spots; tapering at both extremities, and as big as a flour-barrel in the middle.—*Ib.*

HALIFAX GIBBET LAW.

Daniel Defoe has left an extremely interesting account of the "Halifax Gibbet Law," but its length forbids extraction, and as to the law itself, or rather custom, it is well known by the celebrity which the Halifax instrument of punishment has acquired as the model of the Maiden, introduced into Scotland by the Regent Morton, who was the first to fall under its axe. An anecdote from Defoe must conclude these notices of our ancient criminal administration in reference to the *ultimum supplicium*:—

"They tell us of a custom which prevailed here, in the case of a criminal being to be executed, viz. that if after his head was laid down, and the signal given to pull out the pin, he could be so nimble as to snatch out his head between the pulling out the pin and the falling down of the axe, and could get upon his feet, jump off the scaffold, run down a hill that lies just before it, and get through the river before the executioner could overtake him, and seize upon him, he was to escape; and, though the executioner did overtake him on the other side of the river, he was not to bring him back, at least he was not to be executed.

"But as they showed me the form of the scaffold, and the weight of the axe, it was, in my opinion, next to impossible any man should be so quick-eyed as to see the pulling out the pin, and so quick with his head as to snatch it out. Yet they tell a story of one fellow that did it, and was so bold after he had jumped off the scaffold and was running down the hill, with the executioner at his heels, to turn about and to call to the people to give him his hat; that having afterwards jumped into the river, which is but a little one, and not deep, he stopped, intending to drown the executioner, if he had come up to him; at which the poor fellow stopped too, and was afraid to go into the water to seize him. *(Monthly Magazine.)*

Liberty is not idleness—it is a free use of time to choose our labour and our exercise; in one word, to be free, is not to do nothing, but to be the sole arbiter of what we do, and what we leave undone. In this sense, what good so great as liberty?

Governments depend far more than is generally supposed upon the opinion of the people, and the spirit and the age of the nation. It sometimes happens that a "gigantic mind" possesses supreme power, and rises superior to the age in which he is born; such was Alfred in England and Peter in Russia; but such instances are very rare; and, in general, it is neither among sovereigns nor the higher classes of society, that the great improvers or benefactors of mankind are to be found.

"Our most Religious King."—This phrase was originally introduced into a new Collect framed in the reign of Charles the Second, and then only conveyed the meaning of the Latin word Religiosus, importing the sacredness of the Royal person.

Money.—Odart, a Piedmontese conspirator for Catherine, used to say, "I see there is no regard for any thing but money, and money I will have. I would go this night and set fire to the palace for money; and when I had got enough, I would retire to my own country, and there live like an honest man." More than once the empress offered him a title: "No, madam, I thank you," said Odart; "money, money, if you please." He did get money, went to Nice, and there he is said to have lived as became a gentleman.

The Army.—The following regiments are for foreign service:—27th and 28th, already sailed; 43d. 60th, 80th, and 90th. Next to return from foreign service: 1st Royals, 22d, 25th, 38th, 96th, 97th, and 98th. Next again for service: 1st Royals, 2d battalion, 14th, 81st, 85th, 89th, and 91st. Next again for home: 7th, 42d, 79th, 88th, and 1st Rifle Brigade.

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WAR AND ITS EVIL CONSEQUENCES,—POVERTY AND MISERY OF THE WORKING CLASSES,—UNCONTAMINATED PARTS OF ENGLAND,—CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,—EDUCATION,—SCOTTISH EDUCATION,—INTELLIGENCE AND INDUSTRY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

There never was a more momentous and sure truth pronounced, than that pronounced by Christ—"They who take the sword, shall fall by the sword." If they do not fall by its edge, they will by its hilt. It is under this evil that we are now labouring. As a nation, we have fallen through war into all our present misery and crime. It is impossible that the great European kingdoms, with their present wealth and cultivated surfaces in their present artificial state of society, can carry on war without enduring evils far more extensive, tremendous, and lasting, than the mere ravaging of lands, the destruction of towns, or even human lives. We are as a nation, an awful proof of this at this moment. By the chances of war, at one time, manufacturing and farming almost for the world; prospering, apparently, on the miseries of whole kingdoms wrapt in one wide scene of promiscuous carnage and anarchy, our tradesmen and agriculturists commanded their own terms; and hence, on the one hand, they accumulated large fortunes, while on the other, the nation, by its enormous military preparations—its fleets and armies marching and sailing everywhere, prepared to meet emergencies at all points and in all climes; by its aids and subsidies abroad; by its wasteful expenditure at home—piled up the most astounding debt ever heard of in the annals of the world. A vast working population was not merely demanded by this unnatural state of excitement, but might be said to be forced into existence, to supply all manner of articles to realms too busy in mutual slaughter to be able to manufacture or plough for themselves. Everything assumed a new and wonderful value. All classes, the working classes as well as the rest, with the apparent growing prosperity, advanced into habits of higher refinement and luxury. The tables of mechanics were heaped with loads of viands of the best quality, and of the highest price, as earliest in the market; their houses were crowded with furniture, till they themselves could scarcely turn round in them—clocks, sometimes two or three in one house; chests of drawers and tables thronged into the smallest rooms; looking-glasses, tea-trays, and prints, stuck on every possible space on the walls; and, from the ceiling depending hams bags, baskets, fly-cages of many colours, and a miscellaneous congregation of other articles, that gave their abodes more the aspect of ware-rooms or museums, than the dwellings of the working class. Dress advanced in the same ratio; horses and gigs were in vast request; and the publicans and keepers of tea-gardens made ample fortunes.

The war ceased. Commerce was thrown open to the competition of the world. The continental nations began to breathe, and to look round on their condition. Their poverty and their spirit of emulation, the sight of their own stripped condition, and of England apparently enriched beyond calculation, at their expense, set them rapidly about helping themselves. This could not but be quickly and deeply felt here. To maintain our position, all manner of artificial means were adopted. Every class feeling the tide of wealth changing its course, strove to keep what it had got. The working class, as individually the weakest, because they had spent their gains as they came, went to the ground. The value of every necessary of life was kept up as much as possible by legal enactments. The rate of wages fell. The manufacturers impelled by the same necessity of struggling for the maintenance of their rank, were plunged into the most eager competition; the uttermost pressure of reduction fell on the labour of the operative, who, with their acquired habits, were ill able to bear it. They were thrust down to a condition the most pitiable and morally destructive—to excessive labour, to semi-starvation, to pauperism. They could not send their children to school—not so much from the expense of schooling—for that was made light by public contribution, and new plans of facility in teaching large numbers—but because they wanted every penny their children could earn by any means, to aid in the common support. Hence, mere infants were crowded in pestilent mills, when they should have been growing in the fresh air; and were stunted and blighted in body and in mind,—a system, the evil of which became so enormous as to call lately upon the attention of the legislature, and the indignant wonder of the nation. The parents themselves had not a moment's time to watch over their welfare or their morals; at least sixteen hours' unremitting daily labour being necessary to the most miserable existence. Evils accumulated on all sides. The working class considered themselves cast off from the sympathies of the upper classes, regarded and valued but as tools and machines; their children grew into ignorant depravity, in spite of all efforts of law or philanthropy to prevent them. These causes still operate wherever manufacturing extends: and, till the condition of this great class, whether in towns or villages, can be amended; till time for domestic relaxation can be given to the man, and a Christian, rather than a literary, education to the boy—an inculcation of the beauty and necessity of the great Christian principles; the necessity of reverencing the laws of God; doing, in all their intercourse with their fellow men, as they would be done by; the necessity of purity of life and justice of action, rather than the cant of religious feeling, and the blind mystery of sectarian doctrine,—the law and the philanthropy must be in vain.

To the simple, and yet uncontaminated parts of the country, there is yet a different kind of education that I should rejoice to see extended. It should be to open the eyes of the rural population to the advantages of their situation;—to awaken a taste for the enjoyment of nature;—to give them a touch of the poetical;—to teach them to see the pleasantness of their quiet lives,—of their cottages and gardens,—of the freshness of the air and country around them, especially as contrasted with the poor and squalid alleys where those of their own rank, living in towns, necessarily take up their abode—of the advantages in point of health and purity afforded to their children by their position,—of the majestic beauty of the day, with its morning animation, its evening sunsets, and twilights almost as beautiful; its nightly blue altitude, with its moon and stars:—all this might be readily done by the conversation of intelligent people, and by the diffusion of cheap publications amongst them; and done, too, without diminishing the relish for the daily business of their lives. Airy and dreamy notions—notions of false refinement, and aspirations of soaring

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beyond their own sphere—are not inspired by sound and good intelligence, but by defective and bad education.

The sort of education I mean has long been realized in Scotland, and with the happiest results. There, large towns and manufactories have produced their legitimate effect, as with us; but, in the rural districts, every child, by national provision has a sound, plain education given him. He is brought up in habits of economy, and sentiments of rational religion, and the most solemn and thorough morality. The consequence is, that almost all grow up with a sense of self-respect; a sense of the dignity of human nature; a determined resolve of depending on their own exertions: and, though no people are so national, because they are made sensible of the beauty of their country, and the honourable deeds of their forefathers, yet, if they cannot find means of living at home without degradation, and, indeed, without bettering their condition, they soberly march off, and find some place where they can, though it be at the very ends of the earth.

Nothing is better known than the intelligence and order that distinguish a great portion of the rural population of Scotland. No people are more diligent and persevering in their proper avocations; and yet none are more alive to the delights of literature. Amid wild mountain tracks and vast heaths, where you scarcely see a house as you pass along for miles, and where you could not have passed two generations ago without danger of robbery or the dirk, they have book societies, and send new books to and fro to one another, with an alacrity and punctuality that are most delightful. When I have been pedestrianizing in that country, I have frequently accosted men at their work or in their working dress—perhaps with their axe or their spade in their hands, and three or four children at their heels—and found them well acquainted with the latest good publications, and entertaining the soundest notions of them; without the aid of critics. Such men in England would probably not have been able to read at all. They would have known nothing but the routine of their business, the state of the crop, and the gossip of the neighbourhood: but there, sturdy and laborious men tanned with the sun, or smeared with the marl in which they had been delving, have not only been able to give all the knowledge of the district; its histories and traditions; the proprietorships, and other particulars of the neighbourhood; but their eyes have brightened at the mention of their great patriots, reformers, and philosophers, and their tongues have grown perfectly eloquent in discussing the works of their poets and other writers. The names of Wallace, Bruce, Knox, Fletcher, of Saltoun, the Covenanters, Scott, Burns, Hogg, Campbell, Wilson, and others, have been spells that have made them march away miles with me, when they could not get me into their own houses, and find it difficult to turn back.

THE MAJESTY OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

Daily Morning.

The Times, Morning Advertiser, Chronicle, Herald, Post, Public Ledger.

Daily Evening.

Evening Standard, ditto Globe, ditto Albion, ditto Courier, ditto Sun, ditto True Sun.

Thrice a Week.

Evening Mail, *Mon. Wed. Fr.* London Packet *Mon. Wed. Fr.* St. James's Chronicle, *Tu. Thur. Sat.* English Chronicle, *Tu. Thur. Sat.* Evening Chronicle, *Tu. Thur. Sat.*

Twice a Week.

London Gazette, (by authority) *Tu. Fr.* London New Price Current, *Tu. Fr.* The Record, *Mon. Thur.*

Weekly.

Monday, Christian Advocate, and Mark Lane Express. *Tuesday*, Mercantile Price Cur., and Mercantile Journal. *Wednesday*, Patriot, and General Advertiser. *Thursday*, Law Chronicle, and Law Gazette. *Friday*, Baldwin's Journal, Cobbett's Register (*dead*) and Prince's Price Cur. *Saturday*, Court Journal, Literary Gazette, Naval and Military Gazette, and Nicholson's Com. Gazette. *Sunday*, Age,* Atlas,* Dispatch,* Examiner,* John Bull,† Life in London,* News,** Sunday Herald, New Bell's Messenger,* Old Bell's Messenger,** Old England,* Observer,† Satirist,* Spectator,* Sunday Times,† United Service Gazette,* and Weekly True Sun.*

*Those marked * have a Saturday edition; ** have a Saturday and Monday edition; and † Monday edition.*

English Provincial Newspapers.

Bath Chronicle, ditto Gazette, ditto Guardian, ditto Herald, ditto Journal. Berks Chronicle, *(Reading.)* Berwick Advertiser. Birmingham Advertiser, ditto Gazette, ditto Journal. Blackburn Alfred, (dead), ditto Gazette. Bolton Chronicle. Boston and Lincoln Herald. Bradford Observer. Bridgewater Alfred, (dead). Brighton Gazette, ditto Guardian, ditto Herald. Bristol Gazette, ditto Journal, ditto Mercury, ditto Mirror, ditto Times. Bucks Gazette, *(Aylesbury)*, ditto Herald, *(do.)* Bury Herald, ditto Post, ditto Cambrian, *(Swansea.)* Cambridge Chronicle, ditto Free Press. Carlisle Journal, ditto Patriot. Carmarthen Journal, ditto Welchman. Carnarvon Herald. Chelmsford Chronicle. Cheltenham Chronicle, ditto Journal, ditto Free Press. Chester Chronicle, ditto Courant. Colechester Gazette. Cornwall Gazette, *(Truro)*, ditto West Briton. Coventry Herald, ditto Mercury. Cumberland Pacquet, (*Whitehaven*). Derby Mercury, ditto Reporter. Derbyshire Courier, (*Chesterfield*). Devizes Gazette. Devon Advertiser, (*Barnstaple*), ditto Journal. Devenport Independent, ditto Telegraph. Doncaster Gazette. Dorset Chronicle, (*Dorchester*). Dover Telegraph. Durham Advertiser, ditto Chronicle. Essex Herald, (*Chelmsford*), ditto Independent, (*do.*) ditto Standard, (*Colchester*), ditto and Herts Mercury, (*London*), ditto and Suffolk Press. Exeter Flying Post, ditto Gazette, ditto Luminary, ditto Times. Falmouth Cornubian, ditto Packet. Glamorganshire Guardian, (*Merthyr*). Gloucester Chronicle, ditto Journal. Gravesend and Milton Journal. Greenwich Gazette. Hampshire Advertiser, (*Southampton*), ditto Chronicle, (*Winchester*), ditto Telegraph, (*Portsmouth*). Hereford Journal, ditto Times. Herts County Press. Hull Advertiser, ditto Observer, ditto Packet, ditto Rockingham. Ipswich Journal. Kentish Chronicle, (*Canterbury,*) ditto Gazette, *(do.)* Kent (West) Guardian, (*do.*) Kent Herald, (*do.*) ditto and Essex Mercury. Lancaster Gazette, ditto Herald. Leamington Courier, ditto Press. Leeds Intelligencer, ditto Mercury, ditto Times. Leicester Chronicle, ditto Herald, ditto Journal. Lichfield Mercury, (*dead*). Lincolnshire Chronicle. Lincoln Gazette, ditto Mercury, (*Stamford*). Liverpool Albion, ditto Chronicle, ditto Courier, ditto General Advertiser, ditto Journal, ditto Mercantile Advertiser, ditto Mercury, ditto Standard, ditto Times. Macclesfield Courier. Maidstone Gazette, ditto Journal. Manchester Advertiser, ditto Chronicle ditto Courier, ditto Guardian, ditto Herald, ditto Times. Monmouth Merlin. Newcastle Chronicle, ditto Courant, ditto Free Press. ditto Journal, ditto Tyne Mercury. Norfolk Chronicle, Norwich Mercury, ditto East Anglian, (dead), ditto Herald, ditto Mercury. Northumberland Advertiser, (*North Shields*), (dead). North Wales Chronicle, (*Bangor.*) Nottingham Journal, ditto Mercury, ditto Review. Oxford Herald, ditto Journal, ditto Conservative. Plymouth Herald, ditto Journal. Portsmouth Herald. Preston Chronicle, ditto Pilot. Reading Mercury. Rochester Gazette. Salisbury Herald, ditto Journal. Sheffield Independent, ditto Iris, ditto Mercury. Sherborne Journal, ditto Mercury. Shrewsbury Chronicle. Salopian Journal. Southampton Independent. Stafford Advertiser, ditto Mercury, (*Hanley*). Stamford Bee (dead), ditto Mercury, ditto News. Stockport Advertiser. Suffolk Chronicle, (*Ipswich*). Sussex Advertiser, (*Lewes*). Sunderland Herald. Taunton Courier. Warwick Advertiser. West Briton, (*Truro*). Westmoreland Advertiser, (*Kendal*), ditto Gazette, (*do.*) Whitehaven Herald. Windsor Express. Wolverhampton Chronicle. Worcester Herald, ditto Journal. York Chronicle, ditto Courant, ditto Gazette, ditto Herald, Yorkshireman.

Scotch Provincial Newspapers.

Aberdeen Advertiser, ditto Herald, ditto Journal, ditto Observer. Ayr Advertiser, ditto Observer. Dumfries Courier, ditto Times. Dundee Advertiser, ditto Chronicle, ditto Constitutional, ditto Guardian. Edinburgh Advertiser, ditto Chronicle, ditto Courant, ditto Constitution, ditto Gazette, ditto Journal, ditto Mercury, ditto Observer, ditto Patriot, ditto Post, ditto Scotsman. Ditto Leith and Glasgow Advertiser. Elgin Courant. Fife Herald, (*Cupar*). Fifeshire Journal, *(Kirkaldy)*. Glasgow Argus, ditto Chronicle, ditto Courier, ditto Free Press, ditto Herald, ditto Journal, ditto Liberator, ditto Post, ditto Reporter, ditto Scottish Guardian, ditto Scots Times. Greenock Advertiser, ditto Intelligencer. Inverness Courier, ditto Journal. Kelso Chronicle, ditto Mail. Kilmarnock Journal. Montrose Review. Paisley Advertiser. Perth Advertiser, ditto Courier. Stirling Journal and Advertiser.

Irish Provincial Newspapers.

Athlone Independent. Balina Impartial, (*Castlebar.*) Ballyshannon Herald. Belfast Commercial Chronicle, ditto News Letter, ditto Nor-

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thern Herald, ditto ditto Whig. Carlow Morning Post, ditto Sentinel, ditto Standard. Clare Journal, (*Ennis.*) Clonmel Advertiser, ditto Herald. Connaught Journal. (*Galway.*) Cork Constitution, ditto Mercantile Chronicle, ditto Southern Reporter. Drogheda Journal. Dublin Dispatch, ditto Evening Mail, ditto ditto Packet, ditto ditto Post, ditto Freeman's Journal, ditto Evening Freeman, ditto Gazette (*by authority*), ditto Mercantile Advertiser, ditto Saunders' News Letter. Ditto Warder, ditto Weekly Freeman, ditto Weekly Register, ditto Morning Register, ditto Pilot, ditto Comet, ditto Times and Morning Post, ditto Racing Calendar. Enniskillenner. Ennis Chronicle. Enniskillen Chronicle. Galway Advertiser, ditto Free Press, ditto Independent, ditto Western Argus, ditto Impartial Reporter. Kerry Evening Post, (*Tralee,*) ditto Western Herald, (*ditto,*) Kilkenny Moderator. Leinster Express. Limerick Chronicle, ditto Evening Post, ditto Herald, ditto Times, ditto Star Longford Journal. Londonderry Journal, ditto Sentinel. Mayo Constitution, (*Castlebar,*) ditto Free Press, ditto Telegraph. Newry Examiner, ditto Telegraph. Roscommon Gazette, ditto Journal. Sligo Journal, ditto Observer. Strabane Morning Post. Tipperary Free Press, (*Clonmel.*) Tralee Mercury. Waterford Chronicle, ditto Mail, ditto Mirror, ditto Weekly Chronicle. Westmeath Journal, (*Mullingar.*) Wexford Freeman, ditto Herald, ditto Independent.

British Islands.

Guernsey Comet, ditto Gazette, ditto Mercury, ditto Star. Jersey Gazette, ditto Patriot, ditto Free Press, ditto English and Foreign News. Manx Advertiser, (*Douglas.*) Manxman, (*ditto*) Manx Sun, (*ditto,*)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(*From Cobbett's Register.*)

[No apology will be necessary, especially to the reader, for the insertion of the following beautifully descriptive and affecting extract from "Cobbett's Year's Residence in America," which extract is from his Journal, dated 16th January, 1818, and was written when at Philadelphia, in which city he had, many years before, resided.]

The question eagerly put to me by every one in Philadelphia is, "Don't you think the city greatly improved?" They seem to me to confound augmentation with improvement. It always was a fine city since I first knew it; and it is very greatly augmented. It has I believe, nearly doubled its extent and number of houses since 1799. But, after being, for so long a time, familiar with London, every other place appears little. After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster-hall and the Abbey Church and the bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus; the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England, in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was a "creek." But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill, not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises out of a flat, in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as a superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill" meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes. Literally speaking, I, for a moment, thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put up in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me, in a few minutes, to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill, where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoe, my pretty pigeons that used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped down. When I came to reflect what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at the Secretary of State's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries. I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good, behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment, (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them.

FARMER BLUNT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

From the Life of Bilberry Thurland.

Blunt was a regular English churchman, of the right old farmerish religion; that is, he held the Sabbath as a weekly scraper on which to free the soul from the dirt of the last six days' sin. He went to church with his men in the morning—he had the Bible read to both men and maids for the exact space of an hour in the afternoon, and after that they were free to gossip, sleep, or go a-courting, as best suited their inclinations, till six o'clock. Evening service he made them all attend together, while he himself either rambled about his homestead, to look after things a little, putting a flake into the gap of a broken fence, or giving the neglected wagon wheels an occasional lick of grease—or else he smoked a pipe and drank his own ale—always out of a silver tankard—until his nose grew ripe, and he slided into a nap to conclude with. In doing this, he believed he fulfilled the main scope of religion. He put it, like his best coat, off and on with the day; and, for the rest of the seven, he violated a few of the ten commandments with the most Christian confidence and phlegmatic indifference. Besides this, he was in some respects a singular man. He made his memorandums of business, and chalked up the majority of his accounts inside his sheds and stables, and on the walls all about the farm-yard. The consequence of keeping so extensive a ledger was this—that not unfrequently, after chalking up a particular account, he knew not where to refer to it, and would fly into a great passion with himself; and when, perhaps, three months after, it had become useless, he happened by chance to detect it, placed in some conspicuous situation, on purpose that it might not be overlooked, he would laugh heartily to think he had not found it before.

A Society of Ladies, for the Abolition of Slavery, has been established at Paris. Among the members are Mad. Pelet de la Lozère, Mad. Mallet, and Mad. Thayer.—*Paris Advertiser.*

EXPENSES OF WARS.

SINCE the year 1000, there have been twenty-four different wars between England and France; twelve between England and Scotland; eight between England and Spain; and seven with other countries;—in all, fifty-one wars!

There have been six wars within one hundred years, viz:—

	Sterling.	Destruction of Human Life.
1. War ending 1697,	Cost £21,500,000,	100,000 slain. 80,000 died of famine.
2. War began 1702,	Cost £43,000,000,	not ascertained.
3. War began 1739,	Cost £46,400,000,	
4. War began 1756,	Cost £111,000,000,	250,000.
5. Amer. War 1775,	Cost £139,000,000,	200,000.
Last W. began 1703,	Cost £750,000,000,	2,000,000 among the several belligerents.

At the conclusion of the war, which ended 1697, the national debt was twenty-one millions and a half. At the conclusion of the last war in 1815, the national debt amounted to no less than one thousand and fifty millions.

PRIZE ESSAY.

ONE hundred guineas, besides the profits of its publication, is offered for the best written Essay on the *Love of Money.* The Work wanted is one that will bear on *selfishness,* as it leads to live to ourselves, and not for our Maker and fellow men.

The manuscript is to be sent to Dr. Conquest, 13, Finsbury-square, London. The Honorable and Revd. B. Noel, and the Revd. Dr. P. Smith, are the arbitrators.

DEATH OF A LIBERAL.

DIED, on the 24th of June, at his house in Nelson-square, near London, Mr. Jno. Loydd, in the 72d year of his age. He was a liberal contributor to the Philanthropic Societies of England under the signature L. Mr. Loydd, from humble birth and circumstances, became a rich man; but in the luxury of doing good he spent upwards of £12,000 during his life. In his Will he has bequeathed as follows:—

Home Missionary Society,	£4,000
London Missionary Society,	4,000
Bible Society,	3,000
Religious Tract Society,	3,000
Sunday, School Society,	1,000
Surry Chapel Benevolent Society,	1,000
Christ Church Surry School,	500
London Hibernian Society,	500

A new tulip, reared by M. Patrix, a gardener at Ghent, and which the Society of Florists of the town has named the "Citadel of Antwerp," has been purchased by Mr. Vandernick, a horticulturist of Amsterdam, who was formerly a captain in the Dutch navy, at the price of 16,000 francs.

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Buonaparte's Address to the Monks of Spain, who had murdered a Frenchman.—"Barbarians and hypocrites! who preach intolerance,—excite discord and blood,—you are not ministers of the gospel. The period when Europe beheld without indignation the massacre of Protestants celebrated by illuminations in the great cities, can never be revived! The blessings of toleration are the first rights of man,—it is the first maxim of the gospel; because it is the first attribute of charity. If there was a time when some false teachers of the Christian religion preached intolerance, they had not then in view the interests of Heaven; but those of their temporal influence; they wished to be powerful amongst ignorant people. When a monk—a theologian—a bishop—or a pope, preaches intolerance, he preaches his own condemnation,—he gives himself up to be the laughing-stock of nations."

The Lights of Science and Thunders of the Vatican.—In the year 1818, Pius VII., a pontiff alike distinguished for his liberality and love of knowledge, procured a repeal of the edict against Galileo and the Copernican system. He assembled the congregation; and the late Cardinal Toriozzi, assessor of the sacred office, proposed, that "they should wipe off this scandal from the Church." The reply was carried with the dissentient voice of one Dominican only.— *Martin's Character of Lord Bacon, his Life and Works.*

The War-Cry of Innovation.—When Sir William Blackstone first began to deliver his law lectures before the University of Oxford, an attempt was made to cry him down as an innovator; and in various ways he was made to feel the influence of established opinions. In an introductory lecture, which, unfortunately, has not been published, he thus forcibly and eloquently retorted upon his opponents:—"In those Scholastic days," said the learned commentator, "when the original and inquisitive mind of Roger Bacon was directed to the investigation of Nature's laws, the theological animus conspired against him, and he was accused of holding communion with evil spirits. Upon a particular occasion, when he intended to exhibit some curious experiments to a few select friends, the secret having got out, the whole town and all the colleges in the University were in an uproar, Priests, and fellows, and students, were seen flying about in every direction, with their gowns streaming behind them, crying, 'No conjuror! no conjuror!' The cry of 'No conjuror' resounded from hall to hall, from cell to cell. At a later day, Galileo was condemned by men whose names are now remembered only as parts of the rubbish upon which the pedestal of his fame is raised. And in our times there are men who seek to raise the cry of 'No conjuror' against me. I tell you, you will soon find out that these good people are, at least, no conjurors themselves."— *Ibid.*

Great Britain, the great Fountain of Science.—It cannot but have struck every one who is at all acquainted with the subject, that there has been in this country either a singular number of coincidences, or a great aptitude for successful investigation of the *fundamenta* of different sciences. Bacon, Newton, Napier, Wallace, Brook Taylor, Bradley, Priestley, and others, are all connected with some one or more elementary points, either of speculation or observation, on which whole bodies of science, or prominent parts of bodies, are now constructed. How many of the brilliant results which have been brought amongst us from abroad can be traced back to some law or fact exported from England!— *Ibid.*

Ship-building Reform.—We are happy to observe, the strong and wide spreading impression which is making on the public mind by the praiseworthy exertions of Captain Ballingall of Kirkaldy, to put an end to the "ship-sinking system," so well described in the letter from a Correspondent, which we published the week before last. Hitherto Captain B. has found his chief approvers and supporters among the friends of humanity in his own country; but the circumstance we are about to mention, shows that on the Thames as well as Forth, his labours in the cause of maritime reform are beginning to be applauded and honoured as they deserve. The "Royal Sailing Society" of London, "King William IV. the Patron," have lately sent Captain B. a handsome silver medal, which bears on the obverse the style and title of the Society, and on the other the following inscription (within a wreath):—"To James Ballingall, Esq., of Kirkaldy, N.B., as a mark of approbation for his improved method of ship-building (of which models were exhibited), so as materially to lessen sea-risk and the loss of human life by shipwreck. (*Mechanics' Magazine.*)

NATURAL HISTORY.

FRUITS OF THE WEST INDIES.

I do not think the fruits of the East are to be compared with those of the West Indies. I doubt if the Garden of the Hesperides could have boasted of such a profusion of golden tints, and such a variety of delicious flavours. In the order of their excellency, let me regale your ladyship's fancy with their enumeration: the imperial shadock, "the grace and ornament" of a dessert in the West Indies; the luscious granadilla, which none but Creole hands can duly prepare with sugar and Madeira; the melting avocada pear, which it is forbidden to eat without salt and pepper; the delicate anana, which must be tasted in the birth-place of the pine-apple, to understand the benefit that Ripley, the Jamaica planter, has conferred on the epicurean world; the mellifluous naisberry, which, like the medlar, and some other fruits of precious qualities in fashionable hotbeds, must be yellow at the core before it is mature: the full-grown pomegranate must not be forgotten, teeming with liquid rubies, and reminding the Eastern epicurean of the golden fruit, which grows (on the authority of Mahomet) on that extraordinary tree Tupa, which grows in Paradise close to the Prophet's house, and is continually bending down its branches to present the passers-by with grapes, dates, and pomegranates, "of size and taste unknown to mortals," and lastly, the bloomy mango, whose exquisite hue is like the blush on the bashful cheek of a maiden of fifteen; and finally, indeed, the *agro-dolve* admixture of the star-apple and orange, which stands not the proof of Seneca's test of wholesomeness, for the eating of the same may be a pleasant thing to-day, but by no means agreeable to-morrow.—*Madden's West Indies.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries deserve all the good things that can be said of them. They are beautiful to look at, delicious to eat, have a fine odour, and are so wholesome that they are said to agree with the weakest digestions, and to be excellent against gout, fever, and all sorts of ailments. It is recorded of Fontenelle, that he attributed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring; and that he used to say, "If I can but reach the season of strawberries." Boerhaave (Mr Phillips tells us in his History of Fruits) looked upon their continued use as one of the principal remedies in cases of obstruction and vicidity, and in putrid disorders. Hoffman furnished instances of obstinate disorders cured by them, even consumptions; and Linnæus says that by eating plentifully of them he kept himself free from the gout. They are good even for the teeth.—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

Mr. Watt, the Discoverer of the Constitution of Water.—Lord Brougham, in his "Discourse of Natural Theology," after noticing the experiments of Dr. Priestly and Mr. Cavendish, by which they proved that by burning oxygen and hydrogen in a close vessel, they disappear and leave a weight of water equal to their united weights, observes:—"Dr. Priestly drew no conclusion of the least value from his experiments. But Mr Watt, after thoroughly weighing them by careful comparison with other facts, arrived at the opinion, that they proved the composition of water. This may justly be said to have been the discovery of that great truth in chemical science. I have examined the evidence and am convinced that he was the first discoverer in point of time, although it is very possible that Mr. Cavendish may have arrived at the same truth from his own experiments, without any knowledge of Mr. Watt's earlier process of reasoning."

The Mathematical Instinct of Bees.— The operations of pure instinct have never been supposed by any one to result from reasoning; and certainly they do afford the most striking proof of an intelligent cause, as well as of a unity of design in the world. The work of bees is among the most remarkable of all facts in both these respects. The form is in every country the same—the proportions accurately alike—the size the very same, to the fraction of a line, go where you will; and the form is proved to be that which the most refined analysis has enabled mathematicians to discover as, of all others, the best adapted for the purposes of saving room, and work, and materials. This discovery was only made about a century ago; nay, the instrument that enabled us to find it out—the *fluxional calculus*—was unknown half a century before that application of its powers. And yet the bee had been for thousands of years, in all countries, unerringly working according to this fixed rule, choosing the same exact angle of 120 degrees for the inclination of the sides of its little room, which every one had for ages known to be the best possible angle, but also choosing the same exact angles of 110 and 70 degrees for the inclinations of the roof, which no one had ever discovered till the 18th century, when Maclaurin solved that most curious problem of *maxima* and *minima*, the means of investigating which had not existed till the century before, when Newton invented the *calculus*, whereby such problems can now be easily worked.—*Lord Brougham's Discourse of Natural Theology.*

SCIENCE.

ON OIL PAINTINGS.

Guido was accustomed to paint on silk, which arose from the following circumstances: Dominicans of Bologna, removed an old coffin in order to deposit it in another place, opened it, and found the body entire; but on offering to touch it, the corse crumbled into dust, as well as the linen that covered it: a silken garment solely was preserved. Guido, who witnessed this event, inferred from thence that silk was less subject to corruption than linen, and resolved in future to paint his pictures on a species of taffety which he prepared for that purpose. He is perhaps the only painter who would have thought of such an expedient.—*Advice on the Care of Oil Paintings.*

MUSICAL TELEGRAPH.

M. Sudre, a Frenchman, is at present in the metropolis for the purpose of unfolding to the British government the details of a plan which he has proposed for telegraphic communication by means of musical notes. The plan has received the approbation in Paris, of a committee of the French Academy, and a military and naval commission, who have reported favourably upon it, as likely to prove highly useful in establishing a communication between the different corps of an army, or vessel at sea. Its principal advantage consists that it may be employed in cases where the ordinary means are unavailable. From the experiments made by the commission of naval officers, it was found only to take two minutes to transmit from one point to another, distant 9000 feet, three orders taken from the book of signals. The French horn or trumpet, which can be heard at a distance of three miles, was the instrument used on this occasion, but any instrument capable

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of expressing the different musical sounds, may be made the organ of the new language.

Many of the details on this subject, it may be interesting for the Cape reader to learn, may be found in the Mechanics' Magazine for July, page 269.

COOKING BY GAS.

Extract from a letter of Mr. John Barlow, C. E., to a friend in America, dated Feb. 27, 1835:— "There is one source of revenue to a Coal Gas Company coming into practical effect here which promises to be of great importance, namely, cooking by gas. I know one family who used no other fuel for cooking for the last two years —and another who for several years, have never lighted any other fire in the house for any other purpose whatever than gas during the three or four hot months; and they both say it is cheaper, more convenient, cleanlier, and the cooking better. Hundreds, and probably thousands, of families will in this country, be supplied with gas for cooking during the ensuing summer. They now roast, bake, and boil by gas. The heat is always ready when wanted, and it is extinguished when it is no longer required; no dust, no preparation, nor any cleaning up afterwards; the cook can leave a joint of meat, either roasting or boiling, and never look at it again till the clock informs her it is time to take it up. I know a family who regularly put their meat down, and all go to church on Sunday, locking the house up and leaving a capital dinner to the care of the gas."

THE BALLOON COMMUNICATION BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS.

We perceive that the grand aerial project which occupied so much of the attention of the Parisians about this time last year, is revived—with this difference only, that the scene of operation, or to speak more properly, perhaps, the starting-post, has been shifted from Paris to London. The projectors, the "European Aeronautical Society," announce in the newspapers that their "first aerial ship the Eagle, 160 feet long, 50 feet high, and 40 feet wide," and which is to be "manned by a crew of seventeen persons," may be inspected in the neighbourhood of Kensington, previous to making its first trip "from London to Paris and back again;" after which it is to make similar trips to Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin, Munich, Madrid, &c., till the practicability of establishing an aerial communication between London and the other capitals of Europe, is fully and incontrovertibly demonstrated! The scheme is similar to that which was proposed as far back as 1796, by an engineer of the name of Campenas, and not only entertained by the French government, but sanctioned by that select body of *savans*, the French Institute. Campenas wrote a long letter to Buonaparte, then General-in-Chief of the army in Italy, from which we extract a paragraph or two. "*General Citizen*,—The artist who addresses you, filled with the most lively gratitude, will erect, if the means of execution be afforded him, a vast edifice, whence, at the conclusion of his labours there will issue an Aerial Vessel capable of carrying up with you more than 200 persons, and which may be directed to any point of the compass. I myself will be your pilot. You can thus, without any danger, hover above the fleets of enemies jealous of our happiness, and thunder against them like a new Jupiter, merely by throwing perpendicularly downwards firebrands made of a substance which will kindle only by the contact and percussion at the end of its fall, but which it will be impossible to extinguish. Or perhaps you may think it more prudent to begin at once by forcing the British cabinet to capitulate, which you may easily do, as you will have it in your power to set fire to the city of London, or to any of the maritime towns of England. From the calculations I have made, I am convinced that with this machine you may go from Paris to London, and return back again to Paris in twenty-four hours, without descending. The object I propose is to establish in the great ocean of the atmosphere a general navigation, infinitely more certain and more advantageous than maritime navigation, which has ever disturbed the tranquillity of mankind—to restore the perfect liberty of commerce, and to give peace and happiness to all the nations of the universe, and unite them as one family. By great labour I have surmounted the multiplied obstacles which presented themselves before me; and my progressive discoveries are developed in a work which I have prepared, consisting of about 400 pages, and divided into five parts."

Cheap Travelling.—So excessively have the fares by steam-vessels been reduced, that it is calculated some of the north-country steamers convey passengers at less than one farthing per mile! It will be long ere steam-travelling by land exceed this!

City Improvements.—The new street from the Mansion house to London bridge is now open for carriages as well as passengers, and the shops on both sides are rapidly approaching completion. The widening of Prince's-street has also been effected; and a complete breach has been made by pulling down the houses in the line, from the top of Prince's-street, in Lothbury, to the bottom of the City-road, at London-wall. Now that it can be seen in its whole extent, the line is much more tortuous than might have been expected.

The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, is not yet wholly completed; but seventeen miles of it have been opened for public traffic since the 9th of March last. In the last number of the *Sheffield Independent*, it is stated that on the part now open, "the revenue is already at the rate of 13,000*l.* a-year," which, as "the expenditure on that portion of the work has been about 100,000*l.*," is more than equal to a profit of ten per cent. —*Mechanics' Magazine.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Works of Wm. Cowper; his Life and Letters, now first completed by the Revd. T. J. Grimshawe, A. M. with Illustrations. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4.

The Works of Cowper have upon them the stamp of enduring popularity. Their perfect simplicity, their grace, their purity, their patriotism, their unbounded love of Nature and Liberty and Freedom, must ever endear them to the British heart. The present volumes are beautifully got up with illustrations, and to ensure them a wide circulation, the price is only five shillings each. The letters of Cowper are models of epistolary writing,—easy, graceful, and abounding in truth and feeling. Aided by Cowper's own letters, Hayley's remarks, and Grimshawe's emendations and reflections, the present volumes are as perfect as it is possible for any work to be.

INDIA: ITS STATES AND PROSPECT, By E. Thornton, Esqr. 8vo.—10s.

A MOST seasonable work, a perfect synopsis of Indian affairs, containing at the same time a mass of valuable information, written in a plain and unpretending spirit. The subjects examined in 12 characters are:—Historical Sketch,— Political Sketch,—Government of India,—Agriculture,—Manufactures,— Foreign Trade,—Public Works,—Society and Manners,—Religion and Morals; Churches, Schools, and Missionaries,—The Judicial System,—Revenue,—British Interests and Authority.

A POET'S PORTFOLIO.

By Jas. Montgomery. 12mo. 1835.

ONE thing holds true of this eminent poet—age with him is well advanced; the date of his birth-day will shew him, and many around us, that they have no time to lose.

"Vesper * * admonuit."

This new volume of Montgomery possesses all the exquisite lovely features of his larger and much earlier works. His province is never more clearly shewn than in some of his shorter pieces, where he shews the perfected reflections of an accomplished, devotional, and earnest mind. A beautiful spirit will be felt to breathe in the following little piece. Humility is the very sort of theme that seems to characterize the author's religion and devotion. Besides this, Montgomery never forgets that he is *responsible* even for the disporting of his muse; and, besides harmless, finds a duty and a pleasure in doing positive good.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose 'the better part,'
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
—Fairest and best adorn'd is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends;
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE REMINISCENT—No. IX.

(THE ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD VOICE.)

OLD Mr. Jenkisson passed the remainder of his days in a pretty villa between Wavertree or Mossley vale and Liverpool. The recently-received

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papers mention his death, aged 80. I recollect many amusing conversations with the old gentleman in the course of past years, and during pedestrian excursions in his neighbourhood. He was vastly amusing in his anecdotal reminiscences of others; but some few particulars relative to himself he was wont to relate with great good humour. He had gained his living, and enjoyed a happy competency solely by his voice. His mother used to tell him that he had begun, while in arms, to tyrannise over the whole family by his cries and screams. A maiden aunt always complained that nobody else could be heard in the house while he was awake: nay, his noisy mode of sleeping often deprived the family of their natural rest.

His parents being poor, they were determined to put this *voice* to account. He was sent to frighten away the rooks from the newly-sown corn lands, and he effectually served all the farmers in the neighbourhood. His cries—

"Pigeons and crows, take care of your toes,
For I'll up with my clappers and knock you down back'ards;
Shoo! ha! lap, Shoo! a-lap"

were worth half-a-dozen of the combined crow-tenders of Lancashire. In course of years he left Liverpool, and took up his abode at Preston. Here he got the two offices of common crier and counter-tenor in the Episcopal choir,—serving at the same time Church and State. But the elections drew forth his peculiar merits,—None could shout like him, none could lead the *Hear! Hear!* or *No! No! No!* He was always true to his principles; and having been regularly employed in various parts of the country, for a series of years to shout at public meetings, and even at theatres, he sat down to enjoy the quiet of retired life. When over his "brown jug," and with a little enticing, we used to hear him shout, *No Popery,—Church and King*, in a voice of tremendous power.*

NEW BUILDING FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

At length it is discovered, that the accommodations for the reception of the Books in The Public Library, are by far too straightened, and that the time is at hand when this invaluable collection shall possess a *permanent* Building exclusively set apart, as the property of the public and subscribers. With a view to forward an object so important to the public interests, Col. Thomson, R. E. one of the Members of Committee, has been pleased to prepare a Plan, Section, and Elevation for a New Library Building, which will no doubt, when submitted to the subscribers, be received with general approval. The design by Col. T. is one of great spirit, and combines with it all the advantages (with improvements) of the Library, Trinity College, Cambridge, and that of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

Of Public Buildings, the noblest undoubtedly are those which are erected for the purpose of Divine worship, the next such as are subservient to the relief of human infirmities, but next to these, and scarcely second to them, are edifices dedicated to science, literature, the cultivation of the human intellect, and the progress of general knowledge. We trust, then, to witness the foundation and completion of a new Library Edifice in this Town, not only to stand as one of its best ornaments, but that it may prove a full, copious, and overflowing foundation to our fellow citizens and to posterity, of light, knowledge, and diffusive instruction.

STREET STUDIES.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
To ——To——

The only distinctive mark of a gentleman remaining in these modern times, is the wearing of an old coat; and herein is shown one of the most striking peculiarities of the true gentleman—a fine taste. No man, but one of the purest taste, can wear an "old coat" without looking shabby, an appearance a gentleman never has: for with an "old coat" every other part of a man's dress must be in the truest keeping: and here lies the distinction between taste and want of taste. Now-a days new coats are as common as Cape idlers, so that a gentleman is absolutely ashamed of mingling with the herd of "well dressed gentlemen," whose wit and whose wisdom, whose pedigree and whose parentage, are solely dependant upon the tailor.

Again, not only is an "old coat" an irrefragable proof that the wearer is a gentlemen, but it indicates, also, that he is a man of reflection, and of philosophic temperament: it shows that he is not one of the common herd. A new coat, when habitually worn, is an indubitable sign of an empty head and of a barren heart. To us, an "old coat" is a kind of note book, becoming the more valuable the longer we wear it. It is the only visible link connecting us with a multitude of by-gone incidents, and hence it is an invaluable companion. Now a man whose coat smells only of the tailor's goose has no resource of this kind: when he is alone, he is alone; and in place of having a friend and a monitor at hand in the shape of an "old coat," it is a hundred to one if he thinks of any thing beyond the price, cut, fit, and colour of his last novelty derived from the Tailors Magazine, in the Public Library. What a thing a man becomes who ever dwells in a new coat!

It is astonishing, by the bye, what clever fellows tailors are!—and if we are ever to have a system of physiognomy worth attention, it must come from this quarter. Lavater, Gall, Coombe, and others, must hide their heads before a tailor. The knowledge displayed of character, and the wonderful adaptation of a coat to it, has always appeared to us as the very triumph of skill. Indeed, we wonder that Camper, Blumenbach, and Macartney, and other noted physiologists, should have taken such pains to measure out a man's intellect and disposition by his face and his head; and this because a better criterion of both one and the other may be found in a man's coat. This is an unerring guide. A man may mould his face, and may look as innocent as an angel, although he has the heart of a devil;—but not so his coat. Look at that of a choleric man for example;—mark what a multiplicity of *corrugations* are figured upon it—how angular and fierce it looks, even whilst he is smiling like any lamb; but more especially watch it when he is in a passion—it seems instinct with life, and this character becomes indelibly impressed upon it. Then again, look at the coat of the humble-minded man, the henpecked husband for example—how sleek and smooth it is from skirt to collar; from shoulder to wrist, it is a perfect index of his disposition; and though there may be hypocrisy *in* his face, and he may *look* right valiantly—his coat betrays him: a smooth coat shows a man to have no more spirit than a *Jarmen* sausage. And again, mark the coat of the meditative man, its collar is twisted, it is buttoned awry, and the cuffs are, ten to one, turned up, whilst one of the skirts, from a habit which the man has of carrying one of his hands resting behind him, has a most curious and characteristic "*swirl*;"—all of which is, by the bye, wholly at variance with Cape *Law*. Then the coat of the precise man, observe the contrast—what mathematical accuracy! every button breathes the man, order is legibly written upon it—and as he carefully raises and lays aside the skirts as he sits down, you may fancy the broad-cloth is acting in sympathy with his peculiar temperament—it seems to lay itself out so smoothly and so gingerly. Mark the contour of the careless coat—hitched up here, bagging out there, collar crumpled, and skirts looking for all the world as if they had passed through a plaiting-machine. You never need therefore to look at a man's face: if you want to know any thing precise as to his dispositions and habits, look at his coat, that cannot lie. It matters not whether the coat be new or old—by the wonderful adaptative powers of the tailor, to which we have already alluded, he gives at once a general character, the minor details being always at once filled up by the wearer.

The physiognomy of coats is assuredly one of the most interesting of street studies. You cannot very well stare a man in the face and read his history there, but you may without offence march soberly behind him, and lo! he has his life written upon his back, and a curious volume it often is. We are, ourselves, peculiar adepts in this science, and many a singular autobiography do we pick up in our daily perigrinations. The poor and proud man—he whom circumstances have thrust below his natural position, may be at once detected by his coat: this is a painful subject of contemplation: we trace the decay of his fortunes, with all its sufferings and privations, in his threadbare habiliment: his coat cannot lose its character, and what pains and study must he have gone through to have preserved it in its integrity! all its vulnerable points, have, perhaps, lost caste, but still as a whole, it is impossible to mistake either the coat or its wearer. We never come into contact with one of these subjects of reflection but we are made melancholy, and are ready to chide the man for thus markedly exhibiting his misfortunes. What right has he thus to draw upon our sympathies? what business to hang out a sign-board for pity? He ought to discard his *reliquiæ*, and were he a man of taste he would do so—but wo the while! poverty and taste are bad co-mates.

* There is a partial allusion to Jenkisson in Sharpe's Essays.

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A BACHELOR'S LIFE.

Poor fellow! he returns to his lodging; there may be every thing he can desire, in the shape of mere external comforts, provided for him by the official zeal of his servant; but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy; the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set round with provoking neatness, look reproachfully useless and unoccupied, and the tables and other furniture shine with impertinent and futile brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival; no loving hand meets his; no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws round the apartment as he enters. He sits to a book—alone; there is no one by his side, to enjoy with him the favourite passage, the apt remark, the just criticism; no eyes in which to read his own feelings; his own tastes are unappreciated and unreflected; he has no resource but himself, no one to look up to but himself; all his enjoyment, all his happiness, must emanate from himself. He flings down the volume in despair; buries his face in his hands, and sighs aloud—*O! me miserum!*

RETAIL SHOP-KEEPING.

THE *retail* passion is well understood at the Cape of Good Hope. The following statement will doubtless add fuel to the flame.

Messrs. James and William Campbell and Co.'s retail warehouses in Candleriggs street, Glasgow, contain 26,928 square feet of floor. In these premises the public are supplied with every kind of soft goods, and purchasers of a half-penny lace or a penny-worth of thread are equally attended to as those who make larger purchases; 64 persons attend upon the customers. The amount of sales in 1831-2, was 312,207*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* Although Messrs. James Morrison and Co., Messrs. Leaf, Son, and Cole, and Mr Mynn Ellis, of London, turn more money annually, there is no house in the King's dominions that serve so many customers as Messrs. Campbells', of Glasgow.—*Dr. Cleland's Notes on the Population Returns.*

REVEREND BANKERS.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

"Put your hand in the lucky bag, where you're always sure to win and never lose—all prizes and no blanks."—*(Ascot Cries.)*

"Now, my noble gentlemen, try your luck; cover down, cover down; luck's a lord and fortune's a beggar."—*(E. O. Cries.)*

Rev. G. Hough, 3 Shares, ...	£30
Rev. J. Cassie, 10 Shares, ...	100
Rev. Mr. van der Lingen, 20 Shares,	200

THE INFANT SCHOOL.

IT is quite lamentable to think that this admirable Institution is languishing for want of funds. What are the clergy and ministers of religion about? Surely the

"Pulpit, in the sober use of its legitimate powers,"

might sound the warning voice, and plead in behalf of

"Little children."

Is it not a cutting reflection on our Cape society, that many of the Indian Visitors, deeply impressed with the vast importance of the Infant School System, should be the first to come forward with their donations in the hour of need?—*ex gra.*

Mr. H. Walters, ...	£5 0 0
— G. Alexander, ...	5 0 0
— Williams, ...	5 0 0
— C. F. Thompson, ...	2 0 0
— R. Trotter, ...	1 0 0
Sir Thos. Sevestre, ...	1 0 0
Capt J. Fawcett, ...	1 0 0
Sir J. Bryant, ...	1 0 0
Mr. C. Smith, ...	1 0 0
Col. Cragie, ...	1 0 0

THE NEW BANK.

A good deal of useless controversy has taken place, connected with the New Bank. Logic more wretched, in opposition to its establishment than has been uttered and written, cannot be found in the history of any country. The truth is, one or two shallows have laid hold of McCulloch, Adam Smith, Ricardo, and have bewildered their small brains. They have picked out extracts from these writers, and set themselves up for political economists. And these doughty cobblers are as self-sufficient, arrogant, and dogmatic, as if they had served an apprenticeship to that honourable and important profession. Away with such dabblers! The question is a very simple one. The advantages of a sound system of Banking is obvious. Banks collect the large and the small inactive sums of individuals into centres, from which they are re-issued in aid of those employments which could not be conducted without capital. By emitting, also, more bills than they hold coin, they multiply money, and consequently the means of circulating commodities, which is called "trade;" the activity of trade, therefore, is in a great measure governed by the amount of money in circulation.

If banks enjoy a sufficient degree of public confidence, to cause their bills to circulate freely, in lieu of money, they not only economise the use of the precious metals, but operate strongly in augmenting trade, by facilitating the means of interchanging commodities.

THOUGHTS ON THE WINE TRADE.

The great extent to which the practice of mixing the low-taxed wines of the Cape of Good Hope with the highly-taxed wines of Spain, Portugal, and Madeira, induced ministers to propose that colonial wine should (after 1834) be placed on the same footing, with respect to import duties, as foreign wine. This measure, so much at variance with that "tender sympathy" which government usually manifests towards vested interests, and which, according to the present mode of levying the wine duties, would entirely condemn the cultivation of the vine in this Colony — would, if the plan of charging *ad valorem* duties were adopted, reach all the objects sought by the minister, without injuring the interest of the Cape wine grower.

It is well known, that the greater proportion of wines improve in quality, and consequently in value, more rapidly in bottles than in casks. A great advantage would hence manifestly arise, if the merchant were allowed to bottle wines *in bond.* At present, we believe, he is obliged to pay the duty—about 30*l.* per pipe—before he can bottle the wine, and loses all the interest of the money, rent, charges, etc. during the three, four, or five years it remains in his possession—which, while it limits his own active capital, obliges him to enhance the price to the consumers. But the greatest inconsistency arising from this system is in the case of bottled wine exported. Bottled wines are shipped in considerable quantities to the colonies and for ships' use, and are—on being exported—entitled to the drawback of duty. Before this drawback is allowed, the exporter is obliged to certify, not only that the duty has been paid, but to state the day on which it was paid; stating also the ship in which the wine was imported, by whom the wine was bonded, etc. etc. Now it frequently happens, that wine changes hands ten times between the date of paying the duty and the time of its exportation, and therefore it is quite impossible that the exporter can know any thing about such particulars. The consequence is, that exporters seldom trouble themselves to trace the facts, but insert in their certificate, particulars relative to any package of wine being of the some description which has, no matter when, paid the import duty. The customs' board, unable to dispute the allegation, admit the certificate to be true, and the drawback is allowed—although, without any intention of fraud on the part of the exporter, the wine may have been originally smuggled. If the customs' board permitted merchants to bottle their wines in bond, all this system would at once disappear, and wines would be sent, under the eye of the customs' officer, on board the ship, without the payment of either duty or drawback. Such a concession would be an important benefit to the trade, while it would, in some degree, increase the value of property invested in the London and St. Catherine's Docks, which, ac-

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cording to report, has lately become so much depreciated.

CHURCH CONTROVERSY.

A furious and unchristian controversy is at present raging in Cape Town among certain worthies of the Reformed Church, on the subject of the time *when*, and the place *where*, the *three Ministers* to *one* church are to preach. The discussion, to serve the *by-ends* of those "who never take tea without a stratagem," is smuggled or hashed up in the Dutch language. Our opinion of the matter is, that this church in town has more cats than can catch mice; and that, as heretofore, two ministers are fully competent to perform their stated tasks of reading each of them one sermon a-week. Look at home, and compare populations. Parish of St. George's in the East, with 38,000 people, there are *two* clergymen. St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, with 33,000, *two*. St. Luke's, with 46,642, *two*. St. Mary's, Whitechapel, with 30,000, *one*.—*See Church Revenue Report.*

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN ALBANY.

"Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay."
(*Cowper.*)

LOOK HERE——LOOK THERE.

GRAHAM'S TOWN ASSEMBLY BALL.

"The first Ball will be held to-morrow evening, Friday, the 16th instant, at Mandy's new Rooms. Dancing to commence at half-past 8.

Stewards:
Capt. Selwyn, R.E.
C. Palmer, Esq. A.D.C.G.
E. Norton, Esq.
C. Maynard, Esq.

(Extract from "*The Graham's Town Journal, or Cape of Good HopeEastern Province Register, Thursday, Oct.* 15, 1835, *No.* 199. *Edited!* printed, and published by L. H. MEURANT, High-street, Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope."

—"Despite of the ruin and distress under which the inhabitants are now writhing——

—At a moment when the tears of our widows and orphans,—the cry of *our hungry* children for *food*,—the smoking ruins of our late *happy* dwellings are still piercing our ears, and meeting our eyes."

(Extract from "*The Graham's Town Journal, or Cape of Good HopeEastern Province Register, Thursday, Oct.* 15, 1835, *No.* 199. *Edited!* printed, and published by L. H. MEURANT, High-street, Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope.")

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENT.

(POST FROM GRAHAM'S TOWN.)

"The Rev. Mr. Boyce [Methodist Missionary] and the other *Commissioners* for *settling the claims* of T'Slambie's and Tzatzoe's tribes, quitted *town* on Tuesday, for the scene of their *labours*." (*Graham's Town Journal, October* 15, 1835.)

REVEREND COMMISSIONERS.

GOVERNMENT CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

"Revd. S. Palmer, of the Wesleyan (Methodist) Mission, to be one of the Commissioners for the *location* of Fingoes."—(*Government Advertisement, Graham's Town Journal, October 8th*, 1835.)

"Revd. J. Ayliff, Wesleyan (Methodist) Missionary, to be one of the Commissioners for the *location*, establishment, and regulation of the Fingo nation."—(*Ib.*)

Revd. W. Shepstone, Wesleyan (Methodist) Missionary, to be one of the Commissioners for the *location*, establishment, and regulation of the *friendly* tribes of Pato, Congo, and Kama."—(*Ib*)

Revd. W. Chalmers, of the Glasgow Mission, [Presbyterian,] as one of the Commissioners for the *location* of the Chiefs Macomo, Tyalie, Eno, &c."—[*Ib.*]

MISCELLANIES.

Hints to Emigrants.—An acquaintance of Bailie M'G——, of D——, made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these dolorous croakings, for his industry had realised a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. 'Not in this country,' his friend repeated. 'Weel, then, said the bailie, 'what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way gayan, weel at Hobart Town or the Cape.' 'Yes,' replied his desponding townsman, that might be the case ance in a day, but if there is business there, there are mair folk there than can get a share o't.' 'Weel it may be true ye say,' rejoined the bailie, whose policy it was never to contradict any man directly, 'but ye might gang further—ye might gang up into the interior.' 'Ther's naebody there,' said the inveterate grumbler, 'but kangaroos.' The worthy magistrate was something nettled at this pertinacious hopelessness, and, concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages, among whom a careful pedler might make indifferent good bargains, he replied hastily, 'Weel-a-Weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as gude as anither man's?'—*Laird of Logan.*

Mr. Dean's Submarine Operations.—Mr. Dean has resumed his summer amusement of diving to the wreck of the Royal George or any other wreck, if requisite; hooking the first thing that becomes portable, and getting it hoisted out; he has already got up eleven very handsome brass guns, and three iron ones, exclusive of some cooking materials, a bottle of wine, and sundry small articles. Last week upon a complaint made by some fishermen, that while at work on the West Flats, between Ryde and Fort Monkton, their nets were frequently broken by getting foul of some substance which was beyond their art to discover, this enterprising individual got his vessel over the spot and descended to the bottom; he there found a large piece of ordnance stuck in the mud, and by great exertion and labour, succeeded in getting it up. It proved to be a very perfect brass cannon, about fifteen feet long; the name, "Koster, Amsterdam, 1636," perfectly legible. The ornaments are most beautiful and chaste: the breech and trunnion is formed in a bunch of grapes. The metal is perfect and rings as sound as a bell. The shot on being drawn peeled in flakes, but the wadding was in excellent preservation. Mr. Dean is of very great use here. The other day a French whaler left an anchor in the harbour, which had got foul of the moorings: Mr. D. was employed to raise it, which he succeeded in doing, and got salvage accordingly. On groping further he got hold of another anchor worth 20*l.* He has fitted his vessel and boat for foreign service, and towards the Autumn will proceed to Navarin Bay to try his luck among the wrecks of the Turkish fleet.—*Portsmouth Correspondent of United Service Journal, 20th June*, 1835.

KING MAMMON.

On a blazing throne of gems and gold,
The price of many a damned soul,
There sat a king deformed and old,
Yellow, and shrunk, and foul.
The glitt'ring bribe—the tempting purse—
Spread there their unresisted lure,
For baits to prove the poor man's curse,
And keep the miser poor.
In his palsied hand the monarch gave
The radiant stone, and blushing ore,
To mighty prince and grov'ling slave
That knelt his throne before;
Gorging the food like worm i' the grave,
And screaming loud for more,—
Shouting 'Hail, oh first of the sons of Ammon!
Hail to the GREAT KING MAMMON!

As amongst the cursed and greedy crew
The *Murd'rer* thrust his blood-stained hands,
Where *Beauty's* palms of lily hue
The price of guilt demands,
Sin caught the despot in her arms,
And kiss'd his slimy jaws;
And *Shame* exposed her wanton charms
To gain his prized applause.
There the *hero* brought his hireling steel;
The *bard* his venal song;
While *patriots* sold the public weal,
The *tyrants* cherished wrong;
Monks uttered blasphemies to kneel
The favoured of that throng,
Shouting 'Hail, oh first of the sons of Ammon!
Hail to the GREAT GOD MAMMON!

And they all devoured this precious food
With hunger more than human zest;
Though bringing poison to the blood
And anguish to the breast.
Like vultures upon carrion fare
They greedily fed on,
And fiercely seized their neighbour's share
Whene'er their own was gone.
As that crowned carle his gifts bestowed
With regal pomp and pride,
From those foul lips no language flowed,
But still the dupes he eyed,
Hurrying on to death's abode,
And cursed them as they died,—
Shouting 'Hail, oh first of the sons of Ammon!
Hail to the GOOD KING MAMMON!"
(*Mephistophiles.*)

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

(SECOND YEAR OF RELEASE.)

"HARK! THE VOICE OF FREEDOM SOUNDETH."

On First December Africa gave thanks,—
For from the vales and deep savannas gray,
Flocked to the *Feast of Praise* in joyous ranks—
Old, young, and middle-aged on that great Day,*
When the sun shone with milder, purer ray,
For Freedom's standard was from heaven unfurled,
And *Slavery's* voice died on the winds away;
Its chains and throne were from our mountains hurled,
And fresh millennial hills beamed o'er *the Freeman's world.*

The time has come, long fixed by Heaven's decree
When captives' sighings should be heard on high;
The year's proclaimed of *glorious Liberty!*
Whose spirit has descended from the sky,—
Removed the bolts—the doors wide open fly,—
When heaven bows down, O! let the vallies rise,
And vocal for *eternal* freedom cry
Ye world of godly men, mark the great prize—
God gives the *Liberty*, in you the *training* lies.

See Africa's wild paradise of flowers,
Though long neglected, yet of beauty rare;
The fierce beasts of the forest tread the bowers,
The winds strow all the fragments in the air.
Her wild grapes sour and meagre every where;—
Engraft the scions in the real vine,
And bring them under *cultivation's* care,
Implore the blessing of the Power Divine,
That clustered fruit might yet on life's bright table shine.

Yes! more is needed;—teachers must be given
To bring the youth to God without delay;
Arise, ye pious! do the work of heaven,
Already dawns the glorious latter day,
The Almighty in our desart makes a way
And opens rivers in our barren hills,
He gives occasion for one grand essay
To lead these out in many thousand rills,
Till this parched thirsty land the living water fills.

The Emancipated, Britain! are thy charge,
In knowledge they are children, not full grown,
Then, form their manners and their minds enlarge,
Prepare the ground, and let good seed be sown,
As sovereign man sets the trained race-horse on
To course with emulous speed the measured plains,
As parents for life's race set children down,
And teach, and urge them on, and hold the reins,
So England! thou must do, *or lose both price and pains!*

* Among other places, divine service was held on the "Day of Release" contiguous to the Mountains of the Hottentot's Holland range, and many bands of worshippers poured forth their thanksgivings on this occasion, amid the solitudes of the mountains of the Cape of Good Hope.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

No. I.

[COMMUNICATED.]

—— Ingenuas, didicisse fideliter artes,
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.
VIRGIL.

Mankind in general, at least the learned and experienced part, must be fully sensible of the advantages arising from the progress of science, and the state and improvement of literature, especially in a country emerging from its infancy, and aspiring to the name of a free and enlightened Colony. Whatever prospects the beauty of nature and fertility of soil the seasonableness of climate, and the situation for commercial advantage may hold out to the agriculturist, the trader, or merchant, though they tend all to increase the wealth of the individuals engaged in these various pursuits, each with the aim of his own immediate benefit and prosperity, yet it is fairly to be questioned, if all this, alone, would tend to make a state internally happy, unless all orders of society and all branches of science were equally supported, and summoned to a proportionate share of interest and consideration.

In the organization of a newly-formed colony, it must so happen that her conquerors, and subsequently the emigrants to her soil, must bring along with them minds already modelled to the peculiarities and customs of their native clime, and views of aggrandizement and opulence, in proportion to their birth and situation in society; for being more the creatures of imitation than of invention,— (the latter gifted but to a view,—the former natural to all,) we carry along with us the bias of former customs, those which were instilled the earliest being the most liked and lasting.

It is therefore to the government of a colony, and to her settlers, that she is to look for her amelioration; but unfortunately the views of the one are chiefly engrossed with her political relations and dispositions, and the interests of the other taken up by the absorbing speculations of the "*auri sacra fames*,"—for as gold is the magnet by which the world is moved, and as such, the object of primary importance, every nerve is strained to that point; and thus, whilst the zest of power on the part of the Government, and gain amongst speculators is alone looked to,—the zest of Learning on the part of the scholar, and his productions, too often remain unnoticed and unbefriended.

An attachment to a country (like that of the Roman to his household gods,) can only be brought round by the process of time, and by each individual feeling that its hearths are his home, and that the prosperity of his offspring is so interwoven with its own, that his hopes must extend to a period beyond his own sphere of action, in endeavouring to promote the extension of his knowledge, and by so doing, render its youth learned, enlightened, —a credit to the land which reared and afforded them the means of becoming competitors in science and literature with other countries on the surface of the globe.

In reviewing the histories of the various nations of the earth, we shall find that their systems of education have tended more than any other cause, to give them each their peculiar stamp and spirit. It is not that nature dif-

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fers so much in the formation of the various inhabitants of the earth, under the different influences of climate. Man is nearly the same every where, in point of animal instinct, and physical power;—take the child of the city, or savage of the wild, and we shall observe their emulation of success and their independence of restraint marked in nearly equal proportions,—we shall find the generic qualities of the human passions and feelings equally alive in both; but if we turn to consider the social qualities arising from the knowledge of right and wrong, and from the refinement of established laws and customs, and liberal education,—the former then leaves the latter more nearly allied to the brute species, and then alone commences to resemble the Great Author of his being, who gave him Hope to soar, and Reason to obey.

If we consider also the effect of science and literature on the minds of men, in drawing them nearer together in the bonds of unanimity and social order, and in the formation of laws to govern, and at the same time a proper idea of Freedom to uphold their relative situations, the one with the other, we shall find that the most enlightened ages have been the most productive of happiness, independence, and glory.

Let us commence with Greece,—there we may observe, that to the laws of Lycurgus, and the emulation he introduced amongst its youth, Lacedæmon owed her glory and independence. That with Athens,—her philosophers, and the foundation of her schools, produced that enquiry into the faculties of the human mind, and the cause from which the power of Reason sprung, which, although in the midst of those dark and heathenish ages, made Plato write his work on the Immortality of the Soul, long before the light of Christianity had dawned to bless mankind. Thus it is that the victories of Alexander fade under the recollection of the learning of Aristotle,* whilst the eloquence of Pericles, and the history of Thucydides, eclipse the splendour of Athens, in the most renowned age of her military exploits.

When was Rome more famed than during the Augustan age, a period obscuring all the glories of the Scipios, when eloquence in the breast of Cicero, and poesy in the soul of Virgil, stamped it with the seal of immortality. But, when that zest in the reign of the succeeding Cæsars fell, when Luxury usurped the seat of Learning, and degenerated the organic powers of the mind,—Rome waned from her glory, and became weakened and effeminate; nor was it until the overthrow of the Greek Empire, which scattered forth the learned minds of the proud city of Constantine to seek for shelter on its shores, that Italy resumed a shadow of her former splendour in learning and science, under the genius and patronage of the house of Medici. It was then with the arts that the glory of the republics of Italy sprung up,—Florence, Venice, Mantua, Ferrara, Genoa, all with the light of science shining upon them, regenerated from the gloom of Gothic darkness and oppression. "Nisi literes exculti sunt ii, qui velut in reipub: puppi sedentes, clavum tenent, multis eos, numeris sui, iisque præcipuis, partibus necessario, de futuros." Thus it is, that with the exception of a few of the Cæsars, more attention is drawn in history to the age of the Medici, whose territorial dominion was but small, than to the emperors of Rome, who were denominated the masters of the world.

We cannot instance an exception where the glory of a nation, or state, has not been at its highest point of prosperity, when its ruler has been the scholar and patron of the arts as well as of arms. In the annals of Britain, attention turns immediately to the reign of Alfred the Great, the learned, the founder of her first University; it is to him that she owes her jurisprudence; that ground-work of her glorious constitution; it is to him she owes more than to all the victories of her Edwards and her Henries, who purchased Fame by the sacrifices of war, and not glory with the offerings of peace, who, that delights not to dwell on the pages of Shakespeare and Spencer,—whilst the martial deeds of Essex are passed over without observance; and much as we may advocate the names of Marlborough and Blenheim, do they rise with that interest continually on the remembrance, as those of Dryden, Addison, and Pope? The great and flourishing ages of the arts and literature, however, have been but four; that of Pericles, of Augustus, of the Medici, and of Louis the 14th. For, although the last does not equal any of the former, nevertheless it deserves to be proudly upheld. The memory of Corneille, of Racine, and of Moliere, must live in their works, when the fame of Turenne, of Conde, and of Villars, will long have been amassed with the herd of warriors who have over run and ensanguined the earth.

It were needless to enumerate further instances of the glory which attaches itself to the cultivation and prosperity of the arts and of literature, or to the lasting interest which is drawn forth by the existence of the still imperishable works of the painter, sculptor, historian, philosopher, and bard: these memorials of genius to Immortality, out-living the frail powers of the mortal frame, when the head that conceived, and the hand that delineated, have long been consigned to the mansions of eternity.

Literature, considered in the general sense of the word, implies the light of education in all its branches, and in all its degrees of attainment, taken frequently, however, in a more limited sense, applies itself only to the higher perfections of the art,—namely: to the study and knowledge of languages, of history, of philosophy, and of poetry. If we consider therefore how few there are whose situations and means enable them to devote their time and attention to the prosecution of such pursuits, whose necessities oblige them to give almost all their occupation to the daily employment of providing for themselves and their dependents,—we may rejoice at the continued improvements, and the new and enlightened discoveries which we constantly observe in literature and the sciences.

Whatever knowledge the mind reaps from any particular study, although it may not directly tend to the elucidation of the profession which it is destined to follow,—still, knowledge, of whatever description, expands the reasoning faculties; and, as we may perceive, will have a remote sway in throwing light on some subject or hypothesis which it has been led to consider.

1st. Without our knowledge of languages, we see merely as through a glass, in trusting entirely to the merit and fidelity of translators for the beauties and sense of any original work; and as the lens or focus is managed to present the object more clearly to the sight, so the lens of the mind operates

* Plutarch says, that Alexander made his expedition against the Persians with better supplies from his master Aristotle, than from his father Philip; and Cæsar, "Media intor prælia semper, Stellarum cœlique plagis superisque vacabat."

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to convey to our ideas the true meaning of the theory or subject which it has attemped to render perspicuous. Man, however, likes to let his imagination wander, adhering to fancy more often than to reality, and thus it is, we seldom meet with translations, (making every allowance for idiom,) which give the true text of the originals; whilst, on the contrary, our study of languages operates so strongly on the improvement and enlargement of the mind, as to enable it to judge (as it were face to face,) of those works which have been written on the subject of any profession to which attention and labour are directed.

2d. History is the germ from which all our ideas and efforts of emulation spring; it is the field from which time has reaped the harvest, and has spread its stores before us, that we may gather profit by the example it shews us in the lives and acts of others, and displays the sound seed, or rancorous weed, according to the means and circumstances which enabled the historian and biographer to hand down to posterity the immortal efforts, or notorious deeds of the various and numberless actors on the vast theatre of the world.

The most important views and necessary considerations in education, are to enlarge the mind to the reception of general knowledge; and History, more than any other branch of literature, will be found to perform the greatest share in so doing. As Pope says:

"The proper study of mankind is man;"

where from the acquaintance to which it leads us, of the characters of nations and of individuals, it enables us to contrast men and circumstances, and, as we judge by comparison alone, to form our opinion of the advantages or disadvantages arising from such an adherence of conduct, or such a series of undertakings.

Pliny also says, that "Historia quoquomodo scripta, delectat,"—and to those who have not given up their minds to the fictitious and marvellous, but have adhered to the real and circumstantial, History will possess all the charms of imaginary writings,—"For truth is strange, stranger than Fiction," and with this additional pleasure attached to it when we feel assured that what we have been expending our time and memory upon in storing up, has actually taken place on the grand stage of human events.

Many young minds, in the ardour of youthful imagination and romantic illusions, have been led away from this course of literary employment by the allurements of fictitious productions. The man of sound taste alone, will ever adhere to the enjoyment of true learning, in adorning his talents with those substantial ornaments which can never fail to be as brilliant and captivating as they are true and instructive.

3d. Philosophy, since the doctrines and blessed rays of christianity have shone down upon and regenerated the world, has been much more compressed in idea, and consolidated in effect. With the ancient world, the study and knowledge of philosophy was an important part in the occupation of the community. Schools under the guidance and scepticism of one head were established, to which pupils flocked, ranging themselves under the mental authority of one particular founder, either Academician, Stoic, Epicurean, Peripatetic, &c. &c. The perusal of the works of the great masters of ancient philosophy, and of their disciples in the different sects and systems of enquiry and action, satisfy us as to the wonderful and infinite powers of apprehension, principle, cause, effect, &c. &c. which the human mind is capable of exerting and organizing, and most of them, as far as the moral performance of duties are enlarged on, inculcate the soundest principle of action. They are, however, unfortunately divested of the charm, the blessedness, the truths, which the light of revelation has since thrown upon all the researches and conclusions of our ideas and imagination, and present but so many systems of Ethics or Sophisms. In the modern world, under the heads of natural and moral philosophy; to the former, astronomy, botany, chemistry, geology, &c. &c. the laws of motion and force, of gravity and fluids, with numberless other sciences, attach themselves; by the latter, theology, ethics, jurisprudence, political economy; the rights of nations, systems of education, effects and advantages of science, &c. &c. are generally expressed; all these are included within the boundary of literature, and to the reasoning and philosophical mind, display a thousand beauties and theories, which cannot fail to charm, as well as to instruct, and form a stupendous part of the arch which the fabric-work of knowledge combines.

4th. Poetry, so beautiful and inspiring in itself,—it may still be necessary to remark, applies more properly to the ornamental than to the useful appropriation of talent. In particular professions, and avocations of the world, it is, however, highly deserving of some attention. A taste for poetry, in the orator, the pleader, and even in the divine, is, I may almost say, necessary, as it gives brilliancy to the imagination, pathos to the sentiment, and exuberance to language. The reason why poetry has been decried in some instances, as by Locke, is, that it fastens so strongly on the imagination if too much indulged in, as to absorb all our thoughts and moments to its occupation, and being more fictitious than real, is apt to unsettle and destroy the mind for graver and more useful employments. This, however, attaches itself to the poet, and not to the lover of poetry; a knowledge of all the ancient poets, acquaints the mind more enticingly and clearly with the mythology of the heathen world, as well as with its history, and makes the mind more brilliant and entertaining in the constant intercourses of conversation in social life.

There is in the occupations of literature an innocent, and at the same time an enthusiastic charm, which it were in vain to attempt to describe, and which is only known to those by whom its smiles have been appreciated, and who have sought to address and honour its claims on their consideration with the heartfelt enthusiasm of friendship, and the fostering hand of kindred acknowledgement and assistance. This feeling, however, the older we become, becomes doubly dear when associated with the recollections of our early years, and gradual developement of improving faculties, and acquaintance with mankind and its literary production. Nationality is the basis of social virtue, it gives a buoyancy to the heart, it gives a spirit of emulation to the soul, it links our ties of animated, and endearments of inanimate nature closely to the feeling; and when adversity hath oppressed or driven us from the home of our birth, and the scene of our infantine days and pastimes travels along with us to the extremity of the earth, and reviews the dream of the past in alluring tenderness and inexhaustible contemplation. Thus the pleasure of having been educated on the spot which beheld us ushered to

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the world; the hearth of friendship, and the household of affection, the scene of juvenile sports and endearing associations is never to be eradicated; and should the spirit of genius have infused its spell into the mind, and sown its seeds for an abundant harvest in literary fame, what can be more exhilarating or graceful than the approving tribute of our countrymen, ready to stretch forth the hand of patriotic love to hail, and the wreath of imperishable laurel to crown the talented endowments of their friend and fellow-citizen? This, perhaps, is the most inspiring appeal to our sense, in the wish of promoting the extension of literature and education. Self-pride, which is inherent, and to a certain extent praiseworthy in all, here comes in aid of other considerations, and pourtrays a child, (perhaps, some day adorned with the talents to bestow light and knowledge to his fellow-beings,) crowned with the splendid chaplet of fame, to exalt his name amongst the wise, the great, and the immortalized of his land. How eager have been the endeavours (where obscurity has overcast the earlier years of genius,) to claim the honour of its birth and education. In the wanderings of our life and pilgrimage to foreign shores, how often do we find the fame of a spot upheld alone by the mighty name of some sage or bard? The traveller, as he sojourns along, whether it be on the classic shores of Greece and Italy, or on any other strand, unites the association of the being with the place of his birth and education; not a spot nor a chamber, a tree or a stream, which is not hallowed by the tributes of memory to the genius of the place; whether in the groves of Academe, or amid the ruins of Rome, in the cells of Ferrara, or by the tree of Avon, all are naturalized and united with the mighty name of their offspring, and shine as beacons amidst the wrecks of time, to their greatness and immortality.

BEGIN WITH THE YOUNG.

We recollect B—— Park, the residence of Sir Henry A——, who quitted England, and resolved to reside on his property in Ireland. In point of comfort and cultivation, he was determined that his estate should become like an English oasis. Many were the old cabins which were taken down, and many more neat and pretty dwelling-houses were erected.

But there was one cottage on which more care and expense had been bestowed than on the others; it was two stories high, having bed-rooms up-stairs, and the kitchen was fitted up with what was considered a suitable grate. These circumstances combined, made it the wonder of all the cabin-holders about.

Throughout Ireland the peasantry make their turf fires upon the hearth, and are wholly unacquainted with the use of grates. Their great wide chimnies "pay a double debt;" the ostensible purpose is to serve as an egress for the smoke, but they also admit as much light into the house as is usually obtained by means of a window; and for working or reading in an Irish cabin, a seat under the chimney is preferable to one in the middle of the room, being much lighter. Every good has its attendant evil—so has a wide chimney! for it admits rain just as readily as it does light; and to escape a wetting in a stormy night, the inmates of such abodes generally bring the fire almost to the centre of the room, and sit round it.

But to return to our subject—one cottage was better built than the others; this was partly owing to its nearer vicinity to B—— Park than the others, and partly to the extensive and agreeable prospects its situation commanded.

Fronting the cottage was a small but picturesque glen, at the bottom of which rolled a mountain rivulet: on the right, its shelving bank was adorned by orchards which, when we saw them, were richly laden with the fruits of Autumn; and on the left were corn-fields and pasture lands. Beyond the glen, and at about five miles distance, was seen the tapering spire, and the barracks of the neighbouring town, with the richly-wooded and extensive demesnes of Moore Park and Castle Hyde, through which the Black Water (the most beautiful of all the Irish rivers) winds its romantic course.

At least a dozen grey ruins of castles, churches, and "ivy-mantled towers," were spread over the extent of country visible from the cottage: the whole was bounded by the Kilworth Mountains, the Balhyhooley Hills, and Cairn Thierna.

It was not an easy matter to obtain a suitable tenant for this deservedly favorite spot. Many applicants were rejected, as it was not desirable that a large family of children should be brought to it; for they are all alike famous for their destructive powers. At length an elderly woman, Biddy Magragh, was fixed upon, who, from her decent appearance, seemed calculated to become an example of neatness and comfort to her neighbours.

She gave a ready assent to all that was required from her as a tenant, and seemed to think that her part would be by no means difficult to perform. The prospect of being constantly employed in spinning for Lady A——, and having the charge of all the poultry belonging to the "big house," as they were both light and pleasant employments, no doubt blinded her to a multitude of troubles, which otherwise she would have perceived awaited her in her new home.

The family forbore to call upon Biddy till she had been rather more than a fortnight *in office*. On this their first visit, they found but few delinquencies from cleanliness and neatness, and they were, on the whole, very well satisfied with the appearance of things. The old woman complained that it gave her a world of trouble to make fires in the grate, and that she could scarcely ever get them to burn. She also said something about having had a touch of the rheumatism.

Some weeks after this, as Sir Henry was passing the door, on his return from a shooting excursion, he determined to call and rest himself, and inquire how his tenant was going on.

He opened the door, and, on accepting the invitation to "walk in," he found Biddy and a neighbour with her, both seated before a large fire made upon the floor. Sir Henry inquired, with amazement, "what was become of the grate?"

The old woman rose, which at first she appeared half-afraid to do, and, pointing to her seat, replied, "'Tis there it is, Sir,—I got my grandson Jack to take it down yesterday, for 'twas tired of my life I was; the best saved turf in five parishes wouldn't burn in it, bad luck to it!—not a *pratie* could I boil; and where in the wide world, your Honour, would I make the fire but on the hearth, to get any good from it?—'tis an iligant sate the grate makes,—it holds two and a gossoon!"

The dismay and indignation of Sir Henry may be easily conceived, and, as soon as his choking anger would permit him, he exclaimed,—"How dare you, you old hag! pull down any of the fixtures in the house, without first obtaining my permission to do so?"

"'Tis true for you I might have done that same, but Jack stepped in so *convanient* last night, and advised me to it, for, says he, 'His Honour has the heart of a *gintleman*, and surely by no man-

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ner of means would wish you to be *kilt* for want of the *hate*.'—'Why,' says I, 'if he should plaise to take the house over my head next week, 'tis happier I'd be walking the world than live under the roof with that thing of a grate; the feet have been *could* with me ever since I came near it, and I've got the rheumatism in 'em, and all from having the fire so high entirely above, in place of its being on the hearth, where we can put the feet *agin* it.' Better than three nights ago, I couldn't get up all day long, and was quite dead—barring the breath,—and all from taking a *big could*."

"I give you notice," said Sir Henry, (as soon as he could find an opportunity of speaking,) "to look out for another berth for yourself, for I perceive, if I keep you here, the house will soon be in as bad a state as its predecessor—the cabin. You'll pull down the stairs to make seats, the next thing."

"And if it wasn't that it would be *bauld* to say it to your Honour's honour, that same would not be a bad work; sorrow much I trouble the steps, for when I do, they do be almost breaking the legs of me, and taking the breath."

"Well, well," mutter'd Sir Henry, "I see I have been throwing pearls before swine."

"Is it the pig, Sir, you ask for?—Why then 'tis not well he has been at all since he came to this place: the poor *baste* is so lonesome out in that little coop by himself, and 'tis very natural that he should be grieved to the heart, and not thrive at all, but the other way, when he thinks how he used to be rubbing his nose against me *twinty* times a-day and more, and go in and out like one of the family, as sure he was, and just the pattern of a *purty* pig! and now, ullagone! 'tis shut up he must be, the cratur!"

"I thought my Steward told you that you were welcome to drive your pig upon the road sometimes."

"He did, Sir; only it isn't the road he wants, but it's what he's used to, is the face of a Christian, and all the dumb *craturs* like it. The cocks and *hins*, and let alone the turkeys, would lay twice as many eggs as they do—ay, and more, if they might be with me in a warm cabin."

Somewhat softened and amused, in spite of himself, at the manner in which the old hen-wife gave vent to her sorrow and expatiated on the calamities which a kitchen grate and a flight of stairs had plunged her into, the generous landlord left her, and, during the remainder of his walk, he naturally enough thought over the scene he had witnessed, and endeavoured to trace effects to their causes.

He began to perceive the mistake he had fallen into, in supplying his people with things of which they never felt the want—things which were to them a great deal of extra trouble, attendant with no adequate reward, but, on the contrary, with great discomfort, as appears from the circumstance of the grate.

We must bear in mind that these poor people, as yet, have no idea that neatness is essential to comfort.

Sir Henry, in his anxiety to make his tenant comfortable, had forgotten how much we are all controlled by the strong power of habit, and that to leave off long-practised customs and usages, and to acquire new ones, is a difficult task for middle-aged people, and must be still worse for old ones.

* * * * * *

"Yes," said he, "it is the young we must compel to improvement: it is no punishment; while the bodily and mental faculties are flexible, they may be accustomed to any thing."

He determined in all his future innovations to begin with the young, and leave the old people free to adopt improvements or not, as they chose.

In this amendment, we ourselves beg leave to support him; and perhaps, at some future time, we may show how eminently successful his endeavours became.

IMPROMPTU THOUGHTS

On hearing that a Missionary from Scotland, who went alone into the Interior to convert the Heathen, is supposed to have been lost in the Orange River.

"Fanaticism's last fool!"—the world exclaims,—
Not so, the acclaim of Reason or the Skies,—
The world's first spirits had no loftier aims—
You ventured nobly, for the highest prize.

The finder of a stream's content to die,
Unseen,—unknown—save on the breath of Fame—
'Tis nothing where we yield our latest sigh,
If an eternal pen record our name.

To gather plants, birds, beasts, or golden sand;
Enlightened men have searched earth, air, and wave;—
You also left your much-loved native land,
In distant climes some precious thing to save.

When war's red star arose on our Frontier,
The soldier hasted on his steed away;—
Unsent by man—you went a volunteer,
Led by a brighter, than the Star of Day.

Wealth's votary with stealthy step has gone
In deepest solitude to snatch his prize;—
You travelled our parched wilderness alone,
And joyed to see the Bushmens' mountain rise.

Fashion's enthusiasts have gaily danced
Away the night,—and ought a world of care—
From friendship's circle far,—in faith entrance
In dove-like musings, rose your midnight prayer.

Where many gather to the house of God;
Your kindred sleep within their kinsman's grave;
Your goal was solitude's own waters broad,
Your mausoleum, her Gariepine wave.

In our dark heaving sea, the gallant Gore,
Attempting one to save,—found his last bed,—
You, also, made the attempt—what could you more,—
The path of Duty on to glory led.

'Tis *vulgar glory* on embattled ground,
Before admiring hosts to yield one's breath—
Of *you* no tales are told—nor body found,—
Your's was the deeply dark, sublime of death!

Out-span Place, Cape Downs. * *

LITERATURE.

THE BELGIC REVOLUTION.

William of Holland, late King of Belgium,—The Prince of Orange, Prince Frederic, and a few words for Belgium.

A VERY interesting Book has been written by Mr. White, entitled, "The Belgic Revolution." 2 vols. 8vo.

We shall not go into the history of Belgic grievances and discontents relative to the union with Holland. Enough has been said by Mr. White, that they were neither few nor trifling. The disruption was at hand—England and the other powers would not interfere to protect the government of the Netherlands against "the sacred right of popular insurrection." "Select what form of government you think proper," said the Duke of Wellington to the Belgian deputation, dispatched to England by the provisional government, "or whatever chief you may consider best calculated to effect the objects you have in view; providing you do not embroil yourself with Europe, we shall not interfere."

We have been pleased and instructed by the author's delineation of the character of William the King of Holland, and the Prince of Orange and Prince Frederic.

Convinced that the power and grandeur of nations depend in a great measure on the extent of their commercial and industrial activity, and taking as his model '*that people of shopkeepers*,' whose colossal influence is mainly derived from this source, King William devoted the entire energies of his mind to the formation and impulsion of trade, manufactures, and commerce in all their diverse and most extensive branches. The leading object of his ambition—an ambition founded on the most wholesome principles of political economy—was to render the Netherlands as distinguished for its artificial productions, as its soil is pre-eminent for its fertility and the abundance of its natural produce. There was no labour, no expense, no care, no experiment left unemployed, to give life and excitement to this grand object. Project succeeded project, speculation followed speculation with surprising rapidity; and if many of these plans terminated in failure, enough as been already said to prove that two out of three were crowned with success, or promised beneficial results.

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The favourite theories and meditations of the royal mind being, as it were, concentrated upon commercial pursuits and the employment of capital, he was said to display less of elevated sentiments and political grandeur, than of that arithmetical positiveness which is the general result of a constant devotion to the study of the practical branches of political economy. One engrossing topic was uppermost in his mind, which was compared to a vast 'price-current,' the barometer of which was solely influenced by the rise and fall of colonial and indigenous produce, or the fluctuations of the public funds. The inventions of Watt and Bolton stood higher in his estimation than the achievements of Frederic or Napoleon: and the most insignificant writer on subjects of political economy or practical philosophy, was infinitely more worthy of attention than Byron or Chateaubriand. He protected the arts, not so much from admiration as policy; and he countenanced literature, not from any devotion to letters, but because it created a demand for certain articles of commerce. The rattling, dinning sounds of a Ghent cotton-factory, or the monotonous vibrations of a Luxembourg forge-hammer, was sweeter music to his ears than the most melodious strains of Rosini or Beethoven. The gaunt chimneys, vomiting forth clouds of dark smoke above some graceless refinery, were fairer objects of architecture to his sight than the splendid column of the Parthenon or the dome of St. Peter's. In short, there was nothing classic, inspiring, or chivalrous in his bearing; all was material, positive, and mathematical.

Business was his element, his recreation; his companions were practical men.

Early in his hours, sober and simple in his habits, an enemy to extravagance and ostentation, punctual in his engagements, and minutely exact in the distribution of his time, he was enabled to perform such a mass of business as would appear incredible to persons who were not witnesses to the amount and diversity of his daily occupations. There was scarcely an affair of the most trifling nature, any way connected with foreign affairs or internal administration, of which he did not take cognizance, and in most cases determine according to his own views. This application was not, however, more remarkable than his intimate acquaintance with the most minute fractions composing the machinery of state, or his perfect familiarity with international law, and the various sources whence other nations derived the sum of their strength and prosperity. His facility of access, the promptitude of his answers, his blunt frankness, and his irreproachable domestic qualities, are admitted by all; still his majesty was generally accused of a phlegmatic coldness of manner, of an overweening fondness for money, of never being able to forget that he was a Dutchman and a Protestant—in fact, of identifying in his own person all the prejudices of his country and faith. Added to this, he evinced a tenacity of opinion, bordering upon obstinacy; so that, having once adopted any system—and he was not prone to decide impetuously—no argument could shake his resolution. Another most striking defect in the royal character was his unseasonable employment of energetic measures. The development of force was said with him to be a constant anachronism. This has been verified in a striking manner, during the different phases of the revolution, from the night of the 26th August, 1830, to the burning of the arsenal and entrepôt of Antwerp; and from the invasion of Belgium in 1831, to the retention of Lillo and Liefkenshoek in 1833. The latter has, indeed, been an incomprehensible stroke of policy, desired by and evidently advantageous to his adversaries. The fact certainly is, that when energetic measures, promptly and vigorously applied, might have produced incalculable results, recourse was had to temporization; and again, when the development of force was but a vain waste of blood and treasure, it was then that negotiation was abandoned.

It is incontestable, however, that if the happiness and welfare of a nation depended on the laborious exertions and unremitting devotion of the sovereign to state affairs, then Belgium ought to have been as contented as it was prosperous, and its monarch the most popular sovereign in Europe; more especially as no king could be more fortunately seconded than he was by his queen and her family.

The Prince of Orange is described as being of a much more courteous and chivalrous disposition, and is defended against some severe accusations that have been industriously spread to his great prejudice in the eyes of the Belgic people and of Europe; while Prince Frederick is drawn as strongly resembling his father in business habits. Had not the impolicy of the King, and his own fatal confidence, urged him to take the command of the columns that advanced on Brussels, our author maintains that his name would have been still respected by the Belgic people. But delay or precipitation, and many inopportune steps, are charged against the general members of the royal family, although the gallant bearing of the Prince of Orange seems not in the least to have been unworthy of his exploits when under the English Captain. We have been deeply interested by the following account of his conduct and reception in Brussels, when he adventured to enter the city after he had been, for the first time, barricaded, and the inhabitants were in arms in defence of themselves and their rights. The farther he penetrated into the city, he is said to have been the more astonished at the formidable preparations to oppose any forcible entry.

As the cavalcade advanced, the same silence was maintained. There were no greetings, no hurrahs! no symptoms of loyalty or devotion. There was a buzzing hum, a rushing to and fro, but no acclamations. No flowers were strewed in the streets, no handkerchiefs waved from the windows. Every eye, every countenance seemed to frown upon him.

——— 'No man cried 'God save him!'

'No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home.'

Although his clenched jaw and expanded nostril more than once bespoke the intensity of his feeling, and a momentary tear did glitter in his eye, he suppressed the emotions of his heart; and maintaining a gallant bearing, stopped here and there to address persons of his acquaintance—praising some for their good conduct, and assuring others that, if it depended on his exertions, their grievances should be speedily redressed.

On reaching the *Marché aux herbes*, his royal highness expressed a desire to proceed direct to his palace! but, independent of the immense crowds that filled the *rue de la Madelaine*, impassable barricades completely barred the passage. As some discussion took place as to the route to be followed, the populace became extremely clamorous, and with loud shouts exclaimed—'To the Palace of the People!—to the Hotel de Ville! whilst an athletic and fierce-looking man, armed with a pike, sprung forward, and brandishing his weapon above the head of the prince's horse, roared out—'*Vive la liberté!*—to the town-hall!' Turning to M. Plaisant, who stood at the prince's stirrup, his royal highness exclaimed—'Cursed liberty, that will not allow a man to go direct to his own house!' The multitude now becoming still more clamorous, and the persons near the prince feeling anxious for their illustrious charge, M. Plaisant whispered to him—'Quicken your pace, Sir, in God's name; it will be more prudent to proceed to the town hall.'

Upon reaching the front of this building, on the perystile of which the regency was assembled, the prince reined in his horse, and the immense crowd having formed a circle around him, he harangued them in a strain of deep feeling and moderation. He appealed to their loyalty and love of order, and promised to devote himself to their welfare. He told them, although there was no occasion for arming, the troops being come as brethren and not as enemies, that he himself, as colonel-general of the communal guards, was glad to see himself surrounded by the armed citizens. On concluding, he raised his hat, and shouted '*Vive le Roi!*' But these talismanic words, so effective in ordinary times, had lost their charm. They were either feebly re-echoed, or drowned by vociferous shouts of '*Vive la Liberté! A bas Van Maanen!* whilst even the more popular cry of '*Vive le Prince!*' was accompanied by no enthusiastic marks of devotion.

It was here that an accident occurred that might have led to most unpleasant consequences. The horse road by the prince, a beautiful but vicious animal, became frightened and irritated by the pressure of the crowd on his flanks. It had already bitten more than one person, and had kicked Baron Van der Smissen so severely, as to disable him from further duty. An individual having incautiously placed his hand on the fiery creature's crupper, it instantly lashed out, and struck him so severely as to awaken apprehension for his life.

The populace, concluding the man to have been killed, broke forth into loud vociferations. Some cried, 'bayonet the vicious brute! Alight! alight! and walk with us;' whilst others roared out, 'On foot, on foot! we are not made to be trampled beneath Dutch hoofs.' In the meanwhile, the prince called to his groom, sprung from the animal he road to the back of that of his attendant, and said, 'if the man is injured I will give him a pension of 500 florins; the horse shall be destroyed.' But from the menacing attitude of the crowd, or from some sudden impulse, his royal highness had scarcely uttered these words, ere he put his horse into a trot, and having reached the narrow street leading from the Grande Palace to the Palace of Justice, broke into a gallop, followed by his staff and a few mounted burghers.

His progress was not unattended with peril. Being compelled to urge his charger over one of the barricades, neither his personal attendants or escort could follow, so that he arrived suddenly and alone in the square of the Palace of Justice. Here, from ignorance or malice, an armed burgher rushed at him with fixed bayonet, and the consequence might have been fatal, had not another citizen sprung forward and turned the weapon. Loud and insulting language was now uttered by some of the bystanding rabble; but being joined at length by his suite, and an opening being made in the barracades that barred every issue, the prince proceeded rapidly to his palace, where he arrived in no ordinary state of excitement and displeasure at what had passed.

Instantly turning round to the citizens that had followed him, he rebuked them in bitter

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terms for thus permitting him to be insulted. 'As for you, Sir,' said his royal highness to D'Hoogvorst, 'you shall answer for this on your head. Are these your promises? Was it for this that you entrapped me, the son of your king, into your city? Is this your Belgic faith?' The persons present, who were deeply distressed at what had occurred, now stepped forward, and after a short but animated discussion, succeeded in appeasing the prince's wrath, so that he soon recovered his wonted equanimity of temper, and having summoned to his presence several of the most influential citizens, immediately proceeded to hold a conference as to the best measures to be adopted for the restoration of tranquillity. In the course of the afternoon, a proclamation announced to the inhabitants the selection of a commission, charged with proposing measures for the re-establishment of a good understanding between the government and citizens; thanking the latter for their laudable conduct, and assuring them that no troops should enter the city."

The self-possession was striking of the Prince, on this occasion. He encountered danger without glory, for he was in the midst of a revolted population. Those who scowled upon him now, however, had but lately cringed in his presence, which augmented his peril; and therefore the policy of his adventure may be questioned, since, in exceeding his instructions, he only added fuel by a middle course to the people's demands and strength, when one of two alternatives were alone applicable— either undisguised concession and complete pardon, or the strongest measures of force and unmitigated chastisement.

We pass over every farther detail connected with the progress of the revolution—its amount, its excesses, and re-established tranquillity. All who wish to have a full and vivid conception of such things must have recourse to the volumes before us. They furnish a most affecting and instructive picture in the page of human history. The Belgic Revolution is so clearly traced by the author, that we see it indeed like a well-defined representation upon a distinct piece of canvass; and to England the work at this period should be precious.

As to the matters stated as facts in these pages, we think the author evinces a familiar acquaintance. He indeed informs us, that he has resided more than four years in Belgium, and attentively watched the various phases of the revolution since its out-breaking in August 1830; that he has lived on terms of amicable intercourse with many of the most eminent personages that have figured on the stage, and has had access to a vast mass of oral and documentary testimony on the subject. He has also made it a theme of constant meditation, and of occasional publication. But whilst the work itself shews all this, it is likewise distinguished by a liberality of criticism respecting public measures and men, and a freedom of sentiment descriptive of a well-equipped writer, steering clear of extreme opinions; so that we cordially recommend it to all who wish to study one of the most recent and affecting revolutions among nations. And while we deplore the moral devastation to be witnessed in the case of such dreadful political throes, it is no small consolation to find a regeneration, according to the following picture:—

But it is time to bring our imperfect labours to a close. This cannot, perhaps, be accomplished in more just or appropriate terms than by stating that Belgium, prospering beneath the influence of regenerated monarchical institutions, and the paternal sceptre of a prince who generously associated himself with her destinies, and exposed his life for her independence, may now boast that the sum of her liberties is complete, and that, whilst commerce and industry only require peace and equitable treaties to restore them to wholesome vigour, the arts and sciences are advancing in a manner not unworthy of their pristine reputation. A progress, that must be principally ascribed to her political emancipation, and to the expanding consciousness of that freedom which is so essential to the development of individual or national resources.

Enchained during a long lapse of years beneath the iron rule of various masters, the Belgians had lost the title, but not the sentiment of nationality. The irresistible outbreaking of the one has obtained for them the enjoyment of the other; and this, under a wise and tolerant sovereign, who not only reigns amongst, but exclusively for them. They may now, therefore, invoke the evidence of ancient times, and dwell with pride upon the memory of those illustrious countrymen, whose names are interwoven with the pages of European history. They may now renew the broken links of national traditions, and shew that they are not without honourable records of the past, nor undeserving of brighter prospects for the future.

And what country has a better claim to retrospect than that which, as early as the fifteenth century, was pre-eminent throughout Europe for its wealth, industry, civilization, and learning?—than that which furnished Charles V. with many of his ablest generals and most valiant soldiers?—than that where Egmont, Horne, and other noble victims fell martyrs to the cause of liberty?—the land that was the birth-place of Scaliger, Ortelius, Lipsius, Van Eyck, and Rubens?—the land that nobly struggled for its rights and privileges against the persecutions of Spain, and resisted the encroachments of Austria with equal courage, though perhaps with less justice, than she successfully emancipated herself from the thraldom of Holland?

Content with the luxuriant richness of her soil, and the many natural benefits that Providence has conferred upon her; essentially industrious in her habits, and moral in her disposition; desirous to encircle her territory with a fence of olive rather than with a barrier of steel, that land now craves no other boon of Europe, than the unobstructed enjoyment of her independence, upon terms compatible with her own vitality and the collateral rights of other states. Policy and justice demand the accordance of this concession. Should it be denied, or should any attempt be made to violate her nationality, Belgium will be as ready to court the hazards of war as she is now anxious to cherish the blessings of peace. She will then be as willing to expend her blood and treasure in defending rational liberty against the infringements of despotism, as she is now eager to co-operate with moderate governments in stemming the progress of irrational licence.

Having reconquered that rank amidst nations which is her just heritage, the ardent vow of Belgium is not to disturb European institutions, but to accommodate herself to them. Passive, but fully armed—patient, but resolute, she is prepared to encounter any political vicissitudes that may assail her from abroad; whilst with increasing powers, and a prospect of diminished burdens, she tranquilly pursues the work of amelioration at home, and devotes herself to the cultivation of those generous and useful arts that are the glory of all civilized nations.

RIO.

Voyage round the World, by Dr. F. G. Meyen, in the Prussian Ship The Princess Louisa. 2 vols. 4to. Berlin. 1835.

We can only make a single reference to this interesting work, by way of extract. We will not follow our author through his description of the still existing horrors of the slave-trade, even after the prohibition of the further importation of slaves, conformably to the treaties made with England. His report of a visit to the warehouse of a slave-dealer, where the greater part of the unfortunate victims were children branded with red-hot irons, generally on the noblest parts of the human body, fully corroborates all the preceding accounts of that atrocious system, and of its demoralizing effect on minds which are in other respects not destitute of feelings of humanity.

To our astonishment, says he, we found at Rio people of the country, distinguished for their education and humanity, who coolly assured us that we were mistaken, in imagining that the negroes belong to our species. Agreeably to this principle the slaves are treated, and, as the people of Rio boast, with extraordinary mildness. A person must have long resided there, and become gradually accustomed to the sight of this misery and degrading oppression, before he can understand such language.

If a stranger visits the depôt of a slave-merchant, the latter receives him with the greatest civility, cordially shakes him by the hand, and assures him of the uncommon excellence of his merchandize, He immediately orders some of the poor wretches to stand up, and stick in hand, makes them exhibit their capabilities. But if these atrocious dealers in human flesh perceive that you have entered their depôt from mere curiosity, they immediately become vulgarly insolent, cursing foreign nations, especially the English, who they say meddle in their concerns, and rob them of their legitimate gain, only to enrich themselves. We know from various writers, what is now the easiest mode of acquiring riches at Rio, namely, by purchasing slaves and sending them out to work.

Long before day-break, as well as throughout the whole day, thousands and thousands of slaves may be seen wandering about, seeking employment; the harbours and market-places are thronged with them, and it is impossible to walk even a few steps without being accosted by them. These

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slaves are obliged to provide for their own maintenance, and to carry home to their owners a certain sum of money every day. If they have been unable to realize this, they are beaten; but if they have gained more, they are allowed to retain a part, in order to make up any deficiency on some other day. During our stay, we daily saw the slaves bring home to their owners two patacas (one rix-dollar Prussian). Many owners send their slaves for daily employment to the neighbouring quarries, while very many others send them out to catch insects; and this is the reason why the most brilliant insects are to be had so cheap at Rio de Janeiro. When a man has attained to some adroitness in this operation, he may on a fine day catch in the immediate vicinity of Rio more than five or six hundred beetles. This trade in insects is considered very lucrative, six millreis (four rix-dollars, or about fourteen shillings,) being paid for the hundred during our stay. There is a general demand for these brilliant beetles whose wing-cases are now sought for the purpose of adorning the ladies of Europe--a fashion which threatens the entire extinction of this beautiful tribe. The diamond beetle (chlamys bacca, Kert., and especially the chlamys cuprea, Klug.) was in great request for brooches for gentlemen, and ten piastres were often paid for a single beetle.

The thirst of gain has, however, taken other ways to attain its object with the greatest rapidity. Humanity will not believe the fact at some future day, when we state that the negroes themselves are sometimes kept for breeding, as with us horses are kept in the studs. Young negresses are purchased solely for breeding children; and a negress when pregnant is worth fifty piastres more than before. The young children are taken from their mother's breast and sold for thirty or forty piastres. To the master of the slaves everything is lawful—he makes pretended marriages and dissolves them when he will; he separates the children from their parents, and sells man and wife, so that they, perhaps, never meet again. Even the milk of the negresses is made an article of trade, and sold as cows' milk. Hence milk which is always very dear, is never seen at Rio in the houses of foreigners, unless they have cows of their own.

We wish we could participate in the hopes of the author that this lamentable state of things is likely to be speedily amended. The importation of slaves being prohibited, their value is increased, and the owners must treat them more mildly, in order to defer, as long as possible, the necessity of working themselves. From the great mortality among the negroes in Brazil, the blending of the several races, and their consequent improvement, he anticipates that in thirty years the slave population will consist of men who will no longer bear the yoke of slavery, and will be able, from the superiority of their numbers, to emancipate themselves, if the whites do not give them freedom of their own accord.

INSURRECTION IN JAVA.

POLICY OF THE DUTCH TOWARDS THE NATIVES, DIPO NEGORO THE NATIVE CHIEF, &c.

(*Memoires sur la Guerre de l'Isle de Java.* Par le Major de Stuers. *4to.* 1834.)

The conquest of the island of Java by the British army in the year 1811, and the knowledge which we acquired of its importance during the time that it remained in our possession, till it was restored to the Dutch at the general peace, excited the attention of the public in an extraordinary degree; and the valuable work of Sir Stamford Raffles, only tended to increase the general regret, that so fair a possession, which had derived immense benefit from the more judicious and enlightened system of administration under the British government, had been restored to its former masters, who there was every reason to apprehend, would replace it under the same narrow system of colonial policy which had so long oppressed the inhabitants, and cramped the resources of the island, by rendering everything exclusively subservient to the interest of the mother country. It is not possible accurately to ascertain the measures that the Dutch government has adopted since it regained possession of the country. But this we know that the Dutch have had to contend with various insurrections, especially with that which occasioned the five years' war, of which Major Stuers relates the history. We shall not enter into any detail relative to this war, which is wholly destitute of general interest,—but we shall mention two or three facts, which seem to shew that the Dutch hold by a rather precarious tenure the dominion of this fine island: for it appears evident that they owe their safety, in a great measure, to the dissensions among the native princes. The troubles, says Major Stuers, were not caused by the discontent of the emperor, or of the Javanese in general, for the emperor of Solo, whose dominion is confined to the province of Soura Karta, as those of the sultan are to that of Djocjocarta, (these two being the only provinces now under the dominion of the native princes,) remained faithful to the Dutch, and his troops fought with them against the insurgents; and, with respect to the people, the insurrection was confined to the province of Djocjocarta. Even there only a part of the population, misled by the threats and promises of Dipo Negoro, the chief of the rebels, and his partisans, joined in the revolt as long as the presence of the chiefs of the insurgents compelled them; for, when the latter were obliged, by the movement of the Dutch troops, to take another direction, the inhabitants immediately submitted to their legitimate sovereign, the sultan of Djocjocarta, whose throne the rebel chief desired to usurp, and to the Dutch government, which protected them, while the rest of the Javanese nation took no part whatever in the insurrection.

Thus a person might have travelled from Anger, in the western part of the island, where the great post-road begins, to Banjouwangi, at the other extremity, a distance of 300 leagues, with as much safety as from Amsterdam to Paris, and without even suspecting that there was a commotion in any part of the island, the Javanese in general taking as little interest in it as if it had happened in some other country. How then could the war be protracted to so great a length, and cost the Dutch such sacrifices in men and money? Who was Dipo Negoro—a daring native chieftain, who was able so long to make head against a brave and well-disciplined army, commanded by officers of distinguished merit? That he was an extraordinary man appears from the following character of him drawn by Major Stuers.

"Dipo Negoro is about 46 or 47 years of age. He is of middling stature, and, though his countenance does not seem to announce anything extraordinary, he has nevertheless manifested during the war a loftiness of character very rare among the Javanese princes of our days. He has given repeated proofs of great courage, firmness, and perseverance; after causing himself to be proclaimed sultan of Materam, he found means to make himself recognized and obeyed as such by the people over whom he exercised, till his downfall, an absolute religious and political authority. His courage was not broken by adversity. When abandoned by nearly all his partisans, his oldest friends, and even by his family, dragging on a miserable existence in deserts, destitute of even the most common necessaries of life, harassed, pursued, chased without ceasing by our troops, he lost none of his natural firmness, and haughtily rejected every proposal to submit."

After various changes of fortune, Dipo Negoro was at length induced, in the beginning of February, 1833, to propose an interview with the general-in-chief, which after some negociation was acceded to, and, on the 21st of February, Dipo Negoro arrived at Minoreh, the placed fixed on for the

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conference, with a troop of 700 men, but on the 25th he declared that the feast of *Pouassa* having commenced the preceding day, he would not treat of any business during the month of its continuance, to which the Dutch consented. In the course of this month the suite of Dipo Negoro became daily more numerous: he however had a short interview with General de Kock, the commander-in-chief, on the 8th of March, in which he said he hoped all would be amicably settled immediately after the feast. Meanwhile something occurred which, as Major Stuers says, led the government to *suspect* that Dipo Negoro was not sincere, and, the Dutch troops in the vicinity having been reinforced, orders were given to the commanding officers to be ready *to seize the person of Dipo Negoro at his first interview* with the general-in-chief after the expiration of the feast.

The interview took place on the 28th of March, at which Dipo Negoro, having proposed terms which the general declared too extravagant to be listened to, and from which Dipo refused to depart, the general told him that he must send him as state-prisoner to Batavia, *to be disposed of* as the governor-general should determine. Dipo Negoro protested, but in vain; his attendants were disarmed, and he was sent under the escort of Major Stuers, the general's aide-de-camp, to Samarang and thence to Batavia, whence he was conveyed as *a state-prisoner* to the Moluccas, "to depend," says Major Stuers, "solely on the clemency of the government which he had so justly offended, and from which he had well merited a more rigorous punishment." How he was treated in the Moluccas, or whether he is still living, Major Stuers does not inform us.

In conclusion, Major Stuers speaks of the loss sustained by the Dutch in this war; he cannot state the total number of men that perished; he says 12,749 men died in the hospitals of the second military division, which was the centre of the operations, and that as many died in the first and third military divisions, of which Batavia and Sourabaya are the chief towns; he thinks he shall not exaggerate if he fixes the total loss at 15,000 men, of whom 8,000 came from Europe:—a calculation which seems to include only those who died in the hospitals. The expences of the war he estimates at twenty-five millions of florins, but he thinks that the result has consolidated the power of the Dutch government, by giving the natives a very high idea of its resources. This may be the case, but it seems, even from Major Stuers' own account, that, if the natives had not been divided, the contest might have terminated very differently. At all events, it is to be hoped that the Dutch government may have been fully impressed with the necessity of a system of administration calculated to promote the welfare and conciliate the affections of the natives.

A VISIT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey. 8vo. 1835. By Washington Irving.

We remember hearing a person mention who had been on a visit to Abbotsford, that one of Scott's most amusing and wonderful displays on that occasion, was to take from his collection of old prints, by random, any one, and gravely begin a lengthened story, weaving into the tale every personage or scene in the picture, giving their names, titles, and localities, with a freedom and ease, as if the story had been committed to memory. But this was not all; he sometimes happened to take up one picture more than once, when a perfectly distinct tale would be invented by him, possessed of all the charms and powers of his printed pieces—it being easier for him to create than to remember. Once upon such an occasion, some one expressed wonder how he could recollect all such stories; he quaintly answered, "I could tell "stories for a month to come about these pictures."

We quote a specimen, probably belonging to this species of fecundity.

"In the course of the evening, Scott related the story of a whimsical picture hanging in the room, which had been drawn for him by a lady of his acquaintance. It represented the doleful perplexity of a wealthy and handsome young English knight of the olden time, who, in the course of a border foray, had been captured and carried off to the castle of a hard-headed and high-handed old baron. The unfortunate youth was thrown into a dungeon, and a tall gallows erected before the castle-gate for his execution. When all was ready, he was brought into the castle hall, where the grim baron was seated in state, with his warriors armed to the teeth around him, and was given his choice—either to swing on the gibbet or to marry the baron's daughter. The last may be thought an easy alternative; but, unfortunately, the young lady was hideously ugly, with a mouth from ear to ear, so that not a suitor was to be had for her either for love or money, and she was known throughout the border country by the name of Muckle-mouthed Meg.

"The picture in question represented the unhappy dilemma of the handsome youth. Before him sat the grim baron, with a face worthy of the father of such a daughter, and looking daggers and ratsbane. On one side of him was Muckle-mouthed Meg, with an amorous smile across the whole breadth of her countenance, and leer enough to turn a man to stone: on the other side was the father confessor, a sleek friar, jogging the youth's elbow, and pointing to the gallows, seen in perspective through the open portal.

The story goes, that, after long balancing in mind between the altar and the haltar, the love of life prevailed, and the youth resigned himself to the charms of Muckle-mouthed Meg. Contrary to all the probabilities of romance, the match proved a happy one. The baron's daughter, if not a beautiful, was a most exemplary wife; her husband was never troubled with any of those doubts of jealousies which sometimes mar the happiness of connubial life, and was made the father of a fair and undoubtedly legitimate line, that still flourishes on the border.

I give but a faint outline of the story, from vague recollection: it may, perchance, be more richly related elsewhere, by some one who may retain something of the delightful humour with which Scott recounted it.

When I retired for the night, I found it almost impossible to sleep: the idea of being under the roof of Scott; of being on the borders of the Tweed: in the very centre of that region which had, for some time past, been the favourite scene of romantic fiction: and, above all, the recollections of the ramble I had taken; the company in which I had taken it, and the conversation which had passed; all fermented in my mind, and nearly drove sleep from my pillow."

The author rose at an early hour next morning, and on looking out between the branches of eglantine which overhung the casement of the window, was surprised to see Scott seated on a fragment of stone, chatting with the workmen. Indeed, he appeared to be a man of leisure, who had nothing to do but bask in the sunshine and amuse himself, or to lavish his time and conversation on those around him. This devotion to the entertainment of his guests may be exemplified by the selection of a dinner party whilst our author was at Abbotsford. A testimony worthy of the writer who has charmed the world with his Jennie Deans, will be found in the following sketch. The Mr. Laidlaw spoken of in the extract, was Scott's steward, a gentleman who had been reduced, through misfortune, from a competency to the situation of taking charge of Abbotsford; at the same time he was a man of education and sterling moral worth.

"That day at dinner we had Mr. Laidlaw and his wife, and a female friend, who accompanied them. The latter was a very intelligent respectable person, about the middle age, and was treated with particular attention and courtesy by Scott. Our dinner was a most agreeable one, for the guests were evidently cherished visitors to the house, and felt that they were appreciated.

"When they were gone, Scott spoke of them in the most cordial manner. 'I wish to show you,' said he, 'some of our *really excellent, plain*

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Scotch people: not fine gentlemen and ladies, for such you can meet everywhere, and they are everywhere the same. The character of a nation is not to be learnt from ist fine folks.'

"He then went on with a particular eulogium on the lady who had accompanied the Laidlaws. She was the daughter, he said, of a poor country clergyman, who had died in debt, and left her orphan and destitute. Having a good plain education, she immediately set up a child's school, and had soon a numerous flock under her care, by which she earned a decent maintenance. That, however, was not her main object. Her first care was to pay off her father's debts, that no ill-word or ill-will might rest upon his memory. This, by dint of Scotch economy, backed by filial reverence and pride, she accomplished, though in the effort she subjected herself to every privation. Not content with this, she in certain instances refused to take pay for the tuition of the children of some of her neighbours, who had befriended her father in his need, and had since fallen into poverty. 'In a word,' added Scott, 'she's a fine old Scotch girl, and I delight in her more than in many a fine lady I have known, and I have known many of the finest."

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

EPIGRAMMATICS

FROM SOME OF THE LEADING COLUMNS OF THE

"*COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.*"

THE Future is to the Unwise what a dark chamber is to the Superstitious. It is filled with Evil Spirits.

AGITATIONS are but the symptoms of the fermentation through which the social mass must pass, before the wine of life runs clear and gladdens the heart.

COWARDS alone are cruel, while the brave love mercy.

NONE ever feared the light whose conduct could bear it.

THE coward dares not confess a fault, because he is cruel; and cannot forgive others, and thinks all men like himself.

IGNORANCE is the mother of poverty in a nation; and the instructor of youth is as essential to the order of society, and the production of wealth, as the officer of power and justice.

THE web of literature, like the web of life, is a mingled tissue, and were we to reject every thing that has a faint of infirmity, we would have to sacrifice a large mass of intellectual treasures, that the world at present cannot afford to lose.

WHEN by reason of presumption and Rotten Boroughs, the Lawyer is planted in Parliament amongst men who have to deal with the perfection of God's Reason—which is the system of Natural Rights and unalienable Liberty,—he perceives, or rather others perceive, that his little pocket Rule of legal Logic, is altogether unequal to the measurement of it.

FOR one Brougham, we have had forty Scarletts.

TYRANNY is a most subtle and diffusive spirit. It is the moral Brandy of the unwary Legislator.

THE British Government, ever since the time of Mr. Pitt, has been *profuse* on principle. It was a government of influence. Opinion and Abstract Rights were Revolutionary sounds.

INFLUENCE means money!

PEOPLE rallied round the throne on the same principle that paupers rally round a soup kitchen. So long as the boilers are full, the alderman or vicar who condescends to deal out the contents, is held in the most profound veneration, though every body knows that the whole is furnished at the expense of the parish.

IN attempting to improve the physical condition of any people, we must begin with the *Mind.*

THE intellectual powers, and the moral instincts, must be cultivated, regulated, and refined. A strong mind strengthens the body. It is the source of all energy and action. A pure mind purifies its dwelling.

NUDITY, raggedness, and filth, are utterly inconsistent with high-toned morality, or the sentiments inspired by so bold a hope as that of immortal life, in regions of stainless light.

ROUSE this hope! communicate this mental strength, and the desired improvement in man's physical condition follows, as naturally as the green blade and the stalk; the ear grows up, we know not how, under the invisible influence of the seasons.

OF all things within the circle of possibilities to the seditious, the mildness of the Laws and a good Harvest, are the most terrible.

TO wink at dishonour in our associates, is as mischievous in its effects, if not so sure a sign of a perverted taste, as to invent or propagate a charge.

WHERE slander stalks abroad unrebuked and unpunished, reputation, like every other species of property, having no *security*, can have no *value.*

EVERY Public Board, when relieved from the public eye, soon degenerates into a hive of drones, or a nest of hornets.

THE only remedy against laziness is,—the due and certain reward of industry.

THERE is no mystery in Government. It is as simple as the business of the merchant or the farmer. It is rendered complicated only for the purposes of oppression, and to defeat the claims of justice and equity, as a fraudulent dealer fabricates a set of unexaminable books.

FREEDOM, which grows not from the root of independence and virtue in the hearts of the people, is but as marble over a tomb, which may conceal, but cannot stay corruption. It shines, but it is cold and unfruitful.

WE owe half our hearts, and nearly all our minds, to society.

WE are not only guided and directed, but formed and inspired, by intercourse with our kind.

WHEN intercourse is forcibly cut off, or so narrowed as to preclude selection, the mind fades like a plant torn from the genial bosom of the earth, its parent and nurse.

THE man who stands alone in his own strength, loses half the delights of sympathy. That heart is the most happy, as well as the most noble, that has a reciprocal pulse in the greatest number of human bosoms.

PLAGUES OF THE WEST INDIES—BERMUDA.

By Miss Loydd.

Not to speak of chigres, or sand-fleas, whose bites cause horrid ulcers, of rheumatism and toothaches the most permanent and excruciating, and of other ills that flesh, here, is heir to—they have the musquito and other plagues, quoth Miss Loydd—

"The Bermudians seem scarcely to suffer from their bite, and they endeavour to reconcile me to this painful annoyance, by assuring me that, if I stay here another summer, I shall not mind them. The negroes say, that it is the 'roast beef English blood,' which makes the mosquito like us so much on our first arrival. I find bay rum the only application which affords relief. The cockroaches (*blatta Americana*) are very numerous, and of extraordinary size; they have also an highly offensive odour, which is rendered still more disgusting by the close contact into which they come with you. They are particularly troublesome in the evening, when they fly about the room, dash with much violence against the lamps and candle shades, flap your face with their cold disagreeable wings, and crawl upon your dress, from which it is difficult to shake them off. They are also destructive to furniture, and have already taken a mighty fancy to the binding of some of my books; I have, therefore, taken the precaution of laying among them strips of Russia leather, which the cockroach shuns. Ants swarm in millions. Every article of food must be placed out of their reach, and put in vessels insulated in water, though sometimes they will even contrive to pass over this. They place regular sentinels, which are always on the look-out for the fall of a crumb, a piece of sugar, or, above all, the demise of a cockroach. Immediately on the occurrence of such an event, they carefully reconnoitre the spot, and if several ants are present, one or two are despatched to head quarters; they return, in a short time, at the head of a little army, which is divided into companies, each preceded by an ant seven times the size of the rest, which, by way of pre-eminence, is here called the captain. The ants never stop to devour their prey; in an instant they surround and cover it; some get underneath, some on the top, while others, again, help to drag it forwards by pushing along the sides. It frequently happens that there are half-a-dozen cockroaches on the scene of action: in this case their generalship is really amusing. The captains, after a sort of consultation (which seems to consist in an uncommon rapidity of motion), divide their forces, and, if they are sufficiently strong, the whole body moves off in regular batallions, one never interfering with the other, and each under its respective leaders. If, however, their numbers are too small, they combine their forces, and return, after having dragged off their first victim, until the ground is cleared. I have stood for hours admiring the intelligence which subsists among the whole party—their extraordinary dexterity—the knowing way in which they commence operations, and the celerity and union of strength and efforts, by which they convey a body above a thousand times their own size to a distance of many yards. This, I beg to assure you, is no poetry. I have never seen ants attack any insect while yet alive. They are very much like our English ants in appearance, only that they are a little larger. Another species of annoyance are the enormous spiders which crawl about on the roofs and floors: some are five or six inches in length including their long sprawling legs. I am sometimes amused by hearing the negroes call them triangles—a corruption, I suppose, of tarantula, to which they may have heard them compared. I am told that, if irritated, they will bite very sharply, otherwise they are familiar enough; and one kind is so beautiful—a bright yellow with

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brown spots—as to take away all feeling of disgust.

"The cigala generally sit among the foliage of the trees, where it continues its shrill chirping throughout the day, with scarcely any intermission: it is, however, most annoying in the evening, when, perhaps attracted by the light, it takes its station in some corner of the room, or in a shrub near the verandah, where it sets up its chirp, at first rather softly, and then louder and louder as you raise your voice in order to make yourself heard. Suddenly a deafening sound breaks forth from all sides, the whole chorus raising their piercing chirp to the highest pitch: this continues for two or three minutes; a pause then ensues; after which they again resume their noise with renewed energy.

WEAKNESS OF MAN.

Men willingly prefix a handle to their names, and tack on to them any two or more honorary letters of the alphabet as a tail; they drop their surnames for a dignity, and change them for an estate or title. They are pleased to be Doctor'd and Professor'd; to be Captain'd, Major'd, Colonel'd, General'd, or Admiral'd;—to be Sir John'd, my-Lord'd, or your-Graced. 'You and I,' says Cranmer, in his Answer to Gardiner's book upon Transubstantiation—'you and I were delivered from our surnames when we were consecrated Bishops; sithence which time we have so commonly been used of all men to be called Bishops, you of Winchester, and I of Canterbury, that the most part of the people know not that your name is Gardiner, and mine Cranmer. And I pray God, that we, being called to the name of Lords, have not forgotten our own baser estates, that once we were simple squires!' But the emotion with which the most successful suitor of Fortune hears himself first addressed by a new and honourable title, conferred upon him for his public deserts, touches his heart less (if that heart be sound at the core), than when, after a long absence, some one who is privileged so to use it, accosts him by his Christian name—that household name which he has never heard but from his nearest relations, and his old familiar friends. By this it is that we are known to all around us in childhood; it is used only by our parents and our nearest kin when that stage is past; and as they drop off, it dies, as to its oral uses, with them. It is because we are remembered more naturally in our family and paternal circles by our baptismal than our hereditary names, and remember ourselves more naturally by them, that the Roman Catholic, renouncing, upon a principle of perverted piety, all natural ties when he enters a convent and voluntarily dies to the world, assumes a new one. This is one manifestation of that intense selfishness which the law of monastic life inculcates, and affects to sanctify. Alas, there need no motives or erroneous religion to wean us from the ties of blood and affection! They are weakened and dissolved by fatal circumstances and the ways of the world, too frequently and too soon.—(*The Doctor.*)

THE PLOUGH-BOY TURNED FOOTMAN.

A lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner-party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish; so, there that might seem no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do any thing unless she directed him; the lady well knowing that, although no footman could make better appearance as a piece of still-life, some awkwardness would be inevitable if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas, having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at the head of the table behind his misstres; and for awhile he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests. When he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords either with the English climate or with old English notions: a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of neck had extended from the ear downwards, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and courtesies of the table to see, what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of shewing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but to her great horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party—'a vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod, I've cautcht'en!'—(*The Doctor.*)

GRATIFYING FACT.

AT a recent Annual Meeting of the New Cemetery Company, the Chairman "had great pleasure in announcing to the meeting, the gratifying fact, that the burials in the Cemetery for the last year, were double in number those of the year preceding."—(*London Literary Gazette.*)

THE SILENT SYSTEM.

IT seems probable that the "silent system," which has so long been in operation in America, will soon be universally adopted in Great Britain, from the success of the first experiment of this sort, made by orders of Sir Robert Peel's ministry—or rather, as is stated, upon the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington. At the close of the Middlesex adjourned session lately, the foreman said he was instructed by his colleagues, who had visited the House of Correction, to express their admiration of the cleanly appearance of the prison and its inmates, but most of all at the excellent discipline which prevailed. The rule for prohibiting conversation amongst the prisoners seemed to them to be calculated to produce the most beneficial results. The chairman said he was happy to hear a jury approving of that system, which was the best mode of punishment ever adopted. It prevented the contamination of juvenile delinquents by older and more hardened offenders, and had already had the effect of reducing the number of prisoners.

CALCUTTA—PUBLIC LIBRARY.

THE latest accounts from Calcutta are highly interesting as it regards the resolutions passed at a meeting of the most influential of the Inhabitants to establish a Public Library. And it is highly complimentary to the founders, subsequent lawgivers, and subscribers of the Cape Town Public Library, that their establishment should be considered as a model Library for Calcutta. That such is the case we learn from the fact of an official communication having been transmitted from Calcutta to the Librarian at the Cape.

We extract the following from the Calcutta Oriental Observer of the 22d of August.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Most of our readers probably recollect that when this paper was under the management of the Editor of the *Englishman*, the importance of a public Library was strenuously pressed upon the attention of the community. Like every thing else, however, which *originates* with the press, the proposition then passed unheeded. No one was public spirited enough to take the matter in hand and follow up a suggestion which it might have been foreseen would have found numerous willing and powerful friends. *Le bon tems* has however arrived, and our active contemporary now enjoys the high satisfaction of being hailed as a public benefactor. The project has been revived; not through the press, as before, but in a manner to ensure its complete fulfilment on as magnificent a scale as the ardent originator could desire. We learn from Mr. Stocqueler, that the Chief Justice was the first to assent to the importance of the proposal, and the very liberal principles on which it is based; and this honorable example—the more honorable in a quarter where a certain passion for exclusiveness might be supposed to prevail—has been most liberally followed by the Lord Bishop, the Members of Council, Sir J. P. Grant, and all the principal men in the metropolis of every grade, degree, caste, and color. About 120 names at this moment grace the list of subscribers to the *principle* of the Library, the details and rates of subscription to which will be arranged at a general meeting to be held the week after next, when the adjourned sittings of the Court are at an end, and the presence of the Judges and the Bar can be secured. In the mean time, fresh names are accumulating, and the preliminaries discussing, so as at once to bring forward a test of public opinion and to clear the way for final measures. Donations of books will, we understand, be invited, in order to obtain a good *nucleus* of the library at as small an outlay of money as possible. In fact, Mr. Stocqueler informs us, that he has promises from several gentlemen of very handsome contributions. Government, it is hoped, will also do something towards the creation of a library, and then the growth of the institution will proceed, under good management, rapidly and healthily withal.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

THE people of Calcutta have resolved to celebrate the emancipation of the Indian Press in a style worthy of their intelligence and good sense. Instead of clubbing their funds to erect a statue as a resting-place for fugitive dust, like that of Lord Hastings, or as a monument of the sculptor's skill, like that of Lord Cornwallis, to be gazed at, stood upon, and criticised, when hundreds periodically assemble in the Town Hall, the inhabitants have determined to raise an elegant building for the reception of the library alluded to in the foregoing article, under certain conditions which manifest their determination to do the utmost possible good. Within this building also,—a building which in point of external elegance will, we hope, rival the Parthenon or Athenæum—a bust of Sir C. Metcalfe will be deposited; and, better still, a mural tablet on which will be inscribed, in durable characters, Sir C. Metcalfe's famous letter, in reply to the address of the inhabitants conveying their sentiments regarding the press. Nor will this be all:—the friends of the Press dine together on the 15th September, the day when the new law comes into operation, and an illumination will take place at the houses of those who consider the great event worthy of a gala.

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THE KITCHEN OF THE MONKS IN THE MONASTERY OF ALCOBACA.

(*From Beckford's Excursions.*)

The three prelates led the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in Europe. What Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state, I cannot answer; but my eyes never beheld, in any modern convent of France, Italy, or Germany, such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish. On one side loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves, extended a row of ovens; and close to them, hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay-brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a cornfield."

The next transition was to the banquet.

We passed through a succession of cloisters and galleries, which the shades of evening rendered dimly visible; till we entered a saloon, superb indeed, covered with pictures, and lighted up by a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. Right in the centre of this stately room stood a most ample table, covered with fringed, embroidered linen, and round it four ponderous fauteuils for the guest and the three prelates..... The banquet itself consisted of not only the most excellent usual fare, but rarities and delicacies of past seasons and distant countries; exquisite sausages, potted lampreys, strange messes from the Brazils, and others still stranger from China, (edible birds' nests and sharks' fins,) dressed after the latest mode of Macoa by a Chinese lay-brother. Confectionery and fruits were out of the question here; they awaited us in an adjoining still more spacious and sumptuous apartment, to which we retired from the effluvia of viands and sauces..... The table being removed, four good-looking novices, lads of fifteen or sixteen, demure even to primness, came in, bearing cassolettes of Goa filligree, steaming with a fragrant vapour of Calambac, the finest quality of wood of aloes.

THE LONDON NEWSPAPER PRESS.

The whole world, take away alone America, possesses nothing like an approach to the same documents. Leaving literary talent out of the question, the real curiosity in our English papers is in the page of advertisements—the master-key which this furnishes to the state of England—of Europe—almost of the world.

The unaccountable variety of callings and speculations that appear—some so great; some so apparently contemptible; yet all opening mines of riches to so many! One column announces the preparation of a hundred ships, all ready to sail instantly, almost for as many different ports in different quarters of the globe. The next offers "Steam-packets to Richmond, every morning at nine—Refreshments on board,"—and "Two and sixpence each passenger." A third sets out with the word "Accommodation!"—"Any sum! from two hundred pounds to ten thousand!—ready to advance for the convenience of noblemen and gentlemen at a moment's notice." And at the top of the fourth under the same title—"Accommodation"—you will find that "Ladies whose situations require a temporary retirement," may hear of "An airy situation," and the "strictest secresy, by applying at No. 34, next door to the grocer's, in James's street, Gray's Inn-Lane." Education tempts you in every shape; from "Yorkshire," at "Sixteen guineas a-year," where there are "no extras or vacations," and "Fare by the wagon," only £1: 12*s.*; to—*Rus in Urbe*!"—"Dr. Dolittle's establishment"—"Grosvenor-place"—and "Graduate of Cambridge," at "two hundred."—And, if you turn to the next page, and have only the happiness to be insane, you will see the "Tenderest attention" is paid to "Valetudinarians," at "Strait Waistcoat Lodge," between Somerstown and the Dust grounds at Battle Bridge; "References of the first respectability" to persons who have been raving; and "Private families" accommodated with "keepers" upon reasonable terms, "by the day, week, month, or year."

And all these fierce competitors for preference, in their thousand-and-one peculiar occupations and capacities—the projector upon Indian government, and the improver upon Indian soy—the companies in Bridge-street, who think of nothing but insuring life, and the undertakers in Fleet-market, who thrive only upon its extinction—the draper, who founds himself entirely upon "Ten thousand pair of warm Whitney blankets," and the perfumer, whose hope on this side the grave is only to ensure "Universal ease and comfort in shaving," the patent pen-maker, and the patent pin-maker—the mangle-maker, and the spangle-maker—the dealers in spring-guns, and in pop-guns—perigord pies, and artificial eyes—sell you a mango, dance you a fandango—large Twelfth cakes, nobody but France makes—Paris stays—raise the highways. These millions are but the few who court popularity, at a peculiar expense, and through one particular medium! They are not the same as, but over and above, the decorators of the dead walls of the town, posts, obelisks, empty houses, and scaffoldings; who address themselves to the more busy crowd, who have not time to read newspapers, and who can only pursue their researches, in pursuing their daily perambulations—"Matrimonial joys"—"Suits for little boys"—"Teach the deaf and dumb"—Great reduction in brandy and rum"—"Man taken up on suspicion of stealing!"—"Tooth pulled out by Mr. Jones, without feeling"—"Portable gas"—Wild ass"—"Poison rats"—"Re-beavered hats"—"Clergyman's widow in great distress"—"New crapes and poplins for summer dress." There is no place on earth, certainly none, where a man can get all he wants, and with so little loss of time or asking for, as in London.

For the very thirst of gain, in fact, which makes us merciless and rapacious, completely ensures every one's getting his "money's worth," and in his own way, too, for his money. If you only want a ride that costs a shilling, you have a whole "stand" of cab and hackney coachmen, threatening each other's lives which shall sell it to you. If you have ten miles to go into the country the omnibus that carries you for six-pence is, in truth, drawn and driven in a style ten times beyond the state of an Italian marquis. Would you dine?—dine at Harding's in Fleet-street—sumptuously from 15*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* or in any quarter—in five minutes you have it on the table. If you want a coat, the fashion changes five times before you can determine which of the five hundred professors, who "unite elegance with economy" for "prompt payment," best deserves your attention. If you have a complaint, a thousand remedies are published in all the shop windows—nay, on men's backs about the streets, for your particular salvation. And, after they have killed you, there is a fight between the Wooden Coffin Undertaker and the Iron, in which material you shall be buried.

We sometimes meet with very funny things in the shape of advertisements. Amongst the crowd of equivocal "Wants" of "*plain* chambermaids" and "*light* porters" every day to be found in the *Times* newspaper, we lately observed the following:

"Wanted immediately, as footman, a respectable and well-educated man; he must understand the dead languages and speak most of the living ones fluently. He will be expected to wait at table with decorum, to clean knives and forks, and attend to a horse and gig. He must be of a brave and serious deportment, help the girls to make the beds, and play with the children!"

COBBETT.

Of the life of Cobbett, from the period of his boyhood, when he left Farnham, without leave, asked or obtained, until he appeared in New Brunswick as a private soldier, little is yet known. This is a want which will probably soon be supplied by his sons, who owe the world a full memoir of their extraordinary father. His first start from home, he has described himself in this engaging and memorable passage:—

At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's Gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen halfpence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book, in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: "Tale of a Tub; price 3d." The title was so odd, that my curiosity was excited. I had the 3d., but, then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of the Kew-garden, where there stood a hay-stack. On the shady side of this, I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before: it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew-gardens awaked me in the morning: when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotsman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present King and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass plat round the foot of the Pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my Tale of a Tub, which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me.

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THE BEAUTIES OF FANNY KEMBLE; *now,* MRS. FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

JOURNAL,
Descriptive of Men and Manners in America.
2 vols. 8vo. John Murray. 1835.

THIS is a precious affair, and right welcome to it are the Quarterly's, the Frazer's, the Blackwood's, the Dublin's, and their illustrious patrons, the Cumberland's and the Londonderry's. But fair play, say we, to Mrs. Frances Anne.

Mrs. Butler's notions, both mental and moral, are, generally speaking, more liberal than we expected, though far less original. She has read and heard many fine things, which she journalises as *her own:* this at least shows that she understands and feels them. Her imagination, too, is vivid, and the verbiage glittering—nay, bordering on the graphic style, which she disapproves: but her reiterated descriptions tire one *rather;* and her de Staël-ish obscurities perplex. She calls the political existence of America "a momentous experiment." Surely our little Tory must have sat at the feet of that great Gamaliel, the *late* Lord Londonderry. She says too, whatever she may mean, "that actual reality is away from the purpose of works of art." Also, *If* truth *be* truth, to the end of reckoning, why, that share of her, if any, which *I* possess, *must endure,* when *recorded,* as *long as truth endures!"*

This is indeed "to judge the future by the past," for the truths Mrs. Butler puts forth, "if any," as she says, are very venerable; yet we should like some of her "rhapsodies," if they did not make her more familiar language appear so indefensibly vulgar. The barbarisms in which she indulges are such as no well-bred woman should *print;* even to *write* them betrays an habitual coarseness of mind—perhaps obtruded to decrease our awe of her greatness. The "vile phrases" to which we allude are, like her pet quotations, constantly recurring in her confessedly bad prose. True, she apoligises "in very choice Italian," for the carelessness natural to spontaneous effusions; but *if* her pages were *not* written for the press, they ought, at least, to have been made fit for it, not deformed by such expressions as the following:—"fell to—got at—went and took—bang—like mad—slithering about—bundling ourselves in—regular row—horrid mess—tidying my room—all up with me—bother—potter—I spit at it—walloped—snivel—they licked us—beaten hollow—it rained cats and dogs—we came across Mr. ——— —rode to the tune of so many miles—by that same token—Go it!—with a vengeance—by all manner of means—only time to swallow a mouthful—gulped it down—was done up—glorious little England, from which this bragging, big baby was born—a small piece of mutiny—I cottoned to him. I acted like a wretch—blackguard—twaddle—set my foot in the discussion—foul nonsense—got very sick. The manager's wife and another woman—were in the box, which was his—a cheating woman—a heathen price—our surroundings—jostle—scramble—break one's neck—lies—a turnippy-looking man—that odious Mr. ——— —a man of the name of Hacket—I would not care if the devil drove a hurricane at our backs—all this blessed day—stitching for dear life—the plagues of Egypt were *a* joke to *them*—cantankerous—devilish red slashes—he was glued to my side—stuck to my skirts—humbug;"—but enough, and more than enough; we will not weary our readers quite so much as we have been wearied—not to be spiteful and enumerate one *half* the spots that temper the glory of Mrs. Butler's sun's light. We wonder why the worthy clergyman persuaded her to abjure waltzing, obliged as she was, by her calling to be "clasped and whirled about." But exercise is salutary; and, on the subject of health, this young lady furnishes her own sex and ours with three or four bravely candid notes. We would cry "Bah!"—but then her love of learning—of country—*regret* for her *happy, peaceful* home! her "joy in flowers,"—her piety and benevolence!—we are disarmed. In all *these* matters she is sincere; whether it was politic to give her work an air of display, by permitting it to retain so much about her German, Italian, singing, sketching, stitching, dancing, and riding is another question.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The fifth annual meeting of the British Association for the Encouragement of Science took place at Dublin during the week commencing August 10th. Amongst the visitors were Thomas Moore, Esq.; Dr. Lardner; Captain Sir John Franklin, R.N.; Sir John Ross; Sir Thomas Brisbane; Sir George S. Mackenzie; G. B. Greenough, London; T. S. Traill, professor of medical jurisprudence, Edinburgh; Professor Alison, Edinburgh; Dr. Thomas Coulter; John Taylor, treasurer of British Association, London; R. W. Fox, Falmouth; T. Jameson Torre, Edinburgh; William Nicol, Edinburgh; Thomas Graham, professor of Chemistry, Glasgow; John Taylor, junior, Edinburgh; H. Westmacott, Edinburgh; J. E. Peitham, Berlin; H. Woolcombe; John Kinrick, delegate from York; Charles C. Babington, St. John's College, Cambridge, &c. On the 8th, a vast number of Scotch and English professors from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh, assembled in the theatre of Trinity College, to meet their literary brethren of our own country, who had arrived in town in great numbers. At the first meeting on Monday, Sir Thomas Brisbane demitted his office of president to Dr. Lloyd, provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and the annual report was read by professor Hamilton. Twelve hundred and twenty-eight new members were enrolled on this occasion, whose payments amounted to £1750, being a larger sum than any yet drawn at any annual meeting of the association. When Thomas Moore's name was mentioned as a candidate, the provost rose at once and proposed the poet, without the usual formalities or fees, the nomination was seconded by one hundred voices, and carried with acclamation. Scientific meetings were held daily during the week, at which many interesting papers were read, and three evening meetings were held. At these, individuals of every religious and political denomination mingled amicably; a rare scene in Ireland. As in Edinburgh in 1834, one universal feeling of gratification prevailed on this occasion throughout the society of the Irish capital. The Lord-Lieutenant attended several of the meetings, and was always well received. On Saturday, the 15th, the proceedings were brought to a close at the Rotunda, and the next meeting appointed to be held at Bristol in the second week of August 1836. Three hundred of the more distinguished members of the society this day received a farewell banquet from the provost and senior fellows of Trinity College in the examination hall, when the Lord-Lieutenant conferred the honour of knighthood on Professor Hamilton.

SKULL OF DEAN SWIFT.

The skull of Dean Swift has been turned up by some of the scientific people in Dublin, and the phrenologists have had a field-day of discussion about it. Doctors differ. "Mr. Coombe of Edinburgh," says the Courier correspondent, "described the skull as diseased, it being matter of history that Swift died fatuous, and he said that the forehead had shrunk from old age and disease, and did not represent Swift's head in a state of health, and at the maturity of his understanding. Dr. Greaves, a decided anti-phrenologist, denied that the skull exhibited marks of disease. Mr. Coombe said further, that the organs of the animal propensities, particularly combativeness and destructiveness, were very large, as also amativeness and self-esteem, adding, that if the forehead had in mature age been as deficient as it now appears, and the propensities been what are indicated by the skull, Swift, if uneducated, might have died on the scaffold. The organ of amativeness gave rise to great discussion. Swift was fond of women, and possessed the affections of two of them, yet he never consummated marriage. The phrenologists say that his amours indicate the feeling to have been strong, and that his not marrying must have had another cause. The antis argue that because he was not married, the large cerebellum is a refutation of phrenology. One of the best-informed phrenologists remarked that the skull proves nothing for or against their study, because they exclude cases of old age and disease from the class of evidence, on account of the changes which the skull undergoes in both of these conditions."

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

CHURCHES AND THEIR AUXILIARIES IN CAPE TOWN.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH,—ENGLISH EPISCOPAL.
Minister,—Rev. G. Hough, M.A.
Patronage,—Secretary of State for the Colonies.
Service,—Sunday Morning, half-past 11 o'Clock.
AUXILIARIES.
A Sunday School.
A School of Industry.
A Lending Library.
Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.
Choral Society.

MILITARY CHAPEL,—EPISCOPAL.
Minister,—Rev. E. Judge, A.M.
Service,—Sunday Morning, ½ past 9.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH,—CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, PRESBYTERIAN.
Minister,—Rev. J. Adamson, D.D.
Patronage,—Presbytery of Edinburgh.
Services,—Sunday Morning, 10 o'Clock.
——— Evening, half past 5 o'Clock.
Wednesday Evening, 7 o'Clock.
AUXILIARIES.
Sunday School for all, Morning, 12 o'Clock.
——— ——— for Adults, Afternoon, half-past 4.
Church Lending Library.

REFORMED CHURCH,*—CALVINISTIC.
Ministers,—Rev. J. H. von Manger, Rev. A. Faure, Rev. J. Spyker.
Patronage,—Secretary of State for the Colonies.
Services,—Sunday Morning, 9 o'Clock.
——— Afternoon, Catechism for intended Communicants.
——— Evening, 6 o'Clock.
AUXILIARIES.
O O O O O

LUTHERAN CHURCH,—ARMINIAN.
Minister,—Rev. J. M. K. von Staveren.
Patronage,—The Churchwardens.
Service,—Sunday Morning, 9 o'Clock.
AUXILIARIES.
O O O O . O

UNION CHAPEL, CHURCH-SQUARE,—INDEPENDENT.
Minister,—Rev. J. Philip, D.D.
Patronage,—The Congregation.
Services,—Sunday Morning, 7 o'Clock.
——— ———, half past 9 o'Clock.
——— Evening, 7 o'Clock.
Monday Evening, 7 o'Clock.
Wednesday Evening, 7 o'Clock.

* As it respects the language spoken in this Church, supported as it is wholly by the British Government, the distant reader will scarcely believe that, at this time of day, the English language is altogether excluded from the services

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AUXILIARIES.†
Lending Library.
Bible Society.
Fract Society.
Ladies' Benevolent Society.
Missionary Society.
Sunday School for all.

WESLEYAN CHAPEL,—ARMINIAN METHODIST.
Ministers,—Rev. B. Shaw and Rev. R. Giddy.
Patronage,—Methodist Conference at Home.
Services,—Sunday Morning, 7 o'Clock.
——— ———, half-past 9 o'Clock.
——— ———, 11 o'Clock (Dutch.)
——— Evening, half-past 6 o'Clock.
Tuesday Evening, 7 o'Clock (Dutch)
Wednesday Evening, 7 o'Clock.

AUXILIARIES.
Missionary Society.
Sunday School for all.
School for Adults, Monday and Friday Evenings.

LONG-STREET CHAPEL,—INDEPENDENT.
Minister,—Rev. J. H. Beck.
Patronage,—All Denominations.
Services,—Sunday Morning, 6 o'clock.
———Afternoon, half-past two.
———Evening, half-past six.
Monday Evening.
Wednesday Evening.
Thursday Evening.
Friday Evening.
Saturday Evening

AUXILIARIES.
Day School, from 9 to 11.
Bible and Tract Union.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.
Minister,—
Patronage,—Secretary of State.
Services,—

SHORT ACCOUNT OF TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

Collected from the Inhabitants, October 12th, 1835, when the Ship Wellington, Capt. Liddell, touched there.

(BY A PASSENGER.)

SOMERSET TOWN—Tristan D'Acunha, so called in honor of Lord Charles Somerset, late Governor of the Cape, consists of seven houses, one story high. The principal inhabitant, generally known by the name of Governor, is named Wm. Glass, a Native of *Kelso,* Roxburghshire, who says that he is about 50 years of age, but looks much older; he has a wife and twelve children living; with the exception of his eldest son, who is at sea, they all reside on the Island. His oldest daughter is married to an American, named Samuel Johnson, who has one child. The names of the other inhabitants are R. O'Riley, an Englishman, forty years of age, with four children. Francis Margaret, *alias* Swain, fifty-six years of age, with eight children; John Taylor, *alias* Alexander Cotton, fifty-two years of age, with five children; George Pearl, an Englishman, twenty-eight years of age, with one boy, and an orphan boy named Peter Peterson.

Their live stock consists of fifty head of horned cattle, seventy-five sheep, pigs, poultry, &c. &c. The sheep do not thrive so well as they formerly did. Six artillery horses were left on the Island when it was abandoned as a military station, but they all died.

Of *Fish*—they have the five-finger and blue-fish, the latter never caught except in twenty-five or thirty fathoms water.

The only wild animals on the Island are goats and rabbits, which are very numerous, and some wild cats and land birds,—the highland cock, the thrush, and the green linnet. They have no wild flowers, but they cultivate the rose in their gardens.

Fruits.—Apple, pears, peach, fig, and vine trees are cultivated, but the peaches, figs, and grapes, seldom ripen. Their spring begins in September.

The Island is subject to tremendous gales of wind during the winter months, June, July, and August. The peak of the mountain is always capped with cloud, except when westerly or southerly winds prevail, when it is clear.

The people live principally on milk, bread and potatoes, they exchange potatoes for bread with whalers.

Swain wishes to ascertain whether a son of his wife, named Samuel Jacob, who left in a whaler called the Eagle, Capt. Dickson, from London to the South Sea, many years ago, had perished by the foundering of the ship, which he heard had occurred during her voyage.

The visit of the Wellington, Capt. Liddell, and his passengers to these islanders, was most welcome. They were liberally supplied with stores, clothes, and books. And the Revd. Mr. Applegate, a Minister of the Church Missionary Society, held Divine Service on the island, and initiated twenty-nine children into the pale of the Christian Church by Baptism.

† In justice to the Voluntary System, we are bound to observe that it appears to be all heart in this congregation.

ROMANCES AND TALES OF THE CAPE.

No. 1.
A NOVEL STORY.

"AT the Cape of Good Hope, the beach is said sometimes to be *literally strewed* with Novels; an occurrence *which takes place* upon the wreck of a ship *freighted* from the Warehouses of Paternoster-row!"—(*Miss Emma Roberts' Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society,* 1835.)

No. 2.
THE WHITES TURNED BLACKAMORES.

"SUCH is the baneful effects of the sun's powerful beams at the Cape of Good Hope, that many a fair face of European birth has become so unalterably tanned as to appear of pure African unmixed breed. This is a dreadful scourge to those accustomed to behold the peculiar charms of the British-born complexion."—(*Carmichael's Notes on the Cape,* 1835.)

No. 3.
THE DUTCH SAVAGES.

"THE Dutch Colonies have degenerated, and the people become perfect savages. The Dutch Boers at the Cape of Good Hope are even now the rudest and most barbarous individuals upon the face of the Globe!"—(*Colonel Torrens on Australia,* 1835.)

No. 4.
DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND; OR, NOTIONS OF HONESTY AT GRAHAM'S TOWN.
(From Moodie's South Africa, 2 vols. 1835.)

"ALL the produce brought into Graham's Town by the farmers must, by the market regulations, be first exposed for sale in the market-place early in the morning, and there the merchants assemble to make their purchases, and generally endeavour to persuade the farmers to take the greater part of the price in goods from their stores, by which means they have a double profit, and many of them take the most dishonest advantage of the ignorance of the Dutch farmers; who, coming often from a great distance in the interior have no idea of the prices of European goods.

The Dutch, on their side, are generally equally dishonest, and when they see a favourable opportunity, often endeavour to conceal about their persons any articles they can lay their hands on, and convey them secretly to their wagons. When the shopkeepers detect them in pilfering in this manner, they never accuse them openly of the fact, for fear of losing their custom, but give directions to one of their assistants to watch the person who has taken the article in question, until he conveys it to the wagon, when he civilly reminds him *that it is not paid for.*

This always ensures the restoration of the goods, and often a much higher price than the shopkeepers could otherwise expect for them, and all passes off in perfect good humour on both sides. Scissors, needles, pins, thread, and all articles of small bulk, readily find their way in this manner into the huge pockets of the Dutch "frows," and even a shawl often glides with admirable dexterity under the vests of their husbands, which from their large and roomy dimensions, are well adapted for concealment."

ALLEGED SHOCK OF AN EARTHQUAKE

THE shock of an earthquake is said to have been felt in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, on the morning of the 11th instant, 12 minutes before 4 o'clock.

Mr. Oliphant "felt it on the Camp Ground; it seemed like the sound of horses fighting—the house shook so as to create a feeling of uneasiness. Mr. O. had been wide-awake for at least a quarter-of-an-hour before the shock".

Mr. Bird felt it—"he was lying awake, reading—the bed rocked sensibly,—a chest of drawers shifted their position, and a glass of water was nearly emptied of its contents by the shaking."

Mr. P. J. Bosman, Jun. was also "wide-awake, and heard a noise *like that* of a number of horsemen running against the corners of his house,—the ceiling of his house began to crack terribly; the furniture became in motion, the bed began to *quake,* which soon convinced witness that it was an Earthquake. Moreover his servant, also wide-awake, who lodges in an *out-building,* which was *secured by chain,* began to rattle in an unusual way, which caused great terror."

Mr. Maclear, Astronomer Royal, "was up the whole night between the 10th and 11th, and was not sensible of any tremor, or vibration, or rumbling."

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Mr. Smyth, Assistant Astronomer, "was up the whole of the night, observing in the Transit Room, and does not recollect any noise."

"Mr. Knucker's family, near the Observatory, heard no noise."

"Mrs. Dekenah, at the Mill, heard a 'shot.'"

"Mr. Davis' family, near the same place, did not hear anything."

"Mr. Kirten, who is superintending the building of Mr. Ebden's house, heard nothing."

At Mr. Ebden's one man, named Owen, felt the shock, and to Major Longmore, Mr. Sutherland, and Mr. Waters, further information in favor of the shock may be known—the latter gentleman "Mr. Waters was stepping into bed, just as Mr. Oliphant was stepping out."

THE SUMMING UP,
BY A GENTLEMAN, AFTER READING THE *TESTIMONIES.*

"Our Cape Earthquake is, after all, *no great shakes.*"

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

We were passing a happy day towards the end of the last month, at the hospitable marine-villa of Mr. S. Van Renen, at *Kalk Bay.* During our researches among the rocks, and along the shore, we secured a prisoner—a Penguin, which had incautiously wandered away from his comrades. He had probably deserted from the *rank and file* inspection, which these birds daily undergo before they undertake their marine excursion. Unfitted for flight, and awkwardly adapted for walking as the Penguin is, our prisoner submitted to restraint in the most quiescent manner. He soon lost all appearance of animation. He closed his eyes; his legs became immoveably stiff; and although we placed him in a large tank of water, formed by the rocks, he soon capsized, and life seemed extinct. His body was now thrown sky-high for a youngster to exercise his shooting aim when the bird fell unmarked into his native element. His paddle-wings were now all in motion, his legs were all agility; and when at a safe distance, he rode triumphantly on the billows, and seemed to enjoy all the felicities of "once more at sea."

SPECIMENS OF INTOLERANT IMPERTINENCE.

Many new principles have been broached in our day, which were unknown before. We have now the much-praised, but ill-understood *toleration*, taking place of the coercion and persecution of former times. And many are *agog* with the expectation of seeing the sway of this *passive lamb* extended over the whole earth; but let me ["William Gorrie, Editor of the Cape Cyclopedia,"] tell them, that this, as it now prevails, is as much an *invention of Satan* as persecution was, and it appears *fraught with even* more ruinous consequences to the Church!—(*Cape Cyclopedia, page* 131. 1835.

We see that John Knox did not, like *some others*, strive to form a Church that would be merely either a handmaid to the State, and subservient to the views of the ruler of the day, or an *impious Sect*, loudly declaring all connection of Church and State to be unchristian.—(*ib. page* 171.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

(From the Zuid-Afrikaan.)

"Bevallen, op den 9 Nov. 1835, van eene welgeschapene dochter, A. W. M. Cambier, Echtgenoote van P. E. Faure, Predikant, Stellenberg, Gemeente Wynberg."

THE LATE EXECUTION.

It is stated in the *Zuid-Afrikaan*, that the three culprits who were executed on the 26th, were "escorted by a strong guard of soldiers singing Mahomedan hymns."

NEW ARRIVALS.

We learn by an Advertisement in the Government Gazette of the 20th, that the "Courier," has brought out a number of

"Angels,
Glories, and
Cherubs."—

May be seen at Mr. Adams's, Market-square.

A NATIONAL DISTINCTION.

We have been amused for many years past, by observing almost daily a countryman of ours passing by with an umbrella under his arm. We never recollect to have seen it up-lifted on any occasion, be the weather wet or dry, foul or fair. A Dutchman without his pipe, an Italian without his fiddle, a Frenchman without his snuff box, would indeed be considered beings of singularity, but an Englishman without his umbrella,—alas, what a falling off from nationality. When good Mr Campbell published his first Journey in this Colony, he favoured his readers with a portrait of himself. "There he is," observed a Monthly Reviewer,—"there he is good honest man, that he is, almost as large as life, There he is, umbrella and all, and we might with as much propriety expect winter in the dog-days, as meet *John Campbell* without this umbrageous covering."

Quin, in his lately published "Voyage down the Danube," observes that during his travels in Hungary, Wallachia, Servia, and Turkey,—"I had no gun, no arms of any descript ion; nothing except an umbrella. I never, by the way, encountered an Englishman travelling abroad or at home without an umbrella: it seems *a national distinction.*

FAMILY MOTTOES.

THE LOITERERS:
"Slow and Sure."
THE TARDYS:
"Better late than never."
THE EVASIVES:
"I'll think about it."
THE NON-DOERS:
"Charity begins at home."

THE FISCAL PAPERS.—*No. I.*

From the departed and splendid æras of Greece and Rome, we like to touch now and then upon those of the modern world; and first, necessarily, of the History of our own Country, whether it be the land of our birth, or that won by the skill and prowess of the British arms. In this respect, the Cape is our own Country, and long may the British flag soar aloft, and become the emblem of the heart and hope of the habitable globe.

Now, as to our Cape history, many are our helps, and yet many more are the deficiencies connected with this important branch of our inquiries. Here, we have but little of chronicle matter, and the villages are without a pyramid, and the towns without a trophy. It is not that we are without *materiel* for History—but we have no historian, no chronicler. No Camden, no Froissart, no Caxton, no Arnold, no Rastell, no Stow, no Fuller—*no nothing*, as Cobbett says. But, thanks to a much-abused race of animals, we can present our readers with Fragments of Cape History, and as these are to be serial, we shall denominate them as at the head of this Article—*The Fiscal Papers.*

Modern times are replete with publications of this nature, and it is a curious fact, that by the turning up of old papers, much light has been thrown upon the page of history; and that now, the farther we are removed from past times, the better we are daily becoming acquainted with the sayings and doings of those times. In evidence of this assertion, we refer the reader to the Marchmont Papers, the Russell Papers, the Ellis Papers, the Walpole Papers, the Boxobel Papers, and the Evelyn Papers. The discovery of the latter was brought about in a curious manner. Lady Evelyn, whilst sitting round a

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work-table with her family at Wooten, was visited by a neighbouring gentleman, old Bray (we think), the antiquarian. In the course of conversation, Mr. Bray accidentally laid hold of a thread-paper, and was much struck with the MS. paper which composed it. Her ladyship observed,—"If you find amusement in that paper, I can supply you in this way from an immense box of papers similar to the one in your hand, which will serve for a whole year's reading." The party immediately proceeded to the lumber-room of Wooten, and the box of papers turned out to be the delightful journal of John Evelyn, the great and immortal author of "*Sylva*."

But our own discovery is, we submit to the reader, much more strange. We just alluded to the fact, we believe, in our first volume, but we withdrew the papers from publication at that time, out of delicacy to the old Fiscal, who was then living, but now that he is dead and gone, (peace to his ashes!) we may, with every sort of decent propriety, draw forth the documents from their dark abodes.

Our discovery is thus simply told. When the Cape Town Public Library was connected with Government, it stood contiguous to an unoccupied chamber below the printing office, in which the annual documents of the Fiscal's office were deposited. Here the rats fared sumptuously, and opened up a subterraneous communication which led to several unopened closets in the room of the Dessinian chamber. Here they stowed away the treasures of the Fiscal's department, and it was perfectly astonishing, on the removal of the Library, and on opening the closets, to find the thickly-wadded rat-beds of the precious MSS. We read of the skill of the beaver, the vanity of the peacock, the loquacity of the magpie, the industry of the ant, the instinct and labours of the bee, the craftiness of the fox, but we think in skill, cunning, and perseverance, and even courage, the rat is scarcely equalled by others of the omnivorous family.

We proceed now to lay before our readers a first portion of the Fiscal Papers.

No. I.

Cape Town, February 10th, ——

My dear Sir,—The bearer, Joss, has been saucy to his Mistress, and deserves a h—ll—sh good hiding. He brings this under the impression that he is to receive sundry newspapers.

Your's truly and faithfully,

* * *

"Ordered 39."

No. II.

Cape Town, 18—

To His Majesty's Fiscal,

Supreme Magistrate and Disposer, &c.

Sir,—It is my bounden duty to complain against William O——, a carpenter, who often gets in liquor, and threatens me in my own house. To shew the scandal of the man, he called to me loud in the street—*Come out, you old rascally tailor, and I'll gie ye winegar to eat with your cabbage.*

Hoping in your assistance,

I am, Sir,

Your very dutiful Servant,

* *

"Parties to appear to-morrow."

No. III.

——— *Gardens, Jan. 6th,* 18—

My dear ——,

I want a little of your special assistance respecting our girl Samera. She has become so impertinent of late, that there is no bearing with it. She mocks and mimics her mistress morning, noon, and night. Last Sunday, when Mrs. —— was starting for Church, Samera hoisted a large cabbage-leaf over her head, stuck upon a stick, to imitate Mrs. ——'s parasol; and only the day before that, she mocked her mistress by holding a grid-iron before her face, to imitate her fan. Pray let the huzzy be punished.

Your's truly,

* *

"M— to secure Samera, and to have her flogged in the Town Prison."

No IV.

MEMORANDUM.

March 2d, 18—

To inquire of the printer of the ——— Paper who the Editor is,—to insist on knowing, and to prosecute at the instance of the Elders of the Lutheran Church, for having libelled their community by calling them "*Arminians*."

"Action withdrawn at the instance of the Colonial Government."

No. V.

Tow the Fishcall,

Sire,—I humbeley maks a mowshun to yr. vorshp, for too hav won Tibs ine Kasel strt brot afore justis, for laffin aginst mee an is allwys shur to mak mouhs [mouths] at mee whn hee pases bi mee.

W. YOUNG.

"Officer must find out the residence of Tibs."

No. VI.

The Aide-de-Camp in waiting is directed by His Excellency the Governor to beg that His Majesty's Fiscal, or the Deputy Fiscal. will, as Law Officers of the Crown, discover forthwith the writer of a libellous article in the S. A. C. Newspaper, casting wicked censure on an officer of one of His Majesty's Regiments, as an amateur performer at the Theatre. The following is an extract, September 8th, containing the obnoxious matter:—

"We recommend them to be particular on learning their parts; to address themselves to the audience, instead of the side-wings or lamps; to keep their hands from out of their pockets, especially when addressing ladies."

"Mr. Herbert Pugh has voluntarily confessed that he is the writer."

HOMEWARDS.

WHATEVER may be the dissatisfaction and the agitation that prevails at home at the present moment, we cannot bring ourselves to believe, that there is a *single Englishman, however poor,* who would wish to detract one iota from constitutional principles, or refuse to defend them with his very life. What greater political privileges, we ask, is it possible to desire, or what greater security for life, liberty, or property, than are involved in those principles? At home there are no secret tribunals; no anonymous accusers; *no interminable imprisonments without, or previous to, trial; no arbitrary judgments;* no torturing punishments. Every man, unless a criminal, is at liberty to go or come,—to speak or write,—to associate or confer with others,—without molestation or suspicion. The possession, enjoyment, and disposal of property, are undisturbed by any national or fiscal impositions of a despotic nature, and everything relating thereto, is transacted according to the strict letter of the law, which casts its shield alike over all the gradations of society, from the prince to the peasant; the welfare of the one being of equal importance, in the eye of the constitution, with that of the other. "Of what, then," it may be asked, "has an Englishman to complain? and what are those grievances, which at present divide the nation into hostile parties, and threaten the political horizon with a storm, the ravages of which, say the deprecators of change, will break up the very foundation of society?"

It is not difficult to answer this question. However excellent the *theory* of the constitution, it is, like all human theories, liable, *in practice,* to imperfection. Many of its institutions, intended for the benefit of society, have, by the lapse of ages, the supineness of the people, and the corruption of men in power, been alienated from their original design, and rendered subservient to party purposes, and individual aggrandizement. Others, by the change of manners, and national character, have become worse than useless,—the church, the army, the higher departments of the law,* and almost every place of honour, profit, or privilege in the state, have been seized and appropriated by the aristocracy, as affording snug asylums and maintenance for the junior branches of their families. Nearly all the corporate bodies in the kingdom have lent themselves to objects, tending to the subversion of liberty, and their funds have been devoted to the most dishonourable purposes. Injurious restrictions and monopolies have been granted; party exactions, distinctions, and exclusions imposed; unequal taxation inflicted; and, finally, inroads have been effected upon the constitution, for the purpose of facilitating and perpetuating all these and other abuses, which would, if not checked, pave the way for still more despotic and obnoxious measures, until the bulwarks of our freedom would be reduced to a mere shadow of their ancient greatness.

Fortunately for England, the constitution possesses within itself the principle of self-renovation.—Like the fabulous bird of Egypt, when its energies and strength are exhausted by age, it can cast itself into the fire, and spring forth from thence, new fledged, to soar again superior to its surrounding foes, who were but now exulting in its destruction.—Thus, when the spirit of despotism is contracting its circle, and sharpening its weapons, until it thinks to strike, with certainty and security, the fatal blow at the constitution of our country, suddenly the enchantment is dissolved, and the chains are snapped asunder. The devoted victim bursts from its shackles, laughs to scorn the impotence of its foes, and inhales the fresh breeze of freedom with redoubled zest.

The representative system, the freedom of debate in parliament, the right of petitioning, and, above all, the liberty of the press, are the chief foundations and securities of British freedom. While we possess these untainted and unrestricted we have nothing to fear; we *must* progress in the career of truth, of science, and of liberty, ourselves, and be the dispensers of the same blessings to the nations that surround us.

"naught can make us rue,
If England to herself do prove but true."

* The expenses attending the dispensing of the laws is a subject which needs no discussion, every one, almost, being, by sad experience, acquainted with it. These expenses are enormously increased by a system of taxation, as false in principle, as it is injurious to the ends of justice, and vexatiously partial in its operation.

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The Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette,

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO

LITERATURE, CRITICISM, SCIENCE,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

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A

LETTER

TO

JOHN STEUART, ESQ.

High-Sheriff,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE FRIENDLY SOCIETY, CAPE TOWN.

11*th December*, 1835.

Sir,—In doing myself the honour to submit for your consideration the observations in sequence, I beg at once to state, that they are intended to supply some degree of auxiliary aid to the Cape Friendly Society, under your benevolent auspices, together with other respected individuals who have taken a share in its promotion.

In the absence of all statistical information of any value in Cape Town, I would take leave to suggest, that from the Members of your Friendly Society, a Sub-Committee be appointed to act *pro tempore*, and under the sanction of Government, to commence a Census of our Town Population without delay.*

It has always been my opinion, Sir, that a great proportion of our social defects are not merely to be attributed to the absence of moral education, but to the debasing nature of a crowded population dwelling together in abodes which exclude the light and air, and are noisome with animal and vegetable effluvia, and accumulated refuse. The sending forth a Committee under the direction of your Society, would, I conceive, supply most invaluable *materiel* to the practical workings of the great objects which it has in view. It would at once stimulate it to greater action, and enable it to count the cost of its probable requirements, and larger field of occupation. In a political point of view, the Census in question is of infinite value. The genius and power of Scotland was never so fully developed as when Sir John Sinclair hit upon his noble Plan of supplying the Government with the Statistics of the country. But in a moral point of view, how much more important the inquiry!*

But without further preface or apology, I would come at once to a few plain statements on many of the evils to which I have been an eye-witness at the Cape. The scenes which have led to these observations, were viewed in and near Rogge Bay. And what I desire to prove is, that the physical sufferings of the poor are not their sorest evils, but that their chief calamities are the natural consequence of their privation, consisting in degradation of mind.

In reference to that part of the Town already referred to, I have discovered from actual observation on all hands, a decided want of self-respect and purity of manners. And is there no cause for such condition of mind? Assuredly there is. The more delicate sentiments find every thing to chill them in the abodes of crowded indigence. A family occupying a single and narrow apartment, which must answer at once the ends of parlour, kitchen, bed-room, nursery, and hospital, must naturally degrade and lower the finer sympathies of our nature. And added to this, let us reflect that a class of lodgers are also to be included in the list of occupants. Here the decencies of life can scarcely be observed, and here woman, a drudg and in dirt, loses her attractions. The young grow up without the modest reserve and delicacy of feeling, in which purity finds so much of its defence. Coarseness of manners and language, too sure a consequence of a mode of life which allows *no seclusion*, becomes the habit almost of childhood, and hardens the mind for vicious doings in future years. The want of a neat orderly home is among the chief evils of the poor, and these evils are daily and hourly increasing in our very midst.* Crowded in filth, they cease to respect one another, and the social affections wither amidst perpetual noise, confusion, and clashing interests. In these respects, our poor fare worse than the uncivilized man. Around him is boundless unoccupied Nature, where he ranges at will, and gratifies his passion for liberty, and lives in the bright light and pure air of heaven. In our city the poor man must choose between his close room in the suffocating street, or dark and narrow wynd. The appropriation of almost every spot around him to buildings and common sewers, do not allow him to gather his family, or meet his tribe under a spreading tree. He has a home without the comforts of home; and the consequence is, that sensual pleasure are the only means of ministering to that craving for enjoyment which can never be wholly destroyed in human nature.

But does society afford no means of escape? Is Government asleep, and the curtains of repose drawn around it? And what present does civilization and science make to the poor? Strong drink, ardent spirit, liquid poison, a type of "the worm that never dieth." In every poor man's neighbourhood flows a Lethean stream, which laps him for awhile in oblivion of all his humiliations and sorrows. The power of this

* The returns of our Population have hitherto been very inadequately reported. The means employed have totally failed. An old gentleman has singly gone the rounds of inquiry, but his labours have proved abortive. The general belief that the objects of his Census was a distinct Government object for the creation of new Taxes, has led to numberless deceptions.

* Statistical Societies have recently been formed in London, Paris, and other Cities and Towns. Many distinguished Ladies are Members.

* The Friendly Society, or some other Society, will probably take into consideration the importance of the Cottage Allotment System,—weed our dense population, and elevate the poor man in the scale of existence.

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temptation can be little understood by those whose thirst for pleasure is regularly supplied by a succession of innocent amusements, who meet soothing and exciting objects wherever they turn. The uneducated poor, without resource in books, in their families, in a well-spread table, in cheerful apartments, and pressed down by disappointment, debt, despondence and exhausting toils, are driven by an impulse dreadfully strong to the haunts of intemperance; and there they plunge into a misery sorer than all the tortures invented by man. They quench the light of reason, cast off the characteristics of humanity, blot out God's image as far as they have the power, and take their place among the brutes. Terrible misery! And this comes to them from the very civilization in which they live. They are victims to the progress of science and the arts; for they multiply the poison which destroys them. They are victims to the rich; for it is the capital of the rich which erects the distillery, and surrounds them with temptations to—

"Use hard names and threatening words;"

which often—

"Grow to clubs and naked swords,
To Murder, and—to DEATH."

They are, in a word, victims to a *partial* advancement of society which multiplies gratifications and allurements, without awakening proportionate moral power to withstand them.

From these and similar views, it seems to follow that the claims of God are before us: and these are enforced by many a symbol of our mortality.—The revolving and dying year,—the declining body,—the passing funeral, and the "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust." And these claims, what are they?—that we are responsible for the improvement and happiness of those who dwell around us. This duty extends from the planting of a young tree, to the enlightening of a people. To decline our share in the means of the progression of the human race, when we have arrived at light enough to shew us the way, would be a moral prostration which would stigmatise an age. But this will never be the reproach of a people which has just broken the bonds of a million of Slaves! Such an act exalts a nation above all the barbarous glory of battles fought and regions conquered. Its record is on high, far beyond the loftiest region to which the eagles of a Cæsar or a Napoleon ever soared.

In conclusion, Sir, the Cape of Good Hope "Friendly Society," connected, as I hope it will be, with that of a Committee of Satistics,—civil and religious,—bids fair to bring us in closer connection with our neighbours than heretofore. It will tend to awaken in them the consciousness of their moral powers and responsibility, and to raise them in spirit and in hope above the calamities attendant on human life. They will be rescued from self-contempt by seeing others impressed with the great purpose of their being. The day is come when we must establish a better and a kindlier intercourse with one another as members of one great family, and children of one common Parent. Our christian principles must work a new miracle, must exercise and expel the spirit of *Caste*. The outward distinctions of life must seem to us not "a great gulf," but superficial lines which the chances of a day may blot out, and which are broad only to the narrow-minded. How can the educated and improved communicate themselves to their less favoured fellow-creatures, but by coming near them? The strength, happiness, and true civilization of a community are determined by nothing more than by this fraternal union among all conditions of men. Without this, a civil war of envy, hatred, and revenge, virtually rages in a country. For the sake of the rich, or those well-off in this world's goods, as well as the poor, there should be a mutual interest binding them together; there should be but one caste,—that of HUMANITY.

I have the honor to be,
Sir, your obedient Servant,

ANNANDALE.

THE FIRE-SHIP.*

1.

THE breeze blew fair from England's shore,
The ship unmoor'd at last,
To brave the ocean's angry roar
And reel beneath the blast;—
Swift as a war-steed bounding past
Or falcon in its flight,
Her prow, the dashing waters cast,
Majestic in her might,—
But winds must waft, and sails expand
'Ere she can hail fair India's strand.

2.

How gallantly she leaves the coast,
As to the deep she rolls,—
Her burthen is a warrior host
Of full five hundred souls,
Whose spirits, free from fear's controuls
Battling their country's foes,
Had spread its triumphs to the Poles,
And now where Ganges flows,
Borne on 'this sea-girt citadel,'
To Albion bade a long Farewell.

3.

The sun had set upon the sea,
And the third day had gone,
When calmness fell, and sullenly
Dark lowering clouds came on,
Whilst soon the murmuring wind's low tone
Moan'd a prophetic tale,
Until, ('ere midnight's watch was flown,)
There blew an adverse gale;
And the broad vessel's towering form,
Toss'd as a feather in the storm.

4.

And when morn came, around them roll'd
Huge mountains of the sea,
And skies, terrific to behold,
Swept in the whirlwind's glee,
Yet none could deem that there would be
An element more dire,
To doom them to Fate's sad decree,
When burst the cry of "Fire,"
On those who fill'd her peopled deck,
And had but thought of storm and wreck.

5.

It rose, a wild, electric thrill
Of awful tones around;—
Some rush'd to aid,—and some stood still,
As if by Horror bound;
And some it did not quite astound
Who thought of ties most dear,
These strove to quell th' appalling sound
(Love struggling with their fear,)
Saying,—"our wives,—our children,—hush,—
"Oh, let not terror on them rush."

6.

But vain, the power to quench the flame,
And vain, to hide the tale;
How awful soon that scene became
Which blanch'd each feature, pale;—
Horror in all its wildest wail,—
Delirium and distress,—
Whilst heedlessly roar'd on the gale,
In howling recklessness,
As every moment's fleeting breath,
Brought dread Despair, and thoughts of Death.

7.

And at each awful interval
Pealed forth the minute gun;
But all around that sky's black pall,
Was no seen object,—none;
And Hope grew sick, as one by one,
A form climb'd up on high,
To watch the distant horizon
With fear-bewilder'd eye,—
Whilst the same answering, hopeless knell
From each despairing bosom fell.

8.

Then, doubly, then increas'd the woe,
And that wild tumult there,
Loud shrieks,—dumb looks,—and murmurs low,
And tears,—and sighs,—and *prayer;*
The chief still firm in his despair,
The ruder soldier too,—
Tho' Vice in some,—with fiendish stare
Prowl'd round,—with death in view,
As from the vessel's side, the smoke
And flame in thickening volumes broke.

9.

At length,—oh scarcely could they deem
It was a speck of white,—
When loud re-echoed one wild scream,
"A sail,—a sail,—in sight!"—
And for awhile Hope seem'd to light
A hectic on the cheek,
As from the crowd, in frenzied might,
There burst that frantic shriek,—
Tho' round them, both the flames and waves
Gave omen but of speedy graves.

10.

And when it near'd, that little ship,
And boats lower'd down to save,

* These Stanzas allude to the loss of the *Kent*, Indiaman, by fire, in March, 1825,—a most affecting account of which appeared soon after, written by Lieut.-Col. Macgregor, one of the officers on board the vessel at the time of the melancholy occurrence.

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See, how they mount,—and now they dip,
As if each yawning wave
Open'd Eternity's wide grave
To crush them;—still once more
High on the billow's boisterous rave
They strike the buoyant oar,
And, toss'd on its remorseless tide,
Close to the burning vessel ride.

11.

Yet, ah!—what woe, in that wild storm
Of Terror's maddening mood,
As one by one,—each female form
Was lower'd upon the flood;
Whilst on the burning deck there stood
The partners of their soul,
With prayers for safety, still renew'd,
As every surge's roll
Seem'd with the fire-blast to contend,
Which first should grasp them as a fiend.

12.

But Thou, *great Power*, who rulest all,—
Canst bid the whirlwind stand,—
When Fate had almost stretch'd its pall,
Oblivion dark its wand:
It pleas'd *Thee*, with Thy mighty hand,
Still to extend Thy care,
To save those firm in Virtue's band,
Leave Vice to its despair,—
And show mankind, who love Thy trust,
That, Thou art mighty,—Thou art just!

13.

"Immortal Spirit, throned above,
"Thou, merciful in might,—
"How shall our faint, tho' fervent love
"Thy bounteous care requite?
"Here, as our prostrate forms unite,*
"May none for evermore
"Forget thy mercies; Lord of Light,
"The Power whom we adore,—
"To Thee, alone, our souls we raise,
"*God* of our Hope, our Prayer, and Praise!"

Cape Town, December 25th.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

BIBLICAL NOTICE.

To the art of Printing, Europe owes at least the *permanence* of her political and religious reformation. This discovery rendered it impossible to put down the insurrection of mind, to arrest the progress of principles that spread with the subtile swiftness of electricity. As long as the vernacular Scriptures could be multiplied only by the slow progress of transcription, it was possible for the vigilance of the Romanists to frustrate the pious zeal of those who were making these noble efforts to give a wider circulation to the word of life. In the year 1408, Archbishop Arundel issued the intolerant and impious decree,—'That no one should thereafter translate any text of Holy 'Scripture into English, by way of a 'book, a little book, or tract; and that 'no book, little book, or tract of this 'kind should be read, that was com- 'posed lately in the time of J. Wicliff, 'or since his death.' This constitution, we are told, led to great persecutions; and many were the persons who were 'not only sentenced to pay 'heavy fines, and to undergo long in- 'carceration, but even to be burned 'at the stake, as the bishop's regis- 'ters indisputably prove!'* Similar efforts were made to suppress the circulation of Tindal's New Testament and other printed editions of the Scriptures; but the press multiplied copies faster than Tonstall and his colleagues could buy or seize them to burn them. Had the discovery of printing taken place two centuries earlier, the reformation begun by Wicliff, would probably never have been arrested and turned back. But for the press, the reign of Elizabeth might perhaps, have proved as disastrous to Protestantism, as that of Henry Bolingbroke was to the cause of which his father had been the great protector. Puritanism had to sustain it, what Lollardism wanted,—the printed Scriptures, the unsheathed sword of the Spirit, the unsealed water of life, the iron seed that springs up a harvest of armed men. The pen of Wicliff had made the Man of Sin to tremble on his throne. His writings, carried to Bohemia by a native of that country, who had become acquainted with them at Oxford, made John Huss a Reformer; and the sermons of John Huss, found by Luther in the library of the monastery at Erfurd, first opened the eyes of Luther. But now, that pen was miraculously transformed and multiplied by the press, so as to be changed from a missile into a battery. Writings had wings, but the press had the speed and irresistible force of lightning. It sowed Wicliffs in every land, and raised up Husses and Luthers a hundredfold. What the application of steam, the grand discovery of our own age, is in mechanics, the invention of printing has proved in the world of morals. A copy of one of the Gospels may now be printed at the cost of a penny! What would Tindal, and Coverdale, and Fox have said, how would their hearts have leaped, could it have been predicted to them that such would one day be the case! What assurance would it have given them that the light then kindled should never be put out!

It is true that the full benefit of this discovery has never been reaped till now, within our own times. Three hundred years have elapsed since the first English Bible was completed at the press; and to that circumstance we may look back as, under Divine Providence, the era of that flood of scriptural light which remains in the British Isles. To the English Bible, Protestant England owes every thing that has ennobled her literature, and made her deserving of the name of the Evangelist of nations. But, for nearly three hundred years, the English Bible was in the hands of comparatively a small proportion of her population; and almost every where else, there was a dearth, in some parts a famine, in others an absolute destitution of the word of God. Forgetful of our own debt of gratitude for the English Bible, we had suffered the Welsh, the Irish, the Gaelic highlanders on our own soil to remain in almost total deprivation of the heavenly gift. We boasted of our Protestantism, and declaimed against Popery, but suffered the main engine of Protestantism to remain comparatively idle, and the very principle of the Reformation to be as it were in abeyance. Whatever man designed in the invention of printing, there can be no question with a devout believer in the Providential government of the world, that what God designed as its chief end was, the multiplication and diffusion of His own word, the written Scriptures. But this design had become obscured by the multifarious purposes to which the press is also capable of being applied; and in this, as in other cases, the children of this world had proved themselves wiser in their generation than the children of light. All sorts of literature, good and bad, sweet and bitter, had been poured forth from this fountain, according to the quality of the leaves thrown into it; yet, the leaves of the tree which are for the healing of the nations, and which would have made the bitter waters sweet, were sparingly and distrustfully used. Without a metaphor the Bible was jealously doled out by an ecclesiastical monopoly. The spirit of the Reformation was bound and manacled; and not by a Roman, but by a Protestant heirarchy. The Bible was a Lollard in the olden time. It was a Puritan afterwards. It has been treated as a Sectarian, a Catholic Dissenter in our own days,—a very un-

* It was an affecting sight on the Sunday after their landing at Plymouth, to behold the whole of those who had escaped from the awful conflagration, assembled at Church,—pouring forth their thanksgivings to the Almighty for their safe deliverance from destruction.

* Baber's Wicliff's New Testament, p. lxxii.

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safe and dangerous person to go abroad without a prayer-book to watch over it.

NATURAL HISTORY GLEANINGS *

SURELY no taste can be more amiable and pure than that evinced by the author of these Gleanings; nor can we name any work in which the spirit of the writer is more effectually conveyed to his readers. Old and young must be delighted with such entertaining and instructive anecdotes and notices as are here crowded together. The volume, like the former ones of the series, is full of the best light reading that can be thought of; and over the young, who once have a glimpse of its contents, it will operate most wholesomely, by strongly impressing them with the claims which the inferior animals have upon our kindness and tenderness.

Mr. Jesse's work is the reverse of systematic or technical. He has evidently an extreme pleasure in watching the habits and character of the inferior animals, and a talent in interpreting their language and ways, which he is constantly exercising– setting down his discoveries just as they are made, warmed by an immediate admiration, till the list of striking facts amounts to a volume. His work is exactly that which it is called, without many generalizing remarks, which, indeed, would have required something like arrangement, but which were unnecessary, as every anecdote or fact naturally suggests whatever of the sort that need be said or thought.

We are too apt, because it saves trouble, to limit the course of nature under certain sweeping generalities. With regard to the classification of birds, it is usual to say that those species which are the shyest, seek the most retired situations on most occasions. But there are exceptions to this rule, which either show that we take an inadequate view of that which enters into what we call the shyness of birds, or that there are considerable diversity in the tempers and capacities of the individuals forming a species. We know indeed that there is a vast difference between the intelligence and disposition of dogs, horses, &c., and no doubt the same sort of variety holds good in the case of every species, had we the means, or took we the pains to study them. The following statement has suggested these remarks.

"In one of the workshops belonging to Mr. W. Cox's manufactory at Taunton, a water-wagtail built her nest. The room was occupied by braziers, and the noise produced by them was loud and incessant. The nest was built near the wheel of a lathe, which revolved within a foot of it. In this strange situation the bird hatched four young ones, and the male, not having accustomed himself to such company, instead of feeding the nestlings himself, as is usual, carried such food as he collected to a certain spot on the roof, where he left it, and from whence it was borne by his mate to the young. It is still more remarkable that she was perfectly familiar with the men into whose shop she had intruded, and flew in and out of it without fear. If, by chance, a stranger, or any other of the persons employed in the same factory entered the room, she would, if in her nest, instantly quit it, or, if absent, would not return. The moment, however, that they were gone she resumed her familiarity."—pp. 2, 3.

We ourselves have known a pair of partridges hatch fifteen eggs within three feet of the perpendicular breast of a quarry, where workmen were daily engaged in raising stones, and where generally every day, a number of blastings by means of powder took place. Nor was the depth of the quarry above twenty feet, counting both the rocks and the earth above it, while its width was so inconsiderable, that the operations of the workmen could never be above twenty feet aside from the position of the nest, and often exactly in front of it. By the day the young ones burst from the eggs, not a foot remained between the nest and the perpendicular face of the quarry. What sort of instinct or reasoning guided the parent partridges we know not, but it was fatal to several of their offspring, who incautiously ran over the edge of the precipice and were killed; those that took an opposite direction lived, and interested us several months after, when we often counted them in their flight. At last, however, the slaughtering gun of a friend thinned farther the small covey. But we must follow our author, who has far more to communicate about birds and beasts than we can be expected to possess. There is much to interest us in the statement and suggestion of our next extract.

"A gentleman whose name alone would be sufficient to attest the accuracy of the fact, communicated the following circumstance to me. He was travelling in Greece, and passed a few days at the house of an acquaintance in that country. While he was there, a large body of wolves came down from the mountains in the night, and committed great havoc among the sheep, goats, and other animals belonging to the inhabitants of an adjoining village. As the country people knew the place to which the wolves generally retreated, they assembled in a large body, and made an attack upon them. In the evening some of the peasants brought a dead wolf of a large size to the gentleman referred to, and told him that it was the leader or head of the pack of marauders. His foot was as large as the fist of a man. On questioning the country people on the subject, they asserted, as a well-known fact, that wolves were occasionally in the habit of selecting one particular whelp from a litter, which they carefully concealed in some secure place, and fed with live animals The wolf thus fed grew strong and vigorous, and subsequently became the leader or king of the pack, heading them on all occasions, and directing their operations.

"It may be thought that there is not sufficient authority to prove the truth of this circumstance. It is not probable, however, that peasants would have invented the story, and in a country where wolves abound, there must have been many opportunities, through a succession of years, to enable them to ascertain the fact. The following curious and interesting passage, however, in the 19th Chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel, not only tends to confirm it, but almost to place its accuracy beyond a doubt:—It is as follows:—

"'What is thy mother? a lioness: she lay down among lions, she nourished her whelps among young lions.

"'*And she brought up one of her whelps:* it became a young lion, and it learned to catch the prey.

"'The nations heard of him, he was taken in their pit.

"'Now when she saw that she had waited, and her hope was lost, *then she took another of her whelps, and made him a young lion.*

"'And he went up and down among the lions, he became a young lion, and learned to catch the prey.'

"There is no doubt that these words are prophetical, but we know that in the Bible, allusions are constantly made to the habits of animals and which are so accurately descriptive of them, that we can have no doubt of their being taken from actual observation. In the instance before us, the Prophet Ezekiel seemed to be aware of the circumstance which has been related, and seems to have made use of it to illustrate the condition of the princes of Israel.

"Few things are more interesting than tracing the truth and accuracy of the Holy Scriptures, by comparing what is said of the customs and habits of Eastern nations, with what antient and modern travellers have related of them. For instance, in the 9th Chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel it is said that 'a man amongst them was clothed with linen, with a writer's ink-horn by his side,' or upon his loins. It is well-known to those who have travelled in Eastern countries, that even at the present time persons employed to write, carry an ink-horn tucked in their girdle on one side of them, and pens or reeds on the other. The Psalmist speaks of the 'dew of Hermon,' a hill near Nazareth. Maundrell says, 'we were sufficiently instructed by experience, what the holy Psalmist meant by the dew of Hermon,' our tents being as wet with it as if it had rained all night."

"In the 49th Chapter of the Prophet Jeremiah are these words:—'He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.' The banks of this river are still covered with a thick underwood of shrubs, in which several sorts of wild beasts harbour themselves. During the periodical overflowings of the river, these beasts are driven out of the covert, and this circumstance gave occasion to the comparison referred to.

These, and instances without end, might be brought forward as satisfactory proofs of the accuracy of biblical allusions, and which are as authentic as they are interesting."

We are obliged to Mr. Jesse, particularly for rescuing the cat family from indiscriminate obloquy.

"Cats are generally persecuted animals, and are supposed to shew but little attachment to those who are kind to them. I have known a cat, however, evince great uneasiness during the absence of her owner, and it is stated that when the Duke of Norfolk was committed to the Tower in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a favourite cat made her way into his prison room by getting down the chimney.

"Cats have been known also to do their best to protect the property of their masters, as well as dogs. A man who was sentenced to transportation for robbery, informed me, after his conviction, that he and two others broke into the house

* *Gleanings in Natural History.* By E. Jesse, Esq. vol. iii.

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of a gentleman near Hampton Court. While they were in the act of plundering it, a large black cat flew at one of the robbers, and fixed her claws on each side of his face. He added that he never saw a man so much frightened in his life.

"Mr. White, in his Natural History of Selborne, states that of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element. The following fact, however, communicated to me by a friend who lived several years in Jamaica, will prove that they take water, and is also another instance of the attachment of animals to the place where they were bred. Being in want of a cat, one was given him which was not full grown. It was put into a canvas bag, and a man on horse-back brought it a distance of five miles from the place where it was bred, and from which it had never been removed before. In doing so, he had to cross two rivers, one, named the Mino, which was about eighty feet wide and two and a half feet deep, running strong. The other called Thomas' river, was wider and more rapid, but less deep. Over these rivers there are no bridges. The cat, when it arrived, was shut up for some days, and when supposed to be reconciled to her new dwelling, she was allowed to go about the house. The next day, however, she was missing, and was found shortly afterwards at her old abode.

"A family residing at Newcastle-on-Tyne went one summer to Tyne-mouth, leaving their house in the care of two female servants. One evening, when the servants were sitting together in the kitchen, their attention was attracted by a cat, which went up into a laundry over the kitchen, and then returned to them and mewed. The cat did this so often, that the servants were induced to go up stairs to see what she wanted. When they got into the laundry, they found a man concealed in the chimney. One of the maids fainted, and the other gave the alarm to their neighbours, but in the mean time the man made his escape out of the window and over the roofs of the adjoining houses.

"A favourite cat, much petted by her mistress, was one day struck by a servant. She resented the injury so much, that she refused to eat any thing given to her by him. Day after day he handed her dinner to her, but she sat in sulky indignation, though she eagerly ate the food as soon as it was offered to her by any other individual. Her resentment continued undiminished for upwards of six weeks. The same cat having been offended by the housemaid, watched three days until she found a favourable opportunity for retaliation. The housemaid was on her knees washing the passage, when the cat flew at her, and left indubitable marks on her arms, that no one could ill use her with impunity. It is, however, but fair to record her good qualities as well as her bad ones. If her resentment was strong, her attachment was equally so, and she took a singular mode of shewing it. All the tit-bits she could steal from the pantry, and all the dainty mice she could catch, she invariably brought and laid at her mistress's feet. She has been known to bring a mouse to her door in the middle of the night, and mew till it was opened, when she would present it to her mistress. After doing this she was quiet and contented.

"A lady had a tortoise-shell cat and a black and white one. A few years ago, the latter was observed to carry her kitten when two or three days old to her companion, who brought it up with her own kitten, though of a different age, with all the tenderness of a mother. This was one time after time for several years, but last year it was reversed, the black and white cat taking her turn to discharge the duties of a wet-nurse to the kitten of the other. It is probable that a deficiency of milk was the cause of the cats not suckling their young. It is not surprising that one of them should adopt the kitten of another, but it appears that some faculty nearly approaching to reason must have shewn them the necessity of procuring a substitute."—pp. 123—136.

A TRUE STORY.

Written on hearing that the Hottentots of Bethelsdorp had been recently deprived of their Cattle-lands.

A quail with all her infant brood,
Was found where barley grew;
She chose the spot as yielding food,
And warmth and shelter too.

But vain her foresight and her care
To screen her darling nest;
The Farmer took his reapers there—
The sequel may be guess'd!

He brought her with her young to me,
A sorry gift I own!
For much *I loathe to chain the free*,—
To silence pleasure's tone.

Three days the pretty nestlings lived,—
The next—all five were dead!
And whilst the Parent's fate I grieved—
A voice to fancy said:

"In these poor victims may be seen,
This country's reckless doom;
For where the *Stranger's* tread has been
Sorrow and crime are come.

"A pillaged house, a broken band,
Are all the *native* knows;
An Exile on his *Father's land*,
He feels an Exile's woes.

"Oh, Christian! wipe the stain away:
Briton! be *Briton* still:
And to a suffering people pay,
A debt for deeds of ill!"

* * *

CARICATURE.

POLITICAL SKETCHES, H. B., MCLEAN, ETC.

IF it awaken pleasure in the mind to witness cheerful hearts and merry countenances, it is only to become a spectator near the Caricature Round Table of our Cape Public Library. The fertility and celebrity of H. B. and McLean's Monthly sheet, are effusions which not only tend to enliven, but we may add, inform and instruct. The history and by-gone practice of this curious compound branch of satire and art is thus well described by a London cotemporary.

THE principle of Caricature is as old as human nature; for a sense of the ludicrous and absurd is as inborn in man as the love of beauty, the appreciation of grandeur, or the feeling for the sad and mournful. Laughter in its antiquity may fairly be reckoned the twin of crying; though it must be confessed that, with our fallen nature, the latter takes the precedency. As some compensation, however, the former is universally acknowledged to be the more agreeable emotion; insomuch that the only crying at all spoken of with liking is that which is the result of much laughing.

To trace the entire annals of what is called Caricature, therefore, would be to give the history and development of the human mind, its faculties, perceptions, and passions; since, as we have said, a sense of the ridiculous appears to be equally inherent with mirth itself. Neither is it confined to individuals, but whole nations have been found with so great an aptitude to the ludicrous, so prone to laughter on almost every occasion, as in some degree to defeat the object of our missionaries when treating them for purposes very different to those of promoting merriment. From accounts we have read of these people, we learn that there was nothing on board our ships or in the persons of the crew which had any thing out of the way in dress or appearance, which did not become subjects of mimicry or sources of cachination. "It is not," says the great apologist for laughter, Sterne, "in the power of every one to understand humour; it is the gift of God."

The history of the art of painting, in its earliest state, affords examples of the burlesque which may be termed caricature. Nor is it confined to that period; on gems of the remotest antiquity are found subjects of droll character; such as chimeras, made up of all incongruous, all abortive things.

Somewhat in this way Leonardo da Vinci produced a set of caricatures; and, indeed, the arabesques or grotesques of Raphael, Annibale, Caracci, and others of the Italian school of art, may fairly come under the same title. Of more recent date, the works of Jerom Bos, of Brueghel, (for distinction called hellish,) the incantations of D. Teniers, and the merry masqueraders of Callot, furnish abundant matter in this way.

But belonging to this class of art, perhaps, no country has abounded more with examples in which wit, humour, and satire, were the component parts, than England. Indeed, so abundant is the catalogue, that the retrospective view puzzles the brain in the choice to fix either on individuals or their productions. The liberty of the pencil, no less than the liberty of the press, has been exercised to its fullest extent, hardly stopping short of treason in some instances, and not at all of libel in others. An attempt was at one time made by, we believe, the late Lord Bateman, to bring some of these graphic offences, of a political character, before parliament; but the arguments for and against were so interrupted by laughter, that the subject fell to the ground; and the pencil-shafts of wit and ridicule have since been permitted to fly abroad without a trial to control or punish them.

Horace Walpole, in his excellent essay upon the genius of Hogarth, proclaims that great dramatic painter "the inventor of graphic wit;" but much as we, in common with all the world, have been used, in matters of criticism on the arts to submit to his dictum, we cannot assent to this. For having very carefully examined that most curious travestie, by the pencil of Jan Stein, "Sampson and Delilah," we are in candour compelled to own, that Hogarth, original as he was, could not have introduced more point and wit into the same subject, had he been commissioned to make the effort for a prize.

Hogarth is also frequently quoted as "the great *caricaturist*." This is a mistake: he was not a painter of *caricatura*; but, properly, the great dramatic painter:—one who imagined and wrought his own painted moral drama—one, perhaps, whose "like we may never see again."

Rowlandson was a caricaturist; so were Gillray, Bunbury, Nixon, Woodard, Williams, and many others who flourished during the reign of George the Third. George Cruikshank, too, is a caricaturist—though we utter it not in depreciation; for if the hyberbole of art, whether in poetry or painting, be wrought with the originality and mastery of a Rabelais or a Gillray, we cannot but applaud the imaginative powers that excite in us such pleasurable sensations as the magic of their inventions produces on our risible faculties.

What struck the observant glance of Walpole, and moved him to open the eyes of the public to the charm of Hogarth's graphic wit, were a few, very few indeed happy original points of humour, which told their own tale. One, the undisturbed possession of a house-spider, whose web covered the slit of a poor-box in a parish church;—an admirable satire upon alms-giving. Another, chickens roosting upon perpendicular waves in the scene *behind* the scene; and another, that most intelligible and original frontispiece to "Kirby's Perspective."

We, born in the succeeding age, have lived to see a tribe of designers in the same school, the pourings out of whose inventions have been as

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constant, and seem to be as inexhaustible, as the ever varying scenes of that great drama of human life that has been played for the amusement of philosophy for the greater part of six thousand years.

We profess to be of that fraternity of philosophers who own themselves the disciples of Democratus, rather than of Heraclitus; inclined to smile with Thalia, or laugh even with Momus, rather than weep with Melpomene. The facetious, witty Dr. Arbuthnot, whose wise diction was a law at the college, moreover, used to say, "Laughter prolongeth life; and a Merry Andrew's arrival in a town dispenseth more health to its inhabitants than a dozen ass-loads of medicine."

Were we disposed to go deep into the details of the origin of dramatic graphic design, we might trace it to a much earlier period in the wood-carving of the monkish ages than in the engravings on metal. The representations of *Purgatory* on the carved remains of our ecclesiastical buildings exhibit many ludicrous allusions to the gluttony, and in some instances the obscenities, of the monks, Certain curious and, indeed, interesting specimens of this species of graphic satire are still preserved in the under-part of the friar's stalls in the Chapel of Henry VII., Westminster Abbey. Others we could name. Several carvings of similar subjects have been incorporated in a series of candelabra, designed in the Gothic taste, and heretofore forming a part of the furniture of the conservatory at Carlton Palace. The groups, composed of figures about six inches in height, though so small, are admirably done, and replete with character. Neither should it be forgotten, that those series of moral pictures which are known in history under the designation of "*Death's Dance*," such as in olden time were painted on the cloister-walls of Pardon-Haugh church yard, part and parcel of old St. Paul's Cathedral, and in other places in England and on the continent, may be somewhat allied to our notions of graphic wit: such, for instance, as the miser, seeking to dig a hole to hide his bags of gold, finding a ready dug grave, which, toppling into, served to bury the treasure and its guardian together, without putting him to further expense.

Our present business, however, is with that species of design for which the English caricaturists are so eminently distinguished; namely, the graphic representation of political events; which, as related in the universal language of picture, form a striking political history of the last half century.

Rowlandson commenced this species of political drama about the year 1780. His *caricatura* of the events at the period of the memorable coalition of Charles Fox and Lord North amused not only the British, but the people of all Europe. The graphic record of the long-contested election of Fox, Hood, and Wray, accompanied by a descriptive catalogue of the events by the pens of Captain Morris, Harry Bunbury, and other wits of the day, formed a quarto volume, which in its way may be pronounced unique.

Gillray's commencement was shortly subsequent to this period; and the superiority of his *caricatura* was too evident to yield to any comparison with the works of his ingenious predecessor. Rowlandson, whose candour exceeded even his talent, was amongst the first to admit this; himself pronouncing Gillray to be the Michael Angelo of his art.

In looking over the vast collection of the works of this extraordinary artist, the exhaustless invention which he has exhibited in dramatising the ever changing political events during the revolutionary war, surprises even those whose genius delights to revel in imagination. Some few subjects, as the Apotheosis of the republican General Hoche, and others of the same cast, really border on the sublime. Scarcely could the pen of the historian depict the horrors of the French Revolution more potently than did the etching-tool of this extraordinary person.

There has been a lack of talent in this species of design since the death of these eccentric geniuses—for such they truly were, none having arisen to supply their place until of late, when the political drama commenced by the ingenious, and perhaps no less inventive and original, H. B., bids fair to add, if not already added, another series equally satirical, and alike amusing. It is only in a land of liberty that such artists can thrive. Foreigners are wont to consider the British people the only true philosophers, who thus turn all their political miseries into fun and laughter. Charles the First observed, that there is little fear of the political levities of the press, but much to dread at the hands of those gloomy politicians who are never seen to smile.

That zest in which the works of Rowlandson and Gillray were too often deficient, namely, the want of identity of personal resemblance in many of their *dramatis personæ*, is richly predominant in the works of H. B. They are, moreover, replete with that compatibility of expression which suits the subject and the action; and he must be dull, indeed, who is not suddenly excited to mirth in contemplating the groups thus so admirably pourtrayed by the inventive and ready crayon of this able political caricaturist. We are not in the secret as to whom this H. B. may be, but in his walk he may be dubbed another "Great Unknown."

The legitimate objects of caricature are humour and candid satire, no less to "Shew scorn her own image," than to "shoot folly as it flies;" a few instances of which, that have come under our notice, may be mentioned here. "Tax on Post-Horses," by John Nixon, an amateur, in the year 1782; in which is represented two clericals on their road to Oxford, both mounted on sorry hacks; the first maintains his seat with great dignity, but with far too great weight for the poor animal; while the second, designated by the name of Doctor Drowsy, having loaded his horse with travelling-trunk, portmanteau, and hat-box, has fallen asleep and brought himself and his hackney to the ground. We also remember an example of public resentment levelled at the extravagant sums lavished on foreign operatives in dancing, attitude, and feats of the like dexterity. The print represents the famous opera-dancer, Vestris, standing on tiptoe, holding a well-filled purse in one hand, his cap and feathers in the other, laughing at the audience who had enriched him. Below, and at each corner, was represented a goose standing on one leg, with a query, referring to the performers,—"Can you find any man that can stand so long on one leg?" to which the answer is, "No, but every goose can." About the same time appeared a print, levelled at the empiric of the day: Les Caprices de la Goutte; or, Ballet Arthritique." Here, under the patentee's muscular exercises, are seen three of his gouty patients, with their limbs variously cradled and bandaged, endeavouring to perform the several evolutions of the ballet, and writhing under the pain and torture of their exertions; while the master is represented (cane in hand) giving directions to a workman, who was employed in strapping the limbs of another patient. The device below is two crutches crossed, and the ballet before alluded to set to music. This print is oval, the size of that of Vestris, and is engraved by Paul Sanby, 1783. Whether these were from the designs of that artist, we do not know, but are well aware of his talent in graphic satire, which his series of prints ridiculing Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty" sufficiently prove, but which his better sense and good feeling led him to suppress before they attained notoriety. Since the death of Paul Sanby, however, his son, the late Thomas Sanby, had a few copies struck off; and we believe the plates as old copper, will find their place in pots, pans, &c., upon our kitchen-shelves, till called into action for more pacific and more useful purposes.

Some of our first rate artists have stepped from the pedestal of their elevation to exercise their fancy in the ludicrous or caricature; and among these Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the early part of his career, played off two or three squibs of this sort; but, well knowing that as a painter of portraits it was dangerous, or at least debatable, ground to stand on, withdrew from the practice. Allan, though designated by the title of the Scotch Hogarth, began with the study of history and the imaginative in art, but was tempted to depart from his classic elevation; and, while at Rome, the Carnival and its masquerading groups and characters attracted his attention, he produced a series of subjects the most grotesque and burlesque in form and costume. These, with his designs for Allan Ramsey's "Gentle Shepherd," procured him the before-mentioned title, and established his reputation for the comic in art.

With the key which accompanies H. B.'s six volumes, we have got over about *three hundred and seventy* productions of his prolific pencil, all possessed of merit, and many of them displaying extraordinary talent. The whole may almost literally be viewed, not only as the political history of the last six years, but the personal memoirs of the chief actors who have figured in its development. No. 1, shews us the melancholy Shade of the departed patriot Canning; and from that era the Catholic Question, the Reform bill, and other measures, supply in turn the heroes of the graphic drama. In some the likenesses are so admirable that we can truly declare no exhibition within the walls of Somerset House ever presented them in so complete and characteristic a shape. The Kings, George and William, the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester, breathe and live on these cartoons. The Duke of Wellington, in every playful shape, and Lord Brougham in equal variety, are wonderfully clever. But the same remark applies to the Law lords, Eldon, Lyndhurst, Denman, Scarlett, Sugden, Manners, Plunkett, Redesdale; and to the Lawyers—Wetherell, Horne, &c. Lord Grey is capital throughout, and so is Althorpe. Lord Melbourne, Lord Durham, Lord Westmoreland, Lord Holland, Lord Stanhope, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Buckingham, the late Lord Carnarvon, the late Lord Liverpool, Lord Kenyon, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Bathurst, Lord Anglesey, Lord Wharncliffe, are striking portraits. Of some others we are not such good judges; but, presuming from the fidelity of those we know, we dare to say they are equally true to nature: thus the Duke of Richmond, Lord Palmerston, Lord Stanley, Mr. Goulburn, Lord Chandos, Lord Harrowby, Lord Duncannon, Mr. Littleton, Mr. Ellice, Mr. C. Wood, Lord Londonderry, Sir J. Graham, Lord Ebrington, Lord Howick, are severally identified. Sir Robert Peel does not offer very marked features for the artist, but in the latter pieces,—such as driving the New Government Omnibus (where Wellington is superb cad)—H. B. has got him perfectly. Others, also, who are not so good at first, come gradually into fac-similes of the individual. Lord John Russel is one of these, till we arrive at No. 171; Sir J. Hobhouse, till No. 308; Lord Lansdowne, till No. 100; Mr. Croker, till No. 157. We do not consider Lord Aberdeen to be a happy hit (the best is No. 224); nor Lord Ellenborough; nor Lord Ripon; nor the Speaker; nor Lord Clanricarde. But, on the other hand, the following are perfection in design and execution; we have not merely the exact likenesses, but the perfect characters of the parties:—Talleyrand, O'Connell and Shiel, Lord Nugent, Mr. Hume, Cobbett, Burdett, Hunt, the Serjeant-at-arms Seymour Crockford, Mr. Thornhill and Chifney, Gully an Pease, Sir. R. Wilson, Mr. Spring Rice, Sir H. Parnell, Sir. W. Ingleby, Fyshe Palmer, Sir H. Birnie and old Townsend, Mr. Liston, and M. Ruthven,—and no mistake. Lord Munster's slight, but like; and, in short, the entire met of the series can only be appreciated by turning over these folios of wit and humour.

And many a wholesome truth do they also teach—for they are a treasury of individual and general instruction, as well as of perpetual amusement. It is curious to observe how caricatres may either mislead the public or correct its judgment. The common idea of George the Third was much generated by the verse of Peter in-

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dar and the pictures in the print-shops; and George the Fourth, when, after some years of retired life, he visited the theatres, absolutely astonished the people of London, being so different from his caricature representations. In a graver point of view, we are much inclined to agree in opinion with the able and intelligent Sir Alexander Johnston, who has strenuously recommended the use of works of art as a great means for spreading civilization and British power over the vast territories of India.—*Literary Gazette.*

LITERATURE.

INSTRUCT; EMPLOY; DON'T HANG THEM.

By John Pitt Kennedy, Esq.

THIS work is as energetic and practical, as its title is pithy and plain. The author hesitates not to condemn the negligent and mischievous conduct of public men and landed proprietors of Ireland; nor to hold up to admiration measures calculated to produce general benefit. In his prefatory dedication he addresses individually and by name a number of well known characters, all of whom have been benefactors to Ireland. Among these there are the Duke of Wellington, who, he admits, in one instance followed the dictates of justice and judgment; Daniel O'Connell, whom he characterises as the most uncompromising and able defender of the Irish people; and the memory of the late Arthur Young, whose manly advice and practical information, offered to the public in the year 1780, would, if attended to, have prevented most of the evils that have since oppressed this country. He urged that "the Irish should be protected and employed, not hanged." A number of other eminent persons are addressed, and their individual or peculiar services are announced in the compliments paid to them; but not one of all those names pleased us more, or intimated more clearly the nature of the author's healing measures, than the one first addressed, viz: William Blacker, "who, in his management of land, has introduced the most rapid and efficient practical system hitherto offered for improving the condition of his countrymen."

THE CORN LAW POET.

The only approach to the late Wm. Cobbett is, we think, Ebenezer Elliot, the Sheffield mechanic and poet. He is a powerful writer, and although of extreme radical principles, all parties have done honor to his genius. In his new volume, "The Village Patriot," we quote one short piece—it is very striking, but unfortunately the last verse is but a *naughty* specimen of charitable feeling.

Hymn written for the Printers of Sheffield.

" Lord! taught by Thee, when Caxton bade
His silent words for ever speak;
A grave for tyrants then was made
Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break.

For bread, for bread, the all-scorn'd man,
With study worn, his press prepared;
And knew not, Lord, thy wond'rous plan,
Nor what he did, nor what he dared.

When first the might of deathless thought
Impress'd his all-instructing page,
Unconscious giant! how he smote
The fraud and force of many an age!

Pale wax'd the harlot, fear'd of thrones,
And they who bought her harlotry:
He shook the throned on dead men's bones,
He shakes—all evil yet to be!

The pow'r he grasp'd let none disdain:
It conquer'd once, and conquers still:
By fraud and force assail'd in vain,
It conquer'd erst, and ever will.

It conquers here! the fight is won!
We thank thee, Lord, with many a tear,
For many a not unworthy son
Of Caxton does thy bidding here.

We help ourselves, thy cause we aid;
We build for heav'n, beneath the skies:
And bless thee, Lord, that thou hast made
Our daily bread of tyrants' sighs."

SCOTTISH NOBILITY IN 1835,

From Pencillings by the Way, by Mr. Willis, of New York.

VISIT TO GORDON CASTLE.

THE immense iron gate surmounted by the Gordon arms, the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side, the canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery, lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrance-walk, the winding avenue lengthened away before, with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me, driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down two beautiful blood horses, prancing along, with side-saddles and morocco stirrups, and keepers with hounds and terriers; gentlemen on foot, idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries, hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the castle into view, a vast stone pile with castellated wings, and in another moment I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment for the afternoon drive.

'The last phaeton dashed away, and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that his Grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deers' horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a park, extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon: a more lovely view never feasted human eye.

'"Who is at the castle?" I asked, as the boy busied himself in unstrapping my portmanteau.—"Oh, a great many, sir." He stopped in his occupation, and began counting on his fingers. "There's Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Claud Hamilton and Lady Harriette Hamilton—(them's his lordship's two step children, you know, sir)—and the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Sophia Lennox, and Lady Keith, and Lord Mandeville and Lord Aboyne, and Lord Stormont and Lady Stormont, and Lord Morton and Lady Morton, and Lady Alicia and—and—and twenty more, sir." "Twenty more lords and ladies?"—"No, sir; that's all the nobility." "And you can't remember the names of the others?"—"No, sir." He was a proper page: he could not trouble his memory with the names of commoners. "And how many sit down to dinner?"—"Above thirty, sir, besides the duke and duchess." "That will do." And off tripped my slender gentleman with his laced jacket, giving the fire a terrible stir-up in his way out, and turning back to inform me that the dinner-hour was seven precisely.

'It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September; and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in the picturesque flocks, and small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted and the distant forest shaped, by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods,—or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a gamekeeper idled into sight, with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels. And all this little world of enjoyment and luxury, and beauty, lay in the hands of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland—a day's journey almost from the possession of any other human being. I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

'The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills; and by the occasional prance of a horse's feet on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices the different parties were returning to the castle. Soon after a loud gong sounded through the gallery—the signal to dress; and I left my musing occupation unwillingly to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen—the duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying upon the table.

'I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with the broad red riband of a duke across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle.'

We are rather surprised that a man who had travelled largely in Europe, and spent at least one winter in London, should have mistaken a gallant general's well-won red riband for a badge of his hereditary rank. But let Mr. Willis proceed—

'The gong sounded at the next moment, and, in our way down, he named over his other guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing room was crowded like a *soiree*. The duchess, a very tall

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and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately; and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room.'

We should have supposed Mr. Willis might have observed before this time, that there are and can be no difficulties about precedence, where almost all the company have fixed rank. At New York the affair is no doubt a very troublesome one.

'It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour to the modern dukes in *kilt of the Gordon plaid* [!]; and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were among the vases several large coursing-cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

'I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had just been introduced. The duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat, he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had on my right Lady ——, "the most agreeable woman in Scotland." It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

'I have been struck everywhere in England with the beauty of the higher classes; and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I had never seen "heaven's image double-stamped as man and noble" so unequivocally clear. There were two young men and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found: the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of "thorough-bred." There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the continent: the *paysans* of France and the *contadini* of Italy being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature, as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressement*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye, and conspirator-like action of the Italian, in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high-breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *déreglement*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally "gentlemanlike" and Indianlike. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly (which he always does) in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner; and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who would bow down to his very plate and smile as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country house, and to discover that at the very moment he bowed so coldly he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

'The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table, the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *chasse-café* were brought in when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing room. Cards, tea, and music filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock, and thus ended an evening which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels. I have described it, and shall describe others minutely—and I hope there is no necessity of reminding any one that my apology for thus disclosing scenes of private life has been already made. Their interest as sketches by an American of *the society that most interests Americans, and the distance at which they are published*, justify them, I would hope, from any charge of indelicacy.'

'I arose late on the first morning after my arrival at Gordon Castle, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast table. I was struck on entering with the different air of the room. The deep windows, opened out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken frames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music, that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were gone; the duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting jacket and coloured cravat; the duchess was in a plain morning-dress and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewels and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared with the simplest *coiffure* and a toilet of studied plainness. The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast; and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before, faultless in costume and distinguished in his appearance, in the full force of the term, was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hob-nailed shoes (for shooting), and in place of the gay hilarity of the supper-table wore a face of calm indifference, and eat his breakfast and read the paper in a rarely broken silence. *I wondered*, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of *many people in my own country*, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was composed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England.'

Mr. Willis's astonishment that the duke and his guests did not go a-shooting in red and green ribands, &c. &c., is particularly delightful. We are reminded of the monkish illuminations where kings and queens are represented as lying in bed with their crowns and sceptres—

'Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This is to me, I confess, an advantage it has over every other meal I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat-cakes, marmalades, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scotch breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable, than the whole *tone* of the *meal*. One after another rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room, and, with one or two others, I joined the duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds a year! A salmon was brought in for me to see, as of remarkable size, which was not more than half the weight of our common American salmon.

'The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks in the park and other avocations; * those bound for the covers joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leash at the stables; some paired off to the billiard-room, and I was left with Lord Aberdeen *in* the breakfast-room alone. The Tory ex-minister made a thousand inquiries, with great apparent interest, about America.

'The number at the dinner-table of Gordon Castle was seldom less than thirty, but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals. No sensation was made by either one or the other. A travelling-carriage dashed up to the door, was disburdened of its load, and drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, "Who is arrived?" You were sure to see at dinner—and an addition of half a dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in anything. Leave-takings were managed in the same quiet way. Adieus were made to the duke and duchess, and to no one else except he happened to encounter the parting guest upon the staircase or were more than a common acquaintance. In short, in every way the *géne* of life seemed weeded out, and if unhappiness or ennui found its way into the castle, it was introduced in the sufferer's own bosom. For me, I gave myself up to enjoyment with an *abandon* I could not resist. With kindness and courtesy in every look, the luxuries and comforts of a regal establishment at my freest disposal; solitude when I pleased, company when I pleased, the whole visible horizon fenced in for the enjoyment of a household, of which I was a temporary portion, and no enemy except time and the gout, I felt as if I had been spirited into some castle of felicity, and had not come by the royal mail coach at all. The great spell of high life in this country seems to be *repose*. All violent sensations are avoided, as out of taste. In conversation, nothing is so "odd," (a word, by the way, that in England means every thing disagreeable) as emphasis or startling epithet, or gesture, and in common intercourse nothing so vulgar as any approach to "a scene." The high-bred Englishman studies to express himself in the plainest words that will convey his meaning, and is just as single and calm in describing the death of his friend, and just as technical so to speak, as in discussing the weather. For all extraordinary admiration the word "capital" suffices; for all ordinary praise the word "nice!" for all condemnation in morals, manners, or religion, the word "odd!" To express yourself out of this simple vocabulary is to raise the eyebrows of the whole company at once, and to stamp yourself under-bred or foreigner. This sounds ridiculous; but it is the exponent not only of good-breeding but of true philosophy of social life. The general happiness of a party consists in giving every individual an equal chance, and in wounding no one's self-love. What is called an "overpowering person" is immediately shunned, for he talks too much, and excites too much attention. In any other country he would be called "amusing." He is considered here as a mere monopolizer of the general interest, and his laurels, talk he never so well, shadow the rest of the

* It is singular enough that no mention is made of the Duke's Library. Nor do we discover that the ladies entertained any sympathy for the poor of the neighbourhood. And not a word about churches and schools.

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company. You meet your most intimate friend in society after a long separation, and he gives you his hand as if you had parted at breakfast. If he had expressed all he felt, it would have been "a scene," and the repose of the company would have been disturbed.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

To R. Montgomery Martin, Esq. F.S.S.
Author of a History of the British Colonies,—London, 1835.

Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope,
December 22, 1835.

Sir,—As accuracy must be the aim of every historian, I feel sure that you will consider it an obligation, if I call your attention to some slight inaccuracies which have crept into your valuable History of the Cape of Good Hope.

At page 2, you tell us,—"On the South this colony is bounded by the Southern Ocean, on the West by the Atlantic, on the East by the Indian Ocean, and on the North by the Gariep or Orange River, and by unexplored territories." Now the boundaries of the colony (waiving any question as to the neutral territory,) are correctly laid down in the map facing the first page of your own account of the colony, in which you must perceive that the colony does not extend to the Orange River; and this is no matter of opinion, but of fact, as the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court does not run beyond the colored part of the map.

You, however, in the same page state, after having laid down the boundaries as defined after the conquest from the Dutch, "that the present boundaries should be considered as the Keiskamma River on the East, and the Gariep or Orange River on the North," but give no reason why they should be so considered. I can only say I know none why they should.

Whether you have correctly given the early history of the Cape, is perhaps of no great consequence; but it is rather loose topography (page 6) to say that "the English and Dutch armies met on the plain at the foot of Table Mountain," when the actual place of rendezvous was at Blue Berg, on the other side of Table Bay.

In page 12 you say,—

"Cape Town is regularly constructed with straight and parallel streets, intersecting each other at right angles, and shaded with elm or oak trees; the houses chiefly of red brick or stone, of a good size, and generally with a stoup or veranda before the door, shaded with trees, beneath which the English as well as Dutch inhabitants delight to lounge by day, sheltered from the fervid rays of the sun, or to enhale the freshness of the evening breezes."

Now it is a matter of no great consequence, but there does not happen to be an elm tree, except perhaps in Baron Ludwig's garden as a specimen, in all Cape Town, nor, so far as I have ever heard or seen, in all South Africa. The houses certainly are chiefly of red brick and stone, but somebody must have told you so, as, with very few exceptions, all the houses in the town are plastered and kept neatly whitewashed. The style is now beginning to alter, as a better description of brick has lately been made, capable of enduring the weather without a coat of lime. If you suppose a stoep, (not "stoup," as you write it, which is a Scotch measure for holding whiskey,) is the same thing as a verandah, you are much misinformed. You necessarily walk *upon* a stoep and *under* a verandah,—a house may boast a convenient stoep, and be destitute of the additional luxury of a verandah, and the sedentary man may rejoice under a verandah, whilst he deems a stoep unnecessary.

"The castle, situate on the left of the town, (entering from Table Bay), is a strong fortification commanding the anchorage, and, if well defended, capable of complete resistance against any force which may be brought against it. The fortress is pentagonal, with a broad fosse and regular out works. It contains within its walls most of the public offices, and barracks for 1,000 men."

I can only say, the castle must indeed be well defended to offer a complete resistance to any force which may be brought against it. The castle does not "contain within its walls most of the public offices." I have been in the colony some years, and there has not been a public office in it since I have been here. I have heard there was in General Janssens' time. If you had thought for an instant whilst penning the sentence, you must have remembered that most of the public offices are at the upper-end of the Heeregracht, close the entrance into the Government Garden.

"A range of lofty mountains rise, like an immense wall, forming the E. boundary of the valley of the Cape District, shutting it out so entirely from the country beyond it, that a few men in possession of the passes would always be able to cut off any communication between the sea coast and the interior. There are three passes or kloofs, generally used by wheel carriages; viz. Hottentot Hollands' Kloof, near False Bay, opening a communication with the district of Swellendam and the E. parts of the colony along the sea coast; *Roode Land* (Red Land) *Kloof*, [I presume by 'Roode Land (Red Land) Kloof' you mean Roode Zand (Red Sand.)] opposite to Saldanha Bay, leading to Graaff-Reinet, and the remotest parts of the colony, and—*Elands Kloof*, still farther N. opening into a wild country. As if in contrast to the barren mountain range, the valley which they inclose is exceedingly beautiful, rich, and well-watered, containing the Paarl, Great and Little Drakenstein, and Fransche Hoek, or French Corner, &c."—p. 14.

From the above the reader will naturally suppose, that the Paarl and the other places mentioned are in the Cape District; this, however, is not the case, they are in Stellenbosch District.

"There are two small bays on the W. side of the Cape Peninsula, *Haut*, or Woodman's, and Chapman's, &c."—p. 16.

You mean *Hout Bay*. "Hout" is Dutch for wood; but I never heard the Bay called either Wood, Wood's, or Woodman's.

"Groot Drakenstein, comprising, among others, the farms on the N. side of Simon's Bay."—p. 18.

Pray look at the Map, Mr Martin, and do not think it a trivial matter to tear up old respectable places out of their ancient seats, and squat them down in a new neighbourhood,—with as little ceremony as you would locate a Fingoe.

"Worcester District is divided into two parts, Worcester to the *North*, and Clanwilliam to the *Southward*."—p. 19.

Look again at the Map; you have boulversed Clanwilliam, and turned Worcester topside t'other way. And here I may observe, that the newest Map of the Colony, as well as all former ones, cuts off, I think, no fewer than three Field-Cornetcies from Worcester, and gives them to Beaufort. The District of Worcester actually runs up between Beaufort and Clanwilliam to the northern boundary of the Colony.

In the same page 19, you say—"*Clanwilliam village lies* 13 *miles from Worcester*,"—About 113 only.

I now pass on to page 65—pretermitting the interlude of the Flying Dutchman, and the other matter which occupies the intermediate pages, which I leave to the correction, if required, of those better acquainted with the subjects. In your enumeration of fruits, (p. 65,) "*all large and of excellent flavor*," you introduce gooseberries and hazlenuts. I presume you mean Cape gooseberries, which are as like a tomata as an English gooseberry. European gooseberries are very rare at the Cape; in fact, I have never yet seen one, neither have I seen hazlenuts.

"Of culinary vegetables every possible variety and of the finest quality is grown at the Cape—the potatoes are such as would please the most fastidious Corkonian, and the excellent kitchen market at Cape Town would in variety and excellence outvie Covent Garden on its palmiest May-day."—p. 66.

These things are not so.—Cape vegetables are not of the finest quality; with very few exceptions, they are not equal in flavor to English vegetables,

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and especially potatoes, which are still very inferior, although much improved of late years. Whether by the "excellent kitchen market at Cape Town" is meant that commodious part of the street opposite the shambles, where cabbages are exposed apparently for the purpose of being saturated with the dust raised by the numerous ox wagons which pass that way, or the "tented plain" opposite the Town House, where a tempting medley of fruits, greens, lollypops, fried fish, and other delicacies pass the siesta under shreds of canvas and tattered china umbrellas, I know not; but to compare either to Covent Garden on May-day, or any other day, is just to sing the Groves of Blarney.

"And the system of turnip husbandry commenced in the English districts is extending among the Dutch agriculturists."—p. 66.

I hope the extension is sure, it is certainly slow. Covent Garden market, "on its palmiest May-day," contains more turnips than are grown by all the agriculturists in South Africa.

P. 79.—*De gustibus non disputandum*—but I say it on the authority of the late Col. Carey, an eminent Gastronome, that it is an utterly heretical opinion to consider "*the Cape sole equal to that of Europe, the skate capital, and the oysters equal to those of Carlingford.*" The truth is you pass over in silence the best fish; the kingklip, stockfish, elf, and pearlamoon, which latter is similarly situated to your penguin of p. 79, which you tell us forms the connecting link between the feathered and finny tribes—so the pearlamoon forms the connecting link between the beasts of the field and the vegetable kingdom, being exactly half way between a veal cutlet and an artichoke bottom.

Passing over the statistical tables taken from that accurate and useful work, Mr. Greig's Almanack, and leaving the account of the border tribes to be scrutinized by Dr. Smith, we arrive, p. 116, at the "*Form of Government.*" From this point to the end of the story one error presses so hard on the heels of another, that it will be a much easier operation to make a new work than to put the old one to rights. Take the following sample of blunders. The Chief Justice is put into the Executive Council,—Field-Cornets are empowered "*to settle trifling disputes*, and to *punish Slaves and Hottentots*,"—Criminals are tried by a Jury, of whom there must be at *least seven members present*, and when the offence is capital, a majority must agree in the verdict, *if seven only be present,—if more than seven jurors attend*, and opinions as to guilty or not guilty are equal, the prisoner is acquitted."—We are also told that "transfers of land, or mortgages, (except the bond called *Skygene*,—what sort of bond is that, Mr. Zastron?) are only *legal*, when registered in the debt book at the *Colonial office* at Cape Town, *where Commissioners sit to superintend such matters.—The insolvent act is in force at the Cape.*" And some unfortunate litigant has actually made you, Mr. Montgomery Martin, believe, that "two of the Judges, being English, carry on the proceedings at the Circuit Courts according to the rules of English practice, whilst the third, being Scotch, follows his national customs, and that hence different procedures prevail."—"The Highest Quarters" are blamed for having "sent out a *German*, speaking only High Dutch, as Interpreter to the Supreme Court;" with fifty other such pieces of *mis* and mal-information.

Dear Mr. Montgomery Martin, when you give us the new edition, of which you hold out hopes, stick to Greig's Almanack for your information, and if you think it of consequence to give to the world the names of the inhabitants of Cape Town and its vicinity, I can confidently recommend the Directory of Suasso de Lima as perfectly trustworthy.

In conclusion, let justice be done to you. It can be said to your immortal honor, that you have not retailed the story of the inhabitants practising coachmanship at Green Point in chariots drawn by Zebras, neither do you pretend to have seen Ogres of Pelicans alluring young chickens, by spewing up corn, and then gobbling them up.*

VALE.

A GOOD ARTICLE IN THE *QUARTERLY REVIEW!*

THE greatest boon to England was perhaps the passing of the Poor-Law Amendment Act by the Reformed Parliament. It seems to us to have been the salvation of the country despite of those possessing vested interests in the old rotten system, the country squires,—church-wardens and overseers; the clerical magistrates, and their new organ, *The Times* newpaper.

If the reader be prepared for an intellectual feast, we earnestly recommend him to take up No. 106, Quarterly Review. Under the head *English Charity*, page 473, is an article astounding as to its facts, racy and sparkling in its delineations of parochial character, presenting at once a gallery of pictures equal to any of the descriptions so naturally and beautifully described by Crabbe the poet. The writer is Sir F. Head, Author of "Bubbles," &c. But as might be expected, he has given offence, and the *vested interest* people of Canterbury, on the behalf of their "beloved" county, (which cuts a pretty figure in the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners,) have banished the Quarterly Review from their Reading Rooms. Leaving the general merits of the Poor Law Amendment Act out of the question, we select two or three notices from the Review, of general interest.

THE WORKHOUSE.

Firmly believing that there exists on the surface of this earth no soil more congenial to the growth of every domestic virtue than the breast of the English peasant, it is but too true, that if thorns be found growing there instead of fruit,—if the crop be poisonous instead of being nutritive,—our political labourers, not the land, must be cursed. The ancient Greeks revered even the bones of *their* ancestors; we have taught our peasantry to bequeath their parents, blood, body, and bones to the workhouse.

With respect to the manner in which children have been systematically demoralized in many of our small poor-houses, the error, we conceive, speaks so clearly for itself, that we need not offer to be its advocate. A mixture, in about equal parts (never mind a scruple or two,) of boys and girls, idle men, and abandoned women, can only by a miracle be unproductive of evil to society; we will, therefore, content ourselves with repeating a practical opinion which was thus expressed to us by a governor of twenty years' experience:—

'*When children*,' said Mr. Cadell, '*have been brought up in a work'us, they have never no disposition to shun a work'us.*

CHARITABLE ERROR.

The merest sketch of the History of the London Foundling Hospital, established by the Royal Charter in the year 1739, shows very remarkably that charitable error, like the acorn, is easily planted, but before it has attained a century's growth, how difficult it is to grub it up! What was established as a *foundling-hospital*, now no longer dares to call itself an *hospital for foundlings*. Still it exists; still its "fifty-four governors," its "six vice-presidents," its "treasurer," and its "secretary," like Dervishes in their dance, pompously bow to each other. Still the "organist" plays his tunes. Still the "chaplain," "reader," and "preachers," go through their services. Still the "clerk" mutters his amen. Still the "vergers" wear their gowns. Still the "building committee," the "sub-committee," the "house committee," gravely perform their inexplicable functions. Still (*vide* the printed report of the hospital) "Miss Bellchambers, Miss Lloyd, Mr. Goulden, Mr Pyne, Mr. Atkins," &c. form "the choir." Still they chaunt, with glee and harmony, appropriate melodies, all set to the tune of "42*l.* per annum." Still the "house apothecary" mixes his drugs. Still the "storekeeper" arranges his checks. In this small creation, "the medical officers, steward, matron, porter, watchman,

* See Literary Gazette, January 1st, 1835.

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master of the boys, gardener, messenger, tailor, two cooks, laundress, housemaid, nurses of the wards, mistresses of the girls, and gown maker," are still seen mathematically moving in their respective orbits.

THE SEA.

On the surface of this globe, there is nowhere to be found so inhospitable a desert as the 'wide blue sea.' At any distance from land there is nothing in it for man to eat; nothing in it that he can drink. His tiny foot no sooner rests upon it, than he sinks into his grave; it grows neither flowers nor fruits; it offers monotony to the mind, restless motion to the body; and when, besides all this, one reflects that it is to the most fickle of the elements, the wind, that vessels of all sizes are to supplicate for assistance in sailing in every direction to their various destinations, it would almost seem that the ocean was divested of charms, and armed with storms, to prevent, our being persuaded to enter its dominions. But though the situation of a vessel in a heavy gale of wind appears indescribably terrific, yet, practically speaking, its security is so great, that it is truly said ships seldom or ever founder in deep water, except from accident or inattention. How ships manage to get across that still region, that ideal line, which separates the opposite trade winds of each hemisphere; how a small box of men manage unlabelled to be buffetted for months up one side of a wave and down that of another; how they ever get out of the abysses into which they sink; and how, after such pitching and tossing, they reach in safety the very harbour in their native country from which they originally departed, can and ought only to be accounted for by acknowledging how truly it has been written, 'that the spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters.'

It is not, therefore, from the ocean itself that man has so much to fear; it can roar during the tempest, but its bark is worse than its bite; however, although the earth and water each afford to man a life of considerable security, yet there exists between these two elements an everlasting war, a dog and cat battle, a husband and wife contention, into which no passing vessel can enter with impunity; for of all the terrors of this world, there is surely no one greater than that of being on a lee shore in a gale of wind, and in shallow water. On this account, it is natural enough that the fear of land is as strong in the sailor's heart as is his attachment to it; and when, homeward bound, he day after day approaches his own latitude, his love and his fear of his native shores increase as the distance between them diminishes. Two fates, the most opposite in their extremes, are shortly to await him. The sailor-boy fancifully pictures to himself that in a few short hours he will be once again nestling in his mother's arms. The able seaman better knows that it may be decreed for him, as it has been decreed for thousands, that in gaining his point he shall lose its object—that England, with all its verdure, may fade before his eyes, and

'While he sinks, without an arm to save,
His country bloom, a garden and a grave!'

PARISH ACCOUNTS.

An assistant commissioner observing, in a parish book, constantly repeated the charge of 'for sparrows 2*s*. 6*d*.,' ventured to inquire what was allowed for destroying them? 'Why, 4*d*. a dozen!' the overseer instantly replied; but how it had happened that the parish gun always killed exactly half a crown's worth, never more or never less, the man in office could only explain by observing, as he scratched his head, "Yes! and we're eaten up by 'em still!" One parochial item was

To JOHN BELL, for cutting his throaght, 12*s*.'

The following is, *verbatim et literatim*, the copy of an overseer's answer to a printed circular of grave inquiries, forwarded to all the parishes by the Poor-Law Board:—

'It will never do we any good to alter the law in our parish, as our parish is very small, and there is no probabilits of alter our kearse at all. There is no persons fitter to manage the parish better than ourselves. T. T., oversear.'

'Why have you so long continued this charge of a shilling for tolling the church bell at the death of every pauper?' said the Assistant Commissioner to a parish overseer. 'Why, sir,' replied the officer, in a whisper, 'the clerk is a dreadful man, and always threatens to fight me, whenever I wants to stop that ere charge!'

A MONOPOLIST.

In one parish it appeared that there existed a person in the community almost fit to rival Mr. Mathews or Mr. Yates:

Q. Who is overseer? *A*. Mr. Parker.
Q. Who is assistant overseer? *A*. Mr. Parker.
Q. Who is the warden? *A*. Mr. Parker.
Q Who collects the rate? *A*. Mr. Parker.
Q. Who is master of the workhouse? *A*. Mr. Parker.
Q. Who determines on the rates? *A*. Mr. Parker.

Besides these trifling duties, Mr. Parker performed also in the public characters of a butcher, a farmer, a quarrier, a carman, and a constable. 'Well, Mr. Parker!' said the Assistant Commissioner, 'you seem to have got all the parish affairs on your hands; I only hope you take care of these poor children, and give them a good education?' 'No, Sir,' replied Mr. Parker, 'God forbid! all the six and thirty years I never gave children no *larning*.' 'Why not?' 'Why, sir, it be a thing quite injurious; we have no long-legged children on *our* parish turned out of school; when I finds a promising child I sets him to work.' Accordingly, it turned out that there was not one of the poor children in Mr. Parker's parish that could write or read.

THE DIETARY.

In a large poor-house, the commissioner, wishing to know exactly how the paupers were fed, desired the governor to produce his 'dietary.' His excellency hesitated so much, that the commissioner suspected that he had not got one; the governor persisted that he had, but said that he could not possibly bring it into the vestry-room, for it was a fixture! 'Well,' said the commissioner, 'if the dietary cannot come to us, let us go to the dietary!' The governor slowly led the way, until he reached the great hall, when, pointing to a thing 18 feet by 4, he said, 'Here it is, sir. It was the paupers' dining-table!

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

(ENCROACHMENTS OF THE WHITE MAN.)

Mr. Irving has just published two interesting volumes of Indian Sketches, taken during a recent expedition to the Pawnee and other tribes of American Indians. We find in the progress of the expedition some affecting notices of those Indians who have lived in constant intercourse with the whites, imbibing all their vices without gaining a single redeeming virtue. Such is the natural consequence, however of the low-bred, ignorant, irreligious settlers of great cities who are allowed to play their pranks among the aborigines of a country. The author evinces, in numberless passages and forms, his deep sympathy for these interesting tribes of mankind. For instance—

"The forest is full of ruins. It gives many a touching memento of the work of time. Hundreds of gigantic trees, which have weathered the storms of ages, and for centuries have kept their silent watch, have yielded to its power; have been hurled from their stands, and their lumbering wrecks are decaying upon the ground—the green moss is their covering, the wild ivy their shroud. Thousands of dead trees are still standing, shooting up their tall grey forms, stripped of bark, of foliage, and of branches; still, they cling with a lingering tenacity to their old abiding places, as if loth to resign themselves to the ruin which is every where reigning around them, and although despoiled of foliage, as if they still loved to linger on the spot which once bore witness to their magnificence.

"Occasionally in our rambles we would fall upon a solitary Indian, roaming through the woods, or seated in deep meditation upon the wreck of some prostrate tree. It was the place for him. Let him look upon the forests and read his own fate; they are united—their destinies are the same; alike they have lived and flourished in the wildness of nature, and alike they are disappearing before the approach of civilization. Let the Indian grieve at the sound of the woodman's axe; for at the fall of every tree the hour of his own ruin draws nearer."—vol. i, pp. 69—71.

JOHN C. LOUDON, ESQR.

(*From Grant Thorburn's Men and Manners in Britain.*)

In my opinion, the most extraordinary man in our age is J. C. London, F.L.S H.S. &c. of London. His hands are lame, so that he is unable to carve his food or wield a pen; yet he has sent forth, and continues to send forth to the world, more books than any one who lives, or has lived, perhaps, since the days of Shakspeare. His Encyclopedias of gardening, of plants, and of agriculture alone, one would think, when he looks on them, are more than sufficient for the labours of the longest life. He also publishes, periodically, the Gardener's Magazine, and another entitled Cottage Architecture, &c. But when God withheld from him the use of his fingers, he more than restored them in the person of his wife—he indites and she writes, (I thought of Milton and his daughter.) She is a woman of strong mind, as well as a ready pen. They have only one child, (a girl,) so that this excellent woman is able to devote her whole time to her husband. He is a Scotchman, a man of strong *mother wit*, and a clear head.

A TOUCHING SCENE,

From a Narrative of a Visit to America. By Messrs. Reed and Matheson.

'THE building, called a church, is without the town, and placed in a hollow, so as to be out of sight; it is in the fullest sense "without the gate." It is a poor log house, built by the hands of the negroes, and so placed as to show that they must worship by stealth. The place was quite full; the women and men were arranged on opposite sides; and, although on a cold or rainy day there might have been much discomfort, the impression now was very pleasing. In the presence of a powerful sun, the whole body were in strong shadow; and the light streaming through the warped and broken shingle, on the glistering black faces of the people, filled the spectacle with animation. One of the blacks, addressed me as their "strange master," begged that I would take charge of the service. I declined doing so. He gave out Dr Watt's beautiful psalm, "Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive," &c. They all rose immediately. They had no books, for they could not read; but

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it was printed on their memory, and they sang it off with freedom and feeling. There is much melody in their voice; and when they enjoy a hymn, there is a raised expression of the face, and an undulating motion of the body, keeping time with the music, which is very touching. The senior black, a preacher amongst them, then offered prayer, and preached. His prayer was humble and devotional. In one portion of it, he made an affecting allusion to their wrongs. "*Thou knowest,*" said the good man, with a broken voice, "*our state—that it is the meanest—that we are as mean and low as men can be. But we have sinned—we have forefited all our rights to Thee—and we would submit before Thee to these marks of thy displeasure.*" He took for the text of his sermon those words, "The Spirit saith, come, &c. . . . . They then rose, and sang, and separated. This was the first time I had worshipped with an assembly of slaves; and I shall never forget it. I was certainly by sympathy bound with those who were bound; while I rejoiced, on their account, afresh in the divine truth, which makes us free indeed, which lifts the soul on high, unconscious of a chain.' —*Reed,* vol. i. p. 222.

ANECDOTE.

SOME years ago, a poor woman living in the parish of Dalkeith, having a favour to ask from the Duchess of Buccleugh, put on her best tartan plaid, and goes forth. On the way, she steps into the house of a neighbouring gossip, told where she was going, and asked what she should say when she spoke to the Duchess. Oh, says the gossip, you must say your grace. Well, the old lady arrived at the palace, was shown into the room where the Duchess gave audience to these people. "Well, good woman," says the Duchess, "what is your wish? "For what we are going to receive, may the Lord make us thankful, Amen." The Duchess smiled, and repeated her question. "For what we are going to receive," &c. again says the old woman. The Duchess was unable to sit with laughter. She called a female servant, and told her to see what the old lady wanted. The request was readily granted, and probably doubled for the humour of the joke.

ARCHBISHOP USHER, AND THE REVD. S. RUTHERFORD.

IT is told that Archbishop Usher, hearing the fame of Rutherford, once came to Anwoth, N. B. in order to converse with him. A romantic species of adventure, which seems to have been common among distinguished authors, before the press and post office had given such facilities to the intellectual correspondence.

He appeared at the *manse** on a Saturday night, in the guise of a beggar, and solicited lodging, which was readily granted. He was desired to sit down in the kitchen where Mrs. Rutherford soon after, according to custom, catechised the servants, and with them the apparent beggar. She asked him how many commandments there were? to which he answered, eleven. She was shocked at his ignorance, and commented upon it in no very respectful terms; but she did not the less on that account show to him the hospitality of a Scottish matron of the period. She gave him a good supper, and sent him up to a bed in the garret. This was the very situation in which the bishop wished to be placed, for he was mainly induced to undertake this strange pilgrimage by a desire to hear Mr. Rutherford pray, and he now expected to hear his private devotions. Being disappointed, however, in this expectation, he resolved to pour out his own soul in prayer to his Maker. He prayed with so much fervency and eloquence, that Rutherford started out of bed, put on his clothes, came up and told the stranger, that he was sure he could be no other than Bishop Usher. The Bishop confessed who he was, and consented to preach next day in Anwoth Church, obtaining a promise, however, that no one should be made acquainted with his secret. Furnished with a suit of Mr. Rutherford's clothes, the bishop, early in the morning, went out to the fields; the other followed him, and soon after brought him in as a strange minister passing by, who had promised to preach for him.

Mrs. Rutherford found that the poor man had gone away before any of the family were out of bed. After domestic worship and breakfast, the family went to the kirk. The bishop took for his text, (John xiii. 34.) "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." In the course of his sermon, he observed that this might be considered the *eleventh* commandment. Upon which, the minister's wife said to herself, "this is the answer the poor man gave me last night," and looking up to the pulpit, added:— "can it be possible that this is he!" After public worship, the strange minister and Mr. Rutherford spent the evening with mutual satisfaction. And, early on Monday morning, the former went away without being discovered.—(*Thorburn*).

* Minister's house.

Benevolence of Birds.—A lady residing in the neighbourhood of London, hung out a cage near her balcony, in which was a young bird, and it was fed for many weeks by sparrows.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

A Reasonable Request.—An anecdote in the last New Monthly reminds us of the following:— At his first breakfast in new lodgings, a gentleman was much annoyed by finding hairs in his butter. As the mildest, but the most effectual mode of reproof, he thus addressed the servant, when she came to take away the things: "Sally, I am very fond of hairs in my butter; but, for the future, be so good as to bring the hairs in one plate, and the butter in another, that I may mix them in what proportion I like."

Swimming.—Eight of the best swimmers of the Austrian garrison of Bregenz engaged, for a wager, to swim across Lake Constance, from that town in the Tyrol to Lindau, a distance of six miles. They started at ten o'clock, and at three minutes before three o'clock a private soldier, named Tutaja, reached the bridge at Lindau. In 32 minutes afterwards he was followed by Lieut. Cepharowitsch. The six others only went about half the distance, and then were taken into the boats that attended them. The wind was blowing from the west, and the temperature of the water was 17 degrees of Reaumur, or 70¼ of Fahrenheit. This is, perhaps, the greatest distance ever traversed by swimming in fresh water. The two men who completed their task were perfectly blue when they landed, their pulse was scarcely perceptible, and several hours elapsed before their bodies resumed their natural heat. —*Paris Advertiser.*

Highland Wit.—"Who is there that has travelled the West Highlands, and does not know Rory Moore—the rattling, roaring, ready-witted, warm-hearted, big-fisted Highlandman, that keeps what her nainsell calls the 'Travelling Emporium?' Surely none. And who that has ever experienced the comforts to be found under his roof-tree, but feels an 'ardent longing after' a repetition of the employment? Surely few: and those who have had the pleasure of cracking a bottle with him, and seen him in his glee, for 'muckle glee and fun has he,' will easily believe the following little anecdote. A cockney, one of the most troublesome and supercilious of the genus, who, during a residence of three days, had been the pest and torment of waiters, chambermaid, boots, and, in fact, the whole tail of the inn, having at last made up his mind to depart, he marched up to Rory with his hat set obliquely on his highly frizzled poll, a cigar in his mouth, and his hands doubled up on his haunch-bones. 'I say, landlord, I vants a os.' 'That's what I can't give,' says Rory, 'all the horses are out, I could not get one for you were it to save your life.' 'Oh! landlord, that answer vont do for me; I'm going off, and what the de'il am I to ride on, pray?' 'Just,' replies Rory, cocking his eye, 'ride upon your own impudence; it will carry you further than any horse in Argyleshire."

Idleness.—"'Pray, of what did your brother die?' said the Marquess Spinola to Sir Horace Vere. 'He died, sir,' replied he, 'of having nothing to do.' 'Alas, sir,' said Spinola, 'that is enough to kill any general of us all.'"

Gourmandism.—"A man of property, who had for years been abusing his stomach, at last found his health on a rapid decline. Nature could endure it no longer. He went to consult the celebrated Dr. Spring, of Water Town, Mass. He stated the symptoms of his case so clearly that the learned physician could not mistake the nature of the disease. 'I can cure you, sir,' said he, 'if you will follow my advice.' The patient promised most implicitly to do so. 'Now,' says the doctor, 'you must steal a horse.' 'What! steal a horse?' 'Yes,—you must steal a horse. You will then be arrested, convicted, and placed in a situation where your diet and regimen will be such that in a short time your health will be perfectly restored.'"

Practical Retort.—Before the duty on leather was abolished, the excisemen and tanners had many little differences; and, as may be conceived in some instances, where the exciseman might be supposed to be riding on his commission, the very reverse of a kindly feeling subsisted between the parties. This was the case in a village of which the name signifieth not, where the exciseman lectured the tanner daily and hourly on the standing order of the excise, that "no *green hide* should be drawn out of the pit without 24 hours' notice to the excise." This repeated admonition implied a want of faith in the tanner's integrity, and he persisted in it to the no small chagrin of the man of *hidden* things. Prowling about one evening in the tanyard, to see that all was correct, the exciseman, whether owing "to the straggling moon-beam's misty light," or a levity in the summit of his tabernacle, from an excess of the pleasant, missed his footing, and went dash head foremost into one of the tan-pits. Sprawling among hides, bark, and water, he shouted lustily for help, and upbraided the tanner, who had been watching the progress of his disaster, for not stretching out a helping hand to rescue him from drowning. "Na! na!" said the other, "I really darna do it: I darna, ye ken, for the very saul that's in my body, draw out a *green hide* without 24 hours' notice to the excise!" —(*Dumfries Courier.*)

SCIENCE.

WATER.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

(FROM THE HOBART TOWN COURIER)

WE alluded in our last to the modern practice of boring for water, which has of late come into such successful use in England.--It is a fact generally admitted by geologists, that very large bodies of water flow or are suspended in basins between the different strata of the earth. In hilly countries many of these subterranean lakes as they may be called, are suspended above the level of the plains and valleys below, so that by digging or boring through the crust or stratum that confines the water, it will spring out and rise to a height, if confined in a narrow tube or pipe, equal to the natural reservoir above. The great advantage of boring over the common practice of well-digging, is this, that the various partial and usually impregnated springs which would flow into the

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well and obstruct the further progress of the workman, rather facilitate than retard the progress of the machine, which may thus be persevered with until the main spring of pure water is arrived at. A well was recently bored in Paris between 500 and 600 feet deep. It is a lamentable proof of the want of due encouragement to the arts and sciences in this new country, so readily available in all respects to be benefitted by these *artesian* wells, that though 3 or 4 boring machines are now in the country, not one has yet been put into successful use, and we continue dragging from half dried up creaks with horse and bullock carts for miles, and from day to day, impure, imperfect supplies, what a more enlightened age will furnish us with ease at the foot of our hills, from the mother earth, in a pure and refreshing state. The seasons, it has been remarked, have latterly been unusually dry. It is at least certain that for several months in the year our pastures are much burned up, and vegetables of all kinds suffer from the want of water. Did it never then occur to any of our country readers, that by the help of a little mechanical and scientific labour a supply of water, coming down from a height and drawn down in various little streams, would irrigate with comparative ease in the driest seasons, those crops that are periodically parched and rendered in a manner fruitless and of no avail? Nature has given us the country, and labour—simple enough in all conscience—has been largely expended on it—but when a little more admixture of art and science prevails amongst us to direct this labour, the face of the island, and not till then, will put on a different appearance.

ANTI-MALTHUSIANS.

(From Breton's Tour in Norway.)

A remark made by a person at one of the post situations diverted me extremely; on his telling me that the woman of the house had had no less than twenty-seven children, I smiled with incredulity at his information, which appeared to savour strongly of the marvellous. Nettled at my doubting his veracity, he exclaimed with vehemence: "Why, sir, it is quite the fashion among the Norsk women to have two, and even *three* at a birth." It is to be hoped that this may not, with other foreign fashions, be introduced into England, or I know not what would be thought of it by our parish officers, seeing that the poorer orders imitate the example of the rich in respect to all those attainable by them! Most of the above family died; but the wife of a merchant had twenty-two children, eighteen of whom were living: and an officer of the customs had also eighteen by the same wife, whom he had lost. On my expressing surprise at the number of his family, he coolly replied that "this was a mere *bagatelle*, and that he intended to marry again as soon as possible!" He must have been fully satisfied that "children are like arrows in the heads of a giant," and "happy is the man who has a quiver full of them!" A gentleman informed me that three fathers (peasants) sat down with their children to play at cards—the whole party amounted to *sixty*. I knew myself of three instances of families of sixteen.

The Thracians wept when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world! If the Norwegians followed their example, the frequent causes for lamentation would leave little time for songs and mirth.

REVD. JOSEPH WOLFE.

THIS extraordinary Missionary Traveller gave an interesting history of his Adventures to a crowded Meeting in the Lady Chapel, St. Saviour's, Southwark, in September. Mr. Wolff is about to take his departure for Timbuctoo.—(*London Paper.*)

SERMON AT THE GRAVE OF A MARTYR.

Dedicated to all true Scotchmen.

THE admirable sermon preached by the Rev. Robt. Jeffrey at the grave of the Martyr, Robert Ferguson, in the wilds of Auchencloy, on Sabbath week, the 16th current, has excited so much interest in Galloway that we are glad to hear it is about to be published. Of the talents of the preacher we have been long aware, and feel not the slightest hesitation in saying that anything that escapes from his pen will amply repay the most careful perusal. Auchencloy is situated at the western extremity of the parish of Girthon, and forms part of an extensive plain, which is bulwarked in on all sides save one by a chain of lofty and romantic hills. Ferguson, it appears was one of three who were pursued and shot by the merciless Clavers, and as he happened to be far from home and friends, his body, according to custom, was buried on the spot, while those of his companions were claimed by their relatives. A large stone, about fifty yards from the grave, is still pointed out as the spot where the foul deed was perpetrated: and to some pious son of the Church the public owes a humble through-stone bearing the following plain but affecting inscription:—"Here lies Robert Ferguson, who was surprised on the place and instantly shot by Graham of Claverhouse, for his adherence to Scotland's Reformation, Covenants, National and Solemn League, 1684."

The weather in the morning was unfortunately so unfavourable that it must have had the effect of scaring many away; but such was the zeal of others that they determined to visit Auchencloy under any circumstances; and when the preacher entered his temporary pulpit (a wooden tent covered with cloth) at least 1500 persons must have covered the heathery esplanade around. And previous to this it was most interesting to mark numerous bands of worshippers streaming from every point of the compass—here ascending and there descending the hills to the valley, each and all as intent in listening to the preacher as if the days of Covenant had again returned. The pulpit was placed about three yards in rear of the grave—a circumstance upon which the clergyman repeatedly seized in some of his most pathetic appeals to his hearers; and all agree in thinking that a more appropriate and spirit-stirring sermon has rarely been preached, whether in tabernacle or on the lonely moor. The service of the day commenced with an appropriate psalm, which was sung to the plaintive tune of the "Martyrs," and nothing could exceed the effect of devotions offered up in the lonely wild, and broken only by the bleating of sheep, and the wailings of the curlew. The text was chosen from Daniel, chap. iii. v. 17 and 18; and so powerful and well sustained was the appeal which followed that it will be long before the inhabitants of Gatehouse, and many other localities, forget their visit to Auchencloy. The collection made on the spot amounted to £13, and this sum, with the assistance of £5 most kindly remitted to Provost M'Lellan by the right honorable R. Cutlar Fergusson, M. P., in a letter in which he stated that some of his ancestors had suffered for conscience' sake, with other donations, has placed more than £20 in the hands of the Treasurer.—And the proceeds of a sermon, which will no doubt command an extensive sale, will so swell the general fund, that we intend, on our next visit to Galloway, to make a pilgrimage to Auchencloy, and the handsome granite monument which will then be raised to the memory of one of Scotland's worthies, Robert Ferguson. After the services of the day, the company solemnly and slowly departed, and it was easy to gather from their looks and casual observations, sentiments akin to what follows,—If the partition of Poland be "the bloodiest picture in the book of time," one of its brightest pages is the history of the Covenanters. Never was there a more endearing exhibition of piety, patriotism, devotion—of every thing that can dignify and exalt our nature.—When the grey-haired sire was ejected from the pulpit, and forced to flee for his very life—when the bloodhounds of Clavers tracked his wanderings, and left him scarcely a resting place for the sole of his foot—his faithful people never forsook him. Like a second Baptist, they fed him in the wilderness, and received in return the word of life; amidst difficulty and danger, suffering and death, they interposed for his protection, the glorious shield of a nation's affections, which even the tyrant could not pierce; they waited on his ministrations by the hill side; they listened to his prayers to the Lord of Hosts, and felt their hearts palpitating, while their lips devoutly muttered amen; amidst moors and mosses, glens and cleuchs, peopled exclusively by the bittern and curlew: at the rising of the sun or the going down of the same, they raised together the voice of psalms, and tuned their hearts to strains more holy and acceptable to heaven than the most gorgeous swell that ever pealed from the fretted roofs of St. Paul's or St. Peter's. And when the hour of pain and peril arrived—when a temple, not made with hands, was wickedly stigmatised as a den of recusants—when a brutal soldiery confounded religion with law, and proscribed its forms at the drum-head—when young and old, rich and poor, helpless matrons, tender maids, children at school, grandsires treading on the brink of the grave, were persecuted indiscriminately for daring to resist a foreign faith, then were the deeds of Scotland's chivalry eclipsed by the deeds of her peasantry and yeomen. The contest, though unequal, was nobly sustained—the Bible proved more powerful than the sword—Priestly wrath was met by the indomitable spirit of Presbytery until the tyrants retired discomfitted from the field—until wiser counsels obtained in high places, had sealed the triumph of the Covenanted Cause.—*Dumfries Courier, August* 26, 1835.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

SAMPLES OF POETRY,

By G. FLETCHER, Wheelwright,

STRAND STREET, CAPE TOWN.

WE are twelve months in arrear with Mr. Fletcher, and are now anxious to close the debt with the close of the year. And yet we can only afford a dividend, and therefore Mr. Fletcher must forgive us in presenting to the public the *partial* effusions of his muse. Indeed, we could not act otherwise. Mr. Fletcher's MS. poetry would occupy a decent octavo volume.

When Lord Byron died, his *mantle* was laid on his grave, and none ventured to take it up except Mr. Fletcher. And he is a lucky dog, for not only did he possess himself of the mantle of the late Lord Byron, but he actually wears it on high-days and holidays. It is made of darkish green cloth, single-breasted, with three rows of knob buttons, richly braided, a standing-up collar, supported by a rich ermine of the darkest colour. This identical mantle of Lord Byron, has been sported by Mr. Fletcher in the Meeting house of St. George's, it

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appeared on the Great FIRST of the present month; and as Mr. Fletcher is a most loyal subject, he clad himself in the self-same mantle, and went out in obedience to the printed placard, to greet Sir Benjamin on his return from the "long wars." Perhaps some of our readers may be sceptical on this head, and may wonder and wonder *how* the Byron mantle should find its way to this "centre of the civilized world," as Parson Van der Lingen terms it. Well, then, we shall explain how, Mr. Fletcher is the true and legitimate son and heir of that Fletcher who was so long the faithful and favorite attendant of Lord Byron,—the companion of his travels, and his sick and dying bed. The whole of the great lord's wardrobe, with other legacies, were bequeathed to Mr. Fletcher; and the mantle in question is presented to his son, who no sooner receives the precious relique, when, lo, and behold its talismanic Parnassian influence,—— George Fletcher, wheelwright, flatters his pinions in the breezes of Helicon, and alights at the Cape of Good Hope.

Without much more of the introductory, we shall at once come to the samples. Our readers must for themselves decide the question regarding the school of poetry in which Mr. Fletcher is or may be attached. Our opinion is, that he is vastly superior to the Lakers, the Cocknies, and the Jemmy Jessamies, who have divided the heaven of invention among them.

Now then for the lowsing of the minstrel's bag.

First of all, a specimen or two, *complimentary* to Cape Town. Little did we poor prosers imagine that our town could illicit one spark from the temple of the muses. We had always supposed that the purity and benignity of the air, the beauty and number of the rivers, the waving woods, the dasied meads, the flowing fountains were some of the grand essentials for the musings of a vivid imagination. But Mr. Fletcher smashes with a single *spoke* all our home-bred theories. In spite of all our broken bridges, dangerous foot-ways, impregnated canals, unwashed streets, decaying public buildings, and hurricanes of dust, he can discover the sublime and beautiful—find "sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

LINES ON CAPE TOWN.

Thou *charming sweet Town,* the home of content,
I'm destined to live in awhile,
For to leave thee at present, I feel not so bent,
While at rest, and none me beguile.

The above is an extract from a poem of fourteen verses, partly descriptive of Cape Town. But the author, with an eye to business, very properly introduces in one of the stanzas his own Card. *Ex gra.*

I'm a wheelwright by trade, and I know very well
In the beautiful Strand-street I live;
So here in this note I candidly tell
That for works done no credit I'll give.

Concluding verse:

Now the Cape of Good I have found,
Till death I shall here make my stay,
Admiring with pleasure its wonders around,
Table Mountain and old Table Bay.

Now for a specimen of the Heroics!

A PATRIOTIC INVOCATION ON THE CAFFER IRRUPTION.

Down with the Caffers, who our friends have kill'd;
Haste gallant D'Urban, and avenge our foes,
Yes, mighty Chieftain, or they'll not be stilled;
Fly therefore, there's no time to lose.
On to the field, the thick, the short, the thin,
The black, the white, the master, and the man;
Your prize is sure, glory you shall win,
Poetic honours shall your memories fan.

But bard Fletcher shines in the pathetic.

SORROW.

The beginning and ending of a Poet's life.

Think of the sorrow that awaits the bard;
Alas! my friends, I think its very hard;
Be humble in your hopes, nor wish to gain
A poet's fickle, dear bought, hard earn'd fame,
Their paths are thorny, hazardous, and steep,
And the poor poet's often doom'd to weep;
I've seen the man whose sweetly flowing strains
Have spread abroad through far distant plains,
Whose name while England stands is sure to last,
Brought to the grave, untimely, and down-cast;
Remember Byron! view his hapless fate,—
How my heart feels at what I must relate.

The Bard then proceeds to describe with his usual fire, the story of Byron's farewell and parting with his wife and child. Miss Clarmont, the lady's maid, is severely castigated by our author in terms of unmeasured severity.

Come we now to the literature of the Cape. We feel persuaded the Committee of the Public Library will (*through the chair*) convey thanks to our Poet, for his obliging notice of the Public Library Never mind that the poet insinuates that the Library is a *House of Call*,—he had no doubt the *Wheelwright's Arms* in view.

THE CAPE LIBRARY.

A *lofty subject* now employs my pen,
A theme of praise for literary men,
A sketch of thanks for all who thus engage
Their noble minds to please the present age.
Cheerful and blythe the anxious heart will beat
To get at such a stock of books sublime,
For 'tis a most delightful cool retreat,
And pleasant too, thus for to spend our time.
What can I say respecting such a place,
A large grand Library of books to suit us all,
Emblems of virtue,—vice for to erase,
A rendezvous where all good folks may call.

We are now drawing towards a close. It is with deep regret that we cannot use the whole of the lengthy poem entitled a "Walk to the Salt River." It is a sketch from nature, and as we are told—"all a true story." The poet with his friend stroll to the Salt River:

'Twas May, and the sun was retiring to rest,
When I wander'd with William a dearly lov'd friend;
Calm contentment was ours, serene was each breast,
As slowly our footsteps, we ventur'd to bend
By the side of the Salt River stream.

We talk'd of the days and the pleasures long fled.
Of old England and Friends, we've left there behind;
Gave a sigh for the absent, a tear for the dead,
As slowly we sought the mouth for to find
Of the Salt River's long winding stream.

Here an accident befals the two friends,— they are immersed in the stream at the peril of their lives. They hear nothing, save the croak of a disconsolate she-frog, or the cry of a widowed snipe. They struggle for existence, and for the honour and glory of immortal verse they are rescued from a watery grave. They return home like *"drownded rats."*

Then homeward we hie'd, my wife at the door,
Said she ne'er saw me in such a pickle before;
I off with my clothes, and jump'd into bed,
Poor William the same, who was more than half dead;
Drank a glass of French Brandy, and then to me said,
I shall dream of the Salt River Stream.

We are glad to find friend Fletcher's politics decidedly on the right side. That he is a *true blue* can't be denied. Here are several slaps at the Tories:

Their pensions, interests, tythes, and all,
Year after year they hoard it,
And if you for relief do call,
"They say *they can't* afford it."

Now I could tell a different tale,
But will no man molest, Sir;
Unless my present reason fail,
If I do—I'll be blest, Sir.

Again—

The core of corruption, that nurs'd
A peerage, despotic and cruel,
Whose doings had nearly accurs'd
The nation with weak water gruel,
And herrings instead of roast-beef, &c.

THE NEW METROPOLIS OF THE FRONTIER.

Extract of a Letter, dated London, Sept. 2, 1835.

"THE change of the Government Residency from Graham's Town to Uitenhage, seems now pretty certain. The

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mass of evidence on the question preponderates at least 75 per cent. in favour of the latter, from its continguity to Algoa Bay, and its own rich supplies of water. Mr. Phillips is decidedly in favour of the change, and Capt F. C. Irwin is even more made up on the subject."

DR. LANG.

Dr. Lang, the distinguished Historian of New South Wales, has commenced a Paper, entitled *The Colonist*. The bold truths which the Colonist advances very naturally offends the little-minded, the half-educated, the small fry which usually accompany a Press under slavish subjection. Of the Editor of "The Colonist," the Hobart Town Courier thus observes:

Dr. Lang has shewn himself in his new journal to be a downright literary character, for he not only fills his own large and interesting journal ('the Colonist,') but indirectly a very large portion of all the other newspapers of New South Wales, numerous columns of each being occupied (as we are proud to say here with us) with for the most part vituperative commentary articles upon him.

In the same sense, how much are we indebted to our *Commercial Advertiser*? What should we be without it? And from certain appearances in our political hemisphere, we think we shall stand more in need of the independent services of this Press than heretofore. *Disguise thyself as thou wilt—still, despotism, thou art a bitter draught.*

NEW MARINE VILLA.

We have been much interested by recently viewing Mr. Cannon's Marine Villa at Green Point, now nearly completed. In point of salubrity, we should imagine nothing equal to its situation in the Colony,—and as to water—fresh and salt, boating, fishing, and bathing, it is replete with these advantages. But more than this, the number and fitting up of the rooms, the numerous conveniences, and the style of the architecture stamp it as perfectly unique in its kind. A taste for architecture, like that of any of the fine arts, is at once a source of enjoyment and mark of refinement. And we feel proud that our countryman, Mr. Cannon, has distinguished himself for a series of years in directing this taste.

OCCURRENCES OF THE YEAR.

January.

3. Particulars first published of the out breaking of the "Caffer Irruption." Martial Law proclaimed.

3. "A Manifestion," by *Placard*, promulgated by certain persons at Graham's Town for putting down the freedom of the Press.

3. A band of gallant Hottentots march from the Missionary Institution at Bethelsdorp, to oppose the Caffers, reinforce Graham's Town, and subdue the fears of the inhabitants.

7. His Excellency Sir B. D'Urban embarks in the *Winchester* for Algoa Bay and the Frontier.

7. The 72d Highland Regt. proceeds to the Frontier.

14. Annual Meeting of the Auxiliary, in connection with the London Missionary Society,—Celebrated speech from Waterboer, the Griqua chief.

15. Fourteen Special Magistrates appointed under the new Act for the abolition of Slavery.

15. Subscriptions raised among all classes of religious denominations in town and country for the sufferers by the "Caffer Irruption."

15. A complimentary address from a body of the inhabitants presented to Mr. Fairbairn, the Editor of "The Commercial Advertiser," as "a firm and uncompromising assertor of the Liberties of British Subjects."

February.

7. Fall of the Melbourne Ministry,—restoration of the Wellington and Peel Cabinet.

18. Sixth Anniversary Meeting of the Infant School Society, in the Commercial Hall.

18. First appearance of a wholesome drinkable commodity in Cape Town, entitled "*Collison's Home-brewed.*"

18. A public-spirited Resolution written and subscribed to by Sir John Herschel, F. R. S —other Gentlemen,—and the most independent and principal British Merchants of Cape Town, in favor of the "Commercial Advertiser, on *an attempt* recently made, and still making, to suppress its circulation.*

20. The city of Conception, in Chili, destroyed by an earthquake.

March.

4. Four men drowned by the upsetting of a boat, on their way to the *Lord Hungerford*, in Table Bay.

4. Death of Thos, Pringle, Esq. formerly of the Public Library, Cape Town,—an elegant Poet, an accomplished gentleman, a sincere Christian, and one of the most intrepid and generous defenders of the natural rights of mankind.

21. Capt. Gardiner, and Mr. Berkin, a Polish refugee, arrive at Port Natal to form a settlement.

21. The "Wellington," Capt. Liddel, performs the voyage from Madras to Table Bay in 37 days.

21. Disturbances in Spain and Portugal.

April.

10. Fatal affray in Ireland, on the collection of tithes, at the point of the bayonet,—12 men killed and 8 wounded.

10. A Treatise published in Cape Town, by Mr. E. W. Reitz, a native of the colony, on Merino Sheep.

28. Annual General Meeting of the Subscribers to the Public Library,—Sir Jno. Herschel, F, R. S in the chair.

30. Melancholy death of Lieut. J. Gore, of H. M. S. *Melville*, who perished E. of Algoa Bay, in his gallant attempt to save a seaman who had fallen over board.

May.

9. First intelligence of the defeat of the Peel Administration, by the election of Mr. Abercrombie as Speaker of the House of Commons, instead of Sir C. M. Sutton.

17. Arrival of Lord and Lady Bentinck from Calcutta.

17. Death of Hintza, the Caffer King, who was shot by Mr. G. Souihey, "first in the leg, secondly in the side, and lastly, with such effect, that the upper part of his head was nearly blown to atoms."

June.

The Caffers driven from their territories (upwards of 10,000 square miles of surface) by the British troops, and new stations founded. and named—"Queen Adelaide," "Fort Wellington," "Glen Aberdeen," "Valley of Peel," &c. &c.

* See Literary Gazette, 7th February.

July.

4. The appeal of the Christian Instruction Society to the Public.

4. Juvenile Emigrants in the Colony,—
Males, ...201
Females, ... 48
249

4. A public Meeting in Cape Town and several parts of the Colony, complimenting His Excellency Sir B. D'Urban, and approving his public measures.

August.

5. An attempt to destroy the King of the French by an "Infernal Machine."

18. The first Anniversary Meeting of the "Popular Library." The speeches by Sir John Herschel, (Chairman,) Sir J. Wylde, Rev. Dr. Philip, Mr. Oliphant, and Mr. Fairbairn, published in pamphlet shape.

September.

9 Despatches received from Dr. A Smith, the Conductor of the exploring party to Central Africa, all well, dated June 10th, from Matselakatzi's Kraal, Lat. 25. 24. Long. 27. 47.

19. A new Colonial Bank proposed, and shares taken.

19. A new Cape of Good Hope Insurance Company founded under the most popular auspices.

30. Hurricane at Stellenbosch.—the very trees of his Worship the *Civil Commissioner* torn up by the revolutionary storm, and, according to the Reporter, "the streets presenting a perfect scene of *shipwreck*."

October.

14. Stations of the British Army. (See Advertiser of this day.

14. The Colony threatens to become a heavy charge upon the Country,—upwards of 800 miles in length, with a frontier towards the interior of Africa nearly 900 miles in extent.

November.

4. Letters from Dr. Smith and the Central Expedition. All well on the 26th of July.

11. A smart shock of an Earthquake felt in Cape Town and its neighbourhood.

December.

1. This day kept in remembrance, by various demonstrations of heartfelt rejoicing, as the first Anniversary of the overthrow of Slavery in the Colony—by *the People of England.*

5. The Cape Friendly Society founded.

VANITAS, &c.

Vanitas Vanitatum! Omnia Vanitas. An old woman in a village in the West of England was told one day that the King of Prussia was dead, such a report having arrived when the great Frederic was in the noon-day of his glory. Old Mary lifted up her great slow eyes at the news, and fixing them in the fullness of vacancy upon her informant, replied, "is a! is a!—The Lord ha' marcy!—Well, well! The King of Prussia! And who's he?"—The "Who's he" of this old woman might serve as text for a notable sermon upon ambition. "Who's he" may now be asked of men greater as soldiers in their day than Frederic, or Wellington; greater as discoverers than Sir Isaac, or Sir Humphrey. Who built the Pyramids? Who ate the first Oyster? *Vanitas Vanitatum! Omnia Vanitas.*

BOTANICAL NOTICES.

Mr BOWIE'S RANDIA.

In No. 102, Curtis' Botanical Magazine, the reader will find a description of the *Randia Bowieæna*, so named in compliment to our scientific and generously-disposed countryman, Mr. Bowie, formerly of the Royal Gardens of Kew, and

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now of Cape Town. The plant was first discovered by Mr. Bowie, and attached to its description, there is a coloured engraving.

BUCKU AT THE CAPE.

Barosma Crenulata.—Crenulated.
Diosma, or *Bucku.*

The French papers and Pharmacopœias of Europe, continue to describe this plant as most invaluable as a sudorific, diuretic, and tonic. In cases of dangerous cholera it has proved eminently successful.

We beg leave to suggest to the country people, and to our exporters, that the Bucku plant only figures away in the Green Houses of Europe, that it is extremely difficult to propagate by cuttings, that seeds are never produced, and that the Apothecaries are dependent upon the Cape for supplies of this beneficial article.

THE FISCAL PAPERS, No. II.

(*Continued from our last.*)

No. VII.

WAARDE NIEF,—Do me a pleasure by saying to the high authorities, that it would be much better to all parties that Cæsar, who has been scourged and branded, and is sentenced for four years to Robben Island, should be allowed to serve me in irons. What for should I be a sufferer by the loss of four years valuable services?

Your sincere friend,
* *

N. B. I hope the half-aum of Constantia proved to your taste.

"Reply to the Memorial of ————————, praying that his slave Cæsar, who has been condemned to be scourged, branded, and confined on Robben Island, may be restored to labour in irons, in his house service, during the term of his confinement,"

"Memorialist is informed, that His Excellency has been pleased to accede to this request."

Colonial Office, 18——

No. VIII.

Extract from the Prison Book.—Report of this Day's date.

"MENA, female black, confined on the 30th November, 1821, by the Under Sheriff, Mr. Bambergen, for impertinence and wandering at liberty. *June 29th*, 1824."

No. IX.

Cape Town,————————

Your Honor's Worship,
Mr.————————,

SIR,—I am given to hunderstand that you want A book-keeper for the Trunk, and has I have knowthing to do, I Begg to surrendher my own hassidous kwalifikations, hopeing that this umble request will entirely komply with your honor's happrobation.

I am, Sir,
Your dutyful and mt. hble. St.,
P——Mc————

No. X.

———— — *Street,* ————

SIR,—I sincerely repent saying to your Messenger this morning that "I wish the Fiscal and the Burger Senate were all sent to old Nic;" and I trust this sincere apology may be taken in good part, and that you will be pleased to withdraw the prosecution.

Sir, I have the honour to be,
Your most obedient Servant,
* * *

No. XI.

TO HIS MAJESTY'S FISCAL.

Supreme Magistrate and Disposer of Cases, &c.

SIR,—I have done myself the honour, which I humbly beg of you to excuse, but your known humanity insists upon my conceiviug that you will grant me that requisite justice, which my case demands. One William T————, at No. 59,————street, has been guilty of throwing down oyster shells at my door after we were all gone to bed. This is no doubt done with wicked intent to make my neighbours believe that we had oysters for supper, they being at a very high price for the like of me. I would not trouble you, Sir, but the same offence was done against me six months back.

I am your's, Sir,
"*Summons to be issued.*" ————————

No. XII.

REPORT OF THE THIRD UNDER-SHERIFF.

I WENT the rounds last night and early this morning—there was no disorders particular—but on a wall at the rite hand side of the parayde bildins there was a palacard aginst His Magesti's Fishcal, and it bein stuck up with estreordinarry fastnes, I coudn't git of off, so made this copy what follos:

"*Aude Halterem Part hem.*"

On Monday Morning, 8 o'clock, will be published, Facts connected with the stopping of the Press and the Senshorship of the Fishcal.

Commercial Advertiser Office,
30, *Long-market-street.*

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint Mrs. de Man, *Grave-diggeress*, in the room of Mrs. Ley, deceased.

Castle of Good Hope, 12th July, 1811.
By command of His Excellency
The Lieutenant Governor,
H. Alexander, Secretary.

VERY IMPORTANT INTELLIGENCE *FROM SWAN RIVER.*

THE recent intelligence from Swan River, is of the most delightful description, and the civilization of the natives is now next to certainty.

The Perth Gazette of June 6th, announces that the 1st of the same month had inspired the Natives with a profound sense of our superiority. It was the sixth Anniversary of the Establishment of the Colony, and it was ushered in with

"FROLICS AND FESTIVITIES."

There was grinning through horse-collars for a Cheshire cheese, jumping in sacks for a flitch of bacon, running after a soap-tailed pig, racing for smocks, bobbing for oranges in a tub of water, pony races, donkey races, giugling matches, and all sorts of "*good old English amusements.*" Sir *Jeems* Stirling, the Governor, and *mi Lady* Sterling, honoured the festivities with their presence, and appeared highly delighted with this "feast of reason and flow of soul." It is hoped by next year that the flourishing state of the colony will enable the Government to import from France several of its attractions to give additional vigour to these enchanting "frolics."—Mademoiselle Garnerin to ascend in a balloon with a monkey, who will shave himself in presence of the spectators; Madame Sachi to run up a rope, and a troop of Parisian dancers to join in a ring and scream aut *ca ira*, or *vive Henri Quatre!* or *allons, marchons, allons, marchons!*

EVENTS IN DECEMBER CONCLUDED.

CAPT. BACK arrived at Liverpool from the Polar Seas.

O'CONNELL makes the grand tour of England and Scotland, and is hailed with enthusiasm by the people of both countries.

ARRIVAL of the Jupiter in Table Bay, with Lord Aucland on board, the new Governor of India.

THE extensive premises of Mr. T. Tennant, in Long-street, consumed by fire.

INTERNAL commotions and atrocities in America, by the slaveholding part of the community.

30th, HIS EXCELLENCY SIR BENJAMIN D'URBAN arrives in Town, escorted by a respectable number of the inhabitants.

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT, ON THE SEA-SHORE.

WHENCE came I? Memory cannot say;
What am I? Knowledge will not shew;
Bound whither? Ah! away, away,
Far as Eternity can go:—
Thy love to win, thy wrath to flee,
O God! Thyself mine helper be.

DEATHS, 1835.

THE Duke of Gloucester; Mr. Heath, R. A.; Mr. Bone, R. A.; Revd. Mr. Malthus; Earl of Darnley; Mr. Prince Hoare; the Emperor of Austria; Earl Nelson; Lord Napier; Revd. Dr. Morrison; Mrs. Hemans; Sir Geo. Tuthill; Mr. R. Sharpe; Mr. Mathias; Dr. Mc'Culloch (Geologist;) Earl of Chatham; Dr Mc'Crie; Dr. Brinkley; Mr. Pocock; Mr. Henry Hunt; Mr Wm. Cobbett; Col. C. H. Somerset; Sir Wm. Blizard; Mr. Coleridge; Revd. Ed. Irving; J. Broadley Wilson; Lord Suffield; Charles Matthews: Joseph Manson, and James Mitchell.

THE BANNER OF THE FREE,

On seeing the British Flag for the first time at Hottentot's Holland, on the 29th December, 1835.

"YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND!"

The glorious flag of England waves gaily on the breeze,
In the four quarters of the world, and on her native seas;
Once seen, as lightning skirts the clouds, before the thunders roar,
As it raged, unassuaged, till the storm of war was o'er.

The signal now of peace and joy, and *freedom* in each land,
Uniting men of thousand shores in one great moral band,
Who march responsive to the hearts of *men* on land or sea;
Thou canst not wave o'er a *slave*,—blessed banner of the *free.*

What, though, on minor things we split, and write each other down,
Yet under *thee* we all *unite*, for Country! Church! and Crown!
For *justice* and for *equal rights*, we stand or fall with thee,
The glorious flag of Liberty!—the banner of the *free!*

It waves in crowded cities vast,—at Home and in each clime;
And in this sweet sequestered vale, now flings its folds sublime,
'Tis a new token that our strath, in Freedom's land must be,
Thou canst not wave *o'er a slave*—blessed banner of the *free!*

Blessed banner of *the free*, blessed banner of *the free*,
Thou canst not wave where breathes a *slave*—
blessed banner of *the free!*

Uitspan Place, December 30th, 1835. * *

Printed and published by G. J. PIKE, No. 11, St. George's-street, Cape Town.

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